

Sensuous Encounter
Winged Sex
Lora Leigh

"You wished to experiment with the sexuality of a breed, and I am offering my services. As you should have known I would." The sarcasm was hard to miss.

Well, it wasn't as though the week hadn't been boring anyway, Dr. Nicole Akitoye assured herself as she stared across the rough bedroom at her captor. She fought to still the tremor of sexual charged heat that washed over her body. He was the most perfect male specimen she had ever laid her eyes on. That was, if one discounted the large feathered wings that draped his back.

Long, golden brown hair fell to his shoulders, framing a face that should have been a god's. When creating their perfect killing machines, the Council had definitely shot for exceptional good looks as well as power and strength. His eyes were a golden brown, shot with lighter amber. The amber lights seemed to glow when his temper rose, creating a brilliance to his eyes that instinctively made her wary.

Those eyes reminded her of an Eagle's gaze, a moment before an attack. Predatory, assessing all strengths, taking in all weaknesses. That was how he watched her now. As though he were ready to pounce. She wanted to shake her head. She still couldn't believe the Genetics Council had managed such a feat. How had they done it?

Keegan Corlaw stood tall before her, his handsome face set in lines of stubbornness, his muscular body braced for the fury he clearly expected from her. A fury she was keeping carefully leashed.

"I didn't say I wanted to fuck one," she all but growled. God, how did she manage to get herself into these messes?

"How else can such experiments be attempted?" He questioned her, crossing his arms over his broad, bare chest as he tilted his head and watched her quizzically. "I am putting myself at your disposal."

Nikki rolled her eyes.

"You've been in captivity too long," she grunted, her hands tightening on the quilt she had wrapped around herself the moment he had released her from the ropes that had held her earlier. "You think sex can only be done as an experiment now."

A small smile tipped his sculpted lips. Lips that begged to be kissed. Just slightly full, tempting.

"I think sex can be done many ways." He shrugged. "Perhaps you spent too many years with the Council, Doctor. Perhaps it is you who believes it must be an experiment."

Nikki forced herself to silence. It wasn't easy. She was standing before some winged creature, one that had invaded more than one private fantasy, naked and wrapped in only a quilt. He was dressed in leather breeches and nothing else. Black, body forming, and bulging with no apologies between those massive thighs. She was in trouble.

"I have never been part of the Council," she bit out instead. "I have treated, and cured and fought for every genetically altered race those bastards have created." Her fists clenched.

First there had been the predatory Feline breeds, then Wolves and Coyote, and now Eagle. Eagle for God's sake. She could not figure out how they had managed that one.

"You have fought for us, I agree." He advanced on her slowly, his eyes narrowed on her as she refused to retreat.

She stood still, silent beneath that penetrating stare as he neared her. Her breathing escalated, her heart rate speeding up, her muscles tensing, preparing for a touch that she knew she would be forced to fight. Not him. She knew he would not harm her. But herself. Her own insidious weakness and overwhelming desire for him.

Her cunt felt like a volcano, ready to erupt, her juices easing past the sensitive lips, coating them, preparing her for an invasion she was determined to resist. Her breasts were swelling, her nipples hard little points beneath the quilt as the scent of mountain breezes and potent man reach her nostrils.

Keegan stood before her now, staring down her, his gaze penetrating, heated.

"Let us try an experiment," he whispered seductively. "I remember often, during the drug induced lusts the Council preferred, a need, a desire to touch with my wings. Let us see what they can do?"

Nikki's mouth dried, but her cunt clenched and ran with the betraying proof of the temptation he represented.

"Do I look like a fool?" She snapped, watching warily as the graceful wings at his back began to unfurl. The feathers were long and stiff along the back of those massive extensions. But she knew that inside, they were as soft as satin, as warm and sensuous as wicked sin and carnal delight. Her flesh prickled, willingly succumbing to the need to feel the touch of those feathers once again. Her mind balked. If she gave in, she would never be free again.

"You look like nothing of the kind," he assured her, one wing curving towards her, as she watched in dazed fascination. "You appear soft and warm, your honey skin and lush curves so sweet I want only to lay my lips to you, and see if you taste as sweet as you appear."

The feathers there were small, a mix of sun kissed brown, russet and a creamy white. As the breath suspended in her throat, they seemed to move on their own, rippling across the underside of his wings, reaching towards her.

"No." She jumped out of reach the moment before he would have touched her.

"Yes," he growled. "Do not attempt to lie to me, Nikki, and say you do not wish this. I can smell your heat, your arousal."

"It means nothing." She shook her head, uncomfortable with the suddenly sensuous feel of her own hair as it caressed her shoulders. Her flesh too sensitive, aching in ways she had never experienced before.

"It means everything." He reached out for her.

Before she could assimilate his intentions, the quilt was jerked from her body, leaving her standing before him, naked, quivering, her body on fire for him.

"I can't do this, Keegan." She watched in horror as he flung the quilt to the floor, his hands going then to the lacings on the front of his breeches.

Her eyes widened, she couldn't help it. As he peeled the form fitting material from his body, the thick, hard length of his cock was revealed in glorious detail. The length was so heavy and full that gravity pulled at it, drawing it away from his body until it pointed towards her as though it were some moisture seeking device that had located the wet heat of her cunt.

Nikki licked her dry lips nervously, her mouth suddenly watering, visions of going to her knees, tasting, sucking that hard, broad head into her mouth caused her to nearly whimper in hunger.

"Keegan," she whispered his name in both longing and in protest as he advanced on her again.

She tore her eyes from the sight of his erection, willing to plead now, but whether she would beg for release, or for his touch, she wasn't certain.

He stopped within a breath of touching her. The steel hard spear of flesh nearly touching her abdomen as he stared down at her.

"Do it," he dared her then. "Do you think I cannot read the longing in your eyes? That I do not know what you wish, Nikki?"

"I wish nothing from you," she snapped back, furious with herself for her own weakness.

"You want the same as I do," he bit out, his fingers gripping her arms now, his touch heated, his palms rasping against her skin, causing her to shiver in need. "You want my cock buried so deep and hard inside you that you can barely breathe. You merely refuse to admit to it."

Her hands rose to his chest, intending to push him away, her only thought that of escaping the insidious delight his touch caused. Such an addiction could not be a good thing.

"That cock would not fit inside me," she bit out, whimpering now as she watched his wings unfurl. They opened, curving around his body, moving to enfold her within them.

No. No. Not again. She could not bear that whiplash of intense lust that seared her body when those feathers touched her.

"It will fit," he swore, his voice rasping now, husky with his own passion. "Tight and hard inside you, Nikki. Locked perfectly inside your hot little cunt."

His wings touched her. Nikki gasped out coursing pleasure, rising to her tiptoes as her muscles contracted with the sensuous delight, her womb spasming in need.

"Keegan, please no." She shuddered, then groaned in desperation as he lifted her that last inch that allowed his cock to notch between her thighs.

Heat seared her. He held her against him, his hands shackling her hips, his wings curving around her, lifting her, holding her against him as his hips moved, working his erection in a smooth sliding motion between her thighs. As if that weren't enough, as though the pleasure of that hard shaft pushing between her thighs wasn't enough, those wicked inner feathers began to join in.

From her neck to her feet, they caressed, stroked, light and easy, warm and wickedly arousing. Her hands gripped his shoulders, her nails biting into his flesh as silk and satin stroked her, tiny, licking flames of carnal delight raced over her nerve endings, tightening her muscles and causing her to shudder at the rapturous caresses.

"Yes, Nikki," he growled at her ear now as she felt her juices slide from her cunt, to the thick stalk inserted between her thighs. "Feel how hot and wet you are for me? You cannot deny your needs when I can feel your honey dripping over me like rich, hot syrup."

His lips moved over her brow, her cheek, hot stinging kisses that had her gasping, then finally turning her head, desperate for more. She wanted his lips on hers, his tongue stroking her, to the point that the need was maddening.

What the hell was he doing to her? Her hips moved in counterpoint to his, desperate to lodge the bulbous head of his cock at the opening of her vagina. She needed more, she was starving for him, the taste, the touch of him, unlike any hunger she had ever known.

At her back, like trailing fingers of silken delight, those tiny soft wings stroked her, driving her insane with the pleasure they delivered. She squirmed against him, allowing his hands and his wings to hold her as her legs inched up his, her thighs widening as she sought to ease the teasing, torturous strokes of the cock driving her insane.

"You are burning me alive," he whispered at her ear, his lips and teeth worrying the lobe sensually.

Nikki fought to catch her breath, to still the raging demands sweeping over her body. His lips rasped at her ear, along her neck, and she would have protested against the wicked pleasure, had there been the breath to do so.

"Keegan," she keened his name as she felt those feathers, evil, torturous creatures that they were, sliding with heated promise along the cleft of her buttocks.

They stroked like tiny, velvet fingers, soft yet firm, parting her, making their way to the tightly closed opening of her anus.

"Easy love," he whispered as his lips trailed to her shoulder. "Feel what I can do for you, Nikki. I dare you to give yourself to the pleasure, to see the creatures that your family aided in creating."

A shocked protest came to her lips, but only a cry of searing pleasure escaped them. His wings lifted her another inch, as his hand moved to the hard shaft stroking her and positioned it to penetrate the soaked entrance of her cunt. As the head stretched her, fired her flesh with an agony of need, she felt the feathers moving along her ass, tickling at her anus with soothing, soft strokes that had her reaching for more.

She leaned into the feathered torment of those inner wings, panting, her hands gripping his arms as she felt the thick head of his cock ease into the snug depths of her vagina.

Nikki could feel her body shaking, trembling as the currents of lust raced over her flesh. There wasn't a portion of her body not being touched, stroked by his in some way. And those feathers; she arched and barely restrained screaming plea that he hurry. Hurry and take her and end the tormenting wash of sensations that were driving her insane.

The feathers stroking between her buttocks suddenly seemed to stiff. As Keegan's cock forged ever further inside her burning pussy, she felt her anus penetrated by the stroking, devilish feathers that never seemed to still. She reared against him, screaming out then as his cock was forced deep and hard inside her as she bucked in his arms. That damned feather, she cursed it in dazed fascination at it stroked the tight channel of her anus, forcing her to relax, to accept the wicked penetration with a desperate cry for

more.

Hard hands gripped her waist, sinfully soft feathers cushioned her buttocks, stroked them, eased her and lifted her as Keegan moved backward several feet to brace himself against the wall. Then he was driving into her. Shock, agonizing pleasure, rapturous, wicked lust tore through her with the force of a crashing tidal wave.

His cock was a thick, rampaging invader as it began to move between her thighs, sinking into her vagina with hard, burning strokes. Her clit swelled, throbbed, rasped against his pelvic bone and threatened to explode in ecstasy. She was a creature of lust now. Her thighs gripping his, her hips moving with his, driving him harder inside her as her buttocks clenched on the devilish feather penetrating and stroking her ass.

She was enraptured. She screamed out his name as he drove his hard flesh harder inside her, his lips slanting against hers, taking her in a kiss that shredded any hope she may have had of protecting her soul from this man.

His kiss was hungry, desperate. His tongue invaded her mouth with a rapacious, burning demand she could not deny any more than she could have denied the cock thrusting hard and fast inside her vagina now. She could do nothing but hold on tight. Invaded from all receptive points, awash with such an agony of pleasure that when his last desperate thrust speared into her, she could open her mouth on a soundless scream as her orgasm tore through her.

She felt his cock jerk inside her, then the heated wash of his seed as it blasted hard and hot into the contracting depths of her pussy. Her body jerked with hard, driving spasm, intensifying each explosion of release that detonated inside her body.

She was crying. She felt the tears on her face, in her heart. His semen washed inside her, triggering the final, rippling pulse of her contractions as the feather stroking the inner reaches of her anus finally stilled, allowing her body to ease, to still from the involuntary shudders that gripped it.

Keegan's lips were at her shoulder, his teeth locked into the flesh there as he stumbled then to the bed. He never released her. His cock was still buried inside her, a burning brand of lust still thick and hot with his need. His wings still wrapped around her, soothing now as he collapsed to the mattress with a weary groan.

He moved her gently then, easing his thick stalk from her sensitive vagina. The feathers along her back, her thighs, to the tips of her toes caressed her in a soothing rhythm, lulling her body back from the desperate tremors of such mind numbing release that she feared she would never be sane again. She was tired. Her head was tucked close to his chest, his arms, his wings wrapped around her until she was certain that if someone were watching, they could see not even an inch of her flesh, she was covered so well. Slowly, Keegan's breathing eased, his hands stroking over her body, even as his feathers stroked her as well.

"I must rest, Nikki," he whispered above her.

Nikki frowned, he sounded exhausted, more so than a sexual encounter should have caused.

"Then sleep," she whispered, too tired to think of something insulting to sear him with. Tomorrow, she promised herself.

"I have never slept well," his voice was soft, drowsy, almost hypnotic now. "Dreams torment me, horrors visit me and the screams of those in need assault my dreams. Lay here with Nikki. Do not leave me. Only you keep the horrors away."

For the first time in all the months she had known him, Nikki heard the aching pain in his voice, that she had only glimpsed a time or two in his gaze.

"Just this once," she sighed, realizing she wouldn't have the strength to walk away from him, even if she wanted to. "Sleep Keegan. I'll be here."

His breathing settled, and from one second to the next, she realized that he slept. She frowned, fighting sleep as she fought to remember the Council notes they found on him.

Intense. Driven. Requiring little to no sleep for months at a time. Dear God, how had he survived for thirty years in that merciless lab. How had he managed to keep his sanity with no sleep, and the psychic awareness of the horrors the Council scientists practiced?

"I wept for them all," his voice was hazy, exhausted. "All of them Nikki. I wept for them, even when they were no longer a part of this Earth. I wept."

"Sleep, Keegan." Her throat tightened with his pain.

"Sleep with me, Nikki," he growled, at once demanding and pleading in equal measures. "Let me share your dreams, beloved, as you did once before. A field of flowers, a blanket and the sun. Share with me Nikki."

She closed her eyes, giving him the vision he needed, the one she often needed to find her own rest. And there, enfolded in the warmth of huge feathers, and hard muscled man, she slept.

THE END