



Ardath Rekha's Fan Fiction

Book Editions

Surprise Present



By Ardath Rekha

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Synopsis: A newly-confident Jack decides she wants to give Riddick a very special gift...

Category: Fan Fiction

Fandom: *Pitch Black*

Series: None

Challenges: None

Rating: X

Orientation: Het (PWP)

Pairing: Riddick/Jack

Warnings: Explicit Sexual Content, BDSM

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Jack slipped under Riddick's clean sheets, loving the feel of them against her bare skin. She smiled, imagining the look on his face when he came home and found her here. With deft fingers, she prepared the bonds for her wrists, and then secured them. Now she was immobile... and ready for her new Master.

She closed her eyes, imagining the things she'd seen on the tape. There had been dozens of couples on it, but they all had two important things in common... first, they all had the man dominating the woman... and second, the couples always looked like him... and her. Finding that tape had been a revelation that had brightened everything in her life to a blistering shine.

For a while she recalled specific acts from the video, wondering if he would do them to her. Would he hold her down and ram into her at a breakneck pace until her screams of pleasure could not be contained? Maybe he would press her against the wall instead...

Would he bite? She had loved the biting sequences. One of the videos had been taken from a vampire movie and hadn't even featured nudity... well, until he'd cut in a VERY explicit sex scene right after it, that had flowed so well for a moment she'd thought it was still the same movie. She wondered if he would bite her throat while he buried himself inside her... and her back arched with anticipation.

Soon she would find out. Jack closed her eyes and dreamt about the things they might do, growing wetter and wetter. And then an enormous thrill passed through her body as she heard his step in the hall, and the sound of the door handle turning. In a moment... at last... she would be his.

Riddick had had a hard day. Full of aggravation and disappointments, nothing had gone right at all. He'd consoled himself with the thought of watching his *special* tape tonight, and perhaps even later looking in on Jack as she slept and imagining having the nerve to tell her how he felt. He trudged up the stairs, into his room... and stopped short, transfixed by the sight before him.

Slowly, unbelieving, he moved forward. Before him was something he'd never imagined he'd be lucky enough to see. Jack, his beautiful, fragile Jack, tied to his bed. And the look in her eyes as she gazed up at him... He was completely, achingly hard in a second.

"What are you doing here?" he whispered, awed and afraid that the sound of his own voice would somehow shiver reality back into its prior form, the girl before him becoming once more unreachable, untouchable...

"Waiting for you," she replied, clear green eyes open and guileless. He'd been propositioned by pros before, but had never received a more alluring look than the genuine, innocent longing on her face.

Slowly, his hand moved to the sheet covering her body and drew it down, revealing her nakedness. He sat down beside her, gazing at her in awe. Slender and pale, there was a delicate beauty to her that made him think of a fine porcelain doll... *'Assuming anyone ever made a porcelain doll who was this perfectly sexy...'*

He'd always wondered what her body looked like. Now he knew... sleek, creamy, and so delicate that for a moment he was afraid to touch her lest she break in his hands.

"And why," he asked, fascinated by what her answer might be, "are you tied up?"

In response she nodded a little, pointing with her head towards his video screen. It was dark, but something was on repeat-play in his recorder. He switched on the screen with the remote, and gasped. She'd found the tape. The special tape.

His mind reeled with the implications. He'd never so much as told her how he felt, nor had he ever told her what his interests were. But she'd found the tape, somehow. Probably, he realized, because if he wasn't mistaken, she wanted him as much as he wanted her, and had been snooping through *his* room the way he often did through *hers*.

He knew the size, shape, texture and scent of every piece of her clothing, and which perfumes and bits of makeup she liked best. He'd never nerved himself up to buy her gifts of that kind... not even for her eighteenth birthday... but he'd marked down what she liked best, and what she bookmarked and circled in magazines. The one thing he'd never been able to get into was her diary.

She, apparently, had had much better luck in his room. A smile quirked his lips. "You know," he told her conversationally, "Snooping is the kind of thing that can get a girl punished." The look of delight that sparked in her eyes almost made him come on the spot.

Now, finally, he knew he could touch her with impunity. He didn't need a second invitation. Resting his hands for a moment on the flat plane of her stomach, he stroked upwards until he had one of her small breasts captured beneath the palm of each hand. "What should I do first? The possibilities are endless."

Jack purred softly beneath his touch, pressing up to meet his hands. "Anything you want, Riddick... I'm yours."

Riddick leaned down, shaking his head just a little. "You aren't, not yet..." His mouth brushed hers as he continued talking. "But you're going to be." Any answer she might have given was prevented by his devouring kiss.