

TITLE: The Lusty Month of May

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RATING: M, meaning this is NOT appropriate for anyone under the age of 18. This is rated M for a reason, and not just because it was originally posted on May Day 2011

WARNINGS: Adult language

DISCLAIMER: Characters belong to their corporate parents. I'm just playing with them and I have no money worth going to court over, though the zine collection might be worth something.

Summary: This is yet another prompt story, for a prompt from Deb Drake. It's also partially compensation to her for the ending of the Macabre March Madness story (Nominal Titles). The timeframe, as will become apparent, is Season 3, just after the episode "Kingdom Come."

It was his hands, she'd decided after obsessing for more time than she'd care to admit. The incredibly long fingers, longer than most men's, tipped with pale, almost white fingernails. Once she'd noticed his hands, and his fingers, she found herself staring at them and it wasn't a leap at all to imagine....

He wasn't her type. Not at all.

Ken Sawyer was definitely her type. Tall, dark, square jawed with beautiful eyes and a friendly, easy charm that had hooked her before he'd even opened his mouth. And then he'd started talking and she was a goner. She loved how his shiny brown hair curled just a little at the base of his neck and around his ears. He'd pursued her like something out of a fairytale and she'd been suckered like a punch.

If she'd just taken off in the Santini Air chopper after he'd gotten out, she could have spoiled his plan to use her to get Airwolf. She'd been confused and annoyed with his sudden landing and cryptic statement but hadn't even conceived that he was doing anything other than setting down and meeting the people in that van.

So maybe her judgment was a little impaired and maybe she had just left herself open to the first knight on a white horse who happened along to save her. Or on a white yacht, if she remembered the boat correctly.

He was too old for a start, closer to fifty than forty, and she was closer to thirty.

She didn't actually see what the device strapped to her had displayed but based on the look on both men's faces, she knew it wasn't good. Babe, or Henry, had gone pale and sweaty and Michael's eye had widened and then he'd tensed as if physically preparing himself. Neither of them had even made an attempt to run from the bomb and she still wasn't sure if it was because they didn't want to leave her or if they'd been struck by the kind of panicked incomprehension that freezes you in place.

Heart beating like a sparrow's, she'd kept her eyes glued to Michael's face realizing their fate in the look of resignation and then acceptance that she saw there.

And then everything changed again and before she'd understood that they weren't about to die, Babe was unstrapping the bomb from her body and Michael was pulling her to her feet and enclosing her in his arms. She wrapped her arms around his neck and hung on for dear life, afraid that her legs were shaking too hard to hold her up and that she might still possibly pee from sheer terror.

Of course he'd never even consider her in that way, not when he was surrounded by leggy blondes and gorgeous redheads and stunningly beautiful brunettes, all of whom had advanced degrees and were *tall*, sometimes taller than he was and they wore designer outfits and outrageous heels.

But when his arms had encircled her and his fingers spread across her back, she felt a flush that had almost nothing to do with relief.

He'd walked her out onto the pier, an arm wrapped around her waist and she'd held onto his hand like it was the only thing keeping her from disintegrating into a thousand little shards of fear and humiliation. Plus it was solid and warm and she felt for herself the power in those long fingers.

She wouldn't mind feeling that again.

She'd exhausted her brain thinking of possible scenarios where it could work, where he'd look at her and see a woman deserving of a second glance and then a third, instead of a silly little thing that had needed rescuing – again – because of her involvement with Airwolf and with Dominic and String and because she'd wanted so badly to believe that a man like Ken Sawyer had appeared to be, both existed and would want her.

But if her brain hadn't been able to come up with a flight plan to happily ever after, it was scary how it managed to come up with such detailed imaginings. They left her body so sensitized that a light breeze against her skin was almost painful and she was so jumpy that Dominic and String were keeping a wary distance.

Logic went right out the door. There was no logical reason for her to be walking into his office and no logical reason that he'd rise from his desk, a smile widening across his face and his eye lighting up as he saw her approach. But logic didn't have any real place in fantasies in the first place so she hushed it when it kept trying to intrude and spoil things.

His lips parted as if he was going to speak but he didn't speak, just reached out with his left hand. She looked at that hand for a second, suddenly breathless, before tentatively touching it with her right hand. Palms met and his fingers closed over hers. She licked her lips, more out

of nerves than to flirt or draw his eye to her lips, but it did anyway and *that* sparked such a rush that her heart made its rhythm conspicuous in her chest.

“Caitlin,” he said, low and husky and so pleased to see her that she felt her heartbeat in other parts of her body as well.

He used her hand to reel her in and wrapped his right arm around her, right hand fully splayed across her back and she resented the silk blouse that she wore, wanting the more direct contact. He leaned forward and lowered his head, his lips just barely touching hers. His mustache added texture to the kiss, titillating the nerve endings around her mouth. He tasted like coffee and something else, something that must be just Michael. She pushed upward with her lips, making it clear that she wanted more and then lost herself in feeling without thought, just floating along and melting into his mouth and his body.

When she came back to herself, she realized that her hands had been busy, touching his back, rubbing his shoulder blades, sweeping up and down in exploration. Too many layers, she’d concluded after her fingers had mapped the topography, not the actuality. He was a man with a lot of protective barriers.

They broke away for air, still entwined enough that his warm breath made her bangs flutter.

“Tell me what you want, Cait.”

“I want you to undress me.” In her fantasies she could actually say what she wanted, even if her voice still shook a little. “I want you to lay me down across your desk,” and she shivered as she gave voice to it, “and I want you to touch me. *Everywhere.*”

Those fingers moved quickly, unbuttoning her blouse and pushing it back off her shoulders and then unhooking her bra. She lost track of the state of her clothes as his lips touched a point just under her left ear and started working downward. He smoothed her hair back and then his hands started their own unfettered exploration, tracing the hollow above her collarbone with his fingers and then his tongue as his hands moved to her breasts.

They were large hands, each encompassing a breast and his fingers spread, the heat from his palms made her nipples harden even before a finger lightly touched one.

“Oh God.”

At least that’s what she thought she said but it sounded like an incoherent moan as those fingers brought her flesh alive, touching every inch of her skin, one hand always on or near a breast while the other traced light rhythmic circles or long gentle strokes on her arms, her shoulders, her back, her belly. She moaned again, vaguely aware that she was leaning back against his desk. It seemed only natural to wrap a hand around his neck and pull him with her

as she leaned further back until she was lying atop his desk, scattering the papers and documents in her wake.

She was naked, completely and utterly exposed and he was still fully dressed, something she hadn't realized until he stood with a cloth-clad erection pressed against her inner thigh. She'd never had sex on such unequal terms and while she wanted to see him naked, she was also incredibly aroused at the thought of being taken by Archangel in his 'uniform.'

His mouth closed on her left nipple and she cried out, the pleasure of a hot mouth applying suction exceeded only when she felt a finger slip between her legs and begin a thorough exploration of her vulva. The finger traced the soft ridges of her labia, stroking gently and then more firmly, joined finally by a second finger and then a third, all as gentle and as powerful as she'd anticipated, as she'd dreamed. Tiny currents of internal electricity were running throughout her body, which jerked upward at the touch of a one of those amazing fingers to her clitoris. It was a teasing touch, there and then gone, circling the base and then a light brush of the head as she panted and moaned.

"Oh God, oh, *please...*"

She felt him hum as if amused *through* her nipple, to which his mouth was still attached, sucking and nibbling while his free hand made sure her other breast was not ignored. Those clever fingers increased their pace of exploration, increased the pressure and frequency of the strokes to her clit, the finger no longer teasing but now devoted to its purpose. Another finger probed, gained entry and slipped into her vagina, followed by yet another.

Tremors were racing through her body, small muscular contractions and spasms that started in her legs and then shuddered up her torso, spreading to her shoulders and then down her arms. She clawed at his back, grabbing the silken back of his vest with one hand and pulling his shirt up from where it had been neatly tucked and tightening her fist in his shirttails as the orgasm hit.

She screamed into his mouth as it suddenly covered hers and then into the crook of his neck, her mouth wide open, desperately in need of oxygen to help her on the ride back down.

He kissed her on the mouth, down her neck and trailed kisses down her body, through the cleft of her breasts, ending at her belly before he glanced up at her.

She was glad to see that he looked a little disheveled too, even still fully clothed. His hair was askew, lips swollen and red, the pupil in his eye was enlarged and he was panting.

She reached for his belt, holding his gaze as she eased the leather strap through the buckle, as she pulled it completely from the trouser loops. Her fingers were shaking as she undid the clasp of his trousers and gently tugged at the pull of his zipper, all too aware that his penis was straining against the metal teeth and cloth and had to be painfully sensitized.

His breathing was becoming more ragged and he broke away from her gaze to hang his head.

She rested her hands on his hipbones for a second, and ran each thumb up and down the bone, taking pleasure in the havoc she wrecked on his breathing, before pulling and pushing his trousers down.

Briefs, of course. She'd expected as much. While she preferred boxers, it would be impossible to wear them with such tightly fitting white trousers.

She pulled out the front of the briefs and slipped a hand inside, cupping his penis and protecting it as the other hand pulled the briefs down with a sharp tug.

He made a sound that might have been a moan but could have been a whimper and pressed his mouth against her left shoulder, mouthing it with his lips and teeth.

She ran her thumb up the underside of his penis, stroking the head, and then a fingertip down the upper side to its base. She wrapped a fist around the base of his penis as the fingers from her right hand cupped and gently caressed his scrotum.

He groaned against her shoulder and then in a voice that was almost unrecognizable, said her name.

She licked her lips and smiled. "Say it again."

"Caitlin, *please*."

She wanted this, she wanted this man at the edge of need, wanted him almost begging to do exactly what she wanted him to do.

"Michael," she said. Even knowing it was exactly what they both wanted, it wasn't always easy to say it. Even inside a fantasy. "I *want* you." It wasn't love after all and she wasn't a heroine in a silly romance novel that would beg for the hero to take her. She knew exactly what she wanted, even if she couldn't always say it in real life. "And I don't want you to treat me like I'm some fragile, breakable thing. Don't hold back."

She lay back on his desk and then slid forward, just enough. He leaned over her, resting his weight on his arms and his eye searched her face. She smiled up at him, nodded, and then reached down and guided the head of his penis inside her. He moved, a small jerk that eased him further inside her and she gasped. She'd forgotten, at least for a moment, the body heat that accompanied the pleasurable sense of being filled, of being stretched, and just how good it feels to have a penis enter you even before it starts moving.

Michael kissed her, long and deep, and then slowly pushed inside, a series of small, controlled thrusts until she felt his groin pressed against hers.

Her right hand slipped under his shirt, shoving it upward so she could finally explore the skin of his back and her left hand gripped the edge of the desk as he started thrusting. She was still incredibly sensitized and each time the base of his penis pressed against the entrance to her vagina, she felt tiny little shocks, as much pain as pleasure, throughout her vulva.

She knew the other words, the dirty words, the sexy words – cunt, cock, fuck, dick, pussy – and while part of her mind thrilled at the thought of shedding deeply ingrained taboos, she couldn't bring herself to say them. Even inside her head. She said, "I want you," when what she wanted to say, what she meant was, "I want you to fuck me so hard that I won't be able to walk straight afterwards, so that I completely lose all sense of time and space. *Please.*"

Oh, God, she thought, trying and failing to catch her breath as he moved his weight entirely onto his right arm, and cupped her breast with his left hand, thumb circling and teasing her nipple again. She wrapped her legs around his waist and moved upward, rocking with him as he moved inside her, meeting each thrust. She could hear his breath stutter and gasp as she ran her right hand down his spine to his ass, admiring the firm buttocks, the toned muscles. She pinched, not too hard, just to see what would happen. He made a sound more pleasure than pain but it threw off his rhythm, if only momentarily. He ground against her and she moaned, loudly, unashamedly.

"Yes," he said. "Tell me what you want, what you like."

"Harder," she whispered.

He thrust again, harder, changing the angle slightly and the sparks spread upward from her trembling thighs.

"Oh God," she said, and then, "don't hold back."

As if he understood what she wasn't saying, what she truly wanted, his hand left her breast and he straightened. Hands gripping her hips, her ass, he pulled her up off the desk, turning her hips slightly and then thrust downward, hard and fast.

She was a pilot, she understood angles and trajectories but as he thrust again, her right brain took control and all she could do was feel, only sensations mattered. *Deep,* her frazzled brain managed. *My God, no one's ever been this deeply inside me.*

She made an incoherent sound that she hoped he understood meant *yes, more, please, just like that...*

She felt the small contractions start, growing, spreading until her limbs were trembling and she was thankful that she was lying down because she couldn't possibly stand up as he pounded into her. He was thrusting faster now and she knew from the way his chest was rising and falling and the sounds he was making that he was close, that he was going to come any moment. She thought of him coming inside her so very deeply, of *Michael's* semen flooding her insides and it was this thought, oddly, that pushed her over the edge.

She didn't actually black out but there was a period of time when she *felt* so strongly that her consciousness seemed to have gone offline. His cry, hoarse and more growl than shout, brought her awareness back and she felt him freeze momentarily and then thrust jerkily inside of her until he stilled again and then after a minute, still breathing hard, gently lowered her hips and ass back down onto the desk.

I did that, she thought with glee. She wrapped her hands around his neck, one hand slipping into his hair, and pulled his head down to hers, kissing him with a mouth as wet and open as she was elsewhere. She had his tongue in her mouth and his penis, starting to soften, inside her body and she couldn't remember being happier or more satisfied.

"Caitlin," he said softly.

She hummed a reply, through her smile.

"Caitlin," he said a little louder.

"Yes, Michael."

"Caitlin!" And this time the voice was sharper and louder and definitely not Michael Coldsmith Briggs.

She opened her eyes to find Hawke regarding her with narrowed eyes and a disbelieving glare.

"You're back," she said, a little weakly.

She hadn't been expecting them back for another... she glanced at the clock. Wow, time had definitely flown by today, which was kind of appropriate since it was an airfield. She giggled and then shrunk a little in her seat, as Hawke's glare grew stronger and even more disbelieving.

"Sorry," she shrugged. "I must have been day dreaming."

"That must have been some day dream," he said, suspicion coloring every note. "Any particular reason why you called me Michael?"

And they thought those acting classes were a waste of time.

"I did?" She shrugged again. "I thought I said String. Must have gotten mixed up because I was going to ask how your meeting went with Michael."

Hawke scowled and gave her a hard look. "Change of plans. He's coming here."

Her breath caught and heart stuttered.

"He...He is?" She felt the flush rising from her neck and quickly rose to her feet. "You can fill me in when I get back. Just have to run to the ladies room."

As she headed towards the back, she heard Dominic gently telling Hawke to let it go.

"So she was day dreaming? So what?"

She made a detour to her locker, for that spare set of underwear she kept there.

"Whatever it was, it seems to have made her happy. Probably some guy she's mooning over."

"Yeah," Hawke said dourly. "That's exactly what I'm afraid of."

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**Prompt:** Airwolf, Caitlin/Michael, Ever since he rescued her from the mad bomber, she's fantasized about what it would be like.



