



Text in the City
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Three a.m.

Her phone began to vibrate and ding. Nicole reached out blindly to her bedside table. Her fingers closed around the familiar shape of her cell phone, and as she dragged it forward, she pulled it from the charger cord. She cracked her eyes open and looked at the screen that was entirely too bright. One SMS text in her box the read out said. *Who the hell is texting me at three a.m.?* Nicole pressed the button to receive the message. *If this is Lyn I'm going to murder her tomorrow at work*, she thought mercilessly. She looked at the number, and it was one she didn't recognize.

"Thanks for standing me up...."

She pressed the keys to her blackberry. "Who the heck is this?"

"Don't pretend you don't know it's Christopher."

"I don't know any Christopher. Sorry, you have the wrong number."

"This isn't 347 909 8942?"

"Yes, it is, but I don't know you."

"You aren't Melissa...?"

"Nope. I'm Nicole."

"Damn, she even gave me a wrong number."

Nicole cringed. Women usually gave out a fake number when they had no interest in being reached. Unfortunately, the one this girl made up happened to be hers. "I'm sorry that happened to you. G'night Christopher."

Nicole put her phone back on the nightstand and closed her eyes to go back to sleep. She was just about there when she heard the familiar text ringtone on her phone go off. Muttering a curse, she pulled the phone to her again and looked to see another text message in her inbox from the same number as before.

"It's not what you think, you know."

"Seriously, I think I should be sleeping not randomly texting some guy with a weird area code."

"LOL. The area code is from Oregon."

"So you live in Oregon?"

Nicole had no clue why she didn't just cuss him out and go back to sleep. But he had just been given the wrong number put off, so she felt sorry for him. *You're soft hearted. Go to bed*, her mind screamed sleepily, yet she waited for a reply.

"No I live In New York now. I run a Bonding and P.I business with a friend of mine."

"That's pretty cool... I'm going to ask before I go back to sleep, because now I'm curious. What's not what I think?"

"The girl who gave me the wrong number is a girl we bailed out. She's gone to the wind, and I'm trying to find her. She called to meet to be taken in. It's a minor charge. She just flaked on it. Now it makes my job a lot harder."

"That bites."

"Yes, it does. Well anyway, Nicole, I didn't want you to think I was some lovelorn dude that got stood up in a pathetic way."

"LOL. I'm glad to hear that, but for all I know you could be some icky guy with a hairy back."

"You could be some girl with a huge mole on her face."

"Ewwwwww."

"LOL. Exactly."

Nicole found herself smiling as she texted.

"Well we'll just be gorgeous together. How's that?"

"Sounds good to me... How about keeping my number?"

"Why would I do a thing like that?"

"Because I'm a nice guy, and you might want to get to know me."

"Uh-huh says who?"

"Talk to me and find out. We won't meet until you say so."

"Let me get this straight, a totally random guy texts me out of the blue, and I'm supposed to save the number. We get to know each other via text? How many weird serial killer episodes on TV have I seen start like that?"

"I'm no serial killer. Trust me. You can do a check on me. My full name is Christopher Tide."

"That's not your real name."

“Yes, it is. Blame my mother. It’s a story for another time.”

“Ok, I’ll bite and do some investigating.”

“Good now what’s your full name?”

“Nope. You don’t get that until I know you’re on the up and up, buddy.”

“LOL. Ok I can live with that.”

“Goodnight, Christopher. I have to work in the morning.”

“Night, Nicole.”

Two weeks later...

“I’ve been thinking about what you taste like all day.”

Nicole looked at the text and smiled before responding. “What do you think I taste like?”

“Hmm something exotic and addictive.”

“LOL. So I’m either crack or alcohol?”

She waited patiently for his reply. When it popped up she laughed. Their conversation had gotten longer and longer via text. It was lucky she had an unlimited text plan. If not she would be in big trouble with the cost. They had a few phone calls in between there. She loved his rich voice. It was smooth and sexy on the phone, and when he spoke, it made her tingle in all the right places.

“I was thinking more coconut or caramel, maybe both.”

“You’re making me hungry, Christopher.”

“Is that appetite for me?” his text messaged asked.

Nicole became bold and daring in her next message.

“And if I was, Christopher, what would you want me to do?”

“Are you sure you want me to answer?”

“Yes.”

“After the kiss I would want to feel your mouth on me. I want your tongue on my body and mouth wrapped around my cock.”

Oh my God! Nicole laughed out loud and texted. “What if I wanted you to taste me too? Lick my pussy until I come?”

“Lord, woman, do you want to make me run through the city looking for you right now?” his next text read.

She pressed the buttons furiously. “I want to make you crazy wanting me until you can’t think about anything else other than fucking me.”

“I’m already there, baby. Say we can meet.”

“Not yet, Christopher not yet.”

“Damn you’re playing hard to get.”

“Does it bother you?”

“Hell, sweetheart, I love the chase.”

“Good to know.”

“Do I get your name now. It’s been two weeks.”

“Nicole Beech.”

“LOL. You are kidding me!”

“LOL. No, I got the connection from the first time you told me your name, Tide and Beech,” she texted in return.

“Some would call that kismet. I like that fact.”

Nicole smiled as she stared at the screen before typing the words.

“I like that too.”

That’s how it started. Each time Nicole turned off the phone and went to bed she had a smile on her face. She was amazed that she wore one everyday since that first initial text conversation with Christopher. She did indeed check him out, and everything he said had been the truth. At night they talked via text, and telephone calls. His voice was a rough deep timbre, and he was as charming as could be on the phone. She was hesitant to meet him still. Who knew the kind of person that actually resided behind the charm and the sweet words. But here she was one week later in a cab heading to a familiar spot to meet the man who she had formed a connection with through one random text message.

They had agreed to meet at Lola’s, a spot that was well known by them both. She made sure Lynn had the pertinent information just in case this was all a big hoax and she was heading into danger. That’s why she picked Lola’s. Everyone there knew her from when she worked there

before she moved on to her job at the finance company. If anything happened, they could all say who, when, and what he looked like.

Nicole looked down at her clothes once more, she took great care to dress for the night. She hailed a cab and hugged herself against the wind while she waited. It was still cold in New York. April brought warmer weather in the day time, but at night it was definitely chilly. She wanted to look sexy yet stay warm, so she went with a royal blue dress with a knit halter top that hugged her curves with a long dark jacket she could take off when inside. But with the wind buffeting through the alleys sometimes layers didn't even help. She pinned back her braided hair and wore silver earrings and a necklace to set off the color. One more look in her compact to make sure her makeup was perfect and she headed inside to meet him.

He was easy to pick out in the crowd sitting at the bar close to the door. He was tall with broad shoulders and sandy brown hair. He turned to her, and because she told him what she would be wearing, a smile crossed his face. He had a nice smile, a rugged jaw line that held a hint of stubble, not too much but just enough to be sexy. His eyes were a soft shade of gray that added a touch of mystery. The casual dark jeans and button down black shirt suited him perfectly, and when he stood to greet her, she could see exactly how tall he was. He had to be about six two which dwarfed her height of only five feet three inches tall.

Nicole smiled as she walked up to him. "Hey, stranger."

"Not so strange since you know practically everything about me." Christopher pulled her into his arms. "You even know that Elmo creeps me out. Hello, Nicole."

She laughed. "Elmo creeps everyone out except for kids. That's the ploy."

"I have to say I was looking forward to meeting you, but you are more than I bargained for," Christopher said. "You are absolutely gorgeous."

Moment achieved! She smiled. "You don't look so bad yourself." *What am I saying? He's freaking gorgeous!* But of course Nicole was playing it cool. "Do you want to sit at the bar or a booth?"

He gave her a smile that made her hot down to her toes. “Booth, I want to get to know you much better than just by texting and phone calls.”

They waited until the hostess in the slinky black dress found them a table. More than once Nicole saw her giving Christopher appreciative sidelong glances. Most men would have shown some interest in a woman like that making it blatantly clear she thought he was fine. But Nicole was glad to see that Christopher did not pay the flirtatious hostess any heed. In fact he only had eyes for her. They sat and instead of facing each other in the curved booth, Christopher sat right in the middle and pulled her close. She could feel the heat of his thighs pressed against hers. In the dim ambiance of Lola’s, she was very much aware of the man next to her. He ordered a whiskey sour, and Nicole ordered a Southern comfort martini. When their drinks came, she took a sip and felt the warmth go straight to her tummy.

“Three weeks on texts and phone calls is a long time. Do I meet with your expectations?” His voice rumbled close to her ear, so very close that it made her shiver.

Nicole smiled. “I should ask you the same thing.”

“Of course.” This time he pressed a small kiss on her ear.

Oh hell yes! She felt goose bumps of pleasure form along her arm. This man was making her wet in all the right places. Did she dare? Was three weeks of digital messages enough to make her say yes on the first date? Nicole decided to let the night play out on its own. Wherever it led she would follow.

“So how was work? Still dealing with the quirky client?” Christopher asked.

Nicole rolled her eyes thinking about how her day went. Mrs. Fairchild wanted to sink her money in a bird farm in Costa Rica. Trying to convince the old lady it was not a good idea was proving to be difficult.

“She has decided that exotic birds are the way to go now.” Nicole laughed. “Anyway she is not my problem anymore.”

“Why not?” he asked.

“My boss was embezzling funds from our clients. I saw the discrepancies and brought it to the attention of the District Attorney.” Nicole shrugged. “They asked me to collect some evidence, and it came to light the bigger bosses knew. Anyway a group of agents walked into the office today. They got arrested, and I was fired. Who knew being honest would lead to absolutely no reward.”

“Wow and I thought my job was hard,” Christopher murmured. “What will you do now? Find another job in finance?”

“Hell, no.” She gave an apologetic smile at her words. “No, that was my dad’s dream, not mine. I wanted to be a cop or join the FBI. I had the most fun playing spy and getting those files for the DA. I’ll figure it out. I have enough savings to give me enough leeway to do something I really love.”

“It’s not always fun. Sometimes it can be dangerous,” Christopher said.

“Maybe I’ll become an investigator like you,” Nicole teased.

He took her hand in his and played with her fingers. It was a simple silent action that spoke volumes in her mind. She had heard of people falling in love over dating websites on the Internet but forming a connection via text was that even possible? It was the age of endless possibilities, opened up by technology, so who was she to say it couldn’t happen.

“Well I would have no problem protecting you on the job.” He kissed her fingertips.

“It just warms my heart to think that you would,” Nicole said huskily.

“Do you know that I’ve been thinking about kissing you for three weeks?”

And here we go, Nicole thought.

“Really?” She was surprised at how sultry her voice was.

“Yes, and I’m thinking about doing it now.”

She looked at him, meeting his pale eyes with her own steady one. “Do it then. Kiss me like you told me you would.”

He leaned in, and Nicole held her breath in anticipation. She felt his warm fingers slip behind her neck bury in the hair at her nape. A small purr of pleasure escaped her lips because his fingers were sending delicious slivers of excitement down her spine. Finally, when their lips met her whimper became a moan. His lips were firm, demanding entry into her mouth that she obligingly gave up. His tongue dared her to play, and she accepted. They tangled together, and it seemed all sound ceased around her. The only thing that was prevalent in her mind was him, the way he feasted on her lips and his musky scent filled her nose.

Christopher pulled away. "Damn."

"Is that good?" she asked.

"Oh, honey, you tasted better than I would ever imagine," he replied. "I'm trying to be a gentleman here and not grab your hand and rush out, hail a cab to my place, and take you to bed."

She raised her drink to her lips that were curved in a sexy smile. "Maybe later," she teased and took a sip.

The night progressed, and Nicole found herself liking Christopher more and more. The man behind the text was charismatic and appealing. He made her laugh and engaged her in a conversation that stimulated her senses. Christopher touched Nicole's bare shoulders or leaned in to kiss her neck repeatedly. They ordered a second round of drinks, his the same while she had a spice liqueur over ice. Nicole had no problem admitting he turned her on as she trailed her fingers along his thigh. She could feel the muscles shift beneath her touch. The standing crowd had thickened around them while they were snug in the booth. People talked and danced. The music was loud enough that they had to bend closer just to hear each other speak. It heightened the attraction when she had to whisper in his ear, smelling his musk. She was so close, she could lick his neck. Nicole couldn't resist temptation and with a small lick, tasted his skin.

"You're being naughty," he murmured.

"Is that a bad thing?" she asked silkily.

"Not if you're going to face the consequences," Christopher replied.

The implications of his words thrilled her. It had been too long since she had been with someone. She needed strong hands to touch her and drive her crazy with want. There was no doubt that she knew him better than some. She had been talking to him about her deepest darkest fantasies for three weeks. He did the same with her, so *why not*? Nicole took the unsaid dare and followed her instincts.

She licked her lips lightly. "I'm never one to back down from my punishment."

He took her lips and burrowed his tongue deep in her mouth. She moaned in delight and then surprise when she felt his hand against the skin of her thighs trailing up under her dress.

He pulled away and whispered against her ear making her shiver. "This is your punishment. I'm going to make you come right here."

She felt his fingers at the end of her panties. What little there was of the lacey g-string was already wet with her juices from all the tantalizing from before. *Do I take the challenge, let him do this right here with all these people around?* It was so forbidden yet exciting. Would she be able to keep her composure or end up screaming his name. It wasn't like she wanted him to stop. Nicole could feel his finger slip around her panties and slowly rub her clit. She shifted as her skin flushed with heat. Desire infused her, and she clenched her hand in the tablecloth that rested against her lap. Around her no one could tell that he was driving her mad with his touch, while she could feel every stroke of his finger like a hammer to her body, making her bite her lip with each delectable sensation.

He whispered, "You want me. You're already so wet."

"Yes, I want you." Nicole was surprised that she didn't stammer. He never stopped his finger movements."

"You feel so good. I want to slip my finger inside you. Can I?" His green gaze was on her.

Nicole bit her lip and nodded while her mind screamed *yes!* How could he be so calm she wondered, looking at his face. She pressed her hand against his groin and found him rock hard beneath his jeans. His demeanor said one thing, but he was just as affected as she was.

“Shift your hips forward just a little bit.” Only she could hear the soft command.

She did what she was told and moved just a little. Without hesitation he buried two fingers inside her so deep she couldn’t help the soft whimper that escaped her lips. His digits were thick and stretched her. She could feel her pussy clench him while his finger fucked her right there in the crowded bar.

“You are so damn tight. I wish I had my cock inside you instead.” His breath tickled her ears. The sensual combination of his gruff voice and what he was doing to her made her shiver.

She wanted to grind against his fingers until she came. She rested her head on his shoulder and whispered, “Harder.”

Nicole felt his fingers go deeper. She wondered what people around them were seeing right now? Did they look at them as an intimate couple talking quietly in the midst of the chaotic scene? Could they see the pleasure on her face with each insertion of his fingers inside her? She didn’t care at this point if they saw him take her on the table. In fact the thought of an audience excited her to no end.

“Oh, Jesus, Christopher, you’re making me come,” she whispered into his ear and clenched her fingers into his shirt.

“Yes, come for me, baby,” he said before he took her lips in a kiss.

He kissed her ravenously, penetrating her mouth with his tongue just like he was fucking her body with his fingers. Nicole came and mewed into his mouth while her orgasm crested over her body, tightening her nipples and making her shake. She felt her body gush its juice onto his hand. She vaguely thought about her dress knowing she would have to put her coat on against the dampness that would surely show on the navy material. She lifted her head to see a couple looking at them. The man winked, and the woman raised her glass in a toast. Christopher followed her gaze, and they shared a grin. Maybe they were not as secretive as she originally thought.

“Do you know how much I want to fuck you right now?” Christopher said. She could hear the desire in his voice.

“We should leave and take care of that,” Nicole replied. After what just happened in the booth, she definitely wanted to see what else he brought to the table.

Nicole slipped her coat on before even standing just in case the evidence of his foreplay was on her dress. This was not her usual style. She dated and thought through every move with each relationship she ever had. But with him, she felt daring and brave. She knew him better than some. That thought alone made her think of her pervious boyfriend who happened to be dating her and another woman at the time. She had invested six months into the relationship before she found out. Nicole put the thought aside and focused on the man who stood next to her. Christopher paid the tab, and with his hand at her back, ushered her out and quickly took her hand as they stepped outside into the city night.

“Do we need to take a cab?” she asked. “I want to send my friend your address, just to be safe. I hope you understand. I’m all into this and you, but I can’t be naïve either.”

“You’re safe and who could fault you for that?” Christopher grinned and slowly repeated his address. “I live right through the park, and we can walk if you like.”

With the text sent and she having received the reply from Lyn with a bold “HAVE FUN,” they set out hand in hand, crossed the street, and headed into Central Park. If you kept to the lighted paths that had a lot of traffic, Central Park was as safe as if you were in a small town. New Yorkers know the areas to be in and the areas to stay away from day or night. Spring time and with the weather changing, there was more foot traffic than usual. Nicole knew by summer there would be tons of people trying to escape the heat under the canopy of this oasis in the center of such a busy neighborhood. The carousel came into view, a landmark of the park and the city it was in. The whimsical painted horses and carriages stood out in the night, catching the faint gleam of light from nearby street lamps.

“I love that thing,” she said.

“The carousel?” Christopher asked.

“Yup, it’s great in the spring and summer. You come into the park and the music just lets you know the warm weather has begun,” Nicole replied.

“It swelters here in the summer. You do know that, right?” he said.

Nicole laughed and gave him a nudge with her shoulder. “I know it does, but I spend a lot of time under my A/C or out here.”

“I’ll have to take you to Oregon sometime and show you what a summer with cool breezes and white water rafting is about.” She could feel his finger idly caressing her hand.

“Is that an invitation?” Nicole couldn’t help the shy tone her voice took on.

She was an experienced city girl being felled by this enigmatic man. She didn’t want to admit it, but she hoped this was more than just a hook up and a fuck buddy. His next words pleased her immensely.

“You’d better believe it. I was never a love ‘em and leave ‘em kind of guy,” Christopher said. He took a detour suddenly and headed toward the carousel. “Come on.”

She laughed as he propelled her along. “What are you doing, you crazy man?”

“We’re going to go play.” He lifted her up on the landing of the huge circular ride and gave her wicked wink. “Willing to take the dare with me?”

“What if we get caught?” Nicole giggled, thinking about the brazen act they were about to commit.

He shrugged, and a wide smile crossed his face. “I’m a licensed bail bondsman. We’re good to go.” He pulled her close and devoured her lips in a fiery kiss. “I want you.”

She broke the kiss even though she wanted more and began a seductive walk between the rows of horses until she came to a carriage. It was darker over on that side, and she called him with a crook of her finger. The bow that held her halter in place was loosened easily with one gentle tug of the string. The material fell exposing her breasts as he strode toward her with desire in his eyes. She shimmied out of the dress and panties by the time his arms were wrapping around her to pull her close.

“Take me,” she whispered against his lips before his mouth plundered hers.

This was beyond daring. Three weeks ago, would she have even attempted to meet him, let alone to be on a carousel engaged in such an intimate act? The boldness of it excited her all the more while he massaged her breasts and moved her naked form to him. She could feel the hardness of his cock pressed against her belly. Nicole reached between their bodies to rub his hard rod through his jeans. He groaned in pleasure, and she fumbled with his buckle to free his turgid length. Christopher lifted her off her feet, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. He sat back on the wide carriage seat of the carousel, and his lips ravished hers. Nicole feasted on him. He stopped just long enough to pull his shirt over his shoulders, and then she wanted more. God, she wanted more from him.

“What are you doing to me?” Nicole asked breathlessly trying to help him. “This is so unlike me, but I can’t stop!”

Christopher gave a husky laugh as he nuzzled her neck. . “Trust me, I’ve been thinking of being with you for weeks, but I never would have guessed it would be on a carousel in Central Park.”

Nicole bit his shoulder. “I guess we should go with the flow.”

Christopher sat her on the ornate seat and took her breast in his mouth. Nicole gasped in pleasure. She arched her back pushing herself more against him.

“Oh, Christopher,” she moaned, and she loved his groan of response.

He lifted her high so she was on the back of the carriage seat with her legs against the bench. He knelt between her legs, and she felt her thighs quiver with anticipation.

“I have to taste you, even in this low light and see your pussy getting wet,” he growled.

Nicole felt the cool metal of the carriage seat against her palms while she spread her legs wider. His eyes followed her hand as it moved down her body. She slipped her fingers between the slick folds of flesh parting them slightly and dipped her finger inside herself while Christopher watched. She couldn’t help the soft moan that escaped her lips while she

played with her pussy. He was so close to her core, she could feel his breath against her inner thighs.

“Is this what you want?” she whispered. “Take it, Christopher. I want to feel your mouth on me.”

Christopher needed no other invitation. He buried his face between her legs and tasted her. His tongue licked, and his lips sucked at the bud of her clit. She cried out when his fingers penetrated her, sliding into her with increasing pressure. Nicole’s hips moved to the rhythm of his fingers fucking her. Her head fell back as each sensation rolled through her in waves. She lifted her hips in a feverish pace as she was careened toward her orgasm. Each time her pussy was pressed more intimately against his lips and tongue.

“God, I’m coming!” Her fingers grabbed at his hair while her body came apart under his mouth.

“I want you inside me, now, Christopher. Fuck me now!” she demanded.

“Oh, baby, I’m going to,” he muttered.

He lifted her from the back of the carriage. By the time he sat with her legs wrapped around his waist. She was impaled on his cock when their lips met and tongues dueled and mated. He reached around grabbed her hips pressing her downward while he thrust into her waiting pussy. He groaned in pleasurable torment as she began to undulate on his rod.

“Ah, yes, yes, I am so full of you.” Nicole cried out and rode him with abandon.

He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back so more of her neck was exposed to his lips and so he could reach her breasts. The combination of being filled with him and his hot mouth closed over her nipple made her pussy clench around him, and she picked up the pace.

“I need more,” Christopher muttered.

She was thrilled with his fierce expression and the way he took control of her body. He turned her so she was bent over the seat and her ass was in the air. She felt the tip of his cock at her entrance before he slid into her deep with a harsh low groan. He fucked her with smooth deep strokes,

pushing himself to the hilt, and she cried out with each thrust. Nicole felt as if she was on fire. Hot and slick she felt his thick member glide along her insides and make every nerve-ending sensitive to each movement. His hand was on her back pressing her into an arch for maximum penetration. She reared backward to meet his thrust, and their bodies connected with a slapping sound.

“You are so hot and tight, I am so glad you’re mine,” Christopher said in a low voice.

“Yes, I’m yours,” she gasped out, loving the sense of permanence his words implied. Even in the throes of passion she knew she wanted more with him, and it seemed he wanted it too.

“Come for me, Nicole. Come all over my cock,” he demanded and grabbed her hips while he took her with such ferocity it left her breathless.

She could feel her body reaching for completion. It was like the dam broke, and Nicole muffled her scream as her body shook from the intensity of her orgasm. She felt him let go as her juices flowed around his cock. His hot seed filled her with every thrust as he prolonged the pleasure of following her into the bliss of his release. Their bodies heaved as they tried to catch their breath. Nicole willed her heart to slow down to its steady beat. *Holy mother of.... This man just rocked my world in Central Park.* She wanted to laugh thinking of her brazen actions with Christopher. In a somber moment, she wondered what he thought of her. Did he see her as some kind of slut because of what had just taken place?

“Next time this will be at home in my bed,” he murmured as he withdrew his semi-hard cock from her pussy.

“Uh huh, and when will that be?” She winced inwardly hoping she didn’t sound desperate. To hide her embarrassment she bent looking for her dress and panties that lay in a heap on the floor. If this was just a fun thing, Nicole hoped she could pull off a cavalier attitude. She knew men said things when they thought with their little head between their legs, and wished they could take it back in the light of day.

“When is now and I hope you weren’t planning on going home tonight.” He pulled her away from her task, took her into his arms, and

kissed her gently. “You better not have used me for my body tonight because I want to see you again. I want you even more after what we just shared.”

Nicole laughed. “While I really like what your body has done to me tonight, yeah I want more too.”

“Now let’s go to my place, and I’ll make you an omelet, and we can eat it in bed,” he invited.

“Sounds good to me.” She smiled up at him.

They got dressed and fixed their clothes to be as presentable as possible before continuing the route through Central Park to his place. He lived on the tenth floor in a two bedroom apartment. It had a wide living room with floor length windows that faced the park and the neighborhood around it. She took a shower and was wrapped in his big bathrobe looking out at the view from his living room and drinking a glass of wine. The smell of green peppers and mushrooms being sautéed filled the air. Christopher was cooking with only a towel wrapped around his waist, looking sexy as hell until she felt desire curl inside her again. She smiled as she took a sip from her glass thinking that she lucked out because she found a guy that could cook too. *Female chauvinist*, she chastised herself, thinking about how offended she would be if a guy thought of her that way. But she had to admit, Christopher seemed to be the perfect package, so why not embrace the fact that she might have finally found a good guy?

True to his word, they ate omelets on his bed while the TV on the wall in his bedroom had a game show on the screen. With the meal over, they laid back, and she felt secure in his arms. Nicole answered all the questions correctly that the host called out, and he seemed quite amazed until she admitted it was a rerun. For her sneaky tactics, Nicole was rewarded with being tickled until she squealed for him to stop. By that time he was lying on top of her, and he brushed her hair away from her face before kissing her gently.

“I like this,” he murmured. “It feels right.”

“I feel the same way.” She replied softly.

He pushed the robe aside revealing her naked body and lowered his head to suck at her nipples. She shifted restlessly until he lifted his body just enough so she could widen her legs and he could settle between them. She lifted her hips inviting him to take her, and he sank his already hard cock inside of her.

“Is this my treat for answering all the questions right?” she asked and gasped as he moved, filling her slowly once more.

Christopher grinned devilishly. “Here I was thinking I was punishing you for being a bad girl.”

All teasing was lost as he buried himself deeper inside her and she cried out his name. Nicole let the sensations carry her away, thanking heaven she decided to answer that first text.

* * * *

One week later Nicole looked at herself in the mirror and wondered if makeup was appropriate for a stake out. Everything was going great with Christopher, and while she was currently unemployed until she decided what she wanted to do with her life, she had gone into his office just for a visit and ended up helping him find information on a bail jumper on the Internet. It was only meant to be a short visit but low and behold the entire day went by with her running names and checking identification for him on a few cases they had open. Nicole never felt this alive in her old job, and she found out she loved helping him at his. He even said she had a knack for investigating, and that compliment made her flush in delight. He invited her to go on a stakeout with him. Well not so much invited as she invited herself and used her feminine wiles to make him say yes even though he said it was dangerous. She promised to follow the rules and listen to everything he said, and now she was just waiting for him to let her know he was on his way. Her phone dinged while she surveyed herself in the mirror. She looked at the text and smiled.

“Are you ready for me to pick you up?”

“Yes, I am. I’ll be waiting downstairs,” Nicole texted back and locked her blackberry.

She stuffed it into her small bag and rushed downstairs. She could have let him come up to meet her, but last time they were supposed to go out and she invited him up, things got out of hand, and they never made it out the door. She wanted to see what he did first hand, and even though he told her that it was a long drawn out process, she was still excited. Downstairs he was leaning against his dark colored car, and his eyes lit up when she came over to him.

“How do I look?” she asked twirling around to show him her dark jeans and sneakers. She had on a sweatshirt and pulled her hair into a pony tail.

“You look like a college girl.” Christopher pulled her into his arms for a hug. “Are you telling me the truth about your age?”

Nicole laughed. “Yes, I am, but we can play naughty school girl later.”

“How about now?” He nuzzled her neck.

“No, you’re just trying to keep me from going on a stakeout with you.” Nicole slapped at his shoulders weakly. “Come on, you promised.”

“Fine, I still feel it’s dangerous,” Christopher grumbled. “What if I have to chase him?”

“Well then I’ll stay in the car, and if anything happens, I’ll call Jack.”

Jack was his partner, and Nicole had met him a day or two after their first date. She ended up spending the weekend at his apartment, and Jack came over without calling. He was surprised in a nice way to see Christopher with her, and they all ended up going out to breakfast with each other. She liked his partner, and when Christopher said yes to take her with him, that was one of the fail safes she agreed to. Call Jack if something went wrong.

They got into his car, and Christopher pulled out of the parking spot and into the slow city traffic. In about a half of an hour, they were in a part of town that was known to have some unsavory characters residing there. Nicole knew it well. When she was younger and she had a certain group of friends who thought bad boys were cool, they used to dare each other to

go into this neighborhood to see what would happen. Nicole learned firsthand what could go wrong when they left her there by herself as a prank. If it wasn't for a cop passing by as she kicked and struggled with two guys trying to drag her into an alley, she would've been raped or worse, killed. Needless to say after that incident she let those girls go their own way, learning that she was smarter than peer pressure. The memory of the incident still gave her goose bumps today.

"Are you ok?" Christopher asked. "You seem far away."

She smiled at him as he took her hand. "Just an old bad memory, that's all."

"If you're scared, baby, I can take you home," he said.

"I'm fine, thanks. So what has this guy done that you're looking for him?" she asked, changing the subject. The past was gone, and she was stronger now.

"He jumped bail, assaulted his wife and kid. He left Jersey, and he was supposed to be hiding out at that building down the block," Christopher explained.

"If you see him, what will you do?" Nicole asked.

"I'll take him down and transport him to the closest precinct, then collect the bounty from the bail bondsman."

"So you don't just give out bail money. You're a bounty hunter and a private investigator too?"

"Yup, a little of everything." Christopher stretched his arms up and put his seat back just a little. "Now we wait."

As the hours passed, every question she asked he answered readily. She learned that both he and Jack had people on the streets who would give them information for a small fee. He told her different aspects of his job, and she found herself more interested with each case that was explained.

"You know you should really think about becoming a licensed P.I.," Christopher commented. "The training isn't hard, and you already have a knack for it with the computer work and stuff. You could work with me and Jack. We could use the extra help."

“Really?” She knew excitement was in her voice and couldn’t help it because she was thinking the same thing but didn’t want to press it as an issue with their relationship being so new. “Wouldn’t you feel kind of smothered being around me all the time?”

He grinned. “I would like being close to you everyday.”

“If I did, would I get to work my own cases too?” she asked.

“As long as you get the training to defend yourself, I don’t see why not.” But then he warned, “I get to pick the cases until you get more experienced though.”

“I’ll think about your proposal,” she said simply.

“You do that.” He leaned over and kissed her, until her senses swam. “Think long and hard.”

It took only one kiss for him to turn her on, and for another hour they sat watching the building looking for the bail jumper. All the while they talked in between but stayed mostly in companionable silence, she felt aroused. The guy they were searching for was taking his time leaving or coming into the building. and the way Christopher was idly stroking her hand was driving her to distraction. Finally, she sighed and gave into the sexual thoughts in her head. Nicole took the initiative and scrambled over the middle console and onto this lap. His eyes widened in surprise before she started to kiss him. He took away the control from her unabashed act and grabbed her ponytail while he devoured her mouth. His big arms wrapped around her and pressed her closer to him in the confines of the car.

Nicole pulled away. She pushed the button that took the driver seat back until she had more room at his feet. Then the next button she pushed laid the seat completely back. She slid to her knees under the steering wheel and unbuckled his belt and opened his jeans.

“I know we’re supposed to be staking out and all, but this guy is taking a long time, and I thought I might get a taste of you,” she said casually. “That’s if you don’t mind.”

“Hell, if he showed up right now, I’d catch him later. I’m never going to say no to those lips,” Christopher said gruffly.

She released his cock from the confines of his clothes and licked the length of him. “Good to know.”

The tint of the car helped mask what they were doing. Not that it would have mattered. Nicole found she liked taking sexy risks when it came to being with him. He was so hard that when her hand glided over the length of him, he clutched the armrest of his car.

“Shit, you make me so fucking horny. It’s like I’m a kid again.” He said the words through gritted teeth.

She smiled and didn’t say a word as she used her tongue to tease the head of his cock. His groan was a mix of agony and pleasure. She stopped teasing him and took his length in her mouth, fitting as much of the turgid rod in before releasing it once more. She repeated the motion over and over again, pleased as she watched his neck arch from the pleasure she was giving him and hearing him moan her name. She picked up the pace, and added pressure with her mouth. She wrapped her hand around his cock and stoked him in unison with her lips. Nicole reached down and scraped his tightening balls lightly with her nails before squeezing the sac gently in her grasp.

“Ah fuck, Nicole, I’m going to come!” The words were torn out of his lips.

He sank his fingers in her hair and began to pump his hips, thrusting his cock between her lips. With one final squeeze of his balls, his loud groan filled the car. She felt the first taste of his come spray on her tongue and with each thrust a little more until he was drained and gasping in the seat. She took a tissue from the box in the center console and wiped her lips before taking a few more to clean him off. She helped him fix his clothes before climbing back over to her passenger seat with a smug look on her face.

“Don’t look like the cat that ate the cream,” he said, and when she raised her eyebrow at his comment, he laughed. “I’m going to get you back, little lady, you watch.”

“I look forward to it,” she said with a grin.

“No, I mean now. Take off your pants,” he ordered her.

“Why?” she asked a little breathlessly.

“Because you’re going to play with yourself for me,” he said roughly and jerked her forward for a kiss. “You’re going to be craving my touch. I want you sitting there thinking of how I’m going to fuck you later. I want to know you’re so hot and your panties are wet with wanting it.”

Holy shit! He could make her hot with words just as easily as with his hands or mouth. She pushed her jeans and panties down her legs and sat in the seat waiting for his next instruction.

“One leg over the console there,” he directed. “The other one on the floor. I want to see you.”

Nicole was panting hard. She was so damn turned on she was almost to the point of coming without even touching herself.

“Rub your clit,” he ordered.

She whimpered as she touched the sensitive bud between the folds of her pussy. She rubbed it lightly knowing too much pressure would make her lose control.

“Don’t hold back. Rub it harder.”

“Oh, God,” she whispered.

Nicole did as he asked, and she could feel her wetness increase. She bit her lips as his gaze only left hers to look down at her pussy. To her it seemed he liked watching the pleasure on her face more than anything else.

“Put one finger inside, slow and easy. Keep the slow pace,” he said. “That’s it, baby. Feels good, doesn’t it? You want more, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she whimpered, “I want more.”

“Not yet, just slow and now two fingers, sweetheart,” he murmured. “Take them deep but the same pace.”

“Oh, oh I want to come, please!”: Nicole begged. The pace kept her orgasm at bay but built the pleasure higher until she could hardly stand it.

“Do you wish it was my hands down there, my cock inside you?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“You like it when I fuck you hard, don’t you, Nicole?”

“Yes!” she screamed. Her body shook, but still her orgasm was held off by the pace he directed.

“Hard now, baby, hard. Make yourself come for me!” The urgency in his words fueled her on as she buried two fingers inside over and over again. She convulsed, feeling her own body gush its fluid and clutched at the fingers as she wantonly undulated against her hand. Nicole’s taut body went limp as she gasped for breath. He slid one long finger against the sensitive flesh of her pussy, making her jerk in response. He placed it in his mouth, and a groan escaped his lips.

“Delicious,” Christopher said before using some of the tissue to clean her up. When she was dressed, they shared another long, hard kiss. “Later I’ll do that right.”

They settled back to patiently wait for their target to show up. She wondered how she was supposed to concentrate with the restless urge to have him running through her body. It was so bad, she shifted in her seat wanting to say forget the damn stakeout and let’s go home. Not professional she knew, but she started something that needed to be finished by him. She knew later he would take her to heights she never thought possible in ecstasy. She anticipated that more than anything while they sat in the car.

* * * *

By two am Christopher was ready to call it quits, and just as they were about to put on their seatbelts and head out, he saw the man that jumped bail. Nicole saw the change in his demeanor and knew it was showtime.

“I’m going to go in and get him. You stay right here,” he said. “Lock the doors when I leave, and get your cell out just in case.”

She nodded and watched him leave. He looked both ways on the street before jogging by. She gave a soft cynical laugh knowing full well there was no doorman in a neighborhood like this. Her teenage jaunts had taught her about the streets of New York, so she knew the front door would probably have no lock. True to form when he gave one last look around to

make sure no one was behind him, he pulled the door easily and went inside. *Piece of cake*, she thought and expected to see him come out with the guy handcuffed. Instead she saw the door fly open and the suspect running out and looking back behind him. *What do I do? What do I do?* The thought frantically ran through her head. Forgetting what Christopher told her and only thinking that she should help him, she opened the glove compartment and saw an odd shaped machine. When she took it out, she saw it was a tazer. She pressed the small button and squeaked when the electricity arched from the two points with a crackling sound.

Thinking fast she jumped out of the car, looking down to the building and wondered if her man was seriously hurt. That made her even angrier if the deadbeat wife beater got the jump on her guy. She heard the door of the building open with such force that it slammed against the wall with a thud.

“Ron Manning, stop running before I kick your ass!” Christopher roared as he came out.

Nicole noticed he was limping and holding the side of his head. That helped firm her decision as she crossed the street. She had to back him up. The guy had slowed down looking back at Christopher coming at him with fear all over his face. She wondered if it was fear of jail or of the man coming at him that was more prevalent in Ron’s mind.

“Hey, sir, can you help me? My car won’t start.” She stood in front of him, and he tried to push her out of the way.

“Move, lady, I ain’t got no time for this,” he said and tried go around her.

As he tried to shove her out of the way, Nicole brought her hand up and pressed the tazer against his neck. He gave a cry of pain and went down to the ground when the weapon incapacitated him. Christopher came running up, and she flashed him a grin.

“I got him!”

“Where did you get the tazer?” he asked.

“Out of the glove compartment,” she said dubiously. “Did I do something wrong?”

“You can’t legally use that in this city,” he said calmly and then shouted, “I told you to stay in the car. You could’ve been hurt!”

“Like you were. I was helping you!” she shouted back, hurt that he didn’t see how effectively she took down Ron Manning.

“I’m trained for this. You aren’t. Suppose I was dead in there or worse!”

“Worse than dead?”

“You know what I mean. You should’ve called Jack,” Christopher replied.

“And he would’ve gotten away. I took a risk, and look you’re not dead, and he didn’t escape.” She raised an eyebrow at him daring him to say something else.

“Until you get trained, no operating the tazer or any other weapon, understood?”

“A little help down here,” Ron Manning called from the ground.

“Shut up, Ron. You deserved it,” Christopher said without taking his eyes off her. He cupped her cheek. “Understand please, I don’t want you to get hurt.”

Nicole nodded. “Ok, but did we just have our first fight?”

“Yeah,” he said.

“Did we make up?”

“Yeah?”

“Hey, lovebirds, I think I peed my pants,” Ron said from his position on the pavement.

“Shut up, Ron!” they yelled in unison and grinned at each other.

Two hours later their runaway criminal was back in police custody and they were heading home. Christopher stopped at the office to put in the call to the bail bondsman who held Ron’s note and made sure the bounty on his head would be transferred to their account. As they rode the elevator up to his apartment, she couldn’t help but chatter about the night and how exciting it was. He was silent until he pressed the hold button on the elevator and it came to a stop with a jerk. That halted her words, and she looked at him curiously.

“Um, why’d you do that?” she asked.

He turned to face her and with two large steps he had her against the wall. His fingers pulled down the zipper of her sweatshirt and tugged it off her shoulders before throwing it to the ground. He then started on the small buttons of her blouse.

“Christopher, won’t somebody wonder why the elevator is not moving?” she asked, hearing the breathless tone in her voice. He hadn’t even kissed her yet, and she was already aroused.

“It’s four a.m. Everyone is asleep.” His hands were now on the snap of her jeans before wrestling the denim down her legs.

She kicked off her shoes to help him. “What about the maintenance crew?”

“Also asleep?” He took off his own shirt and jeans, taking the boxers down with them. His cock was hard jutting out from between his legs when he got to his knees.

“Cameras?” she asked.

“Nope,” he replied and pulled her panties down her legs. She was now only wearing her socks.

“Are you mad at me?”

“No, I’m not mad at you. I just want you now.”

His face was right at the level of her pussy, and he lifted one of her legs over his shoulder so he could gain access to her snatch.

“Oh, ok, carry on then.”

She leaned her head back against the wall of the elevator and closed her eyes. She braced her hand against the chrome bar on the wall, and when she felt his tongue lick her clit, she whimpered. He pressed his mouth against her with a guttural groan and greedily devoured her pussy. Her knees felt weak under his onslaught. If he wanted to punish her, she could certainly get used to it. Without missing a beat, she felt his fingers at her opening, and he entered her with two at the same time. She moaned as he fucked her with his fingers. She was so wet she could hear each time he penetrated her. His mouth fastened over her clit, doubling the sensation until she spiraled out of control into her orgasm.

Her legs gave out, and he was there to catch her and pressed her naked body against the wall while they kissed greedily. He slid his hands down her arms and grabbed her hands. Christopher wrapped her fingers around the bar behind her and whispered “Hold on” against her lips. Nicole did as she was told, and with ease he lifted her legs around his waist. Reaching between their bodies, he found her core and slid his cock deep inside her. Her body bowed at the insertion and the pleasure that infused her. With her holding onto the bar while he fucked her, it was like a complicated move of a pair of acrobats. She couldn’t hold on for long, and when her arms slipped, he took all of her weight and pressed her against the smooth back wall of the elevator. He took her nipple in his mouth as he thrust upward, and she held onto the only rock she had in the swirling storm of need... him.

“Oh, Christopher yes!” she cried out.

“Come for me,” he ground out harshly.

And she did on a keening wail while she clung to his shoulders. Christopher was far from done. Even as she came, he kept up his pace. He pulled from her suddenly and hit the button on the elevator. The jerky movement signaled its movement again, and they weren’t even dressed.

“What are you doing?” she gasped out as she watched him gather their clothes. He took his keys out of his pocket and handed them to her.

“We’re finishing this at home.” He gave her a crooked smile. “When the door opens, you run and open the door. I’ll be right behind you.”

It was then she knew she loved him, this man who gave her such a crazy whirlwind of a relationship. The kind that made you do blatant, crazy things and the best relationship she ever had. The metal door slid open with a whoosh and while carrying their clothes in a big bundle, he whispered, “Go, go, go!” With a giggle she ran to his apartment, unlocked the door quickly, and rushed inside. She peeked out to see his naked form running from the elevator and laughed out loud before slapping her hand over her mouth. He got inside and slammed the door and while he locked it, she dissolved in laughter. He dropped the bundle at his feet and picked her up, carrying her to his bedroom.

“You are insane,” she said, gazing in to his eyes. She almost said the words I love you but bit her tongue. *Now is not the time, not until he is ready.* She didn’t think she could bear it if he didn’t say he loved her too.

“It’s all about you, Nicole. The way you make me feel. It’s like I can climb mountains and take on giants,” he said somberly.

He laid her against the bed gently, and she sighed as he settled his body onto hers. She wrapped her legs high around his waist as their lips met, and he built the fire of yearning once again. This time when he slid inside her, it was slow and deep. She could feel the muscles of his back contract each time he penetrated her. Their loving was gentle, and he whispered her name against her ear. Each caress was almost reverent as if he worshipped her body. As their pace increased, she thought if this was the last minute before the world stopped spinning, she was happy to be right there in his arms.

“Come with me,” she whispered and pressed her face against his chest.

She let go and let it consume her, crying out his name and hearing his own groan of response. She felt him fill her with his seed and held onto every last second of bliss he gave her for as long as possible. With tender kisses he withdrew from her body and lay on his side, taking her with him and bundling her into his arms. She fell asleep with him holding her that way, never wanting anything to break into the moment that needed no words.

* * * *

One month later...

The sound of the city was all around her as the night closed in on New York. A siren in the distance, a dog barking as its master walked it for the final time before they headed in for the night. The smell of late night coffee at the small corner store close to where her car was parked filtered in. It reminded her she should go get them to refill her thermos before they closed for the night. *Maybe I’ll get a sandwich too.*

She was well on her way to earning her Private Investigator license and had already begun working with Christopher and Jack. She had a knack for finding the most obscure information in their database connection with the police and other agencies. Some she was not allowed to be on, but she kept that her little secret. They thought she was good enough that she could take on smaller investigations herself. She relished the freedom to show what she could do.

Who knew she would find a whole new career and a man she loved madly all in a span of a few months. She had more than admitted to herself she loved Christopher but still kept that to herself because he had not said it to her himself. They had a fabulous relationship. In fact she spent more time at his apartment than at her own. They went out to dinner with Jack and his new girlfriend more than once, and anyone could see they were a couple. The only thing that was not exchanged was those three little words that meant so much. Her phone sang a little tune, the one she set particularly for his calls and messages. She pressed the button and smiled as she read the text.

“How is it flying solo?”

“Good. Nothing much going on yet.”

“So I wanted to ask you something....”

Her brows furrowed as she read his text. Her fingers flew across the small keys as she replied, “Is something wrong?”

“No, I’ll just say it.... I think I love you.”

Her heart jumped in her chest. “You think or you know?”

“I know I love you, and I want us to move in together and make this official,” his next text read. “You practically live here anyway, and I miss you in my bed when you are gone.”

She was so busy grinning from ear to ear she forgot to answer his text and another message flashed on to the screen.

“Unless you don’t love me back???”

“Of course I love you back, you crazy man. I’ve loved you for so long, and I was waiting for you to catch up!”

“There was no need to catch up. I was already there.”

She could almost hear his voice when she read those words, like a whisper in her ear. He loved her, and it thrilled her to no end.

Nicole texted her final message with a smile. “So I think I might be still green to this whole investigating thing. Do you want to come and help me out? I’m at the corner of Thirty Second and Broadway.”

“I’ll be right there.”

She smiled as she put her cell phone down on the center console and sat back to wait. He was on his way to her, the man she loved. The one that helped set her on a new path. With him by her side, she saw the possibilities as endless. She took a sip of her coffee thinking about their future.

The End