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WICKED

Gail Roarke



Flying HIGH

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By

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Dedication

To my lovely and talented partner, whose love and support have given
me the opportunity to pursue my dreams.

Leah was trembling on the verge of an orgasm.

For the last half hour, a man she knew only as Steve had been giving her incredible oral sex. His mouth had worked wonders, reducing her to babbling incoherence as she writhed with pleasure. After he'd eaten and fingered her to one orgasm after another, he'd climbed up to loom over her with a smug grin as he slid his gloriously hard cock inside her.

Strangers shared the bed with Leah and Steve, another couple named Suzanne and Bill. Suzanne was on her elbows and knees facing the headboard, head resting on her crossed arms, Bill kneeling behind her. Suzanne's heavy breasts swayed with every thrust of Bill's hips. Leah occasionally met Bill's eyes as he watched her with Steve, sharing a knowing grin. It was daring enough that she was having sex with a man she'd only met an hour ago—to be doing so in public only added to the thrill.

Leah was very glad she'd worked up the nerve to contact their host, Ron, by instant message. She'd chatted with him for hours, asking questions, flirting and allowing herself to be cajoled into coming to this party. Actually showing up tonight had been scarier than facing any armed criminal or supervillain.

She'd been shaking when she knocked on the front door. A bearded man in his forties had opened the door. Leah had introduced herself with the pseudonym she'd given him online. He'd introduced himself as Ron and invited her in. There were a dozen people in his living room in various states of undress. Two large mattresses took up most of the floor space. Ron had introduced her to them all, but she'd been too nervous for

the names to stick in her memory.

The next two hours were surreal. Leah watched with fascination as men and women made love right in front of her, mostly couples, but occasionally threesomes. Leah didn't participate. She was still too nervous—and frankly too caught up in watching at first. She'd seen porn videos before but had never witnessed other people having sex in front of her. It was startling and a little shocking.

It was also arousing. She found herself squirming in her seat, feeling flushed with excitement. Her nipples were erect, and she could feel the moisture between her legs. By the time another man named Steve had arrived, her arousal had trumped her nervousness.

Steve had wasted no time before inviting her to play with him. She'd agreed but wasn't ready to do so quite so publicly. He had smiled, taken her hand and led her upstairs to one of the bedrooms, where he'd taken her in his arms and kissed her, beginning the slow seduction that had led to this moment.

Steve was a talented and experienced lover. He'd undressed her slowly, his lips and tongue and teeth and hands teasing and tantalizing her. By the time he'd lowered his head to her pussy, she was desperate for his touch. She'd been so turned on that when another couple had joined them on the king size bed, she'd found it exciting rather than alarming.

As Steve moved into position above her, she saw another stranger enter the room to stand near the foot of the bed. She didn't pay him much attention. Bill, still fucking Suzanne from behind, also noticed him. Without pausing in his efforts, he turned his head to address the stranger.

"Hey, don't just stand there. Get undressed and join in," he said cheerfully. "Suzanne loves sucking cock. Don't you, Suzanne?"

Leah watched Suzanne turn her head to look at the stranger. Her eyes were glazed. Leah watched Suzanne shudder and moan loudly as she had an orgasm.

Leah forgot about everyone else then as Steve settled between her spread thighs. She smiled up at him, wanting nothing more than to get thoroughly fucked. He settled into position and began moving with her, varying his position, his angle of attack, his tempo so that she was

constantly experiencing new and incredibly exciting sensations.

"Oh god," Leah muttered, toes curling. She was aching close to orgasm now. "Don't stop, please don't stop—"

"Help!" someone cried. "He's got a gun!"

The cry of alarm shattered Leah's concentration. She lifted her head to see the stranger raise a small, long-barreled handgun and shoot Suzanne. The shot was nearly silent. Suzanne's scream was much louder.

Leah pushed Steve off of her effortlessly. Meanwhile, the gunman fired again. Suzanne screamed anew, flopping onto the bed and thrashing. Her partner flinched away, falling off the bed and landing heavily on the floor.

Leah launched herself at the gunman, slamming into him with all her strength. For him it would be like getting hit by a car. She heard him gasp at the stunning impact an instant before she slammed him into—and mostly through—the wall behind him.

She snatched the handgun from him before he lost consciousness. She glanced at the gun, noting that it was a .22 semi-automatic with a silencer screwed onto the barrel. A professional's weapon. She crushed it with casual strength and then dropped it.

Screams from downstairs.

She ran from the room and down the short hallway to the stairs. She took the stairs in a single leap, just in time to hear a second gunman say, "You better not have been lying about Suzanne being upstairs, or else you'll all die."

The gunman was too busy threatening the crowd to see Leah coming, turning only after he heard her feet hit the floor behind him. His eyes widened, but he shot her three times without a moment's hesitation.

She felt the bullets like someone poking her gently between her breasts with a fingertip. She grabbed the gunman by the throat and lifted him off his feet, capturing his gun hand with her left hand. The temptation to tighten her grip and crush his throat was immense.

"You son of a bitch," she said, trembling with the desire to do violence. "Do you know how long it's been since I last got laid? And you and your murderous friend have screwed it up!"

She flung him away into the wall with enough force to stun him. Then she turned her attention to the other party guests. They must have still been having an orgy on the mattresses when the second gunman had interrupted them. They were naked, sweaty, and shaken by the intrusion—but none of them looked injured. She saw no blood.

"Somebody call 911," she commanded the crowd watching them. "Now—you!" she added, addressing one of the men when nobody moved immediately. He gulped, nodded, and dug into a pile of clothes to produce a cell phone. He flipped it open and made the call.

The gunman had begun edging away while Leah dealt with the other guests. She turned her gaze on him, and he froze in place, looking ready to piss himself. She was furious, and she hoped it showed.

"Don't you fucking move, you bastard," she ordered him. She held up the captured handgun and closed her fist. The gun could have been made of butter for all the resistance it provided. "You move and I'll kill you."

He believed her, she could see that. Now he probably wanted the police to arrive as badly as anyone else here. They'd arrest him, and he'd go to jail—but they wouldn't kill him. Convinced that he would obey, she dropped the ruined weapon and turned her back on him.

"Suzanne's been shot," she told the crowd. "She needs help. Any of you know first aid?"

One of the women stepped forward, a petite blonde. Leah thought her name was Rose. "I'm a nurse," she said. Now that Rose was over the initial shock, she seemed steady enough, but she hesitated for a moment. "Is anyone else injured?"

"The only one hurt upstairs is Suzanne," Leah told her.

Rose nodded and brushed past Leah, then ran up the stairs.

People began chattering as they always did after witnessing a crime—or the appearance of a superhero. They began dressing, too.

"Don't anyone leave," Leah told them. "The police are on their way and you're all going to need to talk to them. Forget worrying about what your family or your boss will think. Even if they hear about this party, they'll have more important things to concern them."

Leah fixed the bad guy with an icy stare. "Don't you fucking move." She looked around at the other guests, then pinned a woman named Penny with a look. It was always best to give instructions to a particular individual; they were less likely to remain passive, thinking—or hoping—that someone else would act. "Penny, I'm going upstairs to check on Suzanne. You watch this son of a bitch. If he stirs from his position, scream."

"O-okay," Penny said.

Leah saw a man she'd been introduced to as Tom kneel to look at the crushed handgun. Eyes wide, he poked it with one finger, delicately, as if he feared it would burn him. He looked warily at Leah with knowledge dawning in his eyes. She turned away with a sigh, disappointed but not surprised. Show a little superhuman strength and toughness, and people got uneasy around you.

She went up the stairs. Steve darted out of the bathroom with an armload of towels. She followed him back into the bedroom she'd occupied so happily only minutes earlier. Suzanne was lying on the bed with Bill kneeling beside her, Rose standing at her side, Suzanne's wrist between her fingers, checking her pulse.

Rose snatched towels from Steve, handing one to Bill and giving the men instructions. The men each pressed a folded towel against Suzanne's wounds. Rose spoke to Suzanne calmly, reassuringly. Leah watched for a moment then nodded, satisfied that Rose had things under control. Suzanne was extremely lucky the gunman had apparently wanted to cause her a lot of pain first before killing her. Otherwise she would've been dead by now, instead of just shot in the leg and shoulder.

"Who are you?" Rose's question caught Leah by surprise.

"Marie," Leah said. It was the name she'd given everyone when she arrived at the play party—and thank god for that!

"No," Rose said gently, smiling. "Who are you really?"

Leah considered lying—for only an instant. But it was over. She'd blown her cover tonight, and there was no going back. "Iron Maiden."

Steve and Bill looked up suddenly.

"Iron Maiden," Rose repeated. "With the Guardians?"

"Yes," Leah said. She waited for a reaction, but Rose only nodded and returned her attention to Suzanne.

Leah went back downstairs. She didn't hear sirens yet.

She looked for the man she'd told to call the police. He stood nearby, looking shocked and unhappy, a forgotten cell phone clutched in one hand.

"Have you called 911?" she asked.

He turned a glassy gaze toward her.

"911?" she repeated. "Did you call them?"

"Yes," he said in a rusty voice. He cleared his throat. "Yes, I called. They're on their way."

She remained at the foot of the stairs, keeping an eye on the gunman until she heard sirens in the distance. With a final warning glance at her prisoner, Leah turned and flew up the stairs and into the bedroom, no longer bothering to walk.

"Marie..." Steve said when she reentered the bedroom. He stared at her, clearly wanting to come to her but obliged to keep the pressure on Suzanne's wound. "I—" He stopped. He grinned nervously for an instant then looked abashed. "I don't know what to say."

She looked around the room for a moment then walked over to where her clothes lay abandoned on the floor. She bent and picked up her dress, then glanced at Steve. "You don't have to say anything." She pulled the dark blue silk dress over her head.

The sirens were close now. She slipped on her sandals. She had brought a play bag with her to hold condoms and lube, a towel, a robe, and her personal effects. She stuffed her bra and panties into it now. She wished she'd brought her costume, but she hadn't.

She picked up the bag and walked over to the rear wall of the bedroom. After fumbling behind the heavy, floor length curtain for a moment, she found the cord that opened the draperies. The revealed sliding glass door was fogged by humidity.

"You're going?" Steve asked, sounding surprised and a little hurt.

Leah nodded without looking at him. She glanced at the unconscious gunman still half buried in the wall. "I can't afford to be

identified." She wouldn't just suffer a little embarrassment if discovered here; her whole life would change forever. She had no desire to be a celebrity hounded by paparazzi her every waking hour.

She knew none of these people in her daily life. She'd only met them tonight at this party. She'd used a false name and been adamant about not having her picture taken for just this reason. She looked at him. "I had a lovely time, Steve. I wish—"

The front door burst open downstairs, and she heard the police enter.

She opened the door and stepped out onto the tiny wooden deck. "I wish we could do it again." Then she took flight.

"Shit, shit, shit," she chanted to herself as the earth dropped away beneath her. When she was well above rooftop level, she halted her ascent long enough to remove her sandals and put them into her bag. They looked nice, but they didn't stay on her feet when she flew. "Goddammit," she said, angry and frustrated—and hornier than ever.

The sex with Steve had been great, but it had only whetted her appetite. It was easier when she didn't have a recent reminder of just how good sex could be. For a moment she was tempted to return, face the police, expose her identity and deal with the consequences if only she could have more like that!

But the party was over for tonight. Flashing red and blue lights strobed on the front lawn of the party house below. Curious neighbors were visible on the street. Besides, some of the looks she'd gotten told her that the reality of a superheroine was a lot more intimidating than the fantasy.

She headed north across the city toward home—and her vibrator.

* * * * *

Three days later, Leah was still horny. She'd worn out her vibrator in the last three days. It was better than nothing but didn't begin to make up for what she was missing. It was beginning to interfere with her work. She was looking at every man she met and mentally trying him on.

Even her team mates. But Inferno was happily married, Slasher wasn't interested in women, and the Man-Ape, charming as he could be, looked more like a gorilla than a man—

"Hey, IM—heads up!"

Slasher's shout interrupted Leah's woolgathering. She looked up in time to see several armed robbers burst out of the jewelry exchange through a rear door. Cursing herself for letting her thoughts distract her, she swooped down to intercept them. They saw her coming and blazed away.

Most of the shots missed, gouging chips out of the brick wall behind her. The few that hit her flattened against her skin and dropped to the ground. She spread her arms and plowed into them, knocking most of them on their asses.

Two of the gunmen ducked aside. She turned to take another run at them, only to see a medieval knight leap from a nearby alley to confront them instead. He was dressed in a chain mail shirt and metal helmet, combat fatigues and army boots, and wielded a large sword.

The knight landed directly in front of two of the men still on their feet. One of them unloaded his Uzi into the knight at point blank range, stitching holes in the knight's body from navel to forehead. He staggered back then fell heavily.

"No!" Leah shouted and leaped in to crush the Uzi—too late. She slapped the gunman to the ground and disarmed his companion as well. By the time she'd turned around, Slasher had appeared out of nowhere to disarm and tie up the remaining criminals.

She hurried over to check on the knight. She was amazed to see him sitting up. For a moment, she thought he must be invulnerable like her. But no, she could see blood—and lots of it—seeping through the links of his chain mail shirt. "Don't move," she told him. "I'll get help—"

"Don't bother," the knight said.

He pulled off his helmet, which was dented and holed, and tossed it aside. She looked at him. His chain mail shirt was bloody and filled with bullet holes. Blood also stained his trousers and boots. Yet despite the damage to his costume, he seemed unhurt. He grinned at her.

"Who the hell are you?" she asked.

"I'm Victor Kruger—the Black Knight, baby," he announced.

"You don't look black," she said with a smile.

"I'm not talking about my skin. My heart neither. I'm one of the good guys."

She studied him for a moment. His chain mail shirt was metallic gray, his pants and boots olive drab. So he wasn't talking about his costume either. So why the 'Black Knight'? Unless—

"Monty Python and the Holy Grail?" she asked. Victor had sustained horrific injuries and kept fighting—just like the John Cleese character in the movie. Only difference was, Victor had recovered almost as fast as he was injured.

His face creased in a huge smile. "Exactly!" He raked her with his gaze. "Beautiful and smart. I like it."

"Thanks," she said dryly. "I'm so glad you approve."

While they were talking, the police moved in to take control of the scene and arrest the robbers. Bystanders appeared to gawk now that the danger was over. Soon enough, there would be reporters as well.

"So what are you doing now?" Victor asked.

"What? Why?"

"Well, now that we've smote the bad guys, I was thinking we could go out for dinner and drinks, followed by a night of wild monkey sex. In a pinch, we could skip dinner and drinks."

Leah stared at him, momentarily taken aback by his blatant proposition. She wasn't used to being propositioned as Iron Maiden. That kind of strength and toughness was pretty intimidating. But she had already seen that very little intimidated him. Certainly not men with automatic weapons.

She glanced at the bound gunmen then back at Victor. "'We'?"

He shrugged. "Okay, okay—you took care of them. I didn't help much. This time. What can I say? I'm new at this."

She found herself entertaining the idea of taking him up on his offer. He was an attractive man. Over six feet tall, broad shouldered, with heavy arms and a powerful chest. Curly brown hair, brown eyes and a

bright smile. The chain mail shirt hung nearly to his knees, so she had no clue about his package—but she was more concerned with how well he used what he had than the size of it.

On the other hand, he looked barely nineteen.

"How old are you?" she asked.

His eyes widened. "Are you—carding me?" He laughed.

She scowled, aware that his question had drawn some attention to their conversation. A couple of nearby cops and spectators were watching them now. Crap. "Just answer the question."

"I'm legal," he said, grinning hugely, "if that's what you're asking." His voice carried all too well. Leah winced and shot a glance to either side. More people were watching, some grinning knowingly, some whispering to one another.

"I'd show you my ID," Victor boomed, "but I don't carry it into battle. So—are you interested?"

She stepped closer to him. "Will you keep your voice down?"

"Why? I'm not ashamed of what I want. Are you?"

"No!" Her reply came without thought. She realized what she'd confessed even as his grin broadened.

"So you are interested! Great!"

"I never said that!" she objected, feeling her face heat. Most of the crowd was watching them now. She could see the knowledge spreading, whispered conversations followed by knowing grins and attentive eyes. A few cell phones were aimed their way now too. Swell.

"You haven't said 'no' either," he said, edging closer. He really was remarkably tall. And broad. And well muscled.

She crossed her arms, forcing herself to look away. The aggravating thing was that she didn't even want to look away, much less tell him no. "I don't want to talk about it here," she said, refusing to admit her interest.

He was silent for a moment. When she looked up, he was surveying the crowd. He met her eyes again. "I don't give a shit what they think. And you shouldn't either, but if you don't want to talk here, that's fine by me. Where, then?"

She glanced skyward then met his eyes.

He grinned. "I'm game if you are, doll."

"We'll see about that." Without giving herself time to think about what she was doing or how it would look to the gawking crowd, she reached out to seize his chain mail shirt with both hands. She hurled herself into the sky, rising as fast as she could, the ground plummeting with dizzying speed, Victor's sudden rebel yell trailing behind them. In moments they were among the clouds.

"Man, what a rush!" he crowed. She felt him seize her by the waist.

"Don't touch me!" she demanded. "I haven't agreed to anything yet!"

He grinned and obediently threw his arms wide. "As you wish. But if you don't want me, why are we up here?"

"To talk," she snapped.

"You don't want to talk."

"I don't?" she asked, intrigued by his confident assertion.

"No, you don't. You want me as much as I want you, you're just shy about it. So you brought me way up here, away from prying eyes." She felt his hands come to rest on her waist again, pulling gently. She kept her distance.

"What part of 'don't touch me' did you not understand? You don't think I'll drop you?" she demanded.

He laughed but removed his hands again. He shrugged, no easy feat when he was sagging inside his chain mail shirt supported only by Leah's grip. "I don't know. Doesn't matter, though."

"Why not? You can't fly — can you?"

"No. But I'll survive. I always do. There's a reason why I call myself the Black Knight."

She had no good answer for that.

She hovered in place a couple of thousand feet above the city, holding him at arm's length. They looked at one another silently while she considered her options. She could drop him, though that wasn't really an option. It might or might not do him any serious injury, but she still couldn't do it—not really.

She could return to earth and let him go. Tell him she wasn't

interested. Watch him walk away, and then go home knowing she'd regret her decision later. Hell, she knew she'd regret it immediately.

Or she could admit the truth. She could do what she really wanted to do, put her fears aside and seize the moment. She could admit to herself that she did want Victor.

Leah licked her lips and opened her mouth to confess—

"So are you gonna fuck me or what?" he demanded.

She narrowed her eyes. "Pull up the bottom edge of your shirt."

"Why?"

"Just do it!"

He grinned and gathered up the length of the chain shirt until he had exposed his flat, hard stomach. She wrapped her legs around his hips, settling against him. She could feel his hard cock pressed between them, their bodies separated only by the denim of his trousers and the thin fabric of her tights.

Now that she held him between her thighs, she spread her arms wide without releasing her grip on the chain shirt. The metal mesh tore like paper, rivets popping and links flying in all directions. He laughed in delight and let his arms hang back so the sleeves fell away. The chain shirt was torn from neck nearly to the bottom edge, dangling below them, held only by a few inches of intact chain at the hem. The links were cold against her thighs.

She pulled apart the last few inches of chain mail. The shirt dropped into the clouds and vanished. His chest was muscular and hairless, his shoulders broad and his arms nearly as big around as Leah's thighs.

His skin was smooth and pebbled with the chill of high altitude, his nipples tiny but erect when she slid her fingers across them. He shivered and grinned before he pulled her into an open mouthed kiss.

She was surprised by Victor's kiss. She'd expected him to be all fierce urgency and frantic tongue action. Quite the opposite, his kiss was almost calm, his lips and tongue exploring her mouth carefully, thoroughly. It was the kiss of a man with experience, not a callow teenager.

In her experience, most men never just kissed her. They were thinking about what they were going to do next, or comparing her to other women, or otherwise weren't completely focused on the kiss. Victor wasn't like most men. He was entirely present, with nothing on his mind but enjoying this kiss, sucking all the juice from this moment.

It was a powerful, heady experience for her. She found herself responding in kind, her awareness reduced to the taste of his mouth, the softness of his lips and the gentle motions of his tongue. There was no room in her awareness for anyone or anything else—

—not even flight. She gasped as she felt gravity reassert itself. They plunged earthward for a few moments before she could muster the presence of mind to slow and stop their fall. He chuckled knowingly.

"My...god," she muttered. Her heart was pounding, her whole body aroused. "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"Years of practice," he said with a smug look.

"Years? When did you start, for god's sake?" She'd originally thought he couldn't have been more than nineteen, but even if she added several years to his apparent age, he couldn't be older than her own twenty-six years.

"I'm older than I look."

"I figured that much. How old?"

"I fought in World War II."

"What?"

"I'm ninety years old."

"No—really."

"Really," he said. "Born in 1920. Died in 2009, but then I got better."

He put a hand on the knot holding her mask in place. When she didn't object, he pulled the fabric mask away and tossed it over his shoulder. It vanished into the cloud bank below. "My god, you're beautiful!"

Victor's boots followed the mask and the torn scraps of Leah's black tank top, then her tights. "Ack!" she said, catching his wrists when he reached for her coachman's cloak. "Not the cloak—it's expensive! The miniskirt too," she added when he glanced at her leather miniskirt.

"And you think chain mail grows on trees?" he asked, one eyebrow raised. Then he shrugged and placed his hands squarely on her breasts beneath her cloak. "It's all the same to me, I guess, as long as I get to enjoy these."

She sighed as he fondled her breasts, brushing her erect nipples with the palms of his hands, sending delicious chills through her body. "Please do."

He released her with one hand and used it to flip the cloak over his head as he leaned in to take one nipple into his mouth. She shivered at the moist flick of his tongue, then moaned again as he began to suckle on her.

She drifted for a bit as he used his mouth and hands on her breasts. He proved as talented at that as he was at kissing, apparently proving that age and experience had their place.

Eventually she wanted more. She pushed him away.

His head popped out from beneath her cloak. "Yeah?"

"Take your pants off," she instructed him as she relaxed her hold on him.

He slipped between her thighs until they were wrapped around his chest. She held him there as he hastily unbuckled and unzipped. She caught a glimpse of his trousers fluttering into the misty void below, and wondered where their shed clothing would end up.

He smiled up at her as she felt his hands cup her bare ass. He caressed her buttocks for a moment then his hands retreated. A moment later she felt her leather miniskirt being unzipped. "No," Leah protested, but he ignored her. He pulled the skirt free and let it drop.

She felt him reach up from beneath to clasp the tops of her thighs with his hands. Looking up, he murmured, "Let go, doll."

She released her hold on him, and he swung free, supported only by his grip on her bare thighs, his face between her legs. He leaned in to take a deep breath, eyes closed with pleasure. "You smell delicious," he said, glancing up at her. "And I'll bet you taste even better."

He tipped his head forward to press a kiss into the dark curls of her pubic hair. His breath was warm. She couldn't see but felt when he ran the tip of his tongue slowly up the length of her labia. She gasped and

tightened her grip on him.

He ran his tongue along her labia repeatedly in slow, delicate sweeps at first. His efforts became more aggressive as she began to respond, and he parted her lips with his tongue, occasionally flicking her clit in the process. She responded with frequent sounds of pleasure.

The sensations he provoked were glorious. She tipped over to drift on her back, Victor holding himself in place entirely on his own, his strength a match for hers. Superhuman strength was so convenient sometimes! She began to fondle her breasts, adding to the pleasure he was giving her by squeezing and pinching her own nipples.

His talented tongue and lips were working her into trembling anticipation. She was breathing faster now, almost panting. Her legs were rigid and trembling, and she could feel herself arching her back, drawing her knees up, hair hanging loose as she threw her head back.

The pleasure swelled, the tension ratcheting to an unbearable degree—and then he vibrated his tongue against her clit. She screamed and convulsed as her orgasm took her. Yet he didn't let up. His tongue danced rapidly across her clit, wringing another cry of ecstasy from her as an orgasm more powerful than the last reduced her to incoherence. Lights flashed in her brain, and her body shuddered uncontrollably as she came.

Leah regained her senses to feel the wind rushing past her body and roaring in her ears. His hands on her body were warm, but they weren't clinging to her as they had earlier. It took a moment, but her pleasure-fogged brain recognized what was happening. They were falling again.

She opened her eyes. Victor hung in the air next to her, his hair dancing in the rushing wind. He was watching her face intently, a huge grin on his face. The fact that they were plummeting earthward really didn't seem to faze him!

She shook her head to clear it and reached out to him. He clasped her hand, and she began braking. He plunged past her then hung below her, supported by their grip. *Shit!* she thought, seeing how close the ground was. She piled on the deceleration, slowing abruptly.

By the time she'd brought them to a halt, they were no more than a

few hundred feet above the ground. She knew a fall wouldn't hurt her, but she wasn't so sure about Victor, no matter how durable he claimed to be. At least they were still high enough that nobody on the ground could see them.

She looked around for a secluded landing spot, given that they were naked. As they started descending, he shook his head. "Up!" he insisted, pointing toward the sky with his free hand. "We're not done yet!"

"Are you crazy?"

"No. But I intend to join the Mile High Club with you—so get us back up there!"

She grinned and shook her head in admiration. Then she adjusted her grip on his hand and launched them skyward again. She felt his weight shift, and she gasped when two fingers slid between her legs, between her lips, penetrating her. His thumb on her clit sent a shiver through her body. She looked down to find him grinning up at her. He was naked and beautiful, hard bodied, sculpted like a Greek statue. All except his erect cock, jutting forward from a mass of brown curls. That was nothing like the tiny organs she'd seen on those statues. Victor was clearly very excited, and his cock was, if not the largest she'd ever seen, definitely above average. Long, slightly curved and uncircumcised.

He alternated thrusts of his fingers with gentle touches of his thumb. She closed her eyes, spreading her legs a little, opening herself to his touch. Her arousal built, stoked by his enthusiastic efforts. Their ascent slowed, and she forced herself to pay attention to keeping them airborne.

She would have loved to give his touch her full attention.

She pressed her thighs together abruptly, stilling his fingers. "Enough," she said, her voice thick and a little desperate. Much more stimulation and she'd come again, and she wasn't ready for that now. He obediently withdrew his hand. In the still air at that height, the smacking sounds he made were clearly audible.

She opened her eyes. He removed his fingers from his mouth. "You're finger-lickin' good!" he said with a wicked grin. He looked so pleased with himself that she couldn't help but laugh.

"Glad you think so." She looked at him, admiring his physique and

realizing how much she wanted to explore his taste. "Trust me?"

"Absolutely." He released his hold on her wrist. Now only her grip kept him from falling to earth.

"Good. Time for some acrobatics then." She jerked him upward and let go of his hand so she could catch him with a hand on each of his muscular thighs. That put him almost exactly where she wanted him.

When she raised her arms just a little, he was perfectly positioned for her to look up at him as she took the head of his cock in her mouth. His flesh was hot, the skin incredibly soft. She caressed it with her tongue, eliciting a groan of pleasure from him. She fought the urge to smile, mindful of her teeth.

She pulled him a little deeper, using her lips as well as her tongue on him. She watched him watching her, letting her arousal show in her eyes. He met her gaze with lust written on his face. He groaned again, and she felt him shiver all over. His hands came to rest gently on her head, not trying to guide her actions.

She broke eye contact now and concentrated on sucking his cock. She did her best to drive him crazy, swallowing him as deeply as she could, or concentrating on the sensitive head of his cock, sometimes licking the length of him before taking him into her mouth again. He might as well have been weightless for all the effort it took to hold him in place. Superhuman strength was so damned handy sometimes!

His reactions were everything she could have hoped for. He moaned, he groaned, he clutched at her head or shoulders occasionally as he trembled with excitement. She took it as a personal victory when he finally begged for a brief break, his cock throbbing as he came perilously close to orgasm.

She drew back, grinning like a fool, inordinately pleased with herself. She loved seeing him looming above her, eyes rolled back in his head, gritting his teeth and struggling to control himself. The instant he appeared to have mastered himself, she engulfed him again.

He hissed like he'd been burned, and his fingers tangled in her hair. She pulled back, drawing her lips and tongue slowly up the length of his cock until she had only the head in her mouth. Then she leaned in to

swallow him again. His grip on her hair tightened, and he began to move his hips in tiny thrusts, panting with need.

Leah began moving faster, matching his pace. He thrust his hips faster, more vigorously. She kept pace, anticipating his climax. He released her hair and shifted his grip to her shoulders, fingers digging in with great strength. She felt and tasted the point of no return.

Victor shuddered and then went still. He gave a guttural, wordless cry, and his cock throbbed in her mouth. She continued bobbing her head, drawing out his pleasure and her own, enjoying the thrill of making him lose control. She swallowed repeatedly, working her lips and tongue around his cock until he stopped throbbing and his body relaxed.

When she looked up at him again, he was limp, head tipped forward, eyes closed, his body supported only by her grip on him. As she watched him, he opened his eyes and looked down at her. A slow grin spread across his face. She felt an answering grin form on hers.

"My god, woman," he said. "Where'd you learn to do that?"

"Here and there." She relaxed her hold on his thighs and let him slip down between her hands until she could wrap her legs around his hips the way she'd done earlier. Now there was nothing between them. She could feel the length of him, slowing softening and shrinking, pressed against her pussy. She put her arms around him, and he did the same, pulling her in close.

She kissed him then and was pleased when he didn't hesitate to kiss her back very thoroughly. He was breathing deeply still but not gasping for air.

"Glad you liked it," she said when they broke the kiss. They drifted on the wind, entwined together thousands of feet above the city.

"Darlin', 'liked it' doesn't begin to describe it!"

"Good." She wiggled her hips for a moment before wrapping her hand around his cock and giving it a little shake. "As soon as this thing is working again, I have plans for it."

He made a sound of pleasure at her touch. "Give me just a minute or two. Then I'll be glad to do you a service."

"See that you do," she commanded with a smile.

While Victor recuperated, Leah let the wind carry them where it would. She kept them aloft but didn't steer. Their conversation roamed as widely as they did.

He stuck to his claim of being ninety years old.

"How's that work?" she asked.

"Beats the hell out of me." He laughed. "I remember lying in bed in a nursing home and feeling what I thought was a heart attack. Then I woke in the morgue in a body drawer. Punched my way out and discovered how I'd changed. So I left."

He'd taken up 'adventuring', as he called it, because he loved excitement. "I spent my life married to one woman, working at a job I came to hate, daydreaming about a life of adventure I wasn't ever able to pursue and ended up a bitter old man.

"I don't know if I'll age normally or stay young. But either way, I won't waste this second chance. There's a whole world out there to experience. Places to go, things to see, beautiful women to do—"

"So, I'm what, just a notch on your bedpost?" She smiled, though, to soften the words.

He smiled back. "Not hardly. You're one of a kind, doll. But if you were...is it any different for you?"

"No," she admitted. This was hardly true love. She was having a hell of a lot of fun, but that was all. "It's just sex."

"Well, there you go, then. And speaking of sex..."

She felt his cock stirring. She looked down and saw that he was getting hard again. She stroked it a few times and was rewarded with a usable hard-on. "Ooh, excellent!"

He reached down between their bodies, gliding his fingertips across her clit. She shivered at the delightful sensation. His fingers slipped into her, thrusting gently once or twice.

She bit her lip and writhed for a moment before speaking. "Umm, that's nice, but that's not what I want in there."

Victor grinned, withdrawing his hand. His hands settled on her hips. She felt him shift, felt the length of his cock drawn back, sliding across her swollen labia. The head of his cock touched her gently,

delicately settling between the lips of her pussy.

"Yeah?" he asked. "How about—this?" He thrust forward, impaling her, driving himself deep.

Leah gasped at the sudden intrusion, welcome though it was. She clutched his body to hers, panting into his ear. His hands slid around to cup her buttocks, pulling her hard against him, grinding his pubic bone against her mons, his cock buried as deeply as possible.

His low chuckle of satisfaction rumbled in his chest. "Liked that, did you?"

"It was—okay." She tried to sound blasé but doubted that he could have missed the way her nipples had hardened against his chest. Oh yeah, she'd liked it.

He pulled out slowly until only the tip of his cock remained between her lips, then thrust himself back into her. Her grip on him tightened involuntarily, and she made a choked sound of pleasure.

"Just okay?" he asked.

She ignored his question. They both knew the answer, but she refused to admit it out loud. She nipped at his earlobe instead, provoking a shiver and growl of lust from him. "Just fuck me," she said.

He shook his head. "What do we say?" he asked, as if reminding a child of her manners.

"Fuck me or I'll drop you, you bastard." It came out sounding more like a plea than the threat she'd intended.

He laughed, delighted. "Close enough." He began to move between her thighs, fucking her with a steady, forceful rhythm. She sighed happily, closing her eyes and concentrating on the pleasurable sensations.

"Oh yeah," she breathed. She loved getting fucked. All sex play was good, but sometimes there was nothing quite as satisfying as feeling a man's body pounding against yours, the slippery friction of his cock pistoning inside you.

She leaned back now, hands on his shoulders, tilting her hips to increase the stimulation. The pleasure was building, and tension with it, tightening her leg muscles and fluttering in her abdominals. The slapping of flesh against flesh filled the silence, obscene and exciting.

"Yes," she whispered to herself, "yes, yes, yes...." getting louder, her voice rising with her excitement. She felt it swelling within her with every thrust of his hips, every jolt that rolled through her body. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as he gave her what she wanted so desperately.

"Having fun?" he growled.

She tossed her head drunkenly from side to side, mouth open but unable to speak for an instant. "Can't talk," she said at last on a shuddering breath. "I'm gonna—gonna—"

She wailed as her orgasm crashed over her. All she knew for a few moments was the mindless pleasure that filled her body. She came back to awareness with Victor's arms wrapped around her, holding her close. In her ecstasy, her legs had slipped free of his hips.

Speaking loudly to penetrate the rushing noise all around them, his lips brushing her ear, he said, "We're falling again."

She opened her eyes. Earth and sky were revolving as they tumbled through the air. Leah put her arms around him and concentrated, halting their fall and steadying them. She wrapped her legs around him again, realizing when she felt his hard-on caught between them that he'd slipped out during the fall.

She clung to him for a moment, shaking. Then she tipped her head back to look upward and began flying skyward again. He pressed his lips to her neck, kissing and nibbling at her skin. Her skin was sensitive and ticklish after her orgasm. She shivered and giggled a little.

He fondled her breasts for a minute before placing his hands on her thighs. An instant later she drew a noisy breath as he impaled her again. She clung tighter, reveling in the pleasure as he filled her up. She pressed his face between her hands and kissed him hard.

She began rocking her hips against him, breathing heavily as she fucked him. She was still powerfully aroused and eager for more. Her orgasm had only made her hornier, and she knew it wouldn't take much to set her off again. Every movement of her hips sent bolts of pleasure through her body.

She did her best once more to keep them aloft despite her growing excitement. If he had any such concerns, it didn't show. He'd wrapped his

arms around her and was thrusting his hips hard and fast, making guttural sounds of pleasure through clenched teeth.

Every jolting thrust rubbed her rigid nipples against his chest and increased the heat building inside her. She dug her fingers into his broad back and went rigid as the pleasure peaked. Another orgasm swept through her. She cried out, struggling desperately to maintain enough control to stay airborne. Somehow she succeeded.

Victor didn't stop fucking her. He plunged into her again and again with ferocious strength and endurance, never slowing his pace. She heard a high pitched squeal—and only realized she was making it when she'd quivered through another orgasm nearly as strong as the last.

Leah gulped for air, her whole body aflame.

"Oh god," she whimpered. She was this close to another orgasm, and another and another, like a string of firecrackers. "Oh god. Don't stop, please—don't stop!"

He never slacked off. "Don't worry," he gasped. His fingers dug into her skin. "I won't!"

She clutched at him more tightly than ever, with all her strength now, strength enough to injure or kill any normal man. He merely groaned and redoubled his efforts. She sank her teeth into his shoulder and dug her nails into his back as his attentions pushed her over the edge yet again.

She threw her head back and shrieked as the ecstasy roared through her body like fire, consuming her. It went on and on for some timeless interval before fading. He crushed her body to his with frantic strength, panting as he drove himself into her again and again. She had barely time enough to gasp for air before she felt herself swept away again on a tidal wave of pleasure. She thrashed, her legs flailing, clutching at him with both hands as her orgasm passed, making her lightheaded now.

Her hair whipped around her face, and tears filled her eyes as yet another orgasm rolled through her body. As her peak faded, she felt his rhythm grow even more frantic, sensed him growing harder still and knew his climax was at hand. She clung to him, unable to speak, barely able to breath, so lost in her own pleasure that she was only vaguely

aware that Victor was coming as well.

* * *

Leah lay on her belly in raw earth. She drew in a desperate breath and coughed. Dust sifted down onto her bare skin. She felt a pleasant fatigue and some unfamiliar aches throughout her body but no real pain. An odd sizzling noise like frying bacon came from her left. When she opened her eyes, she saw that she lay at the bottom of a three foot deep crater in the middle of a park somewhere.

Victor lay by her side, naked, bloody and broken. Jagged ends of broken bones protruded through his flesh in a dozen places. She stared, horrified. He was dead—he had to be!

Except that he wasn't. His eyes were open, and they shifted to meet her gaze. He grinned, blood spurting from the corner of his mouth when he tried to talk. His limbs twitched and flopped randomly, straightening as the bones knit. She stared as the broken bones submerged beneath his skin. Streamers of electricity danced over his skin, and wherever they passed the blood sizzled away, leaving smooth, unbroken skin.

In moments he looked whole again, unbloodied and bursting with vitality. He sat up as easily as if he'd just awakened from a night's sleep. "You okay, doll?"

"I...yeah, I'm fine," she said when she found her voice. She glanced up, realizing the truth of what she'd done. "I'm so sorry—are you okay?"

"I'm fine," he said, waving away her apology. "I told you I'd survive the fall. Besides," he gave her a lecherous grin, "it was worth it."

She shivered with remembered bliss and returned his grin. "Damn right." She drifted free of the ground and draped herself on top of him. "Tastes like more," she said, capturing his mouth with hers. He returned the kiss with interest.

When they finally broke the kiss, she could hear voices approaching. She raised her head to see curious park patrons creeping closer. The last thing she wanted was to be found lying here naked. There would be enough talk about Iron Maiden and the Black Knight without eyewitnesses.

"Well, that was fun, but it's time to go," Leah quipped, indicating

the approaching crowd.

His grin faltered for just a moment then returned brighter than ever. "Whatever you say, doll. If you ever want a rematch—"

She held out a hand. "Are you coming?"

His grin grew wider still, and he took her hand. "With you? Every chance I get!"

"I was hoping you'd say that." She launched them skyward like a rocket, Victor's whoop of delight trailing behind.

Author Bio

Gail Roarke grew up reading genre fiction of all sorts—science fiction, fantasy, comics, pulps—and decided early on that she wanted to write it. She's been writing ever since, though for a long time she wrote solely for her own entertainment. Eventually that palled and she started writing and submitting stories with the intent to be published. It came as something of a shock to her when she realized that what she was writing consistently was as much erotica as it was genre fiction. But as long as she's having fun, why not?