

The Best B.J. McCall

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The Best

Captain Race Baltimore caught the scent of Kaza's perfume the moment she stepped into the meditation chapel. "The celebration's downstairs, Sergeant Tagon."

"I wanted to talk to you, Captain."

Race turned to look at Kaza, a shadowy figure in the unlit chapel. He didn't need to see her face to recall her beauty. He knew her eyes were the color of warm honey and her long hair reminded him of the rich coffee he loved. Her lower lip was full and her smile generous.

Half the training squadron was trying to get into her pants.

"Mind if I join you?"

Race pointed to a line of chairs facing the observation wall that provided an amazing view of the heavens. "Pick a chair."

When she engaged the privacy lock, Race's heart skipped a beat.

Instead of taking a chair she moved between him and the observation wall. Although the chapel was dark, Race's eyes had adjusted to the meager light provided by a strip running along the base of the wall.

Like him, Kaza was dressed in the usual off-duty uniform, a T-shirt and pants.

"I received my orders. I've been assigned to Olita station."

Like any good teacher, Race prepared the trainees for a career as pilots in the Galactic Enforcement Agency. He was Kaza's instructor and he was ten years her senior, but unlike any other student, she'd gotten beneath his skin. "You're a good pilot."

"Not much action in Olita."

"Don't worry, you're a Cosmic Cop. Action will find you."

"I've been released from your command."

"I've taught you all I know."

"Not everything." The sultriness of her voice slid through Race. "I want you to teach me something else."

A born natural, Kaza always wanted more flying hours. The more difficult the maneuver the more she liked it. "Your transport leaves in less than two hours."

She removed her shirt. "We'll have to make do."

Race's fingers dug into the chair's armrests.

Her pants came next, leaving her naked. Race managed to get air into his lungs and ask the question burning in his brain. "Why me? "

"You're the best," she whispered. "When it comes to sex, I see no reason to settle for less."

Race pulled his nails out of the fabric and stood. He reached out, cupped her head and pulled her into his arms. The softness of her skin left him breathless. She brushed her lips against his, giving him a taste he'd craved since he'd laid eyes on her. He cupped her breast, raking his thumb over her taut nipple. Her nipples were rosy pink, just the way he'd imaged them.

Then she found his cock through the fabric of his pants. Race yanked off his cloths and grasped her by the waist, lifting her against the translucent wall. Her long legs encircled his waist. He'd imagined taking her in this room, against this wall, fucking her till they were both exhausted.

Her breath caressed his lips. "Teach me a lesson I'll never forget."

Maybe he was dreaming, but Race didn't care. Her back against the cool wall, Kaza dug her heels into his thighs. His cock probed her damp pussy, dipping and retreating, teasing her throbbing flesh. Heat poured from his body, and his damp chest slid against her breasts, a delicious friction.

"Please, Captain."

He thrust deep, filling her. "My name is Race."

* * *

Kaza smiled. "Fuck me, Race."

Hot and hard, he drove into her, again and again, giving Kaza what she ached for since she'd laid eyes on the handsome captain. Need burned through her, heating her blood, making her throb. Drenched, her aching pussy grabbed at his moving flesh.

This was exactly what she wanted, well worth the long, agonizing wait. Each thrust took her closer to the edge, giving her a taste of ecstasy.

He went deep and stilled. "Kaza."

The sound of her name on his lips was as erotic as being in his arms.

"Kiss me, Kaza."

His mouth moved over hers, his lips hot and firm, demanding. When his tongue slid inside her mouth, his hips began to move again. He fucked her slow and deep, as if they had all the time in the universe. Race suckled her tongue and she answered in kind, her pussy clenching and releasing his hot flesh. Her climax exploded, hot lava bursting from a volcano. Pleasure like she'd never felt before.

Race gasped, breaking the kiss, and his cock jerked. A shudder ran the length of his spine. She clung to him for several minutes, listening to the drumming of his heart and wishing this would last forever. If only they had more time. She was heading for a two-year assignment in the Outer Sector, a distance that made visits impossible. "I've got to go."

He tightened his hold and kissed her. Tears pooled in the corners of Kaza's eyes as they shared a wordless goodbye. Finally Race set back on her feet. "You better get dressed."

After they were dressed, Kaza hugged him. Wanting to imprint his scent, she inhaled a slow, deep breath. "Walk me to the transport?"

Race shook his head. "I'm afraid I'll do something unprofessional and keep you from leaving. Send me a message when you get there."

She brushed her lips against his. "Goodbye, Race."

"Kaza."

She hesitated at the door. "Yes."

"Never settle for less."

"Until we meet again..."

* * *

Shoving his fists into his pockets, Race looked at the stars scattered over the endless void beyond the space station. His heart twisted as a bright flash signaled the departure of Kaza's transport.

Race clenched his jaw. He loved Kaza and no way was he willing to lose her. He'd pull every string and call in every favor to change assignments. He would hold her in his arms again.

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