

Better than Chocolate

B.J. McCall

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Better than Chocolate

Blake Axel sucked in a breath as the woman he loved more than life walked through the arrival portal. Sky blue eyes searched the waiting crowd, spotting him. Her smile penetrated his heart.

Damn, he'd missed her.

Hips swaying in blatant invitation, she moved with sensual purpose and hot intent toward him, forcing him to control his physical reaction. Way too long since he'd held her in his arms.

She threw herself at him, her soft body colliding with his. The ache deepened as her red-painted lips brushed his and her delicious scent filled his nostrils. She never wore lipstick or perfume on the job. Those touches were just for him. "Hi handsome."

Heart swelling, he crushed her to him. "Mara."

"Did you rent a cubicle?"

Her succinct text message informed him she had a three-hour leave while her ship picked up supplies. He'd dropped everything and caught the last transport to Moon Base One. Arm wrapped around her slender waist, he guided her across the terminal. "On Level Ten. It's small."

"As long as it's private, I don't care if it's a closet."

“Close to it.” They stepped into a crowded elevator, rode it down into the depths of the moon base to Level Ten and caught the corridor glide.

Once inside the rented cube, Blake reached for the seam of her uniform jacket. “I’m not going to discover any new scars am I?”

She shook her head and grasped him by the hair, pulling him close. “Strip. Now!”

He pushed her jacket off her shoulders, nipped her bare skin. “I love a forceful female.”

With a few quick moments, she yanked off her boots and trousers.

He tore off his shirt.

With impatient fingers, she unfastened his pants, stroked his straining cock. Her none too gentle caress sent fire streaking through his blood. Eyes glittering, she whispered, “Fuck me. Hard.”

Picking her up, Blake pushed her back against the door. “I love it when you talk dirty, too.”

Fisting his cock, he plunged into her wet heat. He wanted to meld with her, go so deep nothing could separate them again.

“Faster.”

Her back banged against the door.

“Deeper. Ohhh, Blake. More. More.”

Hips thrusting, Blake drove into her tight, slick channel, meeting her verbal demands. She convulsed around him, tugging fiercely on his aching flesh, repeating his name over and over again. Muscles trembling, he came fast, with blood pounding intensity.

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Several minutes later, Mara still held Blake in a death grip, but he didn’t appear to mind. His big body was slumped against hers, sandwiching her between his sweat-dewed chest and the door. Tight together and hot, just the way she’d imagined it since she’d received his “I’m coming” on her wrist com-unit.

His lips skimmed her neck, his tongue flicking her ear lobe before he settled his mouth to hers. Lush. His kiss was lush, solid, reminding her of everything she'd missed.

She loved him. He made her complete. Mara inhaled, drinking in his scent. She gripped his shoulders, digging her fingers into the hard muscles. Letting her lips skim his neck, she tasted the salty tang of his sweat. All these sensory memories she stored.

Later she'd draw on them, relive them. Out there in dark void of space, the sensory memories kept her sane.

"I missed you, baby."

Heart swelling, Mara smiled. "I missed you, too."

"I love fucking you."

Her man had a way with words. Happiness welled in Mara's chest. Her breath hitched as he slid to his knees and buried his face between her legs, his tongue in her pussy.

Every nerve ending went on alert. Wet, hot, agile, his tongue explored every fold, teased her clit. A long finger rediscovered the sensitive valley between her buttocks.

Arching her hips, Mara thrust forward, begging for more tongue, more sucking, more pleasure. She slid her fingers through his thick hair, holding on as each wave slammed into her, taking her almost to the pinnacle, back, surging again, then cresting. "Damn, you're good."

He took a final long lick then chuckled. "I dream about this."

"Licking pussy?"

He nuzzled her damp curls. "Licking your pussy. Sucking your clit till you scream."

"You never fail to please."

Rising, he swung her into his arms and carried her to the narrow bed. He dropped back onto the mattress, keeping her on his lap. A red box with a silver bow rested on the single pillow. He picked up the box and handed it to her.

Mara untied the bow and lifted the lid. "Chocolate. It's chocolate." She planted a short, fierce kiss on his lips then plucked out a piece of candy and popped it into her mouth. "Uhhmmmm. That's so fucking good." She picked up another piece. This time she savored the rich, dark candy. "Do you know how long it's been since I had a piece of chocolate?"

"I know, and it's gonna cost you."

Mara licked her lips. "The usual payment?"

He cupped her breast, thumbed her nipple. "Uh-huh."

Popping another chocolate in her mouth, Mara put the box aside and slid off his lap. Kneeling between his muscled thighs, she wrapped her hand around his cock.

He sucked in air. "I love your hands on me."

She tugged gently. He moaned.

The chocolate finished, Mara took him in her mouth, slowly suckling until his hard cock filled her mouth. She loved the taste of him, the texture of his flesh, the heat of him. She licked and tugged, suckled and nipped, taking to the edge then pulling him back before he scaled the summit.

"You torment me."

Releasing him, she laughed and climbed on the bed. On hands and knees, she wiggled her ass.

He kneeled behind her and stroked her ass. "Now that's what I call sweet."

Mara shivered, eager for the first hard thrust.

He rubbed his length against her thrumming slit, but didn't enter her. "My turn to torment." A long finger slid inside her, pushing deep. Another finger, deeper, a little faster. She rocked back, begging for more. He removed his fingers. She looked over her shoulder, watched him lick his fingers. "Better than chocolate."

The thick head of his cock touched her wet center, slid inside. She gripped him tight, holding onto his slick length. He slapped her ass, a quick, sweet slap that made her gush.

Filling his hands with her hair, he pulled her head back, slapped her ass again and thrust deep. Her breath came harsh and fast as he fucked her, gave her what she needed, wanted.

Mara clenched, cried out, climaxed.

Grasping her hips, he went deep, stilled, came.

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Satisfied, Mara flashed her shield before the security Id monitor as she boarded her ship. The female deck officer smiled. "Welcome abroad, Sergeant. So how's the hubby?"

Mara returned the smile. "Better than chocolate."

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