

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

Earth Girls
Aren't Easy



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Earth Girls Aren't Easy

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Fed-Ex: Federal Express Corporation

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Chapter One

Danek knew his visit to Earth was going to include a few surprises when he crash-landed in Puget Sound. A minute miscalculation on his entry speed into the planet's atmosphere had sent his ship rocketing through the air and into the water instead of the silent and all but invisible approach he'd planned. The resulting sonic boom and arc of light that marked his ship's trail before it submerged were the direct opposite of unobtrusive and low profile. He could easily imagine what his lord Keelan's lady Micki would say about his entry. "Why not just put up a neon sign that says *The Alien Invasion Has Begun?*"

A smile curved his mouth in spite of his situation. It was impossible to think of Micki without smiling. She was responsible for his visit to Earth. She had the capacity to form the psychic bond that made her a much-coveted and honored bondmate. And where there was one, there must be more. She could not be the only psychically sensitive woman of her race. Since Danek had so far failed to find his one, the woman whose mental wavelength matched his own and who could form the lifelong bond with him, he now sought her here.

And in case he failed to discover her among the women of Earth, he had the lady Micki's latest manuscript to deliver. His trip would not be wasted no matter what he found here. So long as he could avoid being discovered as a visitor from another world on a planet that was not allied with the seven space-faring races.

His best hope, Danek decided, was that his spectacular entrance would be mistaken for a meteor. He shut down all ship's functions other than essential systems like life-support, settled against the ocean floor, and engaged the device that cloaked his ship against multiple methods of scanning. Unless an underwater vessel or diver moved almost directly over it, his small craft's presence should go undetected.

A search of area radio transmissions brought a burst of reports that a large meteor had lit up the skies of Seattle before it crashed into Puget Sound. Military channels gave similar results. Danek didn't exactly relax, but he breathed a little easier as he prepared to leave the ship and make his way to the city. His first errand must be to deliver the manuscript as promised. Honor satisfied, Danek would then be free to explore the possibilities Earth offered.

* * * * *

Angela Robbins made another double skinny decaf latte and nearly bit a hole in her tongue to keep from asking what was the point? Skim milk instead of rich cream? Decaf instead of a caffeine kick to get the blood pumping? And to add insult to injury, the woman had asked for vanilla flavoring. Vanilla. The un-flavor. The sugar-free version, too, so even the sweetness was fake.

But she was a professional, so she kept her opinions to herself, smiled, handed over the paper cup full of denial and thought, *So help me God, I will never order a fake drink.*

Nothing but the real thing, all the way. In fact, she could really go for a caramel macchiato right now. Rich, smooth, hot, the flavors of cream and dark roasted beans and sweet caramel melting on her tongue... She nearly moaned out loud at the very thought.

She closed her eyes just for a minute, really enjoying her mini-fantasy break now that Fake Coffee Customer was gone, taking her fake boobs and fake hair with her. She imagined savoring the heat and sweetness and opened her eyes to find herself staring at a chest.

A large male chest. With some serious muscles. The chest, six-pack abs and droolworthy biceps that sported intricate tattoos were displayed more than covered by a leather vest.

Angie gave an internal sigh even as she admired the sight. She knew what a physique like that meant. Weightlifter. Body Nazi. The type who wouldn't defile the purity of his temple with caffeine, sugar or cream.

Another fake drink coming up. She wanted to scowl and forced herself to smile as she raised her eyes to meet his. It seemed like they had to travel a long ways to get there and the terrain was so nice to look at that she didn't hurry, and by the time her brown eyes made contact with deep blue, the smile had turned genuine.

"What is car-a-mel macchiato?" Bodybuilder Man asked the question in a deep voice that slid over her skin like a caress and Angie fought the urge to respond with something completely unprofessional and inappropriate.

"An espresso drink," she managed to say instead. "My favorite. Highly recommend it. It's probably against your workout plan, though."

He frowned at her, looking tall, blond and puzzled but undeniably gorgeous. And built. Then the frown smoothed away and he smiled. "Ah. You think I am too disciplined for pleasure." He leaned a little closer and said in a low voice, "It is my discipline that will ensure *your* pleasure."

Angie blinked and shook her head to clear it. Because no way had she just heard right. "Excuse me?"

"I do not think I will." His smile widened and then Angie had to grab onto the counter because out of nowhere pleasure shot through her, centered around the sensitive flesh between her legs, and burst into a supernova of an orgasm, taking her from a mild buzz of interest to shooting over the edge of fulfillment in about half a second.

She clung to the counter, staring stupidly at the customer who wanted something from her, something that came in a cup with a sleeve so he wouldn't burn his fingers, and she'd think of whatever it was in just a minute. Any minute now. Right after she got a hold of herself and figured out why she was having hallucinatory orgasms at work.

There is no need for you to get a hold of yourself, the thought formed in her head. And it didn't sound at all like her own internal voice. It sounded like the stranger in front of her. *It will be my pleasure to take hold of you.*

Angie gulped audibly. "Excuse me," she managed to say without stuttering. She was repeating herself, but the aftershocks between her legs were interfering with her ability to find words and string them together. "I think I'm coming down with something. Mattie will take your order."

Do not be afraid of me, the strange voice in her head said.

Something new was happening to her now. Warmth enfolded her from the inside out, a sense of deep peace and comfort and assurance. *Stay with me. Make for me the drink you so desired. Make one for yourself as well. Share this pleasure of your world with me.*

Angie took a deep breath. She had no clue what was happening, but a coffee break sounded like a very good idea, and she wanted a macchiato, dammit.

She also wanted another orgasm because she hadn't had one of those in longer than she cared to remember, but sex was complicated. Coffee was simple. "Okay," she said to the stranger, who she shouldn't want to spend her break with but she was going to do it anyway.

"Danek," the man said. "My name is Danek. Now we are not strangers."

"Danek," Angie repeated. "Two caramel macchiatos coming up."

And after she'd taken her break and drunk her coffee, she could make an appointment for herself with somebody who would take her blood pressure and tell her to lay off the chocolate covered espresso beans and she'd stop hearing voices and having imaginary orgasms. Then she could get back to leaning on the Seattle police to find out what had happened to her missing friend.

According to her neighbor, Micki had been abducted by aliens, but then Larry probably thought Angie was an alien. And not the kind who came over the border from Mexico, either. Larry wasn't a reliable source of information.

Thinking of Micki usually made a knot of tension and worry form between her shoulders, but for some reason Angie felt relaxed and calm as she worked the espresso machine and produced two perfect caramel macchiatos with exactly the right amount of foam. Muscle Man was going to love it, Angie vowed, and never drink decaf or skim milk again.

Danek, the voice in her head said. My name is Danek. Although it pleases me that you admire my body.

Hearing voices was a very bad sign, Angie knew, but somehow she couldn't seem to get upset about it. Instead she placed the two cups on the counter, told Mattie she was taking a break and walked around to join Danek, who waited for her with a cup in each hand.

"It pleases me that you will share your break with me," he said. His smile was easy and genuine, and Angie found herself smiling back at him.

He indicated a table in front of a love seat in a corner and Angie started to tell him it was taken, but before she could open her mouth, the couple sitting there got up and left the coffee shop.

Weird. But sometimes timing was just like that, Angie decided. They must have decided to leave, and they'd done something that Danek had noticed that told him the table he wanted was about to be empty.

Because the alternative, that he'd sent them away with a mental command, didn't bear close consideration.

Since her knees were still weak from the visceral hallucination that had left her inner muscles quaking and her panties damp, Angie folded herself onto the couch without hesitation and held her hand out for her cup. Danek gave it to her, fingers brushing in the process, and the warmth of his touch sparked entirely too strong a response for such an inconsequential social contact.

Focus, she scolded herself, and started to sip. Caffeine, that was all she needed. Clear the cobwebs.

“You are Angela,” the big blond hunk said, looking at her as if she was some exotic vision and not a perfectly ordinary, medium-tall, medium-curvy woman with brown eyes and curly brown hair.

Angie knew the total package was attractive enough, but far too girl-next-door to stand out in a crowd. Still, it was nice to be looked at that way. If he wanted to consider her exotic, he was welcome to his own hallucination. Since she was having them herself, she was in no position to judge. “That’s what the name tag says,” Angie agreed, taking another sip of caramel-flavored heaven on earth.

“I do not know you from the name tag,” he informed her. “Micki sent me to deliver a package to you.”

Angie nearly spilled the macchiato. “What?”

“Micki. Michelle. She has finished her book and she directed me to give the manuscript into your hands. She says you will have the right address to send it to.” He smiled at her as if he hadn’t just dropped a conversational bomb and then detonated it over coffee.

“You know where Micki is? Where is she? Is she hurt? What have you done with her?”

“I have done nothing with her.” Danek looked surprised at her outburst. Then his expression turned thoughtful. “Well, that is not true. I did something with her, but I assure you, it was her wish. She says to tell you she is fine, and I will give you my word that she truly is.”

Angie took another sip and forced herself to think. This man said Micki was fine, and he had the manuscript. That meant the book was done, and Micki couldn’t have finished a book in two weeks unless she really was okay. Maybe there was a note or some kind of explanation with the book?

“There is a note for you,” Danek volunteered. “Do you wish to read it?”

“Yes,” Angie said. “I wish to read it. Now would be good.”

He handed her a flimsy plastic sleeve and she gave him a look of disbelief, then shook it out and saw Micki's scrawling writing filling the sheet. "You ran out of paper?"

"The manuscript is printed to specifications," Danek said, looking insulted. "But this is a personal note. Do you not prefer to see her writing to a printed page?"

"Never mind." Angie's thoughts were racing like hamsters on a wheel. Where was her friend? Why the disappearing act? And did Micki have something going on with this hot blond guy? Because if so, Danek really needed to stop flirting with other women or Angie was going to kick him in the shins. Even if she liked his flirting. Taken meant taken.

She had lots of questions. Hearing voices and having imaginary orgasms wasn't exactly helping her concentration, either. Since she wasn't going to get answers any other way, she focused on the page.

When she looked up from reading, she saw the Danek was staring at his cup as if it contained the wonders of the universe. When he caught her eye, he said, "This car-amel macchiato, I must keep a sample to replicate."

"Sure," Angie said. She looked down at the handwritten plastic page again. She tried to put the facts in order mentally, gave up, and decided to think out loud. Maybe it would sound better that way. "Micki went away to finish her book."

"She has gone away, yes," Danek agreed. "And she required much solitude for writing. She was very pleased to be finished. She wished to be assured that I would find you and have the package sent by her deadline." He scowled, looking for a moment like a six-foot-plus teenager. "It is a simple enough errand. She need not have concerned herself over it. I have found you, you will send the package, honor will be satisfied."

"Honor," Angie repeated. She decided she wasn't going to ask why putting a package in the hands of Fed-Ex was a matter of honor. "And while she's been off on retreat finishing her book, she fell in love and got married and she's not coming back?"

"She may return for a visit," Danek said. His tone of voice and expression were both neutral, so why did Angie get the feeling he really meant *no way in hell*?

“Right.” She folded up the note and slid it into the back pocket of her jeans. She could think about it later. Right now she was going to enjoy her macchiato and think about the fact that Micki was in love with some other man, which meant if Danek wanted to keep flirting with her, she didn’t have to feel honor-bound to kick him in the shins for it.

But she still felt a little hurt. Her best friend had left town and gotten married without even leaving her a message?

“There was no opportunity to give you a message,” Danek said. He set his cup down and sandwiched her hand between his. “I regret that this caused you distress.”

“Sugar, cream and caffeine go a long ways toward easing the pain,” Angie assured him. She took another swallow. “So you’re only in town to deliver this package?”

“I have another errand while I am here.” He smiled at her in a way that made her feel like a mouse cornered by a cat.

“I see,” Angie said. “So you’re staying somewhere?”

“It is fun to stay at the Why Em Cee Aye,” Danek said. “I will acquire a room.”

She started to inhale while drinking and ended up coughing. Danek patted her back helpfully. She lifted her head, eyes watering, and said, “If you’re sure that’s what you want.”

He frowned. “You think it is not appropriate.”

“No, no.” Angie shook her head. “Your choice.”

“Your reaction tells me all I need to know,” Danek said. “Very well, then. I will stay with you.” He sat back, looking pleased with the arrangements.

Chapter Two

"Just a minute," Angela said. Her brown eyes turned darker. Danek found the effect pleasing. The blush on her cheeks was very becoming, as well. His Angela was a passionate woman, as her response to his mental touch had indicated. "You want to stay at *my* place?"

"It is the best solution." He smiled at her and let his fingertips trail along the sensitive skin of her wrist. Her hand trembled as it rested in his. "You will be more comfortable talking with me in privacy, as well."

"I will?" She blinked at him.

"Yes." Danek leaned forward and let his lips graze hers. "You have questions. I think you prefer to ask them away from your place of work."

"Right." The flush on her cheeks darkened and her eyes turned bright with desire. She licked her lips, an unconscious gesture that made Danek's groin tighten. "Okay, then. I guess we should be going. We can stop to drop off Micki's package on the way."

Danek nodded, pleased that she would place priority on fulfilling her obligation to a friend before seeking her pleasure with him. His Angela was as beautiful inside as she was on the outside. Making her his in full would be a pleasure beyond any he'd ever known. He had, however, learned a lesson from Keelan's too-confident approach to claiming his lady Michelle. He would not create resistance by pushing too hard, too fast to claim what was his.

It was a stroke of good fortune almost beyond belief that this woman resonated to him, and was receptive to his mental touch. She had the capacity to form the psychic bond with him. He had encountered so many closed minds on his way to deliver the package as promised that it was clear Earth's sensitive ones were a small percentage of

the population. He had amused himself by sending out waves of pleasure impulses to see who around him might react. None but his Angela had.

Yes, it was good fortune that this friend of Micki's was his one, yet understandable to Danek's mind. If there were few who were sensitive on this world, those few would be drawn to each other. It would almost be more shocking if Micki's trusted friend had turned out to be closed of mind.

Angela finished her drink and then stood. Danek stood with her, taking the package back to carry it for her. "I need to let them know I'm leaving early." She gestured at the counter. Danek waited while she went behind the counter, spoke briefly to the other woman working there, retrieved her bag and returned to him.

She did not love this job, so leaving it permanently would not pose a problem. Although she did love the macchiato. Danek had a sufficient sample in his cup for the replicator. He held his wrist unit over the cup to record the chemical composition for future reproduction. Angela would not be happy if she had to leave behind something that gave her so much pleasure, and Danek had no desire to deprive his one of anything in claiming her. He wished, instead, to offer her more than she had ever known.

"You keep looking at me," Angie said, not looking at Danek. She concentrated instead on watching where she was walking. If she looked at him, she wasn't sure she could avoid tripping over her own feet.

"You are fascinating to look at." He brushed a loose curl back from her neck and Angie almost did trip. His hand felt so warm and the contact made shivers dance over her skin.

"You thought Fed-Ex was fascinating," Angie pointed out. "How far away did you say you lived?"

"I did not say." Danek captured her hand and enfolded it in his. His fingers caressed hers in a way that was entirely too distracting. But not so distracting that she let him dodge the question.

"Yeah, about that," Angie said, trying to tug her hand free. When she was unsuccessful, she gave up and tried to ignore the big, blond hunk who was holding it captive and kept moving. "Where exactly is Micki?"

"Do you wish to see her?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. I've been worried sick." Angie chewed thoughtfully on her lower lip. "Although judging by the book, she really is fine." She'd leafed through the pages before sending it off, and while *I Was An Alien's Love Slave* was a departure from her previous romances—even skimming, Angie could tell the futuristic tale had gone to a new level of eroticism—it was definitely Micki's work.

If Micki had been kidnapped or gone off the deep end, she wouldn't be writing cheerfully erotic sex scenes, much less enough of them to fill four hundred manuscript pages, so her friend was fine. Still, a part of Angie wouldn't really rest easy until she saw Micki face to face.

"It will be my pleasure to take you to her," Danek said.

But first, it will be my pleasure to take you. The voice in her head was full of erotic promise.

Angie sucked in a breath and felt her sex quiver in anticipation. What would it feel like to be taken? To be overwhelmed, seduced and fucked silly? The voice in her head sounded knowledgeable and confident and oh-so seductive. And it wasn't coincidence that it sounded like Danek. Her imagination was running wild, had been since she'd laid eyes on him. Perusing Micki's inflammatory sex scenes had only added fuel to her libido's fire.

She was pretty sure she had condoms in her apartment that weren't past their expiration date. If not, Danek probably had some. He didn't look like a monk, and the way he was flirting with her, he intended to go beyond holding her hand. She was single. He was single. And not involved with her friend. She was clearly suffering from prolonged and unwanted celibacy, to the point that she was having spontaneous

orgasms at the sight of a gorgeous man. So, was there any reason not to have sex with said gorgeous man?

Angie couldn't think of one.

It was probably a public service to have sex with Danek, Angie decided. She couldn't focus on her job or be a productive member of society when she was reduced to the status of a walking hormone, so sex-deprived that she was hearing voices and imagining all sorts of crazy things. Having sex was the responsible, mature thing to do. Immediately. As soon as she got the door unlocked and they got inside, because it wouldn't be responsible or civic-minded of her to have sex right out on the sidewalk in front of everybody, although the memory of that orgasm in the coffee shop made the prospect tempting.

If you enjoy having sex while others watch, what is wrong with that? the voice inside her head asked. "Nothing," Angie said, forgetting that hallucinations didn't require answers and that she was talking to herself. "Other than getting arrested for public indecency."

She realized she'd said it out loud and snuck a quick look at Danek. He wasn't looking at her as if she'd lost her mind. He was looking at her as if he wanted to strip her naked and devour her. Right here and now. Who needed privacy?

Good thing they'd arrived at her place or she'd be tempted to risk arrest. Angie dropped her keys, swore, picked them up again, and fumbled with the lock. Danek brushed her hands aside, finished the chore with ease, and then they were inside her building.

"I live on the fourth floor," Angie blurted out. It was too far away. She'd never make it, feeling like this. "The stairs are this way." She flashed on an image of the stairwell, the door closed. What were the odds of anybody coming along...?

"Stairwell," Danek said, his voice rough and his eyes hot. "Yes."

She led the way. The heavy fire door clanged shut behind them, and then Danek was crowding her up against the wall. "Here," he said, his eyes holding hers. "You

wish to be pleased here. Where somebody could come along, could see. You could be caught with your pants around your knees and my mouth between your legs.”

The mental image made her gasp, made her stomach and the inner muscles of her pussy clench.

“You like that thought.” He gave her a look that was both pleased and knowing and his hands went to her waistband, unsnapping, unzipping, working her jeans down her hips.

“You will like the reality even more.” Danek pressed his body against hers, teasing her nipples with the hard wall of his chest, one hand moving between her legs to cup her swollen mound. Angie made a soft sound of pleasure as his palm rubbed her clit and his fingertips teased her opening. “Soft. Slick. But not wet enough to take me.”

He moved down, replaced his hand with his mouth, and Angie’s head fell back in abandon. “Danek.”

For an answer, she got a leisurely lick along her folds, then his tongue thrust inside her sex.

It was unbelievable. He was a total stranger. They were in a stairwell, where anybody could come along, and he was going down on her. And she was letting him. Encouraging him. The only thing keeping her from spreading her legs wider was the fact that her jeans weren’t down far enough and they served to keep her trapped just the way she stood.

Helpless, unable to do anything but feel Danek’s tongue fucking her, his mouth suckling her folds and eating at her as if he couldn’t get enough, Angie shuddered and then she was coming hard while he gave her the kind of oral satisfaction she’d only dreamed of before.

“Fuck me!” Angie muttered when she trusted herself to speak.

“With pleasure.” Danek licked at her folds again, then swirled his tongue around her clit. “You are wet enough now.”

She made a low sound of pleasure mixed with frustration. "I meant, you know, it's an expression. Not that I'm saying no. I'm saying yes. But not here."

"You liked here a moment ago." Danek was working his way back up, stopping to explore the dip of her belly button with his tongue.

"I liked it a lot," Angie admitted. "But I'm not going to be able to remain standing much longer."

"I will hold you up." Danek's mouth found a swollen nipple and drew on it through the thin fabric of her shirt and bra, leaving a wet circle on her shirt that left the shape of her distended nipple clearly outlined when he released it to pay attention to the other.

His mouth on her breast felt so good, as good as it had felt between her legs. He drew on her nipple and she felt her vaginal walls quiver in response, felt heat rolling through her body. His hand searched out the bud of her clit and stroked it, and she realized that she was about two seconds away from letting a stranger fuck her in the stairwell. If he undid his pants and rubbed the very thick erection she could feel pressing against her now, along her soft inner folds, she might even come again before he got inside her.

She felt urgent and hot, and wondered if it was the thrill of the forbidden—the risk of being caught in the act, the thrill of the fantasy of sex with a stranger. Or maybe the two mixed together in one mind-melting erotic cocktail. Before she could find out Danek pulled his hand away and began pulling her jeans back up.

"What?" Angie asked, her voice thick and low. She sounded as disoriented as she felt.

"Three people coming," Danek answered. He tugged her jeans back into place and refastened them. "Males. You do not wish to be accused of public indecency."

She looked down at herself. The wet fabric over her nipples was a dead giveaway to what they'd been doing, if her flushed face wasn't enough of a clue. Not to mention the musky scent of arousal in the air.

"They will see only a couple kissing," Danek said. He pulled her into his arms and she realized that with his body shielding her, nobody could see anything incriminating. "Kiss me, Angela."

It struck her then that they'd be kissing for the first time. It seemed somehow more intimate than his mouth on her pussy and she hesitated for a moment before shaping her lips to his.

She tasted herself on his lips, a tang of salt, and the unfamiliar flavor jolted her. But his mouth was warm and persuasive, the hands shaping her body against his, firm and confident, and the feel of all of him against all of her went straight to her head. She leaned into him and let him deepen the kiss, opening for his tongue, sagging into his support when her knees buckled as he stole her breath.

Angie was dimly aware of laughter and a good-natured, "Hey, get a room," but otherwise they might have been the only two people in the world, kissing as if starved for the taste of each other.

Danek finally ended it and raised his head to look into her eyes. She met his gaze, feeling dazed and unsteady.

"Wow," she said finally. Her lips were swollen and no longer felt like they belonged to her.

"I think you enjoy kissing me." Danek smiled at her, his eyes alight with amusement.

"Um," she said. Nothing more intelligent came to mind. Which was his fault, she decided. If he wanted witty conversation, he shouldn't undo her pants, make her come, and then kiss her senseless. Her nipples still throbbed from the contact with his mouth, her sex felt primed and ready and her legs felt like Jell-O.

"I enjoy kissing you." Danek touched her mouth with one fingertip. "I also enjoy this stairwell. But I think we would both enjoy more privacy and comfort next."

Angie nodded. The floor was as hard as the wall, and the stairs didn't exactly make an accommodating surface, either. "Good point. I can walk in a minute."

"I will carry you."

"I live on the fourth floor," she reminded him, but Danek had already swung her off her feet and cradled her against his chest.

"I am strong enough," he assured her. And he proved it, taking the stairs at a clip that Angie wasn't sure she could maintain when she wasn't carrying anything. When he set her down, he wasn't even breathing hard.

"You must have a resting heart rate of twelve. What are you, an alien?" Angie asked.

"Yes." Danek smiled at her and plucked the keys from her nerveless hand before unlocking her apartment door and pushing her inside. Angie let her purse slide off her shoulder and fall to the floor with a thud. "Do you wish to be taken on your bed next, or do you have another preference?"

"Forget preference," she said. "Back up to the alien part."

"I am an alien," Danek repeated.

"Illegal alien," Angie said, trying to make sense of his statement.

"I am not here with permission of your government, no," Danek admitted. "Tell me where you wish to be taken, or I will have you against this door."

That was a turn-on. Taken. Against the door. She imagined Danek doing that, with no further preliminaries. He'd just yank her pants down, back her against the hard surface, open his pants and thrust into her, making her come while her spine bowed and she screamed her pleasure.

"The door," Danek said. He didn't do exactly what she'd imagined. He pulled her shirt over her head first, stripped away her bra, and made a low growling sound at the sight of her naked breasts. Then he got her out of her pants with record speed, opened his, and she had a mouth-watering glimpse of his cock jutting toward her, fully engorged and wider than she'd expected.

He used his knee to push her thighs apart and lifted her off the ground, then stood between her open legs. His body braced her in front, the door supported her behind, and his hands cupped her bare ass while the head of his cock probed at her slick opening.

Angie wrapped her legs around his waist, and then realized they were forgetting something. "Protection," she reminded him.

"I will protect you from anything," Danek promised in a deep voice that sounded utterly sincere as he began thrusting forward.

She squirmed up and away. "No, I mean we need a condom. Prophylactic. Rubber. What do you call them in your country?"

"Condom?" Danek stared at her. "You wish me to encase my cock in a wrapper first? You do not wish to feel my skin sliding inside yours, our body fluids mingling, my seed spurting deep inside you?"

"When you put it that way." She groaned and bit her lip. "Okay, I know they're not sexy and riding bareback would be more fun, but I have to be smart, here. It's bad enough that I'm fucking a stranger, how bad would it be if I let you give me a disease or if you got me pregnant?"

"I would be honored if you had my child." Danek smiled at her when he said it. Actually smiled.

That did it. No normal human man smiled at the thought of getting a strange woman pregnant from a chance sexual encounter.

Micki's disappearance, Larry's babbled explanations about alien abduction, a man who made her hear voices and have spontaneous orgasms, and the title of that book Micki had written rushed to the forefront of her mind.

"You really are an alien," Angie said. *Fuck me*, she added mentally. She didn't say it out loud so it wouldn't be taken for an invitation. No chance of that happening now, Danek might have tentacles or something. Or he might get her pregnant with something that would make Rosemary's Baby look normal.

And she'd been so close to what had promised to be the best sex of her life. She could almost cry from disappointment.

Chapter Three

Danek looked disbelieving as he stood between her legs, hard and ready to thrust home. "You will not allow me to take you now?"

"You're an alien," Angie pointed out in case it had slipped his memory. "Kind of a mood wrecker. And you're not wearing a condom. You could have some kind of alien VD."

"I will wear a condom if you insist." He scowled as he said it. "It is unnatural and will rob us both of pleasure, but I will do as you wish."

"You're not putting on a condom, you're putting that alien thing back in your pants." Angie's voice went high as she climbed up his body to put some distance between her all-too-willing flesh and his.

"You are serious." Danek bit out something in a language she didn't understand, then lowered her to stand on her own feet. He didn't move away, however, staying close enough for his body to brush hers, crowding her against the door.

"What was that? Are you swearing at me?" Angie scowled at him in suspicion.

"I said that Earth girls are not easy." Danek rested his forehead against hers and heaved a sigh. "You wish to be taken. I wish to take you. But no, you will not allow either of us to experience this pleasure. And why not? Because I was not born on your world."

"You make it sound like I'm being unreasonable." She really hated that her voice came out breathy and throaty, as if she were channeling a phone sex operator. Her nipples were hard and aching as they rubbed against his vest. The stimulation was an extra torment when she added it to the unfulfilled ache between her legs.

"You are." Danek palmed her sex and she almost moaned out loud at the welcome pressure of his hand against her swollen labia. "You want me. I want you. Denying us both because of the different location of our births, how is that reasonable?"

When he put it that way...no, that was her hormones and his hand squeezing her mound, rubbing her clit and teasing her by sliding a fingertip into her core, talking. Not common sense and not the voice of reason. She still couldn't stop herself from rocking her pelvis forward to gain more of his finger and blamed the memory of that world-class orgasm in the stairwell for clouding her brain.

Or maybe it was him, clouding her brain with alien sex impulses. "Stop that," she muttered, even as she rode his hand and clenched her inner muscles tight around his penetrating finger.

"When you truly wish me to stop, I will," he countered, adding a second finger to the first, stretching her, filling her, but not nearly enough. His fingers were a teasing preliminary and far less than what she wanted. The width of his cock would be just right, almost too much for her, so she'd feel utterly filled to capacity if he replaced his hand with what she really needed.

Angie groaned. "That's not fair." But she didn't pull away.

"You are right." Danek slid his fingers out of her and she tried not to scream in frustration. How could he stop now? She was so *close*, dammit. "It is not fair for me to pleasure you with my hand when you have rejected me as your lover."

"I didn't reject you, exactly," Angie mumbled. "And why am I the bad guy here? You're the alien. You tried to have alien sex with me."

"You would have enjoyed it very much." Danek gave her a very knowing smile and she really hated that he was probably right. She'd certainly enjoyed herself in the stairwell, and that was just what he could do with his mouth. "And I have no alien vee dee, which so concerned you. I am in perfect health. I could not be here otherwise. Introducing an alien pathogen into your planet's native population would be considered an act of bio-terrorism."

"Good to know," Angie said. "Listen, do you think we could continue this conversation with me wearing some clothes? Standing here naked and excited is not helping me think rationally about this situation."

"I like you naked and excited." Danek cupped her breasts with his hands, rubbing his thumbs over the hard buds of her nipples. "And I do not consider it rational that you stopped me from taking you already. Your body aches with unfulfilled need. Will putting on clothes make the ache for my flesh inside you go away?"

"You do have a way with words."

"I also have a way without words."

No kidding, Angie thought. With Danek's kind of body language, words were unnecessary. If his hands on her breasts were sure and skilled, his fingers on her nipples were genius. His cock inside her would be heaven.

"Maybe it would be okay if you wore a condom," she said, breathing harder as he plucked at her nipples in a rhythm that had her pelvis rocking into him.

"You will have to let me take you with no barriers at some point," he said. "But this first time, if you will not allow that, I will wear the condom."

"Bathroom," Angie wheezed. "No, wait. Bedroom. I think. Oh hell, stop and let me go look. It's been so long I can't remember where they are."

She broke away from him and ran for the bedroom, pulling open the drawer on her bedside table and pawing through the contents. No condoms. Okay then, bathroom. She bolted to the medicine cabinet and heaved a sigh of relief at the sight of the box sitting here. *Yes*. If she hadn't had any condoms, she really might have screamed in frustrated rage, and the walls weren't that thick. The last thing she needed was a complaint to the building manager about excessive noise on top of *not* getting the best sex of her life.

Fortunately, she didn't have to worry about that. Angie grabbed a handful of packets and raced back to the bedroom where she found Danek waiting. He hadn't wasted any more time losing his clothes, she noted. Very efficient of him. And sexy. If

the sight of him clothed had nearly made her swallow her tongue, the sight of him naked was enough to make her almost mindless with lust.

“Here.” Angie tossed the packets onto the bed and Danek picked one up. He turned it in his hands as if he had no idea how to proceed and it clicked in her head that alien contraception and disease prevention might be completely different. “Never mind. I’ll do it.”

She jumped onto the mattress, picked up the packet and tore it open. She found herself kneeling with his cock jutting toward her, and leaned forward to take the head of him into her mouth. He tasted so good, masculine and a little salty, and he felt warm and hard sliding between her lips. Angie licked at his shaft and tightened her mouth around him, feeling a flash of triumph when he groaned in response.

His hands slid into her curls, cupping her head, encouraging her as she tasted him and then moved forward to take more of him. He rocked his hips to meet her, feeding his cock into her mouth. Angie slid her hand between his legs to cup his balls and found them tight and heavy with need.

“Your mouth gives me much pleasure,” she heard him say in a rough, deep voice. “But I would give us both pleasure now.”

Right. The condom in her free hand needed to go on, and then he could go *in*. Angie let his length slide out of her mouth almost regretfully. But they could always come back to this later. Right now, she wanted the pleasure of his cock thrusting into her tight cunt, stretching her open and filling her, fucking her.

She almost dropped the condom, managed to position it correctly, and unrolled it with enthusiastic if not exactly expert hands.

The latex split.

Angie stared at the sight then raised her face to Danek’s. “I don’t believe it. You’re too big. Or these are too old. What’s the expiration date?” She scrabbled for the discarded package and looked for the date. It wasn’t expired. She dropped it and looked back up at him. “This isn’t real. This can’t be happening.”

She dropped onto the mattress and threw her arm over her eyes. "Your huge alien cock split the condom apart and now we can't have sex. I'm going to die. I'm going to scream."

The mattress dipped as Danek joined her on the bed. "Take me without the condom."

"You're forgetting about pregnancy," Angie said from between clenched teeth. "I'm not having your alien love child. No birth control, no Earth nookie."

"I can prevent you from becoming pregnant," Danek said.

Angie lifted her arm off her eyes and stared at him. "Please tell me alien men don't promise to pull out in time, too. I can't believe any woman on any planet falls for that line."

"I will not pull out." He looked shocked at the very idea. "Not spill myself inside you? Separate our bodies at the height of our pleasure? I will do no such thing."

"Oookaayyy." Angie rolled toward him and put her hand on his chest. His skin felt warm and his well-defined muscles were as nice to touch as they were to look at. "What did you have in mind, then? I'm open to discussing any and all birth control options you might have up your sleeve."

"I have nothing up my sleeve. I do have something on my ship."

"Your alien spaceship," Angie said. Which was probably in orbit somewhere over one of the poles. "Of course. It couldn't be someplace convenient, like in your pocket." She really was going to scream. Or maybe she'd just cry. Being deprived of sex with Danek at the last second was worth crying over.

Although really, this was probably for the best. Sex with a stranger was risky enough, but she'd almost had sex with a stranger from another planet. That just didn't sound smart, no matter how hot he was, and no matter how hot he made her feel or how long it had been since she'd felt that way.

Actually, she didn't remember ever feeling so heated and urgent, and that orgasm in the stairwell was definitely a personal best. Being near Danek made her body hum and whenever they touched, the hum burst into the Hallelujah Chorus. Still, someday she'd look back on this moment and think, *Good thing that condom split or I would've done it.*

Just not today. Tomorrow didn't seem very likely, either. A year might be enough distance from this moment to regain a rational perspective.

You do not have to go without pleasure. The voice in her head made her rear back and scowl at Danek. "And that's another thing. What's with the alien mind control? I thought I was hearing voices. Hallucinating orgasms. But it's not me, it's you. You're doing alien things to my brain."

"I would much prefer to do alien things to your body." He smiled at her and stroked his hand from her hip to her ribcage, stopping just below the swell of her breast. "But yes, it is my voice you hear. You are sensitive, able to sense my thoughts, able to send yours to me. And your mental wavelength resonates to mine. It is easy for me to give you the mind touch of pleasure."

"That's one way to jump-start foreplay," Angie said. "Nice trick."

"No trick." Danek's voice sounded seductive and soothing at the same time. "Think of it as a benefit of taking a telepath for a lover."

"Alien is hard enough to swallow," she said after a speechless minute. "Telepathic on top of that? No offense, Danek, but letting you into my body isn't in the same class as letting you into my mind."

"It is enough to begin with letting me into your body." His hand moved up higher, touching the underside of her breast. The contact made her shiver while every nerve in her body sang in delight.

"Tempting, but we have a few complications, here." Angie cursed those complications, but she couldn't really pretend they didn't exist. Five minutes alone with her vibrator might make them easier to bear, though. "Like letting you into my body

without any permanent consequences. Which, due to the fact that one condom size does not fit all and your alien alternative being on your spaceship, means you're not getting into anything right now."

No matter how good it would feel. It was hell sometimes, doing the right thing.

"You will not go with me to my ship?" Danek cupped her breast, squeezed lightly, scraped her nipple with the edge of his thumbnail. The unexpected sensation jolted her. The stimulation didn't hurt, exactly, but it did go right to that fine line between *feels really good* and *too much*. As if he'd known precisely how far to go and when to stop. Maybe telepathy had its benefits beyond the ability to stimulate orgasm with a thought.

"What was the question?" Angie blinked dumbly at him. "Right, your ship. No. This is how alien abduction happens. Some hot alien stud comes along, talks a woman out of her clothes and gives her orgasms until she can't think straight and she wants sex so badly she'll do anything to get it. Then he splits her condom into latex shreds and promises her if she'll just go with him to his ship, they can fuck like bunnies with no worries because he has alien contraception there. She wants it so much she's cross-eyed, so she says yes. And nobody ever sees her again."

Which, now that she'd said it, didn't sound all bad. Maybe her argument had a few flaws.

Then another thought found its way through the lust-filled haze that was currently passing for her brain. "I have to get on your ship anyway, don't I? If I ever want to see Micki again?"

"I have no other way to take you to her," Danek said. He didn't sound regretful. Closer to smug.

"I can't believe my best friend got abducted by an alien and married him." She flopped onto her back, and Danek scooted closer, lying on his side with their bodies touching so that hum of pleasure continued. "Although if he's anything like you, I can see the appeal. The men of Seattle can't compete with intergalactic studs who give orgasms with a thought."

"I am glad I appeal to you more than the human males you've met." Danek settled his palm on her belly, and Angie found herself breathing out, relaxing as his touch soothed her. Even if it did make her cells hum in that very distracting way. "And your friend was not abducted. Just taken."

"Taken," Angie echoed.

"Yes. She was Keelan's. She called to him and he came for her. Now they are together." His hand rubbed her belly in concentric circles.

Angie wondered if it was possible to turn into a puddle of lust and how she could feel comforted and insane with desire at the same time. "Why does it feel so good when you touch me?"

"It feels very good to me also."

He was dodging the question, but she didn't call him on it. Instead, she focused on the warmth of his hand on her bare skin, the pleasure of feeling all of him against all of her, legs and hips and torsos touching. "This is nice. In a tormenting, not-getting-laid kind of way."

"There is much more to sharing pleasure than one thing," Danek said. His eyes crinkled in amusement at the corners. "There is the pleasure we can give each other with our hands and mouths. There is the pleasure of talking. Of closeness. The touch of your flesh against mine. Feeling the harmony of our minds and bodies."

"You make my body hum," Angie blurted.

He didn't look surprised. Just pleased. "Yes. It is the same for me."

Angie rolled onto her side so that their fronts touched and slid an arm around his waist. She buried her face in his chest and breathed in the masculine, faintly spicy scent of his skin. She felt Danek's arms wrap around her, hugging her closer. His legs tangled with hers as they fit their bodies together. "If you hadn't destroyed that condom, you would be perfect," she sighed.

"I am perfect for you." He kissed her hair and she found herself wanting to agree. Of course, there were a few minor issues, like the fact that they came from different worlds. Forget the Venus and Mars analogy, they really weren't the same species.

There was also the whole telepathic thing, which would be unnerving even if he wasn't an alien. Did anybody really want another being to know their thoughts? What if they had sex and she fantasized about The Rock joining them for a threesome? A normal man would never know, but a telepathic man would get the whole fantasy reel.

"If you can think of another man while you are with me, I will have to try harder to keep your attention," Danek said with a thread of laughter in his voice.

"See, that's exactly the problem," Angie sighed. "You read my mind. What happens if I get mad at you and think something I'd never say? Or what if I do fantasize and you get offended?"

"This pleases me," Danek said, kissing her forehead and the curve of her cheek. "You are thinking of how to resolve obstacles to a relationship. You are ceasing to think of simply having sex."

"Shit." Her eyes flew wide open. "You're right. I need to get dressed. You're melting my brain with alien sex rays."

"Or we could simply have sex." Danek nuzzled her neck and slid his thigh between hers. Like an idiot, she let him, opening her legs until his strong, rough-haired thigh rode against her bare pussy, sending waves of need through her at the contact that felt oh-so-good and fell oh-so-short of what she ached for.

"That's cruel," she moaned. "Have you forgotten what you did to the condom?"

"I will see if I can replicate a larger one."

Angie blinked. "You can do that? Here? Now?"

"With my wrist unit, yes, I should be able to do so."

"You might have mentioned that sooner."

“You distracted me,” Danek said. “You are naked and so am I and I was very close to knowing the pleasure of being inside your body. I admit I have not been thinking most clearly with my cock heavy with desire for you and the taste of your arousal on my tongue.”

When he put it like that, it was pretty damn hard for Angie to think clearly herself.

Chapter Four

"Do the wrist unit thing," Angie said, her heart rate accelerating as her body sang *yes, oh yes*.

Danek reached behind her for one of the foil packets, tore it open, and then she heard a low electronic buzz. He drew his hand between them and showed her the result a minute later. "Try this."

"Right." She took the condom and rolled it down his thick shaft. It didn't split. *Hallelujah!* "Houston, we have lift-off."

"If you wish to travel to space, my ship is at your disposal." Danek grinned at her as he pushed her onto her back and settled his large body over hers, his legs moving hers apart.

"Right now, your cock is at my disposal and I want it." She scraped her teeth along the thick muscled curve of his neck and shoulder. "If you hold out on me now, it's going to be the war of the worlds, right here in my bedroom."

"You will get what you want." Danek captured her wrists and pulled them above her head, pinning her to the mattress as he positioned the broad head of his penis against her slick, ready opening. He began to thrust into her and for a panicked, incredulous second she thought, *It won't work, he's too big*. Then orgasm rocked her and she realized he'd manipulated her with his mind, triggering her response so that more lubrication flowed and the sensation of being stretched and filled almost beyond capacity stayed on the right side of the pleasure-pain line.

The sensation of Danek inside her, the sheer intensity of it coupled with the final tremors of orgasm, had her breathless and paralyzed underneath him. Then he pressed deeper until she felt him against the opening of her womb and she groaned, wrapped her legs around his waist and arched up into him. "Yes. Oh yes. Right there, Danek."

"This is much better than a war of the worlds, is it not?" He grinned at her and then kissed her, and any part of her that hadn't done so already turned to liquid for him. "I think you like this alien invasion."

"I love it." Angie punctuated the words with kisses as she rocked her pelvis up, straining to take more of him. "You're amazing."

"You, my Angela, are amazing." He murmured the words against her lips. "I will take you as I want now and you will come for me until you have nothing left to give me."

She made a faint gulping sound. A second later she was moaning, then screaming her pleasure as Danek brought her to the peak again and again, holding her in place with effortless strength while he fucked her into a nearly mindless state.

The world fell away. Lost in sensation, the length and width of him inside her and the weight of his body rocking into hers the only reality that mattered, she felt him giving in to his own need for release after what seemed like hours. As he came inside her, a possessive, masculine voice filled her mind.

Mine.

Danek moved off the woman beneath him with some regret. He hated to leave the heated clasp of her body, hated to allow any space between them so soon. Especially since he had only taken her with a barrier in place and the bond between them was not yet formed. But she would be more comfortable tucked into the curve of his body than crushed beneath it, so he arranged them both in a way that kept her as close as possible without their bodies being joined.

Her soft ass made a resting place for his spent cock. Her back pressed into his stomach and chest. Her tangled curls spilled between them, tickling his chin. Her legs cradled his and his arms wrapped around her in a cuddly hold. He shaped one hand over her breast and smiled when she sighed in response.

"Such passion," Danek said. "Your appetite pleases me."

"I hope you're not thinking about round two already," Angela said in a voice that sounded a little hoarse from shouting. "I need recovery time. I've never come so many times so close together. You made those little orgasm muscles do things they aren't meant to do. My pussy will never be the same."

"Of course not." Danek kissed the curve of her neck. "Your body has known the pleasure only I can give you and nothing less will ever satisfy you again."

"I'd call you cocky, but then we'll both just lay here thinking about your huge cock and what you can do with it," Angie said. She yawned and wiggled her butt against the topic of conversation. Danek felt his shaft give an obliging twitch of interest. "Of course you can give me something no other man can. You're an alien. A *telepathic* alien. You actually know what a woman wants and when and how without having to ask."

"There is more to it than that," Danek said. It was time she understood what she was to him, what they were to each other. That in all the worlds she would find no other to match her but him. Their wavelengths were a match, her mind the perfect mate to his, and only together could they achieve the resonance to form a lifelong psychic bond. Their bodies were attuned to one another, and the sexual response she felt for him could not be duplicated with any other partner. She was his, and he was hers.

Before he had a chance to put this into words a woman who lived in a world where no such bonds existed could believe and understand, his wrist unit gave off a warning signal.

"What was that?" Angela asked in a low, drowsy voice.

"Proximity alert," Danek answered. "My ship is in danger of being spotted. We must return to it at once."

"What?" She sat up and turned to face him. "We have to go right now or I can't see Micki again?"

Her mind echoed the fear that she would never see *him* again. Danek took heart that her thoughts turned immediately to him and the future. She did not see him as a one-time sex partner, a pleasurable dalliance. Her feelings ran deeper, as did his.

"It must be now," he confirmed. "I would give you more time, but we have no choice."

"I'm not dressed." Angela pushed a hand through her curly mass of hair, pushing it back from her face. "I need to pack. I'm not ready."

"No time." Danek sat up beside her, pulled her into his lap with his arms wrapped securely around her, and keyed the sequence into his wrist unit that would transfer them both to the waiting ship.

"Oh, my God, you just beamed me onto your spaceship," Angie shrieked. "And I'm naked."

Danek was naked, too, but he seemed unconcerned about being out of uniform. "If you are cold, I will adjust the internal temperature once we evade detection."

Right. Naked and embarrassed might not rate any concern, but cold merited attention. Although Angie had to admit that being embarrassed couldn't be at the top of Danek's list of priorities when trying to hide an alien spacecraft from Earth authorities.

"Is that a submarine?" She stared at the 3-D display in the center of Danek's console. "Are we underwater? You parked your spaceship in the ocean?"

"Yes to all three," he said, leaning back into the seat that molded to the contours of his body. "Secure yourself in that." He pointed at what looked like a vertical mesh hammock on her side of this cockpit or whatever it was they were in.

Angie tugged at the mesh. It opened into a shape that looked made to accommodate a person. She stepped in and it closed around her. Like an automatic seatbelt on steroids, she thought, fighting back a wave of claustrophobic panic. She tested the mesh again and this time it didn't give. She was secure. Trapped, in fact, but she'd worry about that later.

Okay, she thought, trying to focus on the positive. So it should keep me from being thrown around or drifting onto the windshield if gravity stops working. The inside of the ship

might not have gravity in space, so it would be good not to end up naked and spread-eagled on the windshield.

Danek gave a short laugh and she realized he'd read her thoughts. "Brace for acceleration."

That was her only warning before her stomach dropped and gravity flattened her.

"Is it over?" Angela's eyes were dark and wide in her too-pale face. Danek smoothed her hair back from her face with a gentle hand.

"Yes." He'd freed her from the passenger restraint once they were in space and on course, safe from detection by any Earth satellites, and carried her to his berth. "Drink this."

He pressed a cup into her hands and watched as she sipped at it. She swallowed and then blinked at him. "Did we pass a Starbucks on our way past the moon? Where'd you get a caramel macchiato?"

"You gave me one," Danek reminded her. "I recorded it with my wrist unit, since it is your favorite. It is also hot and sweet, good for shock. Drink more."

"Airplane coffee is never this good," she mumbled a minute later. "And I've never seen a naked flight attendant, either. Especially one who looks like you. This might not be a bad way to travel, once you get used to being trapped in a mesh coffin with a speed demon pilot."

"We had a need for speed," Danek said. He saw her color coming back and breathed easier. "I realize it was uncomfortable for you."

She waved a hand at him. "It put being naked and embarrassed in perspective."

"Why embarrassed?" He smiled at her. "I have already seen you naked. I have already had you."

“Yes, well, I didn’t know you didn’t have any crew on board, did I?” She blushed as she said it. “And just because you had me once, as you put it, doesn’t mean you’re entitled to it again.”

“Entitled, no, but interested.” He eyed her nipples, taut from something other than the air temperature, since it was comfortably warm now. She was interested, too. And she was not entirely opposed to being seen naked by others. She had found the possibility of being caught with him giving her oral attentions in the stairwell too exciting for him to think it was a one-time impulse. She would enjoy public play with him back aboard the main ship. That was something he looked forward to.

“I can tell.” Her eyes fixed on his hardening shaft. Her interest heightened his, and the visible proof of that made her eyes wide. She dragged her gaze away from his member and looked at him. “About this. I realize you didn’t plan to just drag me away naked and with no warning, but what happens now? I don’t have any clothes. I don’t have any ID or anything. How long will I be gone? And how will you get me home?”

“So many questions.” Danek joined her and swung her into his lap, wanting to touch her and also give her the comfort of his touch. “First, drink.”

She sipped obediently at her macchiato and handed him the empty cup when she finished. “There.”

Danek set the cup aside and kissed the top of her head. “Now you are feeling more like yourself.”

“Uh-huh.” Angela nodded, then rubbed her head against his chin in a casual caress that reminded Danek of an affectionate feline. “Back to my questions. You realize that when I got up this morning, I had no idea there were aliens out there, or that my best friend had married one. I was just another freelance graphic designer going to put in a shift at the coffee shop for the steady paycheck. Now I’ve had sex with an alien and I’m on his spaceship going who knows where.”

“This is my personal spacecraft, actually,” Danek said. “We’ll rejoin the main ship where I am second-in-command soon, and you will see Micki there.”

She started to giggle. "We're going to the mother ship. I might have known."

"I think you will like it." He toyed with one of her nipples as he spoke. "There are other races aboard and most are able to communicate by thought. This makes for some differences. For example, there is a common area for drinking and talking, and often you will see couples and groups engaged in all stages of sexual play there."

"Get out." Angela turned to look up at him. "People just stop off for a drink and an orgy after work? Talk about having a few stiff ones to unwind."

Her humor made him laugh. It was easy to follow her meaning. "Some, yes." Danek touched her cheek. "It is all a matter of preference. Some like to watch. Some like to be seen. Some enjoy groups, some prefer one partner. But there is no public indecency, as you spoke of. Since you can know what is in the mind of your shipmates without seeing, there is not the issue of physical modesty or privacy as you know it."

"Oh." She blinked, then nodded. "I get it. Like, I can hear the neighbors in the next apartment banging their headboard into the wall, and I know what's going on. If I could hear their thoughts, too, I'd pretty much have a free show already. So what's the difference if you take away the wall?"

"I think this will not bother you." He traced his hand from the curve of her cheek down to her neck, stroking the sensitive hollows of her collarbone. "You enjoyed very much the possibility of being seen in the act in your stairwell. If you wish to play with me publicly, I will be pleased to accommodate you."

"Just you?" She dropped her lashes, but he read her thoughts easily enough.

"I have enjoyed sharing casual partners in the past. You, I have no wish to share."

Hearing that he saw her as not casual but exclusive comforted her. At the same time, the revelation made his lady nervous. Now that he had found the one he had searched for so long, he wanted to claim her without delay. Danek did not have to be a mind-reader to know that saying so would alarm her.

One step at a time. He had found his bondmate. She had welcomed him as a lover and willingly accompanied him to his spacecraft, although the hurried departure had

unsettled her. Now she must adjust to new circumstances, and too many new things at once would only cause her to resist everything in self-defense. But he would have told her what she was to him already had they not been interrupted. If he presented it to her as information and not demand, she would find it easier to accept.

"There is more," Danek said.

"Of course. Because multiple alien races, telepathy, mother ships, and public orgies haven't given me enough to think about."

"You will need to receive two standard implants when we board the main ship," he said, wanting to get the part he expected her to have the most objection to out of the way.

"Not breast implants, I take it." Angela curled into him. "What for?"

It relieved him that she did not immediately react with fear or distrust. "One to translate language for you, so you understand what you hear. One to prevent both disease and pregnancy. The contraceptive option can be disabled and then reactivated at will."

"And has this been successfully tested on humans?"

"If it were not safe for you, I would not allow it. The lady Michelle had no ill effects," Danek said, knowing that would reassure her.

"Do I really need the language one? I understand you just fine."

"Because I learned the pattern of your language from Micki. But you will need to understand what others say."

"This isn't going to be a quick visit, is it." Angela made it a statement of fact, not a question.

"No."

"Am I being abducted? If I want to go home, will I be allowed to leave?"

Danek stretched out on his side and pulled her down to lay with him. "If you decide that you have no wish to remain with me, I will take you home."

Her brown eyes had gone dark, her face drawn. "Be your girlfriend in your world, or go back to mine? What about dating first? Getting to know each other? What about my job? What if I don't want to leave my world for good, would you come back with me?"

"Those are not your real questions." Danek settled her body against his and noted that in spite of the stiff way she held herself, she reached out to touch him. "You want to know if you still have choices. You want to know if I will compromise with you or demand things all my way."

"Blunt, but yes, that covers it." Angela relaxed a little at his words, especially at his even tone.

"What do you think?" Danek ran a hand down her back and felt her relax a little more.

"I think I'm panicking," she admitted. "I'm in a vulnerable position. You have all the power. It's your ship, your world, your rules. And I just met you. If I wasn't at least a little worried about that, I'd have to have the I.Q. of a houseplant."

"You also think that it is too soon to be sure you want a relationship with me." Danek rocked his body into hers and felt her react. "Although not too soon to want a sexual relationship. Perhaps we should focus on what you are sure of for now."

"Sex as a distraction?" Angela spoke into his skin, hooking a leg over his.

"Or stress relief." He palmed her ass and pressed her pelvis into his. "It is therapeutic."

"Very." She shifted and aligned her sex with his. The head of his cock rode along her labia, her flesh soft and slick and welcoming. "Give me some therapy." Her voice was low and as full of invitation as her body.

"I will give you all that you will take." He pushed forward, just barely penetrating her, the head not even fully inside her, and heard her sharp intake of breath that exhaled as a moan.

"Danek. You feel so good."

"As do you."

"We need another condom," she sighed, but she rocked against him instead of moving away.

"In a moment." He luxuriated in the feel of her flesh meeting his without barriers, the softness of her skin against his, the way she strained to be closer to him as if subconsciously she felt the need to bond, to mate. Her sex stretched to accept him and her inner muscles gripped at him. It took all his control not to thrust home, sheath himself in her to the hilt, and make her his.

But not without her knowledge, not without her understanding and acceptance of what it meant.

"Danek." She groaned out his name. "Hurry."

"I will hurry to produce one," he said. "I will take my time using it."

His answer made her groan again.

Chapter Five

"Torture is against the Geneva Convention," Angie said through gritted teeth. It had to have been less than an hour since Danek had manufactured an alien-sized condom and then proceeded to explore every inch of her body, but it felt like eternity. Her back arched and her hips bucked helplessly as Danek closed his mouth over her clit and drew on the sensitized flesh. She was on the brink of yet another orgasm, and every time she reached that brink, the sadistic alien stopped and started over.

"Your pleasure will be greater in the end," Danek assured her, releasing her clit the second before her impending climax would have been unstoppable.

"Not if I kill you for making me wait before you get around to using that condom."

Her threat didn't faze him. He lowered his head and lapped at her labia, a long, slow draw of his tongue.

Her voice became a strangled shriek. "Danek. I can't take it anymore."

"You can." He thrust his tongue into her sheath and then withdrew it. "You will."

She fisted her hands in the slick fabric that covered his bunk and let her head thrash from side to side. Her whole body quivered with need. "Danek."

"Mmm?"

"Please."

Danek raised his head and replaced his mouth with one hand, cupping her sex. "So impatient. Where is your endurance? Your stamina?" He pressed his palm against her flesh, and the contact made her moan.

"Don't have any."

"I am disappointed." He shook his head at her, his expression grave, but the wicked humor in his eyes gave him away.

“Beast. Fuck me now or I’ll do something violent.”

That made his brows raise. “Do you like it rough?” He captured her wrists with his hands to keep her from swinging at him and settled himself over her, between her splayed thighs.

“Maybe.” She felt wild, raw, and on the verge of losing control. Rough, uncivilized, animal sex sounded like exactly what she needed.

“Like this?” He drove into her without warning and her breath left her as she was abruptly filled, stretched to an almost painful degree, her body forced to accommodate his without time to adjust to the invasion.

“Harder.” Angie wound her legs around his back and arched under him, straining for more.

His hips slammed into hers as he gave her what she asked for, thrusting hard and fast and deep. She was so primed, so ready, that the first orgasm hit almost immediately. The second began to build almost as soon as the first ended. The third came after a long, gasping, frenzied effort. The fourth made her scream and claw at his back as he finally let go and came with her, the pulsing of his cock deep inside her heightening her experience to what had to be the limit of her physical capacity for pleasure. She wailed like a banshee and ground her pelvis into his as the aftershocks went on for what felt like forever, until she finally went limp underneath him, panting as if she’d run a marathon.

“I told you your pleasure would be greater,” Danek said in a thick, satisfied voice long minutes later.

“Saying *I told you so* ruins the afterglow,” Angie mumbled. But she didn’t make any effort to move away. Her hands rested on his back where they’d gone slack after digging into him. “What did you do to me? I don’t think I have a working muscle left in me anywhere.”

“I fucked you.” He sounded downright smug, but the sated bliss that sang in every cell told her he was probably entitled.

"Finally." Once she'd gone limp, she found he weighed heavily on her. "You can get off me now."

"I would if I had a working muscle left in me," Danek admitted.

She laughed, a low, lazy sound. "So we'll just stay like this forever. Eventually a search party will find our spent, wasted bodies locked together, and everybody will know we died happy."

"I prefer to live happy." He kissed her neck and she slapped at him with one limp hand.

"Hey. That's a working muscle. Save us both, move over."

Danek braced his arms on either side of her and levered himself up but didn't withdraw from her. "You are beautiful."

She blinked at him. "Do you have poor vision? I'm an exhausted, sweaty mess. My hair probably looks like Medusa's, and I'm currently a naked refugee."

"You are not a refugee." He kissed the corner of her mouth, pulled out of her by inches, then lowered himself to lay beside her. "You are not displaced. You have a place with me. And if naked ceases to suit you, anything that I have is yours. You have only to ask."

"You're sweet, but we're not the same size." Angie rolled to snuggle into him and smiled as his arm closed around her, pulling her closer. "Although borrowing your shirt sounds like the kind of sappy thing I'll want to do next."

"Your feelings for me are not sappy." Danek nuzzled her neck. "You feel just as you should."

"You seem awfully commitment-happy for a guy who just nailed a girl that got naked at hello," she answered. "Maybe you're used to having to work for it and as soon as the novelty wears off, you'll start looking around for the next female."

"I have never had to work for it," he informed her. "Females fall at my feet. Or they did. They will do so no longer. It would be a waste of their time."

"See, there you go again." Angie made the monumental effort of rising up on one arm to look at him. "Making these *we're a couple now* noises."

"I thought I was being patient. Not rushing you." He gave her a disgruntled look.

"Not rushing me? Why do I get the feeling you have the wedding planned already when you say that?" She bit her lip. "It can't be that sex equals permanent relationship in your world, or you wouldn't have all those alien orgies."

"Now you are imagining all manner of things." Danek pulled her back down and on top of him. "If you had been raised on my world, you would know what I am to you. You would not worry over my motives or resist my claim. You would welcome me gladly."

"I think dropping my pants for you in the stairwell was pretty damn welcoming," she muttered. "And then I let you bring me on this space odyssey. Why are you making it sound like I'm putting up obstacles?"

"Because you are." He rubbed her back in long strokes, up and down either side of her spine, and she relaxed into him by degrees. "You think you should not love me when I am a virtual stranger to you, so you resist in your mind. You think if you allow yourself to bond with me, I will be as quick to leave you as I was to take you."

"That's not putting up obstacles." Angie hated that her voice came out wavery, but she went on, "That's trying to retain some remnant of sanity."

"Not sanity. Separation. You think of reasons to hold yourself separate from me, when deep inside you want only to yield everything. You resist what we both want and deny us what we both need."

"What do you want from me?" The waver deepened into a hint of tears.

"Everything." Danek tightened his arms around her. "Forever."

She was silent for a minute, trying not to sniffle. She felt cornered and panicked and also almost angry, as if he were tormenting her by offering something she wanted too

badly to risk reaching for in case it was withheld at the last moment. "You don't ask for much, do you?"

"I ask for your trust." He kissed the top of her head. "I ask for your body and your heart and your future."

"And if I say yes?" She shivered in his arms, feeling suddenly cold. "What happens when you realize this was all a mistake, or you've lost your taste for Earthling, or I don't adjust well to your world?"

"If you have difficulty adjusting, we will deal with that." Danek's voice was low and soothing. "As for the rest, I will never lose my taste for you, as you put it. And there is no mistake. You are my one, my bondmate. The only woman in all the worlds whose psychic wavelength matches mine."

"That's a nice line," Angie muttered.

"It is not a line, it is the truth. You resonate to me. We produce harmony together. I knew from the first moment that you were mine. You felt it also, but you wish to believe it is lust that draws you to me because you know nothing of the bond we are meant to share. I have grown up knowing I would one day find my mate, and you have grown up in a world that denies such things exist."

She turned her cheek against his chest and listened to the steady rhythm of his heart, felt the warmth of his body and the carefully controlled strength in his hands as he used just enough pressure to massage her back into utter relaxation but never so much it felt painful. Everything about him called to her. And she wanted what he described, yearned for it on some deep level so much that it made her ache inside.

A change of subject seemed like a good way to stall. "Didn't you say you had another errand on Earth?"

"I did. I have completed it." Danek slid one hand up into her hair, cupping the back of her head in a hold that was unmistakably possessive and tender. "I went to look for my bondmate."

"Convenient," Angie said. "One-stop shopping."

“The universe is full of seeming coincidences that are part of a larger pattern.”

“That’s very Zen. Or something.” Angie let out a long breath. “Okay, say I am your bondmate. What now?”

“Now I am holding you and giving you the comfort of touch, the security of closeness.”

“I think you just like to cuddle,” she said. “And you answered very literally for a mind-reader.”

“Now I persuade you to bond with me. To dispense with the use of your condom, to accept me without barriers of any kind, mental or physical, and become one with me.”

Well. She’d asked. So she absorbed the answer and asked herself how she really felt about it. About Danek and herself and the unknown future. Which led to a curious thought. “What does it mean, become one? What’s the bond like?”

“We share thoughts. You will read my thoughts as easily as I read yours. We share a connection that time and distance cannot interrupt, so that we are only a thought away from each other. You will know my heart and I will know yours. It is much deeper than the level of communication a telepath knows with another who is not a mate. We will know each other in a way no other ever will or could.” He massaged her skull with long fingers, soothing her. “Have you not longed to be fully known by another? To know that the one who knows all loves you utterly? To feel a bond of unity, to know that you are never alone?”

Tears stung the back of her eyes. A man who knew all of her, good and bad, and loved her anyway seemed like an impossible dream. And yet, it was a dream she’d always had. One she’d buried but never managed to obliterate. The bond he described was the deepest longing of her heart. “Are you saying that’s what we’d have? Forever? No divorce, no regrets later?”

“How could I regret sharing all that I am with the one who is made for me?” Danek’s voice was soft and sincere. “As for divorce as you think of it, it is not possible.

Once formed, the bond can never be broken. Even in death, our spirits would remain united."

"Wow." Angie breathed in and out, feeling shaky. "You're gorgeous, you're easy to talk to, you make me come so hard I see stars, and you want to be with me forever. What's the catch?"

"The catch is that you will never experience another male joining us for a threesome," Danek said deadpan. "You will have to content yourself with me. Although I can offer you countless opportunities to enjoy yourself with me publicly, so that you can know the pleasure of watching and being watched in any sexual act you desire."

She laughed. "I think I can live with that." The thought of getting fucked by Danek while other men watched made her feel a little giddy.

"Then you are ready?" He moved his hand around to cup her chin, silently nudging her to raise her head and look at him. She did, letting her eyes meet his, taking in the warmth and encouragement she saw there.

"Yes." She felt her lips tremble when she tried to smile. "This whole day is probably one long hallucination, but just in case it isn't, I don't want to turn down the chance to have what I've always wanted."

Danek smiled. "At last."

She felt her mouth twitch at that. "It didn't even take you a day to talk me around. You make it sound like I held out for weeks."

"It felt like weeks." He drew her head slowly down until her mouth brushed against his. "I have waited and searched for you for so long. Any delay feels unbearable now that I have you here with me."

She answered him with a sigh, and then let her mouth meld with his, putting lips and tongue to better use. A hum of recognition and anticipation ran through her body. Danek completed her physically, and soon she'd know him on another level. She

wanted that, fiercely, hungrily, and she showed him with her kisses and her naked body moving against his in unmistakable invitation.

Chapter Six

"A moment." Danek broke the kiss and shifted her off him. He got rid of the condom, dropping it into a slot by his bunk. He gave her a look of pure sexual intent and scooped her into his arms before carrying her to a corner of his cabin to a cubicle that formed itself around them. A moment later she felt heated air moving over them both.

"Interesting," Angie said. "It feels like sunbathing naked on a not-too-hot day."

"It is like your shower, but without water," Danek explained.

The cycle ended as he stopped talking and the cubicle walls dropped away, leaving them once more in a corner of the room.

"Decided we should freshen up for the big moment?" Angie asked.

"Yes. And now that we are clean, you will not hesitate to put your mouth on me again."

She laughed. "My turn to go down on you?" That sounded perfect. She'd only gotten a taste of him in her bedroom, and it seemed only fair to return the favor after all the oral gratification he'd given her.

"Yes." He placed her on the bunk and joined her. "Show me how you will pleasure my cock with your lips while others watch you do it."

The erotic thought made her hot and eager. Her pussy clenched and she felt liquid softening her sex as she imagined herself naked and on display, kneeling to service Danek's cock. She moved to kneel between his open thighs while he reclined in a sitting position and lowered her head to his penis. She arched her back and pushed her ass up, displaying herself as if there was a watcher behind them who would see her pussy glistening and know that giving Danek head was turning her on.

She licked the length of his shaft, tasting him, learning the shape and texture of him with her mouth and tongue, kissing, scraping her teeth lightly over him, running her tongue around the rim of his cock. "Mmm," she sighed. "You taste good." Then she drew as much of him into her mouth as she could take and sucked, moving up and down his thick shaft, caressing him with her lips and tongue and doing her best to deep-throat him.

Imagine a man enjoying the sight of your succulent cunt, Danek's voice in her head whispered. Imagine how he wishes he could touch what he sees, how he would like to be pleased by your mouth in my place.

Heat shot through her. Her breasts swelled and ached. Her nipples felt hard and needy and her sex grew even slicker. She increased her tempo, licking and sucking at his cock as if he were a forbidden treat, one she had to have and also wanted to savor.

Imagine how he will feel when your throat works as you swallow all of me. His balls will ache to receive the same relief.

Danek. She wanted him to spill himself in her mouth in a salty rush, wanted even more to feel that liquid jet deep inside her. She wanted him, all of him, everywhere inside her. She wanted him to fill her mouth, her pussy, her ass.

"You have never taken a man there," Danek answered her in a rough voice. "We must work up to that."

He pulled out of her mouth and dragged her up his body. She settled her knees over either side of his hips and pressed her swollen, slick labia against his shaft. The intimate contact felt incredibly good, and when she slid up, the head of his cock aligned with her opening. Danek's hips thrust up to fill her as she sank down to take him.

Her body hummed and sang with a sense of rightness as they joined and she shivered with the sheer delight of having him inside her with no barriers. The deep press and glide of his sex mating with hers thrilled her. The added sensation of him hot and hard and bare as her vaginal walls enclosed him intensified her pleasure.

Sensation overwhelmed her. This merging went beyond the physical. It was mental, emotional and complete. She rode him as their bodies rocked together, his hands holding her firmly in place, her flesh accepting his as minds and hearts united.

Angie felt the rhythm of Danek's heart and knew it beat faster for her. She felt his pleasure as keenly and fully as if it was her own, and saw with a split awareness that he knew precisely how each thrust of his cock into her sensitized sheath felt to her. The physical sensations were doubled, and they shared the awe and the bliss of knowing how much delight each gave the other, experiencing it together from both sides.

The wonder of it, his body melding with hers, his mind open to hers and the depth of emotion they shared stole her breath. It was beyond anything she could have imagined.

She was his, and he was hers. They were together, and she knew with deep certainty that when passion left them spent, the bond that joined them together would remain.

"Danek." The sound of surprise and delight broke from her lips. He answered with a low laugh, and then he pulled her down to lay with her torso pressed to his. The hard, muscled wall of his chest teased her nipples as they moved in harmony. The added stimulation made her moan and sigh. She felt his hands shifting to grip the soft curves of her ass as he thrust deeper and thought she might die of ecstasy too great for her body to contain.

Her pleasure fed his, and he fed it back to her amplified, magnified, a circuit that sent them higher and higher until she felt her inner muscles rippling around his cock, gripping and milking his shaft as she came over and over and he came with her in a jet of liquid heat that sent her soaring.

A long time later, she stirred enough to press a kiss on the warm skin of his shoulder. "Love you," she whispered.

"As I love you."

His arms wrapped around her in a secure hold and she nestled into him, content, at peace, and certain that whatever the future held, it was going to be the adventure of a lifetime.

* * * * *

“Is this place unbelievable or what?” Micki’s blue eyes sparkled as she looked at Angie over a glass filled with ruby-red liquid.

“What.” Angie looked down at her own glass and sipped at the sweet liquor that tasted like some sort of exotic fruit and kicked like a Missouri mule. “Am I going to start dancing on top of the table if I drink this?”

“I have better uses for both the tabletop and you than dancing,” Danek said, lifting her onto his lap. He settled her into the curve of his arm, her thighs across his, and slid his hand under her shirt to tease her nipple.

Angie blushed and Micki laughed. “You’re going to love it here. I’m so glad to see you, and so happy for you and Danek.”

She practically bounced in her seat as she spoke. Her mate captured her and placed her on his lap, and Micki draped her spread legs to rest on the outsides of his, her back pressed against his chest for support. The easy way she relaxed into Keelan’s hold told Angie that her friend really was content with her new life.

Keelan’s stern features softened as he looked down at the small woman nestled in his arms and Angie felt her throat catch. She took another sip of the Denebian Fire Berry liquor and told herself the water in her eyes came from the percentage of alcohol she’d just swallowed.

It is no weakness to feel moved to tears by the happiness of those you care for. Danek’s voice in her head was something she was starting to get used to, but she wasn’t confident enough in her newly discovered and developing abilities to respond in kind easily, so she answered out loud.

"I know. I hate that I missed it. I mean, not that I could have joined in, the way bonding works for you guys, but I don't know, I feel like I should have been here to eat cake."

"Danek ate plenty," Micki said, looking positively smug as she cuddled into her oversized mate.

"Of you," Angie said, shaking her head. She'd heard the full story from Micki when they were reunited three days earlier. "Hussy. Getting it on with two guys in a bar."

"Only one guy," Micki said, doing her best to look demure. "Oral sex doesn't count. Even the President said so."

"It counts," Angie said, remembering Danek's mouth on her clit an hour earlier.

"Keelan insisted," Micki widened mock-innocent eyes. "To prove the big, scary aliens weren't going to hurt me."

"And now all is well," Keelan said, looking as smug as his mate.

"I'll say." Micki raised her glass and Angie reached across the small table to clink their rims together.

"Cheers."

The two women drank and the room took on an even warmer glow. Angie felt Danek's hand growing bolder, cupping and squeezing her breast, then moving down to smooth the leather-like fabric of her skirt down her thigh, before slipping underneath and reversing direction.

"Is she really doing four men at once?" Angie asked, her eyes drawn to a woman in the center of the bar. One of the Nordic-looking aliens was feeding his cock into her mouth. One lay beneath her, thrusting up into her ass. Another kneeled between her thighs, filling her eager pussy in a rhythm that matched the man below. A fourth was at her side, plucking at her distended nipples while her hands busily stroked his cock. Periodic moans and shouts of pleasure came from each member of the group.

“Yes. That’s Zette,” Micki said, nodding. “She’s an inspiration. I’m telling you, Angie, I’ll never run short of ideas to write about again.”

It was easy enough to see where Micki had found the inspiration for the highly charged erotic scenes she’d peppered her last book with, Angie thought. She was finding the sight pretty inspirational herself. Danek’s hand teasing the sensitive skin of her inner thighs didn’t hurt, either.

The alien culture aboard the ship, Micki had explained, literally operated on the honor system. Honor was a deeply ingrained character trait, and among telepaths it wasn’t possible to cheat, lie or hide dishonorable actions. Individuals took pride in their honor. The greater a man’s honor, the greater his prestige.

The men of the warrior class who were entertaining and being entertained by Zette, a woman of the servant class, were a perfect example of the culture in operation. They approached sex almost as a competition. The more pleasure a man gave his partner and the more honorable his actions were, the more highly he was thought of among his peers.

The men’s standard uniform of pants, boots, and vests that left chests and arms bare showed off the highly decorative tattoos they wore on their upper arms. On their trip to rejoin the main ship, Danek had explained the significance of his tattoos and the meanings of the various symbols that depicted his lineage, rank and notable achievements.

One of them was a decoration for his skill and generosity as a lover, which Angie knew from personal experience he fully deserved. If it were up to her, he’d get another. He’d earned it with the pleasure he’d lavished on her in the week since their bonding.

“I think it’s time for us to call it a night,” Micki said. Angie turned her attention back to her friend and noted the flushed cheeks, bright eyes, and the rapid rise and fall of her chest. It was easy to guess where Keelan’s hands were, even if the table blocked the view.

“Enjoy yourself.” Angie waved at the couple and giggled at the speed they left with.

“Micki enjoys watching for a time, then she prefers to seek her pleasure in privacy,” Danek said, his lips brushing her ear. “But you, my love, enjoy being seen.”

“Um,” Angie agreed. Danek’s hands went to the fastening at the top of her shirt and opened it, baring her breasts. She felt them swelling in anticipation of his touch, her nipples hardening.

He lifted her onto the table, facing him, and pushed her legs apart. Then he slid the fabric of her skirt up her legs until he had it bunched around her waist, her pussy fully exposed and accessible. His thought rang clear in her head, *I will show you how you may entertain me on this tabletop.*

Danek’s eyes gleamed with laughter and sexual intent. He lowered her until she lay on the table with her hips on the edge, legs dangling down, and then hooked her ankles over his shoulders. His mouth came down on her sex as his hands moved up to cup her breasts, his fingers playing her nipples in a counterpoint to the rhythm of his tongue as he tasted her in long, deep thrusts.

“I love it when you fuck me with your tongue,” she sighed, feeling abandoned and wanton and incredibly aroused. A nearby group of men turned to watch, and their eyes on her sent waves of heat shooting through her. Her nipples grew harder and more sensitive, and more than Danek’s saliva was making her pussy wet. She could feel her labia swelling, preparing to accommodate Danek’s cock when he finally decided she’d had enough oral play.

She felt ready now, her body so hot and urgent that she was undulating on the table, moaning, her fingers twining in his hair as she gave herself up to the wicked assault of his mouth. She loved the way he licked and suckled her sensitive flesh, as if he craved the taste of her and couldn’t get enough.

When he pinched her nipples with his fingers and sucked her clit at the same time, she bucked against his mouth, her head thrashing from side to side. “Danek. Enough.”

It is never enough.

But he raised his head and kissed his way up her bare belly, feasted on the curves of her breasts and the stiff peaks of her nipples, then finally straightened and undid his pants and guided his engorged shaft to her slick entrance.

It was the first time he'd gone so far with her in public, and Angie knew he was paying close attention to her reactions. They'd started off with casual petting, necking, a bit of discrete play beneath loose clothing, taking her top off, even her lowering her head into his lap and sucking him off beneath the table. This time, he was going to openly fuck her in front of an audience.

I am such a slut, she thought, feeling her sex clench eagerly at the head of his cock as he pressed it against her.

You enjoy being seen, Danek answered. *And I enjoy giving you pleasure.*

"Fuck me," she whispered. "Fuck me so hard the man at the next table watching us has to stroke himself off."

Danek laughed and proceeded to fill her with a slow, steady stroke. Her cunt stretched to accommodate him, her natural lubrication flowing so readily that she adjusted to his entry with record speed. He began to thrust in and out of her in long, leisurely strokes. Angie turned her head and watched as the man she'd spoken of did, in fact, open his pants, free an impressive erection, and shape his hand around his shaft, stroking it in rhythm with their fucking.

She turned back to Danek, and saw the carnal knowledge in his smile, felt the love radiating from him to her, and gave herself up to pleasure.

About the Author

Charlene Teglia writes erotic romance with humor and speculative fiction elements. She can't imagine any better life than making up stories about hunky Alpha heroes who meet their match and live happily ever after, whether it happens right next door, in outer space, or the outer limits of imagination. When she's not writing, she can be found hiking around the Olympic Peninsula with her family or opening and closing doors for cats.

Charlene welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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