

# **Stallion's Gambit**

## **Silvia Violet**

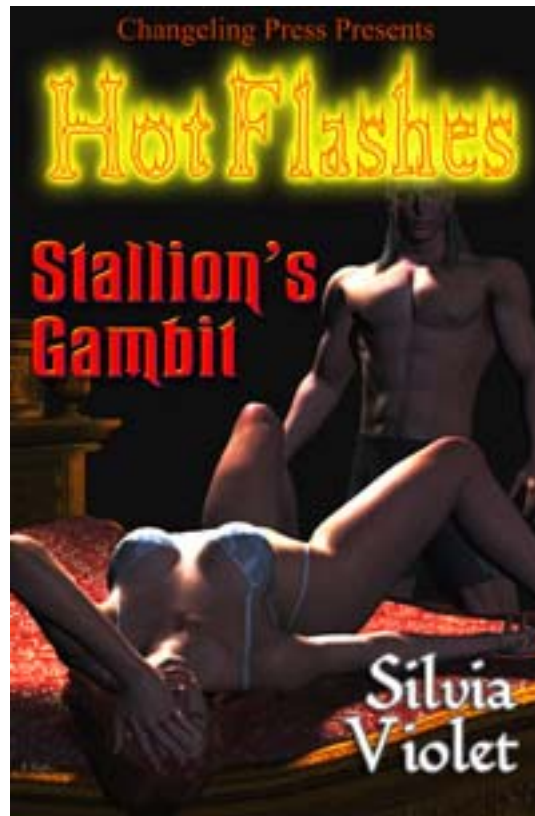
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## **Dedication**

Thanks to C.J., Emma Ray, and Kate whose equestrian expertise was invaluable to my story.

## **Stallion's Gambit**

Calder Brinkley ignored the rain pelting down on him. He eased closer to the glass doors that opened onto his guest's balcony. Raya had left them open, and the sheer curtains fluttered in the breeze. The moonless night allowed him to stand less than a yard from her threshold without being detected.

He'd arrived home well after the household had retired for the night, but his curiosity had gotten the better of him. Raya Varvara had intrigued him on both a physical and intellectual level during their comm link conversations. He wanted to know if she presented as attractive a package in person as she had on screen.

He took another step. When his shoulder was inches from the door, he leaned forward and looked in. Raya walked out of the en suite bathroom, and he sucked in his breath. She was naked, and even more delicious than he'd imagined. Her dark chin-length hair was tucked neatly behind her ears. Her skin was creamy and smooth, contrasting beautifully with her large coral nipples.

He longed to palm her small breasts and flick his tongue across her flesh, watching her nipples peak. She was slender, but not lacking in curves. He visualized himself gripping her waist and pulling her hips back against him as he fucked her from behind.

Her pussy was shaved bare. He could see her clit peeking from the deep cleft. His balls ached at the sight, and he had to reach down and tug his pants to make room for his expanding cock.

He smiled. He would have her before she left. A week would elapse before a transport arrived that could take her back to New Earth. Plenty of time to seduce her and introduce her to the various ways he could curb her sharp tongue and loosen her stiff manners.

A rich, earthy scent floated out through the doors. Calder inhaled deeply. He could have guessed Raya wouldn't go for flowery shower gels. She'd used the soap his servants placed in the showers for male guests. It mixed perfectly with her natural scent.

He cursed silently when she picked up a robe. The gauzy black garment could hardly be considered a covering, but he'd hoped to watch her prance around nude. She picked up a small comm unit from her nightstand and punched at the buttons.

"Fuck!" The expletive carried easily onto the balcony. Calder pressed his lips together to keep from laughing. He imagined what his uptight servants or, God forbid, one of his other guests would think to hear a woman use such a word.

Raya punched at the buttons again, making a low growl that sent heat straight to his cock. "Fucking backwater planet. Can't even get a decent connection!"

Calder bristled. Techno-snob! Wait until he got his huge dick in her. Then she'd learn there were satisfying things on this planet that she'd never find back home. Who wanted to be tied to a comm unit twenty-four hours a day anyway? New Earth was all concrete and steel and whizzing traffic. Oriana's untamed wilderness called to his very soul.

"Finally!" She said the word like a curse as she brought the unit to her ear. She began to pace, her long, lean legs covering the length of the room rapidly.

"Elaine? Hi. It's Raya. No, I'm not blocking vid. I could hardly get an audio signal. You're lucky to be hearing from me at all."

Raya flopped onto the settee, pulling her legs up and giving Calder a perfect view of her cunt. He wanted to walk in, throw her comm unit to the floor, bury his face against her, find out if she tasted as delicious as she smelled.

"I'll be viewing the land tomorrow. Is there any way I can get back to New Earth earlier than next week?"

She snarled as she listened to the response. "I can't get any work done here. The connections are spotty, and I don't even have a decent data port in my suite. I'm going to lose six days."

She started pacing again, and Calder's eyes were drawn to the round globes of her ass which tightened with every step. "I don't need a vacation. I need to get reports to at least five clients before they go ballistic."

Calder smiled. Raya definitely needed a vacation -- one that included a lot of time on her back, or her knees, or astride him. He could find a myriad ways to entertain her while she waited for the next transport.

"Not much to recommend it, but the horses are fabulous. The pair that pulled the carriage that picked me up --" She laughed. "Yes, damn it, I was brought to the estate by carriage. I told you it was fucking primitive here. But the horses were gorgeous. It's been ages since I've ridden."

Raya's lips curled up in a sensual smile. "I haven't seen him yet. He didn't even have the decency to show up for dinner. But if he's half as gorgeous as he looks on screen, I'll have a nice view during our ride tomorrow."

Calder's cock hardened even more. So she thought he was hot, and she approved of his horses. The compliment made him smile. Her father was a horse breeder of some renown, and she'd been raised around some of the galaxy's finest horse flesh. A wicked idea formed in Calder's mind.

Raya walked toward the doors, and Calder stepped further into the shadows. The breeze lifted her robe and Calder caught another glimpse of her luscious pussy. His cock jumped in the confines of his pants.

"Yeah, I'll try. I'm going to get some sleep now. I'll check in tomorrow." She closed her comm unit with a sharp click, tossed it onto the bed, and walked back into the bathroom.

Calder grinned. Tomorrow she was going to get the ride of her life.

\* \* \*

As Raya followed Jim Langdon, Lord Brinkley's overseer, to the stables, she cursed her ridiculous outfit. Thanks to local custom, she'd been forced to purchase special clothes for her journey. She'd balked at the idea of wearing dresses, something

she did on the rarest of occasions. But her boss had assured her that under no circumstance did women wear pants on Oriana.

Why these people wanted to prance around like they were the stars of a historical film she had no idea, but anything for a client, right? At least the riding costume had a spilt skirt, and unlike her other dresses, it didn't have any damn bows on it. But the heavy material would likely cause her to sunstroke. Still, she thanked the gods she'd been offered the chance to ride. She had no interest in entering another hot, confining carriage.

Perhaps her ride would be a pleasant interlude in what was shaping up to be a hellacious day. Who did Lord Brinkley think he was anyway? He sent his overseer to take her out to view the land. She'd yet to lay eyes on the man, and she'd been on planet for almost a full cycle.

She never let herself get involved with business associates, but she hoped to at least use him for eye candy during her stay. From what she'd seen, his body was perfectly sculpted, and the heat that had flashed in his huge brown eyes had distracted her more than once during their communications.

She supposed being a lord gave a man the right to ignore his guests, as if anyone cared about some trumped up title on a backwater planet. Six more days. Could she really stay on Oriana that long without losing her mind?

When Raya and the overseer entered the stable, a skinny, red-haired man introduced himself as the stable master. "Since you mentioned a background with horses, his lordship thought you might be interested in giving Obsidian a try. He's the finest horse we've got." He pointed to a large black stallion.

The horse was undeniably gorgeous, thickly muscled and at least seventeen hands high. But there was an odd twinkle in the stable master's eyes. Was there some joke she wasn't getting? Then she remembered where she was. "He is beautiful, but I'm surprised Orianan women are permitted to ride stallions."

The stable master nodded, and she was sure he was trying to suppress a smile. "That's true, ma'am, but in your case, his lordship thought we should make an exception, seeing as how you're an experienced rider from New Earth and all."

She nodded. "I can handle any horse you've got."

The stable master nodded, another smirk crossed his face. "I'm certain you can ma'am, but I'll warn you, he's quite spirited."

"That's how I like them."

She was positive she heard a snicker from the stable boy who was brushing Obsidian's glossy rump. She glared at the boy, but he kept his face blank. Something was definitely up, but if these men thought to have a bit of fun with an offworlder, she'd show them what she was made of.

The stable master patted the stallion's flank. "Obsidian won't take to a saddle. You can't ride him with nothing more than a hackamore and a blanket. Will that work for ya?"

"I'm an accomplished bareback rider. A hackamore is more than satisfactory." She turned toward Mr. Langdon. "Are we ready to go?"

"Yes, ma'am. Jackson's all saddled up for me." He indicated a glossy red gelding. "Let's head on out to the back quadrant and take a look at that parcel of land."

Raya stepped closer so she could pet Obsidian's head and found that his mane felt as silky as it looked. She petted him longer than she meant to. Something about him was simply irresistible.

Obsidian twisted his head to look at her, and she'd have sworn the animal smiled. His eyes sparkled with more intelligence than even the smartest horses she'd known. What an amazing animal. She wondered if Lord Brinkley would consider selling him. She doubted it. If he were hers, she'd never part with him.

She used the mounting block the stable boy brought her and swung herself onto Obsidian's back. It felt good to be on a horse again.

"Ready?"



Raya nodded in reply to the overseer's question. He turned his horse to ride out of the barn, and Obsidian followed him without waiting for direction from her.

"The land's a good ways out. The terrain is hilly but it's smooth. You up for a fast ride?"

Raya wondered if this was part of the plan to show her up as a pansy offworlder. She might prefer a planet with technology to this godforsaken nowhere, but she was no girly girl. She bet she could ride circles around any man here. "The faster the better."

They trotted out of the stable yard. Once they reached the open fields, Jim picked up his pace. She matched him, loving the feel of the wind whipping her hair.

After a few moments, she gave the stallion his head. His legs ate up the ground with astounding speed. She'd never been on a faster horse, not even the best of those her father had raised. She felt like she was truly flying. Her heart raced as she leaned low over Obsidian's head, rubbing her cheek in his soft mane. She wanted to praise him for his speed and his beauty, but the exhilaration stole her breath.

She reveled in the wildness, moving easily with the magnificent animal. The exhilaration heated her body and the friction of Obsidian's hide sent delicious spirals of pleasure through her belly. Cream dampened the strange boxer-like undergarments she wore, and her whole body pulsed with life.

Shaking off the riding high that had clouded her mind for several moments, she glanced over her shoulder, looking for Jim. He was nowhere in sight. They must have lost him when they crested the last hill.

She tugged on the reins, wanting to slow down so Mr. Langdon could catch up. She was dependent on him for directions to the land she needed to view. If she were back on New Earth she would have simply programmed her positioner with the coordinates, but Orianans had to make everything complicated.

The horse refused to slow down. She pulled harder, digging her elbows into her sides for more leverage. But Obsidian kept going, running at a full gallop. Damn it! The stable hands knew he'd do this. That's why they were laughing.

Obsidian veered to the left and slowed to a canter. She pressed her right knee into the horse's side and tugged as hard as she could on the right rein, trying to pull his head around. He snorted, sounding thoroughly disgusted and shook his head back and forth as if telling her no.

Then she got a suspicious thought. "You know the way, don't you? You know where we're going."

The horse snorted again and nodded up and down this time. She'd known plenty of very smart horses growing up, but Obsidian was truly extraordinary.

\* \* \*

Raya shook Jim's hand. "The land is beautiful, exactly as Lord Brinkley described. I know my client will be pleased."

The overseer smiled. "Glad to hear it ma'am."

"Shall we ride back now?"

"Yes, if you'd like. But as you're at leisure for the rest of the day, I thought perhaps you'd like to take a ride on your own, see some more of the estate."

More time with this magnificent animal? How could she say no, especially when the alternative was sitting around Lord Brinkley's estate pretending to be a lady? "I would love a long ride, but without a positioner, I'm not sure how to find my way back to the stables."

Jim smiled. "Don't worry. No matter where you go, Obsidian will be able to bring you home. Just ask him, and he'll bring you to the stables."

"He's remarkably intelligent."

Jim looked like he was suppressing a laugh. "Indeed he is. Most amazing horse I've ever seen."

She was determined to find out what Jim and the stable hands were laughing about, but she wouldn't lower herself to ask. "Is there any portion of the estate I should avoid?" she asked as she mounted Obsidian.

"No, but I suggest you head west. There's some lovely terrain that way, and you'll come to a stream after a few miles. Obsidian would love to stop there for a drink."

Raya nodded. "That sounds perfect. Thank you. What time is lunch served?"

"One o'clock but don't worry, Obsidian will want his lunch too. He'll let you know when it's time to head back."

She smiled. "Excellent. Thank you."

Jim nodded. Obsidian turned, and they headed west.

\* \* \*

Raya dismounted when they reached the stream. "If I leave you free, you won't run off will you?" She rubbed the stallion's neck as she spoke, pitching her voice low.

Obsidian snorted and shook his head back and forth. She smiled. "I swear you speak Common as well as I do." Obsidian leaned into her caress, and she stroked his mane. "You're magnificent. You know that?" His ears twitched, turning toward her, giving her his full attention. "You love to be petted, don't you?" The stallion nickered softly, turning his head to nuzzle her shoulder. She smiled and patted his neck. "Go get your drink. I want to do a little splashing myself."

She glanced around. She couldn't see or hear anyone, and they hadn't passed a soul since they'd left Jim. If someone caught her bathing in her underwear, they'd see far less than Earthers saw when she wore a bikini. Customs be damned. They'd just have to get over it.

Obsidian walked toward the water and bent to drink as Raya stripped off her boots, knee-high stockings, split skirt, jacket, and shirt. She approached the creek wearing only the lace trimmed cotton drawers and a lacy camisole.

She stepped into the water and yelped. "Damn, that's cold." But as it was twenty degrees hotter on Oriana than the summer temps she was used to on New Earth, she welcomed a chance to be cold. Her nipples tightened into hard peaks as she stepped further into the water, soaking the edges of her drawers.

The swirling water made her more aware of her body than she wanted to be. The ecstasy of the ride had excited her so much she'd soaked the crotch of her drawers. Something about the air on her face, the pumping of the horse under her, the knowledge that the stallion was barely under control had made her horny as hell. She'd brought herself to climax before going to sleep, but it hadn't been the same without her virtual reality visor and her favorite vibrator, both of which she'd left behind. Apparently Orianan women weren't supposed to own sex toys.

"Gods above, you're lovely wet."

She shrieked and turned. Calder Brinkley stood watching her from the bank, in the exact spot where she'd left Obsidian. The hackamore and bareback pad lay on the ground in a tangled heap but the horse was nowhere to be seen.

There was plenty to see of Calder. He was utterly naked. No amount of fear or anger at his sudden appearance could keep her from staring at his cock. She'd never seen a man as long and thick as he was. His balls hung large and heavy as if just waiting for her to cup them. Her tongue slipped out to moisten her suddenly dry lips.

She blinked and took an involuntary step back. What the fuck was wrong with her? This man appeared out of thin air, naked, and she was thinking about how far she could get his cock into her mouth. "Where did you come from?"

"I've been here all along."

"Where? I saw no one, and Obsidian never indicated he heard or smelled another human." She looked around again, still not seeing the horse. She would have heard him gallop off, even over the rush of the water. "Where's Obsidian?"

Calder smiled, looking mischievous and devastatingly sexy. "I'm Obsidian."

She shook her head. "You're not a registered shape-shifter."

"We don't all play by the rules."

"But I've read every profile I could find on you and your estate. No one mentioned shape-shifting."

"Why should they? It has nothing to do with my business dealings. Only trusted associates know about my abilities. I have no intention of being judged as a second class citizen before someone's even met me."

Raya shook her head. "This isn't happening." She was absolutely not standing in the middle of nowhere with a naked rogue shape-shifter, wearing next to nothing herself.

He smiled again. "Oh, but it is. And you thought your stay on Oriana would be boring." As he spoke, his skin began to darken and grow hair, his torso elongated, his hands and feet turned to hooves. Within seconds, Obsidian stood where he'd been.

She stood, paralyzed, unable to breathe. Then he shifted back and was Lord Brinkley again.

When she recovered the power of movement, she gestured toward his cock. "Well, at least that explains your size." She laughed, but it sounded rather hysterical.

His laughter was low and rich. "Yes, it does."

He walked toward her, and she fought the urge to back up. "There are shifters who become wolves, large cats, and even bears on New Earth, but I've never heard of humans shifting to horse form."

"And unless any of us are foolish enough to register with the Protectorate, you won't. My mother isn't fully human. She is part Canterini, a race resembling centaurs that have interbred with humans producing offspring who can shift from human to horse."

Raya's head spun with a million questions, another one tumbled out. "Why did you let me ride you?"

He smiled, standing right at the water's edge. "I wanted to feel your legs around me."

"Bastard." Anger and embarrassment heated her body. He must have enjoyed her amazement at her horse's intelligence. But mad as she was, desire still snaked through her belly.

"You like horses, and I wanted your undivided attention."

"I would have been happy to meet with you in your office." She forced herself to keep her gaze above his waist. But his closely cropped black hair looked as silky as Obsidian's mane. And his dark brown eyes reflected the hot passion threatening to take over her body.

"Too many people in and out. We need privacy."

"For what?"

"For me to fuck you."

"How dare you --"

"We've been dancing around it since you first contacted me."

She'd made no attempt to rebuff his flirtations during their comm links, but he had no right to make such assumptions. "I'm sorry to ruin your elaborate scheme, but I don't fuck the men I do business with."

"You do now."

Her heart slammed against her chest. Her inner thighs were slick with moisture that had nothing to do with the water she stood in. Her body begged her to do exactly what he wanted, but she refused to let the arrogant bastard think he could play her like this. No wonder the stable hands had laughed at her. "You will take me back to the main house now. We will finish our negotiations. Then I will find lodgings in town."

He shook his head. "No."

"Fine. I'll find my own way back." She stepped out of the water.

He blocked her path. "I can smell your desire. You want this as much as I do."

She shook her head. "Stay away from me."

"I'm happy to chase you. Or fight you if you like it rough."

Her heart slammed against her chest. She couldn't speak.

He inhaled, slow and deliberate. "Mmm. You're slick and wet and ready for me right now, aren't you?"

Raya bit her lip to hold in a whimper. Why was she reacting like this? *Because you've been hot for him ever since you first saw him on screen and now he's not only a hot guy but a gorgeous stallion as well. What girl wouldn't want to fuck him?*

But he was also an arrogant son of a bitch, and she didn't give in to temptation like this. "Oriana may be a backwater, but it's a Protectorate-owned colony. I'm assuming the officials don't know that Lord Brinkley sometimes has four legs. What if I happened to let this information slip?"

His eyes narrowed and he made a very horse-like snort. "You won't."

"I will if you don't take me to the main house now."

"You won't, because I'm going to make you come so many times you won't be able to speak."

Her legs turned to jelly. Damn him for being so sexy. How the fuck did he know she liked dominant men?

"Are you going to run?" He took another step toward her.

The primal heat in his eyes sent both fear and lust racing through her body. She couldn't outrun him, but some crazy instinct made her want to try. She turned and bolted.

She knew it was foolish to run, but she couldn't stop herself. She was like a mare in heat now. Her body was primed and ready for action, but her mind protested what she needed. She was ready to kick and bite to keep Calder from mounting her.

Calder's feet thumped the ground behind her. He was closing in. She pushed for more speed, but none of her workouts at the gym prepared her for racing across grassy hills. Her sides ached. Her lungs burned. She couldn't hold out much longer.

She felt him right behind her. He wasn't even breathing hard. Strong arms closed around her waist. She fell to the ground, and Calder landed on top of her.

The hard ridge of his cock pressed into the seam of her ass. He felt as big as he looked. Her thin, wet garments provided no protection. Heat radiated from his body as if he touched her naked flesh. The weight of his body pressed her into the ground. She fought not to squirm as the pressure on her clit made her crazed with desire.

Calder nuzzled her neck, nipping gently at her skin. "You're faster than I expected, but ultimately, I outrun any mere human."

Anger pulsed through her blood, but she didn't give him the pleasure of a response. He pushed up on his arms, rolling his hips, so his cock nestled deeper. God, the thought of it inside her, stretching, hurting just enough to give exquisite pleasure excited her.

He sat back and slapped her hard on the ass, eliciting an embarrassed whimper. His hands closed around her hips, pulling her back and up. "Hands and knees *now*."

She clutched at the grass to keep herself from obeying. His savage hunger pulsed in the air, and a wicked part of her wanted to push him until he snapped, until he held her down with his teeth and shoved that huge cock deep inside her.

When she didn't obey, he leaned over and sank his teeth into her flank. She hissed at the stinging pain. He slapped her ass again. "Now."

This time she couldn't resist the passion rising inside her. She lifted herself on hands and knees, thrusting her pussy at him. She couldn't remember ever being this captivated by a man. The loss of control made her panic. She pulled away, trying to walk forward on her hands and knees.

His hands closed around her hips, trapping her in place. She twisted in his grasp and tried to kick him, but he used his knee to block her.

She lashed out with the other leg and made contact. He let go, and she crawled forward. She nearly had her feet under her, ready to run when he caught her again. He gripped her thighs and dragged her back across the grass. Tiny rocks bit into her knees, scraping her flesh. She cried out, but he paid no attention.

With an angry snort, he ripped her drawers down the back. The wet fabric fell to the grass. Her heart thundered, and her breath caught. She'd broken his control and unleashed the feral energy of his stallion.

One of his hands tightened around her hip hard enough to bruise, and the other pushed between her legs. She spread them unconsciously, desperate for his touch. His fingers plunged into her, and she arched her back, pulling them deeper.

He pumped his fingers in and out, skillfully rubbing her g-spot with every thrust. She panted and circled her hips, craving his touch on her clit, craving his cock



inside her. But he wouldn't give her more. "This is your price for fighting me. You'll have to beg for what you want."

Anger burned her. "No!"

"Then you'll never find out if my cock will fit in your tight pussy."

She groaned and circled her hips but she refused to say anything else.

Calder slipped his fingers from her and lay on the ground, scooting forward until his head was perfectly placed to suck her clit into his mouth. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and pulled her down to him. A shudder rolled through her when he flicked his tongue across her sensitive flesh. He drew her clit into his mouth, and she shrieked. She felt him smile against her before he attacked her with tongue and teeth.

He let go of her thighs when she pressed her pussy against his mouth, begging for more with her body if not her words. He drove two fingers back inside her and slid his other hand up her belly, underneath the camisole, until he reached one of her nipples. He grasped the tight bud and tugged mercilessly. She gasped and twisted away, but he held on, twisting her nipple while he drew his teeth along the length of her clit.

She tensed, ready to come with the least provocation. He released her and pulled himself from under her.

"Son of a bitch." She pounded the ground with her fists. After a few shaky breaths, she looked over her shoulder. "You're not leaving me like this."

"I am... unless you beg me."

"You selfish, arrogant --"

"Man with a cock you're dying to taste. Come on, Raya. Tell me how much the uptight techno snob wants this shoved into her cunt." He stroked himself as he talked, and she couldn't take her eyes off his hand. His thumb and fingers didn't meet around his girth. Burning hell! She needed him inside her.

"Tell me, Raya. Tell me what you've been wanting since you first commed me."

She released a shaky breath. Raya Varvara did *not* beg, not for anything. But the scorching furor racing through her body screamed otherwise. Her clit ached, and her

nipples had never been so hard. She wanted Calder to fuck her with utter abandon, like the wild animal he was.

He rose up on his knees and moved close enough to brush the tip of his cock against her swollen lips. Her breath caught. He used his cock like a whip, slapping her pussy. She gasped, clutching at the grass to stay upright. Her clit throbbed as each touch echoed through her body.

He leaned forward and nipped her back. The pleasure/pain broke her. "Fuck me now. Please!"

He pushed his cock toward her entrance, poised to plunge into her. But he held himself still. She bit her lip, but a whimper escaped.

"Tell me more," he commanded.

"No," she snarled.

He pulled back a fraction of an inch. She thrust her hips back, willing to do anything now to have him. "I need you. I need your cock inside me. Gods, please."

He drove into her, stretching her to the point of pain. But the burn of her pussy accepting his massive cock only fanned her hunger. Erotic pain had always turned her on, a fact she kept well hidden from her associates on New Earth.

He was too large to bury himself with a single stroke, but he pushed forward relentlessly. With every centimeter, she fought to breathe, sure she couldn't take anymore. When his hips finally rested against her ass, she let the air rush out of her lungs. She'd never imagined feeling so thoroughly taken. He seemed to fill her to her throat.

He twisted his hips and she moaned, arching her back even deeper, as if she could take more.

"Is that what you needed? To be spread open and stuffed so full it hurts you? Did you need me to fill you until your body had to fight to accommodate me?"

She whimpered.

He ran his hands down her sides, letting his nails scratch her. "Do you like it rough?"

She sobbed. "Yes. Burning hell, yes!"

"Good. It's going to get even better."

He pulled out and plunged back in. She failed to hold back a scream. Nothing had ever felt so agonizingly good before. He reached between her legs and squeezed her clit as he fucked her mercilessly, driving his cock as deep as her body would allow it to go.

Her orgasm built, until her clit ached with a hunger so fierce she feared it. She tried to hold back, but he drove into her once more, and she exploded.

Calder sank his teeth deep into his bottom lip to hold back his own climax. The clenching muscles of her pussy nearly pulled him over anyway.

He'd had no shortage of lovers since he'd come to Oriana, but none of them had given him pleasure like Raya. She might play the cold bitch, but when she let go, her passion burned hotter than a blacksmith's iron. Since he'd come into his shape-shifting powers, he'd held something back with his human lovers, afraid he'd hurt them or scare them away. But he gave Raya everything he had. She obviously liked her sex as rough and untamed as the Canterini did.

When her breathing began to slow, he pulled out and turned her onto her back. Her eyelids fluttered open, and her tongue snaked out to lick her lips. "That was truly amazing." Then her gaze fell to his cock. "You didn't come."

He shook his head. "I'm not done with you yet. I may resemble New Earth stallions in many ways, but my stamina is that of a Canterini."

Her eyes widened.

He pushed her legs up onto her chest and thrust into her. "It's going to be a long, rough afternoon for you."

She gasped as he worked his way deep inside her. He leaned forward, and she circled his body with her legs, urging him deeper by digging her heels into his ass.

He shoved in until his head pressed against her cervix. She gasped.

He pulled back and gave her short, fast strokes as he drew one of her nipples into his mouth. He bit down hard enough to hurt but not to damage her.

She screamed and thrashed under him. Her hands ripped at his hair, but he kept his mouth on her and sucked hard. She made a strangled sound, and her hips slammed against his.

He increased the force of his thrusts. She panted under him, her head twisting from side to side. She released his hair and dug her nails into his shoulders. "More. I need more."

He released her nipple and sat back, pulling her onto his lap until she was sitting astride him. His hands gripped her waist. He lifted her up and slammed her back down. "Take it all!"

Her hands slipped on his sweat-slick shoulders as he let her set a fast, punishing rhythm. Her head fell back, and she gasped each time she reached the bottom of her stroke. His balls ached with the need to come, but he wanted to keep fucking her all day. "Look at me."

She ignored him.

He used his grip on her waist to force her down and hold her still. She ground herself against him, but she opened her eyes. "I want to see your eyes when you come."

Her eyes went wide. His words had brought her right to the edge. He pulled her up and shoved her back down on his cock. She twisted her hips, fighting to get the contact she craved. Then she stilled. Her mouth opened in a silent scream. Raw hunger showed on her face as she went over.

This time the contractions of her pussy were too much for him. He roared as he shoved his cock in as deep as it would go and emptied his balls.

When he had breath enough to speak, he lifted her head from his shoulder and tilted her chin so she would look at him. "Six days doesn't seem so long to be stuck here now, does it?"

She shook her head. "I'm not sure it's long enough."

"Perhaps I could make sure the next transport to New Earth gets misrouted. Being a lord does have its advantages, after all."

Her lips curled up in a seductive smile, and his cock stirred to life again. It was definitely going to be a long, rough afternoon.

## **Silvia Violet**

Silvia Violet can often be found haunting coffee shops looking for the darkest, strongest cup of coffee she can find. Once equipped with the needed fuel, she can happily sit for hours pounding away at her laptop. Silvia typically leaves home disguised as a suburban stay-at-home-mom, and other coffee shop patrons tend to ask her hilarious questions like “Do you write children’s books?” She loves watching the looks on their faces when they learn what she’s actually up to. When not writing, Silvia enjoys baking sinful chocolate treats, exploring new styles of cooking, and reading children’s books to her wickedly smart offspring.

Silvia writes erotic romance and erotica in a variety of genres. She recently won Angela Knight’s Golden Stiletto contest with a hot excerpt from her Shifter’s Station series. You can find Silvia on the web at <http://violet.chaosnet.org> or reach her by email at [silviaviolet@gmail.com](mailto:silviaviolet@gmail.com).