



TAKE ME ON
Zenina Masters

Reesha has spent her adult life planning harvests for the colony on Worrik, she tells them where to go, how to plant and what crops will do best. When her assistant sends her off on an impromptu vacation, a morning of relaxation and personal entertainment in the sun sends a beacon rippling across the psychic plane that will bring her suitors running.

The dragon set has spent the last few years skipping from planet to planet, looking for their fourth. When a sensual burst struck their thoughts, they knew immediately it was their elusive mate, they turned around and the hunt was on.

The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Take Me On
Copyright © 2011 Zenina Masters
ISBN: 978-1-55487-840-6
Cover art by Martine Jardin

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Published by eXtasy Books
Look for us online at:
www.eXtasybooks.com

**TAKE ME ON
FOUR EVER MORE 5**

BY

ZENINA MASTERS

CHAPTER ONE

“Come on Reesha, you need the time off. The harvest is organized, the storehouses are groaning, and the parties for the new year are over. Go. Spend time at the beach house.”

Reesha glared at her assistant but had to admit, Brin was right. There was nothing for her to do for another month as indigenous supply coordinator for the colonies of Worrik. “I don’t do well with doing nothing, Brin.”

“I know. Go alphabetize kelp or something. Just for a few weeks. A month if you can manage it. Reesha, you have over a year of time off and bonuses that you haven’t even touched.” Brin’s golden eyes were earnest. “You are losing weight and getting paler than normal, you need to take some time for yourself.”

Pursing her lips, she looked out the window and into the bustling marketplace below. “Book me a private transport and notify my parents that I am leaving the city. They can join me if they want to.”

Brin’s grin lit the room. “Already done, now go. Off to the wilds with you. All you need to do is lay

in some supplies and you are ready. The zipper is waiting for you outside."

"I'll need clothes."

Brin went into the outer office and brought back two bags. "What else?"

"I need a hug."

Laughing, her assistant came around and gave her the hug she had requested. "This kind of service entitles me to a holiday bonus."

"Remind me when I get back. I'll budget for one hug per quarter." Reesha squeezed her friend and assistant carefully, then set her away and picked up her luggage. "Send word to me if anything comes up."

"Yes, ma'am. Now shoo. I have the male strippers coming in at three."

Reesha shook her head and kept going. "Save me some leather."

"Only if I am feeling charitable." Brin laughed as she closed the door with a no-nonsense click.

Smiling on her way down to the street, the grin on her face grew as she stowed the luggage in the zipper before entering the market. Flour, fruits, eggs and dairy were all cheerfully supplied and paid for. She had each stowed in the zipper and then went to the butcher. The animals were primarily fliers on this world, but when Davros saw her coming, he brought out the newest and most exclusive for her, grazers. The animals were large, but required much more grain during their

early growth and that was something that the colony had only just been able to supply.

"Hello, Davros. I am heading out of town for a few weeks. Apparently, I need a holiday or my assistant will be up in arms. I need supplies."

"Reesha Arwait, my goods are yours to choose from. How about a haunch of this lovely grazer?"

"I will take the grazer, four frozen twitters and a duck. I can hunt for the rest."

"Excellent." He nodded and smiled, the smears of blood on his apron clear marks of his occupation.

While he was arranging her order, she counted out the service chits that were still in use. They had set the chit system up to exchange hours and difficulty of work for equivalents, and after much negotiation, a standard had been struck.

Reesha's work was equivalent to ten chits an hour. Calculating and arranging harvests was considered a high skill position. The lowest position on the colony scale was the butter churner in the dairy earning half a chit per hour. Reesha currently had more than she could use in her lifetime stored up in the bank.

The meat was storage packed for her. It was common in an area that didn't have full energy supplies in every home. Preservation had been their first concern and now it was a thriving market for the cottage areas off the coast.

Reesha picked up her order and hefted it to her

shoulder. Davros raised an eyebrow, but knew better than to ask her how she could lift so much so easily. It wasn't polite to mention her differences.

He swept the chits from the counter, wished her a good day and Reesha was on her way.

With the supplies stowed in her zipper, she made her way through town with an eye toward the pedestrian traffic and opened the zipper up for air travel the moment that she was on the open road.

Flying was her favourite pastime. The wind whipped past her face, churning her hair into a maelstrom of tangles. The coastline flowed beneath her in a green, sand and blue blur. She followed the edge of the water until her family cottage popped into view.

The zipper descended carefully under her control and she parked it next to the house where she would be away from the world for a few weeks.

She unpacked the zipper and stored the food, then laid in her firewood and sat back to watch the sunset. Life on Worrik didn't offer much, but it came with one helluva view.

* * * *

"Yes, sirs. We understand that you have reason to believe that your mate is on Worrik, but we can't

have you molesting our population.” The official swallowed nervously as he was faced by three very irate clones.

Xefir stifled the urge to throttle the pudgy man. It was bad enough that they had been created with the simple purpose of cementing racial relations between a variety of species as a peacekeeping force. Now that they had served their ten years, they were allowed to retire to seek their mate and this man was telling them that they couldn’t actively search for her. It was too much to bear.

“Why do you think we are here?”

He shifted from foot to foot as Xefir, Artur and Naedar glared at him. “I assumed you agreed to take the coastal watch position because you wanted to be part of this exciting new colony. We have one of the fastest acclimatization records in the sector.”

Xefir tried to reason with the man. “Gorsh, is it? Well, Gorsh, we don’t wish to importune all of your women. We only need our one. She will be about twenty-five and have a tattoo similar to this one.”

He opened his tunic and peeled it back so that the writhing dragon was visible on his chest. Artur and Naedar did the same.

“I see. I don’t know of any woman with that mark, but if I hear of one, I will be sure to let you know. Our supply coordinator knows everyone, but she is off on vacation. She will be back in a few

weeks if you can wait." His mint green skin paled and flushed in turn.

Xefir buttoned his tunic back up and smiled grimly. "If we have to wait, we will wait. After ten years of anti-aircraft duty, we are only too happy to be near our fourth. We have survived this long, we will make it a few weeks more."

Gorsh swallowed and nodded. "Thank you for understanding."

At a soundless signal, they left the intake office and stepped into the sunny afternoon on their new world.

"Why did we sign that fucking contract?" Artur's voice was so deep it was almost felt rather than heard.

"Because she is here. Xefir is right, we will find her even if we can't sniff our way through the population. She isn't far, I can feel it in my bones." Naedar's instincts were never wrong.

"Let's get on with our assignment and do our first patrol on the coast. It might distract us. At the very least, we can take out some of those predators. Might relax us a little."

Artur's eyes gleamed. Killing was on his mind and keeping the birds away from the settlement was their assignment.

Xefir and the others walked to their staging area. For the next five years, they were under contract to use their other forms to protect the colony from predators, to rescue colonists trapped

in the wilds and warn far-reaching areas of violent weather systems.

When he and his set reached the edge of town, they shifted into their other forms, thankful that the Horcross had offered them clothing that morphed as they did. Constantly finding pants was a pain in the ass, but covering up was a social convention that they had to abide by or live their lives alone.

Their clothing faded as they shifted and soon three thirty foot dragons stood side by side. They were all bronze in hue, but Artur had a blue tinge, Xefir a deep purple and Naedar a deep crimson. As one, they took to the skies, their appearance causing cries of surprise and awe from the colonists on the ground.

Their minds linked, they saw through each other's eyes. As they flew off, they shared frustration and a seething ache that only their fourth could fill. Patience may be a virtue, but action would keep them from going insane.

CHAPTER TWO

The first time the trio of dragons flew by, Reesha ran outside and stared at their shrinking silhouettes in the sky. "Holy heck. Mom is never going to believe that."

With the skies clear, she headed to the beach and spent her day wallowing in the surf and sunning herself. Since she was alone, she sunbathed nude, enjoying the tingle of the rays on her mark. She idly traced the dragon mark and then let her fingers trail down between her thighs. Lazily, she stroked her clit until her hips jerked against her hand and her body pulsed in release. Masturbating in the sun was her second favourite pastime.

* * * *

Three dragons paused mid-flight. Xefir looked to his set and cocked his head. *Did you just feel that?*

Naedar whined. *Whatever it was, I have a raging hard-on.*

Me, too. Shall we go looking? I think it came from

the south. Artur's huge wings scooped air.

They turned as one and went in search of the sensation that had paused them in midair. A storm preceded them, but it didn't matter, their fourth was dead ahead and no act of nature would get in their way.

* * * *

Warmed and relaxed, Reesha shrugged on a robe and returned to her cottage. The wind was rising in intensity and the possibility of a true storm entered her mind. She was in a prime location for ocean born storms.

As her door popped open under a high-powered gust, she cursed and started to go through the cottage, fastening the storm shutters. She quickly prepped a meal and ate before the storm could affect the power cells.

This was not the first storm she had been through, but they always sucked.

Reesha woke with a jolt as a pounding on her door brought her out of her doze. "What the hell?"

She straightened her robe and opened her door. "Hello?"

A male stood in the vestibule, or what was left of it. She had an impression of broad shoulders and bronze skin before his glowing blue eyes caught her attention. "Citizen?"

It took her three tries to clear her throat. Through the window, she could see two other men equally as massive in muscle as the first.

"Yes?"

"We have come to see if you require any assistance. Your zipper is trashed and the power cells are dangling off your roof."

She cocked her head while casually trying to hold her robe closed. "Who are you, precisely?"

"We are the new airborne security patrol. Clones. Dragon shifters."

She licked her lips. "Horcross blends then."

Awareness flickered in his eyes. "Yes, citizen. Bound to serve the good people of Worrik. Would you care for some assistance?"

"That would be great. Give me a minute to get dressed and I will be right with you." With a quick nod, she darted back into the confines of the cottage.

As soon as she was around the corner, she slithered out of the robe and made a beeline for her bedroom. She sorted through her clothing and pulled on some loose trousers and a flowing shirt that covered her to her collarbone.

She was running a brush through her hair when a huge eye appeared in the window. "Holy hell!"

Reesha stumbled backward and fell backward onto the bed.

The thunder of footsteps into her room ceased and she heard, "Artur, put the cells back on the

roof and quit fooling around."

The eye blinked and a whine came from the scaled head as the dragon stood and sat up on his hind legs.

She swallowed and asked the man looming over her, "His name is Artur?"

"Yes. I am Xefir and Naedar is checking on what is left of your zipper." He extended his hand and helped her to her feet.

"It was damaged?" She opened her bag and dug out her cottage shoes. With her toes protected, she turned to him. She stuck out her hand and smiled. "I am Reesha, by the way."

His hand wrapped around hers and heated her skin from the contact point outward. His bronze eyes with purple flecks held her hypnotized until a thump from the exterior dragon's tail snapped her out of it.

The eye was back in the window and a loud huff made her smile. "I am guessing he wishes for an introduction as well?"

"Probably, but he will have to get back into form before he fits in this house." The other man was in the doorway to her room.

"Naedar, I presume?" She was leery about shaking his hand after what happened with Xefir, but manners meant she had to extend her arm to him.

The electric tingle that ran through her didn't surprise her, she was braced for it. "I am Reesha.

Pleased to meet you.”

Naedar’s eyes held crimson flecks and she felt the same connection she had felt with Xefir. A few thumps outside and on the roof broke her concentration and she quickly looked away.

Mentally wiping her brow, she retrieved her hand and smiled brightly. A light flickered on in the corner and Reesha sighed in relief.

“Well, I am going to prepare some food, would you care to join me for lunch? I have some of the new grazer that we have started to propagate here.” She started to edge toward the door.

“That would be very nice. We have snagged a few raptors out of the sky, but cooked food will be a treat. Can we assist you?” Naedar’s voice vibrated through her knees and into her belly. It was the deepest bass that she had ever heard.

“I can manage it if you can tell me what the status of my zipper is.” She made it into the hallway and raised her voice so that they could hear her as she went down the stairs. It would be a lot easier to deal with them in the open kitchen than it was in her bedroom.

Against all odds, her mates had found her and they were in her family’s cottage, going over the remains of the storm.

“Your small transport is completely trashed. You won’t be getting out of here without help.” Naedar’s voice was having the same effect on her as her vibrator. She contemplated paying him to

read the dictionary to her for her own selfish gratification. Maybe just asking him would work.

“Wonderful. It’s a good thing I had a few weeks planned. It will take that long to right the storm damage. Is Artur finished with the cells?” She reached into the chiller and hauled out the haunch. It thudded to the butcher table and she pulled out a knife.

She looked up and saw the two huge men watching her. Their gazes were focused on her breasts and when she looked down, her tattoo was showing. “Oh, hell.”

CHAPTER THREE

Artur arrived, intensity in his bronze gaze. “You are kidding.”

“No. It seems our storm tossed hostess is our long lost mate.” Xefir was watching her and she clutched her knife, ready to ward off her suitors if she had to.

“We will not pounce on you, Reesha. You can continue with your meal preparations.” Naedar’s voice relaxed and stimulated her once again.

“There is a fire pit outside, could one of you start a fire with a lot of wood? We will need coals.” She started slicing the haunch into large steaks.

Naedar nodded to Xefir, and Xefir left the kitchen. Reesha heard the outer door close and she was left with two scowling dragons in her home. “You have a psychic connection.”

“Of course. It would be impractical if we didn’t.” Artur approached. “I am Artur.”

She held up her bloody hands. “Pardon my inability to shake your hand.”

“That’s all right. I will settle for a hello kiss.”

Before she could blink, Artur was in front of her and he pressed his lips to hers. Reesha felt her eyes widen in surprise as he did nothing but kiss her softly for a few moments before backing away.

She leaned heavily on the block table and waited for her pulse to get back under her control. "That was quite the hello."

"I had to improvise." Artur's dark hair framed his face and his grin sparkled invitingly.

Reesha refocused on the meat and completed her task. She washed her hands and spiced the meat, flipping them with tongs before snugging them onto a plate that she tucked into the chiller.

Scrubbing her hands again, she heard the distinct sound of the storm shutters being pinned back into their normal positions. Swaths of sunlight leapt through the windows as if they had been waiting for the opportunity.

Naedar asked, "Why are you out here during storm season? We didn't see anyone on the coast during our fly by."

"My assistant ordered me to take some time off. I have more than enough stat holiday time accrued to take a few weeks to be by myself." She knew she sounded defensive, but taking time off was still a sore point. As much as she loved the cottage and the silence, she loved her work more.

"Is there anything I can do to help the meal preparation?"

She looked up and out the back window,

watching a gout of flame shoot from the fire pit. "Holy..."

She ran out the door and saw Xefir with pursed lips blowing a stream of fire onto a pile of wood in the pit. It was going from wood to charcoal in mere minutes under the constant burn.

The other two were right behind her, walls of warmth at her back.

"How is he..." the flame was shifting along the spectrum and she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

"We are dragons, Miss. It is what we do." Artur's amusement was palpable. "Have you ever had a burn?"

Reesha thought about it. Despite numerous encounters with hot objects, she could not remember more than a tingle of reaction from contact. "No. I haven't."

"The active genes from the Horcross race." He grinned.

Seventeen races had donated their genes for the clone project. The Horcross had donated theirs as a joke. While they had no need for the unbiased peacekeeping force, they wanted to see what their genes could do in that kind of a mix.

Unlike the rest of her set Reesha had met Dr. Argent Deveraux, their designer. The doctor had individually placed the girls with families at the age of ten. Her private lab had hosted the girls while they grew in the tanks, and those four with

the Horcross markings needed something special. Reesha carried the specific DNA markers that had been taken from her companions on their decanting day. Each of them were a part of her.

The Awaits had taken her into their home and raised her as their own. They taught her what it was to be part of a society and how important it was to not only enjoy herself, but to help others when she could. They had moved from planet to planet while she grew, each time her strength caused trouble, they packed up and moved. *Blenders* were not welcome on most worlds and having one in schools was out of the question.

When she was twenty, Dr. Deveraux had come to her and explained precisely what she was and why she had had so much trouble in standard civilization. The Horcross blends needed open spaces to burn off their energy.

As she watched Xefir, burning off energy took on a whole other meaning. She was smiling as the heap of wood collapsed and he lifted and swung the grate into position.

She laughed. "You have done that before."

Xefir smiled and dusted his hands on his trousers. "Once or twice. We have been to a dozen worlds and learned a new trick on each one."

Artur's voice was in her ear. "Some of them are even fit for public viewing."

She giggled as a dozen images flashed through her thoughts. Women of multiple races and

species flickered through her thoughts and she knew that those thoughts were not her own. Her laughter died when she realized what those images meant.

The budding heat that had blossomed inside her cooled as she recognized those images for what they were. Her guys had slept with a few dozen women. How could she compete with those exotic beauties?

Naedar was on alert, "What is wrong? You shut down."

"I...it's just...never mind." She turned and pushed past them and returned to the kitchen. With single-minded intensity, she prepared the tubers for roasting in the coals and then tore apart a head of greens for a salad.

The door closed softly. When she turned they were all outside and the tubers were gone. Probably something else they had picked up in their travels when they were sleeping around. Her knife jabbed into the tomato and she muttered to herself as the salad came together out of sheer fear.

* * * *

"What the hell just happened?" Naedar was scowling and looking at his second and third.

Xefir started to speak and then stopped.

Artur blushed under his bronze skin.

Naedar narrowed his eyes, "Artur, what did you do?"

The third rubbed the back of his neck. "I may have sent images of women that we have slept with along our link."

Naedar closed his eyes and fought the urge to punch him. "What made you think that was a good idea?"

"Well, Xefir mentioned tricks we had learned and I naturally steered my mind to some of the women we learned them from. I had no idea that she would be able to see them. I thought to send them strictly along the link."

Naedar held Xefir back when he lunged at their third. "You idiot! Women never want to know about those who have come before. If this keeps her from trusting us, I will not let you forget it."

His voice was a low hiss and Artur stepped back. It took a lot to get their second riled, but once he was there, he stayed there.

"Xefir, be calm. She has only retracted slightly. We all have the rest of our lives ahead of us. All four of us." Naedar kept his grip on their second, but the rage was slow to ease. "Now, Xefir, put these tubers in the coals. Artur, start cutting some of the fallen wood into useable pieces."

Xefir placed the vegetable packs in the coals and Naedar breathed a sigh of relief. Artur followed the directions and started hacking at the fallen trees with an axe.

With Reesha inside slaughtering a salad and his second and third each trapped in sullen irritation, it was going to be a fun night.

CHAPTER FOUR

Lunch faded into dinner and as the sun set, they sat around the table, making polite chit-chat.

“Thank you, Reesha. Everything was wonderful.”

She fought a grin at the sincere compliment. Artur had been on delicate manners all afternoon. She had to guess that he had been responsible for the images she had been treated to. Xefir was cordial and Naedar was trying to force conversation, but it wasn't working.

Reesha wanted to cry. Here she had waited all her adult life for her set and in that one moment, Artur had pinned the focus on sex and not on the lives that they would have to lead together. She took a deep breath. “I won't leave Worrik. I like it here, I like my job and I am staying.”

They looked at her in shocked silence. Naedar smiled in a bemused kind of way. “That is good to know. We are here on a three-year contract for our services right now, but there is no reason that we can't extend it. That, and the homesteading clause,

of course."

She smiled softly. "I had forgotten about that. They have to let you stay as long as I am with you."

Dr. Deveraux had been a sly one. She had put it in the initial contract that if any of the clones were able to reproduce, by whatever means, then they would be allowed homesteading rights on any of the worlds belonging to the races in the project. When the races submitted their DNA, they were agreeing to that clause.

The moment that they became a foursome, any of the planets with a base in the seventeen races was duty bound to offer them a home and land enough to support their family.

Family. That idea thudded through her over and over. She had a mother and father, courtesy of the network of volunteers her designer had at her disposal. Reesha wasn't sure if the Awaits were donors of genetic material, but they had delighted in both her skills and her strengths as she grew. A more loving set of parents had never been had.

She counted her lucky stars that she had been assigned to the Awaits. A life of love and laughter was behind her and it made for a good base to start another life with her set.

"You are welcome to stay the night in the guestrooms. I do have to ask, are you going to return to work? There must be other cottages damaged by the storm." She started to collect the

dishes.

Artur leapt to his feet and helped her. The large comfortable dining area seemed small with the three huge men in it. She chuckled as he scraped and washed the plates while shooing her back into the dining room.

Bemused, she sat with the others and started another conversation. "What did you do for the project planets since your decanting?"

Xefir smiled. "Surface to air protection, or air to surface, depending on the attack in general. Artur may not have the sense that the stars gave an apple, but he is deft at snagging missiles out of the air."

Naedar grinned. "Do you remember the time we were running protection on the air caravan on Garnel, and Artur led off the heat seeking weapons? I have never seen him move so fast as when he tried to lead that strike craft away and a missile fired in his face."

Xefir chuckled. "He went ass over tea kettle for a mile, in a tumbling spiral, but he blasted out a stream of fire that kept the attackers away and allowed us to get our charges to safety."

Reesha knew what they were up to. "Artur is going to have to do a lot more than dishes to get back in my good graces. I know that you had a life before today, but since I have not engaged in that sort of social activity, it was a little startling. Well, that and I am not interested in women."

They looked at each other for a moment before they burst out laughing. Xefir calmed and sat back in his chair. "You have no idea how happy we are to hear that."

She snorted and chuckled on her own. Reesha yawned as a wave of fatigue overwhelmed her. "I have to check the fire and do a quick check on the property."

"We can do that." They got to their feet as she did. The woods outside were coming to life around the cottage. Small amphibians called for mates and insects sang to their ladies with dogged persistence.

Artur wiped his hands on his trousers as he joined them. "What are we doing?"

"Checking the exterior of the house for damage and nesting avians. They like to snug up under the eaves at dusk." With her set around her, Reesha brought out her party trick. She clapped her hands together and parted them. Light bloomed in a globe and she blew it gently to hover in front of them. She repeated it over and over until the path around the cottage was well illuminated and her dragons were staring at her in shock.

"I had no idea you had a talent." Naedar shook his head.

"How could you? I didn't tell you. This is one of my favourite light tricks. Now, let's go check the eaves to see if we have any nesters." She led the way around the house once again and when

she saw the telltale signs of claw marks and feathers, she steered the nearest globe up until the bird was clearly visible.

“Can any of you reach that?” Her comment was to the men at random. Three streams of fire struck the bird and it hit the ground in under three seconds. It never even had time to squawk.

She kicked the bird over to the coals and she turned to Naedar, “Can you incinerate that?”

It burst into flames and was charred to ash in seconds. “Thank you. It never pays to leave carcasses around. Attracts other ground predators.”

Naedar sidled up to her and wrapped an arm around her waist. “What about flying predators?”

His hands settled on her hips and he gently pulled her against him.

She looked up at him and the other two faded into the background as Naedar’s intensity focussed her attention. “I never have problems with flying predators. I stay out of their way, they stay out of mine.”

His lips lowered to hers and he murmured, “You just haven’t met the right predators.”

He teased her, brushing his lips against hers until she was seeking his in response. When she pressed upward to complete the kiss, she felt his smile, but only until she threaded her fingers into his hair and pressed her breasts against him. His smile faded in a hurry.

The hands that had been gentle but firm, gripped tightly. Their lips pressed, parted, teased and caressed until she released him.

Her entire body was humming with energy, she knew that her skin was gleaming in the light she generated and the globes were glowing brightly, throwing the harsh planes of his cheekbones into stark relief.

“Ahem. I think we need to finish checking the rest of the house and then I will go to my room and you will go to yours.”

She pushed away from him only to stumble into Xefir’s grip. He didn’t kiss her, but he stroked her cheek and ran his thumb along her lip. Out of a reflex she didn’t know she had, she took the digit between her lips and flicked it with her tongue. He hissed as if scalded and the jerk of his erection through his trousers told her why.

Artur slid between them and pressed a soft kiss to her neck. She shivered and he moved away with a soft smile on his lips.

“That is a good introduction for this evening. At least you know we are not ravening beasts only interested in sex. I mean, we are interested, but we can wait.” Naedar had his breathing back under control, but his eyes were suspiciously bright.

She nodded but didn’t speak. Her hormones were running riot with that heated but chaste kiss and her urges were telling her to strip and fling herself on the men in her yard. With a deep breath

for control, she nodded again and walked into the house. It was going to be one restless night.

CHAPTER FIVE

Reesha felt like hammered manure the next day. Her body had kept her awake long into the early hours and the bliss of sleep had only visited for two hours before the door to the cottage opened and closed.

She slithered into a robe and followed an unfamiliar scent into the kitchen. There was someone cooking in there.

The broad back littered with scars greeted her as a humming Artur prepared a plate and put it on the elevated countertop. "What happened to you?"

He glanced up casually as if he had felt her watching. "What do you mean? The other two are doing a fly over to take care of the rest of the urgent storm damage."

"Oh. What is this?"

"Where I come from, it is called breakfast. You don't have to eat it all." His grin indicated that he knew it was far too much for her, but he dished up his own plate and took a seat next to her.

"Why are you the one left behind?" She

prodded at some of the unfamiliar foods and then took a deep breath and took a bite. It was surprisingly tasty.

“Because I needed to apologize for sending you those images. In the heat of the flirtation, I didn’t stop to think about your personal tastes or experiences. I am very sorry that I caused you discomfort. It was not my intention.”

She sighed and turned to face his profile. “I can probably tell you from experience that few if any of those women would have greeted a detailed description of the previous ones. Well, aside from those women who enjoyed the dog pile effect.”

Her shudder got the point across.

“I apologize again.” The words were sincere.

An image opened in her mind, budding flowers bloomed and she swore that she could actually smell them. Each petal gleamed as if carved from crystal. The beauty almost blinded her from within.

“Kryos flowers. They only bloom once a decade.” She closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensory image.

“We were on an assignment and we landed in a patch of green. As we settled, it bloomed and opened around us. We all memorized each sensation in the field so that when we found our fourth, if we found our fourth, we could share it with her.” His words were quiet, but he kept the flowers in her mind until tears trickled from

beneath her lids.

She wiped the tears away and smiled as she returned to her breakfast. Words didn't need to be spoken, she had fed him her emotions as he sent her the image, the link went both ways.

After a charmingly quiet meal, Artur took her leftovers and cleaned her plate. It was amazing that he could put that much food away, but she supposed that the dragons had large appetites. The very thought sent a blush to her skin so she quickly busied herself.

Her body hummed with nervous energy and here, in her oasis away from the growing city, she could let it out.

"I am going grab a shower and then enjoy a hunt. You are welcome to come with me on the hunt." Reesha smiled as she held up her hand to forestall his eager acquiescence.

"Spoilsport. Yes, I will come with you on the hunt."

She nodded and sashayed away, "But don't get in my way. This is how I blow off steam, and things have been humid here since you arrived."

His laugh followed her into the bathroom, but she locked the door as she leaned against it before pulling out her unscented soap collection. It was always best if she took off the scent of predator before she went on a hunt.

Whether she liked it or not, she was a predator

to her bones. Even being with the men of her set, her mind was working on techniques to separate them from the herd and climb them like her own personal forest.

She set the water to the cool side and stepped under the spray. The soap covered her body and removed the heady pheromones that she was producing. With two out of three of her triggers flying down the coast, she should be fine to bring in some of the large birds for the pantry.

The wildlife tended to go running when she got hot for some reason.

She finished sluicing herself clean and dried in an unscented towel. Normally she enjoyed the light citrusy scent of local flowers, but during a hunt, she needed to just be herself.

Wrapped in the towel, she pulled her leathers from the storage unit in her room and tugged them on over damp skin. Her boots covered her feet and laced tightly to her calves. She braided her damp hair and tied it with the same leather that made up her vest and trousers. Her golden skin gave her a natural camouflage when combined with the dark brown of her clothing.

Humming happily, she went to the weapons cupboard in the dining room and, with Artur watching her every move, she took out the bolo and her hunting knives as well as a length of braided leather rope.

She turned to him, "Are you ready?"

He crooked an eyebrow at her. "If you are. Do you need to bring water?"

"No. I know where the streams are. You can come along, but don't get in my way. For you, this is strictly a spectator sport."

He nodded. "I understand. Let me leave a note for Xefir and Naedar."

Her chuckle followed him, "I thought you could tell where each other are at any given time."

"I can, and they can, but manners matter."

He had a point. She opened the door, entering the yard, and raised her head, scenting for prey nearby. Life in the growing towns and cities of Worrik was a nice safe environment. The wilds were another matter entirely.

The wilds were where she was at home.

There. A collection of prey. She heard Artur behind her and turned to him. "Stay down wind and don't get in my way. I have a scent."

He nodded and grinned. "I will enjoy watching you in action."

They were off.

She ran through the trees, picking up speed, until the world was a green and brown blur. Her blood surged in her veins as she sprinted for the sheer joy of it. Reesha had no idea if Artur was keeping up with her, she was having far too much fun.

The gathering of eight foot flightless birds scattered as she thundered into their midst. Her

technique was all joy and bluster as two of the younger males turned to attack her. Their viciously hooked claws swiped at her, missing her by inches.

She danced with them both, bending and shifting as they attacked while the females were guarded by the alpha. When she heard the bellow of rage behind her, she knocked her dance partners from their feet with sweeps of her leg and turned to face her target.

The twelve-foot chubby bodied bird charged at her. This was the target she sought, the predator that was stalking the herd. Names for half of the species of birds had not yet been decided and that was fine with her. It was easier to kill if it didn't have a name.

As it approached, she swung the bolo and released it in a smooth motion. It whirled through the air and snapped around the neck of the beast. It reared back in surprise and fell to its knees.

Reesha darted in and slit its throat. As blood sprayed out in an arc, she held the beast until the death throes ceased.

Her audience applauded. Her set was standing calmly on the edge of the clearing, their hands making a noise that sent the herd she had used as bait running for cover.

"You can stand there applauding, or you can help me gut and bleed this thing before larger predators come sniffing around." Her blood was

pounding in her veins. She was more aroused than she had ever been in her life.

She had run, she was hunting, they were here. The timing was perfect. Time to make them hers.

CHAPTER SIX

With blood on her hands, Reesha stepped away from the carcass and moved to a flat point in the meadow. She watched their reactions as she unlaced her vest and let it drop. Her mark was exposed completely and with the vulnerability, came freedom.

She bent carefully and unlaced her boots, flicking them off before she peeled her trousers away. Naked in the glade, she propped her hands on her hips and cocked her head. It was like looking at three bronze statues and none of them wanted to move. She sashayed toward them and assessed her options.

Naedar was the first of their set. Sex with him would enable Xefir, their second, to get her pregnant. Artur's reproductive ability would only come into play if their set was missing one hormonal element. He could replace either Naedar or Xefir, but she would rather have them together.

"As attractive a piece of statuary as you three are, consider this an invitation to start moving." The giddy excitement bubbled up in her as their

hands started moving until they were as sky clad as she was.

She could smell her heat and they hadn't even touched her yet. Her nipples were tight, her clit throbbed and cream was dampening her folds.

They didn't ask her if she was sure. They simply surrounded her on all sides and started to touch. Biting her lip seemed the best option when her breath started to pick up.

Xefir leaned in and in his amazing voice whispered, "We want to hear you."

Reesha put one hand on Naedar's shoulder and one on Artur's to hold herself steady as Xefir knelt to trail his lips over her mark. She didn't want to hurt them by clutching anything else.

She closed her eyes and let the moan rock from her throat. Whomever designed their marks had a devilish streak. The inks used connected their swooping stylized dragons with their nervous systems. The lightest touch on her mark was like a stroke on her clit.

He gently traced her mark with the tip of his tongue while the other two ran hands down her back, hips and ass. Her internal temperature reached a boiling point. She dug her claws into two of her set as the third sent her spinning into release.

Predators and prey alike went running when her roaring scream rent the air. As her vision cleared, hands lifted her and the scalding head of

Naedar's cock pressed into her. She opened her eyes and kissed her first. First in many ways, but this one most importantly.

As he parted her lips with his tongue, she wrapped her legs around him and welcomed him inside. While her body heat was higher than that of her parents, she had never met another being with anything that was as hot as the flared head of the member inside her. She could feel every shift, rock and thrust as he slid home.

The heat her body started generating made her dizzy.

Hands supported her back as she tightened her arms and shifted her hips. Reesha heard the moans coming from her throat and didn't bother holding them back.

The kiss went from passionate to carnal as his tongue mimicked the slow thrusts that he was beginning with his hands guiding her hips to his for every wet contact.

She rocked against him, each motion, each twist of her hips pulling groans from him until his movements took on a frenzy that seized every muscle in her body. A sharp shock of pleasure burned through her and it seemed that it was the signal he had been waiting for. Deep in her belly, she felt a tingling sensation as he came and her body took what he gave her to start a chain reaction that would allow it to do what it had been designed for, give her species a chance at life.

Her channel was still massaging him when he stepped aside and Xefir took his place. Artur moved behind her to support her, his cock a bar of heat across her back.

Xefir knelt at her feet and used his mouth to kiss his way across her collarbone and then down across her mark before drawing each breast into his mouth in turn. Her channel clenched as he grazed his teeth over her nipples, the threat of pain as much of a turn on as his mouth itself.

She threaded her fingers in his hair and held his head to her skin as he explored her tastes and textures. Reesha was completely aroused and almost to the point of orgasm when he whispered, "Come to me," as he pulled her into his arms and onto his erection.

He adjusted her limbs until she was kneeling with her calves on the ground and her knees next to his hips. He was inside her so deep she couldn't do more than rock herself against him.

Artur's hands under her hips lifted her and dropped her, so that Xefir and she could concentrate on their dance. Xefir was wider than Naedar, but not quite as long. It was an interesting contrast that flew out of her mind when Xefir began to whisper in her ear and Reesha's senses went into overload.

Languages she had never heard before rippled over her in waves. Her body knew what the words meant even if her mind couldn't recognize it. A

strong pulsing started inside her as her body milked Xefir's with a slow and steady beat.

His growl and the tension of his hands preceded his shout by seconds. Her womb didn't shift inside her, but she knew it was greedily trying to make use of his contribution. The instant that he let her go, she fell back into Artur's waiting embrace.

"Hello, beautiful." His smile was welcoming, but there was banked passion in his gaze. "I have a different sort of ride for you. Come with me."

She was exhausted, her body was still attached to Xefir's and she couldn't believe what he had just said. "What?"

He chuckled while Xefir and Naedar helped remove her from her perch. "They will bring your kill back to the cottage. It is time for you to experience one of the other joys of our kind."

She expected to be covered in semen from the crotch down, but with her first time with her set, her body seemed to have absorbed everything they gave her. The only traces of sex on her, were her own juices.

The second time would be different, Dr. Deveraux had told her all about it. The theory of it anyway, Argent had never actually seen it in action.

Artur lifted her into his arms and stood, then handed her to Naedar. While she was watching, he shifted into his other form and Naedar helped

her get into position on his broad back.

“Move to his neck and settle in between those ridges. There is a natural space there for you, just your size.” Naedar laughed and pressed a kiss to her temple. “Don’t fall off.”

She hadn’t really accepted what was about to happen until she heard in her thoughts, *Hang on.*

How are you doing that?

It is a link the shifter sets have. Most other sets can tell general location and mood, but us shifters are given the gift of telepathy with our own.

Have you run into others? Shifters, I mean.

His huge head turned and he looked at her with one enormous eye. *We will get to that later. Hang on.*

With that warning, he bunched his muscles and she braced herself by clinging to a neck ridge as he took flight. The upward surge was uncomfortable, but as his huge wings started to beat and they rose above the trees, she opened her eyes to the wonders of the skyline. The view from her dragon’s back was amazing.

Her thought spilled out before she could stop it. *I wish I could fly.*

Why can’t you?

I... The doctor had never said she couldn’t shift. Frankly, she had simply thought it was a male thing.

I don’t know how.

At this age, you may not be able to manage it, but even a partial shift should be possible.

He banked to one side and she was quiet for a moment, letting the wind tease her senses and her inner lids snap over her eyes to protect them from particulates. The lids had unnerved her parents, but it was part of her overall package. She considered it part of her heritage.

Balancing carefully, she looked behind her and noted the other two dragons that were heading in the opposite direction. *Why aren't they coming with us?*

I am punishing myself for hurting your feelings. This flight is so that I may do it properly.

Is that why you and I didn't?

Yes. Our time will come. Hopefully before I turn blue.

She laughed and held onto him with her thighs, raising her arms to the sky.

Reesha, do you realize you are still unclothed?

She chuckled. *There is a reason my family doesn't disturb me at the cottage without warning. I tend to peel to the skin most days and just absorb the sun.*

That sounds delightful. I look forward to seeing it.

You have already seen all of me.

Ah, but to have you on your knees, facing the ocean as I take you from behind that is a memory I plan on making a reality.

She thought she had reached her blush threshold for the day, but it peaked again. This time the image in her thoughts was her, right down to the scar on her back from the time she fell

out of a tree when she was fourteen and trying to fly.

Reesha stilled her thoughts and concentrated on the flight. It was so different being on a living being who controlled where they were headed. *I have never been this far north. Where are we going?*

Just a place we found when we were scouting when we first arrived. It is just over here.

He banked again and dropped altitude. Reesha held her breath and then let it out in a rush as they came in for a landing. Artur scooped air with his wings and they landed with a thud.

She had been so interested in her grip, she hadn't looked around and now she gasped with the brilliance of her surroundings.

An unlikely mix of crystal cliffs and floral vines made her smile. "It's wonderful."

A wide plain opened up in front of her and the cliff provided protection from the elements. A clear pool of fresh water spilling through the crystal cliff was a glassy surface that gleamed and reflected the daylight in an enticing sparkle.

The dragon at her side cocked his head. *Do you think this would be a good spot for a home?*

As the idea bloomed in her mind along with the flowers, she grinned. *I think it is a fantastic place for a home. I think I have paperwork to file.*

Not too far away from the city?

I can commute. If we can rig a com unit and a power supply, I should be fine aside from weekly meetings in

town. Her mind was already working out the logistics.

Commuting won't be a problem.

He launched himself back into the air and she was lost in thought. If she cut back her work hours, she would be able to be in that oasis three days a week...

Under her thighs, Artur purred happily.

CHAPTER SEVEN

To Reesha's surprise, the next two days were quiet. After Naedar and Xefir finished dressing and butchering her catch, they each gave her a sizzling kiss before claiming duty and flying off.

We are with you now, Reesha. Just speak and we will hear you.

That's comforting. Isn't this against etiquette or something? Abandoning a virgin a few hours after sex.

A rich chuckle came into her mind in Xefir's tone. *You are no average woman, and we will never be parted from you again.*

Warmth spilled through her and she felt each of their touches on her mind. She wished that they were touches on her body, but she couldn't have everything.

She spent her time working on a model of the home she was planning. Getting workers up to the crystal cliffs would be a pain in the ass, but the heavy lifting was taken care of.

Seven bedrooms. One master room for her set, three bedrooms in case she wanted alone time. A

laugh escaped her, she was going to be master of that house, there was no doubt. One guest bedroom and two for the children. Having a baby that had a navel of its own would be wonderful, and she had every intention of pursuing her men until that baby appeared.

The house would be huge. She made lists of materials and labour estimates while she sunned herself on the beach. The colony had most of the supplies available, but a few of the items would be custom jobs, including a bed that would be able to take all four of them.

It was a very good thing that she knew each and every manufacturer in the colony, and most of them owed her favours.

She could have a new house by spring, and possibly a baby by harvest if she was willing to work at it. Smiling, she idly traced her fingers over her mark and shivered as her body started to perk with arousal.

Stop that. Xefir and Artur nearly collided. Naedar's voice was unmistakable.

You mean I can't even enjoy myself? That isn't very fair.

The wicked chuckle ran through her thoughts and did delightful things to the rest of her. *We will make it up to you tomorrow, Reesha. We have been dealing with another storm south of the town. It messed with some of the herds and we have been gathering the escaped animals.*

Be careful, they bite.

So do we.

She smiled and went back to her plotting and scheming. A quick dip in the ocean cooled her skin and marinating her catch in large enough portions to feed her beasts kept her busy until it was time for bed.

Her dreams were filled with crystal waterfalls and flowers that bloomed once a decade.

She felt them approaching. Her skin hummed with energy and that turned into a physical vibration as they came into view.

As they dropped into her yard, they shifted into their socially acceptable forms.

She didn't even have a chance to speak, Artur lifted her off her feet and carried her into the house.

Her clothing disappeared in a few quick tugs while they shed theirs as well. "Your clothing changes with you?"

"Yes, we all have a few sets. Courtesy of the Horcross. They consider us an interesting offshoot of their genes. Like cousins."

While Naedar explained, Artur flipped her to her bed and crawled on top of her, kissing and licking every inch of her until she was twisting under him.

A sharp whistle and he snarled, but backed off.

Xefir smiled and leaned down until his lips

were just over hers. "Are you interested in a joint effort?"

"I have been dreaming about it." She leaned up to press her lips against his and smiled. Sexual evolution was not a problem for clones. According to the doctor, once the hormonal switch was flipped, it stayed on. It had been burning brightly since they left.

Naedar didn't say anything, merely shifted to the bed and draped his body across it in invitation. Xefir took up a position next to Naedar's head and Artur left the room for a few minutes before he returned.

Artur nodded to his comrades and they sprang into action. Each was sporting an erection that could probably bludgeon lesser women to death. Reesha grinned and accepted the challenge.

Naedar lay on his back and pulled Reesha over him, positioning her on his cock. She slid onto his erection with the ease of two days of unrequited arousal.

Xefir shifted next to her head on his knees and Artur rubbed something slick into her ass, poking two fingers inside and wiggling gently until she pushed her hips against him. The head of his cock pressed against her nether opening and she moved into his pressure.

Laughing was out of the question when Artur started to move. He controlled the pace until she was comfortable with the stinging flares of pain

that came with the pleasure of his location and relaxed.

Naedar thrust into her and stroked his fingers across her clit while she arched into him. She was not the only one making noise, Artur was growling, Naedar was grunting, and when her lips explored his cock, Xefir purred. She took his heat into her mouth and swirled her tongue along the underside while she was sucking slowly. He tasted salty, musky and wild. It was a masculine but different version of her own musk.

The veins along his shaft throbbed against her lips as she took him as deeply as she could manage with the rest of her body in a pleasure tug-of-war.

Her body was singing with sensation. Artur's hands gripped her hips, Naedar cupped her breasts and Xefir rubbed her jaw and threaded his fingers through her hair.

When she bucked and screamed around Xefir's cock, Naedar snarled while Artur howled his satisfaction as both cocks throbbed inside her. It was the strangest feeling.

Xefir didn't come, he gently moved her head away and stroked her hair until she sighed and was moved free of the other two bodies.

Her bed was not large, but Xefir did lean over to kick Naedar out of it as he lay her on her back.

Her body was still singing, nerves were still raw and skin was still sensitive as he began to

arouse her all over again with touches, caresses and his devilish mouth. Reesha was desperate and lifting her hips to his when he finally pressed into her, using self-control that astonished her.

She dug her fingers into his shoulders as he started to move, and he hissed. "I love your claws, but that is not what I am after."

He pinned her hands over her head and shifted his hips. He slid deeper and then he began to pound against her with intensity and focus. He held her hands in one of his and raised her knees to her chest as he pushed into her hard and fast until she screamed and he shouted loud enough to shake the windows.

He leaned against her and pressed soft kisses down her cheek. "You are truly lovely in your pleasure, Reesha.

"And we will have to add soundproofing to the house. If my parents are visiting, I don't want them to hear that sort of thing." Her words were a whisper.

"You can have whatever you wish for in the house. We will make the arrangements when we return to the city."

She looked up at him. "Take me with you when you go. I know a few people and I know what we need and where to get it." She wriggled her fingers. "You can let me go now."

He chuckled and released her wrists from his grip. "Sorry. It just felt so right to hold you."

“You will have plenty of opportunities to hold, caress or stroke any part of me you wish. No rush.”

She was jostled as Artur brought a cloth to clean her up, this time her body had not absorbed everything. The pump was now primed. The first's semen would alter her PH and the second's carried the working load.

She was sandwiched between Xefir and Artur while Naedar watched the door.

“You don't have to do that, my house is secure.” She chuckled.

“Force of habit. We always leave one of us on duty while the other two sleep. Guarding our mate is just second nature.”

She yawned and snuggled in for a nap. It was too early in the day to sleep, but it was so nice to be with her men at long last.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Dressed in her office togs, she directed Xefir to the top of her building. He shifted shape two feet from the roof and she landed, piggybacking the second of her set. The other two were off trying to get the paperwork together for their homestead agreement.

Reesha smirked as the folks in the streets pointed as the dragons flew overhead. The townsfolk probably hadn't seen them this close before. Certainly never inside the town itself.

The roof access was always unlocked. The staff enjoyed coming up on breaks and looking out at the amazing vistas of Worrik.

Reesha led her companion down into the maze of offices to her department. Brin looked up in surprise when she came through the door. "Reesha! What are you doing back so soon?"

"I met some people who convinced me that I needed to come back and get some paperwork done. This is Xefir." Reesha was fighting a grin.

Brin always had an eye for the gentlemen and, confronted with Xefir, she was sitting with her

mouth ajar.

"I am pleased to meet the infamous Brin." Xefir turned on the charm and Brin swooned at the sound of his voice.

"How did you meet Reesha?"

"We were flying overhead and happened upon her sunbathing on the beach. There was no way we could pass up an invitation like that."

Reesha shook her head and opened her office. Everything was pristine. She slid behind her desk and started a link while Xefir's voice continued to spin tales of her lascivious behaviour to her stunned assistant. He was fabricating about half of what she had done with her set, but it was an impressive repertoire.

It was hard to keep the foolish grin off her face as she rang up the colony coordinator. "Natros, how are you today?"

"Fine, Reesha. You look well. Brin said you were taking some time off." The elder statesman smiled.

"I did and found something interesting in the northern wilds around my cottage."

He looked politely curious. "What was that?"

"Why didn't you tell me that you were taking on air support against the predators?"

"It isn't really your department, Reesha."

"What about the matter of them being a matching clone set, Natros? That is very much my business." She drummed her fingers on the

desktop, a sure sign that she was ticked off.

On her screen, the man blushed an unhealthy purple. "I wasn't aware that it was a concern. You are not like they are, after all."

She sighed. "Just because I don't change shape doesn't mean they aren't mine. They are mine. It has been proved. Now, I need to put a claim on three hundred acres of land up north outside the developmental range."

"That is a lot of space. What do you want it for?"

"My set and I need a family home outside of the standard flight or population lines. We also need a lot of space."

Her old friend snorted. "How much space could four beings need?"

"Three hundred acres. We need space to hunt and fly." She smiled. "And when the children come, we need space for them."

"I thought all of the clone males were sterile."

"Only with naturally born women. With me, there is a possibility of a new generation."

He scrambled around for a while. "What about your work?"

"It will be easier for me to travel on dragon back than it is to charter a zipper to do an assessment. Most of my work is data dissection on soil samples and grain consumption. I can telecommute during the week and come in for meetings every seven days."

"I see."

"Oh, and I need permit applications sent over for housing construction assist. I am designing a house and will need some labour to help. My set has offered to clear cut the area we need, but I don't have faith in their construction skills."

"I see."

"Be happy for me, Natros, I never expected to find them." It was true. Even with Dr. Deveraux stopping by to encourage her, she knew that the chances were slim she would find her set. Clone women were vulnerable when they travelled, no race would claim them so it left them unable to call anyone outside their adoptive families for help. If it hadn't been for the caution that her mother instilled in her, Reesha would have been in a shuttle and searching for her males years ago.

"I am happy, just surprised. Do your parents know?"

Reesha paled and her panic brought Xefir into the room to look for the threat. "No. I haven't told them yet." She waved him off with a hand as she got her emotions back under control. "I was planning on bringing them over in the afternoon so we could all meet face to face."

"Good plan. I will start the paperwork as soon as I say this one thing, congratulations, Reesha. There will be a formal wedding in your future. The colony needs to see that blenders can become part of a community."

Her lips twitched as Xefir's eyes narrowed at the term *blender*. It was common for the naturals to sneer at the clones when they found them, not understanding the politics that had gone into creating them.

"I will discuss it with my parents. I am sure that they will be amenable. You will send over the permits and requests?"

"I will. Have a good day, Reesha. I hope to see you and your set, very soon."

She winked and disconnected the call. She sat back and exhaled. "That was the hard call."

She quickly connected to her parents' line and smiled as her mama came into focus. "Hello, Mama. Will you and Papa be in this afternoon?"

"Of course. You know your father. We can't pry him away from his greenhouse until he finishes verifying the numbers for next year's yields." Yesha Await rubbed her hands on a towel, leaving black streaks.

Reesha smiled at signs that her mother had been right next to Aroff while he worked.

"I have some people I need you to meet." Being mysterious wasn't a normal thing for her, but Reesha didn't want to blow the surprise.

"We will be here. See you soon, pet." Her mother disconnected the call and Reesha started breathing again.

"You seem tense." Xefir moved behind her and started rubbing her shoulders. Just the touch of his

hands sent fizzles of heat through her.

"I am tense." She sighed and leaned into his slow massage, looking up lazily when Brin came in with the documents. "Thank you, Brin."

"Reesha, do you seriously have more of those?" She jerked her head at Xefir.

"Not just like him, no. The other two have different eyes and turn different colours when they shift. You will meet them all soon enough. I will have to stay in town until the house is ready." She sighed and sent a thought to Xefir. He took the forms from Brin and brought them back to Reesha.

With the skills that had made her one of the highest-ranking bureaucrats in the colony, she filled out the forms. She could feel Xefir's amazement as she flipped over page after page. When five minutes had passed, she straightened the pages, clipped them together and slid them into a file.

"I am going to walk these over to the registrar. Xefir, do you want to come with me, or to you want to continue to make Brin drool?"

Brin blushed, but raised an eyebrow in challenge.

Xefir chuckled and kissed the back of Brin's hand. "As tempting as it is, I cannot leave the side of our fourth with so many people around. While she may have faith in the population, until we meet most of the folks around here, she won't be

running around loose.”

Brin looked faint as Xefir straightened and released her hand.

Reesha grabbed his arm and hauled him out of her office. “I shudder to think of what the other two are doing to the female population. Women might be fainting in the streets.”

He laughed and she kept going, taking his arm as they began to walk down the street. Her documents were under one arm and the other was firmly linked to his.

It took them two hours to make a ten-minute journey. Everyone wanted to meet Reesha’s new companion and he was only too happy to be introduced to each man, woman or child who came up to him.

By the time they reached the registrar’s office, Reesha was exhausted and Xefir was downright chatty.

Naedar and Artur were working at a table on a mountain of paperwork.

“Hey, my dears. What is all of that?” She waved to the woman behind the counter and smiled.

“The paperwork required to file for our homesteading rights.”

“Really? Give me a moment.” She held up her hand for her set to stay back. “Hello, N’diri. How is the day treating you?”

The woman behind the counter flushed guiltily.

“Fine, Reesha. How can I help you?”

“I need to get these documents filed with the colony courts as well as the Formali court, also, I need to get the forms for acknowledgement of our set’s unification. I believe a vid of our marks is all that is required for the authorization of the homesteading pact.”

N’diri kept blushing. “I will get the back room arranged for you.”

Reesha leaned in and smiled as she whispered, “Thank you, N’diri. It’s all right. I like looking at them, too.”

The clerk bustled to the back and Reesha turned to look at her confused men. “The Formali women seem to think you are horribly attractive for some reason. N’diri just wanted you where she could look at you.”

Their mouths opened in surprise and she laughed. When N’diri called, Reesha led the way so that the vid and declaration could be recorded for the Formali courts. For better or worse, they were now citizens of Worrik.

CHAPTER NINE

Reesha's palms were sweating as she entered her parents' home. "Mama, Papa? Are you in here?"

"In the formal room, Reesha. I was just putting out lunch, will you join us?"

"Please come out here. I think you might want to see this." She leaned back against Naedar as they formed a wall behind her.

Her parents came around the corner, every inch ex-military Formali. "Mama, Papa, I would like to introduce you to my set. This is Xefir, behind me is Naedar and this is Artur. Guys, this is my mother, Yesha and my father, Aroff Await."

In a line, they approached her parents and shook their hands. Each one said, "Thank you for guarding our fourth and raising her into a formidable woman."

Her mother and father recovered swiftly from their surprise. After meeting the men, they looked at Reesha. She knew she was glowing happily. "Come here, daughter." Her mother's arms opened and she rushed into them.

Her father joined in the hug and when they separated after laughter and sobs, he turned to her set. "Take care of her. She is the most special of all of Argent's creations."

Naedar and the others inclined their heads in acknowledgement. "We know."

Her father straightened his shoulders and nodded. "As long as we are all straight here, this is going to be one big wedding."

Reesha was still standing with her arm around her mother and she laughed at their expressions. "I tried to warn you. With the colony stable, weddings are a big deal. All we need to do is get formal clothing for you and a dress for me and we can get this show on the road."

Yesha elbowed her in the ribs. "There is a little more to it than that."

Aroff smiled. "We will have the seamstress here today. You will all stay with us, of course. It isn't appropriate for you to be staying with Reesha."

As she cackled evilly in their minds, they gave in to her parents with grace and offered to make lunch. It was an excellent start to their entry into her family.

Everyone with a day off attended the wedding in the town square. The gold silk gown rustled as she walked to join her set. Her hands were trembling and the flowers from her family's greenhouse quivered in her grip.

Her parents sat with pride in the front row, watching her with tears in their eyes. The emotion in the eyes of her set was something else entirely.

It had been three weeks since she had introduced them to her parents. Three weeks since the construction crews had been flown out to the site to start work on the pristinely cleared lot.

Three weeks since she had been able to do more than touch them casually in public.

The adjudicator smiled as she joined her set in their matching gold and brown clothing. As he began to speak the words to bind them together, they were all smiling. Their minds tangled, touched, caressed and as she agreed to take them as her own, her mind was filled with crystal flowers and a glittering cliff side that would be theirs alone.

Words or not, they were bound for life.

EPILOGUE

Reesha slipped out of bed and walked out onto the balcony without waking her bedmates. Her body wasn't under her control anymore and she had to accept it. Her gown pressed against her tightly over the pumpkin of her stomach.

It had been five years since she found her dragons, and the dawn breaking on the crystal cliff was still as beautiful as the day Artur showed it to her.

The colony was thriving, the addition of the dragons to ground clearing crews was amazing and their precision stunned observers. Nothing like a little pinpoint fire to make a neat hole in a forest.

She snorted and covered her mouth as a jet of flame sprang from her lips. She was still getting used to the fire as well as the wings that disappeared and reappeared at will. When the boys weren't flying for the colony, they helped her learn to take flight in short bursts.

She watched the sunrise and smiled as Naedar snuck up behind her with a cup of tea. He kept his

voice quiet. "They are still sleeping."

She turned and smirked. "They kept me up all night, as you well know. No wonder they are tired."

He wrapped his arms around her and gave her a kiss on the nape of her neck that had her shivering. "Do you have to go into the city today?"

"No. I am good until next week. Stop that, that's how this whole thing started." She patted her belly with one hand.

"And you are delighted."

She turned in his arms and prodded his erection with her rounded belly. "That comes and goes. I am burping fire again."

He nodded sagely. "Heartburn. It's probably my cooking. When Artur gets back he will fix that right up."

She sighed. "I hope they get back soon. I miss having you all together."

He chuckled. "I enjoy one on one, but you are right, it will be nice to share a bed with people our own size for a change. I never have to worry about kicking Xefir."

She peeked into the bedroom and saw her son and daughter curled together in the huge bed. Xeela had been at her parent's wedding, much to everyone's delight. Noro had appeared when Xeela was two, and now little Arsha was taking form inside her body.

Two huge shadows streaked across the cliffs and sparked a smile on Reesha's face. She scampered into her bedroom and leaned over her children, with Naedar bringing up the rear. "Daddies' home."

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Zenina Masters was born in Canada and lives in Canada. She has a regular job and does nothing particularly exciting with her life. She enjoys fishing, silence and the ability to pick and choose friends she can trust. Life is too short to watch your back all the time.

Her writing life is a teeny bit of escapism, she would probably chicken out if confronted by three naked men and looks forward to one day finding out.