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Story: DRAFT - Winter's Lioness

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Story Codes: MF Oral Vaginal Anal Sex Fingering Mast Needle Rough Blood Bite Shapeshifter

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Title: DRAFT - Winter's Lioness

Universe: Erik, Heather, Helene

Summary: Erik needs the comforting his sexy Lioness can offer him in London. It's a quick stop over while he's on the run, but Erik and Heather make the most of it. Right down to his surprise for addressing her need for intensity! Includes some MF, Oral & Vaginal & Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Female Masturbation, Needle Play, Rough Sex, and Blood Play, with Implied Shapeshifter.

Keywords: MF, Oral & Vaginal & Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Female Masturbation, Needle Play, Rough Sex, Blood Play, Implied Shapeshifter

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DRAFT - Winter's Lioness

written by Max

MF, Oral & Vaginal & Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Female Masturbation,
Needle Play, Rough Sex, Blood Play, Implied Shapeshifter

He walked out of the club, nodding to the bundled up security at the door while wishing them a good weekend, and strode into the cold night. There were more shadows than lights, and the crunchy crusting of snow and ice on the sidewalk contrasted with the black slickness of the pavement. His steady gait toward the canal bridge gave no indication that he cared about the footing or the weather. Confidence and purpose guided him over the broken concrete sidewalk, past the boarded up shop fronts and retracted awnings, and to the water's edge.

Her breath puffed out in a cloud of ice crystals in front of her fur hood, and she watched him marching to her. Maybe it was silly, to meet him like this, but he wasn't in town very often and she wanted to... Heather made herself stop thinking about what she might want from him. He didn't know her, not really, and their online flirting was only barely enough to form an opinion of one another. Besides, she was still working hard to make her current long term relationship work.

But there was something more here, beyond just their dubious perusal of each other and the way he stalked her and she fed him scraps to keep him encouraged. It was right in front of her eyes. She stood with the lights from the market behind her, intentionally cloaked and blending into the shadows, but he came to her with an unerring sense of her presence. Heather realized she was gloating a bit. Leading him to her. Drawing him out. Hunting. Again.

They were both predators, but for Heather this was her element. She could feel the slow pulse of the city as the canal trickled through the locks. This was the home she chose for now, though she was far from the place she called home. But he was just passing through, always on the move, and never settled in. Heather watched with hidden eyes as he paused for a moment, right by the canal, and then crossed the glinting blacktop and came to her. His leather jacket was still hanging open in the front, and the street lamps at the end of the bridge bathed him in soft light. A cloud of steam was wafting from his shoulders and head, and when he nodded to Heather her eyes saw the illusory shape around him nod as well. He was solid and rugged but his illusory extension was swift and amorphous. Both forms approached her, and she prepared for him with her hands shoved deep in her pockets to keep them warm.

He called her a lovely lioness. But he referred to himself as a monster. She adored his optimism.

Pleasantries. Greetings after months apart. The reality of Heather's lips and face, and her

hair hidden under the hood. He was surprised she had put out the cigarette as soon as he left the club. That red glowing ember would have been a beacon to guide him, but now that he was here it was clear her hands had been freezing. Standing on the stone path next to the canal, the closed up patio of the coffee shop behind him, Erik looked at her bundled up formless shape. He laughed.

"Oh," she whispered, "you're lovely."

He laughed harder, the sound of it echoing down the passageway and skipping over the black water. The sound of him filled the empty spaces and the cold night. It brought the stars into him, and he felt his connection to everything filling him with cold power. He didn't need to hide his hands or his face from winter's icy claws. He took Heather by the shoulders, her heavy coat smooth and artificial under his fingers, running his hands down to her forearms while leaning in close, and kissed her cold cheeks with his warm lips. "Ah, the lioness, so far from her native Africa." He kissed her nose, skipping any formality, being tender if silly, and added, "I've missed getting in trouble with you."

Heather was a very pragmatic woman. She didn't take her hands from her pockets, nor expose herself to the cold. But she didn't fight his warm breath on her face and his questionable intentions either. "Somewhere warm, you said. Nearby?" She wasn't looking forward to another chilling night bus ride. He had a room, walking distance from the night club, and it would be warm inside. Even her feet were chilled from waiting for him to finish dancing, to notice her text message, and to come to her side.

"Of course," Erik replied. "Holiday Inn, right along the canal and then a jog to the left to get to the entrance." He nodded toward the cobblestone bridge that angled across the canal not far ahead of them. "In the morning we can slip and slide our way over that stone legacy and get some hot breakfast."

He hooked his hand through the crook of her elbow, her coat hissing as his leather sleeve rubbed the poly-fabric, and they walked together over the glazing of snow and ice. Erik never shook nor shivered, and Heather never protested nor complained. They were the only souls out in the night, or so it seemed, and Camden Town was sleeping all around them.

The lobby was brightly lit with a fake holiday tree and the usual hotel lounge accessories. For a moment, Heather licked her lips while glancing at the bar, but it was shut. Erik led them to the elevator, and it wasn't until they were in that steel coffin and ascending that Heather took her hands from her pockets. He waited and was rewarded when she pushed back her fur lined hood and grinned at him while shaking her short hair free of it.

The lift stopped, but he blocked her way when the doors opened. "A kiss," he murmured. She acquiesced and when their tongues met, they shared moist heat while his cold goatee and mustache roughed up her lips and chin. He backed away slowly, guiding her out of the elevator without breaking their tender contact, and then pulled Heather to his chest. There was subtle coercion, his fingers running through her hair and his hand on her hip, but Heather knew she could break away at any moment.

She didn't. He tasted of something sweet - cola perhaps - and she was breathing in the fresh scent of his perspiration now that he was out of the cold. Heather nipped his lip, catching it in her teeth then releasing his flesh, and tangled her tongue with his when he cautiously explored her mouth. His face was so very cold, and Heather imagined he might thaw and melt in the warm corridor. His whiskers were rough but he was being too gentle, too easy, too... boring.

And Erik knew it. He broke their kiss and winked at her. "Now that the soft stuff is out of the way, how about I invite you back to my room?" His dark brown eyes were twinkling, and there was trouble written all over his grin. Her hand was already in his, but she hung back. "Oh." He looked her over. "You know this could ruin everything. If my secrets ever got out... if anyone knew the truth about me... then..." He shook his head melodramatically.

Heather wasn't prepared for the ambush that followed. He had sucked her in, lured her into thinking she was safe with his boring boyish kisses and the beginning of some cocked up pickup line. But then he moved like lightning, stepping into her legs and tipping her off balance. Heather clawed at Erik to keep on her feet and he used that to bend and tuck his shoulder into her abdomen and then scoop her into the air. Her coat let out a rush like it was exhaling, and then it crumpled against her torso. Her head swung out and nearly struck the wall, and her feet definitely made contact with something solid. But she was left silently punching his back and kicking his thighs while Erik hefted her onto his shoulder. Heather felt the blood rush to her head and then her ribs and guts were being crushed by her own weight bending her in half. Erik's firm grip balanced her in place on the solid perch of his shoulder. Heather struggled

while being mindful of the precarious way Erik moved underneath her as he began to walk.

"Yeah," he said with ease while marching down the hallway, "I didn't think you would scream." He spoke easily as if tossing a full grown woman over his shoulder was an everyday effortless thing. "You get a fair fight once we're in the room. Plus some wine for after since you are awfully tense."

She kept kicking for good measure, but it was halfhearted at best. This was no longer boring. And a lioness could bide her time and choose her battles. Heather deliberately ignored the heat pulsing within her sex and focused on breathing steadily so she didn't give Erik the satisfaction of knowing he'd gotten the upper hand. Riding his shoulder was uncomfortable, but it would tire him out and give her an edge soon enough.

He wasn't surprised when she hit him, though the kick to his nuts was a bit overdone. Erik laughed and that fired her up. Two shots to his face, one to the chest, and another two kicks. He just soaked the damage, amused by her mock fury, and sure if Heather had wanted to really hurt him then she would have done it by now. This was all foreplay. Rough, chaotic, and vicious - just the way she liked it. She went for his face again, this time aiming higher to smack his glasses off, and Erik stepped into her chest and grasped her by the throat.

"Now, those are awfully hard to replace while I'm traveling." He squeezed, toying with Heather's fear and anger, and then picked her up while crushing her airway. "And I need them to see you stripped naked and curled up next to me, don't I?" He pushed her back until the bed hit the back of her legs, and then he let her go.

She hit hard now. As soon as he released her throat, Heather launched into Erik with her fingers tearing at him like talons. But there was no soft exposed tissue - his leather jacket denied her any grip on his arms and his back. She headbutted his chest, feeling his sternum flex, but it wasn't enough to knock the wind out of him. So Heather shot a fist into his cock and grabbed his testicles. While she ground them together, Erik kissed the top of her head, breathing in the perfume of her shampoo while locking her in place with his arms and chin.

"Better?" he whispered to her scalp while rubbing his nose against her soft blond hair. "Does it feel good to have power over someone?" He laughed and the rumbling chuckle was right against Heather's face while she continued to squeeze his scrotum through his tacticals. "Or is it just good to have some tenuous power over my cock?"

It took a moment for the words to filter through her rage. Then Heather understood the setup. She let go and leaned back, Erik opening his embrace enough for her to sit on the bed and lift her head up to look at him. He was amused. She was not. With a snort and a growl she retorted, "If you were that desperate to have a woman grab your cock then you could have just called Arieta."

"Ah, but I believe she charges for that." Erik was laughing and shaking his head as soon as she mentioned their young dominatrix friend, and Heather felt the tension dissipate and despite herself she was laughing with him. With a smile on his face, he said, "It's very good to see you again." He leaned in and kissed Heather's forehead. He was careful to watch for her to headbutt him. So she tipped her head back, inviting him in while mocking his caution, and Erik leaned in and bent enough to kiss her lips and rub the tip of her nose with his again.

She patted the duvet beside her, and Erik took off his jacket and sat down. His clothes were visibly wet from dancing at Electric Ballroom, and Heather could feel the moist perspiration in his snug fitting shirt when she pulled him to her with a fist gripping his chest. He fought her, but let her win, and when Heather had him close enough she bit him and then kissed him roughly. She could feel his teeth pressed against her lips. Erik pushed back into her mouth, and his fingertips kneaded her scalp while he pulled on her blonde hair. They fell on to the mattress and tugged and pulled and clawed at each other. There was enough fire there to warm Heather up, and she could finally feel her fingers and toes. He was playing and enjoying poking her in person instead of over the internet.

The practical part of her mind was wondering how to explain the redness and brush burn from Erik's mustache and goatee scuffing her face. Her fair skin would look roughed up when she saw her boyfriend the next evening.

With his hand under Heather's shirt while scratching her lower back with his nails, Erik paused. His hard cock was aching and sore, but things needed to slow down. Just a bit of pacing really. He kissed her again, savouring her lips and how she snapped her teeth shut on his tongue when he tried to withdraw it from her mouth. He tapped his forehead against her,

just enough to give Heather a bit of a knock, and she released him. Her own hands were on his face, clawing at his temples and along the line of his jaw, and she seemed surprised that Erik didn't react no matter how much pain she inflicted on him. She was used to men breaking. This was different. It sucked her in. Testing his limits.

He took a deep breath. "Wine is on the counter," she kissed him and cut him off. "Mmmhmmmm..." he murmured into her mouth. When she released his lips, he continued, "And I wouldn't want to leave a bad taste in your mouth..."

"What? Is it not good wine?" She looked toward the bottle by the TV. She felt he had waited long enough. Heather had had her eyes on the red wine as soon as they had gotten into the room.

He laughed at the ruse to distract Heather and untangled himself. "No, I'm sure it's fine." He got to his feet, accepted her hand and helped her sit upright. "But I'm sure you'd rather I shower before you wrap those lips and sharp teeth around my cock." He laughed at her squinting glare and took a few steps toward the bathroom.

Heather watched him go, her eyes intently focused on his chest and then his ass. He was toying with her again, and she wouldn't fall for it. But then he caught her off guard anyway.

"I would enjoy having you join me, but I understand if that's too personal." In an instant, without any warning, his voice had become tender and accommodating like he really cared. Heather was replaying it back, feeling the emotional wash of hope and interest causing her to blush. And then he disappeared into the bathroom.

Heather puzzled over the invitation, looked at the wine, and puzzled some more. She didn't see Erik as sentimental or quietly passionate. He wore his heart on his sleeve, and it was cold and hard and dark. But maybe... It wasn't until Erik sent his boots bouncing out of the bathroom that she realized the door was open, and he was serious about having her shower with him.

Disheveled from their wrestling, she fixed her clothing while considering Erik's intentions. Somehow Erik had managed to strip her coat from only one side of her body - just enough to slip his hands under her shirt and gain access to her back and belly. Heather lazily slipped the remaining sleeve off and then took off her boots. She could do this. Heather pursed her lips and ran her tongue around her mouth, tasting Erik's sweetness mixed with the lingering bitter aftertaste of her last cigarette. She knew it was another trap, but climbing naked into a shower with Erik was a trap that seemed to have plenty of benefits.

For fortification Heather left the bed in stocking feet and checked the wine. A nice red and a familiar touch - Erik had selected something from a South African vineyard. She found a glass and pulled the already loose cork. One pour, one swallow, and Heather decided it was good enough to pour half a glass to enjoy. The shower started, but Heather took her time. She was a creature of habits and delayed urgency. Carrying the wine glass with her, she selected a clear space on the counter on the end nearest the door. She moved her coat and boots to the floor beside that, and then took another swallow of wine before pushing off her trousers. Once they were neatly folded and placed on the counter, she set down her glass and pulled her sweater over her head. Her shirt clung to the inside, static pulling her hair into a mess, and Heather parted with both tops. She folded them neatly as well, now listening to Erik singing to himself in a deep humming bass.

She had to sit on the bed to take off her socks, and then it was just panties and a bra. Heather finished the glass of wine, and then made sure the bottle and glass were as she found them. She looked at her tidy piles of clothes and then stripped. Naked, feeling the cold draft from the floor to ceiling windows overlooking the canal, Heather grinned and stalked to the man in the shower. She only paused to grab the terry cloth robe hanging in the coat alcove so she'd have something to wear after enjoying his naked body.

The hot water splashed over his broad shoulders, washing away aches and pains that had built up since the hard hop into London. He was traveling light with just his seventy litre hiking pack and his shoulder bag with his laptop and notebooks. The gear wasn't light though, and all that weight pulled on his bones and roughed his skin where shoulder straps rocked and cut into shoulders and his chest. Erik focused on his goals, singing and humming to a made up opera to mask his thoughts. London was just a pleasure stop, a goodbye to all the reasons why he loved the dirty city, and then onward to Germany. And then...

Erik had a small squeeze bottle of body wash in his hand when he heard Heather steal into the bathroom. Hear wasn't quite the right word - he sensed the shower curtain moving from a disturbance of air in the bathroom followed by a cool draft that stirred the hairs on his arms.

The bright vanity lights backlit an unmistakable silhouette which approached and waited. When she was close enough he could feel the disruption of her presence, the familiar tingling that always made Heather seem out of place, and the folding of space that was part of how she hid in plain sight. Erik smiled and set the body wash on the soap dish. Then he eased back the dull white curtain and held out a wet hand to welcome Heather to join him.

Her strong grip on Erik's wrist was reassuring. The door was mostly closed, but Heather felt very exposed. She let him help her into the shower, stepping high over the edge of the bathtub and testing her footing before climbing into his waiting arms. The distraction of making sure she didn't slip allowed Heather to focus on her feet and keep her eyes directed downward. Only Erik's supple strength supporting the way she tugged on his arm and the sight of his bare legs and feet were unavoidable. She closed her eyes when his fingers lifted up her chin, and Heather felt his fit body around hers while seeing nothing. His kisses were gentle but hungry, and still she held back. His cock was heavy against her inner thigh, but still she kept her eyes squeezed shut. His strong hands cradled her head to his chest, keeping her from the shower spray as it rebounded from Erik's powerful shoulders, and holding her close until she was ready.

He understood her reluctance. Or perhaps he just sympathized with it. This moment wouldn't be repeated. Just one night with his lioness, one glorious dawn and breakfast, and then he had to be gone. Before they found him again. His hands ran through her hair, exploring the short length and kneading and tugging at the roots, and he was surprised to feel her humming while he stroked and cradled her head. She found his chest with her mouth, biting it, and Erik felt his back arch involuntarily when Heather's teeth found an old injury and tugged on the scar tissue that substituted for the tip and side of his nipple. She bit harder, not letting go, and old habits kicked in.

His nails sunk into Heather's scalp, and he growled deep in his throat. She responded by pulling on the flesh, pinching it with her front teeth and tearing a bit free. There was pink blood in the water running down Erik's chest and legs and swirling to the drain. She bit again, trying to pull flesh from muscle, and Erik began to laugh while still growling. He leaned in close, feeling her body fit into his, and murmured to her. "I would love to leave scars on you... for you to remember me by."

His dark intent was clear as was his restraint, but Heather could no longer ignore the welts Erik's claws were opening under the cover of her hair. She let go, unconsciously licking the blood from her lips, and then relaxed while embracing him. Her arms wrapped around his torso and Heather's hands found his firm buttocks. She knew he was bleeding, and took some measure of satisfaction that she drew first blood. Heating up in the steamy shower, Heather conveyed her self-pleasure by swaying back and forth so she could trap and rub Erik's cock between her thighs and against her pelvis.

Erik let the heat, pain, and pleasure fill him. He was so hungry and empty. But the most Heather could coax out of him was a thickening of his cock at half mast. He hoped for more and was crushed to realize she wasn't enough. Her damn near psychotic philosophy on life, her perfect match for his sociopath tendencies, and still she wasn't crazy enough to draw out the beast within him. He whispered to himself, "Africa... fucking anything can happen, bru."

She picked up where he left off. "It's chaos eksê... and so very lovely." She looked up at him, her soft breasts pushing into his hard chest. "You're so lovely." He wasn't much taller than her, and as Heather straightened out she nudged his mouth with her nose.

Her very pale skin contrasted with Erik's tan and the dark hair on his chest and legs. Both had well defined builds, but Erik had the bulky muscle mass typical of a man who worked out and was driven by paranoia to stay fit. His concession, a slight belly, still suited his physique and just softened the overt power of his chest and shoulders. Heather reached up and toyed with the white whiskers in his goatee. He was hard against her softness. She hadn't expected or remembered these details. The rest of him, all of him including his cock steadily pulsing against her pelvis, felt natural and surprisingly familiar.

"You know," he said with a chuckle, "the hot water never runs out here." Erik tested running a hand over the smooth skin of Heather's arm. When she didn't stop him, he ran his fingers up to her collarbone and watched her flinch as he neared her throat. His hand slipped down to her breasts, brushing hot water in semi circles around her areola and then using his fingertips to tease her nipples. "And you came to play with me."

She leaned into his hand, taking a half step forward, and gripped Erik by his hips. "You," she squeezed gently, "came to play with me." Her eyes smiled and dipped toward his chest before looking up at him again. "So play. With me."

This time his suddenness wasn't a surprise. Heather anticipated the moment when he turned her to face the shower wall, and she deliberately spread her feet to give him better access. Erik

made a note of her willingness, and slid in behind her with his teeth on the back of her neck. His nips and biting caused Heather to tip her head back, and then Erik found his way to her shaved labia with strong fingers grasping and cupping tender flesh. She tipped her head forward too fast, forehead smacking into the shower wall and seeing stars, but the distraction faded to a dull roar when two of Erik's fingers found their way into her sex.

He picked her up one handed - with his fingers wedged into Heather's hot slick pussy and his palm cradling her pelvis bone. With his forearm across her chest, Erik kept Heather from tipping to the side, but he could do nothing about how she whacked her head into the wall. It didn't seem to matter much. Her pussy was clenching, fighting his fingers but squeezing out her inner wetness to ease their passage deeper between her walls. Erik got a feel for Heather's weight, and carefully balanced the force he was using against her center of gravity. The water thundered in his ears while his heart was pounding, but Erik was more interested in his lioness' response.

She was sputtering at first. The blow to her head had caused her to gasp - and she got a gulp of shower spray and steamy air that caused her to cough and gag. Before Heather could catch her breath, her diaphragm and abdomen clenched in response to the force of sudden penetration. She sputtered some more. He was rushing in - the wrestling on the bed and their shared kisses was the only foreplay he offered. Now she could feel Erik - not just his fingers in her pussy but how powerful he really was. Was it terribly wrong to laugh while thrusting her pussy down and grinding into his hand? Was it terrible to wiggle her bottom and make him work to keep finger fucking her pussy? Was it wrong to tip her head forward, ignoring the way her forehead hit the shower wall again, so she could bite his forearm and tear at his tight flesh and muscle with her teeth? He brought this out in her, and Heather wasn't about to tell him that every other man had run away long before she drew blood.

Erik carefully dragged Heather back from the wall a full step - using her pussy to pull on her body, and was amused when she took advantage of the additional clearance to really sink her teeth into his arm. She was a biter, and he suspected she enjoyed him letting her get away with that. He eased his fingers out of her pussy just enough, and tried to shove three fingers into her. But she wasn't having that - Heather squeezed down and screamed while still biting him when Erik's third finger stabbed into her opening and stopped with his fingernail digging into her tender inner flesh. He had to let go; the pain and damage Heather was inflicting was too much for him to ignore for much longer. But he was quick to recover and turn Heather again, this time spinning her around so fast she almost fell down.

Once she was pinned to the bathroom wall, Heather could look at him again. His chest was still bleeding, and now there was a very angry red gash and welt on his forearm as well. But all that was just decoration compared to the burning fire in Erik's eyes. Some part of Heather tried to hide and run away, but the rest of her was grinning and laughing as he came for her. Erik ran his powerful hands up her ribs and held her by her breasts - and then he lifted her up in the most excruciating way possible. Heather shook and struggled to break free, feeling her tits separate from her pectoral muscles, but Erik had her back against the wall so there was nowhere to go. Only when she opened her mouth to scream did he let her down again, and then he leaned in close and snarled, "You need a good thorough fucking, love." There was menace there, and now all of Heather was hitting the panic button, but that didn't wipe the shit eating grin from her face or stop her pussy from creaming.

Erik's fingers found Heather's sex, and she was dripping with thick slick juices just as he had expected. He wasn't sure she got off on pain so much as she liked to inflict it. He wasn't sure fear was what made her soaked so much as being challenged and being in the heat of the moment did. But it didn't matter. He sunk to his knees, sure Heather was mostly in shock and pacified, and began fingering her pussy while licking her clit.

Heather slumped forward as she melted and had to hold on to Erik's head to keep from puddling and being rinsed down the drain. His fingers were rough until he found something, and then he began stroking and rubbing the same place within her pussy while his tongue lapped and frenched her exposed clitoris. He dug a little deeper, seeking a different spot, and the motion of his mouth translated to his chin which pushed his fingers against her tender inner walls with a rhythm slightly out of sync with her throbbing clitoris. He kept going, slowly exploring in a circle until Heather felt her pussy clench and spasm. Then he hit that same spot again, this time while suckling her clit and drawing part of her labia into his mouth. She shuddered in response and felt her arm hair stand on end despite the hot shower. He pushed up into her pussy, his knuckles grinding into her labia and opening, and began fucking that sensitive spot over and over while Heather seized and spasmed uncontrollably.

It wasn't long before he found it. Usually the ribbed flesh just underneath the clitoris is a woman's sensitive spot, but when that didn't provoke a response Erik deliberately felt his way around within Heather's pussy. He couldn't see what he was doing. His eyes were tightly shut because the shower water was splashing against the side of his face. So he went on his sense of touch alone, focusing on the weak fluttering of Heather's pussy and the occasional strong

twitches of her abdomen. His mouth worked over her clit, tiring out his tongue and then his jaw. But he wanted to see if this was even possible - and Erik admittedly had a fetish for getting women off. Besides the longer he kept her attention absorbed by her own pussy's convulsions, the more time Erik had to heal. His arm hurt and his chest burned where water mixed with the wounds she had given him. Heather wasn't going to be biting him any time soon when she was holding on to his head and shoulders just to keep from collapsing in response to how he was playing her clit and pussy like a boss.

And then his fingers stroked over a spot just barely within his reach, deep along the back wall of her pussy, and Heather clenched so hard that Erik almost bit her clit. As it was, his chin got pushed down and back which made his jaw ache and his ears ring. But now he had her. Erik pushed his fingers in harder, feeling his knuckles wedged against her lovely pliable pussy lips, and found the spot again. This time he was prepared, and stroked his tongue from side to side over Heather's pleasure nub while pressing into her moist sex canal. Heather jumped, twitched, and sagged on to him all at the same time. Erik made an executive decision, knowing he could only sustain this position for so long before Heather's weight would cause his back and legs to cramp up in the tightly constricted shower. He went all the way.

Her clit ached from the intense vacuum suction, and then Heather moaned as she felt the rough texture of Erik's tongue while he kissed and licked her. Her hands slipped to his shoulders, and she barely had the strength to keep herself upright against the shower wall and not slide down to the bottom of the tub. His fingers began pumping in and out of her pussy, and Heather grunted as she tried to push up with her feet but instead only Erik's knuckles punching into her bruised labia were lifting her body. Deep inside, her tender walls was beginning to tighten and spasm, but it was covered up by the soothing sensations of Erik's hard working tongue. She breathed deep, trying to relax, but her heart was still pounding. For a second it seemed like Erik was giving up, and his tongue and mouth came away from her clitoris. She could feel how hard he was breathing through the motion of his head against her abdomen and his heaving shoulders.

One last try. Erik drew back his two fingers, feeling the dead weight of Heather's nearly limp body on his face and shoulders, and then he stroked three fingers deep into her pussy. Her feet kicked at the sides of the tub, trying to find purchase, and Erik was sure he had clawed her again. But now he knew what he was going for. His fingers sought out the spot deep inside of her pussy, feeling along her spine, and Erik began to tease the hell out of the sensitive warm folds of Heather's sex using just his curled fingertips.

Heather's sight blurred and only the endless drumming of the shower water could make it through her overwhelmed senses. Her belly heaved and her pussy squeezed down so hard that Heather thought she'd piss herself. Her hand found the soap dish on the way down the wall, and she made an effort to push up before it was too late to recover. Awkwardly twisting in the process and steadying herself with one hand on Erik's head, Heather was unprepared for the next wave of convulsions. The air was forced from her lungs as her diaphragm heaved in response to a series of intense pussy contractions. Heather was left gasping while grabbing on to Erik's head. His hair was too short to grip or she would have pulled out handfuls while struggling with how her sex was ecstatically clenching while the strength in her legs melted away. When he kissed her clit, Heather's mouth hung open and she was breathless as she orgasmed and squirted all over Erik's three fingers and his chin. It drained everything from her, and Heather felt her wobbly legs and arms give out. She sunk into Erik who tipped to the side and protected her head as they slid to the bottom of the tub.

Tangled up like that, Erik had to work very carefully to ease himself first to his knees, and then back up into the water. Luckily the shower head was a wall mounted wand, and he could reach back into the spray and push the flexible hose up until the head came free and crashed down on him. For a moment there was water everywhere, and then he had the shower wand in hand and aimed it away from them. His body ached while he tentatively got to his feet, then he held on to the soap dish while offering Heather his hand so she could sit up.

Heather was worn out. Her belly ached from the intensity of the orgasm Erik had given her, and her head hurt from smacking it into the wall not once but a few times. And she was decidedly in the afterglow and totally uninterested in moving. But she let Erik try, because it amused her and required no effort on her part. Until he got smart, grabbed the shower wand, and aimed it directly at her bruised labia and oversensitive clit.

"Oy," she sighed. "Haven't you done enough?" The water actually felt kind of good, but Heather wasn't about to let her body betray her a second time. The hard stream of water impacting on her swollen lips actually hurt, but her thighs were twitching from the drumming spray of water rinsing her labia and clitoris hood. She felt it was best not to tempt herself.

"C'mon you. Sit up and we can just cuddle for a bit in the water."

Heather peered at Erik through half lidded eyes. He was hiding something. "Cuddle. I bite."

Or don't you remember?"

"Smart ass. All sass, no happy ending for me, eh?" He chuckled and stood up, dodging Heather's half hearted kick at his ankle. "Well I'll be in the bedroom then, got to get my rest if I'm going to look good at breakfast with such a fierce beauty." Then Erik gestured toward his chest wound. "After I bandage things up a bit." He winked.

If she hadn't been so relaxed, Heather would have stopped him from going. But it was effort, and she was comfortable and warm. There was a momentary draft when the shower curtain opened, but then it closed and the only sound was Erik humming to himself while the shower spray beat on the end of the bathtub. She let the warmth soak into her body, relaxing, and smiled while enjoying the heady pleasant after effects of her vigorous orgasm.

He was reclining in bed when Heather came out in the terry cloth bathrobe she'd hung on the bathroom door. All the pillows were propped behind his back, and he was reading something on his laptop. The lights were dim and the curtains partially drawn, but as soon as Heather turned off the bathroom light, the lights of the market across the Camden Locks canal were visible. The exposed floor to ceiling windows were splashed with reflections bouncing off the black water and thin crust of snow and ice. Only Erik's LCD screen glowed brighter, and Heather walked by the bed to look around.

There was no moon, only a few market lights and lamps along the canal path. The hotel had its own coloured trim lighting which made an oddly regular shape on the wavering surface of the dark canal. So close to Christmas there were a few holiday lights decorating the market courtyard nearest the canal, but only one of strings was powered. Heather imagined she was seeing the flickering progression of the Cyberdog lights bouncing off the sky in the distance, but she couldn't be sure. Things got darker, and she turned to see that Erik had closed his laptop and was standing in the shadows. Heather stepped around the chair by the window and went to him, reaching out with a hand so she didn't stumble into the end of the bed, and only when she was a few steps away did he whisper, "Careful, I've poured you a glass of wine."

Eyes adjusting to the dim room, she checked the counter and saw her glass was gone. Heather took his advice and crossed the remaining distance between them slowly and deliberately. Then he wrapped his arms around her and gave her a hug. "Glad you made it out of waterworld," he kissed her cheek. Then his hand found her own, and he carefully guided her by touch to the wine glass on the bedside table.

She picked it up and scented it. The hot shower had thawed her sense of smell - and the wine had a nice bouquet though a bit sweet. She swished it in the glass very carefully, not knowing how full the glass might be, and was happy the wine didn't slosh over the edge while she gave it air. She had a sip, consciously not taking a large swallow in front of Erik, then another, and looked at Erik with a question on her face that he could not see.

"It's a Cape Vintage Reserve," he murmured in response to Heather's silence. "It was recommended by a friend, but since I don't drink - I can't say if it's good or not." He shrugged and eased himself back into bed. "Always think wine and alcohol taste like spoiled fruit or petrol. Never developed a taste for it."

Heather thought about that and took a sip. So only one glass because he didn't drink. She had known that but it was still strange in person. The wine was a nice red, probably not something she would have selected for herself, but a rather friendly gesture. Especially since it wasn't given she would have ever come back to the hotel room with Erik. "I should go," she said at the thought, and when Erik didn't respond, she took that as agreement. She was stepping forward to set the wine glass back down and find a lamp switch when Erik reached out to her belly.

She stood still while his hand worked the loose tie of the terry cloth robe and released it. In the dark he could not per se see Heather, but he was quite capable of understanding where she was and had gotten a very good look at the shape of her in the shower. Her skin felt hot to the touch, so Erik took his time working his hand along her belly to her hip and then applied enough pressure to pull Heather to him. It's not like she was really resisting, and he knew that. She just needed to be reassured he still wanted her after the hunt was over.

He did.

He allowed Heather time to sip more of her wine and then set it down. And Erik laughed when she pushed her way into bed and on top of him. "You stole all the pillows," she glowered once she was right over his face, and Erik could smell the wine and her natural fragrance surrounding him. Then her hands pushed down on his chest, and Heather raked her nails from his pecs to his waist - delighted to discover he was completely naked. "Mmmmmmm... and what's

this?" she murmured while leaning forward to kiss and lightly bite Erik's belly and then his pelvis. "Something tasty I think." She kissed his limp cock and warmed it with her breath. "But left out in the cold too long." She laughed at her own joke, and then brushed her robe out to the sides.

When Heather straddled him, Erik wasn't sure what to expect. But then she lowered herself down, spreading her knees and thighs, and covered his cock with her heated pussy. It was better than any mouth or kiss, and stirred life in him despite Erik's earlier misgivings. He couldn't see Heather retie her robe shut, trapping her heat in and directing it toward his cock, but he felt her rocking back and forth while teasing him.

His hands reached down and found hers waiting. She gripped his fingers, and tugged on him while she ground against his penis and pelvis. "So lovely," she coo'd and then wiggled from side to side to align his thickening cock with the spread of her moist labia. "So easy, too," she sang to him in a soft tenor. Still crushing his fingers, Heather lifted up and leaned forward. It took several tries, but finally she was able to separate Erik's cock from his pelvis enough to fit his glans into her lips. "Is this what you wanted?" Even in the darkness the flushed heat of that evil grin could be felt.

Erik let Heather ride down his shaft and then sighed contentedly. "You're getting me nice and wet..." he chuckled. "So I never asked how you feel about having your ass fucked." He let the thought hang in the air for a moment. "Because it's probably not safe for me to cum in you bareback."

By now Heather knew that the sudden clenching of her pussy and the way her fingers intertwined with his gave her away. But he wouldn't know whether it was the idea of him cumming in her pussy or the offer to slide his wet cock up her ass that excited her. He'd have to guess while she enjoyed the way his pulsing member was caressing her inner walls and teasing the places he'd bruised earlier getting her off. She grinned and knew her eyes were ringed with balefire as she said, "I'd like to see you try." Then she pinned Erik to the bed and began beating her pelvis against his to make it clear how much control she had while her pussy swallowed his cock and drooled onto his balls.

He let her set the rhythm, her grinding and bruising thrusts rocking Erik's entire body and causing the hotel bed to shudder underneath them. His lioness was right, of course. If this was just a matter of leverage and weight then she had him flat on his back with no choice but to accept her dominance astride his cock. But there were no rules like that, no limitations that held him back. Erik's hands wrapped around Heather's thighs, his thumbs pressing into the top while his fingertips sunk into the muscle and began separating meat from bone. He anticipated her response as he held her in place over his pelvis. She tipped forward, expecting the pain Erik was trying to inflict, and she drove the heels of her hands into his chest. He winced - and Heather remembered the bleeding bite wound. In the dim light her fingers sought it out, intending to claw, scratch, and tear at Erik's flesh until he knew her power.

Vulnerable during the moment of mental transition from one goal to another, Heather lifted up just enough for Erik to seize his opportunity. His hands slipped inward, his thumbs curling until they dug into Heather's wet labia, and then he pushed down with his legs while sitting up. There was a moment when Heather knew she could flatten her body against him and retain control, but Erik stole it from her as his teeth latched on to her collarbone and he pulled her sideways with him.

They fought, thrashing at one another while the duvet and pillows were brushed off the bed. Heather made sure to reward Erik's opportunistic bite with twice that, but he was not concerned with her tearing his skin again. Erik lashed out in controlled bursts, letting Heather grapple but not allowing her to latch on to him for long. And when she saw his savage smile caught in the soft glow from the window, Heather locked up knowing it was already too late.

Erik could smell her all over him, filling the room with her scent, and it made his blood burn and his heart race. She cut and scraped and clawed at him, powerful in her own right, and he felt her occasional gloating words try to crack his resolve. He had to have her, and she knew it was just a matter of time, but together they had to battle to this conclusion. Feeling the ache in his forearm where her crushing bite had ripped muscle and bruised bone, Erik drove his palm between Heather's breasts and delivered a precise strike to her solar plexus. He felt the way her legs went rigid before his hand delivered a stunning blow, and then her body lurched involuntarily as Heather felt her life breath leap from her lungs. She had to gasp to draw it back in.

There was a lingering doubt deep in Erik's mind as he disengaged and dragged Heather to middle of the bed. She was coughing and sputtering, cursing him, but it was her pride which hurt more than anything else. She'd know next time not to let him keep a distance between them. He smiled knowing that. He also knew that next time, or maybe in just a few minutes, Heather

would nail him with the same cheap shot if he didn't distract her.

But he had a distraction already planned. Erik tossed the pillows and duvet away from him, and Heather kicked them off of her. They were both radiating heat and the cold air in the small hotel room felt good. He turned on a few small LED reading lights, providing just enough glow to guide him to the iodine, cotton swabs, and a tea saucer piled with sterile needles. "So you like it in the ass," he murmured to draw Heather's focus to him. "But I understand you love the prick of a needle sliding into your skin, dragging through your flesh, and tugging swelling and then erupting out of your skin again." He chuckled at Heather's instant silence. "So if I give you this," he gestured with his hands full, "will you roll over and pull your ass open for me to enjoy?"

Forcing herself to be calm, regaining her composure after being partially stunned, Heather glanced over the heap of plastic on the saucer and then up at Erik. She could see him now, her eyes had been adjusted to the dark room and now the harsh white glow of the LEDs was more than enough to light Erik properly. There were welts on the left side of his throat that flowed down into his chest hair from her claws. There were dark blotches on his arm, chest, and ribs from her bites. Heather ran her tongue over her lips and realized she could still taste the iron from his blood mingling with the cask flavoured wine. She licked her lips again. Erik tasted good in her mouth. Only the ache from her chest and the painful shallow breaths she was forced to take reminded Heather she had been in a struggle. She smiled and rearranged the pillows so she could sit upright. "I won."

"Of course you did," Erik shrugged. "Would I want a lioness who couldn't win?" He elegantly turned around her proposition while making it clear he was attracted to her violence as well as her mind. His display of caution approaching the bed was intentional though, and they both knew he was anticipating her revenge for letting him get in a cheap shot.

With a laugh Heather spread her feet and began fingering her wet lips and then stroking her clit. She knew how to get into Erik's head - she didn't need to kick or punch him to stop him in his tracks. "So... my ass..." she said slowly as he drew closer. Rolling her neck from side to side, Heather tried to take a deep breath and then exhaled when it hurt too much. "I guess that depends on how good you are with those."

"Oh," he murmured. "But they come with a special treat. You'll see." He set the saucer and iodine on to the bedside table and then pulled two swabs from the mass of cotton in his hand. "First though, we need to make sure you aren't dirty."

Heather kept playing with her pussy, enjoying how it distracted Erik, and not minding the way her biceps pushed her breasts together and put them on display. Her fingers dragged over her plush labia, and she toyed with stroking her clitoris hood from side to side. At the same time Heather watched Erik's preparations. He poured some iodine onto one cotton swab and then wiped down her forearms. Her skin stained and darkened as the solution soaked in. Erik was very deliberate and drew distinct rectangles on her arms, and Heather was amused that he took such precautions. The fact that all of this was well planned in advance didn't surprise her one bit. But in the heat of the moment, Erik's clinical detachment was fun to toy with. When his second cotton swab was placed on her tit, Heather looked up long enough to make it clear she was allowing Erik to touch her. Then she leaned back into the pillows and let her arms fall to the sides of her torso - giving Erik full access to the round curves of her breasts and the swell of her nipples.

He took it in stride, but Erik wondered what price he would pay for Heather's willingness. It was no surprise that Heather continued to encourage him, spreading her legs further apart to let Erik wipe her outer labia and then her thighs down. She was teasing him by being so willing and eager - and it was becoming clear this was now a battle of minds. He grinned anyway. It was a rare to find a woman who enjoyed needles so much that she was comfortable with him temporarily piercing her nipples and lips. To find that in a proud lioness made Erik's cock quiver in response. His injuries were forgotten, and if doing exactly what Heather wanted meant she won again, then he was perfectly fine with that. After all he was getting far more than he could have hoped from his last night in London.

He double checked his work, looking for any spots he missed, and was glad that the iodine showed well on Heather's pale white skin. There was no need to say anything, the sting of the needle and the scratching sensation under her skin would communicate much louder and far more clearly than words. Now and again Heather's eyes lit up with mirth while staring at Erik's chest while he worked - blood was slowly matting his dark curly hair, and Heather licked her lips every time she noticed it. He disposed of the used iodine soaked swabs, and then spread out six individually packed needles along Heather's abdomen. She sat there and watched him with eager eyes. Erik was reminded of how his father always made him get the belt for his punishments. Now the needles were there, resting on her skin, and he could see the look of anticipation in Heather's face. The moment hung between them and her eyes darted from looking down between her breasts and then back to Erik's grin.

If he had expected her to initiate things with a gesture then Erik made no sign of it. He undid the first needle, pushing it through the plastic wrap, and then sliding the hard plastic shield off the business end. With two fingers pushing down and stretching the skin, he punctured Heather's forearm and then intentionally took his time driving the needle through the top layer of her skin before watching the inevitable crowning and exit half an inch away. There was a single drip of blood, and Erik smiled at the subtlety of the fine needle and its impact. He was certain that he saw Heather's abdomen clench and her pussy lips wetten in response to the sensations. But her arm was still limp and only the slightest twitch of her fingers indicated she had felt something.

"Another?" he asked to give Heather a chance to breathe. She lifted her arm up and looked at the coloured plastic end of the needle, then back at him. A slow nod and then a dreamy smile were the only response she gave. Erik realized Heather was slipping into her own headspace. He didn't need to ask to continue.

The second needle was a bitch - no surprise after the first had been so well behaved. It went too deep and Heather shivered as it plunged below the epidermis and into a bit of tissue before emerging again. She reacted to the third and forth like she was being stung by a wasp, and Erik had to be extra cautious that he didn't stab himself or lose his grip. The heightened level of sensation showed as tension built up in her body - her forearm flexing and her fingers curling as the needles drilled through her flesh. The fifth was beautiful - Heather actually arched her back and came off the bed and pillows as the hollow steel slid through the thin skin halfway between her elbow and wrist. He stopped there, letting Heather catch her breath, and then retrieved the sixth needle from her lap.

As soon as he unpacked it, Heather fought him. She could tell his intent, and she squeezed her legs shut, trying to hold him out, but Erik could tell her heart wasn't in it. With a hand on her abdomen, he could feel her heat and the tension in her belly. He gently pushed her into the bed and waited for her to relax. It took Heather a few minutes to regain her self control, and Erik waited until she moved her feet and bent her knees to give him full access to her sex. Her breathing was shallow and rapid, preparing for the shock to her nervous system, so Erik slowed things down a bit and first blotted Heather's wet labia with a fresh cotton ball and then swabbed the right one with iodine again.

None of that really mattered though. As soon as Erik had a grip on her lip and was pulling it out from her pelvis, Heather was vibrating and struggling to hold herself still. He didn't mind so much, but it made the delicate work between her inner thighs much more tricky. With the uncapped needle held tight between his thumb and pointing finger, Erik had to use the back of his hand to push her inner thigh out while his other arm fought the way her knee shook against his elbow. He imagined Heather's anticipation of the moment the needle entered her was far worse than the reality of it, so Erik didn't wait any longer. He stabbed the narrow tip into the outside of her outer labia and pushed it in intending to quickly pierce the tender skin of her lip.

The sting caused Heather to double over, clamp her thighs together on Erik's hand, and turn to her side all at once. She felt her head dully thump into Erik's shoulder while the needle passed through her lip's sensitive flesh. She moaned as the tip of the needle then pierced her other labia, diving inward, and it was impossible to escape the feeling of the needle tip digging around and scraping the inside of her tender folds. Through all of this Erik was a solid mass, and Heather couldn't move him no matter how she kicked and twisted. A part of her knew that she had to calm down, had to flatline, had to stop moving because every twitch made the pain worse. But her animal nature was intent on escaping the pain at any cost.

Heather's body thrashed against Erik like a thousand birds beating their wings against the sky. He was repeatedly hit in the jaw, chin, and shoulder by her head and knees. He maintained his grip on the needle despite her scissoring thighs crushing and tugging and turning his wrist ninety degrees. He hadn't expected this intensity, but now he was committed to the ride. In the back of his mind, there was a rational debate about the merits versus risks of two more glasses of wine before going forward. He persevered as he always did. How many times had Erik lost control? How many times had his rage and paranoia pushed beyond the limits of the ordinary? He was lucky to see this side of Heather even if it meant she would probably never share this with him again.

Usually Heather was just inside of her head, comfortably craving the intensity of something that could pierce her shroud. But somehow Erik had ripped that away, and she was naked, shivering in shock, with the intensity of what he was doing and how vulnerable she was screaming in an endless crescendo within her. Desperately trying to understand what had happened while still rattled by the wiggling needle gouging into the tender inside of her labia, Heather fought to enforce calm on her body. But she was betrayed, and only when exhaustion and fatigue finally reduced her to a shuddering ball of knots was Erik able to guide Heather onto her back and ease her thighs apart so he could free his hand and withdraw the

needle. It hurt almost as bad coming out, and there was a wet slickness running down and over her anus that Heather imagined was blood gushing from the pierced folds of her sex. Despite her internal shutdown, she could feel Erik's voice murmuring to her, blending harmony into the sound of her internal screams and the broken rhythm of her breathing, and his hands began massaging and caressing her body. She swallowed down a dark blend of saliva and blood - Heather had bitten her lip - and willed her legs to stop shaking. Erik was there, hands on her muscles, warming them while his fingers kneaded flesh and soothed her frayed nerves.

When Heather opened her eyes she saw him through the pain - lean sinews straining to hold back the tension and concern trapped in banded muscles flowing from his arms into his broad shoulders, his shadowed cheeks and deep set eyes watching over her like a worried physician, and still decorated with the visible wounds that he seemed to neither notice nor feel. She reached up, hand trembling, and touched his shoulder. Erik's quiet words guided Heather's thighs back together, and then he reluctantly moved away from her to pull the duvet off the floor and cover Heather. She helped, arranging the duvet just below her breasts, and then reached out to feel his arms while Erik looked her over. She stared at him while his shadow loomed over them both - an inky block mass of distorted rage and raw power. Then he pushed back her hair and kissed her.

Erik felt the flush on Heather's face with his lips, and the salty taste of her tears danced on the tip of his tongue while the natural dark musk of her fear and arousal filled his nostrils. He was hard and aching, but Heather was broken and gone for the moment. He pulled back, his fingers stroking her forehead some more and brushing into her mussed hair, and then he remembered her glass of wine. Erik had to ease Heather into a sitting position while being careful not to brush the needles in her forearm. She held the glass in both hands, still a little shaky but already showing signs of improvement, and Erik only needed to keep two fingers on the bottom so Heather didn't spill. She swallowed the remaining contents of the glass in a single gulp, and they both made faces at each other when she pushed the glass back to him.

He chose to ignore the way Heather was intentionally squeezing her legs tightly together, knowing she was still reacting to being penetrated so intimately, and retrieved the Cape Vintage Reserve bottle. He poured, she swallowed more down, and then he refilled the glass again.

This time Heather took the time to breathe in the wine, to enjoy it, and then moved her fingers and wrist to test the sensations from her arm. The needles made the skin feel tight and disrupted, but they didn't really hurt. When she rocked her wrist forward there was a slight ache but it was only a degree or two more intense than a hardening sunburn. She still couldn't will herself to let her inner thighs stop clenching shut. The spreading wetness over her vulva and running down from her lips was more noticeable than the distant memory of the sharp prick of the needle. But in her head there were still alarms and relapses playing out while Heather worked to pull herself back from the edge.

The fact that Heather was self aware enough to test the sensations from the remaining five piercings reassured Erik that she was coming around. He'd been too rushed, too hasty, too hungry... It didn't matter. He had wanted it all in one night, and then screwed it all up. How many things had ended this way in his life? He looked her over again, wondering how to piece it together, and suddenly she was there. It caught him by surprise. One moment, Heather was struggling to reassemble herself. In the blink of an eye, she was suddenly composed and attentive.

Heather stretched her fingers, working through the sensations of her skin being pinned like a butterfly in a specimen collection. She could see Erik's confidence wavering, but she let it go for now. She stretched her arms out in front of her and experimented - watching the difference in appearance. The drips of blood flowed a little quicker from the needle tips while Heather flexed and moved her wrist. She smiled and swallowed down the last of the urgent appeals of her conscience. Now she was ready for more.

"That," she sighed, "hurt." Heather's voice sounded rough even to her ears, and she ran her tongue around in her mouth and moistened her lips before continuing. "But now I'm only half done." She wasn't surprised to see how wary Erik was about continuing.

He offered her the wine glass, buying time to think about options, but Erik knew he wouldn't say no. If she was composed enough to ask then he would willingly shatter her again for their mutual pleasure. Well, mutual was a rationalization. He'd do it again to see Heather lose control and then help her put the pieces of the puzzle back together. So what if it just meant they were both mad.

With a wave of her hand, feeling the unnatural tension of the needles rigidly holding her skin, Heather dismissed the wine glass. "Oh, but I owe you a reward..." she whispered to Erik. Her soft laughter was all the proof either of them needed that she was free now - free and utterly unhinged. Heather waited for the glass to be set down so she'd have Erik's undivided

attention. "Finish my arms and my legs," she kept her voice low so he would need to come closer. "And then I will bend over this bed and you can pound into my ass or my pussy however you want." The last words were just a wisp of shaped breath from her lips to his ears. But the intensity never faltered.

Erik rested his forehead on Heather's cheek. She felt him nod and acquiesce, and then she rocked her head from side to side until Erik got up and she could stretch. Her body was still tense and anxious in anticipation of the needle pricks, but Heather was her own master again. She rocked her buttocks and hips, settling into the mattress and feeling how the duvet trapped heat against her flesh, and then watched as Erik returned to her side after fetching a wash cloth from the end of the bed.

"What's that for?" she asked with her eyes focused on him.

Erik shrugged, "To wipe up your cum - you exploded all over yourself when your labia was pierced. I'm sure you can feel it soaking you..."

Heather shook her head slowly. "That's my blood, dear."

It was his turn to chuckle. "No. You orgasmed hard enough to nearly squirt. Your ass must be soaking." Erik gestured to the tiny drips of blood around the piercings in her arm. "You didn't think such small needles would bleed that much did you?"

Admitting he was right while not changing her convictions, she asked, "So why the wash cloth?"

He took a deep breath and then let it out. He had nothing to fear here except himself. "Because I will need to blot your labia before re-sterilizing them and then I can put each of these needles in." The worst she could do was admit it was too much and reject what he wanted to do.

Heather thought about it long and hard. She picked up her glass of wine and finished it. Then she thought some more. It wasn't the decision that made her uneasy. It was knowing that she had so little control of her possible reaction.

The second needle was agonizing, and Heather bit into the pillow she was intentionally holding over her face. She flinched from the sharp sting and then locked her legs until they shook as the needle passed through the outer surface of her lip and burned all the way until it exited further down. Heather couldn't tell how Erik was arranging the needles nor what they were doing in her tender flesh. Her neural mapping of her sex kept crashing to the bare minimum of over-sensitive and over-stimulated. The third needle stole her breath along with any conscious words she had been stringing together into a sentence, and Heather again suffered the sting and the burning and then the tugging as the needle tunneled its way out.

She got lost in the sensations. With her eyes shut and the pillow trapping her hot breath against her face, Heather was only aware of the temperature gradient across her body. Her nipples were pert and hard like pebbles in the cool hotel room. Her back was wet with her sweat. Her abs were burning hot from contracting and cramping. Her sex was flushed and on fire. Her ass was moist from juices that Heather was still convinced included blood from her pierced labia. Her legs were aching and cold, spread to the sides with top and bottom exposed. Add to this the sting, number four piercing her while Erik's strong fingers pinched and pulled on her pussy to drag her lip outward, and now the feeling of the medical steel passing through her, and Heather was starting to float on her own endorphin high. Number five, oh god, lower and so close to her ass that Heather felt her sphincter being tugged outward with her labia while Erik shoved the needle through the thin skin fold.

Then he let go but the relief was replaced with fresh anticipation of more when Erik pinched the top of her right labia. And the process started all over again. Heather didn't count this time. She was becoming more and more aware of how high she was and how her pussy was fluttering. The stimulation was sexual and asexual at the same time. Heather felt her mind and body divide, and instead of the conflict earlier, now it was clear that both were comfortably drifting in their own riptides. She was slipping away, the tension easing in her body, and then she felt Erik gathering the folds of her clitoris hood in his fingertips. She may have wiggled, encouraging him, feeling the pressure just out of reach of her sensitive nub.

Then she shrieked and came crashing down to the mattress, an angel ripped from heaven and fighting the demon who was suddenly sitting on her chest. The needle exited the other side of her clit hood, stretching the skin before punching a hole through it, and Heather screamed into the pillow so hard that she gagged and had to swallow repeatedly to recover. She tossed the pillow off of her, and tried to look down at Erik without moving anything below her neck.

"Oh, I could do a second one, but I think that was enough," he said calmly. He lifted up slowly, his elbows and forearms coming off Heather's pelvis and thighs, and then Erik spread his fingers wide and stretched them. "It looks," he glanced down at his handiwork, "extraordinarily pretty. Like a holiday tree."

Shaking but still afraid to move, Heather reached down with her right hand to feel for the needles. Erik dissuaded her, catching her questing fingers and holding them to her belly button. "A hand mirror is a much better idea. Or a photo - I could use my phone and you could see it right now with decent lighting." He ran with that idea and got up, grabbed his phone, and swyped his way to the camera app. "Just hold still."

Heather was trapped. She didn't dare clench her legs together, but she wasn't sure a photo was something she wanted anyone to have. It took too long for her to make up her mind though. The flash went off in stages and then Erik carried the phone to her, holding it so she could see the image. She had to close her eyes and reopen them to focus more clearly.

Running from top to bottom, the wide coloured plastic ends of the needles stacked neatly one above another with only a slight offset. The round curve of her mons now had an arrow shape hugging her opening. And above that, going from left to right, was a single horizontal needle through her clitoris hood. Heather closed her eyes and tried to feel the individual needles, but all she could do was picture the photo in her mind and feel the lingering stings and burning from her sex. It made her laugh after a few moments of silence. She wiggled her hips - and the pain didn't increase. She tipped her pelvis, and there was no sudden stabbing or scraping from the tip of a needle catching adjacent flesh. Heather knew she might stick her inner thighs, but she could still close her legs a bit and flatten out her knees. She did just that and then opened her eyes to look at Erik.

He was just waiting. Heather eyed him closer. Erik's nostrils were flaring when he breathed in and out, and his shoulders seemed set with purpose. She cocked her head and reached down for the duvet, but the question on his face made her pause. Then she understood, thought it was absolutely crazy, and rejoiced at the idea at the same time. "Oh, you are lovely," she muttered evilly.

Erik watched while Heather tested her range of motion and then awkwardly lifted her left leg out while turning on her side and then belly. She pushed up with a wince, and Heather paused to look at her arm where the needles were beginning to ache. But then she continued until she was on her hands and knees. She shuffled around a bit, pulling the pillows and putting them under her chest, and then said, "Ok, I'm ready."

Erik already knew that. He had felt her slick juices flowing out the entire time he was play piercing her lips. But now he'd get to enjoy plunging his cock into her bottom while knowing she'd feel the needles pushing back and forth within her outer labia. He got up, moved in behind her, and used his thumb to massage and test her anus.

"Me, too," he replied. And then he lined up and plunged in.

There was no timid hesitation. Erik took her like a conquest that had long been promised to him. Heather shuddered from the powerful thrusts that pounded Erik's cock deep into her ass. Her boyfriend's big cock had been the key to their relationship, but Erik used his tool with effortless force and shifting angles to make Heather acutely aware of how much he enjoyed this. She had spent a few years on her belly and back in a chemical haze while cocks thrust in and out of her openings - but Erik made this experience memorable and crisp. And Heather never had the opportunity to become bored - the stinging and tugging of her tender flesh against the needles and the recurring rhythmic drumming of Erik's pelvis against her buttocks engulfed her completely.

Each hammer blow to her ass drove Heather's head into the pillows. A part of her tried to rise above the roaring of her pulse and increasingly sloppy sounds of her sex, but she lost the thread of her thoughts as soon as they took form. It seemed Erik could sense any internal reflection, and he stole Heather's waking moments from her before she was even aware of them. His teeth nipped her shoulders and the back of her neck. His hands cradled her breasts. His fingers rolled and pinched her nipples. His body surrounded her and left her only one choice: to move with him. Every breath was full of his scent. With his entire cock buried in her ass, Heather felt his growls and sharp inhalations mix with her matching grunts and moans. She rested on the side of her face while reaching back and gripping Erik's thighs in her hands. The piercings in her forearms brushed against her sides, and Heather delighted in the intensity of sensation that ripped her out of reality. Her vision was full of colours pierced by lightning flashes. Her ass swallowed Erik's manhood, and her hands urged him deeper. Her buttocks ached while they were spread further apart. And then Heather felt his cock twitching and spasming - the entire length of his rigid shaft moving within her bottom.

Erik's orgasm triggered her own deep release. Heather's pussy was frothing with her juices, and when her walls clenched down Heather felt her wetness splash outward onto Erik's scrotum and thighs. It was such a powerful climax that she went limp underneath him, and Heather was barely aware of him withdrawing. She was passed out, blissed on endorphins, when he returned to clean her up.

Heather turned in bed to escape the sun streaming in the window and sounds from the markets and streets. A recurring crashing noise kept her from drifting off - perhaps they were emptying the rubbish bins - and the jarring tinkling of a thousand bottles being smashed while loaded into a lorry shook her the rest of the way awake. Despite her exhaustion, she scanned the room quickly. Something... someone... was missing.

Her mind struggled to piece things together more clearly, but then she felt the need to pee and set everything else aside. She got out of the strange bed and made her way straight to the bathroom. Eyes closed, sitting on a cold toilet seat, Heather felt the tension release inside of her. She felt sore, and her fingers picked at her forearm. The tender bruising caught her by surprise, and Heather remembered more of the previous night in brilliant flashes of sensation.

The toilet paper didn't come away bloody when she blotted herself, and Heather was thankful for that. Her arm ached, and her labia burned, but mostly she remembered being promised breakfast, and where the hell was Erik? She got up, washed her hands, and decided it was time to go. The fact she saw Erik's backpack and bag were gone on her way to fetch her clothes made that even more apparent.

Panties and bra, trousers, and then Heather paused to fuss with her arm. The iodine had stained the skin and it was turning yellow. She pondered how to cover that up from her boyfriend and realized it wasn't an issue unless the boy made it one. She pulled her shirt and sweater on, and checked on the wine out of habit. It was all gone. Heather wasn't sure if that was an accomplishment, but she'd check it off as an indicator of a good night.

Only when she got to the door did she see Erik's note stuck in the doorknob. Heather grabbed it, read it quick, and then tossed it in the bathroom trash. She double checked to make sure she had her phone and her wallet, and then Heather left the hotel room - letting the door swing shut and lock behind her. She had to walk carefully around her bruised fleshy lips and tender anus - a lingering reminder that Heather enjoyed.

Erik was waiting in the Dev, quietly reading a newspaper while sipping cola. Heather slipped into the pub, spotted him, and made her way to his table. Erik's only response was to scoot over to make room, and then finish the article he was reading.

"Hey," Heather interrupted. "Pay attention." She nudged his ribs while pulling her arms from her coat. It had been brisk outside, but the bit of snowy and icy cover on the sidewalks was now banished to shadows and quiet side streets.

He turned and looked at her, his eyes clear and bright, and then he asked, "Do we kiss now, or are you undercover again?" Erik glanced around and it was obvious that he recognized a few folks in the pub. His status as an interloper was very apparent to him.

She didn't care. Heather kissed him on the cheek and then licked his lips. He relaxed a bit and she teased him. "Who finished my wine?" Her right hand found Erik's thigh while she deftly pulled a menu out from under his paper with her left.

Erik leaned into Heather's shoulder. He kissed her back and shrugged while enjoying her pleasant scent and smile. "I'm guessing you did. Though you were pretty out of it when I took out the needles." He unconsciously stroked her arm, and then pulled his fingers back when she flinched. "Yikes, sorry. Bad habit - I always know where the sore spots are and touch them."

"Well that," she rolled her eyes, "could get us both thrown out of here." Her fingers gripped Erik's cock through his tacticals and she gently squeezed. Then Heather rocked on her butt in the seat beside him and laughed. "So you said you had to leave?"

"Yeah, late breakfast then off to Germany. Some people seem to have taken an unhealthy interest in me. So I figure I should spend some time just learning new things and set off in a new direction." He tipped his head toward the menu in Heather's hand. "Know what you want?"

"Sure, glühwein. But they only have that in Germany." She smirked. "You ordering?"

"Of course." The thought that maybe Heather could visit him in Hamburg or Berlin cheered Erik up a bit. It was already hard to say goodbye to her, and Erik had to flee the hotel room early so he wouldn't extend his trip and just curl up with Heather for the rest of the day. Leaving her soft naked body had been a real struggle after experiencing how well they fit together.

Heather gave him her order, and he repeated it back. Then he got up and let the bar man know what they wanted. If he noticed Heather watching his ass then what of it? Erik's last meal in London was spent sitting beside his lioness. When next he saw her, she would want to see his scars, and he would need to tell her why he was running from Winter Solstice.

by Max

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