

Cherish Desire Very Wicked Dirty Stories
"Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)"

"WINTER'S LIONESS
(A HEATHER STORY)"
Written by Max



Free Erotica Series





Cherish Desire:

Very Wicked Dirty Stories

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"Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)"

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brought to you by Cherish Desire

Cherish Desire Erotica

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Very Wicked Dirty Stories - *Free Erotica Series*

“Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)”

Copyright 2015 by Max, Cherish Desire

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Free erotica story from [Cherish Desire Divinations: The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\) featuring Heather](#).

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"Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)" themes: MF, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Female Masturbation, Needle Play, Rough Sex, Blood Play, Implied Shapeshifter

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Includes selections from the Summer 2015 Catalog with Commentary

Cherish Desire Erotica

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Very Dirty Stories

We wanted to share our favorite sex stories. The ones that broke out of the conventional erotica mold, shattered the limitations of casual romance and sex, and dove into detailed and realistic action involving stretching, large sex toy play, vaginal and anal fisting, domination, fantasy monster and animal dildo play, restraints and suspension, elaborate medical and DIY devices, and more. We did it bit by bit, discovering and learning as we went, and released volume after volume of two to five short stories to challenge readers to be sexually aroused by something truly intense or charmingly subtle. Very Dirty Stories volumes are about ladies that expose themselves and embrace their fears and desires as well as the men and women that inspire them to sexual peaks while living out wild sexual fantasies.

[Heather, The Lioness](#) - A long way from her nature reserve outside of Durban, Heather pursues a new life in London where everything about her is cloaked in supposition and the romantic longings of young urban men and women. Only Erik seems to catch on immediately to how different she really is from the local islanders, and he's fast to show how well he understands her need for extreme intensity to achieve pleasure. His interest exposes the hints of her shapeshifter nature, and Heather rejoices in drawing his blood while Erik tortures her to orgasmic heights. But she still has to answer to her homeland, and Erik is just the chance encounter of a lost bear seeking comfort in a lioness' embrace. Somehow she neglects to mention the wulf who watches over her while toying with her bear lover.

Singles

We wanted to publish sexual adventures that were more than a one night stand. So we gathered together our favorite ladies and delightfully sexy themes and created Singles - longer collections of sexual stories that fit together to cover formative physical and psychological

experiences that define her womanhood or establish a collection of deviant delights and sexual alternatives. These trailblazing erotica books go deeper, harder, faster, and expose the soft white underbelly of sensual need while delivering thrust after thrust of sexual intensity and the soothing pleasures of passionate affection. Explore the explicit erogenous zones of women and their sexual partners. Be prepared for sexually challenging situations as well as character details that get beyond height, weight, hair colour, and favorite size of dildo. Plunge into their stories and get wet. Singles also make great gifts for that secret someone who needs a sexual swift kick in the nuts or a perverse surprise stashed for long trips and evenings in.

[Cherish Desire Singles: "Sire Of The Wulf \(The Complete Eight Part Series\)" featuring Angel](#)

Angel escaped Tom, but lost her dreams along the way. Their dysfunctional relationship is a mixture of need and frustration that boils over when Angel tries to reconnect with him to get the dildos and understanding only he can provide. She doesn't understand how his anger has redefined him - his alter ego Ronin is in control and sees Angel as the enemy. He doesn't understand the intimate deals that she is cutting with his estranged sire. Angel is playing to win - with her pussy and her bottom - but can riding massive dildos and showing her sexual cravings to Ronin really bring Tom back like his Wulf Sire seems to promise?

Divinations

Cherish Desire Divinations erotica delves into darkness. Lusty shapeshifters, impassioned spirits, dangerous players, and perverse pagan deities beckon with sordid promises and unseemly urges. Their intense passions expose their bestial and heavenly natures while emphasizing how closely they represent unfettered hunger, cunning, love, and wickedness. Divinations was born of fevered imaginations and sexual abandonment that left us aching, bruised, and hoping for more. Divination books are collections of erotic stories that go deep and explore psycho-sexuality as well as physical modifications suited to the nearly immortal. The limited disguise of humanity has been stripped away, and the results are animalistic sexual rituals and self-enlightened spirituality that arouse jaded desires for more.

Cherish Desire apologizes in advance for exposing the true nature of shapeshifters and the transcendent hungers that lurk behind every door and under every bed.

[Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\) featuring Heather"](#)

Discover the hidden war between the shapeshifters as they seek shelter from threats that they can feel looming closer each day. Erik knows he's different. He knows that he can see through the outward display of his London lioness' casual sexuality. What he doesn't know is where he can hide. Winter Solstice is coming and his own kind are hunting for him. This time he hopes to escape with his lioness and rekindle a romance with a fiery fox in Hamburg. It all goes sideways when he's attacked. Violently interrupting his holidays, the bears have made a mistake that they will regret. And his sexy lioness and his fire elemental ally will make all the difference after uniting through their sexual hungers and sharing their strength with the lone bear. Adler and Ilsa's Hamburg stronghold will never be the same.

[Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Bear \(The Complete Five Part Series\) featuring Judith"](#)

Berlin was never a safe haven for the heart of Bears. Erik was right to be wary of Berlin - the legacy of bears runs deep in the fractured city. Judith and Adler watch with caution while wolves prowl the streets, and Ilsa declares war on the other shapeshifters. The tender affection shared between the heart of the Bears and Ronin's youngest daughter was not meant to be as a young wolf pack seeks violent means to impress Sable. Having finally stumbled across the reincarnation of his great love, Adler is at a loss as the situation tumbles out of control and the ancient passions of his past act out their tragedy play on a new stage while he tries to save what he can. The vengeance of the ravens triggers the flight of the bears to Hamburg, but the taint of Ilsa's rage cannot be escaped.

[Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Raven \(The Complete Five Part Series\) featuring Inga & Raina"](#)

The deception of the Great Wulf has darkened the skies for millennia. Inspired by her love for violence and the haunting promises of the Great Wulf, grandmother Raven whispers blood tainted secrets to open Inga's eyes and inspire her chaos child to take a place amongst the flocking war ravens gathering overhead. While Victoria mysterious Lineage serves its role in preparing the wulf for the ritual of Raven ascendancy, Adler stalks Ronin with an uneasy certainty that the wulf moon is rising. He's not the only one: Raina and her secret sibling, Inga, are both stalking Ronin for his power, unwittingly converging on their true purpose. Unlike her chaotic twin sister, Raina seeks to establish a new world order, and that also includes settling a score with Adler that dates back to a throne in Orléans. With black wings

circling overhead, the vengeful lusts of the harbingers of doom threaten to drench the world with the darkened blood of their hearts. The pitiful few bears that live in the time of ravens and the coming of the wulf face an unexpected reckoning because everything depends on Ronin's thirst for war.

[Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Wulf \(The Complete Five Part Series\)"](#)

The greatest terror of an age is not war, famine, and deprivation. Our worst fear comes from knowing that our nightmares are real and the Wulf will someday awaken. Forced to cope with his shattered duality, the son of the Great Wulf has always been aware that he is not like others. Not just a wolf imbued with vicious cunning. Not just a man driven by hope, fear, and fury. He has transcended his sire's legacy since childhood, and learned everything that he can to combat the violence and the madness that fills his dreams and waking moments. Even that wasn't enough, and betrayal has driven him into a living nightmare where he must evolve to survive. If Adler had left his daughters alone then maybe he could have rested in peace after the destruction Victoria brought down on him for his rejection of her demands. If his sire hadn't sought to use him to re-enter the material world and unleash his hunger then maybe Ronin could have forgotten the weapons he forged to fight this final battle. Instead, he returns from the darkness to go to war - and to destroy the forces that threaten to extinguish his family. The one benefit of being The Wulf: Knowing that almost anything is possible once you are willing to pay the price in blood.

Very Wicked Dirty Stories

The darkness of desires are shadows always encircling the hope of fulfillment and pleasure. These are the twisted realities fueled by the uninhibited passions and beliefs of the few. Their sexual urges, their powerful alliances, and their willingness to defend their own as well as to strike out and forcefully embrace what they require. **Very Wicked Dirty Stories** hint at the unobserved and strange frayed edges of reality that we like to censor or ignore. Ghosts, shapeshifters, and great powers linger just beyond the firelight while watching humanity sleep.

Accompanying the passionate chorus like candle flames flickering along the aisles, Cherish Desire **Very Wicked Dirty Stories** expose souls that haunt the divine and the fallen. There's

much more than meets the eye as monstrous desires and vast lineages collide in a constant struggle to change the world. Get a glimpse into the lives and passions of the shadows that writhe and beckon for true fulfillment and satisfaction.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #133](#) - Stories of the wulf - a man not to be taken lightly even by those descended from lineages of power like Victoria or accustomed to brokering corporate espionage.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #139](#) - Stories of the wulf and the lioness - the hunters do best hunting though they sometimes catch the unexpected, like Victoria, or the unprepared.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) - Stories of the wulf, the lioness, the ravens, and the bears - passion and destruction are unavoidable when their purposes seek both mundane pleasures and their place in the world.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #147](#) - Stories of the wulf, the lioness, and the ravens - the pursuit of fulfillment is just as real but takes on awesome consequences when there are no limits.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #165](#) - Stories of the wulf, damnation, and faith - the truth hides in the cracks within the borders of safe, sane, and consensual reality.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #169](#) - Stories of the wulf and wulf hearts - the alien urges of otherworldly desires are temptations for the wulf, but a wulf has matters of the heart and mind to take care of for his precious chosen ones.

[Very Wicked Dirty Stories #175](#) - Stories of the hunt for prey - inspired by hungers that are never satisfied, the lioness, raven, and vampress all have one thing in common: the need to feed their passions.

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"Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)"

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Featuring [Heather](#), Erik, Ilsa, and Adler

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Free erotica story from [Cherish Desire Divinations: The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)](#) featuring Heather.

Free erotica story also featured in [Very Dirty Stories: Free Orgasms, Volume 1](#) & [Very Dirty Stories: Free Orgasms, Unlimited Exclusive Release](#).

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

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

But there was something more here, beyond just their skeptical perusal of each other; the way he stalked her and she fed him scraps to keep him encouraged. It was right in front of her eyes. She stood with the lights from the market behind her, intentionally cloaked by the shadows, fading into them, but he came to her with unerring certainty, as if drawn to her presence, whether he saw her or not. Heather realized she was a little smug about that... Leading him to her. Drawing him out. Hunting. Again.

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

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

Pleasantries... Greetings after months apart... The reality of Heather's lips and face after so long with her hair hidden under the hood. He was surprised that she had put out the cigarette as soon as she saw him leaving the club; that glowing ember would have been a tiny red beacon to guide him. But now that he was here, it was clear that her hands had been freezing.

Standing on the stone path next to the canal, with the closed up patio of the coffee shop behind him, Erik looked at her bundled up and formless shape, and he laughed.

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

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

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

"Of course," Erik replied. "Holiday Inn. Right along the canal and then a jog to the left to get to the entrance." He nodded toward the cobblestone bridge that angled across the canal a short way ahead of them. "In the morning we can slip-and-slide our way over that stone legacy and get some hot breakfast."

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

The lobby was brightly lit, with a fake holiday tree and the usual hotel lounge accessories. For a moment, Heather glanced in the direction of the bar with a subconscious lick of her lips, but it was shut. Erik led them to the elevator, and it wasn't until they were ensconced that steel coffin and steadily ascending that Heather took her hands from her pockets. He waited and was rewarded when she pushed back her fur-lined hood, grinning at him while she shook her short hair free of the fabric's grasping tendrils.

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

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

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

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

"Yeah," he said conversationally while marching down the hallway, "I didn't think you would scream." He spoke easily as if tossing a full grown woman over his shoulder was an effortless thing that he did every day, and Heather pondered to what extent which parts of that might actually be true. "You get a fair fight once we're in the room," he promised, "plus some wine for after since you are awfully tense."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She patted the duvet beside her, and Erik took off his jacket and sat down. His clothes were visibly wet from dancing at Electric Ballroom, and Heather could feel the perspiration in his snug fitting shirt when she pulled him to her. Her fingers sunk into his flesh and she grasped his chest with her fist while grinning at his dark eyes. He fought her, but let her win, and when Heather had him close enough she bit him and then kissed him roughly. She could feel his teeth pressed against her lips. Erik pushed back into her mouth, and his fingertips kneaded her scalp while he pulled firmly on a handful of her blonde hair. They fell on to the mattress tugging, pulling, and clawing at each other. There was enough fire there to warm Heather up,

and she could finally feel her fingers and toes. Erik was simply enjoying playing with and poking at her in person instead of over the internet.

The practical part of her mind was wondering how she'd explain the redness and brush burn from Erik's mustache and goatee scuffing her face. Her fair skin would look roughed up when she saw her boyfriend the next evening. The rest of her was pleasantly entertained and enjoying how wrestling with Erik was bringing back warmth and sensation to every part of her body. She was in no rush to leave the warm room and was curious what other buttons Erik might push while hoping for a chance to see the marks of her claws on his flesh.

With his hand under Heather's shirt while scratching her lower back with his nails, Erik paused. His hard cock was aching and sore, but things needed to slow down. Just a bit of pacing really. He kissed her again, savouring her lips and how she snapped her teeth shut on his tongue when he tried to withdraw it from her mouth. He tapped his forehead against her, just enough to give Heather a bit of a knock, and she released him. Her hands were on his face, clawing at his temples and along the line of his jaw, and she seemed surprised that Erik didn't react no matter how much pain she inflicted on him. She was used to men breaking. This was different. It sucked her in.

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

"What? Is the wine that bad?" She looked toward the bottle by the TV. She felt they had waited long enough: she'd had her eyes on the red wine as soon as they had gotten into the room.

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

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

But then he caught her off guard anyway.

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

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

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

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

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

The hot water splashed over his broad shoulders, beginning to soothe away aches and pains that had built up since the hard hop into London. He was traveling light with just a seventy litre hiking pack and his shoulder bag with his laptop and notebooks, but the gear wasn't light, and all that weight pulled on his bones and roughed his skin where straps rocked and cut into his shoulders and his chest. Erik focused on his goals - his evening with Heather, his pursuit of someplace quiet to hide away for Solstice, and the tangled mess of intuition and foreboding that weighed on him - singing and humming to a made up opera to mask his concentration. London was just a pleasure stop, a goodbye to all the reasons why he loved the dirty city, and then onward to Germany. And then...

Erik had a small squeeze bottle of body wash in his hand when he heard Heather steal into the bathroom. 'Heard' wasn't quite the right word - he sensed the shower curtain moving from a disturbance of air in the bathroom followed by a cool draft that stirred the hairs on his arms. The bright vanity lights backlit an unmistakable silhouette which approached and waited. When she was close enough, he could feel the disruption that came with her presence, the familiar tingling that always made Heather seem out of place, and the folding of space that was part of how she hid in plain sight. Erik smiled and set the body wash on the soap dish, and then he eased back the dull white curtain and held out a wet hand to welcome Heather to join him.

Her strong grip on his wrist was reassuring. The door was mostly closed, but Heather felt exposed, nonetheless. She let him help her into the shower, stepping high over the edge of the bathtub and testing her footing before climbing into his waiting arms. The distraction of making sure she didn't slip allowed Heather to focus on her feet and keep her eyes directed downward. Only Erik's supple strength supporting her as she tugged on his arm for balance, and the sight his bare legs and feet were unavoidable. She closed her eyes when his fingers lifted up her chin, and Heather felt his fit body around hers, seeing nothing. His kisses were gentle but hungry, and still she held back from the moment of realization. She hadn't had

enough wine to diminish the intensity of their shared intimacy. His cock was heavy against her inner thigh, but still she kept her eyes squeezed shut. Erik's strong hands cradled her head to his chest, keeping her from the shower spray as it rebounded from his powerful shoulders, and holding her close until she was ready.

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

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

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

Erik let the heat, pain, and pleasure fill him. He was so hungry and empty... but the most Heather could coax out of him was a thickening of his cock at half mast. He hoped for more and was crushed to realize even she wasn't enough. Her damn near psychotic philosophy on life, her perfect match for his sociopathic tendencies, and still she wasn't crazy enough to draw out the beast within him. They had spent long hours messaging back and forth while Erik shared simple things and Heather happily linked him to chaos and disorder that pleased her. He whispered to himself, "Africa... fucking anything can happen, bru." He had expected her to vibrate with the tremors of writhing entropy like her native homeland, but in his arms she was somehow both more real yet incomplete.

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

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

"You know," he said with a chuckle, "the hot water never runs out here." Erik tested running a hand over the smooth skin of Heather's arm. When she didn't stop him, he ran his fingers up to her collarbone and watched her flinch as he neared her throat. His hand slipped down to

her breasts, brushing hot water in semi circles around her areola and then using his fingertips to tease her nipples. "And you did come to play with me."

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

This time his suddenness wasn't a surprise. Heather anticipated the moment when he turned her to face the shower wall, and she deliberately spread her feet to give him better access. Erik made a note of her willingness, and slid in behind her with his teeth on the back of her neck. His nips and biting caused Heather to tip her head back, and then Erik found his way to her shaved labia with strong fingers grasping and cupping tender flesh. She tipped her head forward too fast, smacking her forehead against the shower wall hard enough to make her see stars, but the distraction faded to a dull roar when two of Erik's fingers found their way into her sex.

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

She was sputtering at first. The blow to her head had caused her to gasp - and she got a gulp of shower spray and steamy air that caused her to cough and gag. Before Heather could catch her breath, her diaphragm and abdomen clenched in response to the force of sudden

penetration. She sputtered some more. He was rushing in - the wrestling on the bed and their shared kisses was the only foreplay he offered. Now she could feel Erik... not just his fingers in her pussy but how powerful he really was. Was it so terribly wrong to laugh while indulging in the urge to thrust her pussy down and grind into his hand? Was it terrible to wiggle her bottom and make him work to keep finger fucking her pussy? Was it wrong to tip her head forward, ignoring the way it made contact with the shower wall again, so she could bite his forearm and tear at his tight flesh and muscle with her teeth? He brought this out in her, and Heather wasn't about to tell him that every other man had run away long before she drew blood.

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

Once she was pinned to the bathroom wall, Heather could look at him again. His chest was still bleeding, and now there was a very angry red gash and welt on his forearm as well. But all that was just decoration compared to the burning fire in Erik's eyes. Some part of Heather wanted to run away, to hide, but the rest of her was grinning and laughing as he came for her. Erik ran his powerful hands up her ribs and held her by her breasts - and then he lifted her up in the most excruciating way possible. Heather shook and struggled to break free, feeling her tits begin to separate from her pectoral muscles, but Erik had her back against the wall so there was nowhere to go. Only when she opened her mouth to scream did he let her down again, and then he leaned in close and snarled, "You need a good thorough fucking, love."

There was menace there, and now all of Heather was hitting the panic button, but that didn't wipe the predatory grin from her face or stop her pussy responding from the pent up desire being unleashed by Erik's rough handling.

Erik's fingers found Heather's sex, and she was dripping with thick slick juices, just as he had expected. He wasn't sure she got off on pain so much as she liked to inflict it, and he was pretty sure it was more the heat of the moment and the thrill of the challenge that made her soaked, more than fear itself, but it didn't matter. He sunk to his knees, sure Heather was mostly in shock and pacified for the moment, and began while licking her clit while continuing to manipulate her pussy with his fingers.

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

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

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

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

Her clit ached from the intense vacuum suction, and then Heather moaned as she felt the rough texture of Erik's tongue while he kissed and licked at her. Her hands slipped to his shoulders, and she barely had the strength to keep herself upright against the shower wall. His fingers began pumping in and out of her pussy, and Heather grunted as she tried to push up with her feet but instead only Erik's knuckles punching into her bruised labia were lifting her body. Deep inside, her tender walls were beginning to tighten and spasm, but it was covered up by the soothing sensations of Erik's hard working tongue. She breathed deep, trying to relax, but her pounding heart continued to shake her entire body. For a second it seemed like Erik was giving up, and his tongue and mouth came away from her clitoris. She could feel how hard he was breathing through the motion of his head against her abdomen and his heaving shoulders.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Heather peered at Erik through half lidded eyes. He was hiding something. "Cuddle? I bite. Or don't you remember?"

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

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

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

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

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

She picked it up sniffed at it softly. The hot shower had thawed her sense of smell, and it became clear that the wine she'd barely tasted earlier had a nice bouquet, if a bit sweet. She swished it in the glass very carefully, not knowing how full it might be, and was relieved the wine didn't slosh over the edge while she gave it air. She had a sip, conscious not to take too large a swallow in front of Erik, then another, and looked at Erik with a question on her face that he could not see.

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

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

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

He did.

He allowed Heather time to sip more of her wine and then set it down, and Erik laughed when she pushed her way into bed and on top of him.

"You stole all the pillows," she glowered once she was right over his face, and Erik could smell the wine and her natural fragrance surrounding him. Then her hands pushed down on his chest, and Heather raked her nails from his pecs to his waist, delighted to discover he was completely naked. "Mmmmmm... and what's this?" she murmured while leaning forward to kiss and lightly bite Erik's belly and then his pelvis. "Something tasty I think." She kissed his limp cock and warmed it with her breath. "But left out in the cold too long." She chuckled softly, and then brushed her robe out to the sides.

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

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

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

By now Heather knew that the sudden clenching of her pussy and the way her fingers intertwined with his gave her away, but he'd have no way to tell whether it was the idea of him cumming in her pussy or the offer to slide his wet cock up her ass that excited her. He'd have to guess while she enjoyed the way his pulsing member was caressing her inner walls and teasing the places he'd bruised earlier getting her off. She grinned and knew her eyes were ringed with balefire as she said simply, "I'd like to see you try." Then she pinned Erik to the bed and began beating her pelvis against his, making it clear how much control she had, at least for the moment, while her pussy swallowed his cock and drooled onto his balls.

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

Vulnerable during the moment of spent transferring her concentration from one goal to another, Heather lifted up just enough for Erik to seize his opportunity. His hands slipped inward, his thumbs curling until they dug into Heather's wet labia, and then he pushed down

with his legs while sitting up. There was a moment when Heather knew she could flatten her body against him and retain control, but Erik stole it from her as his teeth latched on to her collarbone and he pulled her sideways with him.

They fought, thrashing at one another while the duvet and pillows were brushed off the bed. Heather made sure to reward Erik's opportunistic bite with twice that, but he was not concerned with her tearing his skin again. He lashed out in controlled bursts, letting Heather grapple with teeth and nails but never allowing her to latch on to him for long. And when she saw his savage smile caught in the soft glow from the window, Heather tightened up knowing it was already too late.

"You wouldn't dare..." she hissed while testing her strength. Erik could smell her all over him, filling the room with her scent, and it made his blood burn and his heart race. "Why don't you give up now... hmmm?" She cut and scraped and clawed at him, powerful in her own right, and he felt her occasional gloating words try to crack his resolve. His silence made her laugh, and she whispered, "You don't want me to hear you pleading for me to stop..." He had to have her, and she knew it was just a matter of time, but together they had to battle to this conclusion. Her eyes burned into him, hoping to intimidate him, and his pulse beat against her bare flesh while Heather took close measure of his strength.

Feeling the ache in his forearm where her crushing bite had ripped muscle and bruised bone, Erik drove his palm between Heather's breasts and delivered a precise strike to her solar plexus. He felt the way her legs went rigid before his hand delivered a stunning blow, and then her body lurched involuntarily as Heather felt her life breath leap from her lungs. She had to gasp to draw it back in.

There was a lingering doubt over showing how willing he was to strike her, and Erik considered all her possible negative responses as he disengaged and dragged Heather to

middle of the bed. She was coughing and sputtering, cursing him, but it was her pride which hurt more than anything else. She'd know next time not to let him keep a distance between them. He smiled knowing that. Erik didn't need to doubt any longer. He could see it in her body language. There would be a next time, and maybe in just a few minutes Heather would nail him with the same sort of cheap shot if he didn't distract her.

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

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

"Of course you did," Erik shrugged and his tone was devoid of emotion. "Would I want a lioness who couldn't win?" He elegantly turned around her proposition while making it clear

he was attracted to her violence as well as her mind. His display of caution approaching the bed was intentional though, and they both knew he was anticipating her revenge for letting him get in that cheap shot.

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

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

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

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

He double checked his work, looking for any spots he might have missed, and was glad that the iodine showed well on Heather's pale white skin. There was no need to say anything: the sting of the needle and the scratching sensation under her skin would communicate much louder and far more clearly than words. Now and again Heather's eyes lit up with mirth while staring at Erik's chest while he worked - blood from a bite wound was slowly matting his dark curly hair, and Heather licked her lips every time she noticed it. He disposed of the used iodine soaked swabs, and then spread out six individually packed needles along Heather's abdomen. She sat there and watched him with eager eyes. Erik was reminded of how his father always made him get the belt for his punishments. He could see the look of self-satisfied anticipation of pain inspire Heather's smile. He recalled learning to hide his sense of victory when facing the wholesome purity of intense sensation, but she put on a show so he knew exactly how much she intended to enjoy his pain-inducing intentions. Now the needles were there, resting on her skin, and he could see the excitement in Heather's eyes. The moment hung between them and she paid close attention to his grin and while glancing down between her breasts to wordlessly express her invitation.

If he had expected her to initiate things with word or an obvious gesture then Erik made no sign of it. He undid the first needle, pushing it through the plastic wrap, and then sliding the hard plastic shield off the business end. With two fingers pushing down and stretching the

skin, he punctured Heather's forearm and then intentionally took his time and focused on driving the needle through the top layer of her skin before watching the inevitable crowning and exit half an inch away. There was a single drip of blood, and Erik smiled at the subtlety of the fine needle and its impact. He was certain that he saw Heather's abdomen clench in response to the sensations and believed that he had seen her pussy lips wetten as well, but her arm was still limp and only the slightest twitch of her fingers indicated she had felt anything at all.

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

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

As soon as he unpacked it, Heather fought him. She could tell his intent, and she squeezed her legs shut as if trying to hold him out, but Erik could tell her heart wasn't in it. With a hand on her abdomen, he could feel her heat and the tension in her belly. He gently pushed her back down into the bed and waited for her to relax. It took Heather a few minutes to regain her self control, and Erik waited until she moved her feet and bent her knees to give him full access to her sex. Her breathing was shallow and rapid, preparing for the shock to her nervous

system, so Erik slowed things down a bit and first blotted Heather's wet labia with a fresh cotton ball and then swabbed the right one with iodine again.

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

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

Heather's body thrashed against Erik like a thousand birds beating their wings against the sky. He was repeatedly hit in the jaw, chin, and shoulder by her head and knees, but he maintained his grip on the needle despite her scissoring thighs crushing and tugging and turning his wrist ninety degrees. He hadn't expected this intensity, but he was committed to the ride. In the back of his mind, there was a rational debate about the merits versus risks of two more glasses of wine before going forward. He persevered as he always did. How many times had Erik lost

control? How many times had his rage and paranoia pushed him beyond the limits of the ordinary? He was lucky to see this side of Heather, even if it meant she would probably never share this with him again.

Usually Heather was just inside of her head, comfortably craving the intensity of something that could pierce her shroud... but somehow Erik had ripped that away, and she was naked, shivering in shock from the intensity of what he was doing, and her own vulnerability was screaming in an endless crescendo with the motion of her body. Desperately trying to understand what had happened while still rattled by the wiggling needle gouging into the tender inside of her labia, Heather fought to enforce calm on her body, but she was betrayed, and only when exhaustion and fatigue finally reduced her to a shuddering ball of knots was Erik able to guide Heather onto her back and ease her thighs apart so he could free his hand and withdraw the needle. It hurt almost as bad coming out, and there was a wet slickness running down and over her anus that Heather imagined was blood gushing from the pierced folds of her sex. Despite physical and emotional internal shutdown, she could feel Erik's voice murmuring to her, blending harmony into the sound of her internal screams and the broken rhythm of her breathing, and his hands began massaging and caressing her body. She swallowed down a dark blend of saliva and blood - Heather seemed to have bitten her lip - and willed her legs to stop shaking. Erik was there, hands on her muscles, warming them while his fingers kneaded flesh and soothed her frayed nerves.

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

while his shadow loomed over them both - an inky block mass of distorted rage and raw power. Then he pushed back her hair and kissed her.

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

He chose to ignore the way Heather was intentionally squeezing her legs tightly together, knowing she was still reacting to being penetrated so intimately - whether she was conscious of it or not - and retrieved the Cape Vintage Reserve bottle. He poured, she swallowed more down, and then he refilled the glass again.

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

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

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

"That," she sighed, "hurt." Heather's voice sounded rough even to her ears, and she ran her tongue around in her mouth and moistened her lips before continuing. "But now I'm only half done." She wasn't surprised to see how wary Erik was about continuing, and through the haze of pain and endorphins she was pleased to be able to keep surprising him.

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

With a wave of her hand - feeling the unnatural tension of the needles rigidly holding her skin in place - Heather dismissed the wine glass. "Oh, but I owe you a reward..." she whispered to

Erik. Her soft laughter was all the proof either of them needed that she was free now - free and utterly unhinged. Heather waited for the glass to be set down so she'd have Erik's undivided attention. "Finish my arms and my legs," she kept her voice low so he would need to come closer. "And then I will bend over this bed and you can pound into my ass or my pussy however you want." The last words were just a wisp of shaped breath from her lips to his ears, but their intensity never faltered.

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

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

Erik shrugged, "To wipe up your cum." She looked puzzled. "You gushed all over yourself when your labia were pierced. I'm sure you can feel it soaking you..."

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

It was his turn to chuckle. "No. You had a pretty powerful orgasm there... your ass must be soaking." Erik gestured to the tiny drips of blood around the piercings in her arm. "You didn't think such small needles would bleed that much did you?"

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

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

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

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

She got lost in the sensations. With her eyes shut and the pillow trapping her hot breath against her face, Heather was only aware of the temperature gradient across her body. Her nipples were pert and hard like pebbles in the cool hotel room. Her back was wet with her sweat. Her abs were burning hot from contracting and cramping. Her sex was flushed and on

fire. Her ass was moist from juices that Heather was still convinced included blood from her pierced labia. Her legs were aching and cold, spread to the sides with top and bottom exposed. Add to this the sting, number four was piercing her while Erik's strong fingers pinched and pulled on her pussy to drag her lip outward, and now the feeling of the medical steel passing through her, and Heather was starting to float on her own endorphin high. Number five, 'oh god,' lower and so close to her ass that Heather felt her sphincter being tugged outward with her labia while Erik shoved the needle through the thin skin fold.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Each hammer blow to her ass drove Heather's head into the pillows. A part of her tried to rise above the roaring of her pulse and increasingly sloppy sounds of her sex, but she lost the

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

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

With practiced ease he acted with methodical precision. Erik slowly removed the needles while matching his breathing to hers. A part of his essence merged with Heather, extending his sense of her body while attuning him with her awareness. With a slight effort of will that shaped her perceptions, Erik absorbed the shock of each needle being slid from Heather's skin - cushioning his proud lioness from anything that might detract from her peaceful rest. He felt the hurt in his own flesh, magnified because he couldn't disassociate from the pain while shielding his lioness, and his fondness for her deepened as he shared in the intensity of her experience.

Erik iterated through the aftercare steps: first the needles, then cleansing her skin, and then inspecting for any wounds that needed a bit of first aid cream. His last step was using wound rinse to cleanse her arm and then applying a sparing amount of liquid bandage with a cotton swab so she would heal as quickly as possible. Erik had anticipated her natural powers of regeneration, but a little help never hurt. The needle marks on her arms had been reduced to small bumps already, and there were no signs from the temporary labia piercings.

Exhausted and left to his worries in the quiet hotel room, Erik tucked Heather in. He set out his clothes for the next day, repacked his gear, and sat for a bit looking out over the dark waters of the canal. He could feel them - out there - but it wasn't clear if the distance was space or time. He'd promised himself a short pleasure trip, something to distract him from the serious danger that seemed impossible to avoid, and now that was done. He didn't want this moment to end though. He could sense her there, smell her scent on his skin, and for the first time in a while Erik felt at least superficially safe. He sat with his eyes closed for a while, just listening to her sleeping, and then slipped into flannel pajama trousers and joined Heather under the duvet.

After a kiss on her forehead, Erik slipped into the murmuring dreams of London.

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

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

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

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

She didn't see Erik's note stuck on the doorknob until she got to the door. Heather grabbed it, read it quickly, and then tossed it in the bathroom trash. She double checked to make sure she had her phone and her wallet, and then Heather left the hotel room, letting the door swing shut and lock behind her. She had to walk carefully around her bruised fleshy lips and tender anus, but that was ok. She enjoyed the lingering reminder.

Erik was waiting in the Dev, a dusty pub known since the seventies for the eclectic mix of punks and goths that regularly frequented it, quietly reading a newspaper while sipping cola. Heather slipped into the pub, spotted him, and made her way to his table. Erik's only response was to scoot over to make room and then finish the article he was reading.

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

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

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

Erik leaned into Heather's shoulder. He kissed her back and shrugged while enjoying her pleasant scent and smile. "I'm guessing you did, though you were pretty out of it when I took out the needles." He unconsciously stroked her arm, and then pulled his fingers back when she flinched. "Yikes, sorry! Bad habit... I always know where the sore spots are, and seem to touch them whether I mean to or not."

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

"Yeah. Late breakfast then off to Germany. Some people seem to have taken an unhealthy interest in me, so I figure I should spend some time just learning new things and set off in a new direction." He tipped his head toward the menu in Heather's hand, ignoring the questioning look that she gave him as he had no plans to elaborate on his statement at that moment in a public setting. "Know what you want?"

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

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

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

Read the next story: "*Lioness of the Solstice (A Heather Story)*" - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -

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Heather, The Lioness enjoys hunting in London and Germany:

The outward signs of shapeshifters are obvious to the initiated. They need intense stimulation. They crave something to push them past their limits. They struggle with the idea of arbitrary rules. They bite back.

The Lioness (The Complete Four Part Series) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#)

A life spent repressing his nature is undone when the bears of Hamburg strike. Then Erik must make a choice: rally his strength with his lioness and a fiery elemental crush, or accept that he's beaten and succumb to his wounds. His lioness will take credit for motivating a speedy recovery with licks and bites, but the heat of their passion is stoked by the presence of Helene's warm fires.

Dark lust and desire empower Erik and Heather as they stand their ground. Could you sheathe your claws with Heather's teeth sinking into your flesh? Would you let Erik part your lips with a needle in his hand? Do you dare imagine Helene kissed by your lover while you curl up around her?

"The Lioness (The Complete Four Part Series)" themes: Shapeshifter, MF, MFF, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Rough Sex, Female Masturbation, Fingering & Fisting, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Double Penetration, Stretching, Blood Play, Needle Play, Implied Bondage

Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -

Erik travels to London for a sexy hook up with his lioness while running from the bears that hunt him. Their intense sex leaves him hungry for more!

"Winter's Lioness (A Heather Story)" themes: MF, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Female Masturbation, Needle Play, Rough Sex, Blood Play, Implied Shapeshifter

Lioness of the Solstice (A Heather Story) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -

He slips into Heather in Hamburg - taking comfort in their sexual play. Then the bears strike and leave him wounded and dependent on his lioness and a fiery elemental, Helene.

"Lioness of the Solstice (A Heather Story)" themes: MF, Oral & Anal Sex, Fingering & Fisting, Stretching, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Needle Play, Blood Play, Implied Shapeshifter, Implied Female Masturbation, Implied Bondage

Lioness, Fire, and Bear (A Heather Story) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -

Battling delirium, Erik fights to recover his strength. Embraced by Heather's primal power and exposed to Helene's searing heat, their shared intimacy keeps him from madness.

"Lioness, Fire, and Bear (A Heather Story)" themes: MF, MFF, Rough Sex, Vaginal & Anal Sex, Fingering, Double Penetration, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Implied Shapeshifter

Night of the Bear and Lioness (A Heather Story) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Lioness \(The Complete Four Part Series\)"](#) -

They brought the war to him, and Erik intends to settle the score. His sexy lioness wants her share of revenge, and he needs to make the city safe for Helene.

"Night of the Bear and Lioness (A Heather Story)" themes: MF, Vaginal & Anal Sex, Shapeshifter, Rough Sex, Fingering, Double Penetration, Female Masturbation, Implied Fisting, Implied MFF

Heather enjoys being her wulfie's lioness, but it's hard to find the sort of men and women she desires.

The Simons (A Heather Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #147](#) -

A lioness and a wulf can be friends. Ronin has his arousing pleasures, and Heather has her Simons.

"The Simons (A Heather Story)" themes: MF, Biting & Clawing, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Fingering, Implied Shapeshifter, Implied Exhibitionism (Photo)

Hunting Amongst Sheep (A Heather Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #139](#) -

Hunting is what Ronin and Heather do best. Too bad the men she catches are so disappointingly vanilla and don't appreciate her rough caresses.

"Hunting Amongst Sheep (A Heather Story)" themes: FM, Vaginal & Oral & Implied Anal Sex, Fingering, Vaginal Penetration, Implied Shapeshifting

Sun and Moon 1 (A Heather Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) -

YueMei is discovering that London has beasts that release her lust. Her chance encounter with Ronin and his lioness becomes so much more when she feels his fist thrusting into his wicked lady.

"*Sun and Moon 1 (A Heather Story)*" themes: MF, Shapeshifter, Paranormal, Vaginal & Oral & Implied Anal Penetration, Fingering & Implied Fisting, Biting & Clawing, Rough Sex, Bondage & Restraints

Claws and Cuddling (A Heather Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #175](#) -

The lioness enjoys rough sex with her cuddly bear. Ronin would be so proud of how well Erik responds to her lust, but he's off with his Victoria again.

"*Claws and Cuddling (A Heather Story)*" themes: MF, Rough Sex, Vaginal & Implied Anal Sex, Clawing & Biting, Blood Play, Implied Strap-on Sex, Implied Shapeshifter, Implied Pegging

She prefers tall thin men with piercings and a high tolerance for pain. If you meet those qualifications and want to volunteer, Max organizes London hunts with his Lioness and you can be her prey.

Inga & Raina, The Ravens are the harbingers of a new age:

Will chaos or order prevail? Inga and Raina are determined to shape the future, but their separation was a deliberate choice to give both options a chance. Can they find each other and reunite their heritage? Or are they doomed to watch as the world is destroyed and reformed in the image of a wulf?

Raven's Kiss (A Raina Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) -

Desiring Raina's affection is a dangerous gamble that can go so very right. It's fortunate he has the fortitude and endurance of a bear to survive the beating he gets at the hands of her brothers because Raina's pleasure comes from tearing the meat from his bones.

"*Raven's Kiss (A Raina Story)*" themes: MF, Fingering, Biting & Clawing, Shapeshifter

Butterflies (An Inga Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #147](#) -

Inga prefers her men to be butterflies. Pinned through the heart and shaft, and on display under glass if possible.

"Butterflies (An Inga Story)" themes: Femdom, FM, Vaginal Sex, Rough Sex, Biting & Clawing

The Prey (A Raina Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #175](#) -

Raina's hunt for the wulf leads her to the women tainted by his darkness. Being brutally brushed aside by his rage becomes an opportunity to consolidate her power over the ravens.

"The Prey (A Raina Story)" themes: Shapeshifter, MFF, MF, Vaginal & Anal Sex, Tattoo & Piercing

Judith, The Bear was the heart of their passions:

Every age pulses with the desires of shapeshifters. Sometimes they are lost. Sometimes they have forgotten their nature. Sometimes they are burdened with the wraiths of their past incarnations and are the hope of their generation.

The Bear (The Complete Five Part Series) - [Cherish Desire Divinations: "The Bear \(The Complete Five Part Series\)"](#)

Abandoned as a child, Judith has always survived yet never belonged. In the dark nightclubs of Berlin and amongst the shadowy forests of Tiergarten, she slips through life pursuing love and lust in equal measure.

When she meets Adler for the first time, there is a connection between them that neither can deny. His passion for her awakens the memories she has locked away inside her heart. While the ancient bear seeks to gather a new sloth to protect and support each other, Judith stumbles into her own past and her troubled desires explode as her passion provokes war.

"The Bear (The Complete Five Part Series)" themes: MF, FF, Shapeshifter, Biting & Clawing, Vaginal & Oral & Anal Sex, Dildo Play, Strap-on Sex, Fingering, Vaginal Penetration, Rough Sex

Bear Truths (A Judith Story) - [Very Wicked Dirty Stories #141](#) -

Erik's one night stand from a Berlin nightclub turns out to be more than his match. One admonishment from Judith leaves him bleeding and uncomfortable visiting Berlin again.

"Bear Truths (A Judith Story)" themes: MF, Shapeshifter, Vaginal Sex, Biting & Clawing

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Feedback is always welcome - though the wulf daughters do not appreciate uninvited groping. You can reach Max directly at Max@CherishDesire.com. Or follow us on [Twitter](#), [FetLife](#), [Goodreads](#), [Instagram](#), Tumblr, or [Facebook](#).

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