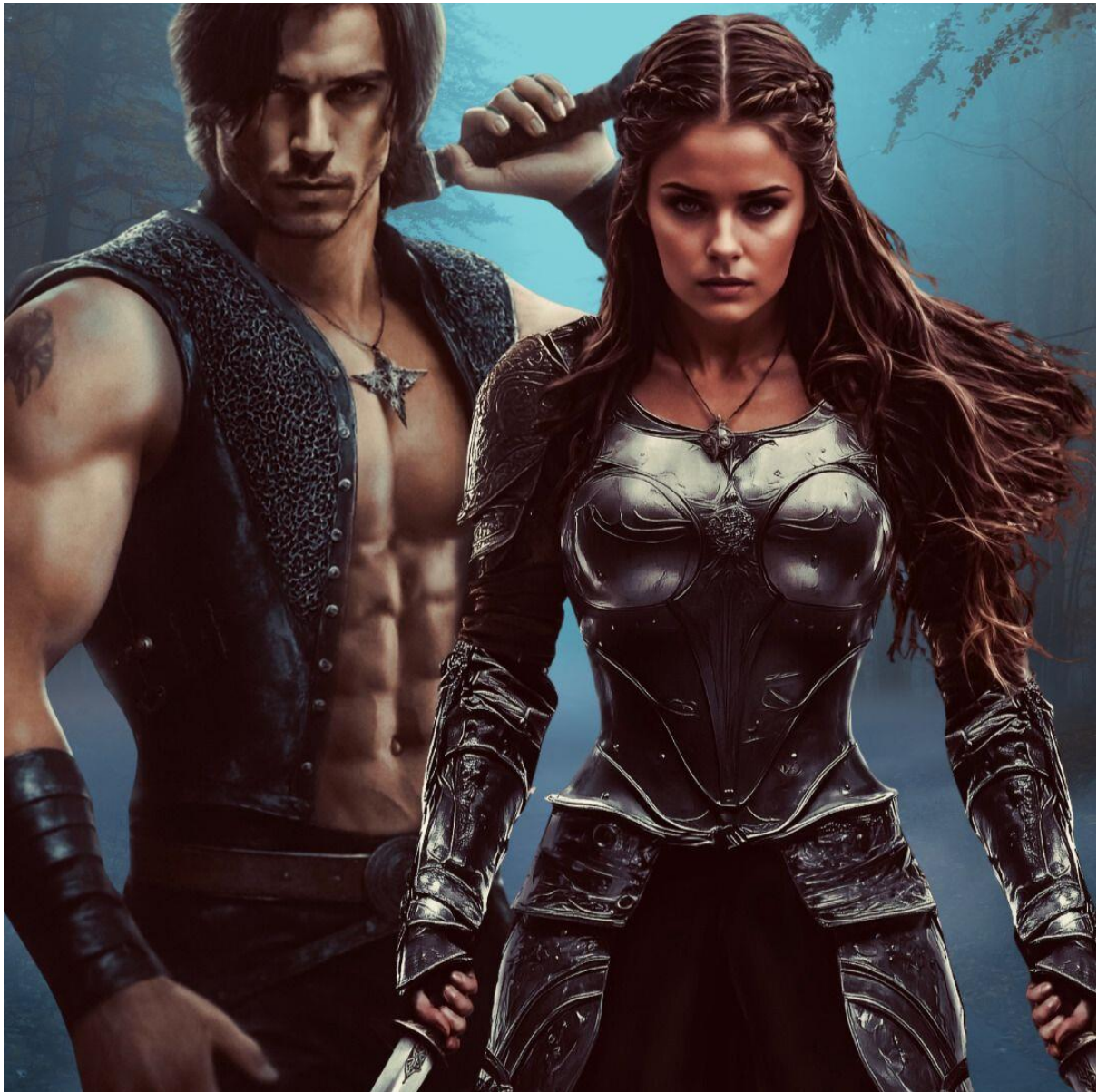


When Cillian met his match...

(Set after Emmerson and Cillian's first encounter)



I wrapped my knuckles on the hard wooden door and waited for the asshole to show his face. A collision sounded from inside the room followed by a slue of curses.

When Cillian finally opened the door, his agitation was evident. His jaw was clenched and the muscles on his forearm flexed with the tight grip he maintained on the door handle.

The sight of Cillian's wet hair had me salivating, and I envied the water droplets making their way down the column of his neck, reaching his bare chest.

He either just finished bathing, or I interrupted him mid-process. Either way, I was enjoying the show.

A smirk pulled up the side of my mouth, and I let my gaze travel the length of his body leisurely. He'd hurriedly pulled his pants on if the open ties of his leathers, which revealed the tiniest hint of dark curls, were anything to go by.

"Can I help you with something, Emmerson?" Cillian barked as he hastily fixed his pants.

I chuckled at the annoyance in his tone and pushed past him, letting myself into his chambers.

"By all means, come in," he said disdainfully.

"Don't tell me you're still harboring a grudge?" I teased.

Cillian had not been graceful in defeat. He had been avoiding me, and every time we happened to be within the same vicinity as one another, he scowled at me, huffing and puffing as he went.

I supposed I could understand. He was used to being one of the best, and I'm sure being taken down by a *mere* woman would have bruised his ego. That, and I was aware that his companions had been giving him hell for it every opportunity they got.

Cillian swore under his breath, taking the bait. "If you don't mind, I actually have things to get on with," he said, glancing towards the door.

Ignoring him, I peered around Cillian's chambers, taking note of the fact that it was pristine, with not a single item out of place.

"You're a little anal aren't you, Cillian," I quipped, as I swiped my finger over the top of his dresser.

Not a single speck of dust marred the tip. Just as I had suspected.

Cillian seemed lost for words as he just gaped back at me.

I moved towards his bed and made myself comfortable on the edge as I waited for him to regain his ability to communicate.

"What do you want, Emmerson?" he finally said, although it was more of a growl.

I patted the bed beside me. Cillian rolled his eyes, but he marched towards me nonetheless. When he stood before me, he crossed his arms over his chest and glowered down at me.

"Not going to join me, then?" I asked, leaning back on my elbows.

Cillian's throat bobbed as he watched me, but he made no move to come closer.

Frustrated, I stood from the bed to stand right in front of him.

“You don’t like me very much, do you?” I asked, watching his expression closely.

“I think my problem is that I like you a bit too much,” Cillian retorted, but I wasn’t sure if he had intended to say that out loud.

I smiled broadly, and he made some kind of keening noise in the back of his throat as he scrubbed a hand over his face.

“This will only make things difficult, Emmerson,” Cillian said in a tone far too serious for my liking.

“We’re both adults,” I countered, running my hands up his taut arms. “Or are you worried you won’t be able to handle me?” I purred.

“I’m absolutely worried I won’t be able to handle you,” Cillian scoffed. “You have a vicious side, don’t you?” he continued, his tone assessing. “You’re a Little Viper, just waiting for the perfect time to strike.” Cillian’s hand darted forward, and he grabbed a strand of my hair, rubbing it between his fingers.

“A beautiful, cunning, venomous... Little Viper,” he mused.

“I think you might just like it if I bit you, Cillian,” I said huskily.

Cillian’s eyes darkened until they were almost black. He took a step closer, eliminating the remaining distance between us.

“Just so long as you’re prepared for me to bite back,” he said hoarsely.

We both stared at each other, not moving as the tension mounted between us.

Not taking my eyes off his, I reached down and cupped his length above his leathers. Cillian groaned and his eyes fluttered closed.

“Fuck Emmerson. I can already tell you’re going to be the death of me, woman.” Cillian confessed, sounding pained. “You’re the most intoxicating woman I have ever met, and I’m almost certain that one taste of you would be enough to ruin any man.”

The chuckle that escaped me was pure mischief. If only he knew what I had planned for him.

I tugged on his laces, pulling them free from his pants. Cillian watched me with narrowed eyes, and I couldn’t tell if he was more cautious or afraid.

The thought sent a wicked sort of thrill rushing through me.

I slipped his pants over his hips, and his cock sprang free as I did so.

I hesitated for the slightest moment, taking in the sheer size of him. I could feel the smirk gracing Cillian's kissable lips without having to even look at him.

"Don't look so pleased with yourself," I chided playfully.

A rumbling laugh escaped him, and the sound sent a bolt of heat straight to my core.

Cillian stepped out of his pants, kicking them to the side. I let my gaze roam over his gloriously naked body as he stood bare before me. The sculpted muscles that adorned his stomach bunched and tensed under my scrutiny.

My gaze dipped lower, taking in his erect cock as it stood proudly against his stomach. His thick muscular thighs hinted at the power his body was capable of unleashing, and I couldn't help but squeeze my own thighs together to relieve the mounting tension.

"See something you like?" Cillian's rough voice drew my attention back to him, and the darkness drowning out his pupils had me biting my bottom lip in anticipation.

"Indeed, I do."

"You've taken your fill," Cillian declared. "Now it's my turn."

He reached for the hem of my tunic and slowly pulled it up my body. His calloused hands brushed against the smooth skin of my belly, and an involuntary shiver ran through me.

Cillian dropped my tunic on the floor, adding it to the mounting pile of clothing at our feet. I removed the binding from my breasts, letting it fall through my fingers as it joined the rest of our clothes.

Cillian swallowed harshly, the sound loud in the silence of the room.

A coy smile graced my lips, and I hooked my thumbs into the hem of my pants. I slowly dragged them down my hips, kicking my boots off as I did so. When I straightened, I stood before Cillian, naked, save for the small pair of panties that were the last remaining barrier between us.

Cillian's rough palms gripped my hips, and he took a moment to settle his ragged breathing.

Eyes locked on me, Cillian lowered himself to his knees, dragging my panties down my legs, and eliciting small shudders from me with every careful brush of his skin against mine.

I placed my hands on his firm shoulders to steady myself and stepped out of my panties.

Cillian leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on the inside of my left thigh. He then turned his head and did the same to my right. Making his way toward my center, he left a trail of heat in his wake as he continued to pepper small kisses against my flesh.

When he reached my core, he hesitated briefly, peeking up at me as if asking my permission. I nodded eagerly and his tongue darted out, teasing my clit.

A soft moan passed my lips, which seemed to encourage Cillian as he gripped the calf of my leg, throwing it over his shoulder and opening me wide for him to devour. I laced my fingers through his hair, tugging on the strands gently as I anchored myself to him.

With every lick and suck, Cillian brought me closer to the edge, and my lower belly coiled tightly. My hips moved against his face as I rode his tongue, desperate for the relief I could feel mounting within me.

“Oh gods,” I panted. “Right there, Cillian. Don’t stop,” I all but whimpered.

Cillian increased his efforts, driving his tongue deeper inside me until I couldn’t hold on any longer. I shattered. My whole body trembled as I came undone.

Cillian swallowed my release, licking up every drop as I rode out my orgasm.

When he lowered my leg, I wasn’t sure I would be able to stand upright on my own. Cillian seemed to sense this as he gripped my hips in a firm hold, steadying me.

The look on Cillian’s face when he rose to his feet could only be described as one thing; pure masculine pride. The broad grin that split his face was so enticing, so sexy, I was just about ready to explode all over again.

Standing on my toes, I snaked my arms around his neck and pulled his lips to mine. The kiss was scorching, the passion intoxicating, and there was no longer any hesitation as to what would happen inside this chamber tonight.

Turning us around, I broke the kiss and pushed Cillian down on his bed. He bounced off the mattress, slightly stunned, as he peered back at me.

Not one to waste an advantage, I climbed on top of him, straddling his lap and picking up where we left off only moments ago. Cillian responded immediately, gripping my hips hard enough to leave bruises.

I nipped his bottom lip and Cillian groaned into my mouth, one hand tangling in my hair as he deepened our kiss. I could feel his hard cock pressing against my pussy and I rubbed myself up and down his length, coating him with the wetness pooling between my thighs.

“Gods woman. I knew one taste would ruin me,” Cillian half moaned, half growled, seeming unable to figure out if this pleased him or not.

I chuckled darkly and reached for the hand still gripping my hip, pulling it up above his head. Retrieving the laces from his pants that I stole earlier, I tied his wrist to his headboard before grasping his other hand and doing the same.

“Emmerson,” Cillian warned, but he didn’t move to stop me.

“Relax,” I cooed. “I promise you’ll enjoy what I have in store for you.”

Cillian groaned again before closing his eyes and tipping his head back.

“Don’t make me regret this, Little Viper,” he said, and that was all the encouragement I needed.

I leaned over, placing a kiss on the column of his throat and letting my tongue run down his neck, following the path of the water droplet I’d envied earlier. When I reached his nipples, I swirled my tongue over one, then the other, eliciting a moan of approval.

I continued to explore the hard planes of his abdomen, enjoying the way his muscles flexed under my touch.

When I finally reached his cock, the tip was already leaking pre-come, eager for my attention. Gripping the base of his shaft with my palm, I pumped my hand up and down, leaving Cillian panting and breathing harshly.

“I need to touch you,” he said desperately.

“I don’t think so,” I replied with a seductive tone.

“Emmerson don’t —” Cillian’s protests fell away when I took the tip of his cock into my mouth, sucking with vigor.

Cillian moaned, and I lowered my head, taking more of him into my mouth.

“Fucking hell,” Cillian snarled, his hips bucking up from the bed to thrust deeper.

I pushed his hips down against the mattress, commanding him to remain in place.

“Emmerson, fuck,” Cillian said. “I need... I need to... I need something.”

I hummed against his length and cupped his balls, squeezing gently. His incoherent ramblings died off, only to be replaced by a deep groan.

Just as his balls tightened in my hand, I stopped sucking and released his cock with a loud *pop*.

“Emmerson, what the fuck?” Cillian growled. “I was just about to come,” he whined.

“I know,” I said, letting him see the mirth shining in my eyes.

“If you intend to leave me unsatisfied woman...”

“You’ll what?” I purred, knowing he wouldn’t do a damn thing.

Cillian banged his head against the headboard, and I took pity on him.

“I wouldn’t dream of doing something so heinous, Cillian,” I assured him playfully.

Cillian scowled at me, tracking my every movement as I climbed into his lap, aligning him with my center.

“I just didn’t want to miss out on feeling you inside me.”

Cillian scoffed. “You think I wouldn’t be ready to go again with you rubbing yourself against me like you’re doing?”

I lifted one shoulder in a shrug, and he narrowed his eyes at me. I couldn’t help the laugh that escaped me at his reaction.

Without warning, I lowered myself down on Cillian’s cock, seating myself to the hilt, and relishing in the burn as he stretched me.

Cillian groaned, and he looked to be in physical pain as he resisted the urge to buck against me as I adjusted to his size.

“Go ahead,” I urged him. “I don’t mind a little pain with my pleasure.”

Cillian’s eyes widened, and I smiled down at him in challenge.

He hesitated only a moment before he rolled his hips, jutting upwards, filling me.

I moaned loudly, my breathing increasing as I met him thrust for thrust.

“Just like that,” I said, planting my palms on his taut stomach as I ground my clit against him.

“Woman, your pussy is choking my cock,” he panted. “You’re so fucking tight, I don’t think I’ve ever been so turned on in all my life.”

“Good,” I rasped, feeling a sense of possessiveness wash over me.

“Ahh fuck, Emmerson, I need to touch you,” he begged.

“No,” I said, and he snarled.

Chuckling, I threw my head back, letting the sensations take control.

I was close. The warmth of my orgasm slowly built until I was lost to the frenzied need inside me.

“I’m going to come,” I breathed.

“Yes. Let go. Let me feel you come around my cock.”

The guttural need clear in Cillian’s tone was enough to push me over the edge. My orgasm tore through me, forcing a strangled cry from my throat.

I was vaguely aware of the grunts emanating from Cillian as he chased his own release. His movements became jerky, and I felt the moment he came, as his hot come coated my inner walls.

Unable to hold myself up, I collapsed on top of him, the sound of his wildly beating heart filling my ears.

I lost all sense of time as I recovered from the intensity of my orgasm. Cillian softened inside me, but he made no complaints as I rested against his chest.

Once I had recovered myself enough, I slipped off Cillian’s chest and retrieved my clothes, dressing quickly.

When I turned towards the door, the rumble of Cillian’s deep voice stopped me in my tracks.

“Don’t you even think about leaving me here, woman,” Cillian said in a deadly tone.

I flashed him a saucy grin over my shoulder before I turned back to face him. I climbed back onto the bed, placing a gentle kiss on his lips.

“Thank you, Cillian,” I whispered.

“Emmerson,” Cillian growled, thrashing against the laces restraining him.

Jumping off the bed, I hurried to the door.

“Emmerson,” Cillian barked again.

Pausing with my hand on the doorknob, I glanced back at him.

If looks could kill, I would be dead where I stood.

“You’re a big, strong warrior, Cillian. I would be disappointed if you let a little thing like lace ties defeat you.”

“Fucking hell, Emmerson. Don’t fucking play with me,” he snarled.



“Who said I’m playing? Consider this a test of your suitability.”

“Suitability?” Cillian scoffed. “Suitability for what?”

“I need a powerful man to match my energy, Cillian. Prove to me you’re worth it.”

A string of curse words followed me as I exited Cillian’s chambers, a delicious soreness between my thighs and a victorious grin on my lips.