

Turbo Lift Love



Beautiful Trouble Publishing

RAELYNN BLUE

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CAVEAT

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.

CHAPTER ONE

Janna's first day on the job had been the worst day of her life. She'd incorrectly configured the rear thrusters, burnt out the food replicas in cafeteria six and managed to lose both her glove and her left boot. That hadn't been the worst of it. Her secret crush at the academy, handsome hunk Trent Taylor, had been promoted to junior commander of the spaceship, *Sirius*.

Now, two months later, her situation with Engineering Team D hadn't improved, not even a little bit. While before she thought that her first day had been the worst of it, today might have just swiped the number one spot.

"Private Jameson report to the captain's meeting room. Private Jameson, report to the captain's meeting room," the computer requested.

Janna sighed, tucking her chocolate-brown hair behind her ears. She hurried over to the engineering control panels nearest the central acceleration core of the entire ship. She snapped to attention. Her direct supervisor, Sergeant Pike, didn't like rookies and her in particular.

"Sergeant Pike, I've been ordered to report to the captain," she said, squeaking it out barely above a whisper. The neighboring engineering team members,

some privates, some civilian, stared at her, all those eyes on her body, made her stand straighter still. They'd taken to avoiding her when they saw her coming, but now with Sergeant Pike, they hung around awaiting her embarrassment.

She sighed and then winced; mentally bracing for the verbal tongue lashing she knew he'd spew now that she'd put his unit in front of the captain's intense, questioning eyes—*again*. Not that each time had been her fault—well, the replicas, she *had* inadvertently switched the two panels, but that was weeks ago. She stood rigidly at attention, her eyes drifted to the multicolored coiled cylinders behind her immediate supervisor.

After several tense minutes, Sergeant Pike looked up from his electronic pad, and glared at her. The edges of his inky ebony mustache twitched in what Janna had learned over the past two months of her assignment with Engineering to be a sign of absolute aggravation. With a long eye roll of complete and utter annoyance, he adjusted his cap and put both blazing blue eyes on her. Those deep, intense blue eyes always made her skin feel cold. The men surrounding them collectively stepped back.

“Fine. Far be it for me to prevent you from following the great captain's summons. McBride! Cover Jameson's post.”

“Yes, sir!” shouted the only too eager McBride—a new addition, like Janna, but with one less month of experience than she.

She eyed McBride with daggers in her eyes. With an open, jeering grin, he walked over to her station. He’d been ogling her position as First Tier Engineering Class One for section 12 since his arrival.

Janna’s heart clenched tight when Sergeant Pike added, “You’ll probably be there permanently after Jameson gets back from the big man. Familiarize yourself with the station and the maintenance reports for section 12 of the ship.”

“Thank you, sir,” she managed around the knot of hot emotion in her throat.

Pike’s dark eyebrows rose. “No, thank *you* Jameson, for being such a screw up. I can finally get a better engineer for section 12. Get on now to the captain.”

He stuck his pad under his arm, and with both hands shooed her away. Around him, several of the other privates chuckled softly, none dared meet her eyes. With her ears burning and her eyes watering, Janna saluted Sergeant Pike and fell out of her rigid stance. Every hateful word that sprang to her lips, she quickly swallowed back into her parched throat. Honestly, Sergeant Pike hadn’t been the best supervisor. She scowled as she marched down the

hallway. Fury rolled forward inside her, sending her heartache and embarrassment back, burning into vapors underneath the heat of her rage.

What did Sergeant Pike know? He had become the supervisor for sections 11, 12, 13, and 14 of the ship. There were 25 sections on the entire vessel. Now that she thought about it, Pike hadn't promoted a female private in the ship's history under Captain Benson's command. According to other soldiers, females transferred to other departments or other sections with different supervisors and found great success. She frowned as she reached the turbo lift at the end of the corridor. Just wait. She'd show Pike and all those jeering losers in Engineering Team D. Sure she'd made some mistakes out of the academy, but they all had. How come hers ranked higher than others? So what her father had been a famous admiral? That didn't mean she didn't graduate from the academy in perfection, a designation for stellar scores. Sure, yes, she had graduated the second best student in her graduating class. And yes, she'd been the first female to have dual certification in both engineering and conflict resolution. Most women didn't go into engineering and conflict resolution.

The turbo lift's metallic doors opened softly, and she stalked through them, her entire demeanor spiraling down toward dangerous. Her hands itched to

punch something, or better someone—Pike would be first in line.

“Evening, private,” came the deep resonate and knee-weakening voice that made all the female soldiers simply sigh in unison when he spoke on the ship-wide communication.

Janna closed her eyes and swore. On a spaceship filled with thousands of privates, civilians, soldiers, and commanders, why did she find herself alone in a turbo lift with her secret academy crush—Commander Trent Taylor?

The Fates truly hated her.

The doors closed in a soft hush. Her sour luck became amazingly clear and she did have to grab the wall to keep from seeping into the floor. Why her? With him? Right now? She opened her eyes and with a deep breath of courage, she turned to face him.

Her. Alone. With. Trent.

Her insides quaked at the sheer proximity to her dream man. She met his eyes—a bold, brilliant amber. She noticed the small, polite smile on his kissable mouth. Beneath the fall of his thick, dusty brown hair was a strong nose. He hadn’t changed much in the five years since academy. He still had those deliciously broad shoulders and a chiseled waist that begged her to wrap her legs around him. Muscular thighs filled out the uniform’s multiplex materials. They’d cushion

her as she rode him to glory. The man simply was sex appeal wrapped in a uniform. More than his good looks and natural charm, she had fallen head over heels with his personality. Trent had been simply that guy who couldn't possibly be real, but amazingly was. She'd been in a handful of classes with him, namely the teachings of conflict resolution with Dr. Brand. They'd spent hours every week studying E'noa language, she was his tutor. They became friends, but casual friends. In class she'd witnessed his engaging personality, his deep understanding of human nature, and his love for compromise and peace. During tutoring, she'd got to interact with him up close.

She shook her head to clear it of the sticky webbing of sexual need that was putting everything in a haze.

He kept looking at her as if he expected her to say something.

"Private Jameson? Are you all right?" he inquired, again causing her heart to race around in her chest like a very happy puppy.

After several swallows and a cough to clear her throat, Janna managed a "Yes, sir."

"No need to be so formal. Computer, level two," he said. He smiled again at her. "Where are you headed?"

That smile caused a fever to erupt across her body and she sheepishly returned his grin.

“You act like I don’t know you,” he said.

She took a deep breath. Could he possibly still remember her after the dozens of women the rumor mill had linked him to over the years? Her face hot with embarrassment, she avoided his penetrating gaze. Several strands of hair had escaped from her ponytail and she tried to smooth them all back—a nervous habit.

She nodded, too nervous to actually speak the words aloud.

“I do,” he said, grinning outright and putting both his hands on his hips. “The fun we had in Dr. Brand’s class...”

“Miss Jameson, Admiral Jameson is your father?” Dr. Brand asked, her hawk-like nose held her antique eyeglasses from falling down her flat face. “Show us some of his diplomatic brilliance.”

Janna stood at the podium and faced the other cadets. One of which, Trent Taylor, made her stomach roll in heightened anxiousness. She never understood why her father’s reputation always came into play. She’d been crushing on Trent for years, and as they’d spent time sparring and debating in Dr. Brand’s class last year, they’d become close. Every

time she found herself in a prime position to speak, to tell him how she felt, to take their casual relationship past the friend status some hoard of people would come rushing by. He'd get swept up in them, but even then, he always looked back at her, as if saying he was sorry with his eyes.

She wanted to tell him how she felt. How she appreciated the evenings he spent in the commons area, studying with her the E'noa language.

And today, she had to broker a reconciliation agreement between his world government and Adam's.

"Okay, ready, ma'am," she said with renewed strength.

Dr. Brand nodded. "Begin."

Janna launched into her role play, immersing herself in her role as acting emissary. "Governing director of planet E'noa," Janna began, successfully completing the complex bow and salute required to greet the leaders of E'noa. "I am Emissary Jameson on behalf of the United Worlds Coalition."

Trent set those amber eyes square on her, scowling as he did so. Apparently, he'd fallen into character too. She fought to keep from smirking at the challenge in his eyes—that come and get it look.

She'd nearly fallen for him right then

“Private Jameson?” Trent questioned.

He’d measured her as an equal, and for that, her love for him had deepened.

Suddenly, the lights on the surrounding panels flickered and fell dark. A screech of metal ripped through the air and the soft whirl of the turbo lift came to an abrupt halt. It violently jerked, sending Janna stumbling right into the muscular arms of said man of her secret pinning—Trent.

“Whoa there,” he said, chuckling as he wrapped his arms around her. He lifted her to a standing position, steadied her, and then turned his attention to the turbo lift’s control panel.

Did she imagine he let his fingers linger around her shoulders?

She blushed something fierce, feeling her hot face wrench up a notch.

Trent released her, and walked over to the little metallic box. He read the LCD screen. It flickered in scarlet flashes. “Computer, report status of turbo lift Delta 412.”

“Turbo lift Delta 412 is offline,” the computer replied coolly.

“Damage diagnostic report,” Trent ordered. He pressed a series of codes using the keypad, but the scarlet flashing continued.

No response.

Trent folded his arms across his chest. “Computer, damage diagnostic report for turbo lift Delta 412.”

A sharp, determined tone enshrined the command, but Janna knew that if the computer, A.I., hadn’t answered the first time, it wouldn’t answer the second.

She walked behind him. “May I, Commander?”

Trent’s beautiful eyes turned down to her and nodded. “Absolutely, Private Jameson.”

He remembered! Her hands trembled at her name on his tongue, but she tried not to show it. Three-quarters of the women and about an eighth of the men wanted to date the popular commander, so she had a lot of competition. She liked being in his immediate vicinity and maybe, if she did well, she’d net his full attention after they left the turbo lift. He smelled clean and fresh like the laundered clothes her grandmother did back on Earth.

She took off the link-up pod from her utility belt. Next, she opened the small, plastic door to the control panel and attached her diagnostic pod to the control computer processing system. Each turbo lift had its own independent operating system—separate from life support systems and energy core systems. To avoid all of the turbo lifts going off line at once, each had an independent operator that could be overridden with

the correct codes. Trent had tried that earlier to no avail.

“You work in engineering,” Trent said, his breath warm on the back of her neck. “What’s wrong with the lift?”

“Gimme a sec.”

Her ponytail was just high enough to allow his breath to reach her hot flesh. Each of Trent’s exhales sent shivers down her spine, directly to her clit. All she could manage was a nodded answer. Her nipples contracted to painful points against her bra. All too aware of how close he stood, Janna swallowed down her lust and longing. She had to focus on the issue at hand—fixing the turbo lift.

But Trent didn’t make concentrating easy.

“Is it a loose cable?” he asked. The question sounded so seductive she paused from staring at the diagnostic’s download time. She had two minutes more before it finished its assessment. When she looked over her shoulder, she spied him looking at her body.

He’s checking me out?

Yes, they had been close and she’d always felt that he liked her too, but their careers had gotten in the way. If only she’d spoke up and told him maybe...

“So, um, Commander,” she said, trying not to turn around and dry hump his leg, “how do you like being on the *Sirius*?”

“Better, now,” he whispered against her skin.

She quickly looked back at the diagnostic screen, to avoid the risk of being consumed by the flaming lust in his eyes. At the alarm of the diagnostic, she heard him take a step back from her.

With her heart hammering, she turned to face him. “Sir, would you like the bad news or the worst news?”

“Bad.”

“The entire turbo lift’s operating system has been consumed by a virus,” she explained. “This is a new strain, so the programmers will have to develop a new vaccine. After they develop the vaccine, they’ll have to rebuild most of the lift’s operating system.”

He nodded pensively at what should’ve been horrid news, and with a casual shrug asked, “The worst news?”

“We’re stuck for at least an hour.”

With a twinkle in his eyes, Trent leaned back against the turbo lift’s wall and folded his arms again. Each time he did this, the fabric would stretch over well sculpted pecs and the rippling ridges of his well defined abs.

With a salacious grin, he replied, “Tell me Private Jameson, how is that bad?”

CHAPTER TWO

“I beg your pardon, sir?” Private Jameson asked, looking as if she’d swallowed a hook.

He hadn’t meant to startle her. The minute she’d stepped into the turbo lift, he’d had to control his breathing and his hands or else he would have snatched her up in a tight hug and devoured her full bow-shaped lips like he’d wanted to do since the academy. A woman like Janna Jameson wasn’t easily forgotten. She’d been a vivacious student, debating with Dr. Brand, taking risks as a member of the holographic battle league, and going head to head with the best in interstellar chess. He’d wanted to ask her out back then, but his career had taken the fast track. At the beginning of his third year, he had begun working volunteer hours on this starship under Captain Benson.

He remembered the last time they had spoken, that fresh spring morning on Earth’s surface, in the gardens of the academy’s lush campus.

She stood in front of him, her face elated. Bouncing up and down in joy, she showed him and their loose group of friends her personal communicator.

“Straight excellents! In every class!” Janna shouted. “Perfection here I come!”

“Pipe down,” complained Bree, Janna’s good friend. “So, you’ve got one more year to go and then you’re doing what?”

“I thought about joining my father on Andreas 16 as an emissary,” Janna said as she sat down on the bench beside Bree. Trent noticed how Janna’s eyes gazed upward at the cornflower blue sky and he knew she missed her father. “I like resolving conflict.”

Bree nodded. “I know you miss him.”

Janna looked down at her personal communicator. “I’m going to make him proud.”

“You’ve got to live your life for you,” Trent said, breaking into the heavy silence that followed. “By doing that you’ll make your father proud.”

Janna’s head snapped up. “You looking to start conflict, Trent? You get what, ten months off planet and you come back now to start something?”

“I’ve been gone ten months, not ten years. I’ve known you for three years. This isn’t the right decision for you, but what your father wants!” he thundered back.

Bree eyed them and then stood up. “You two need to resolve all this—uh, tension. Sleep together already.”

Trent wanted to comment, but instead, ignored Bree. He didn't want Janna going to Andreas 16. It was light years away from Earth. It would take eighteen months to two years to get there. He'd be graduating in two weeks and after that gone to the Big Dipper. Selfish, yes, but his heart squeezed tight in anguish. He'd always thought he had time to confess his love for her, and now that he thought about it, he had. Three years of friendship, but now, now it appeared too late.

Janna stood up and stalked over to him. He didn't get up, but let her tower over him, for once. Sitting down on the bench, he awaited her wrath. Now that he had her attention, he'd tell her how he really felt.

"How dare you!" she seethed, her eyes glistened with tears. "This is my year, do you hear me, Trent Taylor. Not all of us are as gifted to accelerate through to Junior Commander, but I will do my father's legacy proud."

He watched her lips tremble in her determination. How could he tell her now that he loved her, that he wanted her with him on whatever ship he landed? How could he force her to follow his dreams? He couldn't. Simply, he loved her too much to even ask her.

He may never see her again, but he realized at that moment, what it truly meant to love someone.

He'd graduated from the academy on Mars early, and spent a year refining his leadership abilities and knowledge of people and the starship. Recently, he'd been promoted, and when reviewing the ship's list of newly graduated personnel, he'd found her name, seemingly glowing from the screen. He knew he'd have to try to make her his—permanently. Fate had given him a second chance and he wouldn't waste it.

Not like before. At academy, he'd let his career come before his emotional wants. He'd watched his father give up his career for a woman who eventually left him. As a child, Trent had determined he'd never do that, throw his career away for love.

The lonely nights, the emptiness, and the bleakness of life had changed his outlook. He realized that he could have both—a great career and love. His father had chosen poorly, not that he didn't love his mother, he did. But he wouldn't make the mistakes of his father. Now that he had Janna all to himself, he wouldn't waste the opportunity. He hadn't ever been wasteful. He wasn't going to start today.

"I don't think I need to repeat myself, do I Private?" he replied coolly, though his blood boiled in fever, a sickness from which only she could heal him.

Janna's uniform's silver-gray material hugged her shapely calves, her full thighs and hips, her tapered waist, her high-riding breasts and her toned arms. Damn, he loved the ship's required uniform on her. She still played holographic battle during her down time. He knew because he watched her from the sidelines in the ship's arena. Her thick hair had been tied high in a ponytail, and her face had been scrubbed, clean of make-up. Fresh, a natural beauty, and sexy, Janna worked the girl-next-door and sex appeal all in one.

"No sir," she said, shaking her head. "You don't have to repeat yourself. I heard you."

She dragged her tongue over her lips, forcing him to swallow the moan that rose in his throat at the simple, delicious action.

For now, he stayed against the opposite wall. She tempted him, even from this short distance, but he had to be both practical and respectful. He wanted to snatch her ponytail holder, free her hair, and fist his fingers in that thick mane of soft cinnamon-tinted hair. He wanted to taste her suckable lips on his, and he wanted to pin her luscious body beneath him, free of the uniform, skin against skin...He did moan, unable to stop it. It rolled out of him, low, feral and definitely hungry.

“Sir, are you all right?” Janna asked. She replaced her equipment. In a sympathetic hush, she continued, “I have a first aid kit here, if you’re unwell.”

“I don’t need the first aid kit, Janna,” he said, his voice stripped to its base by his need. His cock already thickened at the wide-eyed wonder on her face. Her lips had made a small o and he imagined his phallus disappearing between those two soft pillows, right in the middle of the perfect o her mouth made at that moment.

“Sir,” she gasped, her eyes locked on his erection, jutting against the fabric of his uniform.

He normally wore a cup, like most of the men on the ship, but today he hadn’t done so. Pushing off the wall, he walked slowly to her. He watched her eyes trail from his crotch, up to his face. When she met his eyes, he found the questions whirling in them. Didn’t she know how damn incredible she was? No man on this ship could resist her appeal. Men walked by her and tripped all over each other trying to get a better glimpse of her.

She cocked her head to the side. Her hand shot out and she said, “Stop right there.”

At arm’s reach, Trent stopped and waited. She already knew she turned him on, and he admitted it would freak him out too, if the situation had been reversed. At the same time, he knew he couldn’t rush

this. He wanted her, but he wanted her permanently. At the academy he hadn't tried to date her because he knew, once he did, he'd want her period—no one else. So he'd turned his attention to his career, because he was young and jaded.

"I know you don't believe, sir, that you're going to woo me in this turbo lift," she said steely. With her back iron straight, her other hand on her stunner, she crouched down in a fighting stance.

"Janna, I know this is, well, strange, but I have loved you since the academy," he confessed, deciding to put all his cards on the proverbial table. "I know you might not believe that, but I have. I'm still in love with you."

"Bullshit, sir."

"No, it's not. I saw every battle league game you played in at the academy. I've seen most of the games you've played on board," he said in what he hoped was a soothing tone. He meant the words, every single one of them and they were true, but he didn't want her stunning him. "I watched you debate in Dr. Brand's class against Charles van den Vogh and win."

"You weren't even in class that day," she retorted, snorting a bit in disbelief.

So she'd noticed his absence and still remembered three years later. So, he had a chance of winning the object of his affections.

“No, but I did download it and watch it while out at the Venus space station.”

“You watched it?”

“Yes,” he said. “I have loved you from afar for so long.”

She peered at him intently. “Why didn’t you say so sooner?”

“I focused on my career,” he said, knowing that by being honest, she might find him unworthy. He risked it, because he didn’t want to start a relationship with deceit. “I knew that if I became involved with you at the academy, I would never be able to be apart from you. The trainings had me planet hopping for months at a time.”

She squinted at him. “I don’t believe you.”

He sighed. “I was there when you successfully negotiated Rash O’Reel’s hostage situation on Mercury. You are an amazing woman, not just beautiful, but brilliant.”

“You just want to get into my uniform,” she said bitterly. Her eyes lit up. “Is this some kind of sick joke, Pike? You disable the turbo lift and think you can get this cheap holograph of Commander Taylor to tell me all these lies! I’m not falling for it. Let me out!”

She rounded Trent and went to the doors. “Open this up! I’m filing regulation violations Pike! Do you hear me?”

Pounding on the doors, her voice broke, and Trent went to her. He gently pulled her into his arms and said softly, “I’m very real, sweetheart. This isn’t some joke. I’m not a joke.”

She sniffed, but no tears. With a soft shove, she distanced herself from him again. He wanted her back immediately, but decided instead to give her space.

“Tell me, why do you think Sergeant Pike would pull such an awful prank?”

“Oh, act like you don’t know,” she snapped.

She closed her eyes, took a deep breath and exhaled noisily. She opened her eyes again and glared at him. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears. Never, ever had he seen her this—this—injured. Anger uncoiled inside of him. His hands rolled into fists, and he wanted to punch someone—namely Sergeant Pike.

“What did he do? Tell me at once, Jan!”

Janna flinched and hiccupped. He’d used her nickname that they’d used in class out of old habit. She stared at him and searched his face, studying him. Something she saw there must’ve proven him.

“Oh God, it is you.”

“What. Did. He. Do?” he asked softly.

She sighed. “Nothing, really, Commander, I apologize...”

Trent would not have his woman babbling on and scared of some fourth tiered jackass, like Pike. He

stomped over to Janna, wrapped his arms around her and kissed her on the lips. She struggled at the suddenness of the action before giving in, melting into him. Fitting so perfectly in his arms, they had been meant to hold her, this woman, forever. Her soft body pressed into his eagerly, like plants for water. He meant to drink every drop of her into himself. She opened like a flower, and he sighed in joy. With the kiss deepening, he kept his hands firmly on her waist. Their tongues touched, danced, and became acquainted. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and pulled him further into her kiss, tasting all she could before he broke free.

“I love you. I won’t let anyone hurt you,” he said.

She blushed. “Thank you, but I’m going to take my issue with Pike to Captain Benson.”

“Baby, you don’t have to...”

He trailed off, agreeing with her that the choice ought to be hers. He still had a nice surprise for Pike. Instead of dwelling on a negative, Trent looked at the woman in his arms. He touched her lips and they were as soft as he’d dreamed they’d be.

“I’m sorry I waited so long to tell you.” He’d wasted so much time already.

“You meant what you said?” she asked. “Really? I’m not the kind of girl who’s an easy score, Commander.”

“I know. That’s why I didn’t pursue you at the academy. I didn’t have the time for both of my loves, and you were so bent on making your father proud,” he said. He took her hand in his. “We’ve got time now.”

“Not in a turbo lift,” she said, shaking her head.

“When I dreamed of us being together for the first time, I have to admit, it wasn’t in a turbo lift.”

She laughed. “You dreamed of us? Together?”

Trent’s heart beat faster at her laughter. It made him feel lighter, airless. Was this what people meant when they said they were on cloud nine? “Every night.”

“Yeah right, you’ve dated others,” she said playfully, but reached up and kissed him again on the cheek.

“Dated, casually yes, but no one could have ever held your stunner, baby.”

“Yeah, yeah, sure,” she teased.

He slapped her buttock and she yelped. “Don’t make me turn you over my knee.”

At that, the lights flickered and came on. The turbo lift launched forward again and the flickering sign flashed a green ONLINE.

“I guess that means we’re all fixed?” Janna said a bit dejected. “Back to business.”

He kissed her on the mouth. “Yes, *we* are fixed. My business from here on is all about you.”

CHAPTER THREE

Later that night in Janna's cabin...

Trent's eyes, a rich ochre color seemed to glow in Janna's candlelit spaceship cabin. He cupped her face and leaned in close to her. His thick lashes framed those glorious eyes. Taking measured breaths, she tried to relax into his embrace. So new and so incredible, she couldn't believe her secret crush had been in love with her all this time. Now, together in the much larger confines of her cabin, Janna couldn't wait to continue what had sparked in the turbo lift and see it become a roaring flame.

"So, how was your meeting with Captain Benson?" he asked, his breath softly caressing her face. He brushed his lips lightly across hers, just enough to stir the warmth between her legs. "Did I mention I missed you after I got off the turbo lift at level two?"

"Yes, but you can stand to mention it some more," she said with a light kiss of her own. After her meeting with the captain, Janna had come directly back to her cabin, showered, lotioned and deodorized and pulled on her pjs. She knew Trent would come by after the end of his shift, but she wanted to prepare herself on the off chance he didn't come for her.

Captain Benson's words echoed in her ears and she still couldn't quite believe it.

Then Trent had come directly from the bridge and right to her. Today had truly been a day of miracles—beginning with Trent's turbo lift love confession.

She slightly turned around, putting her back to his broad torso. He wrapped those coiled muscle arms around her waist, and hugged her tightly to him. Flexing her hips up and back, she couldn't resist pushing her buttocks against his groin, moving slowly as she did. Moaning softly, Trent's arms slid down her hips and gently guided her into his rising erection. He lifted her up to her tiptoes, positioning his phallus right against her.

"How about I show you how much I missed you? Would you enjoy that?" he growled.

He felt so good, so damn hard, she couldn't stop her pussy from growing wet at the simple promise of having all of Trent inside of her. With his face buried in her hair, he whispered, "See what you do to me? I couldn't concentrate today for thinking about you, about us, about *this*."

Squirming, she arched her back and reached behind her to hug him. "Is that a laser in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?"

“The latter,” he croaked into her ear. His warm breath tickled her earlobe and sent chills scattering across her body, right down to her clit. Those delicious hands moved up her thighs, rubbing circles of pleasure as they made their way to her waist. Once there, he lifted her ebony tee-shirt and let his fingers flutter lightly around her stomach. Due to the heightened sexual tension, what would normally be ticklish, only sent her spiraling into the arms of pure unleashed desire.

“That feels nice,” she said.

He moved her hair forward, and kissed the nape of her neck, nibbling along her collar until he reached the sweet spot just under her jaw. She reached up and ran her fingers through his hair. Her nails raked gently across his scalp, and he groaned in response.

“I want you right now,” she confessed in a rough bark. He hadn’t even touched her breasts and already she had begun begging for him. Aching inside, her thighs already glazed with her wetness, she broke free of his slow foreplay and spun around to face him.

He placed his fingers on the zipper of his uniform, and began to unzip it in unhurried moves. Those ochre eyes remained locked on her, drinking in her expression. Not that she could look away, as inch by delicious inch, the true body of Trent Taylor, the one she suspected had been behind the multiplex

material all these years, came into light. The slow tease shouldn't have turned her on like it did, but, well it *did*. The creamy male flesh, the flat, roseate nipples, the scattering of light blond hair across his chest, and the most well sculpted grouping of ab muscles sent her into overdrive. She licked her suddenly dry lips and bit her lower one, waiting for the last piece of fabric to hit the floor.

“Um, you want to get started or I could do it for you.” He winked.

Janna couldn't wait another two seconds to have him balls deep inside of her. She yanked her tee-shirt over her head, tossing it some place in the tight square cabin. Already barefoot, she slipped her yoga pants off without delay.

“Wow,” Trent breathed, snagging her attention.

Janna froze. Was that *wow* that her ass was too big, or *wow* for the scars on her knees from holographic battles? She hazarded a look at Trent's face. He licked his lips and met her eyes.

“What?” she asked.

“Wow, you are so damn sexy,” Trent answered, and hurried to unzip his boots. He stepped out of them, wearing nothing but his socks, with his cock pointing out as if directly highlighting who he wanted. Already weeping with pre-cum, his phallus bobbed as Trent came forward. “I mean to have you, but if you

don't want me, say so. Once I take another step and I get to you, I won't stop."

A rush of heat washed over Janna. He wanted her so much, and it empowered her. She could see him straining against himself. Standing in her spaceship cabin like a physical sculpture titled "Ode to Perfection", Trent had to be joking if he thought she would turn this down.

"I've wanted you too," she whispered, chest tight with truth. "I want you right now."

"Good." He closed the distance between them with remarkable speed. He swept her back into his arms, lifting her feet from the floor and carrying her to her bed. Placing her onto the surprisingly soft mattress, Trent captured her lips again. Her nipples stood pointed out as if preening at Trent's attention. Those marvelous lips clasped over her erect bud and pleasure poured into her clit like warm honey. She tossed her head back and moaned, the ability to form words had been lost in the bliss of his mouth.

With his other hand, he used his fingers to pluck and pull her other nipple, and then, when she could barely stand it, he switched. Clearly he didn't play favorites.

She laced her fingers through his hair and pulled his closer. "I want you NOW! Fuck me NOW!"

Trent released her nipple with a soft *pop*. He stared up at her face, nestled between the open v of her legs. He was so comfortable that it seemed he had been born to be right there. Their joint arousal scented the air and created a new fragrance that only turned her on more. No more waiting, she had to have his velvety hardness...

“Trent,” she ground his name out between clenched teeth.

Before she could even threaten him, he scooped both his hands under each thigh and slid her down to the edge of the bed. Releasing one of her thighs, he took his strong hand and began stroking his weeping, granite-hard cock.

“Do you know how beautiful you are right now?” he croaked.

He shook her to her core and honestly, she didn’t care. All she could focus on was the thick, pleasure he held in his hands.

Rotating her around to where she was lengthwise the bed, he climbed on the bed, and hooked her ankles over his shoulders. On his knees, he kissed her ankle and said, “Ready baby?”

“Hell yes!”

The moment he plunged deep into her, Janna cried out in pleasure. So full, so very delicious, Trent’s strokes started slow. Drawing himself nearly out

before slamming all of his wonderful cock deep into her, he groaned out words, but she couldn't make out what they meant. With his hot flesh sinking into hers, she met his thrusts with sobs of pleasure.

"I love you," Trent confessed, his breathing increasing along with his strokes. "Oh damn, I love you!"

Janna wanted it to last longer, but she'd gone too long without it. Already cresting, her orgasm unwound inside of her, and she couldn't stop it from peaking and bursting into stars. Pleasure swarmed her, oozing incredible bliss throughout her entire body. She sighed.

"Keep coming for me," Trent purred into her ear. "One more time, baby. You look so damn sexy..."

His breath racked chills across her already quaking body, but his delicious thrusts, those continued. Her legs had slid down from his shoulders and snaked around that wonderful waist. She locked her legs tight and lifted her hips again and again, meeting his enthusiastic rhythm. He ground into her, sinking all of his hot flesh into the spasms of her core.

He bent his head and kissed her neck. Finally, he threw back his head, and gritted his teeth. Her internal muscles clamped down on his rigid rod and his cadence launched into speed. With a growl from deep in his throat that seemed to be wrenched from the

depths of his belly, Trent's climax peaked. He continued to slam her quivering canal. She flexed her internal muscles, determined to pull every inch of his orgasm out of him.

Right at that moment, with her lover's ecstasy rippling through her, Janna felt the happiest she'd ever been as a second, less intense, summit shot through her. Her legs tightened around him in the sexual seizure of desire and pleasure.

When the ceiling stopped spinning, Trent got up and went to the small bathroom. He returned with a damp cloth.

"What are you doing?" she asked as his damp fingers spread her legs wide. "Wiping you down," he said as if that had been common knowledge.

He cleaned himself off last and returned to the bathroom. She pulled her blanket over her nakedness. When he came back into the room, her breath hitched. So damn gorgeous. Outside stars and planets streamed by, but Trent outshined them all.

He crawled onto the bed, and hugged her into him.

"So, what did the captain have to say?" he asked sleepily as he propped himself up on his elbow.

"You are looking at the Second Tier Engineer Supervisor of Team D," she said happily. "It seems

there had been some personal sabotage in the team, at the behest of Pike. Captain Benson said he'd been aware of it for about three weeks and the guilty culprits had been investigated. The whole team is in trouble except for three and those are being dispersed to other teams.

"You've been promoted—nice!" Trent said, laying down beside her. He kissed her shoulder. "You deserve it."

"How would you know?"

"I pay attention," he retorted while squeezing her ass. "Close attention."

She giggled. To think she thought this day would be horrible. It turned out fantastic.

"I love you," he whispered. "Always laugh like that. I want to hear it every day. I'm never going to let you go."

"Good, because I'm not going anywhere. You're stuck."

He chuckled. "This, at least, is bigger than a turbo lift."

"Touché."

★★RAELYNN★★

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RaeLynn loves nothing more than long, hot baths, snuggling in front of crackling fires and sleeping in late on Sundays. She writes books that aren't your run-of-the-mill romance with sex under the covers and with the lights out—they're sensual and erotica romance. And that means lust, passion, and a whole lot of sex. Are you ready to join her on her latest fantasy? Out here in the west, imaginations run wild, and love knows no bounds.

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