

Studs

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Just looking at him sitting on a crate in a corner of the bunker, cleaning his weapon was enough to make Rea's knees weak. Maybe because she imagined him standing under a hot shower, cleaning another weapon -- the one between his legs that created such an enticing bulge in his black trousers.

Licking her lips, she watched his hands trail over the sleek nuzzle of the laser pistol. His long, slim fingers were simply made to fondle a woman's nipples. She could almost feel him pinching and rolling hers.

Rea's gaze traveled over his broad shoulders and chest. Lean yet muscular, he had the sexy, sinewy look of a warrior. And those long, strong legs! Once a woman got herself trapped between them she'd never want to be set free.

Whoever thought she'd find a man like him in this wasted little shit-hole that had once been a research center for scientists studying plant life. Stationed here as a security guard, Rea had expected sheer boredom. Then an intergalactic war had broken out, leaving her home planet struggling for freedom. They couldn't spare a unit to rescue a handful of civilian scientists studying the mystical properties of beans on an off-planet base.

Somehow Rea had moved her people to the bunker and kept them safe while an enemy unit had set up camp on the base. Still, one guard couldn't hold out forever.

Then Studs and a couple of his guys had arrived and managed to take back the base. She smiled at his name. Studs. How fitting, at least to her. In his language it meant something else entirely.

He'd called for backup and now they waited, hoping no one else would try to claim the base before the rescue shuttle arrived.

Not that she wasn't grateful, but she couldn't help wondering what the hell he was doing here. Studs and his people were mercenaries. She doubted her government had paid them to launch a rescue mission for a few insignificant lab researchers.

Studs finished cleaning his weapon and placed it in the sheath strapped to his long, muscular thigh. Her heart pounding with lust, Rea approached him and asked, "Have there been any more communications from your shuttle?"

His intense blue gaze fixed on her. The man had eyes that could melt through a planet of solid ice. "No. It's too dangerous for us to keep frequencies open."

"Are you hungry? You didn't take your rations at dinner."

He stood, towering over her. Being an alien breed, he was taller than most of her kind. Few people appreciated the beauty of alien breeds, but Rea found a male like this irresistible.

"I could eat," he said in his deep, quiet voice. It sent a quiver of lust down her spine. What she wouldn't give to hear that voice in her ear, saying dirty things as he fucked her.

"Come on." She beckoned him with a finger and headed down the narrow corridor to the food supply room. Studs followed, his steps so quiet that she glanced over her shoulder to make sure he was actually there.

In the supply room she reached for a box of rations. Studs wrapped his arms around her from behind and said, "You can tell me to go to hell if you want, but since the moment I set eyes on you, Rea, I've wanted to fuck you. What do you say?"

At the moment she couldn't say anything. She was in a state of sexual shock just from the feel of him pressed so close.

"Is that a yes?" he purred in her ear

She turned slightly and glanced at his sharp alien features and those gorgeous eyes. His body felt so hard and warm and his cock pressed enticingly against her backside. Rea forced herself to keep it together. When she spoke, her voice sounded far steadier than she felt. "Sure. Why not?"

"Doesn't sound too enthusiastic." He trailed the tip of his tongue along the side of her neck and she closed her eyes, unable to keep from moaning with desire. A low, sexy laugh rumbled in his chest. "That sounds better."

For several moments he kissed her neck and nibbled her ear while his hands gently kneaded her breasts. Rea leaned heavily into him, allowing him to support her. His hand slid down and cupped her pelvis. He stroked, making her already aroused clit buzz even more.

Since the moment they'd met, Rea had fantasized about this. Now it was happening. Studs was going to fuck her and she wanted it so badly she forgot they were in a supply room in a bunker and a war was raging throughout the galaxy.

Studs pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it aside. She turned to face him, watching him tug off his shirt. This time when he held her close, her breasts flattened against his bare chest. Other than a rough scar across his pecs, his body was smooth. She bent and flicked her tongue over one of his nipples, then kissed her way down his flat, tight stomach.

With a low growl, he gently pushed her away and they both finished undressing.

Rea stared, practically drooling at the sight of his long, thick cock. Like the rest of his species, the bulbous head tilted the wrong way.

Studs took a small container from the pocket of his trousers. He used the contraceptive, disease -- control spray on his cock, then tossed the container aside and strode toward her.

Grasping a handful of hair at the back of her head, he tugged slightly, making her neck arch. "You're sure this is what you want?" he asked and kissed her throat.

"Hell yes."

A smile curved his slender lips. He turned her roughly and guided her over to a supply trunk. Rea tensed, truly afraid of him for the first time. In spite of the intense attraction she felt to him, they were still basically strangers. The way he held her against the trunk, his big hands controlling her so easily, she expected him to claim her fast and hard. Instead he reached around and began fondling her clit. He explored her soft folds with surprising tenderness. He dipped his fingers into her and teased her to wetness.

Rea panted, her heart pounding. Her pussy throbbed and she squirmed with pleasure as his thumb rolled over her clit. Just when she was on the verge of explosion, he dropped his hand and grasped her hips. She cried out with desire as she felt the tip of his cock pushing against her pussy lips. Slowly he filled her and began thrusting in a steady rhythm, driving her back to the edge of climax.

"Please," she panted, her hands clutching the supply trunk and her ass thrusting toward him. "Studs!"

He said nothing, yet his harsh breathing and body heat, not to mention his long, thick erection, told her he was every bit as aroused as she was.

Strangely, he didn't rush the moment, but slowed varied his movements, keeping her teetering on the edge until she finally gasped, "Hell, Studs, will you let me come?"

He chuckled wickedly and thrust fast and hard, hurling her into orgasm. Rea cried out, not even caring if anyone passing by the supply room heard. Seconds later, she felt him come as well, his hot, hard body lunging into her.

Panting in the aftermath, they leaned against the trunk. Then he straightened, but instead of turning away and reaching for his clothes, he tugged her into his arms. Rea rested her cheek against his chest, closing her eyes and listening to the rhythm of his heart. Her fingers trailed along his steely spine and her palms kneaded the muscles of his back.

Lifting her face to his, she asked, "Why did you come here? Somehow I doubt my government paid you enough for this rescue."

He stared at her so long she thought he might choose not to reply. Finally he said, "I grew up in a place like this. My family was killed during a similar attack. This wasn't professional. It was personal."

Again he'd surprised her. She nodded and caressed his face. "I didn't mean to pry."

"You're naturally curious. I've noticed that about you. And I meant to tell you, you're a helluva guard to have kept these people safe until help arrived."

She snorted. "Call it survival instinct."

"I call it the makings of a mercenary, if you're interested in a job once we get out of here."

Rea lifted an eyebrow. "You mean working with you?"

"I don't make an offer like this lightly. Think about it."

She nodded, disentangled herself from him and reached for her clothes. Not wanting to appear desperate, she wouldn't answer right away. Yet inside she'd already made her decision.

Something told her this was the beginning of a long and thrilling partnership.

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