

# Spaceport: Hot Catch

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“There you are, Shane,” Alexis murmured to herself, watching the marked traitor slip through the crowded nightmare of level 8. With half the sector closed off due to structural damage, the transients were bunking four to a hole. She could barely breathe from the press of bodies but needed to follow. Bounty hunters who met their deadlines were in high demand and she needed the street cred. Without the big pay, she’d never get out from under Nadrian’s hold. Alex scanned the downloaded markup through her implant, hating the buzzing noise in her ear it brought every time she used it.

Shane looked over his shoulder, his regal face twisted in an unnerving smirk. The hair on the back of her neck stood on end and she spun, following her instinct to duck. Air whooshed above her head and she struck with her booted foot, breaking the shin of the would-be assailant. His howl of pain was muffled by the stun array she shoved against his hip. He twitched and gasped before falling unconscious.

She searched his pockets, hoping for a clue on how she’d been made. Shots rang out over her head and she sprang for cover behind a shop sign. Alex touched her ear piece to send a message to her ship. Hopefully it would make it back to her security contact. “I’ve been made. Fuck the timeline. I’ll see you if and when I’m off this rock.”

A quick scan of the surrounding area gave her an idea. One level up. She ducked into a rickety shack with the international symbol of brew.

“Hello gorgeous,” a delicious specimen of hot sex whispered in her ear.

Alexis let her gaze travel the length of his well developed body, wiry and hard in *all* the right places. "Hello yourself." Things were looking up.

The chase team raced past the door and she pulled her new toy into the shadows of a stairwell. A commotion from the other end of the bar drew her attention, but her new would-be lover glanced over and tugged her up the stairs.

Instinct told her he was trouble, but a sexy butt did her in every time. And his was a prime specimen. Besides, she needed satisfaction. Damn Shane anyway, and his rum-running ways.

At the top of the stairwell he held up a health scan. She placed her index finger in the cradle and it flashed green.

"Your turn."

His scan was clean as well. "My place or yours?"

Alexis smiled. "My place is under *reno*, so I have no privacy in the hole. You?" The lie fell easily from her lips.

His lips lifted in a shy smile. "I have a place, but it's not where I live."

She bit back a question and nodded.

"Where the hell did he go?" A rough voice bellowed from below.

She raised an eyebrow. "Friends of yours?"

He grabbed her hand and tugged. They walked to the other end of the hallway and he opened the door to the last room. A heavy trod up the stairs shook the upper floor and she glanced at her new companion. Logic told her to head back to the ship, but she hadn't had this much fun in ages. It was a lot more enjoyable when someone else's ass was on the line. She shut the door behind them.

He moved to the far wall and tapped a light code against the metal panel. It slid aside and he grinned. "How long are you going to stand there?"

She shook her head and sighed. "After you, gorgeous."

He hesitated.

She pulled out her stunner. "I don't like people at my back."

His face split in a grin and he ducked under the edge.

She followed and the panel slid shut behind them. He led them through another doorway to a back storage room. The dingy light was extinguished and she opened her mouth. A soft press of his finger against her lips kept her silent. His fingertip brushed against the soft skin and she smiled. Soft caresses were rare in her life. Her career-choice made it that way. He pulled her through a back door and they raced along a construction catwalk.

“You know your way around this place pretty well.”

“I should, I work construction in this zone.”

*You're a shitty liar, sexy.* She snorted and followed anyway. Playing cat and mouse was something she did every day. If her pussy didn't get action soon, she'd stun his ass and leave him twitching, pursuers or no.

The catwalk ended at a temporary lodging shell. One of those prefab cubes. He opened the door and grinned, sketching a bow for her benefit. “Welcome.”

Alexis grinned and gestured for him to move ahead. He had one foot in the door before she grabbed him by the shoulder and shoved him into the room. He fell off balance onto the blanket covered cot.

She unzipped her jacket and let it fall to the floor. Her belt dropped close behind. She shoved the door closed and leaned against it.

He sat on the edge of the cot and tugged his tank up and over his chest.

Alexis bit back a moan. Damn, he was yummy. She wanted to lick every inch of his body. Taste every delicious ridge and valley of his tight abs. He had a small tuft of hair on his chest that disappeared down his stomach to the dip of his waistband.

She pushed away from the wall and unzipped her flight suit loving the raw hunger in his gaze. Her breasts ached to be touched. *Blyat* it had been a long time.

He unzipped his boots and let them fall, his pants following close behind.

Alexis sighed. He was thick and hard, just the way she liked it. Precum slicked the head of his cock. Impatiently she jerked off her boots and flight suit. In seconds she was in his arms, tasting his lips. The heat of his cock burned against her and she groaned. Her pussy tingled, slicking with lust.

He smiled against her lips and she grinned back.

"Hard and fast, sweetheart or do you want a little hot foreplay."

Alexis groaned. "Hard and fast, pretty boy. I can give myself foreplay any time."

He chuckled and had her against the door with her legs around his waist before she could blink. *Damn he's strong.* She felt a moment of panic. His kisses on her throat were distracting. Until his cock brushed her slit. She trembled in response, her pussy opening to him, desperate for a good fuck.

She shifted her hips and he slid in just enough to send her close to the edge. Damn it had been a while. Her pussy clenched him and he moaned against her throat.

Her fingernails dug into his shoulders. He gripped her hips and held her hard against the door. She shifted and he growled, slamming his thick cock deep into her wet heat.

Alexis cried out in sheer ecstasy. Holy Hell his cock felt like Heaven.

"*Chui*, you're tight." He pulled back slowly and Alexis gasped.

He thrust again, driving her against the door. She rolled her head to the side and moaned. "You feel so good."

"So do you, but I think we need a new position." He shifted his hips and dropped them slowly to the floor. She couldn't believe his strength. Gods knew she was no lightweight. He took her legs and put them on his shoulders.

The intensity took her breath away. "I think I have a new favorite position."

He chuckled. "Me too." He rotated his hips.

Alexis groaned, arching her back and trying to move.

He set a hard pace, driving them both to the edge. Her pussy tightened around his cock and he moved just enough. She gasped and crashed over the edge, her orgasm slamming through her with the power to take her breath away. He followed close behind and she welcomed the final thrusts of his thick cock.

She tugged him down into her arms and they waited until their hearts calmed down before regretfully brushing a kiss over his temple. "I have to run."

He stilled under her touch and then sighed. "I know." He moved and she rolled to her knees, grabbing her strewn clothing. A soft kiss on the back of her neck was the only other touch he gave her before lying back on the cot.

She tugged the flight suit back on and let it gape open. Alexis pulled her boots on with a grin and bent forward to give him another peek. His rough chuckle was enough to leave her heart lighter. "That was fun."

Her Adonis reclined on the cot in all his naked glory, watching her from beneath thick lashes. His half-hard cock was wet from their hard fuck. She ran one fingernail up the center ridge, showing her appreciation with the soft caress.

His full lips lifted in a half smile. "It was very nice getting to know you, sweetheart."

Alexis grinned and zipped her suit. She tied on her belt to cover shaky hands. He could fuck like nobody's business, but she'd be damned if he saw her nerves. "Maybe next time we could talk more."

A full blown smile touched his lips before disappearing again. "I'd like that." Humor lit his chocolate eyes with an internal fire.

Alexis couldn't stop the hard pound of her heart in reaction. He was gorgeous when his eyes weren't so full of pain. Whatever. It wasn't her concern anyway.

She ducked her head and tugged on her jacket. "So would I. See ya stranger."

Her thoughts were on anything but the mark. So when she ran into him at the bottom of the stairwell, it was instinct that had her stunning his ass. She grinned at the twitching body on the ground and called it in. "Calypso this is Bounty One. We have our mark. Shane DeAngelo is in our custody."

"Affirmative Captain. We have clearance to leave immediately."

She looked up at the windowless box. Somehow she knew Mystery Man was watching. She gave him a haughty salute and wrapped her mark in a stasis belt. Got the fuck of her life *and* her mark. It was a *good* day.

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