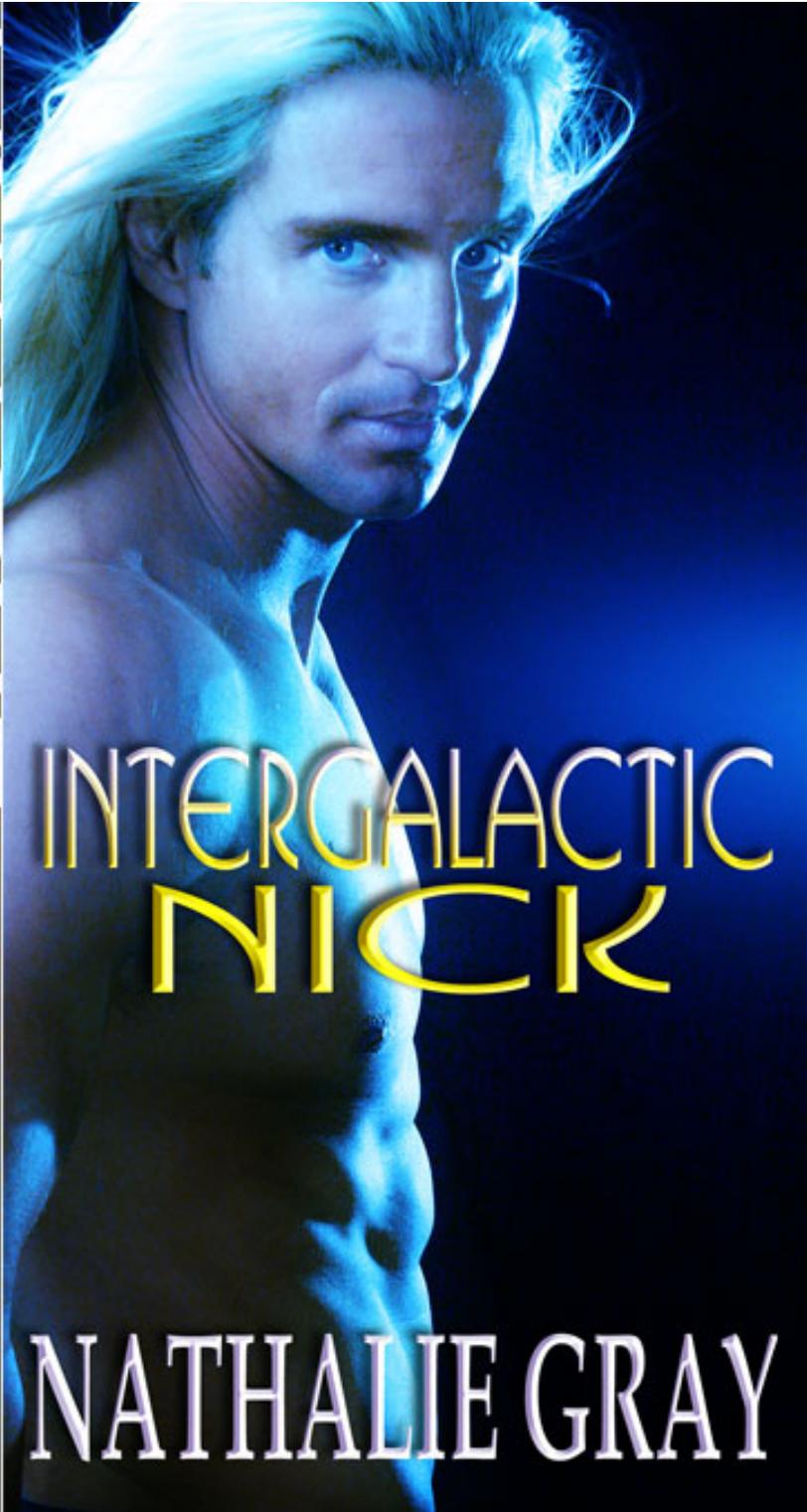


ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



INTERGALACTIC  
NICK

NATHALIE GRAY

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Intergalactic Nick

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# *INTERGALACTIC NICK*

**Nathalie Gray**

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## Chapter One

Louisa “Lulu” Bertrand leaned her chin against her palm as she flicked through the security stills from the video her informant had snuck to her. Snuck because she was a security expert and not a police officer, retired on top of things, and shouldn’t have access to these. The year before, sick of the rampant politics of her profession, she’d decided to finish her contract then get out. At thirty-nine and after twenty years in the security profession, Lulu should have something better to do than sift through surveillance stills, looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. She should be traveling, seeing the system. She was smart and available.

Right?

Wrong. Despite the occasional urge to find herself a second career – not for financial reasons but mostly out of pride – there was nothing Lulu would rather do than try to catch the sly –

“Oh?” she murmured, snapping her chair down on four legs to take a better look at the screen.

*Nah. False alarm.*

So she kept looking, rubbing her eyes and looking some more. He had to be there. Somewhere. With a smirk on his face.

*The prick.*

On the stills appeared a landing bay, a view of the space station beyond the panoramic window – New Tokyo was so distinctive with its gleaming buildings and jagged skyline – and several passengers milling about. At the far end of the crowd stood a lone woman, long dark hair screaming “professional hair care”. Lulu was sure her weekly investment income and a bottle of the gal’s shampoo had the same number of zeroes, never mind the pro hands that had styled the fine hair. An expensive-looking

suitcase on remote control followed her like an obedient yellow polymer dog. Lulu rubbed her eyes. Where the hell was *he*? Her informant had been adamant *he'd* been there. She'd paid good credits for these stills and if *he* wasn't there...hell would take on a whole new meaning for the informant. She yawned, clicked to the next still.

Her heart skipped.

"There you are," she murmured, heart pounding with the adrenaline spike.

A tall and well-built man, the All Shoulder Swimmer Build, stood a few paces behind the rich woman, frozen in the picture as he grinned a lopsided one, that insufferable air of complete confidence just oozing out of every pore. Icy blue eyes, blond hair—long nowadays—tied in a smooth ponytail. Were those highlights? Nice. Suited his classic features well.

Lulu isolated the man's image and magnified it until his face alone occupied her screen. That damn smirk.

*It's him all right.*

The smoothest, sneakiest, most elusive criminal this side of the Percival System. Polyglot, suave, *skilled* beyond words according to his victims. A twenty-fourth century Don Juan, a Casanova and a gentleman thief. To her he was an embezzler, a crook who preyed on rich women, supposedly brought them to new heights of pleasure then stole their money. None of them had ever wanted to press charges either, which burned Lulu to the highest degree. Not because they were ashamed of having been conned but because they hoped he'd visit them again. Argh! Airheads all of them! Vain, plastic-boobed, long-legged, perfectly toned, rich, pampered...

*Anyway. Movin' on.*

He was her only failure in her otherwise stellar career as a security expert. "But I have you now."

She'd never been able to get such a good shot of him. After six years, three months and one week, Lulu had come close—oh-so close, sometimes she could still smell his intoxicating cologne—to catching him, but he'd always managed to slip through her

fingers. Not this time. Nuh-uh. One of her informants had helped a great deal in ID-ing him, even held the key to his capture.

Lulu leaned back in her chair and smiled at the screen. Her plan would work this time. She'd perfected and polished it, rehearsed her part. She'd already sprung the trap, but he was probably too cocky and full of himself to even notice.

"Your days are numbered, Intergalactic Nick." She checked her watch. "Nah. Make that your *hours*."

\* \* \* \* \*

Nick tenderly kissed the dark-haired woman's ankle as she slept off the exhaustion of a night with the best lover in the galaxy. And the humblest. Ha.

Grinning, he slipped his latest victim's ID strip in his jacket and gently closed the door to their hotel room. Her treat, she'd insisted. Who was he to refuse such a gem? Actually, he never refused such a gracious gift...nor such a lovely donor. How he loved ladies. The better half of the species, if anyone asked him! He'd love nothing better than to bed each one of them. Tall ones, short ones, plump or slender, pale or dark ones. All of them at once!

And as much as he loved the company of ladies, he abhorred his own gender. If he'd been born female, he would've been a lesbian. He *loathed* men and how most of them treated their ladies with less than the utmost respect and tenderness. They couldn't even be bothered to learn how to pleasure ladies in ways they couldn't do themselves—fingers and toys could only do so much! Nothing would ever replace the real thing.

How many men knew about the extremely sensitive spot at the base of a lady's spine? Not many. *Raise your hand, men, if you can make a lady come with your pinky. Anyone? That's what I thought.* He should open a school of love.

*Intergalactic Nick's Love Academy.*

It had a nice taste in his mouth, which reminded him, this woman had had the most piquant juice. Mm-mm. And to say she'd confessed none of her lovers before him had taken their time with her pussy. He'd eaten her more thoroughly than even he usually did just to make up for her inept boyfriends. He was many things, but an inept lover he was not.

And he knew she wouldn't press charges against him either when she realized he'd stolen from her. He wouldn't steal everything. Just enough. Not a single one of his grateful "victims" had ever pressed charges, to the authorities' undying frustration. Speaking of which, he hoped his delicious Chief Lulu was having fun masturbating to his image. He'd known he was being recorded at the spaceport and had made sure to grace her with his best smirk and better angle—he was all good angles anyway. If other women willingly fell into his arms and bed, this one was forever beyond his—considerable, thank you very much—*skill*. As much as he'd love to get his hands on her curvaceous, mature and...

Whew, he was getting excited just thinking about his African queen. Well, Bermudian queen more aptly.

"Down, boy," he told Mr. Dick, who'd come up to watch what the fuss was about. He could almost hear him. "*Oh Chief Lulu again? She's beyond our long, burning-hot, extra-veiny-for-heightened-sensations reach, Nick. You should know that. Stay within our range and forget the delectable lady.*"

*Very dangerous lady.*

He'd never run out of adjectives for his Chief Lulu, the woman he'd elected Queen to His All-Time Hall of Bodacious Ladies, Empress of Any and All Things Delicious and Good, Madame La Most Luscious.

Mr. Dick and he shared a head-bobbing jolt of excitement just imagining her lips. And the brains on that woman! Whew! Made it even better.

Nick couldn't count the times he'd escaped by the seat of his pants. There was one occasion, he was still inside—literally—his latest prowess...er...her *home*,

anyway...when Chief Lulu had come barging into the room next door, gun and undoubtedly eyes ready to kill him in an assortment of painful ways.

*Wouldn't mind a spanking actually. Got to put that on our wish list. Anyway...*

Only he hadn't been there but in the next apartment over. Fortunately, by the time she'd realized her informant had been incorrect—*he* was one of her informants, a clever ploy he'd mastered over the six years of their cat-and-mouse game—Nick was able to hightail it out of the building, jump roofs then get to his ship. He'd gunned the engines to say the least! They were probably still peeling titanium plating off the concrete roof.

*Poor Chief Lulu.*

Mr. Dick thought so too. *Tsk-tsk.*

Still grinning from his latest accomplishment, Nick sauntered down the hall, slipped into his own room. Then for a quick shower and thorough cleaning of the room to make sure nothing would be traced back to him. Confident he'd sanitized the place, he checked out at the automated booth down the hall. A nighttime steward passed him, bringing a tray of refreshments to some lucky couple who'd wake together, morning breath and all. With a sigh, Nick stepped inside the elevator. Just once he'd love to wake beside a lover and talk about sex and clothes and...well...him!

With a ping, the stainless steel booth took him down the hundred stories to the deserted lobby, which he crossed without raising his face to the many cameras undoubtedly hidden in flowerpots—a classic—and crystals arrangements. Chief Lulu had probably outdone herself. She could undoubtedly tell she was close this time, closer than she'd ever been. Thanks to her "informant". Him.

*Oh the look on her face will be priceless.*

Pretending to riffle through the pockets of his jacket when he exited the hotel, Nick surveyed the scene through his bangs. She wouldn't have police backup, not since her retirement the year before—even she wouldn't be able to pull that sort of favor. But she'd have cameras and had certainly commandeered securitybots to post all over the perimeter, waiting to fire stunner darts at him. No one he knew could commandeer

anything. But his Chief Lulu, she could, and look good doing it too. He wondered yet again if she enjoyed being fucked from behind or if she was a girl-on-top kind of woman. Nick licked his lips. He'd have her any which way she enjoyed and would be happy for the rest of his life. Mmm. That luscious, shapely, smooth-skinned –

“Sir?” a woman said from behind him.

*Ah, The Diversion. Perfectly timed, Chief Lulu.*

Nick turned, already pumped at the coming cop-and-robbers chase – the fantasy of getting his hands on Chief Lulu would sustain him for months – and grinned at the cute little twenty-something with the phoniest “woe is me, I’m lost in a big city” expression on her freckled face. Had Chief Lulu demanded the freckles, he wondered. For authenticity. Such a perfectionist.

“Yes, madam?” She was far from a “madam” but flattery came so easily to him.

The Diversion blushed, held a plastic map to him and pointed nowhere near the right spot.

*Good actress.*

“Could you tell me where the Appolinaire Fine Arts Museum is? I’m supposed to meet my boyfriend there.”

*At five in the morning? Riiiiight.* Why did everyone unfailingly think gorgeous people were dumb?

“Sure,” Nick replied, leaning over the map, all the while keeping an eye out for Chief Lulu’s other diversionary tactics. She was a sneaky one. “It’s right there, see? Where the boulevard ends? And make sure not to miss the collection of erotic art. It’s very...*uplifting.*”

*Another pretty blush. Awww, full points for that little performance.*

“Thanks, sir.”

“No problem. You should call a shuttle though. It’s a fair walk.”

“I’ll be fine, sir. Thanks again!”

The Diversion whirled around—Nick thanked every deity in the book for flared skirts—and rushed across the street. Although Mr. Dick and he both agreed The Diversion, as cute and limber as she looked, was nowhere near as luscious as Chief Lulu. Young women left him tingly but that was all, whereas women in full bloom left him panting and near testosterone-induced delirium.

He had half a mind to follow her if only for the sheer pleasure of getting a glimpse of Chief Lulu. But just in case she'd thought of that and had goons lying in wait, he resisted and instead marched up the gentle incline to the booth where an automated elevator would take him up to the landing pads atop the hotel.

That was when the fine hairs on the back of his neck rose.

"Excuse me again. Sir?"

*Ah-ha!* The Diversion, Act Two. This would be fun. He turned back, a smile creeping up.

*Oh?*

Instead of the friendly freckled face, he saw a man.

*We're not into men, Chief Lulu, you know that. Men are pigs who scratch themselves then eat with the same fingers, who whistle as women walk by and think they're being appreciative.*

Men were also prone to throwing punches around. Dammit!

Nick sidestepped just in time to block a vicious thrust for his belly. The cute little thing was back and with her boyfriend apparently.

*A knife?! Chief Lulu isn't playing anymore!*

The knife-wielding man with mean eyes and one bad haircut took a step sideways, probably in the hopes of circumventing Nick's long reach. The Diversion held a stunner in a steady, practiced hand. She probably gave killer hand jobs. Not that he'd put Mr. Dick anywhere near the treacherous little thing.

Had Chief Lulu grown desperate enough to hire real thugs to come after him? He couldn't believe it!

“Gimme your wallet, asshole,” sneered the man. He spat on the ground.

Nick cringed. *This* was why he loathed men. Had anyone ever seen a woman do something this disgusting? Of course not. Ladies, *they* knew how to use tissues and toilet paper, *they* knew about germs and hand-washing and about the need for a good night cream, *they*’d learned to sit like civilized life forms, not slouch like beer-drinking slobs.

Nick snorted. “Ex...cuse me?”

“Your wallet, man, give it over,” replied the insolent thing eyeballing him up and down. Why did that cute girl go out with such a revolting thug? Ugh.

Nick was instantly pissed off. “You must think I’m stupid,” he snarled. “Give me that, you little shit.”

He reached for the knife, which The Thug pulled away at the last second before going for another stab at his belly. Good thing Nick was used to avoiding angry boyfriends and menfolk in general. Yet he still managed to slash Nick’s jacket under the arm.

*Okay, that does it.*

“This,” Nick said, slowly rubbing his sleeves up over his forearms. “Is one-hundred-percent wool, which you can’t find anywhere off Earth. Cost me a fortune to ship and worse to clean. You ruined it. Now I have to hurt you.” Turning to the young woman, he shrugged. “I’m sorry.”

“Just give us the wallet,” the girl spat, all the prettiness in the world unable to mask the filth in her soul.

Nick wanted to shake his head. Such a shame.

But he hadn’t become Intergalactic Nick, inter-station swimming champion twice in a row, cat-burglar part-time and lover extraordinaire full-time by sitting on his—exceptionally fine—ass, eating fries and drinking beer. He was in shape. And he could kick thug butt.

“If you want it, come and get it.”

The Thug lunged deep and fast. Nick would’ve sniffed in distaste had he not been fighting for his chic, genuine synthleather wallet. A sharp kick to the inside of The Thug’s thigh dropped him like the sack of shit he was. After a particularly well-executed aikido joint-lock—the holo course was finally paying off—Nick had the knife in one hand and a fistful of the guy’s hair in the other. Yuk. Gel-petrified hair too. Didn’t they know it makes one’s hair brittle and dry?

“You tell Chief Lulu she’s gone too far this time. I don’t respond well to these crude—”

*Ouch, dammit.*

He couldn’t draw breath.

*Um. Strange.*

And why was the concrete ground coming up at him? He should put a hand in front of his face or he’d be disfigured for days. His aristocratic nose, perfect teeth! Oh no...

Strangely, hitting the pavement all the way up from his six-four height didn’t hurt as much as he’d thought. That or he could no longer feel his body.

She’d shot him? In the back?!

*Great. Just great.*

They’d mug him, yank at his clothes, mess his hair. He’d be found dead looking like any other lowlife out there. How insulting! Chief Lulu hadn’t hired them after all. They were real ruffians, not diversions. Damn.

With a snarled curse, Nick’s vision shrank to a sliver then to nothing at all.

Mr. Dick as usual had the last word. *I hope they’re not into necrophilia...*

\* \* \* \* \*

His nose itched. Nick tried to scratch it but couldn’t reach his face.

The thugs!

He snapped forward only to realize he was already sitting with his arms wide open and bonked his head when he leaned back against something harder than his skull. Looking around, he saw gray swivel seats bolted to the deck on either side of him, workstations about ten feet in front of him blinking softly and three dormant, rectangular viewscreens beyond the consoles. He was on a ship then. And not his own either. Plushy purple dice? Please.

A quick peek revealed someone had stripped him down to his suit pants and tie-wrapped his wrists to the pipes running along the bulkhead. With a good yank, he figured he'd manage to break the tie-wraps but would probably cut his skin. But then again, he wouldn't need to, would he? Of course not. He could talk his way out of anything. Tie-wraps included.

"Hello?" he croaked, coughed then bent forward so he could see around a narrow hatch to his left. "*Pardonnez-moi?* I was robbed! I think you have the wrong man here."

A woman chuckled somewhere beyond the hatch. The soft, throaty purr was the sexiest thing he'd ever heard. It even beat the high soprano some of his ladies could reach. His name was eminently screamable. *Niiiiick!* Ha.

"Well, madam," he said through his best "you delicious thing you, get over here" grin. "I don't know about you, but I *love* handcuffs. I have a pair at home. Fuzzy ones...*pink*. You'd love them. But tie-wraps...well, not so much."

Movement from within the darkened hatch forced him to twist his neck all the way to the left. A feminine silhouette pierced the shadows beyond the hatch. Curvy, muscled, tall. Yum! Then she crossed her arms and took a step forward. Even if he could see only her outline, he would've recognized Chief Lulu among a thousand beauties.

Mr. Dick recognized her too and would've danced a jig had he had feet. *Oh look, look, it's her*, he'd say if he could.

"Chief, how have you been? I'm so very happy to see you."

“I can see that.”

He looked down, noticed the tent pitched over his lap and grinned wider. So the Bedouins were in town, huh?

“I’m glad you can. He’s hard to miss.”

*Good one*, Mr. Dick commented. Smug little – big – thing.

“You realize, ‘Intergalactic Nick’, that you won’t get away this time,” Chief Lulu said as she entered the bridge and stood right in front of him. She wore one of those hideous coveralls things that hid her delicious form, those heavy breasts, which nothing, not even ugly brown tarp-like cloth, could hide. He remembered her hair being longer. She had it cropped close to her perfectly round skull and twisted into tiny little knots.

*Suuuu-perb.*

Looking at all those curves almost made him dizzy. His hands tingled with the urge to grab at her hips, curve her spine and fuck her.

*Dream on*, Mr. Dick thought appropriate to remark. *She’d kick you in the balls and sit on your chest until you cried “auntie”!*

“Nothing to say? That’s not like you, Nick.”

“Mmm, that’s because I’m busy undressing you. Do you wear a thong or sexy lingerie?”

“Aren’t they both the same?”

He grinned. “Not to a *grand connoisseur* like *moi*.”

Was that a smile? He would’ve patted himself on the back had his hands not been tie-wrapped to the pipes.

Despite the workstations’ faint amber light, he saw she wore lip gloss. Chief Lulu wore makeup? He’d always thought she was an *au naturel* kind of beauty. It suited her just fine though. Speaking of which, she smelled of fresh soap and shampoo. Something lavenderish. Mmm.

She dug her hand in her pocket and produced the ID strip he'd taken from his sleeping conquest. "So I guess I finally have proof."

He shrugged. "This proves nothing, O Clever One. I've never seen it before."

"Your fingerprints are all over it, O Screwed One."

He loved a woman who could dish it out! Nothing stoked his blood quicker than a good bit of verbal tennis, especially if the adversary wore lip gloss.

*And is called Lulu*, added Mr. Dick, pushing up against the pants by another notch.

"I doubt it," Nick replied. "Unless they were planted there while I slept off a stunner attack, planted I say, by a *retired*, frustrated security chief hell-bent on pinning a string of unresolved —"

"Okay, okay, dammit. I get it. I'll let the lawyers sort you out then."

Nick smiled wide. "I was hoping *you'd* be the one to 'sort me out'. Did you search me? I could be hiding a weapon...hell, I *am* hiding a weapon. Mr. Dick is very dangerous."

Chief Lulu rolled her lovely hazel eyes. "Mr. Dick? You *named* your penis? Please."

Nick nodded. "And it feels as though two men are fucking you at once. Women love it. Dick and Nick."

She chuckled again, the velvety sound caressing his entire being. He could tell he'd scored a point there because Chief Lulu glanced at his crotch, had a slight flare to her nostrils then looked away. He wondered if her nipples were getting hard. Difficult to tell with that awful thing she wore. What he wouldn't give to finally live his old fantasy and wrap his lips around one of her undoubtedly extra-delicious nipples and suck until he passed out from a brain embolus. He wouldn't mind dying if he was lucky enough to fuck her first. Damn, he wanted her so much it hurt. His six-year-long crush. His first and only.

*Danger, danger, danger*, announced Mr. Dick.

*Shh*, he replied mentally. *I'm working*.

Chief Lulu cocked her head, narrowed her eyes. "What's your real name anyway?"

"Nicholas Dumouchet. But never mind me, let's talk about you. I'd be willing to bet you enjoy straddling your men and letting your breasts dangle *juuust* out of their reach."

She graced him with a mocking smile and a shake of her head. "You're impossible."

"*Au contraire, ma belle.* I'm very, very possible and unbelievably available too. You just need to untie me." He bounced his eyebrow once. "So do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Let your breasts dangle over your lover's face."

Another grin, this one a bit wider. Nick one, Chief Lulu zero.

"I hope you make them work hard for the smallest taste. I would."

*Oops.*

That was a bit too close to the truth. He'd let slip something important there and hoped she hadn't noticed. Why had he told her that? All that lip gloss was getting to his head. Nick vowed to take better care with his taunts.

Chief Lulu shook her head again but grinned anyway. Whew. Situation under control.

"You're something else, Mr. Dumouchet."

"Oh no, that won't do. Keep calling me Nick...please?"

"Well, Nick, you can call me what you wish from behind bars. I can't wait to see your mug on the news."

"I bet you can't. Hey, I know, you should search me again. Just in case." He flexed his deltoids, spread his legs wider. "I'm a danger to prudish society everywhere. You'd be doing all the tasty ladies I've yet to meet a great service. Go ahead, get your hands full."

"Nah, you're just a thief," she replied with a wave of her hand. "No big fish."

He gasped theatrically. "Chief, you hurt me. Say, I can't see you properly, why don't you come closer?"

"You think I'm stupid?"

"Never. Except for me, you're the smartest person I know. You caught me, remember?"

"And humble too."

"Not in the least."

Nick licked his lips. *Mmm*, those muscled thighs around his waist as he thrust into her. She could dangle her breasts over his face anytime she wished.

He cocked his head at her. "40D."

"Excuse me?"

"Your fine, *fine* breasts. I'd say you wear size 40D. And the rest, mm, let me see. Size twelve, tall? Tell me I'm wrong." Curves, curves, lovely curves.

A dark plum blush spread to her neck and cheeks.

On a roll, Nick spread the fingers of both his hands as if he were weighing ripe cantaloupes. "You see, these don't lie. They're 40D hands." He flexed the fingers for added emphasis.

"You're such an ass when you put your mind to it." Still, she looked at his hands as if she wanted to see just how wide they could go.

"And when I put my mind on *other* things...but I'll let you fill in the blanks."

"I've been filling in the blanks for a while about you," his chocolate-skinned Angel of All Things Good retorted while a crooked smile rounded her cheek. "And now I think I just filled in the last one." She motioned to the tie-wraps.

"A temporary situation, *ma belle*, believe me."

"Ha."

"Say that again, but keep it going."

She laughed.

And if the sound of that throaty laugh just didn't make him want to start humping doorjambs! He was getting horny – it wasn't even funny anymore.

*Never was funny*, Mr. Dick thought good to remark.

"I love how you do that," he said after pursing his lips and hissing a breath. "Makes me all tingly."

"Tingle this." She made a rude gesture.

Nick barked a quick laughter. "Oh you dirty, dirty woman you. I love when women get all dirty. Like when they switch from 'take me' to 'fuck my brains out, big boy'. Mmm."

"You like the sound of your voice, don't you?"

"I like games even better, Chief Lulu. But you already know that," Nick replied while he visually disrobed her and didn't even try to do it discreetly. Did she shave her pussy completely?

*Nah, she's probably a Mohawk kind of gal*, Mr. Dick quipped. Nick agreed.

"Yeah, well, those games were getting old."

"Then why are you still after me even if you're retired?"

"Had to finish what I started, that's all."

"Liar. You enjoy the chase as much as I do."

*Did*. It's over. I caught you."

Nick bounced his eyebrows at her. "Something I'm sure you'd like to celebrate. You can spank me all you want. Better yet, you bring the wine and I'll provide the entertainment."

"*This* is entertaining the hell out of me," she replied with a mocking grin. "I'm enjoying seeing you with your hands tied."

"And I'd *love* to return the favor. Some women didn't even try to undo the knots after I was done with them."

Chief Lulu's grin slid off and for a second she looked hurt. "Yeah, all those women."

"You're not jealous, I hope? You know you're the only one for me, Chief Lulu."

"Why do you steal from women?" she suddenly demanded, the gay sparkle gone.

Mr. Dick said something about "pain" and "danger" and "duck for cover". But Nick didn't always listen to Mr. Dick. Not *always*.

*Well...*

"I discovered young I had a great—huge, I've been told—*gift*," Nick said, shifting his hips just for the pleasure of seeing her watching him do it. "But I work hard at what I do, I'll have you know. Otherwise, I wouldn't be the best and you would've caught me a long time ago. It's been tricky keeping ahead of you all that time."

"I'm sure it was."

*Oh the glacial, glacial tone. She really is pissed.*

"I love women, what can I say. In exchange for the best night of their lives, I figure a small payment is in order."

Chief Lulu looked even angrier for some reason he couldn't explain. Was she just jealous of these women or had he truly been a thorn in her side?

She crossed her arms. "So you're a man-whore."

He felt his own grin crystallize at the edges and fought hard to keep it there. He was shocked to notice he'd balled his hands into fists and wondered at the sudden power this woman had over him—he, the master at self-discipline and evasiveness. Never in his twenty-six years had anyone pushed his buttons so easily. And so deeply. He was sure some of them had stayed stuck.

*I told you she's dangerous*, Mr. Dick said, slowly going back to sleep.

He breathed deeply once and met her gaze. "That was harsh, Louisa."

She didn't seem contrite at all and instead snorted derisively.

“What? It’s what you are, right? You sleep with women for their money. It’s what whores do. A young guy like you, how many more you figure you’ll fuck before you retire? Twenty? A hundred?”

Funny how a lifetime of self-control just evaporated when the right person said the wrong thing.

“What, Louisa? You’d like to be the next one in my bed? Get to feel what the fuss is about? Have you been dreaming about me all this time, imagining your lovers’ faces were mine, their hands caressing you were my own very skilled ones?”

*As I’ve been dreaming about you,* he added silently.

Nick pulled on the tie-wraps but they wouldn’t budge. This wasn’t fun anymore. It was insulting. And painful. The look of hurt and frustration spoke volumes even if she only glowered at him.

“I hope they remember me fondly, all the ladies you’ve interviewed. Did you hear one of them complain? I doubt it.”

“Fuck off. I’ll put you in jail where you belong.”

“You can’t. You want me. You need me.”

*As much as the other way around is true.* Not that he’d ever tell her. Would make for a good headline if it ever leaked. *Intergalactic Nick, wanted in at least sixty-nine systems, in love with the pseudo detective after his ass.*

“You’re flattering yourself if you think I want you in that sense.”

“You want me in every sense.”

“Fuck you.”

“Come do it.”

She stalked up to him, cocked her hand back. He only had time to cringe. Stars exploded in his field of vision just as fire spread to his whole face.

*Ouch, goddammit.*

“Like hell I want you,” she snarled. “And I don’t *need* you.”

He acted on instinct alone and later, if he were allowed a bit of time to think things through, he'd probably regret his action, in fact would probably regret ever venturing on the slippery slope of "let's piss off the yummy lady just to get a cheap thrill". But there was just so much taunting a man could take.

*This one's gonna hurt. Plenty.*

Without warning, Nick clamped his legs together.

Chief Lulu gasped when he trapped her between his thighs, and showing tremendous strength, broke one of the tie-wraps so he could fist the front of her coveralls.

*Didn't see that one coming, did you?*

The look on her face!

Despite the barrage of punches – damn, the woman could *punch* – Nick managed to yank his other arm free and crush her to him before overbalancing her. They fell in a tangle on the deck and rolled once with Lulu landing beneath him, which triggered one hell of a hard-on, despite the very real danger of his situation. For some reason he'd rather not dwell on right at the moment, that he was instantly hard didn't bother him all that much. It was Chief Lulu after all. And Nick was ready for some seriously rowdy sex...Greco-Roman style!

*I loved Greece!* Mr. Dick said, pushing to make some room.

The clasp holding his hair broke and blond strands spilled over his shoulders and onto her face. Her eyes were twin slits of death stare. Oh but she wanted a piece of his ass, diced up and skewered with toothpicks!

"So," he said, willing every fiber in his body not to let her see how hard she had him working to keep her underneath. "What now?"

She growled something.

*"Désolé, I didn't get that."*

If looks could kill!

With anyone else he would've gathered both wrists in one hand—he had *big* hands—and planted them above her head to leave one free for whatever. Not her. He'd seen the damage she'd once caused when she'd neatly demolished an offending bookshelf that had dared stand in her way—okay, okay, that he'd *put* there to block his escape—after one of her near-arrests. He'd been halfway down the hall, grinning like a loon, when he'd heard the destruction going on behind him.

*Good times, good times.*

Chief Lulu had a temper, she had training, access to weapons and...she had a temper. So Nick made sure to keep her wrists in steel grips lest she punch him in the crotch and hurt him in other nasty ways. He needed his crotch, thank you very much.

"You'll pay...I don't know how, but you will," she snarled.

"Mmm. I sure hope so."

She writhed beneath him as she looked for a weak spot. She should look higher—as in the chest area, for this was where his weak spot for her resided.

*Mon dieu*, but she was beautiful!

"Can you feel what you're doing to me?" He tilted his pelvis so she'd feel his erection. "I swear I'm not even trying. It's all your doing."

She only stared up at him, panting.

"Would you prefer if I had no reaction to you?"

"I don't care either way."

"That's not true. I can feel the difference. Your body responds to mine. Why deny it? We could have so much fun."

"Slamming the cell door on you will be fun."

Undeterred, Nick smiled. "Do you know how many times I've fucked other women while I imagined it was you? It's not even funny. They never knew though." He smelled her feminine scent rising from her collar, felt her body rise in temperature. "It's

not as though I'd scream your name or anything, wouldn't want to hurt their feelings. But I'd whisper it...very faintly...like this."

He leaned over her face and put his mouth right against her cheek so he could breathe, "*Ma belle Louisa,*" directly in her ear.

Her gasp gratified him immensely.

Yet as much as he thought he'd be able to manage himself and the situation, being in the presence of the woman he'd had mental sex with for years fired all kinds of needs and urges. Her wrist bone was proving too succulent to ignore and instead of holding her hand down against the deck, he began to rub the little bump with the pad of his thumb. She didn't seem to want to stop him so he grew bolder, made his lips moth-light and touched her lobe, the little dip under her ear, the length of her strong neck. Her jugular pulsed against his upper lip. The urge to bite and lick and fuck fired his senses.

"I've been dreaming of this for so long," he murmured, pulling back so he could gauge her reaction. "You?"

Lulu had her eyes closed, her mouth parted. That lip gloss should be banned...it kept men from thinking rationally. Nick was sure it could trigger sprinkler systems, start a war even!

"Yeah, me too."

Fireworks, ladies and gentlemen!

Nick smiled wide. Man, he was good. And he was glad too. He really did like his Chief Lulu. Maybe more than liked and was so relieved she had a little weak spot just for him.

*We'll be extra long-lasting just for her,* Mr. Dick proudly announced.

Then her expression changed. Her eyes flared wide, her lips thinned.

*Uh-oh.*

"Get your ass off me."

Just as he was about to make some clever remark to hide the fact he was honestly considering making love to her until they were both empty husks, she snapped her knee upward.

*Christ.*

Stars. Lots of them. *Galaxies* of them. With a pitiful-sounding moan, he collapsed on top of the cursing woman and let her roll him off and onto his side.

Surely she had killed him!

Mr. Dick was dead.

## Chapter Two

Lulu wanted to kick his fine, tight, bubble ass but instead sat on hers—not near as nice nor firm—and rolled him over with the ball of her foot. She hadn’t even put half her strength in it either. She didn’t really want to hurt him, just, well, stun him a little. But he’d made her so damn angry. Truth be told though, she was angrier at herself for letting him screw with her mind this way. Yes, she dreamed about his amorous skills. Yes, she wanted to be in his bed and know what the fuss was all about. Yes, she’d gladly let him whisper anything in her ear with that sexy French accent, even the alphabet. Yes, yes, yes. Dammit! Could she admit this to him or let him see it? Of course not.

*He’s a crook.*

She was putting him in jail where he belonged. To hell with everything else. The guy would probably have groupies within the week writing to him and offering to have cyber sex. Jealousy reared her horned little head, pointed at her and called her a sad, frustrated careerist.

Weariness suddenly pressed in on her. She’d spent years chasing him, had turned down offers for transfers to better-paying positions just so she could keep her post as security chief for the largest transport hub in the system. Vital if she wanted to keep track of the elusive man. She had him in her ship right now and what did she want to do? Caress all that silky hair, kiss all that smooth skin and eat all that hot man-steak!

Nick puffed a few times, braced his muscled arms and pushed himself up so he could kneel on the deck.

*“Louisa, you’re one complicated woman.”*

He blew air through pursed lips. His cheeks were flushed. A bruise from his encounter with the thugs had begun to spread over his temple and forehead.

“You move from there and I’m gonna hurt you worse.”

As though she’d get anywhere within his reach! Nick would use his *El Condor* wingspan and swoop down on her in less time than one needed to say “confused motives”. He’d moved so damn fast when he’d trapped her between his thighs, she’d barely had time for a mental curse. And strong too, those lean muscles weren’t just for show. Stripping him of his suit jacket, tie and shirt had been divine, just di-vi-ne.

But he’d given her a good scare too. He was about to have his skull bashed in when she’d rushed out of her hiding spot across the shuttle terminal and scared away the two hooligans. Little shits!

A twinge of arousal poked her in the belly. Judging by the circus tent presently pitched in his black suit pants, his victims hadn’t exaggerated one bit. Juices slicked her pussy, which reminded her, she hadn’t lied when she’d admitted having dreamed of their making love, for she had. Baby, she *had!* He probably thought it was a ruse to get him to lower his guard. Ha. No ruse. Her body wanted his and vice versa. Everything would be simpler if she hadn’t spent six years hunting down Intergalactic Nick. Such a shame. She sighed.

“I know.”

She narrowed her gaze at him. “You know *what* exactly?”

Nick cocked his head, ran his hands back to keep his hair from spilling over his face. All that lustrous golden hair. “We both want the same thing.”

“Which is?”

He gave her a lascivious look.

“Ha.”

“Everything would be easier if only you were rich.”

She nearly choked.

He graced her with that wicked grin again, even bounced his eyebrows twice rapidly, and she realized he’d mocked her.

“Har-har.”

“Look, I like you, okay. So sue me—” He patted the air in front of him, which meant he’d let his hair spill down over one side of his face. Mmm. “Wait. Let me finish. I have a proposition for you.”

“Nick...” She was in no mood for games.

*That’s such a big lie. You’d love to play all kinds of games with him, starting with some seriously spicy Twister and a fit of Miss Pac-Man Goes Porn Star.*

He grinned wider. “My name sounds delicious in your mouth. Say it again. Please?”

“What’s the proposition?” She wanted to laugh but wouldn’t let herself.

“How about we get a little taste? What do you think?” He sobered and planted his icy blue gaze on her. “I want to make love to you. I’ve wanted it for years. And I think you want me too. Right?”

Lulu crossed her arms. *Yeah, well, humph.*

“To celebrate my capture, I think we should make love. Right here and right now. Slow and tender, hard and dirty...you decide and I’ll follow. And him,” he tapped his crotch, “he’s been converted to a sports coupe a long time ago, so no risks of making more Nicks. But if you tell me you don’t want me, then fine, I’ll go sit over there and let you take me to jail.”

She floundered to her feet when he stood—he was a big guy—and went to the bench with the bits of tie-wraps still dangling from the pipes. She couldn’t believe he’d pulled out of those! He sat, spread his arms and grabbed the pipes, his feet shoulders’ width.

“I’m all yours. If you want me.”

Her heart skipped a beat. “One more trick up your sleeve?”

“I’d never trick you. Not about this.”

“Yeah right, and I was born yesterday.”

He stared at her unblinkingly. "Convince me you don't want to have sex with me, that you don't want me, not even a little, and I'll never bother you again."

Lulu couldn't help the thrill tightening her nipples, contracting her sex. He *was* a gorgeous man and after all these years spent with his file open on her desk, a file she'd appropriated from the inter-system police in exchange for a customs-related favor—they'd been more than happy to view Nick as a security problem rather than a police matter—she felt as though she knew him...kind of.

"I don't trust you."

*Argh! What the hell is wrong with me? Of course he'll trick you. He's a thief, a crook, he's...Nick, for god's sake!*

"No tricks, I swear."

And to say she'd been running her mouth for years about women and their ability to control their hormones better than men. Rich.

Lulu, against every cell in her brain, slowly approached the back of her bridge where sat the sexiest man she knew, where sat the one man in whom she'd invested years of her life despite not even being in a relationship. She rubbed her hands against her hips to wipe the sweat off. A drop teased down her spine and lost itself in the thick fabric of her old uniform. Why she still wore it...she had no idea.

She licked her lips. "If you trick me..."

"Any other time, I'd say 'never trust a man—we're all pigs,' but not here. Not now. And never with you." His pale gaze slid down the length her, stopped by small increments then tracked back up.

She shivered. "I do want you."

*Might as well get it out of the way, huh?*

"Wanting is one thing. But doing something about it is entirely different..."

When she stood almost between his naked feet, Lulu unsnapped the first button on her collar.

“And I’ll take that as ‘doing something about it,’” he breathed, clearly enthralled.

So strange to have this hot young guy lusting after her in such an intense, apparent way.

“Don’t you dare stop now, Louisa, that’d just be too cruel.”

“Just shut up, would you?”

She flicked another button. Nick followed her hands with an eagerness that was almost palpable. The crotch of his pants looked ready to explode. A wet spot darkened the apex of his “tent”.

Another button snapped open and Lulu pulled the lapels apart to expose the crease between her breasts. With horror she realized she was wearing her old gray sports bra. Dammit.

He didn’t seem to mind as his eyes flared. The tip of his ham-pink tongue passed along his upper lip, made it so inviting. He was breathing hard, which swelled his muscled chest, squeezed his abs and those little bumpy muscles along his ribs.

“Don’t go too fast,” he said through his teeth. “This has to last me a lifetime.”

He looked sincere. Damn he was good at this. So Lulu kicked her running shoes off and quickly got rid of the wool socks – *argh, toe fuzz*.

The workstations’ soft amber light provided the perfect mix of shadows for her little exhibitionistic act. She didn’t think she could’ve pulled it off with the main lights on. Lulu popped the last button on her uniform and meant to let it slide back over her shoulders.

Nick shook his head. “I think I’m going to take over. If you don’t mind...”

He leaned forward, rubbed his hands together then blew on his joined fingertips before delicately pinching both lapels and, his eyes turned upward to her face, he gently slid the garment back. One shoulder first then he waited, seemed to caress her with his gaze then the next shoulder, which he graced with the same intense attention. The guy could make her feel sexy with a ratty, elastic-showing sports bra. He really was good.

He took a deep breath when the garment slid along her arms, created waves of shivers to race up her shoulders, and settled around her hips. Yeah. The Hips. No way the uniform would just *slide* past those. She'd have to wiggle. Not sexy.

"Louisa," he breathed. "You're..."

*Out of shape? Thirteen years your senior? Asymmetrical?*

"You're..."

Nick shook his head, managed to slip her uniform past The Hips with the ease and grace of a silk shawl slipping over a shoulder. Well would you look at that? The man knew how a woman was put together!

He sighed so long she thought he'd turn blue. "You're a *déesse*."

"An excuse me?"

"A *déesse*. A goddess."

A goddess, huh? She'd settle for that.

Nick wrapped his big hands around The Hips and brought her closer to him so he could press his face between her breasts. He was so hot. His tongue traced the bottom elastic back and forth.

"You'll have to get rid of it before I lose my mind."

Before her little voice of reason could mess the whole thing—her good sense had pooped many a party with its nasal, annoying "auntie knows what's good for you" voice—Lulu crossed her arms and in one fell swoop, tugged her bra over her head and lobbed it across the bridge. It landed partly on the console then fell to the deck. Better this way. She'd seen the holes through the fabric with the workstation light.

"Your breasts..." he whispered, licked his lips. "They're perfect."

"Mm," she replied noncommittally. *If you say so.*

"Can I kiss them?" Nick asked in a breathless sort of way, which did wonders to her ego.

"Yes."

“Can I bite them – not hard?”

She nodded.

“Can I make love to them?”

A tingle at the base of her spine tightened her butt.

“Sure.”

He put his fever-hot palms right over her breasts and gently massaged the creases the bra had imprinted in her skin. Leaning forward, he tilted his chin up, gave one nipple a kiss then the other, then back again until he had both forced in the center, pebble to pebble, and licked them fiercely, a deep rumble in his chest. As he'd asked, Nick bared his perfect, bright white teeth and pressed them against the top of one breast. If they became any firmer, Lulu swore her nipples could cut through glass. She stifled a moan when he bit her harder.

For once her bust didn't seem to overwhelm and spill out of her lover's hands, for if Nick looked very, *very* well-endowed, he had hands that more than matched as they wrapped around and squeezed her breasts, his palms elevating them like offerings. Lulu closed her eyes.

Unable to resist any longer, she fisted the back of his head and crushed him to her. His hair was still damp at his nape and provided the perfect anchors for her fingers as she finally could rake them through the fine, fine golden fleece she'd spent years drooling over. It was much nicer long.

His chest rumbled intermittently. She could feel the vibrato pass through her belly and for a crazy moment, she wondered if she'd feel it up her pussy if – *when* – he ate her.

“Louisa,” he said, pulling his face away with obvious reluctance as he kept giving her breasts sharp little bites, which curled her toes. “I hadn't planned this, please believe me.”

“Me neither. Shh.”

The grin on him!

“That means you’re just letting the moment happen! Oh *now* I’m turned on,” he snarled through a wicked smile. “You’d better hold on to something.”

She thought he’d meant it as a joke. She *humphed* when he scooted forward, buckled her knees with his own and managed to make her land sitting over his lap in one easy-looking dancer dip. She was no shrimp! Chuckling, Lulu straddled his lap while he encircled her waist so she wouldn’t fall and displaying incredible strength, tipped her back, far back, until the balance shifted and he laid her down on the deck. Instead of settling over her, he sat on his heels between her ankles and made a big show of unbuckling his belt.

“We have no wine but I can still provide the entertainment.” He winked, tugged the belt out with a whipping sound and tossed it somewhere over her head. The belt buckle clinked when it landed.

He undid the pants button...then he stopped.

“You forgot something.” Lulu pointed at his crotch while making a downward zipping motion of her hand. She couldn’t wait to see what the fuss was about.

Nick shook his head. His eyes flashed in a predatory fashion she hadn’t expected from the smooth gentleman thief. A spike of adrenaline made her heart beat arrhythmically. *Oh this one can play dirty.*

“I’ve been waiting for *years*, Louisa...do you think I’m going to just jump in?” He ran a hand along the inside of her thigh. “Mm? Now, I want you to tell me what you like.”

“What I like?”

He nodded. “What do you like? Don’t tell me no other man has ever asked. Not that I’d be surprised.”

*Well, actually, not a single one has asked.*

Nick tut-tutted. “What about this?”

A featherlight touch with the tips of his fingers against the inside of her thigh created a scree of goose bumps right down to her ankle. She shivered.

“And this?” He leaned over and deposited a string of satiny kisses along the elastic of her panties. Some of his hair cascaded over his shoulder and tickled her skin. His shoulders bulged when he straightened. “Did you enjoy it?”

Lulu could *not* have nodded any harder.

“Good. Now I want to hear it. What do you like a lover to do?”

“Oral sex,” she blurted before her brain could interfere. The little voice of reason snorted *Sissy*.

“That’s clinical,” he replied with a grimace. “You mean you enjoy when a man fucks you with his mouth, when he thrusts his tongue into your cunt and licks off the rewards...*if he’s done it correctly*. That’s what you mean, *oui?*”

*Hell yeah!*

With fingers as precise as they were gentle, he pinched the elastic to her panties and pulled down until the top of her pubic bone showed. Her narrow strip of hair gleamed in the amber light. She was so wet.

Nick nodded. “I knew you’d be a Mohawk kind of gal. My favorite.”

She curled her hips so he could pull her panties off. Lulu took a deep breath. She lay naked on the deck of her ship with Intergalactic Nick kneeling beside her as she’d fantasized at least a thousand times. Life was one twisted pretzel.

“I *love* your skin—so shiny,” he murmured, running an index finger from her hipbone to her kneecap. His pale eyes narrowed. “I bet you didn’t know I’m a great chef. I can bake a cake like...*mm-mm*. And your skin, it reminds me of brown sugar, you know, when you first pour the cream and it darkens to this lovely mocha color...it makes you want to lick it all off. And you know me, I can never resist for very long.”

“Oh don’t start for me,” she let out through a tight grin. *Just fuck me, wouldya?!*

“But resisting is so much fun. Especially when the last straw breaks and you totally lose it. Like this.”

Nick bent over and this time Lulu swore she'd curve right off the deck when he seized her hips, anchored her and licked her cleft in one hot pass. She lolled her head just so she could burn some energy.

“*Mmm*, exactly like I knew you'd taste.” He looked up into her eyes. “You're everything I'd imagined. Better even. That's a scary thought.” Another long lick. “Open yourself for me.”

Lulu spread her thighs wider as he positioned himself right between her ankles, wide shoulders the perfect resting place for her shaking knees, his hands gripping The Hips like a man drowning. “Tell me what you enjoy, Louisa. I think I forgot.”

“I like when a man eats me...and does it hard.”

Without warning, he dove in. Lulu gasped loudly, squeezed her eyes shut, jammed her fists under her lower back so she could elevate herself even more. Using his thumbs to stretch her wide, he curled his tongue and flicked it enough times that she quickly came to recognize and expect the cadence. He'd lick her hard and fast three times then slow down for a languorous brush, then three quick ones again. One, two, three...*one*. Repeat.

She couldn't keep it in. “Ahhh.”

“What was that?” he replied, coming up for air, grinning then diving back down. “Tell me again.”

He must have made those slurping sounds on purpose too for she'd never had such a noisy lover nor one as enthusiastic. When he trapped her clit in his teeth, Lulu pulled a fist from under her and punched the deck. His cadence accelerated. Four fast and hard, one slow. Lick, lick, lick, lick, gentle brush.

“Nick, oh god...ohh.”

“Tell me,” he said from down below. “I want to hear it.”

She arched when fire tingled deep in her belly. He stretched her wider. No more gentle brushes against her throbbing clit now, just the quick, intense tongue-lashes. Energy built up, coiled like a snake about to strike.

“Don’t stop,” she hissed. “Don’t stop. Don’t you –”

He stabbed his agile tongue in. She came.

Did she ever!

She could feel him murmuring against her vulva but couldn’t hear a thing for the buzzing in her ears, the loud, rhythmic whoosh of her heart beating madly, waves upon waves crashing, a raging sea churning, a storm unleashed. Just as she was about to start pushing against his forehead for a bit of a reprieve, he pulled away. Oh he knew exactly what he was doing.

“Tell me what else you enjoy, Louisa,” he urged with a gentle circular rub of her clit with his thumb. “Ass fucking? Toe sucking? Tell me and it’s done.”

She sighed. His lips glistened, so did his chin. “I...whew...I, er, love when a man eats me from behind, you know, all the way up and down.”

“Done.”

Lulu *humphed* when Nick rolled her onto her stomach, hooked his hands in the crook of her hips and pulled up. Now this required *strength*.

“This way, Louisa?”

He repeated his hard-fast, slow-measured routine, only this time, he added some finger action as well and rubbed her anus while he ate her. Lulu stretched her arms, clawed at the metal and gasped when he introduced a finger into her ass then another. The counter-cadence proved too good. With a buck backward, she climaxed right away.

“Mmm.” His chest rumbled with the sound of his appreciation. “Curl your ass up at me, Louisa, crush it right against my face. Fuck yourself against my face.”

Lulu pushed back hard, used her fists as anchors to keep herself taut. “Like this?”

“Exactly like this,” he replied and slurped noisily.

She didn't even need to move as he started pulling against her hips, his tongue thrusting into her pussy several times then his fingers would replace it, spread her juices all around for his mouth to take over again.

"Is it good?"

She "mm-ed" her answer.

"I like to hear it..." He pushed his face against her throbbing cleft hard and bit her. "Let me hear it. Come on. And make it loud."

Lulu bucked back rhythmically, forced her pussy right into his face, rubbed it up and down as best she could. "More," she growled. "More. MORE!"

Then the sound of a zipper pulled her out of her mental fizz. She knelt up.

"You know what *I* enjoy?" he asked, standing while he held his pants up with one hand and raked his hair back with the other.

She swore the energy sizzling in her veins would power an entire station. Now for the good stuff. "No, what do you enjoy?"

"I love when a woman looks at me while I'm taking my clothes off. Too bad all I have are my pants though. You party pooper."

"No drawers, huh?"

"What? You didn't check?"

She shook her head. Not that the urge hadn't struck her...but it'd felt wrong to take advantage of the situation.

A quick shake of his head preceded a theatrical release of pants. They slid down his muscular legs.

With a wide grin, he cleared his throat. "Say hello to Mr. Dick."

Lulu rolled her eyes. "Please..."

She followed the pants sliding down to denude one fine pair of feet, sculpted calves, sinewy thighs and...

*POW!*

*Lord thunderin' Jesus!*

So *this* was what the fuss was about. A big fuss, a big, *big* fuss.

Perfection in the flesh, and flesh was the exact word for the splendid specimen of symmetry and might and just...rawr!

Lulu tore her gaze away from all that glorious, veiny, bronzed man-iron and met his gaze. She'd expected to see triumph there, the "*Ah-ha! You've never seen anything like this, have you!*" He could have and it wouldn't have been bragging. Instead she caught a flash of uncertainty, an awkwardness she'd never have believed possible in a man usually so suave. He'd made love to and had embezzled numerous women. Had probably slept with countless more on his "down time". Why the hell would he look so worried about her reaction?

After clearing his throat, the uncertainty disappeared, replaced by the smooth mask of self-assurance. He cupped his penis, heft it as one would a heavy purse of coins. "I'd say he has his own fan club but that'd just be showing off."

"You don't need to. It speaks for itself."

Nick laughed. "Yes, he does."

She curled her index finger at him.

He grinned with a half relief, half swagger toss of his chin and came over to plant his feet on either side of her knees. His...his...*Mr. Dick* hung low despite the obvious hard-on and pulled on his abdominal muscles. The thing had to weigh a couple of pounds.

"Give me that," Lulu said, still kneeling, and raising her palm upward to weigh his heavy balls. The other she let play all over his sculpted leg. "Mmm."

"Tastes good too. That's what I heard." That eyebrow bounce must have taken years to master.

"Oh does it?"

He nodded, face solemn.

“Let’s see then...”

“Yes, let’s,” he said with his face turned downward at her. His chest heaved in shallow breaths. He licked his lips.

“But first, you know what else I like?” she asked.

If she could judge by the sudden jolt in his cock, she’d gotten his attention.

“Do tell, *ma belle*.”

“You know what turns me on like nothing else?”

Lulu fistfisted the base of his cock and elevated the tip an inch from her mouth. *Mr. Dick* hung so close to her bottom lip she could feel the heat. Such smooth, glossy skin.

“Louisa...that’s just...torture...”

“I know how to get what I want from a man.”

“Oh you do.”

“What I like most,” Lulu breathed against the tip of his cock. “Is to make a man gasp.”

### Chapter Three

And did he ever!

Fire accompanied her mouth when she wrapped it around his cock and slid down *far*.

He'd never had a woman take him in so deeply so fast.

*Don't you dare have your fun too fast*, he warned Mr. Dick.

This *had* to last him a lifetime. He hadn't lied when he'd told Lulu. He doubted he'd make love to the prickly woman again after today and it wasn't only because she'd hand him over to the police—not that he'd let her, but still, she'd try. For after sharing her body with him and his with her, Nick doubted she'd want to repeat the experience. She probably just wanted to put the rumors to rest. Unfortunately for him, he'd always wanted her for the sheer pleasure of her company.

*Snap out of it, man, she's right here, right now, so enjoy it!*

Mr. Dick could talk, he'd be the one to get all the attention while Nick would get to wake alone. Again. It'd be nice just once waking beside a lover...

Lulu pulled him right back with a pronounced suck that must have concaved his balls. He gritted his teeth. "Ahhh."

The top of her head, its tiny knots like beads of obsidian, bobbed back and forth against his belly while her hand secured his skin tightly against the base of his shaft. Nick fought the urge to curl his hips and meet her halfway. He was too big for that. Yet she didn't seem to mind the size nor did her hand-mouth team seem overwhelmed. It was nice not to worry about a woman's fit.

She retreated to the end of him, let go with a pop then chuckled. "It does taste good."

"I...whew." He cursed under his breath. "I never lie."

"Right."

She resumed her brutal attention and soon fire tingled at the base of his spine.

To his shock, he was about to come. Like right *now*! What?! That had never, ever, happened so soon!

"Louisa," he growled as he tried to pull away.

But she fisted him hard and sank with a low growl around his shaft.

"I'm not going to last. *Merde!*"

*Definitely not*, added Mr. Dick.

His lower back burned, his balls constricted then a climax as quick as it was unexpected hit him with the breathtaking violence of a punch in the solar plexus. Without meaning to, he wrapped the back of her head with a shaking hand and anchored her there.

But she wasn't done apparently, for she snaked a hand up between his thighs – oh he *knew* where she was going and spread his heels a bit – gathered some saliva-cum mixture and rubbed his hole in tight little circles.

"Ohhh you wicked..."

"Shh."

He opened his mouth to sigh-gasp but never had the chance. She sank just enough for the first phalange, but instead of keeping to the rubbing he'd always received whenever a lady had ventured there – not all did, which was fine – she started *twisting* her wrist, as though she wanted to drill her finger up his ass. Whoa!

Not ten seconds later, Nick felt the first spasm at the base of his spine and it grew, became a frisson that raced up to his shoulders, down his arms.

What the hell was she doing to him? He'd never experienced anything like it.

A body shiver shook him when she added a piston motion to her twisting. He knew he shouldn't curl his fingers into her skull this way but he couldn't help himself. For the

first time in his entire life, he came again after only a few minutes. He didn't *come*, come, with the cramps and the squirts and the everything else...he more or less *melted* from the inside. A whole-body orgasm without cum.

Wow.

Louisa pulled her finger out of him, her mouth from around his cock and looked up into his face. She shouldn't have done that. For he could see much more than she thought she was letting on. He saw something in her hazel eyes that gave him hope.

She liked him.

Nick instantly felt as though he ought to taunt her about it but caught himself in time. Louisa Bertrand wasn't to be handled lightly. She was special. Important. She was the spice of his life, the one thing that kept the flame bright. Without Chief Lulu, his curvaceous Bermudian queen with eyes the color of hazel, life just wouldn't be the same. It'd be dull for starters. And it'd be lonely. For even if he'd never admit it to anyone not torturing him with sharp, rusty objects, Louisa Bertrand gave his life meaning. She gave him a reason for running like hell so he wouldn't get arrested yet just fast enough to make sure she could still tail him, as she'd done countless times.

"I think it's definitely my turn now," he said through a grin he knew was far from saintly.

Lulu sat back, planted her hands behind her, spread her ankles and afforded him a stunning view of her gorgeous, glistening pussy, all ready and swollen and rounded just for him.

"Missionary position? Who do you take me for?"

"Nothing fancy, I want you now."

"Oh but you want the fancy, believe me. Plus, I need to reload."

She cocked her head and looked pissed off. Good. He liked her on her toes.

His gaze on her face the entire time, he backtracked to the bench and sat. She still looked pissed off but when he curled his finger at her, she shook her head, mumbled something then joined him.

“You’ll sit on me and let gravity do the work.”

She knelt one leg on the bench before he stopped her. “Louisa, Louisa...the *other* way.” He pointed to the front of the bridge.

Oh now he had her attention!

A wickedly sensual grin on her lips, she faced away from him and presented her fine, fine ass for him to grab and lick and bite to his heart’s content. With his fingers rubbing her vulva—so wet, so wonderfully wet—he spent a while bringing her to the edge again, waited until her butt started to squeeze, her hands to make fists. By that time, he’d enjoyed a quick respite himself. When he knew she was close to coming, he jammed his knees between hers, spread them to force her to do the same, and pulled back on her curvy hips until she was almost sitting on his lap. Because he was such a large fellow, he made sure to spread her ample juices around before he let her down farther. His glans pressed against her vulva but didn’t penetrate her. Sheer cruelty.

“Do you trust me?” he asked against her back. Sweat glistened as if a sheer film of silk was draped over it.

She twisted so she could glower at him. She was flushed. “You said no tricks.”

“That’s not a trick. I asked you if you trust me.”

After a narrowing of eyes, she nodded. “Anything fishy and it’s your dick I’ll tie-wrap to the pipes.”

“Yum.”

Another shake of her perfectly round head. She was perfect everywhere.

“Then put your hands on your thighs to support you. I’ll do the rest.”

She did, clutched at her thighs so she could lean her weight onto them. Making sure the tip of his cock was angled right, Nick grabbed her butt from underneath and tucked

his bottom lip in for the shock to come. Then he kicked out with both feet. He hit the back of Louisa's heels and knocked her off balance. She sank around his cock. All the way in.

She huffed.

He puffed.

Bouncing her wildly with his knees, he let gravity slam her against him.

"Ah! Ah!"

Her rhythmic cries filled his ears, his heart. Nick closed his eyes so he could muster every shred of muscle fiber into the act. She helped by rolling her hips back and front then around. Jesus fucking Christ! He didn't feel the end of her channel. How deep was this woman?!

*Perfection.*

Damn, he loved her.

"Bounce, baby," he snarled against her back. "That's it. Bounce. Harder."

She yanked her hands back so she could grip his thighs. It hurt but he'd be damned if he'd complain about her treatment. Unable to resist anymore, he reached around her waist and seized her large breasts in his hands so he could trap them and weigh them and roll the prune-colored nipples until he knew he was probably doing it too hard. She never said a thing.

Nick bit her shoulder. "That's how you've wanted it, huh?"

"Shut up!"

"Make me."

Louisa rocked forward so far, Nick was afraid she'd fall off him. So he grabbed her breasts harder. But with the angle, she now had ample opportunity to use those potent vaginal muscles and squeeze a groan out of him.

"Louisa... Damn!"

"Want me to stop?"

“Don’t you dare!”

Figure eights! She’d be the end of him!

He gritted his jaw against the monstrous wave about to hit him. Just as he let it out, her voice joined his. Both cried out in simultaneous release. He could feel her vaginal muscles milking and squeezing with astonishing force. She was deep and wide and perfect for him. Waves of lava-hot shivers forced him to lean back. He knocked his head. He didn’t give a shit.

“Oh yess,” she said as she bent her legs under her and started to bounce. “Yes, yes, yes.”

As much as he was used to hearing this word—and “again”—in all its linguistic variants, Nick had never heard it quite *that* way. In her mouth it was a plea, a command, a sigh, a battle cry. So he forgot himself.

“Oh you want more?”

“Give it to me!”

Snarling a curse under his breath, he pushed and thrust and took her hard then harder. With the violence of their animalistic mating, she nearly fell off his lap and he had to wrap a sore arm—despite the lack of blood, breaking those tie-wraps would leave a mark—around her so she wouldn’t topple off. But they did slide off the bench and he ended up fucking her from behind, the sight of her rounded ass the most erotic, mind-dissolving, coherence-busting sight. With his hands like vise grips, he pulled out to the tip then rammed back in.

“Like that, huh? Is that how you want it?”

If her hand pawing blindly between her legs to grab at his sack was any indication, yes, she did want it this way. Holy Christ!

Her knees left the deck. He did it again.

Oh man, oh man. He was going to spontaneously combust!

*This is the best*, exclaimed Mr. Dick.

Nick curled his hips for even more profound penetrations. She was...his ideal. Made for him. His woman. All his!

Her voice filled the tiny bridge. Then his joined it. Still he fucked his dear Chief Lulu as he'd fantasized for years, as he'd imagined, as he'd hoped he someday could. He not only fucked her, he made love to her, and in his book, not only was this a first but he hoped it'd be the last, *she'd* be his last. He wanted her for himself. No sharing. Fuck sharing!

"I love you, Louisa," he breathed, too low to be heard. He was too afraid to say it louder. In case she heard him. In case she didn't say it back. "I've always loved you."

Lulu wondered if Nick realized he'd spoken out loud. The whispered words had the effect of a dip inside a volcano. Head first.

The massive cock he was pounding into her seemed to grow another inch and soon the clack of skin against skin proved the most exciting sound she'd ever heard. As was his voice—the deep rumble in his chest. Then the whisper. Nothing would tickle a woman as a man saying he loved her, he'd always loved her. Even if said man was Intergalactic Nick. Or perhaps because of it.

Her knees burned. Did his golden hair come down over his shoulders when he fucked a woman? Was his bottom lip tucked in? She wanted to see him.

"Wait, wait."

He slowed, began to caress her butt. "Too hard? I'm sorry. I got carried away."

"No, it's okay, but I want to see you. I want to look at you while you're fucking me."

When he chuckled, the faint quiver passed through to her vagina and made her smile.

"Oh I love when you speak dirty. Want to watch me *fuck* you, do you?"

He pulled out, softened her fall when she slumped to her side then hooked her by the crook of her hips so he could position her to his liking. Sweat covered his chest, pearly at his temples. He blew hair out of his face. It did spill over his muscular shoulders when he fucked a woman.

“Louisa, this is...” He curled his upper lip in a feral smile, nudged her clit with his glans, obviously enjoying making her squirm for him then “walked” with his hands until he hovered right over her. “I’m going to fuck you as you’ve never had it done before.” He licked his upper lip. “Do you believe me?”

Louisa looked at the pillar of man-iron poised over her and readily agreed with a nod. “You *better* fuck me as I’ve never had it.”

“Oh you...”

With a long snarl, he curled his spine and took her.

*So he does tuck in his bottom lip.*

She was still riding high on the last peak to which she’d shot when he took her to another higher one. This time Lulu came like a bomb. She came loud and she came fast.

Each ridge, bump and bulge along his veiny shaft created a sharp, burning sting of thrill, which arched her back off the deck. He jammed his knees under her butt, forced her up over his lap and had her almost suspended on his thighs, an arm around her waist, the other to keep himself from bearing down on her. But she wanted him to bear down on her, she wanted him to crush her, fuck her right into the damn deck.

A sneaky little punch to his elbow unlocked it and he collapsed on top of her. Lulu *humphed* loudly then quickly wrapped her legs around his waist in case he had any idea to pull away.

His eyes narrowed to flashing slits. “A hard, dirty fuck? Huh?”

“Yeah. That’s how I want it.” She bit his bottom lip, released it. “But can you give it?”

“You have no idea, *ma belle*.”

She swore the rivets digging in her shoulder blades would have to be surgically removed as Nick started pounding into her with abandon—each drive, each retreat then subsequent shove one notch closer to the explosive climax she felt swelling in her belly. He bent and trapped a nipple between his teeth. His pale gaze was riveted to hers. She squeezed her thighs as hard as she could.

“Fuck me,” she snarled as she fisted his hair. “Make love to me! Give it to me, Nick, give it to me.”

*I've been waiting so damn long.*

Lulu cried out, didn't even try to spare his back and tilled the silky skin. She swore he'd just speared her to the deck.

“Harder! Argh, god...harder, make it hard.”

He did, bless him, even though he must have been exhausted.

Panting, snarling incoherently—sometimes in his native French though she doubted he noticed—he took her more profoundly than any other lover, hammered and ground and stabbed, and when she thought the skin on her back would give, he claimed her one last time just as an explosion of tiny suns fizzed behind her eyelids. She felt his quiver, the last shred of energy leaving him.

Nick collapsed to his side, taking her with him so he could roll onto his back. He never let her go. Not that Lulu minded for she had her arms wrapped around his muscled shoulders as if her life depended on it. Her life might not, but her happiness sure did.

Louisa Bertrand, New Tokyo station security chief for the last ten years—not counting her retirement—had fallen in love with the one thief able, and more than willing apparently, to steal her heart.

His eyes were closed so he couldn't have seen the love she knew was in her eyes. Lulu forced it down in case he tried to use it against her. He *was* a crook. And a good one.

"Well, *damn.*"

"I agree," he said with his eyes still closed.

A dreamy smile played at the corner of his exquisite mouth. She'd never noticed the dimple there. It was gorgeous. She felt like pinching his cheek. And with the exertion, his intoxicating cologne filled her nostrils.

Then she spotted the angry red marks on his wrists from when he'd broken the tie-wraps. Her elation burst. A soap bubble.

*Back to business, woman.*

She would've pushed away from him but he wouldn't let go. She might as well have been trying to pull out of a bear trap. Or a Lulu trap. The worst thing was...she was no longer sure she wanted out.

*You have to. He broke the law, used your station as his personal playground.*

"You're not leaving, *ma belle.* Nuh-uh. So..." He opened his eyes. A sparkle danced in the icy blue orbs. She felt her own narrowing. Old habits. "Where are we heading? This ship is smooth, I can't feel a thing."

"We're not going anywhere," she replied without meeting his gaze.

*It's your job. Do it.*

He grinned. "What do you mean? You're taking me home, are you? Will I get to meet your parents? Your mom will love me. They all do. Do you have overprotective brothers I should keep an eye on?"

Lulu snorted. "You? Meet Mom and Dad? Yeah, right."

She sat, still connected to him. His cock didn't feel as though it would ever relent. Damn. He wasn't ready for another bout, was he? A real machine. Glory be to men in their twenties!

"So where are we going then?" He bounced his eyebrows at her and it broke her heart.

"I'm taking you to the police."

The grin seemed a little forced when he nodded. "I see."

"No, 'Intergalactic Nick'. I don't think you do."

Why was she suddenly so damn bitchy with him? Yes, he was a crook, yes, he deserved to have his ass hauled to jail. She'd be the one to facilitate it. But it wouldn't feel right for some reason.

*Argh, come on. A good lay and poof, your brain evaporates?*

His semen was a warm reminder dripping down her thighs as Lulu stood from him. She took a second to admire the fine specimen of sex god lying on her deck – there wouldn't be another Nicholas Dumouchet – and backed to the console where she punched a few keys. One of the three viewscreens switched from black thermoplastic to video relay as the exterior sensors transmitted the ship's current position.

Right atop the hotel's landing pads where Nick had set his own ship, not even two hundred feet away. They hadn't moved an inch.

"What's going on?" He sat up, raked his hair back and shook his head. "We never went anywhere? The whole time, we were right by my ship?"

Lulu crossed her arms. "Well, there's this little matter of my no longer having authority to arrest you, let alone take you off station. So I'll send a message and have the police pick you up here. It doesn't change anything. What, you look pissed off. What did you expect?"

Lulu took a step back when he abruptly stood. Uh-oh.

Nick couldn't even feel his legs but guessed they must have been there if he could stand. But the one thing he could feel though, feel acutely, was in his chest, and it was breaking. He took a step toward Louisa.

"You're still going to hand me over to the cops? After this?" He made a gesture that encompassed them both, the bridge, the whole fucking galaxy. "*Merde!* I don't believe you." Shit, how she could go through with it?

To her credit, she looked neither triumphant nor proud. She looked miserable. Maybe he wasn't as fucked as he thought he was. But it still stung. Obviously he was the only one with a heart on this ship. A *parked* ship, dammit! He could've subdued her and escaped the whole time. Talk about getting screwed with his pants on!

"Don't take it so personally," she began, cleared her throat and lowered her gaze.

"Not take it personally?" he snapped, shocked and vaguely ashamed at the anger welling up in him. But she *had* stabbed him in the back...in the heart more aptly. She'd used him and...

*Whoa. An attack of morality from the man who steals from women after he makes love to them? Um. Talk about getting your own sauce served back to you!*

"How else am I supposed to take it?"

"Like Intergalac—"

"Oh drop it, would you! I'm not *him* with you. I'm Nicholas Dumouchet. I'm...fuck."

"You're what? The most wanted thief in the system? A man who leaves women swooning in his wake?"

"I'm the man who loves you, who *would* love you if you let him, dammit!"

Something was squeezing his innards and trying to tug them out through his navel. Man, heartbreak hurt as much as the songs said.

Louisa opened her mouth, closed it, tried again. "I'm sorry. It's my job."

"No," he snapped, stalking to the pile of clothes and pulling his pants on. A drop of cum landed on the deck between his feet. "Handling the station's security is no longer your job. You're retired remember? It's a *choice* you make. You could open that hatch and let me go. You choose not to."

Where the hell was his shirt and the rest of his stuff? Fuck.

*I told you she was dangerous*, Mr. Dick said in his waspish little self-righteous tone.

*Shut the hell up!*

*Ha. Talking to myself. Je deviens fou.*

Christ, he really was going nuts.

He threw Louisa a menacing scowl as he wrestled his shoes on. He couldn't find the rest. "You're letting me out of this ship, Louisa. And I mean it. I won't use force against a woman but I *will* get out of here."

She shook her head. "The hatch's coded. You won't get out unless I let you."

"You've planned this a while, have you? And here I was, spilling my guts to you. What a cretin I was...all these years."

Wasted. On her.

Unwilling to believe a word she said, he stormed off the bridge, knocked his head at least twice on the way to the airlock, and stopped only when he could see through the tiny round porthole. His ship was indeed right alongside hers, its three skids perfectly aligned to the yellow lines on the landing pads atop the glitzy hotel. No one landed the way he did.

He tried the hatch. It wouldn't budge. He punched in a few common emergency codes but the panel didn't even blink on.

She was right. He wouldn't get out of this ship unless she let him.

He felt her behind him and turned to see her leaning against the bulkhead, hugging herself. She'd put her uniform back on but hadn't snapped it closed. The crease of her breasts was visible.

All his anger vented out of him. If he'd always thought of himself as a winner, he sure felt like a big loser right now. A big loser with a broken heart. Talk about losing his edge all at once and for one woman. He threw her a quick glance. At least she didn't seem to be enjoying her little victory. At least there was that.

Nick put a hand on a pipe by the hatch—being six-four was nice for that—and leaned his forehead against it. He was hurting everywhere. "Well, Miss Bertrand, you got me. You got your man. I hope you're happy."

“I’m not, if that makes *you* happy.”

He snorted a cold laugh. “It’s not a word I’d use right now. Not for a while anyway.”

“I already said I’m sorry.” She cursed. “Why am I apologizing for doing my job?!”

“You don’t have a job and it’s called guilt.”

“And I should feel guilty...why?”

He shrugged. “*Parce que tu m’as toujours aimé.*”

*Delusional too. She’s never loved you. She just wanted a quick fuck.*

“Nick...”

He didn’t look at her. He didn’t trust himself to remain the Cool Ladies Man in front of the one woman he’d loved, the woman who’d just turned him inside out. He was an idiot.

Silence stretched between them and knifed him worse than any harsh words. He’d been such—

Suddenly the hatch slid up within the ceiling. He stared incredulously.

Cool night air from New Tokyo, its sounds and smells wafted to him. He stared in shock at the hatch gaping wide not a foot from him—freedom at his fingertips—then back at the woman who’d so easily captured his heart.

*Don’t hope, man. Do not hope.*

“Don’t play with your catch, Louisa. It’s cruel.”

“I’m not playing.”

Lulu wanted to run to him and put her arms around his shoulders. She wanted to kick his ass. She wanted to kiss him. Argh. But no, she wasn’t only pretending to want to let him go. She did. This, at least, was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. *And yes please, help me, god.*

Nick turned to face her fully. Her eyes had welled as she'd watched him slowly deflate, the sparkle dying from his pale gaze. A proud bird of prey with its wings clipped. It'd been too much. She did love him, dammit, and couldn't bring herself to have his oh-so-fine ass arrested. So she was basically throwing away the last—oh what?—almost seven years of her life for love. She was letting Intergalactic Nick, sexiest, sneakiest, most elusive gentleman thief escape the law once again. Only this time, she'd actually helped. Ha. Some ex-security chief.

"You know what this means, don't you?" he asked before leaning back against the bulkhead. "You know how it looks from my point of view?"

That she loved him.

"Yeah, rub it in."

"I'd enjoy nothing better than to rub anything anywhere on you." He sucked his teeth then grinned. "You know, I still didn't get to fuck your breasts."

Oh but he was back in full force, wasn't he?

She coughed and motioned for the hatch. "Go on. Get your cute ass off my ship before I change my mind and let them at you."

Nick grinned that lopsided one she loved to hate. He peeled his tall frame off the bulkhead and drew near. "The next time I let you catch me," he murmured, leaning into her, golden hair cascading over a shoulder, "I'll be the one putting handcuffs on *you*."

A shiver raced up her spine. "You didn't let me catch you. I caught you fair and square."

"True. But I just like to brag. Men, you know how we get."

"Yeah. I know how you men get."

Nick cocked his head. "In the excitement of the moment, you know what else I forgot to do?"

"Would you just—"

He closed his eyes and kissed her.

Whew!

That had to be the tenderest, gentlest and most loving kiss she'd ever received. His lips soft, he pressed them against hers, brushed side to side. Straightening, he opened his eyes again.

"Just in case you had any doubt about my feelings for you."

As if!

"Unless you want me to tie-wrap your butt again, I suggest you get it off my ship." She grinned wide.

"*À vos ordres, madame.*" He mock-saluted.

Yeah, he better listen to her orders or else...

Nick had to stoop to step out of the hatch and down the steel ladder. His back bore long red marks as did his shoulders. She couldn't wait to till his skin again, kiss that gorgeous mouth, listen to him breathing things in her ear.

Once he stood on the concrete roof, Nick lifted his gaze to her, winked. "*Au revoir.* Until next time, Chief Lulu."

She just smiled.

## **About the Author**

I am a mother, spouse, older sister, writer, ex-soldier, high school drop-out, dog owner (or dog owned), half couch potato/half intermittent jogger, wannabe renovator and avid reader who watches too much television, sinks too much money in clothes, likes animals more than humans, recycles, wore braces, never downloads copyrighted stuff, was a nerd without the grades, has a belly laugh that turns heads in theaters, can't stand bullying, is mother hawk more than mother hen, votes even if candidates aren't that great and thinks formal education is highly overrated (probably because she has none).

Nathalie welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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