

Packed: The Enforcer

By

Carolyn Faulkner

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Chapter One

She leaned forward and pressed her face into his genitals, her breath blowing hot and wet around them just before he heard her take a deep, slow breath. That, almost more than anything else she could have done, got him harder than he'd ever been in his life, to the point where his hands contracted into fists as he fought against the idea of simply lifting her onto him in one violent, fluid motion.

Although he wasn't at all into self-denial, he forced himself to relax as much as he could; knowing that doing so would only heighten his pleasure.

So he stood stock still as she dragged her face over every inch of him, slowly. Excruciatingly slowly, opening her mouth – teeth carefully neutralized – and letting first one hair encased orb drop into it, suckling ever so slightly, then moving just a bit to one side to give the same treatment to its twin, her mouth becoming more eager as her tongue darted out to lave every inch of him, almost cat-like in her enthusiasm.

And being feline around him took some balls of her own, not that he was about to interrupt what she was doing to remind her of that, though.

Long, torturously ecstatic moments later, she still hadn't taken the root of him fully into her mouth, preferring to tease him by licking just the barest tip with that mischievous tongue of hers. Wetly butterfly kissing her way down the length of him then back up, as if daring him to do what she knew he wanted to – to delve his fingers into her hair, close to her skull and force himself past those rose pink lips to the hilt.

But he wasn't twenty-one anymore, and neither was she. He could be patient. He could let her have her way with him.

Probably.

For a short time longer, anyway, Tek decided, knowing he was still probably lying to himself. He'd wanted her so much for so long that it amazed him that he hadn't just thrown her on the bed, ripped her clothes off and claimed her in the rawest, most elemental manner of staking his claim on her. Fucking her past any objections she might have had, which he knew would have been more fastidious and polite concerns than actually not wanting to have him inside her.

They'd always had – and would always have – that, he knew. When she entered a room, he had to move his hands to cover the bulge, every time. And when he entered a room, her pristine, prim and proper panties were instantaneously sullied.

Every time, even if they never spoke or came near each other, even if they never made eye contact, which she liked to avoid with him when she could for just that reason, he assumed.

He could smell her response to him, but then, if they were anywhere near the rest of his crew, he knew they all could smell her heat, too.

But he had her to himself tonight, and he intended to take full advantage of it – and her - before she came to her senses, slapped him across the face and ran out the door, as she ought to.

Like he couldn't possibly allow her to do.

A long, ragged groan escaped him when she finally opened her mouth and took him into that warm, wet welcome, accepting the entire length of him till her nose touched his lower belly and he could feel the back of her throat flexing rhythmically around him as those luscious, full lips closed – almost threateningly – at the very base of him.

Although he had no concerns that she would hurt him, he knew for a fact, that he couldn't say the same for himself.

And as she began to suckle at him with unabashed eagerness, he realized that he couldn't stand one more second of being apart from her. It was such a surprise to find her here, with him, in this position, he knew he had to take advantage of it now before he woke up and realized that it was yet another of the torturous wet dreams he'd had nearly every night since meeting her years ago.

One minute, her face was deeply buried in his business. And the next thing Mari knew, she was being carried through the air in an embrace that was gentle but in no way escapable, nonetheless, until she felt herself being dropped onto the bed behind her with him following quickly and in such a way that she had no opportunity to deny him the access he sought to her body.

Not that she really had the presence of mind – or interest – in doing that, anyway. She'd had entirely too much tequila, and although she had truly legendary capacity for the stuff, she was about as close to completely wasted as she ever wanted to be around the likes of Tek Harlow.

Being that weak around him put one in a very dangerous position, like letting down your guard around a wild animal. Losing control of oneself around someone like Tek was never

recommended, even for her, even though he seemed to like her more than he liked the rest of humanity. She thought that probably wasn't saying very much, though, considering his low opinion of most everyone else.

Regardless, she wasn't afraid of him – never had been. She knew who he was and what he did, probably better than anyone else in the world except perhaps for his Alpha. She had no illusions – about him or the possibility of there ever being any kind of real relationship between them.

But that knowledge had never even come so close as to take even the slightest edge off her desire for him. Nothing and no one ever had or ever would. She'd wanted him from the moment she'd seen him, long before she had the slightest idea what the feelings coursing through her really meant, and she knew it had been the same for him.

Tek could sense that she was somewhere else, that her mind had left him, that she was somehow preoccupied, and he wasn't about to put up with that. Their encounters were so few and far between that he wanted every bit of her that he could get while he had her in his arms, and her full attention when he was about to fuck her wasn't anywhere near too much to ask as far as he was concerned.

So he held his hips well away from her while still keeping himself between her legs, so that there was no way she could close them even if she'd wanted to. He reached up to slide his big hand beneath her head, hearing her quick, startled intake of breath and loving the way her eyes immediately began to cling to his. As if he had somehow managed to surprise her with his presence and his demands as he moved his hand down just a bit to cradle the top of her neck as well as the back of her head in a way that wouldn't hurt her at all, but also didn't allow her to move it in the least.

Tek held her gaze, keeping her still more by the sheer force of his personality – and reputation – than any show of force. He brought his body into hers at a maddeningly slow pace. He wanted her to feel every thick, solid inch of him as he claimed her. Drinking in and trying to commit to memory forever all of the shutter-eyed sighs, even the slightest, mewling whimpers, and especially those enticing little growls she probably didn't even know she made in the back of her throat that had him wanting to drive himself fiercely into her.

Instead, he forced himself to slow down even further, exercising that tremendous strength of will of his while also indulging a bit in his more sadistic side, torturing the both of them with the searing pleasure he was creating between them.

After a few minutes of such teasing, she even tried to lift her hips to force him further down her path.

"Uh-uh-uh-uh," he warned as if she was three and had just made a grab for a cookie she wasn't allowed.

And to Mari's great consternation, he punished her by pulling nearly all the way out, as if to prove to her exactly who was in control of the situation.

So she retaliated by reaching down to grasp the rock hard curves of his butt, letting her fingertips dig just barely into the crack of his ass, sure of his reaction.

"Hey, whoa!" His hips jerked away from her fingers, which forced him further into her, especially when she raised her hips at the same time.

Her plan worked perfectly until he reached back and pried her hands away, planting the backs of them on the bed beside her head and holding them there with his strong fingers around her wrists, carefully leaning only enough of his weight there to hold her fast. She knew from having been in almost this exact position with him before that no matter how hard she struggled, she would never get free until he allowed it.

And Tek wasn't an "allowing" kind of man. He generally did things for his own reasons, or his own pleasure. Most everyone danced to the tune he called, with very few exceptions. Professionally, he was the one who brought people back into the fold – by any means necessary – when they stepped out of line.

And he was *very* good at his job.

He was a rules man, and he particularly loved bending her to his.

"Now that was a naughty thing to do, Mari, since you knew I was trying to take it slow."

She bit her lip as the gooseflesh rose on every inch of her skin and her nipples blossomed into painfully tight buds at the distinct warning tone in his low, raspy voice. But she wisely said nothing, knowing from painful experience that was better than trying to get him to see her innocence, since they both knew how much of a lie that was, especially in this situation.

Far be it for Tek to miss even the tiniest detail of her responses to him, and the state of those impudent nipples wasn't far from the top of his list. As soon as he saw one, his head dipped

down immediately – entirely without thought – to capture it and suckle hard, pressing it against the back of his front teeth and flicking the tip. Then, closing his front teeth to bite down on that pebble hard flesh, not stopping until several beats after she had screamed "uncle," his head raised with its captive hanging between his teeth as he watched her become more and more desperate to delay the pain.

When he finally released it, Mari's eyes darted to her breast, hoping her nipple was still there – and it was – and then hoping it wasn't bleeding from his attentions. But of course, it wasn't. And Tek didn't immediately take it back into his mouth to soothe away the sharp ache he'd created, either. That would have been very unlike him. If he gave her pain, it was for a reason, and he wasn't about to negate the lesson he expected her to learn from it by comforting her in any way.

Instead, he continued his intimate invasion, glorying even in the look of her faintly wet eyes, knowing he hadn't done any permanent damage to her but had succeeded in making his point, nonetheless. But he also knew that, aside from chastising her slightly, her body had just become that much more welcoming to him – not that she ever really hadn't been, in his experience – but his advance became just that much easier as her body recognized its master and immediately began to slicken his advance even more copiously than it had already been.

He watched avidly as those heavy lids closed almost all the way on an aching sigh while he pressed himself into her, almost to the hilt. But before he sank himself within her up to the balls, he took advantage of her blissful state to change positions slightly into one that would have her even more vulnerable to his advances, knowing she would like that at least as much as he would – maybe more.

He quickly released first one wrist – reaching down to gather her knee into the crook of his elbow – then did the same with its sister, each time returning to lock her wrist against the mattress again. Only this time, leaving her privates just that much more exposed to him, removing any options she may have had of preventing his full and complete possession and rendering her completely at his mercy.

Right where he wanted her to be.

When his eyes recaptured hers, watching deliberately as his body slowly sank within her, he saw her pupils dilate as she panted breathlessly, and her still moist eyes clung to his.

In that instant, Tek knew he couldn't deny himself that which he considered his own for even one second longer. He leaned his hips back just a bit, giving up a bit of the ground he'd gained

only to recover it in a matter of seconds as he snapped his hips forward, losing himself inside her almost, but not quite, to the hilt, feeling his balls slap against her crotch as he did so.

But all of him still wasn't completely inside her.

"Relax," he murmured, kissing that tiny shell ear of hers and leaning himself even further into her.

This was the hard – the even harder – part, although Mari had always responded so well to him that it hadn't really ever been a problem. He could feel those all-important muscles of hers obeying him as the swollen knot at the base of his cock merged inside her.

Mari's eyes widened, as they did every time they came together like this, and she found herself forced to open herself to him to an extent that no human male ever expected of her. It left her riding that alarming but tantalizing line between ecstasy and discomfort as her body did its best to close itself around him and failed miserably. Her insides clung to him, painfully stretched and blissfully aching with the struggle of accommodating his added bulk and length.

It was enough to drive her nearly crazy and force her past her usual learned reticence with him. She began to struggle against those strong, thick fingers, chanting in a whisper, "Please – I just want to hold you."

But as much as he would have loved having her arms around him, he knew he couldn't allow it. He would melt completely, become useless if he let her embrace him like that – as he knew she desperately wanted to.

Lovingly.

Things could never be that way between them, and he was adamant that they not even begin to go down that particular land-mined road.

So, in these occasional brief encounters of theirs, which neither of them examined too closely except in the darkest, deepest parts of the night and their own despair, he refused to let her show him any true affection. Fuck him, yes. Lord knew she fucked what few brains he still possessed right out onto the bedspread next to them every single God damned time, leaving him wasted – in the rawest sense of the word - for weeks afterwards. Yes. Definitely. That was exactly what he wanted from her, and all that he would – could – ever accept from her.

So her pleas went unfulfilled, as she must have known they would, not that she could have stopped them from rumbling out of the depths of her intense need to be close to him, even knowing that he would reject it, as always.

Tek's famous iron will broke then, as it often did with her, and he quite literally couldn't stop himself from beginning to plunge within her as her body did its best to retain him, and he knew he was hurting her with every short, sharp thrust, just enough to make it interesting for a woman with her tastes

But he also knew that she was feeling the other side of the coin, too – feeling more truly possessed than she ever had – or ever would – with any human lover. Forced to stretch uncomfortably around him, repeatedly, each time he withdrew himself only to ram the entirety of himself back inside her. Finally settling into a rhythm that kept the broad head of him bumping against her sensitive cervix, his massively swollen knot trapping him within her, but always testing the limits of her resolve, keeping her always on the brink of losing him. Always as far opened as she could stand with no relief in sight as he slammed vigorously into her.

Mari's head rolled back and forth between the frame of her captive hands, having completely ceded control of her body to him to do with as he would, knowing – hoping – that he would take her. As he always did, driving every practical thought from her head and recreating her as a throbbing, aching entity that would take anything he deigned to give her and beg for more.

It had been a while, and he was much quicker than he wanted to be, but there was no stopping the freight train that was his all-consuming desire for her. When he knew he had lost it, that it was on him, he threw back his head and arched himself into her as he literally howled in ecstasy while simultaneously exploding within her, continuing to rock his hips against hers as the howl descended very slowly to become a deep, throaty growl.

She could feel his cock spurting deep within her, and she knew enough – now – to know that his orgasm didn't mean that she was going to be turned loose any time soon. They would be locked together for some time; his secretions included some sort of enzyme that had her muscles contracting even more tightly around him, so that disengagement wasn't even physically possible for fifteen minutes to half an hour after his culmination.

And Tek knew that, with how volatile he and Mari were together, that it always ended up being on the longer side. Their first time together, it was closer to an hour, and he had begun to worry that there was something wrong, not that he made her aware of his concerns at all.

He had always heard that the lock was longer and stronger with one's true soul mate – and he'd never stayed bound to any female longer than he had with Mari.

Not that it negated anything about their situation. It just made it harder when they inevitably had to part.

So he made absolutely no move to let her go, continuing to hold her captive in that terribly vulnerable position as he leaned down to kiss her with a gentleness that would have been completely impossible even just seconds ago.

It always amazed him when she kissed him back, especially when he had just taken her as he had, with no resultant paradise found on her part.

Yet, anyway. He could be as selfish a lover as most males could, and he had been in more situations than he cared to remember. But never with Mari. He gave her the best of himself, and took the best of her as his due. They were pretty perfectly suited for each other, their intimate likes and dislikes melded almost eerily well.

He had a lot of Alpha in him, although that wasn't the role he played, and he enjoyed it enormously when she challenged him, when she forced him to force her. He didn't know very many women who enjoyed being overpowered quite as much as she did, who wouldn't already be kicking up a fuss about the fact that he hadn't let her up, or even so much as released her wrists. She was still in the same position as he had put her in to have her, he was still spilling himself inside her – although in a much smaller amount – and still laying claim to that most private, female part of her in the most elemental way any male could.

But then, he knew that this kind of thing was right up her alley, so to speak. The harsher, less civilized he was with her, the harder she came – on his fingers, in his mouth, or on his cock. He had fought it for a long time. She was the only woman who had ever inspired a protective instinct in him that was a mile wide, and despite their flash fire attraction for each other, he would very happily have wrapped her up in cotton and worshipped her from afar, never sullyng her with his baser drives, nor hesitating to lay down his life for her.

The latter instinct was still very present, but the more intimately he had gotten to know her, the more he realized that he could be more of himself with her – even here, where he was probably the most likely to lose his head and hurt her – than with anyone else.

And he loved that unusual side of her that encouraged him to use her in ways he would never have thought of, and that the other women he'd had – and they were legion – rarely seemed interested in.

It was just another way they were perfectly made for each other, and yet were unable to even begin to make it work. Not that they'd tried; they'd never been allowed to.

Sure of himself and her, Tek shoved that annoying, depressing thought aside. He had her with him, here, now, and he wasn't about to waste that rare opportunity. He moved back a bit, enough to turn her onto all fours – while they were still conjoined with no possibility of disconnection, forcing her to spin on that very intimate axis as he thoroughly enjoyed her embarrassment as well as the twin contradictions of her mild discomfort and obvious desire. He had long since given up trying to discern whether her specific moans were inspired by pain or pleasure, trusting that he knew her well enough by now to be able to balance the two sides as she walked that very delicate line.

However clichéd it was, he liked to have her in this position. Tek made sure that her legs were spread wide around his, pumping into her several times, almost casually, which resulted in a cacophony of mewls and groans, but nothing that seemed of actual pain.

Quite the opposite, in fact, as he'd expected.

With a truly evil smile, he placed his hand on her backside, covering one cheek nearly entirely. "I think I remember that someone tried to thwart my intentions a few minutes ago by grabbing me right *here*," he let his palm slap down onto that full, taut flesh once, "All of a sudden. I wonder who that could have been?"

He would never do innocent well, probably because he had practically been born with a hard on and had been sexually precocious all his life. Innocence had been well beyond his experience for much longer than it should have been; it had pretty much been beyond his ken from the word go.

It was almost comical when he tried.

Almost, Mari thought as her rear end collided with the palm of his hand again, in exactly the same spot as before.