

Encounter: Baby Light My Fire (Intergalactic Brides)
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Baby Light My Fire

Cosmir gave Caitlyn a bewildered smile. She'd called a little while ago, letting him know that their toddler, Katy, and their baby, Rylee, were staying the night with her brother and that she had a surprise for him. But she'd shown up at his work with nothing in her hands, so he couldn't imagine what his surprise was. She had on her new coat with the flared skirt that buttoned down the front, something she'd picked up earlier in the week during one of their shopping trips into the big city.

"Isn't it a little warm for that coat?" His gaze traveled the length of her, appreciating her bare legs and the stiletto heels she had on.

"You don't like my new coat?" Her lip protruded into an adorable pout.

"I like it. I just don't know why you're wearing it when it's over seventy degrees outside. Aren't you burning up?"

She placed a hand against his chest. "You have no idea."

With a mischievous smirk on her gorgeous lips, she backed him toward the wall, reached around him and opened the supply closet. Before he could utter a word of protest, she shoved him inside and locked the door. It was pitch black in the small room until she tugged the string of the single light overhead. It bathed his... hell, he wanted to call her his wife, but the stubborn ass woman had yet to agree to marry him. Regardless of labels, she was his and that was all that mattered. He counted himself a lucky bastard every time he looked into those sparkling eyes of hers.

"Why are we in the closet?"

Her hands ran up and down his chest. "I told you I was bringing you a surprise."

"Did you leave it in the car?"

She took a step back, a wicked smile on her face as she slowly unbuttoned her coat. It fell to the floor, along with his jaw. The pink corset she had on lifted her breasts until they nearly spilled over. Her trim waist was even narrower, giving her more of an hourglass shape than she already had.

Good gods! Are those crotch less panties? When the hell did she get those?

His cock rose and strained against the pants of his uniform. He'd never been much for praying, but he hoped like hell the alarm didn't go off anytime soon. If they were called out on a fire, they might just have to respond with one less man, because no way in hell he was leaving this closet until he got a taste of his delectable mate.

Cosmir knocked a stack of towels off a low shelf and then lifted Caitlyn, setting her gently on the ledge. Her legs splayed giving him a rather tempting view of her pussy. His heart nearly stalled when he saw that she'd shaved for the occasion. Falling to his knees to worship at her feet, he buried his face in her lap, breathing in her musky scent. His hands spread her thighs further apart then teased the damp lips that glistened and beckoned to be tasted.

His tongue flicked out and gathered her cream. Letting out a groan, he went back for more, her soft skin just begging to be pleased. Her clit was hard and in desperate need of attention. He circled the bud several times before sucking it into his mouth. Her nails scratched as his skull as his tongue licked, stroked, and plundered.

"Yes, Cosmir. So good." She moaned and her hips bucked against him.

"Do you want to come?" he asked. "Or do you want my cock?"

"I want you inside of me."

Cosmir stood and unfastened his pants, shoving them and his boxer briefs down his legs. He pulled Caitlyn to her feet, then urged her legs around his waist as he backed her against a wall. He pinned her with his hips as his cock slid into her wet heat. Already he was damn near ready to come, but he tightened his control so he could please her before finding his own release.

Long, deep thrusts had her crying out, her hand digging her nails into his shoulders. His cock swelled as he took her harder and faster. She shattered, coming all over his cock, but he held back. He wanted more. Dropping Caitlyn to her feet, he spun her around. With her hands braced on the wall and her ass sticking out, he gripped her hips and plunged inside of her again. Her pussy was tighter from behind and he wondered if she was going to squeeze him to death. It felt like both heaven and hell.

“Fuck me, Cosmir. Make me come again.”

Needing to feel her lose control again, he teased her clit as he pounded into her from behind. As her pussy tightened on his cock, he let go, both of them toppling over the edge at the same time, their mingled cries of pleasure filling the air.

“You’re definitely wearing this outfit at home,” he said as he tried to catch his breath.

She gave a husky laugh as he withdrew from her body. Caitlyn turned and wound her arms around his neck, pressing her lips to his.

“That will tie you over until you’re off duty tomorrow. I’ve decided maybe it’s time to work on baby number three.”

“Hell, no. I couldn’t touch you for six weeks after you had the last one. Give me another year before you put me on restriction again.”

Caitlyn laughed and put on her coat. “Too late. I’m off my birth control.” She gave him a sassy smile as she let herself out of the closet, leaving him standing dumbfounded and half naked.

Fuck. If she ended up pregnant, how the hell would he explain to their child he or she had been conceived in a supply closet because mommy showed up nearly naked at daddy’s work? He groaned. Living with Caitlyn was never dull, that was for certain. Gods only knew what she’d do next.

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