

# Sex with a Warrior

## Marteeka Karland

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The warriors of Sparta were trained to fear nothing. But this was beyond anything the Arqus had ever been prepared for. Perhaps that last spirited drink hadn't been a good idea.

The noise was deafening, the smells sweaty and strong with liquor, and the people crushed in on him horribly. He'd never seen the like. They thrashed their bodies around and against each other in what he could only describe as controlled chaos.

It reminded him of sparring with his fellow warriors. They whirled and twirled and clashed against each other with force and grace till it was hard to tell if they fought... or danced.

They dressed funny. All in black from head to toe. Pale skin. Black kohl around their eyes, even coloring their lips and fingernails. Men and women alike. All fighting and dancing together, the females just as fiercely as the males. In some cases, they were even more aggressive. The warrior smiled. This place was foreign to him, and many things were very strange, but it was more like his home than first met the eye. He was Spartan. He would adapt to his situation and conquer whomever he must to return home.

One particularly strange looking woman only a few steps away caught his eye. Dressed in the shortest skirt he'd ever seen of some shiny black material with the same type of material covering her breasts, her creamy skin beckoned to him. She was dressed so a man could undress her as he desired.

At least, that was his opinion until she punched a thin man in the jaw before kicking him in the privates. He doubled over in pain and the warrior couldn't help wince for the man.

"Just because I agreed to dance with you, doesn't mean I agreed to fuck you." She had to yell to be heard above all the noise. When she whirled around, she slammed straight in to him. Her face smacked into his chest and she stumbled back. The warrior grabbed her arms to steady her. Slowly, she raised her head, her eyes growing larger by the second. "Oh. My. God."

Jet had never seen such an impressive chest. She looked up into the steel gray eyes of the man she'd slammed into in her hasty retreat, then back down his naked chest to his equally naked abdomen. She'd often heard the term "washboard" to describe perfectly rippled abs, but she'd never actually seen proof that term warranted existence.

Until now.

"Hello beautiful." She mumbled under her breath. "You look like you stepped off a movie set. Are you shooting at the lot next door? I didn't think you were allowed to wear your costumes off the set."

At his confused look, Jet waved it off. It didn't matter as long as he was here looking all oh-so-good-to-eat. If she was going to spend the night with hands on her body, she'd much rather it be hands that belonged to someone who didn't repulse her.

This guy...

Dayum! He was built!

But dressed in some kind of Greek or Roman costume? What was up with that? He totally didn't fit in at The Dungeon. He wore a crimson skirt covered with metal armor and a crimson cape flowed down his back. He was the epitome of every male she'd ever lusted after. This night was definitely full of possibilities.

Jet pressed closer against him and licked one flat nipple on that impressive chest. The resulting rumble from said chest thrilled her to her clit. Her pussy contracted and a rush of fluid tickled her entrance.

She looked up at him and trailed her hands over his chest and down his abdomen. His cock was hidden by the armor below his waist, but she found a space between the plates and her fingers grazed hard dick.

“Seems we’re thinking the same thing.” His only response was to raise an eyebrow, but his arms closed around her. So he wasn’t a man of many words. She could live with that.

Arqus didn’t understand her strange words, but he certainly understood her actions. He let her lead him into a shadowed alcove before he whirled her around and pressed her against the wall. He half expected her to attack like she had the skinny man, but she didn’t. Her eyes sparkled with excitement. The saucy woman grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled him to her.

She kissed him deeply, plunging her tongue into his mouth over and over. The taste of her was like the greatest ambrosia straight from the gods. He couldn’t stop his growl as he pressed himself against her, but the damned plate armor kept her from him.

With a hasty flick of his fingers, the heavy stuff dropped to his feet and he kicked it out of his way. Not the wisest course of action given the circumstances, but he didn’t fear death. Besides, at least he’d die happy. Freed, he pushed his pelvis against her belly and she hooked a leg around him as she continued to kiss him.

He caressed her leg from knee to thigh where it circled his hip. Silky smooth. His fingers found their way underneath her garment until he held one rounded cheek. He squeezed none to gently. She squealed.

With a little wiggle and a yank with one hand, the woman’s skirt hugged her waist leaving her lower body free for him. Arqus was mindful of the noise and people around him, but he couldn’t bring himself to care.

His cock throbbed with the need of her. She was obviously willing. Who was he to argue with what ever god saw fit to drop him here?

He probed her cunt with the tip of his cock, but she pushed him away. He ground his teeth. Surely she wasn’t to change her mind.

“Hold up, big boy. Not without this.” She pulled out a packet of some sort, opened it and quick as lightning covered his engorged member with the thing. It wasn’t uncomfortable, but it muted her touch somewhat. He smiled. If she thought he needed something to make him last long enough to satisfy her every need, she was greatly mistaken. Still, he’d abide by her wishes.

When she stood and wrapped the same leg around his hip, Arqus entered her swiftly and pulled her other leg around him. Bracing her back against the wall, he hesitated only a moment before he began to move.

Her breasts jiggled with each thrust, and her sighs grew to shrieks and screams as he fucked her. Over and over, he plunged himself into her. Unable to hold back. Unable to slow down. Her flesh was addictive.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and fused her mouth to his. His fingers dug into her hips as he neared his release. Gods, had he thought he didn’t need a method to keep him from coming too soon? He’d be lucky to see her through one orgasm.

Without warning, she released his mouth and let out a blood curdling scream. Her cunt contracted around his cock and he ground his teeth to hold himself back. She thrashed and bucked against him, slamming herself onto his cock, claiming her pleasure.

Unable to hold back any longer, when her contractions began to subside, Arqus let go. He plunged into her in short, rapid thrusts. She slid up and down the wall until he pulled her into him. With one last mighty plunge, he roared his completion. His body stiffened as he shot his seed deep inside her body.

When they both calmed down, she looked down at him from her position high on the wall, still in his arms. Her smile was brilliant and her eyes glazed in the aftermath.

She said something in her strange tongue, but he didn’t understand and slid down the wall and straightened her skirt. He looked down to find the wrap still on his dick, full of his semen and grinned. So, there was more to it than he thought.

He laughed. A strange, but inventive place indeed.

The woman gave him a questioning look and took his hand. She was headed to a door where people entered from the night. He shrugged. Perhaps she'd show him the ways of this place.

Perhaps she'd let him fuck her again.

The night was full of possibilities...