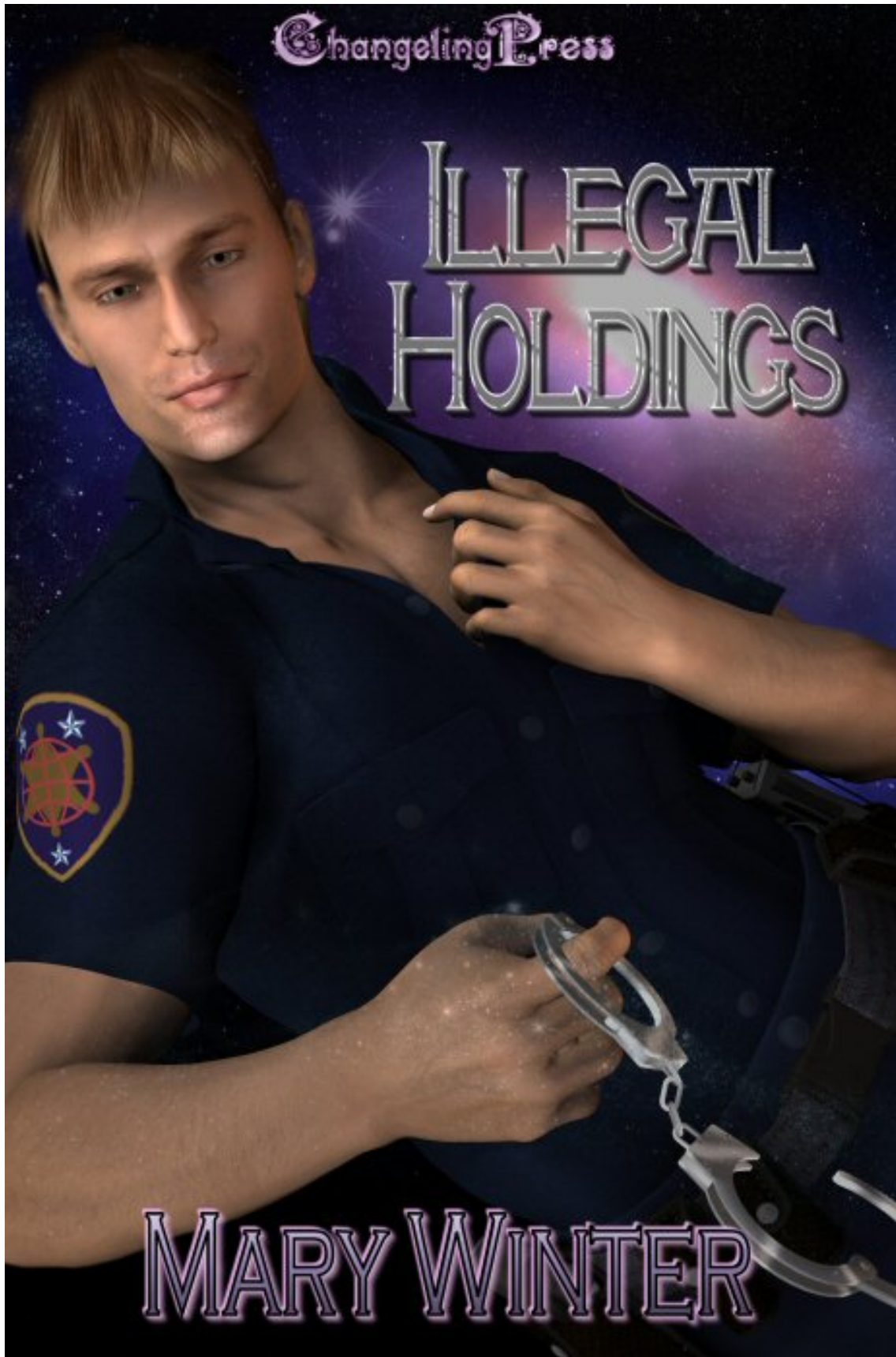


Changeling Press

ILLEGAL HOLDINGS

MARY WINTER



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Mary Winter

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Mary Winter

Concordance Inspection Agent Marik Sinstark knows he's on the fast track to a big promotion - he's just secured contraband cargo, including sex toys and two boxes of black market pleasure cuffs.

He's always been curious about the cuffs' legendary qualities, and testing them with the hot attaché to the Ambassador of Kreshna Colony, Elaura Janis, would bring them both a night of pleasure, but using the cuffs constitutes an illegal activity, and Marik can't afford to get caught. But then again, neither can Elaura.

Yet Elaura's involvement runs deeper than Marik knows, and in a secluded suite, Elaura explores her submissive desires. The truth can't come out... if it does, she'll lose her chance to have Marik for a lifetime.

Chapter One

"If that box contains what I think it does, you're going away for a long time." With one hand planted between the prisoner's shoulder blades, Concordance Inspections Agent Marik Sinstark pinned him to the wall. A kick of his booted foot spread the prisoner's legs. Marik bent down long enough to apply the ankle chains. Grabbing the man's cuffed wrists, he handed over the prisoner.

"Men like you always need to compensate for something," the greasy haired prisoner snarled.

"Take him away," Marik ordered. He followed as the officers, who looked all too relieved to be leaving the cargo bay full of boxes of sexual aids, marched the man off to booking for a nice long stay in a Concordance jail cell.

Bringing in Zach Janis would make quite the mark on his record. Maybe once he brought down the men two or three levels above Zach, he'd earn a big promotion. He grinned and picked up the nearest box of toys. The one that supposedly contained the big haul: Black Market Pleasure Cuffs.

Marik snorted, thinking of all the seedy station pleasure slave owners waiting for the contents of Zach's ship. The Concordance spanned entire star systems, combining all into one people. One thing was for sure, regardless of race, the people of the Concordance loved their sex. Pleasure slaves, naked fighters on Turas-9, brothels on some of the less developed worlds, no matter how you packaged it, sex sold. The box in his arms was just a little more proof of that universal fact.

Smiling to himself, he thought about the one person on whom he'd like to use the pleasure cuffs. Of course, doing so would be highly illegal and jeopardize his career, but if he could do it without getting caught... Marik whistled a tune.

"Happy about your bust, are you?" Riggins, one of the arresting officers, asked.

"It'll look good on our records," he admitted.

Riggins gave a low whistle. "That it will. Hey, we did a little digging into those names Zach gave us. Turns out one of them has some pretty high political connections. We're going to want to treat this one with kid gloves."

"Oh?" This was getting even better in Marik's point of view. If he could prove someone high up in the Concordance government sanctioned the import of illicit items...

"Yeah, the Kreshna Colony's Ambassador's attaché is involved." Riggins frowned. "Zach's her brother."

"Shit." Marik fisted his hand. "I'll tell her. I'm heading up this operation. She needs to hear it from me." The fact that the woman in question had been on his mind mere moments ago didn't affect his decision at all. Okay, a little, but a chance to see Elaura Janis again under any circumstances had his cock hard. The blonde, curvy goddess might act all prim and proper, but he knew if he got her in these pleasure cuffs she'd show a completely different side to her personality.

"Better you than me. I hear she's a hellcat." Riggins grinned.

"My favorite kind." Both men shared a conspiratorial chuckle, before Riggins turned down the hall toward his office. Marik glanced at the box of contraband in his arms. He had the paperwork, all the docs showing it was the product of an official action. He probably should take it with him so he could show her the extent of her brother's involvement.

He stopped in his office long enough to finger comb his hair and remove a few of the more interesting things from the box. She didn't need to see the spiked anal intruders or other instruments of pain. Some people had strange sexual tastes. He doubted Elaura was one of them.

Blood rushed south at an alarming rate. "Down, boy," he growled, knowing he couldn't see her with a raging hard-on. Ever since he'd first met the attaché to the Ambassador, he'd wanted her. If he wasn't reading her signals incorrectly, she wanted him. Yet something held her back. At the rare official functions where they brushed

elbows she acted cold, but polite, as if he were beneath her notice. He wondered once he had her handcuffed to the bed, her cunt dripping and her clit swollen from his tongue, if she'd be so standoffish, or if she'd scream his name as she came. Yeah, he'd like that. Elaura screaming his name as she came.

Reaching down, he adjusted his pants then, picking up the box, turned and headed for the Ambassador's wing. People moved out of his way, not wanting to interfere in the business of a Concordance Inspections Agent. With the wariness accorded his position, the halls cleared. Sooner than he expected, he found himself taking the lift to the Kreshna Ambassadorial level.

The doors opened with a soft *whoosh*. The sweet scent of jasmine enticed him from the elevator. Muted flute music with an undercurrent of primal drums filled the hallway. He stopped. The difference between a smoky, stinky lower hall of a warehouse and this ambassador palace wing made him blink. Suddenly, in his uniform, his boots scuffed from running after Zach, and a box of sex toys in his hands, he felt positively tawdry. Marik grinned. Maybe Elaura liked such things, no matter what her cool, aloof exterior suggested.

"Oof!" A soft, feminine exclamation interrupted his thoughts as he rounded the corner. He stumbled, automatically reaching for the body that had collided with his to keep her upright. The box tumbled from his arms.

It spun end over end to land with a clatter on the floor. The flaps opened, spilling the contents into the hallway. His fingers slipped on her silk sleeves and she tumbled at his feet. Marik stumbled into the wall, righting himself, automatically reaching for the woman's hand. A stylus and handheld computer lay on the ground next to her.

"Oh, my planner." Picking it up, she slipped the stylus into the holder before looking at him. "I didn't see you. I'm sorry."

Her whisky-colored eyes captivated him. Impossibly long lashes framed her eyes, too large in her pale face. A slightly upturned nose and full, ruby red lips he longed to taste brought his cock to full attention.

Elaura. He'd recognize her husky voice anywhere. Reaching for the box, he inadvertently spilled more of the contents.

Her eyes went wide. "Is that -- are those what I think they are?" She scurried backward. "Agent Sinstark, what are you doing here with those things?" She glanced down the hall as she stood, looking relieved when she saw it was empty.

"Is there somewhere we can talk?" His fingers lingered a little longer than necessary on a pair of vibrating nipple clamps. The image of Elaura trussed up, wearing nothing but the clamps, filled his mind. He stifled a groan as his cock hardened with a painful intensity. Flipping the lid closed, he picked up the box. "I was coming to see you."

"With those things?" She kept her voice down, the shocked maiden act not playing well for someone who worked for one of the most sexually permissive groups in the Concordance. He'd heard rumors she'd grown up on the backside of Turas-9. He had no doubts she'd seen just about everything there was to see.

"Yes. I'm on duty, so this isn't about you." *The hell it wasn't.* He kept his thoughts to himself. "I need to talk to you about your brother."

Elaura gasped. She paled, her hand reaching for the wall.

Marik crossed the space between them. Balancing the box, he cupped her arm with his right hand. "I'm sorry. I wouldn't be here unless it was important." She looked frightened, as if he'd come bearing news so horrible it'd shatter her life.

"My office is this way," she whispered.

Marik released her as she turned away to lead him down the hall. He followed behind, noticing the way her straight skirt hinted at the curves of her ass. The outfit made her legs seem to go on forever. Damn him for coming here like this, with these items. He wanted to fuck her, to use everything in the box twice and make her scream his name as she came. He shoved aside his carnal thoughts in time to see her turn into an office. Following her, he closed the door behind them.

"What is it?" She whirled to face him, her arms crossed beneath her generous breasts. The pale mounds of flesh pushed against the neckline of her peach blouse,

threatening to spill over into his waiting hands. He set the box down on a table, then stepped away from the damning things.

"Your brother's involved in a smuggling operation. I'm sorry. I don't want to sugarcoat it for you. I assure you, my department will do everything it can to keep the information under wraps."

Elaura gasped. Eyes closed, she sucked in a deep breath of air. When she opened them again, sorrow swam in the amber depths of her gaze. She shook her head. "I should have guessed." She sank into her chair.

Marik strode forward. He circled her desk and leaned one hip against it. He stood close to her, too close for protocol, but rules be damned. He'd just dumped a heap of shit in her lap. He wanted her to know he'd take whatever steps were necessary to protect her position and reputation. He cupped her chin and tilted her gaze to meet his.

"Hey, it'll be all right." What possessed him to try and reassure her, he didn't know. "Your name isn't associated with anything. There's only a few officers who know of the connection. I wanted to come down here and personally reassure you." He brushed his thumb across her full lower lip.

Sparks danced across his skin. Her warm exhalation was like a punch to the gut, hitting him right where it hurt.

"You mean that, don't you?"

Marik released her as if she'd stung him. "You don't believe me. Oh, hell, I'd never do anything to hurt you. You have to know that." He brushed her cheek, sliding his fingers into her hair. The silken strands caressed his skin, making him think of how heavenly they'd feel sliding over his cock. He leaned forward. The urge to kiss her fear away took him by surprise. Slanting his lips over hers, he breathed against her flesh, a soft, gentle kiss that had her eyelids fluttering closed. She sighed as she swayed toward him. Her fingers curled into the lapels of his uniform shirt, as if she could pull him to her, or hold herself upright. She moaned against his lips.

He had to taste her. Sliding his leg between hers, he licked her lower lip. Her tiny moan of surrender had him dipping his tongue into her mouth. He tasted mint, with a

hint of the fruit sodas she liked to drink. A moan rumbled through his chest as he cupped the back of her head to deepen the kiss.

Her hand trailed over his chest. Along the buttons of his shirt, down to the belt, then lower, until her fingertips brushed his erection. He reached down and snagged her wrist. "Don't," he said, his voice as ragged as his control. If she circled him with those slender digits with their manicured nails, he'd blow like a teenager. Elaura had him so hot, so horny, he thought nothing of seducing her when he came here to tell her about her brother's involvement in the smuggling ring. Hell.

He tore his lips from hers with a curse and released her wrist. Stepping back, he placed the width of the desk between them, though he suspected the entire station wouldn't be enough space to douse the fire she'd started in his blood.

"Marik?" She looked at him, eyes wide, lips swollen from his kisses.

He expected her to slap him, maybe even order him out of her office. That she sat there as if he'd somehow hurt her by ending the kiss, it tugged at the last vestiges of his control. He went to the box. He picked it up, intending to leave. Instead, he found himself thinking about how Elaura could assure his silence by exploring the contents.

Bastard! He shouldn't even be thinking such things, not when she sat so vulnerable. "I think you should know what your brother smuggled." Driven by the need to know how she'd react, if she truly would be the hellcat he imagined in bed, he opened the box.

He grabbed the most innocent thing he could, a small pleasure bot. Activated by the heat from his hand, it started buzzing softly. He strode across her office to her.

"What are you doing?" Elaura asked.

"Showing you what your brother was arrested for smuggling." He stopped beside her, then caressed the curve of her neck where it blended into her shoulder. Opening his hand, he released the bot.

It purred. Upon finding warm flesh, it hurried down toward the valley between her breasts, before disappearing from view.

“Ooh,” she gasped as the tiny device moved beneath her clothing. She moistened her mouth, her tiny, pink tongue ratcheting up his libido several notches. “Sex toys,” she purred. “I hadn’t known him to smuggle anything so innocent.” She traced her neckline with a shaking finger, as if she couldn’t believe the tiny bot moving beneath her clothing.

He watched the small device scale the slope of her breast. It swirled around her nipple, the turgid bead visible beneath the thin fabric of her blouse. His mouth watered with the need to taste her skin. He gripped the edge of the desk so hard his knuckles turned white. “I’ve got to go,” Marik said.

“Wait! What else is in the box?”

His mouth went dry. Oh, he’d suspected she had a passionate streak. Perhaps acting all prim and proper only brought it out in her. Maybe she’d been too good for too long and her brother’s actions brought out her inner sex goddess. Willing his cock not to burst the confines of his too-tight uniform pants, he picked up the box and carried it back to the desk.

She leaned forward, the material gaping so he could see her breasts all the way to the cups of her ivory lace bra.

He dropped the box as if it burned him and started to backpedal. “You can see what’s in there. Just let me know when you’re finished.” He closed his hand around the cool doorknob. Every cell in his body told him to show Elaura exactly how every object in the box could be used. He’d never backed away before, but he had a job to do, was on the fast track to a promotion. Using illegal items in a sexual liaison would do nothing but get his ass busted down to janitor so fast it’d make his head spin.

Elaura unbuttoned her shirt. Fishing in the box like she had all the time in the world, she pulled out the nipple clamps. “You know I’ve always wondered how these things worked.” She circled her nipple with her finger, watching as his gaze was drawn to the hints of her skin through the lace of her bra. His throat worked.

* * *

Elaura struggled to keep her expression innocent as she watched Marik's body tense. She shrugged her blouse from her shoulders. A tap of her finger on a hidden button in her desk locked her office door. No good in having her employers walk in and interrupt what would prove to be a very interesting afternoon. After all the work she'd gone through to make sure her brother had those items, and the fact she'd booked a very exclusive suite for this weekend to test them all, she'd hate to have her work ruined.

She stood. A flick of her wrist opened her skirt and sent it to pool around her feet. Wearing only her matching ivory lace bra and panty set, her stockings held up with garters, she strode around her desk. Though she had hoped he'd stretch her out on the plush carpet, against the wall had possibilities too. Frankly, they'd danced around each other enough. It was time for Marik to put up or shut up. From the look of the bulge in his pants, he certainly was up for the job.

She grinned. Reaching behind her, she unhooked her bra, letting the garment flutter to the floor. Her panties followed. The bot buzzed next to her left nipple, a happy little noise that had zings of pleasure racing straight to her wet pussy. She picked up the clamp.

"You going to show me how these work?" She licked her finger and swirled the wet digit around the tight nub. "I hear they work better when your nipple is all... wet." She drew out the last words, watching as his gaze fastened with laser precision to her nipple. She stopped directly in front of him and pressed the clamps into his hands.

She'd played him, and he knew it. A hint of anger flashed in his gaze. Marik wasn't a man who enjoyed being the pawn in someone else's game. She languidly stretched against him. The hard ridge of his cock pressed insistently against her belly, and she knew his body had taken all the control out of his hands. Sliding her fingers into the hair at the nape of his neck, she nibbled along his jaw line. "So what will it be, officer. Are you going to cuff me?"

"Yeah," he admitted.

Elaura circled his wrist with her fingers and brought his hand to her breast. He stifled a groan as he brushed against her soft flesh. She struggled not to grin at how well her plan worked. Slowly, oh, so slowly, her entire body aching with it, he fastened the clamp onto her nipple.

She moaned, the briefest twinge of pain pulling straight to her cunt. She sucked in a breath, focusing on the man in front of her. She unbuttoned his shirt, one button at a time, revealing his sculpted chest lightly dusted with hair. She curled her fingers into it, his flat pecs with their male nipples beckoning her to lean forward and lick one.

She breathed deeply, loving his masculine scent. She swirled her tongue around his nipple. The salty taste of his skin filled her mouth like an elixir. "I think you might have to arrest me, officer," she breathed against his skin. Then, she dropped to her knees in order to better follow the trail of hair leading to the waistband of his pants.

He moved his fingers. The bot's buzzing increased. It slid from her nipple, making her cry out with the loss. The tiny device slid over her stomach, down beneath the pale ivory lace of her panties, and found her slick labia.

Elaura moaned. She spread her legs, feeling the bot hum its way between her lips to circle her engorged clit. "Marik, please." She unfastened his pants.

"Please what?" he asked. He looked down at her, nostrils flared. From the size of the bulge pressing against his fly, he was fully erect.

She opened his pants, stroking her fingers along the length of him as she did. She gently pushed his briefs down. His cock sprang free. Thick and long, it made her mouth water. With a wide mushroom head and a shaft roped with veins, it looked perfect for sucking. She grinned, looking up through lowered lashes to see him staring at her, mouth parted.

Elaura wrapped her lips around him. Mmm, he tasted so good, she couldn't help but lick his satiny skin as she worked her mouth down his shaft. She hummed in the back of her throat, then reached around to cup his ass. Yes, this was exactly what she'd been waiting for. Her pussy creamed as she thought about his rod filling her. Risking

censure for the illegal objects was oh-so-worth-it if it meant licking and suckling this magnificent cock.

Marik groaned. His fingers speared through her hair, holding her there while she worked his shaft. The bot found her clit. It vibrated directly against her swollen nub, the tiny buzzing noise nearly driving her to orgasm. Elaura sucked harder. Hollowing out her cheeks, she drew him as deep into her mouth as she could. His head brushed against the back of her throat. She relaxed her muscles to let him slip past the tight ring. She curled her fingers into his buttocks. Hard muscle jumped beneath her fingertips.

Elaura whimpered. The need to make Marik come before she did burned through her veins. She rocked her hips, the tiny bot teasing her nearly to the point of pain. Her juices ran down the insides of her thighs. This was the least of the items she'd put into the box. The thought of trying everything with him had her ready to explode.

Marik fucked her lips. She drew her tongue down the length of him, swirling it around the sensitive knot of nerves right beneath his head.

"Oh yeah. Elaura." His husky whispers imbued her with a sense of feminine power. She couldn't help but grin around his shaft as she worked him into a frenzy. Sliding her hand from his buttocks, she reached between his legs to fondle his balls. She stroked her finger along the length of his perineum.

"I'm going to come," he announced.

Do it! Elaura willed him with her mind. He jerked. His body stiffened, every muscle going rigid. His cock twitched and hot streams of his seed filled her mouth. It splashed down her throat. She swallowed, loving the taste of his salty essence. Slowly she slid her lips from him, then licked up and down his shaft, cleaning him with her tongue. When she finished, she sat back on her heels. The bot still buzzed between her legs. She reached down to slide her fingers through her juices.

Her finger brushed against the bot, making it rub even harder into her clit. She thrust two fingers into her pussy. "Do you want to watch me get off?" She lay back and spread her thighs, bracing her feet on the floor. The plush carpet of her office cushioned her.

Nostrils flared, Marik drank in the sight of her clit and labia, her fingers jammed two-knuckles-deep into her channel. She pumped her hand, rubbing her palm against her clit and the bot. Needy whimpers emerged from her throat. She knew she wouldn't last much longer.

"Do you like watching me touch myself?" She circled her nipple with her fingers, the still-buzzing clamps driving her to madness. Head tilted back, she rode the pulsating waves of pleasure coursing through her veins. If this is what she felt like without having him inside her, imagine how much better it would be once he was. She closed her eyes and bit back a scream as she orgasmed. Her muscles twitched, pussy clamping tightly onto her fingers. Limp, she lay back on the carpet and sucked in gulps of air.

"Next time you do that, I'll be inside you." Marik circled his fingers around his cock, then gently put it back into his pants. He fastened them.

"Yeah, you will. Check your planner. I had all the details sent to you." With more strength than she had, she rose to her feet. It took her only a moment to dress. The bot, having sensed her release, slid out of her pussy and fell to the floor.

"Good, I'm looking forward to it." Marik retrieved the bot and nipple clamps while she finished dressing. Winking, he grabbed the box of sex toys and left.

Elaura watched him go. Step one of her plan had been executed flawlessly. She knew the rest of it would work as well. In just a few short hours, she'd have Marik's cock buried deep inside her. And once she had him, she planned on never letting go.

Chapter Two

Being played ranked high on Marik's list of things he hated. Strolling down the hall toward the secluded quarters where he was to meet Elaura, he struggled to dismiss the feeling she knew far more about his haul of illegal toys than she should. He carried the box in an overnight bag hung over his shoulder. Just thinking about her wanton display had him harder than one of the station's support struts.

The image of her lying on the carpet, legs spread, pussy soaked with that damned pleasure bot vibrating all around her clit filled his mind. It'd taken all his self-control not to drop to the floor beside her and wrap his lips around the plump nub of her clit. Her stifled moans filled his ears. He longed to bury himself balls-deep inside her hot cunt. Marik groaned at the memory.

The time for games had ended. He'd spent the afternoon researching and documenting everything in the box, all in the name of official business, of course. If, after discovering the unique talents of each object, Elaura didn't tell him what he needed to know, then she had more balls than he had. Considering the blue state of his, that said a lot.

He stopped outside a smooth silver door without any identifying marks. A small scanner sat to the side of the door. He waved his wrist in front of it and the door beeped once, sliding open, then closed soundlessly behind him.

The scent of dinner filled his nostrils and had his stomach growling before he'd even taken three steps into the room. He stopped, looking beyond the small seating area with its pristine white couches and plush carpet to a table that sat next to large windows with a view of space beyond. Elaura sat at the table, candlelight giving her skin an ethereal glow. She wore a virtually sheer white gown and little else.

"Welcome," she said. "You're just in time for supper."

He was hungry all right, his gaze feasting on the round globes of her breasts visible through her gown. The lean line of her thigh and hip were visible, hiding her curls from his view. His cock roared to life, demanding he forget sustenance and simply take this woman.

"Smells good," he said, pulling out a chair. The small table dictated that he sit across from her. He glanced at the fish sitting next to a fresh green salad. "How'd you know when I'd be arriving?"

She grinned. "I have my ways." She speared a bite of fish with her fork and brought it to her lips. He watched as she closed her mouth around the morsel. An image of her lips around his cock filled his mind, and he bit back a groan. She chewed slowly, eyes closed in ecstasy as she swallowed, then licked her lips.

Marik's breath caught in his throat. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you'd been planning this," he said, his voice huskier than he wished.

"Would that be a bad thing?" She looked so innocent, so guileless, he had a hard time believing this was the same woman who had masturbated on the floor in front of him just a few hours ago.

"Depends on whether you accessed illegal goods to do it and tampered with an ongoing investigation. Some of the items in the box carry a high penalty for possession and even higher for their use." Marik speared a bite of dinner with his fork. His stomach churned. His investigation had been going so well. He'd been close to getting the top man, when all of a sudden, he'd been pulled off track to arrest her brother. If she set up her own family member... no, he didn't like this one bit.

"I assure you I've done nothing illegal." She looked shocked.

As of yet, she hadn't. The pleasure bot he'd used was completely legal, as were the nipple clamps. He frowned. He'd come here to get answers, and maybe get laid. Now, the only way to ascertain her guilt or innocence would be to expose her to all the items in the box. And he couldn't do that without using them. He barely tasted dinner as he ate another forkful.

"So, Officer Sinstark, what is in the bag?" Elaura asked.

Marik shoved his chair back. "I'll show you. Come here." He pulled her to her feet, his body taut with anticipation. He was tired of their word games, of watching her red lips around the fork, and of listening to the tiny sounds of pleasure she made as she ate. He knew exactly what he wanted. As he looked down her body in the sheer gown, his imagination worked overtime.

He led her into the bedroom. Watching the gentle sway of her breasts made him want to cup them in his hands, squeeze them together, and suck on her nipples until she screamed.

A large bed dominated the room. Windows on three sides provided a view into space beyond, though the one-way viewing made sure they'd have complete privacy. The four-poster bed looked perfect to tie her to, and he could imagine having her spread and at his mercy.

"Lay down," he ordered, his voice gruff. The way his dick ached he hoped to be able to make her come before he had to be inside her. The idea of letting the pleasure bot roam over her body while he ate her pussy had him grinning from ear to ear.

Elaura complied, letting the gown fall from her shoulders.

Marik swallowed hard, watching as she rested for a moment with her knee on the bed, hands planted before her. Mouth watering, he stared at her parted labia, her clit already swollen, her slit wet. He drew a ragged breath as she moved to the middle of the bed, then lay down on her back, arms stretched above her head, thighs spread as far as they would go. "How do you want me?" she asked, her voice a throaty purr.

Any way I can get you. Marik crossed to the end of the bed, unable to tear his eyes from the vision lying before him. God, he wanted to lick every inch of her body, and fuck her everywhere he could. Her cunt. Her mouth. Her ass. And the box held enough toys to keep her stuffed full and wanting more. He reached for the handcuffs hanging from his work belt. He slipped one end around the post of the bed. He closed the other end around her ankle with an audible *snick*. "Wait right here."

"I'm not going anywhere, officer." Elaura caressed the skin between her breasts, her fingers tracing a path across her navel, before he could turn and hurry back to the living room. Damn, the woman had tried to kill him.

He returned with the box to find Elaura on the bed, her fingers buried in her pussy. She stroked the length of her slit, her fingers dipping in and out of her channel. He set the box down and pulled out two pairs of pleasure cuffs. It was time to get to the good stuff.

Her eyes widened, but she said nothing as he carried both pairs of cuffs to the head of the bed. He fastened first her left wrist, then her right to the bed, pausing to draw her sticky fingers into his mouth. He sucked her digits, the salty flavor of her cream giving him a glimpse of just how good she'd taste. "Mmm," he said as he pulled her fingers from his lips. "I'll have to try some of that myself."

Elaura shuddered.

He fastened her right ankle with another regular pair of handcuffs, then stepped back to admire his handiwork. Now it was time for her to lie back and watch. He started to unbutton his uniform shirt.

The pleasure cuffs around her wrist looked scarily familiar. She'd been promised nothing too black market would be in the box. Just enough to entice Officer Sinstark to personally apprehend the criminal. That it would be her brother was a given. She'd been on the verge of turning him in herself; only his promise that he'd go quietly had her even bringing him in on the plan. She'd meant to skirt the edge of the law, but the pleasure cuffs on her wrist most definitely were on the *very* illegal side of the line.

She shuddered as Marik bared his chest, tugging the tails of his shirt free and dropping it to the floor beside him. The cuffs wouldn't open until she'd been fucked in the pussy, the ass, and until he came in her mouth. Tiny sensors released nanobots into her bloodstream to detect the levels of semen in her body, and the extent of her arousal. The fact that the cuffs took away free will -- that they wouldn't open for him or her until the prerequisite orgasms had happened on both their parts -- made them dangerous.

Should something happen and she need to flee the room, she couldn't. People had died, and that's why the Concordance outlawed them.

She shuddered to think she could only lie there and wait for him to take her over and over again, and should he choose to delay the cuffs' opening, he could. Her mouth went dry as he slipped his belt off and laid the visible reminder of his job on the floor next to his shirt. His pants followed, and he stood naked.

"You know what those cuffs are and what they mean, right?" Marik asked.

Elaura nodded. "Yeah, pleasure cuffs." She closed her eyes. "I had nothing to do with them. I hope you believe that."

Marik grinned. "Well, I think we'll soon find out." He leaned forward and swept his fingers down her leg. He watched her shiver. Her lips parted, her panting breaths filling the room. "I'll make you beg for me to take you, make you come over and over again until the cuffs open. You're going to want it, and I'm going to give it to you."

His words made her cream. Clenching her fingers, she arched her back and offered him her breasts. "Yes," she breathed.

He blew a puff of warm air against her flesh. "See, I told you that you were going to beg." He closed his lips around her nipple and sucked.

Elaura bit her lip to stifle a scream of pleasure. She wasn't quite ready yet to inform Marik just what he did to her. Of course, her fantasies hardly lived up to the reality. If he knew she'd lain in bed at night, fingers working in her pussy until she drenched them with her own cream just thinking about him fucking her... well, she knew exactly what he'd do with that knowledge. He palmed her other breast, rotating his hand against her turgid nipple. She whimpered and arched into his touch.

When it came to sex, Marik was a master. Maybe it was his work with the Inspection Agency, tracking down contraband material, most of which was sexual in nature. Maybe it was a natural talent. Either way, with his lips on her breast, his tongue playing with her nipple, and his hot hand on the other, he sent jolts of passion straight to her weeping sex.

How much could she endure? He'd just begun, and from the way he feasted on her nipple as if he had all the time in the world, he wouldn't be thrusting his thick cock into her anytime soon. Her pussy clenched. She mewled with need. The box had dildos, vibrators, things to penetrate every opening she had, and damn him, she knew he'd make her beg for something in her cunt.

He grazed her nipple with his teeth. With her hands bound she couldn't clench her fingers in his hair, though she imagined the silky feel of it beneath her fingers. Curling her hands into fists, she closed her eyes and pulled ragged breaths into her lungs. *Steady, don't let him know how much he's getting to you.* Her mental words did little to cool the fire in her blood.

Marik released her nipple with a pop. He curled his hand around the wet nub, palming both of her breasts until she whimpered. He buried his face between them and licked the sweat off her skin. Up, between her breasts, to the hollow of her collarbone where he feasted like a man enjoying every morsel of a gourmet meal. He found the place where her neck met her shoulder and paid special attention to the crease. Open-mouthed, he sucked on her flesh.

Her earlobe must have fascinated him because he pulled it between his teeth, nipping gently, then sucked the sting away. He tickled her with the swirl of his tongue along the shell of her ear. She shuddered. Her breath came in pants now, the manacles on her ankles keeping her from pressing her thighs together for any relief.

"I'm not going to beg," she said, hoping he'd believe her and give into his own need to plunge his cock into her.

"Not yet," he whispered into her ear, the warm puffs of air arousing her even more.

Her cream dripped along her slit, soaking the comforter beneath her. He straddled her leg, letting her feel the hot length of his shaft against her thigh. She lifted her leg against it, hoping to drive him as mad as he drove her. Her fingers found the cool length of chain between the cuffs and she clung to it like a lifeline. The touch of metal should have cooled her ardor. It didn't.

He worked down her neck again, never pausing as he kissed a trail between her breasts. His hands skimmed her sides. Her nipples puckered in the chill breeze from the air recycling units. If it weren't for the insistent hum of the station, present even here, they could have been anywhere. She forced her eyes to look away from his dark hair against her skin as he swirled his tongue around her navel. She stared out the large view screen, the infinite blackness of space helping her to keep control. The pinpoint lights of stars, as far away as her own world, looked cold in the darkness of space. She swallowed hard.

Marik's warm breath teased the neatly trimmed strip of hair covering her mound. He eased his shoulders between her thighs. Elaura closed her eyes just thinking about his mouth on her pussy. She struggled not to shudder, not even when he licked the length of her slit, so slow and deliberate she swore he'd drown in her juices. Careful not to penetrate her, he focused his attention on her labia, drawing them between his lips, sucking, tonguing them, always certain to avoid her clit.

In her mind, she fisted her hands in his hair and forced him to eat her. The image only made her hornier. She tried to recite trade regulations in her mind. She wouldn't beg. She wouldn't give in. No matter what he did to her.

Marik swiped his tongue across her clit.

Elaura screamed. A bolt of pleasure shot from her clit to her nipples, down to her channel, arcing through her body with painful intensity. She felt Marik's grin.

"Just do it." Maybe later she'd have more restraint, after she experienced his cock buried deep inside her cunt, and they'd fucked each other until they passed out. Then, perhaps, she'd have the discipline needed not to beg. But not right now.

"Do what?" Marik asked. Humor danced in his voice.

"Put your tongue in my pussy," she ordered.

"Giving up so soon?" He pulled his face away.

"Not giving up. Just knowing when to pick my battles. So do it. Fuck me!" She jerked her hands against the chains, knowing full well the cuffs would hold fast. Still, if

there was a chance, even a minute one, she could break free, she would, and then she'd make him give her what she wanted.

Marik plunged his tongue inside her cunt. Elaura screamed as pleasure coursed through her veins. She bucked beneath his ministrations, her clit throbbing. Clenching her muscles around him, she whimpered as he repeatedly thrust his tongue into her. He used it like a miniature cock, driving her to the edge of passion. She thrashed. Eyes closed, she lost herself to the sensation of being taken, plundered, and knowing there was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

Elaura struggled to give up her hard-fought control. On a daily basis she presented a cool façade to the world. The beautiful attaché couldn't afford to be anything but an ice princess. Yet here, shackled to the bed, with Marik's tongue working its magic on her, she found control slipping through her fingers. She swallowed hard in an attempt to stifle the needy whimpers rising in her throat.

Marik's fingers on her hips burned heat into her skin. He worked to hold her still. Just thinking about his muscled arms and strong body had her crying out. Tighter and tighter the coil of pleasure wound inside her, until he flicked his tongue over her clit. She screamed as her release pounded through her. Not enough to trigger the cuffs, hardly enough for that, but strong enough that she saw spots in front of her eyes. She panted. Need hummed in her veins, and she clenched her muscles, hoping he'd fill her with more, lots more.

He pulled back enough to look her over. Elaura saw the smile on his face. "I knew you'd explode," he said, releasing her hip to slide his fingers through her juices. "We're just getting started." Masculine pride filled his face.

Elaura sucked in air. What had she gotten herself into? She didn't have time to think for he found her clit and circled it with his fingers. All the while, he kept those gray eyes focused on her face. The idea that she was the object of his sole attention had her whimpering as the pleasure built anew. Her nipples beaded, so hard and tight, they ached. Tiny currents jolted from her nipples to her clit and back again, a never-ending

circuit Marik fed with his stroking fingers. He tilted his wrist, two fingers easily finding their way into her channel, his palm rotating against her clit.

"Shall we test the cuffs?" Marik asked. He crawled over her body and lipped at her nipples.

"Please," Elaura whimpered, not caring now that she begged. "I want you to take me."

"Where?"

"Everywhere," she breathed.

With a groan, Marik moved between the cradle of her thighs. His mouth found her nipples, drawing each one deep with long sucks. He alternated between left and right, lifting each globe in turn to be worshipped by his mouth. His cock nudged her folds.

Marik buried his shaft in her, centimeter by centimeter until his balls rested against her. Finally, his head brushed the mouth of her womb. Damn, he felt good. Thick and long, he stretched her, filled her. She moaned as he kissed her lips, thrusting his tongue into her mouth just as his cock filled her pussy.

For long moments he rested there, balls deep inside her. She couldn't reach around, and the cuffs rattled against the posts of the bed as she fought against her bonds. Then, slowly, as if he had all the time in the world and she wasn't going up in flames, he pulled out until his head rubbed against her labia.

He drove her crazy. Lying there, Elaura could do nothing but feel, but oh, could she feel. His tongue filled her mouth. He suckled her lower lip, then deepened the kiss to claim her once more. Then, a pump of his hips slid his cock into her.

She rocked against him. Yes! She'd dreamed of this, needed this ever since she'd first met the sexy Inspections Agent. Now, she had him exactly where she wanted him, on top of her and filling her pussy with each delicious stroke. She whimpered against his mouth, feeling her muscles tightening, the familiar coiled spring feeling of her orgasm resting just out of reach. She pumped her hips, his thrusts getting harder, deeper, and she kept up with him stroke for stroke.

She imagined stars felt like this as they went supernova, the heated rush, the desire for something hovering just over the horizon. Closing her eyes, she inhaled his musky scent. Skin, slick with sweat, rubbed against skin, her nipples crushing against his chest with each stroke. His hand skimmed her side, tracing each rib, until he cupped her ass and hauled her against him.

His cock found the spot high and deep inside that sent her spiraling out of control. Each thrust sent his head finding that secret place. Elaura cried out. Muscles contracting, she gave herself over to the pounding orgasm racing through her body.

Marik tore his lips from hers.

Elaura screamed as she shuddered beneath him. Pleasure filled her, made her feel as if she exploded into light like a star going nova. Eyes closed, she saw only the spots of color, swirling and dancing behind her lids. Her breath caught, held, and then her body rippled and contracted as the pleasure worked its way through her.

Marik thrust again. His balls slapped against her ass, his moans telling her he neared his own climax. Then, he was there, stiffening above her, his release a triumphant shout on his lips. His warm seed bathed her insides, and the feel of him so intimately inside her had her coming again. She whimpered and lay sated on the mattress, still bound, and still twitching with aftershocks.

With a low groan, he collapsed on top of her. Elaura opened her eyes to see the grin playing around his lips. "Yeah, looks like those are pleasure cuffs, because you're still bound." Inside her, his cock hardened again, and Elaura knew she was going to be in for a long, delicious night.

Chapter Three

Marik had never met a more responsive woman. Even now, after one of the best orgasms he'd ever had, his cock stirred to life inside her. Twice today and he had no doubts he'd come at least twice more. Enough to really test these black market cuffs and see if their legendary powers were true. The tiny bots were rumored to enhance his performance as well as make sure the cuffs didn't open until she'd been thoroughly taken. He grinned as he eased his weight from her.

Marik drank in the sight of her tousled blonde hair, down to her kiss-swollen lips. His gaze drifted lower to her breasts with their wide, hard nipples, across her flat stomach, down to the flare of her hips. There, he focused on her soaked pussy. Her swollen clit peeked from its hood. Without a doubt, Elaura was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. Just thinking about bending her legs and taking her ass had his dick completely hard. But first he had to remove her ankle cuffs.

Somehow he mustered the strength to slide from the bed. She whimpered, tried to reach for him, but the pleasure cuffs around her wrists stopped her. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"To get the keys."

Her eyes widened.

He knew thoughts of what would happen next raced through her mind. "That's right. I'm going to take your pretty little ass," he said, the words making his cock throb in anticipation.

Elaura sucked in a harsh breath.

Marik rummaged on his belt for the keys. As soon as he found them, he held them up triumphantly. He moved to the foot of the bed, liking the wicked grin that curved her lips. He unlocked the cuffs, making a great show of removing first one, then

the other. He dropped them to the ground where they clinked with a finality that told him he probably wouldn't be putting them on her again. No, he wanted to feel her legs wrapped around his hips, her heels digging into his buttocks.

He crawled onto the bed between her legs, letting his fingers caress the taut muscles of her calves. Her dainty feet called to him. He circled one with his palm and brought it to his chest. Pressing her foot flat between his pecs, he traced her toes with their light sparkly pink polish, and watched as they curled with pleasure. He lifted her foot to his lips to press a kiss along her arch.

Her eyes closed on a breathy sigh. Taking it as a sign of her capitulation, he kissed his way to the top of her foot. He made his way to her ankle, circling the slender joint with his fingers. The bone on the outer edge and the hollow behind deserved his attention. He licked and nibbled on it until she cried out. Ahh, a hidden erogenous zone. He filed it away for later use.

The curve of her calf demanded graceful sweeps of his fingers into the hollow in the back of his knee. There, he licked, sucking on it until the pressure in his cock made him fear he'd explode before he even got inside her once more. Her legs parted, revealing the plump folds of her sex to him. His mouth watered with the memory of her taste.

He stroked her labia, gathering her cream on his fingers to spread back toward the puckered bud that would soon demand his attention. The cuffs were very specific in their instructions. Why or how they knew the order in which he took her, he didn't know, thinking the nano technology far above his inspector's knowledge. So he circled the tight ring of muscles and tried not to think about how heavenly they'd feel milking his cock.

He pressed his pinky against her, wanting to feel her relax. The tip slipped inside, her muscles tight, too tight, around him. How he'd fit his cock in without hurting her, he didn't know, and he swallowed hard to try and regain some control. At last she relaxed around him, and he eased his finger in a bit deeper. With his thumb, he stroked the sensitive skin just behind her slit and was rewarded with her moans.

Applying a liberal amount of lube, he slid his finger into her again, then added a second, stretching her, readying her for his invasion. Her cream soaked his hand, and her arousing noises had his cock throbbing so hard it nearly touched his navel. Between his legs, his balls hung ready to pump more seed into this woman.

The time spent dancing around their attraction only served to heighten this moment, this weekend where they would test every toy in the box, and finally give in to the inevitable. He removed his fingers, then gently bent her legs and rested her ankles on his shoulders.

She was open, so open he stroked the length of her thighs, from knee to the crease where thigh met buttocks. He pressed her legs back, spreading them, opening her to his gaze. He drank in the sight of her. The pearl of her clit poked from beneath its hood, so plump he had to lean down and stroke it with his tongue. Her honeyed juices burst on his tongue.

He lifted his head enough to ask, "Are you ready?" He pumped his hips. Sliding his cock along her lips, he coated it with her juices.

"Yes," she moaned.

Marik grinned. He restrained a shout of triumph and pressed the head of his cock against her tight muscles. She relaxed as he applied more pressure. The tip of his cock slipped inside.

Elaura moaned.

Marik held himself still to better savor the sight of Elaura. She lay there, head back, her mouth open in a wordless cry, breasts heaving with each panting breath. He tilted his hips and pressed deeper inside her. She whimpered, though not from pain. He curled his fingers into her hips to hold both of them still.

Slowly, oh, so slowly he thought it would kill him, he inched into her body. Her tight flesh circled him, held him in a vice-like grip that had his balls tightening, a familiar tingling starting at the base of his spine. Damn it, he wouldn't blow. Not yet. Swallowing hard, he gave one, final push and seated himself fully inside her.

"God, you're so tight," he growled.

Elaura shuddered. He felt her movement along the entire length of his cock. Careful not to hurt her, he pulled back until just his head rested inside her. Then, he thrust forward again. Her feet pressed against his shoulders, her legs high enough to allow him access. He stroked her soaking wet pussy. Finding the bud of her clit, he circled it with his fingers.

Her cries grew higher, more intense with each thrust. Sweat glistened on her skin, and he wished he could lean forward and lick it off. Later. He had no doubts there'd be plenty more time for them to take care of this. The cuffs rattled against the posts at the head of the bed, yet didn't give way.

"Yes! Harder!" Elaura shouted. "God, yes, fuck me!" The last word ended on a wail as she came, her body convulsing around him. Her panting breaths filled the air. Her cream dripped from her slit to further coat his aching cock and balls.

He was close, so close, and he didn't think he'd last much longer. Before giving her a chance to come back from her orgasm, he caressed the swollen nub of her clit. It poked from beneath the hood, swelling even more under his touch. Her cries escalated, and he grinned, knowing she was as close as he. Steadying himself against her, he palmed her breast.

Her muscles clamped down around him, making him wish he'd had the foresight to bring a dildo over and stuff her creaming pussy full. He'd fill her fore and aft, the only man to bring her pleasure on this night. Just the thought alone sent him rocketing toward his release.

Then like a dam bursting, seed swelled up from his sacs to course through him. He came, his cock shooting deep into her body. A triumphant roar ripped from his throat, and he thrust forward as far as he could. Elaura came again, her shrieks filling the room. Her body convulsed. Her breaths jerked in her throat. Eyes closed, she bowed under the wave of pleasure he gave her. Marik grinned.

His softening cock slipped from her easily as he shifted position to lie down beside her. Just for a moment, then he'd clean them up and work toward fulfilling the third part of those cuffs.

Finally, her breathing returned to normal.

He pressed a kiss on her forehead. "Be right back," he whispered, slipping from the bed.

Moments later he returned with a warm cloth after cleaning up in the bathroom. He knelt between Elaura's legs and quickly cleaned her. He heard soft snores and realized in all the exertion she'd fallen asleep. He chuckled as he returned the washcloth to the bathroom. Then he covered her up with an extra blanket. He wished the key would work in the black market cuffs -- not that he minded having her tied up, but he knew she'd ache when she woke. He slipped into bed beside her, cradling her in his arms.

Marik lay there. He'd wanted the woman he held in his arms for a long time. Ever since she accepted her post here, really, though the differences in their jobs, his as an officer, hers as an attaché, kept them apart. Now, naked, his legs tangled with hers, she slept beside him. A warm, heavy weight filled his chest. In this moment, he couldn't imagine his life without her.

His breath caught in his throat. Could it really be true? Could he be falling for Elaura? He shook his head in an attempt to banish the thoughts from his mind. They came from two different sides of the tracks, and he had a nagging suspicion that she might have had something to do with the box of toys he'd confiscated. If she worked on the wrong side of the law, he couldn't have anything more to do with her, except in a legal capacity.

Dread weighed heavy in his gut. If he had to arrest her... He refused to believe that. Sure, it was her brother he'd arrested with the stolen goods, but that didn't mean anything. In his line of work he saw family members caught all the time in things beyond their control, the rest of the family having nothing to do with the illegal activities. He frowned, not liking the direction of his thoughts.

He had to face facts. He was falling and falling hard. Just the scent of her hair, the fragrance of her skin, had him hard and ready. One look at her made him imagine

ripping off her clothes and burying himself deep inside her. Her position didn't matter. Neither did her family. He wanted her and only her.

Elaura stirred in her sleep, her toes curling against his calf. She made a soft whimpering sound that hardened his cock. With each wiggle against his turgid flesh, he knew he was a goner.

Elaura woke with the warm weight of a body curled against her. Something hard poked her in her hip. She wiggled against it, eliciting a masculine groan. Marik. Her pussy ached in a most delicious way. If the erection against her was any indication, he wanted her again. She turned her head and opened her eyes to find him staring at her.

"Awake, sleepyhead?" He grinned.

She blinked the last vestiges of sleep from her eyes. "I am now," she murmured. She curled her fingers into a fist. With him lying there, his bare chest pressed against her side, she longed to run her fingers over it. He'd had her twice, yet she'd been unable to fully explore his magnificent body.

A dull pain throbbed in her shoulders. She closed her eyes, using deep breaths to shove the ache from her mind. Only because she'd fallen asleep before they could complete the steps to open the cuffs. If she hadn't, then she'd be sleeping beside him with her arms wrapped around him, more than ready to touch every inch of him.

"You tasted me. I think it's my turn." She arched an eyebrow at his swift inhalation.

Marik rose onto his elbow. He trailed his fingers along the valley between her breasts. The feather-light touch sent shivers down her spine. Goose bumps rose on her skin. "You're in handcuffs. If you were one of my suspects, you wouldn't get a say." He dipped his head to lick the slope of one breast.

Elaura shuddered at how close his words really were. "Ahh, but I think you want me to taste you. I think you want me to suck your cock. Don't you want me to find that sensitive place just behind your head and tongue it? Don't you want me to pull your balls into my mouth and roll them around with my tongue?"

Marik's groan answered her questions. Elaura smiled. She parted her legs even wider, the plump, wet folds of her sex drawing her attention to that very sensitive part of her body. She smelled her arousal in the air, the scent of sex on the comforter beneath her. Lips parted, she drew air into her lungs.

With a low hum, Marik ascended the slope of her breast to swirl his tongue around her left nipple. Her clit throbbed. When he wrapped his lips around her nipple, she cried out. Hands curling into fists, she arched her back, feeding him her flesh. Her hips canted off the bed. Her legs moved restlessly.

Fire like a star going nova burned through her veins. A burst of light, color, sensation, pleasure, it all drove the aches from her body. "Marik, please," she whimpered. "Come in my mouth. I have to touch you."

He released her nipple with a pop. His fingers danced over her flat stomach. Curling his fingers, he brushed the back of his knuckles across the fur of her mons. He stroked her labia, his fingers gathering her cream. He drew the moisture toward her clit. The slightest touch against the aching bud had her whimpering with a need so acute it bordered on painful.

"What if I want to fuck your tight little cunt first?" Marik asked.

She gasped at his words. "Anything," she breathed. The extent of her want scared her. She'd toyed with him by casting covert glances, all the while fantasizing about doing exactly what they did now. Yet in all her dreams, she never imagined his making her need so much. Her panting breaths echoed in the room, her breasts rising and falling like an offering to some ancient god. Her juices dripped along her slit.

A naughty grin covered his face. He slid down the bed, away from her mouth. His warm breath puffed against her stomach.

Her muscles fluttered to think of his lips heading south.

He moved between her thighs, his broad shoulders filling the space. First one leg, then the other, he tucked over his shoulders. Her heels pressed into his back. Then, he lowered his lips to her.

Warm breaths teased her. He inhaled deeply, a masculine groan rumbling through his chest. "Damn, you smell good, all hot and horny and ready."

"Yes." She lifted her hips, offering herself to him. Her muscles tightened, readying for the invasion of his fingers, his tongue. Hell, anything at this point.

Marik swiped his tongue along her labia, before sliding from the bed.

"Damn it," Elaure growled.

His chuckle, so full of male satisfaction that if she weren't tied up she'd throw herself at him and make him fuck her, tightened her nipples even more. She heard him rummaging in the box and realized -- oh, hell -- he wanted to play. She didn't know how much more she could take, but oh, she'd die trying.

He returned to his place between her thighs, applying lube liberally to the object in his hands. She felt the warm, blunt end of a toy at her anus. A plug. Had he read her mind? Stuffed fore and aft, with his cock in her mouth, that image dominated her dreams, her desires. She relaxed as the end slipped past the tight ring of muscles. Slowly, so slowly she squirmed and whimpered with pleasure, he filled her with the wide butt plug. It stretched her, made her remember what it had felt like to have his cock up her ass.

The wider end of a vibrator pressed against her channel. Oh, yeah, she welcomed the invasion, spreading her thighs wider.

"You want to be filled, don't you?" Marik's question, liberally laced with knowing chuckles, only made her want him more.

Closing her eyes, she savored the dual penetration. When at last he seated the vibe deep inside her, he licked her clit. Her muscles spasmed, and the only thing that could make it better would be Marik's cock in her mouth.

A soft hum filled the air.

The pleasure bot.

Elaure swallowed hard. The thought of so much stimulation, so much pleasure, nearly had her coming right there. Her body trembled. Anticipation kept her muscles

taut. When he finally placed the bot on her labia, not far from her clit, she jerked. The cuffs rattled against the headboard.

“Easy,” Marik crooned as he moved from between her thighs.

At least without him there she couldn’t concentrate on how good it’d feel to have his cock, instead of the toys, penetrating her. The vibrator inside her pussy undulated to life with a flick of his fingers. Ripples of pleasure, like waves against the shore, roared through her cunt. Her channel pulsed. Her muscles tightened as the vibrator worked inside her. Its girth expanded to fit her, the length fucking like a replacement cock. The slow, rhythmic contractions forced her to arch her hips in tune to the movements.

The butt plug started vibrating.

Her eyelids fluttered shut, her head back against the pillows. Rational thought fled. Carnal desires drove her body now. Even the very breath filling her lungs aroused her.

Marik moved to straddle her, his knees pressed against her armpits. His cock hung in her face. His tantalizing aroma filled her nostrils.

She lifted her head, trying to get her lips, her tongue, on his erection.

He pulled back, the swaying of his balls, his cock, as mesmerizing as anything she’d ever seen. A droplet of fluid leaked from his slit. He captured it with his finger, that tiny pearl of life, and offered it to her.

She licked it from his finger with a moan. “Let me taste you,” she whispered, pleaded. The vibrations in her ass and pussy receded. So, too, did the buzzing of the pleasure bot. Her entire being focused on the taste of Marik’s fluids on her lips and the way his cock begged for her mouth. She reached forward again, this time swiping her tongue across his broad head.

Marik groaned.

Elaura grinned. She had him. He inched forward until his crown rested on her full, lower lip. She drew him into her mouth, first his head, then his shaft, until he knelt over her, one hand braced on the headboard, the other cupping the back of her head while he fed her his cock. She lost herself to the sensation, the way the head slipped

past the tight muscles of her throat. The fingers tangled in her hair held her in place, commanding her, and willingly, enthusiastically, Elaura gave over control of her body.

She laved him with her tongue. Hollowing her cheeks, she sucked him deep into her mouth. Mmm, now this was exactly the way she wanted it. Full and aching, her body hovering on the precipice of a mind-blowing orgasm. His fingers tightened, his balls bumping her chin. She curled her fingers into a fist with the need to reach for him, fondle him.

His thrusts grew rougher, deeper. Elaura relaxed her muscles, taking even more of him. Pleasure cuffs be damned, she'd do this even if she weren't bound. Giving Marik a blow job made her cunt weep. Inside her channel, the vibrator undulated. The cock in her mouth stifled her scream.

Too much. Too much.

Elaura exploded. Convulsions raced through her body. Marik's hand on the back of her head kept her from releasing his cock, forcing her to try to scream around the heavy weight.

A hoarse shout burst past his lips. She took every slamming thrust of his cock. He managed to still the toys. The deafening silence of her body pulled all her attention to the organ sliding in and out of her mouth. In her mind, Marik thrust into her cunt, his head brushing against the deepest part of her. She whimpered. The steady pressure of his hand kept her from thrashing side to side.

With a groan, Marik stiffened. His cock pumped hot jets of seed down her throat. She swallowed them all. Drinking him, tasting him, triggered another mind-blowing orgasm.

The cuffs popped open.

Freed, Elaura clenched her fingers onto his thighs. She licked him clean, swallowing the last drop of his come, and then and only then did she rest her head against the pillow. She smiled.

Marik rolled to the side and pulled her into his arms.

She snuggled with him, her head resting on his chest. Beneath her ear, his heart pounded. She inhaled his scent, her body pleasantly sore. It took him a moment to remove the toys, setting them on the nightstand beside the bed. Sleep pulled at her. Sated, she drifted off. For the moment, she was exactly where she wanted to be. With any luck, Marik wouldn't find out the full extent of what she'd done. Because if he knew, then their time together would be shattered.

Chapter Four

Marik needed to talk to Elaura. He ran his fingers along the curve of the cuffs, watching her sleep. She knew too much, far too much, about the contents of the box. Before he got any deeper into the situation, he needed to determine the extent of her involvement. Before he got any more attached.

Marik forced his fingers to move away from Elaura's soft skin. Her scent tantalized him. Her pleasure-filled moans echoed in his memory. If he had to arrest her, better to do it now, before he got any more tangled up in her than he already was. He sat up and dragged his fingers through his hair. Hell, he'd gotten himself into a fix. After sampling Elaura's charms, he feared he couldn't walk away.

He tossed the blankets aside and swung his legs over the edge of the bed. Rising to his feet, he strode to the bathroom. Ten minutes under a stinging-hot spray did little to cool his ardor for Elaura or soothe his troubled mind. He braced his hands on the tile wall, letting the water sluice over his body. Rivulets dripped down his chest. Closing his eyes, he inhaled steamy air. Frustration knotted the muscles along his shoulders and he turned his head from side to side to release some of the tension.

Just thinking about the woman lying in the bed hardened his cock. He cursed with the knowledge he wouldn't find release this way. Turning off the water, he grabbed a fluffy towel from the warming bar. After drying off, he padded naked back to the bedroom.

Elaura lay in the bed, the blankets tangled around her curvy hips, her lean legs revealed by the twisted covers. She blinked sleepily at him. She looked so pretty lying there, lips parted, eyes half-mast, everything a man could ask for in his bed and more.

His cock rose to full attention.

Her gaze dropped to his erect shaft.

Ask her about the box. The imperative pulsed in his mind, his officer's need to ensure he stayed on the right side of the law making him glance warily at the box. *Find out what she knows and get the hell out of here.* Except, he couldn't.

She scooted across the bed until she lay with her elbows on the edge. Licking her lips, she kicked her legs free of the covers.

Marik stared at her. Down the long line of her spine to the curve of her buttocks. Lean muscles and soft skin, everything he wanted in a woman. He couldn't ask her the one question that might save her career. If his superiors knew he slept with the sibling of a suspect and used illegal toys on her he could kiss his career goodbye. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. He lifted his foot to step back.

Elaura stretched. The completely unconscious movement held him mystified. Arms pulled over her head, back arched, cute little toes pointed, she looked like a kitten just getting up from a nap.

He couldn't look away.

Slowly, sinuously, she moved into a seated position. Tucking her legs beneath her, she provided a view of her plump sex, glistening with her juices. She braced her elbows on her knees, propping her head on her hands. "You don't want to stay in bed with me?" Her gaze swept him with the force of a caress.

His cock twitched. He stepped sideways and his foot brushed against his uniform shirt. He picked it up, sliding his arms into it. He reached for the buttons.

"Don't," she said.

Her soft word stilled his hands. Standing there, shirt unbuttoned, the tails framing his erection, he watched as her gaze drifted down to his cock. Swallowing, she licked her lips.

"Yeah. I like you like that." She grinned.

"I think we need to talk." Shouldn't that have been her line, he wondered, then shook his head as he picked up his pants. He held them in one hand, yet couldn't put them on. The thought of tucking his cock behind the constraining material made him

mentally wince to think about the torture. No, he wanted his cock free, ready to fuck her on a moment's notice.

Lowering her lashes, Elaura hid her gaze from him. She breathed out a resigned sigh and nodded. "I suppose we do, though I don't really want to. Can't we just pretend we're two strangers stuck in this room with nothing to do but delight in each other's bodies?" She cupped her breasts, holding them out to him like an offering.

Marik groaned. He stepped forward, unable to resist the lure of her wide, red nipples. He remembered their taste, the tiny moans she made when he suckled her. Dropping to his knees in front of her, he circled her tiny waist with his hands. His resolve melted away.

Talk, hell, no. Not when she sat before him a bounty of desires just waiting to be fulfilled. If he were to walk out of her life as soon as their time together was done, he wanted to walk away from something memorable, something he'd take with him for the rest of his life. He skimmed his hands up her sides until his fingers covered hers.

She pulled her fingers away, curling her hands into his shoulders.

He palmed her breasts. The generous flesh overflowed his palms. He brushed his thumbs across her nipples. Elaura's gasp shot straight through him and his cock twitched.

He leaned forward, replacing his fingers with his lips. He tongued her nipple, delighting in the way her fingers curled into his shoulders. As if he was the center of her universe. Right now that's where he wanted to be. Between her thighs, possessing her, claiming her so that when he left she wouldn't think of anyone but him. He reined in his runaway thoughts with the knowledge it couldn't be that way. Eventually he'd find out her role with the items in the box, then he'd have to do what his job demanded -- arrest her.

But right now he didn't want to think about that. Not when her whimpers filled his ears and had him harder than he'd ever been before. Gentle pressure sent her tumbling back to the mattress. He loomed over her, his hips between her knees, his lips on her nipple. He suckled and teased, cupping her flesh, palming her other breast and

smelling the sweet honey of her cream. Oh, yeah, just the thought of her pussy fisting around him had his balls tight against his body. He groaned as the pressure of her tiny fingers increased against his skin.

He released her nipple with a pop and pulled away. "I want you spread out beneath me."

"Maybe I want you beneath me," she countered with a wicked grin.

"That can be arranged." He stepped back, arms outstretched. "Just tell me where you want me."

She studied him for a moment, her gaze wandering over the planes of his body. Rising to her feet, she strode to him and slid her hands beneath the open placket of his shirt. She shoved it off his shoulders. It *whooshed* to the floor to land at his feet.

Flattening her palms on his pecs, she dragged them along the arrow of hair leading to his cock. Her fingers halted before retracing the route back up to his clavicle. Gentle pressure pushed him around until the backs of his knees bumped against the mattress. Elaura stilled. "I want you to lie in the center of the bed." She stepped toward the toy box.

His cock jerked at the sight of her rounded ass as she bent over and rummaged for something. He followed her instructions, hesitant to do so as lying down took her out of his view. The clank of handcuffs made him grin. The real cuffs, the kind he had the key for, and eagerly, he stretched his arms over his head. He'd bind himself to Elaura's mercy. The image of her riding him, her breasts hovering just inches from his face, had his cock aching in anticipation.

She returned to the bed, deftly fastening the handcuffs around his wrists. Straddling him, she hooked them around the bedposts.

Marik fought to keep from salivating at the sight of her breasts hovering above his head. Her flat stomach led to her neatly trimmed fur. A part of him wanted to beg her to straddle his face and let him eat her until she screamed. The scent of her arousal perfumed the air. A droplet trickled down her thigh, telling him she was as needy as he.

“What are you going to do to me?” His voice emerged ragged, a hoarse plea for release.

“Whatever I want.” With a saucy wiggle of her ass, she shimmied down his torso. Leaning forward, she kissed her way around his pectorals. She paid special attention to his flat, male nipples.

The sight of her blonde hair against his skin, the feel of the silken strands caressing him, made him forget all about her involvement with the illegal sex toys. Against his wrists, the metal cuffs chilled, yet with Elaura’s body on his he wasn’t cold. Far from it, he burned with the need to take her, possess her, to thrust his cock as far as he could and make her his. He shuddered as her breath puffed against his nipple, wet from her saliva.

She nipped his sternum. He jerked from the bed, breath hissing from between clenched teeth. Her lips bisected his abs on an unerring path toward his cock. When her chin bumped against his crown, he groaned. A tiny drop of fluid emerged from the tip, and with a swipe of her tongue she captured it.

She settled between his knees, reaching toward the foot of the bed. The luscious view of her body blocked whatever she grabbed. Marik didn’t mind. Instead, he watched as she deliberately turned back to him, sliding a slick, well-lubed hand down over his shaft.

Marik groaned. The slide of skin against skin drew his balls painfully tight against his body. His hips bucked off the bed. Around his wrists, the handcuffs rattled.

Elaura released him long enough to slip a cock ring behind his balls. She fastened it, drawing his flesh tight. Quick strokes lubed up a dildo she must have found in the box. Sitting back on her heels, she grinned. She reached between her thighs and stroked her labia, gathering juices. She sucked her fingers deep into her mouth.

She pulled her fingers out, a long, slow slide reminiscent of her lips around his cock. She drew her digits from his base to his crown.

"The question is," she tapped the end of his dick with her finger, "where you want this. In my pussy? Or in my ass?" She crawled over his body, her sexy little ass in the air.

Marik watched her approach, her lips parted, her hair tousled around her shoulders. Her breasts swung forward, hard nipples raking across his chest. He sucked in a harsh breath.

"So?" she asked as she leaned forward. "Where do you want me?"

"I want to fuck your pussy," Marik growled.

"Good." She spun off of him, then straddled him again, this time her pussy just millimeters from his lips.

Straining forward, he managed to lick her slit.

Elaura moaned. Settling against his lips, she offered him her cunt. He took every drop, sucking at her clit and labia until her hips rotated against his face. She flattened her breasts against his chest. With one hand, she stroked his cock.

His hips rose off the bed following the exquisite feel of her fingers against his skin. He curled his hands into fists and yanked on the cuffs. They were his, damn it. He should have been able to free himself.

Elaura replaced her fingers with her lips in a quick, nearly chaste kiss if it were anywhere else than his bare cock. She pulled away from him, wriggling down his body. He licked her juices from his lips and chin. Then, with a come-hither glance over her shoulder, she gathered some of her cream and stroked it along the dildo. When it was liberally coated, she eased back, poising it at her ass. She grabbed his base and his head brushed against the opening to her channel.

He watched, transfixed, as millimeter by millimeter the slick purple rod disappeared into her ass. His balls ached with the memory of his cock inside her tight opening. Her wet sheath surrounded his cock. Flesh slid against flesh. He resisted the urge to bury himself balls deep inside her with a pump of his hips. As the handcuffs rattling against the headboard attested, this was her show. He'd let her run it. For now.

Her moan of pleasure echoed in the room. Her breath hitched, her fingers dancing over her clit and labia. He heard, rather than saw, her stroking her clit, and he curled his fingers with the need to do it for her. He licked his lips, tasting the last remnants of her juices.

"Elaura," he said, his voice a strangled growl, "you're killing me here."

She kept her gaze on the opposite wall. "I know." The smug sound of feminine satisfaction rippled through his body. With a tilt of her hips, she sat on him, penetrated fore and aft. She reached between his legs and squeezed his balls. "There, that better?"

"Not really," he rasped. His hips jerked.

"Ooh, anxious, are you?" She rose off of him as slowly as she impaled herself, a subtle rocking of her hips that had him so hot and hard he thought he'd blow right there.

Elaura leaned forward. She curled her hand around something, the subtle buzzing telling him exactly what she'd found. Rolling the vibrating cylinder behind his balls, she ratcheted up his pleasure. Her fingers moved between her thighs, brushing against the underside of his cock on every stroke.

Marik bit his lip, struggling not to come too soon. Damn, this woman tied him up in knots. Literally, he thought as he tugged on the cuffs. They'd danced around their attraction too much. Once this weekend ended, regardless of her level of involvement, he wanted to see her again.

She added a twist on the way down that drove thought from his mind, the dripping flesh telling him exactly how horny she was. Damn, her cream covered him. It trickled down his shaft and between his balls. The wet sounds of sex filled the room.

Her ragged pants matched his own. Harder. Faster. Until she bounced along the length of his shaft. His head bumped against her cervix. He lost himself to this woman, her skin, her taste, her scent, and the exquisite way she fucked him. Wriggling his wrists in the cuffs, he wished for a way to free himself so he could truly experience all the delights Elaura had to offer.

Her head fell back. Blonde hair cascaded down her back. A low, keening moan issued from her throat. She came, her muscles convulsing around him, ripples pounding through her body. "Yes! Yes!" she chanted. Her fingers worked between her legs, and with a scream, she slumped forward. She gripped his thigh, just above the knee, her fingers holding on with a bruising grip.

Marik thrust through her orgasm. His release hovered just out of reach, so close his balls ached with it. Just the thought of giving her the dual penetration she craved made him redouble his efforts. Then, with a mewling cry, she began to move once more.

Like the indisputable pull of gravity, his need to come inside her, to mark her with his seed, kept him surging into her over and over again. His low moans mingled with hers.

"Harder," she urged.

Marik complied. Bringing this woman pleasure consumed him. He lifted his hips. The sound of their flesh slapping together urged him on. Closing his eyes, he gave himself over to the pleasure pounding through his veins. Wet heat and slick flesh pulled him into a maelstrom of ecstasy.

Elaura. He wanted her now and forever. When her keening cry rose above his ragged moans and she exploded around him again, he could do nothing else but follow her into the oblivion of release.

His come surged from his balls. The base of his spine tingled. Erupting inside her, he shouted as his orgasm burst through him. Wave after wave of come splashed inside her. From the tiny whimpers and cries Elaura made she enjoyed every moment of it.

She slumped forward. For long moments she didn't even twitch, then, slowly, she moved off of him. His half-hard cock slid from her. She removed the dildo with deft fingers. Then, she crawled over his body. Unfastening the cuffs, she pressed a kiss to his lips. The cuffs landed on the floor with a clank.

Immediately, Marik wrapped his arms around her. She felt so good nestled against his body, her chin against his chest. Snuggled against him, she sighed contentedly. Her legs tangled with his. In that moment, Marik knew one indisputable fact. He loved her.

Elaura listened to Marik's steady breathing and knew exactly what she had to do. Her pussy ached pleasantly from their lovemaking. She knew she could call it no less than what it really was. Making love. She closed her eyes, inhaling the spicy scent of his skin. Swallowing hard, she rose onto one elbow. "Marik?" she asked, not certain if he'd fallen asleep.

His hand tightened against her back. "Yes, honey?"

Oh, God, he'd used a term of endearment. She bit her lip, mustering her courage. "You know my brother's involved in a smuggling ring."

He nodded, stiffening beside her. Elaura saw the calculation going on in his mind. It wouldn't take too long for him to put two and two together to come up with the truth.

Marik sat. He pulled the sheet over his lap and crossed his arms over his chest. A defensive posture if Elaura had ever seen one. She'd sat in on enough meetings to understand the full implication of what his body language said. He expected not to like what he heard. Frankly, she didn't blame him.

She sat too, pulling the sheet around her breasts and tucking it around her to limit the distractions. Oh, distracting him with her body sounded inviting, but not if she expected him to take her seriously.

"You were talking about your brother," Marik prompted.

Elaura swallowed hard. "I was. I'm aware of his activities, though I believed he'd try to stay on the right side of the law since his last conviction. I know, I know, I made some comment about him smuggling something as innocent as sex toys, and I meant it. He never used to traffic in such cargo. But the pleasure cuffs. Those aren't just sex toys, are they?"

"No," Marik answered. "They're highly illegal. The person can't get free in case of an emergency. The fine for possessing them would bankrupt most people, not to mention the jail time."

"So why did you use them on me? Couldn't we both get in trouble?" Elaura countered, needing to put them both on murky moral ground before she revealed the truth.

"Yeah, we could."

"Then why? You're an officer of the law. Why did you bring these illegal things into my presence? Certainly we both could lose our jobs. Over what? A weekend of sex." She laughed, though her heart felt anything but light.

"Because I wanted to." Marik rubbed his hand over his face. "Haven't you ever done anything just because you wanted to? I wanted to see you chained to the bed, knowing you couldn't get free until I fucked your sweet little cunt and your ass and mouth. I knew it was wrong. Illegal, too, but I wanted to have you bound and spread before me because ever since I met you I've been tied up in knots." He shoved back the sheet and rose to his feet. Pacing along the bed, he swooped down to pluck his pants from the floor. He began to dress, his jaw tense.

Elaura's breath whooshed from her lungs. "Good, because I did what I did because I wanted you too." She crossed the bed and took his shirt from his fingers. Sliding it on, she left it unbuttoned in the front.

"What did you do, Elaura?"

"I gave my brother the sex toys. Oh, not all of them and certainly not the pleasure cuffs. I think he found those on his own. But the dildo I used, the pleasure bot, little stuff. Certainly not illegal."

"Why?" Marik barked the question at her.

"Because I wanted to have sex with you. We've been dancing around this attraction for months now. There's no reason why we shouldn't act on it. I like you. I like the work you've done with the Kreshna System. I think we could have something more."

"By lying to me? By supplying your brother with sex toys, knowing I would apprehend him? I don't think so."

Bitter tears stung Elaura's eyes. Marik laid the crux of what she feared before her. She'd entered into this relationship, if they even had such a thing at this time, under false pretenses. "That's not what I meant." She'd just spent two days having the best sex of her life and she wasn't about to give it up. Determined to fight for what they had, she strode across the room to stop directly in front of him, in his face, and from the way his gaze swept her body, she knew he wasn't unaffected by her nudity. "I'd tried asking you out. You never returned my messages. How else did you think I'd be able to get together with you?"

Marik stared at her. "You left messages?"

"Yeah, some officer named Riggins always returned them telling me you were busy."

"You're saying Riggins returned my messages?"

Elaura nodded slowly. "Yeah. At first I thought you really were busy. But then, I figured you were avoiding me. Except why would you still look at me like I'm some kind of dessert." She shrugged. "I figured the only way we'd finally get together would be through our work."

"Hell! I knew Riggins looked way too happy about the prospect of my telling you about what we'd found. He probably thought you were going to chew my ass up one side and down the other. I wouldn't blame you if you did." He cupped her shoulders, hauling her against him. "I'm going to kick Riggins' ass from one end of Concordance-controlled space to the other for this." He crushed his lips to hers, kissing her hard and deep.

Elaura melted against him, tangling her fingers in the hair at the nape of his neck. Her knees weakened as relief coursed through her. If it weren't for Marik's hand on her ass, she might have fallen. As it was, her breasts crushed against his chest, her legs tangling with his.

The need for air parted them. Damn, Marik's kisses took her breath away. "So does this mean that you've forgiven the lengths I had to go through to actually see you?"

Marik's gaze bored through her. A frown marred his handsome, chiseled mouth. "No, it doesn't." He released her.

Elaura stumbled backward. She caught herself on the bed, tumbling onto the same linens on which they'd just made love. Her lower lip trembled. She vowed not to show emotion in front of him. After all she'd done, maybe she should have given up on him. Pulling her knees to her chest, she hugged them. "What are you going to do?"

Marik moved around the room, repacking the small overnight bag he'd brought with him. He slung the strap over his shoulder. Opening the door, he paused. "I don't know," he said before walking out the door without a backward glance.

Chapter Five

Just beyond the door, Marik stopped. He closed his eyes, resisting the urge to return to the room and Elaura's arms. Riggins had avoided giving him her messages. He accepted that, even though it meant the next time he saw the bastard he'd be sure to let him know how he felt about it. But providing quasi-illegal sex toys to her brother so he'd seek her out? Marik shook his head. That was unforgivable.

It meant he couldn't see her again. Trying hard not to feel like he'd been played like a fool, he stormed down the hall. By the time he stepped into the lift he knew what he had to do. Go back to work and forget all about Elaura.

An image of her sitting on the edge of the bed, trying so hard not to show emotion, filled his mind. He slammed his hand into the wall of the lift, waiting for it to take him to the lower floor where his apartment waited. His cold, sterile, messy bachelor pad completely devoid of any warmth or sense of home. A place for him to crash when he wasn't working. Not even a place to bring a woman. Fuck, he had it bad.

The lift slid to a stop and the doors opened. Marik stepped into the hallway by rote. How many nights had he stumbled off of a double shift, counted the fourth door on the left, hurrying into the blissful peace of his apartment? He shook his head as he stepped inside. Too many to count. Maybe he'd done Elaura a favor. She deserved better than what he had to offer her, a Concordance Inspections Agent who worked long hours and dealt with people far worse than her brother. He tossed his overnight bag on the couch, noticing the light blinking on his communications console. He punched the button hoping they'd called him into work. A few hours patrolling the underbelly of the station might put him in a better mood, or at least give him an excuse to pummel someone.

"Marik, this is Riggins. There's something you've got to know. Elaura is involved. Call me back." The message faded.

Marik growled. He hit the return call button, belatedly realizing what time it was when the screen revealed a sleepy and pissed off Riggins. "What?" he snarled into the video phone.

"I know."

"Meet me in the station in ten minutes," Riggins said.

Marik nodded. "I'll be there." He terminated the connection, logging into the work systems from his home console. No notes had been made about Elaura's brother being arrested. In fact, there'd been no breaks reported in the case at all. So what kind of game was Riggins playing? For a moment he debated calling and telling Elaura to lay low. Instead, he headed for the shower. She was a big girl. She could take care of herself.

* * *

Seven minutes later, Marik arrived at the station. He ignored the curious looks of his fellow agents as he hurried to his office. Through the open blinds, he saw Riggins waiting inside. His fellow agent stood by the window staring out into the vastness of space beyond the station. Marik closed the door behind him, before he launched himself across the room. Grabbing Riggins by the lapels, he spun him around and slammed him into the clear wall.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" His grip tightened.

Riggins gasped.

"First you make excuses and don't provide my messages. Now you tell me that you've arrested someone you haven't. What kind of game are you playing?" Marik lifted Riggins off the floor.

"I don't know what you're talking about, man. Let me go." Riggins looked over Marik's shoulder, where no doubt his fellow agents watched and speculated. "I'll call L.A."

"Good. You do that so I can tell them you're interfering in an investigation. Maybe even you're working for the wrong side. I know about Elaura's messages. I know you failed to give them to me. Why?"

The man visibly slumped. He exhaled, a long breath that spoke of defeat. "Because I was told to. Man, I'm sorry. I know you had a thing for her."

"Sorry doesn't begin to cover what you'll be feeling in a moment, Riggins. Who paid you?" The muscles in his arms bulged, yet he didn't let Riggins drop. Not until he had the truth.

"Her brother."

"What?" Marik released Riggins.

He fell to the ground in a heap. Standing up, he nodded. "Yeah, her brother paid me. Look, it wasn't supposed to do any harm. Just keep you away from her."

"You hindered my investigation." Marik stepped toward his desk. Reaching behind him he punched the button on his com unit. "Get I.A. to my office immediately. I've got a situation for them." Narrowing his eyes at Riggins, he dared the agent to leave.

Anger swelled inside him. To think he'd let a piece of work like this affect his relationship with Elaura. She probably thought he was the biggest prick on the station. After the way he'd treated her, having his way with her and then leaving, he didn't blame her. If what Riggins said was true -- and this time he didn't doubt the other agent -- then Marik had a lot to make up for.

The I.A. agent arrived in minutes. A few moments later, Riggins spilled the truth. All of it. Marik sank into the chair behind his desk, suddenly finding himself eyeball deep in paperwork he didn't want, but had found anyway. Riggins had done a lot more than try and keep him and Elaura apart. In fact, Riggins appeared to be responsible for several leaks within the department. Marik shook his head, starting on the first form. The sooner he got them completed, the sooner he could get back to Elaura and apologize. If it hadn't been for a bad agent looking for more money, she wouldn't have had to resort to anything illegal to get him in her bed.

By the time he completed his paperwork and received some much-needed sleep, more than a day had passed. Marik rubbed his hand over his face, debating once again over bringing flowers. No sooner had he decided to find a vendor than the lift stopped. The doors slid open to the ambassadorial floor of the station. Now or never.

He squared his shoulders as he walked down the hall. He'd gone into battles far more difficult than this and come out the winner. Surely, after the couple of days they'd spent together, Elaura would accept his apology. If not, well, a good drink would start to dull the pain. He shook his head. Thinking that way led to failure.

His feet and his musings carried him down the hall to her door. He pressed the button to announce himself.

"Who's there?" Elaura's voice, slightly clipped with impatience, came through the speaker.

Just the sound of her voice hardened his cock. The husky tones wound around him, drawing his balls tight against his body. He swallowed hard and willed his body to behave, at least until they were behind closed doors. "It's me. Marik."

"I'm busy. Go away."

"It'll only take a moment. Let me in, please." He waited, holding his breath until the door *whooshed* open. He stepped inside. "Thank you. I don't think you want your employers to hear about our sexual activities this weekend." He strode forward to her desk, the sight a memory of a very different time when he nearly had her right there on the hard, unyielding surface.

"Talk quickly. I have a meeting in a few minutes." She tapped a few keys on the keyboard. Her monitor went blank.

Marik braced his hands on the desk. "I should have believed you, given you the benefit of the doubt. I didn't. I was a bastard. I'm sorry. I want to see you again. I want to give us another chance."

"If I don't?"

Her question caught him with the force of a back-handed slap. "Why wouldn't you?" He swallowed hard.

“Because I’m tired of being the pursuer. It’s not my fault your partner didn’t give you my messages. Then when I make arrangements for our paths to cross, you throw it back in my face by storming out after the best couple of days of sex I suspect either one of us has ever had. If you want me, Agent Marik Sinstark, then you’re going to have to come and get me.” Elaura stood.

“I’m going to have to come and get you?” Marik arched an eyebrow. “Honey, you have no idea what you’re asking.”

“Then show me.” Fire flashed in her eyes, her chin held high, her lips parted.

Marik vaulted over the desk, grabbed her by the shoulders, and spun her around faster than she could gasp. He sat her on the desk, moving between her parted thighs. Her short skirt rode high on her thighs, and he slipped his palms beneath the material to discover she wore only a small thong beneath. He groaned as his lips crushed down on hers.

He plundered her mouth, pouring all his worry, his frustration into slanting his lips across hers. He thrust his tongue into her mouth. He claimed her the only way he could. His cock pounded against the placket of her pants, and close to his fingertips, her hot pussy creamed.

She moaned. Fingers wound into the hair at the nape of his neck, holding him close. Her breasts crushed against his chest.

His fingers squeezed her buttocks, kneading them. The urge to fill his hands with her flesh kept him from tearing open her shirt to see her beautiful breasts. He pulled his mouth from hers long enough to draw a gulp of air before kissing a trail along her jaw and down her neck. Her pulse fluttered against his lips. He nipped it, drawing another moan from her.

Marik kissed down over her clavicle. He released her rear long enough to unbutton her blouse, pushing it aside until he could stare at her breasts. The pale globes pressed against the ivory lace of her bra. “I think there’s a wanton woman hiding behind your buttoned down exterior. Maybe you’re not the straight-laced attaché to the Kreshna Colonies that we’ve been led to believe.” He nuzzled her flesh.

Elaura pushed his mouth away from the rising mounds of her breasts. "I grew up on the backside of Turas-9. You don't know wanton until you hang around the fighter pits for a while." She cupped his cheek and smiled, soothing the sting from her words. "But I am passionate about one thing." She brushed her thumb across his lips. "You."

"Thank God," Marik whispered against her skin. "You forgive me for being an ass?"

"I rather like your ass." Elaura chuckled. "If you forgive me for slipping some kind of illegal sex toys into my brother's possession."

"We had to test out the evidence. Make sure everything was authentic." Through the lace of her bra, he wrapped his lips around her nipple.

Elaura moaned. Her head tilted back. "You know," she gasped, "there's one thing I've always wanted to do."

"What's that?"

"Have sex on my desk."

With a husky chuckle, Marik slid her shirt from her shoulders. He reached behind her and unfastened her bra. Sliding it down her arms, he grinned. "I think that can be arranged." He palmed her breasts as she worked on the fastenings of his uniform shirt. A few minutes until her meeting. Yeah, he could work with that.

Elaura shoved his shirt open. Marik shrugged it off. Caught in his pants, his shirt dangled. She quickly relieved him of his utility belt, then opened his pants. They fell to the floor with a *whoosh*. Marik toed off his shoes, standing gloriously naked in front of her. She grinned at the sight he presented, all broad shoulders, muscled stomach, and his cock, thick and hard, ready for action. She licked her lips.

Scooting from the desk, she shimmied out of her remaining clothing. She left her high heels on as she hopped back onto her desk. Elaura spread her thighs, holding her hand out to him. "Are you ready?" she purred.

He moved in close, a smile of pure masculine satisfaction playing around his lips. "Not quite." Grabbing her waist, he pulled her off the desk and spun her around. Bending over her, he flattened her palms against the top of her desk.

Her ass pressed against his cock. She nestled against his hard shaft between her cheeks. Anticipation pebbled her nipples. She panted with the need to feel his cock deep inside her.

Marik covered her breasts with his hands. He pinched her nipples, the pleasure-pain sending her wriggling against him. Soft moans erupted from her lips. She bit them back, not wanting her co-workers to hear, but as he scraped his teeth against her shoulder, she gave herself over to the pleasure.

On her desk, bent over her desk, it really didn't matter to her so long as she received what she craved -- a thorough fucking. "Marik, please," Elaura whimpered. Cream dampened her slit. From her bent over position, it coated his cock, and the thought of him slipping into her wet depths had her body aching.

Marik's kisses blazed a trail down her spine. He laved the dimples there with his tongue. "You taste so good," he whispered as he swiped his tongue along the outer curve of her buttock. "I just want to eat you up."

Elaura moaned. If he moved his lips just a few millimeters to the left he'd be able to taste her pussy. His hands on her hips kept her still.

"Easy," he crooned.

"Now!" Elaura ordered.

Marik's husky chuckle rang in her ears. "You can't give me orders. I'm not some caterer who's going to foul up your fancy party." He licked the length of her labia.

Elaura shuddered.

"Like that?" Marik licked her again.

Not caring who heard, Elaura moaned.

Marik wrapped his lips around her clit. He sucked it into his mouth, tonguing the swollen bud. He worshipped her cunt with his mouth. Lips and tongue teased and

nibbled, driving her higher and higher. His tongue found her entrance, fucking her. In and out. In and out. With his fingers, he stroked her clit.

Elaura squeezed her eyes closed. Her panting breaths did little to stave off her impending orgasm. Whimpers emerged from between her clenched teeth. Rocking her hips against him, she longed for deeper, harder penetration. She wanted his cock.

Lights burst behind her closed eyelids. So close her body stiffened, she welcomed the orgasm rushing through her veins. Around his tongue, her channel pulsed. Her clit throbbed, so sensitive just the touch of his fingers against it sent her hurtling again into the abyss. "Too much," she panted as her body spiraled out of control.

Marik stilled his tongue. Slowly, he stood. His crown nudged her labia. With a pump of his hips, he sheathed himself inside her.

"Yes," she hissed, ready for more. Drawing a deep breath, she clenched her muscles around him and began to move.

It felt like coming home. Her office fell away, the fact that anyone could walk in at any moment. It didn't matter. Not when Marik's hands held her steady, his cock plowing into her. He hit just the right spot high and deep inside her. It left her keening for more. Marik. Her officer. Always there to protect her, always willing to do the right thing. She sighed with blissful pleasure as he possessed her, body and soul.

She loved him. Damn everything that had happened, right here, right now, with nothing between them, she loved him. Her throat tightened.

Reaching between her legs, Marik strummed his fingers over her clit. Her head fell back, her lips parted.

"God, you're beautiful." His husky whisper wrapped around her and heightened her pleasure. "So fucking beautiful."

"Take me, Marik. I'm yours." Elaura gasped the words as the first waves of another orgasm pummeled through her. She curled her fingers around the edge of the desk. Beneath her, memos and pens scattered. She didn't care. "Yes! Yes!" she chanted. She loved him. Loved being taken by him. Damn it, she wanted everyone to know, including her employers.

Marik ground his fingers against her clit.

Elaura screamed as her orgasm hit her. Panting, she rode the pleasure as it burst throughout her body. Still, Marik thrust. Each slide of his thick cock filled her, completed her.

She cried out as her orgasm went on and on, taking her higher, farther than she'd ever gone before. Gasping for breath, she clung to anything to try and keep grounded. Colors burst behind her closed eyelids. With a groan, Marik stiffened behind her.

He exploded. His hot seed splashed her insides, triggering aftershocks of pleasure. Damn, taking him was so good, so fucking right. She sagged against her desk and struggled to draw air. Behind her, Marik slumped against her.

"Holy hell," he growled after long moments. His panting breaths calmed, as had hers. Slowly, reluctantly, he pulled away. His cock slipped from her. Marik grabbed his pants off the floor. "That was..."

"Amazing," Elaura finished his sentence with a grin.

"Yeah, pretty amazing." He tugged on his pants, fastened them, then slumped into her desk chair. "Come here." He patted his lap.

Elaura slid from the desk. She left her underthings on the floor, not bothering with them. Instead, she grabbed a blanket from the low divan along one wall, wrapping it around herself. Satisfied that should anyone enter she'd be adequately covered, she sat on Marik's lap.

He wrapped his arms around her.

She rested her head against his shoulder, the warmth of his body seeping through the blanket. Snuggling, she breathed a contented sigh.

"I take it I'm forgiven?" Marik asked, his hold tightening.

She relished the contact. Leaning back, she cupped his cheek and brushed her thumb across his lower lip. Elaura grinned. "I forgive you. Though I'll admit if I ever see Agent Riggins --"

Marik pressed his fingers across her lips, silencing her. "I'm sure by the time Internal Affairs gets through with him there won't be much left. But, I suspect there's a

line for people wanting to kick his ass. Let's not mention him. He's not worth our breath." He brushed his lips across her forehead. "You're a very special woman, Elaura."

She glowed at his words. "Why, thank you, Agent Sinstark. I happen to think you're quite something yourself."

"Quite what though? That's the question." He settled his lips on hers, kissing her long and deep.

She flattened her palm against his chest. Her tongue dueled with his, plunging into his mouth to taste him. Gentle strokes left her pliant in his arms. Eyelids fluttering closed, Elaura knew she could spend the rest of her afternoon, heck, the rest of her life, exactly like this, in Marik's arms.

Her intercom buzzed.

She struggled to untangle her hand from the blanket. She reached back to the desk, sending her pen clattering to the floor. Somehow, she managed to hit the button. "Elaura here," she said, hoping her voice didn't sound like that of a well-loved woman.

"It's Kait. You might want to get dressed. We're still meeting in five minutes." Her friend stifled her chuckles.

"Um, how did you know I was undressed?" Elaura asked. Her cheeks pinkened. She blushed so hard her ears burned. Next to her, Marik chuckled.

"Well, if we hadn't heard your screaming orgasm, that would have confirmed it. By the way, the big boss says it's about damned time and you'll have to introduce us." Without waiting for an answer Kait disconnected.

Elaura pressed her hands to her reddened cheeks. "Damn it." She leapt off of Marik's lap, scrambling for her clothes.

"What's the matter, honey? The Kreshna Colony won't mind. From what I've heard we were quite tame compared to some of their meetings." He stood, grabbing her wrists. "Here, let me. You're shaking." He slipped her bra straps over her shoulder and gently fastened it, then helped her back into her blouse. "It's all right."

"No, it isn't. My boss heard me have sex." She took her skirt from him and yanked it over her hips. She ran her hands over the fabric in a futile attempt to remove the wrinkles.

"It's fine. You look fine."

She shook her head. "My makeup is probably smudged, and I look like I just got tumbled. I'm not presenting a professional image."

"God, I love that about you. Countless meetings and each time you looked prim, untouchable. Maybe you only want me to see the wanton woman who lives inside?" He handed her the small makeup bag she'd set on the corner of the desk. "Go ahead. Make yourself into the ice princess once more. We both know what lies beneath the surface."

His words made her cream just thinking about their scandalous behavior. Belatedly, she focused in on his first words. "You love that about me?"

Marik nodded. "I love you, sweetheart. I think I have for a long time. But you go to your meeting. We'll discuss this afterward. You've got to go do your job."

The communicator on his belt crackled.

"You've also got to go do yours." She managed a wan smile. "I love you too, Marik. You can bet your sexy ass we'll talk about this later." Taking a deep breath she finished fixing her makeup. "So, your place or mine?"

"Yours, definitely yours."

She scribbled a note on a piece of paper. "Seven o'clock. Don't be late."

Marik took the paper. Folding it, he placed it into the breast pocket of his shirt. She kind of liked having her information close to his heart.

"Oh, and one more thing. Don't forget to bring your box of toys. I think we'll have a use for them." She chuckled and without waiting for an answer breezed out the door, only to realize she'd forgotten her notes. She hurried back inside, caught Marik's knowing smile, grabbed her notebook and hurried back out.

"It's a date," Marik said to her retreating back. "For the rest of our lives."

"I'll hold you to that." She pulled the door closed behind her.

She resisted the urge to pump her fist in the air in triumph. Not only had she found the man she loved, he loved her back. Her job accepted her and she accepted them -- and her position didn't rule out an occasional quickie in her office. She grinned from ear to ear. She might have set out to seduce an Inspections Agent, but she had no doubt he'd been the one to catch her. Maybe, if she were really lucky, he'd allow her to play with his handcuffs again. She could only hope.

Mary Winter

Mary commutes between her dream home near the Mark Twain National Forest in Missouri, and her current residence in Iowa. She lives with a menagerie of animals including an opinionated horse and a cat who was a dog in past life. When not writing spicy tales of erotic romance, she enjoys writing science fiction and fantasy, spending time with her horse, and enjoying the outdoors. Lucky for her, her partner (hero) shares these same passions, and usually both of them can be found in their respective dens writing.

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