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*Soul Twins*  
*Sultry Summers*  
*Mystical Sign Series*

*Sultry Summers*

**MYSTICAL SIGNS: GEMINI:  
SOUL TWINS**

**BY**

**SULTRY SUMMERS**

Venus Press LLC

**Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

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**SOUL TWINS**

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Dedication:

To Luisa – an editor unsurpassed!

**Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

**The Prophecy**

*Two will be born, same day, same time,  
Under the same Star, Yet on different worlds;  
Soul Twins! Torn apart from the Place of Beginning  
A son to Kaxt'r - A daughter to Pollx  
Promised at birth to be rejoined  
Evil will rule one world – truth in exile  
Until she is of age - kept in innocence  
He demands his bride  
Truth will be told—light will exile evil  
Married to Unite – Rejoined as One  
Both Worlds revolve in peace and ruled in love*

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### Chapter One

“Nardia, what is Prince ThruX like?” Princess C’leen asked the woman who was more of a mother to her than her natural mother, Queen of Pollx, whom she saw *formally* twice a year.

“I do not know, milady, I’ve only seen pictures, as you have. Why do you ask?”

Nardia suspiciously glanced up from the garment she was folding. Anxiety filled her, making her hands tremble a bit. She knew the time of truth approached. C’leen’s parents had failed to tell the girl about her destiny. Nardia had sworn to herself she would never lie to her concerning what she knew about her karma. But first C’leen, her charge, must ask the questions out of curiosity, and she was beginning to ask questions Nardia was under orders not to answer.

“Today, in my advanced government and history class, we briefly covered the treaty of Pollx and Kaxt’r. I was annoyed to learn most of my fellow students from home knew more about this treaty than I did. It seems I am the one who is betrothed to this Prince ThruX, and by becoming his legal wife and joint Queen to both worlds, we will prevent either from going to war against the other.” C’leen’s eyes were blazing. “According to this treaty, I am to marry him, and soon.” She gently touched Nardia’s shoulder. “Did you know of this?”

Nardia looked into C’leen’s clear lavender eyes, knowing she could never lie to the girl she loved as her own daughter. She drew in a deep breath and nodded. “Yes C’leen, I know about it, but I do not think your parents will ever allow you to marry this man.”

“Then they will breach their sworn, signed word before a man of God, and bring war to both our worlds. Should this not be partly my decision? I will rule next.” C’leen said with much conviction. “Or does this have something to do with my brother? The treaty was signed before they knew they would have him, not that it should matter, I was born first.”

“Milady, I cannot tell you what is in the mind of your parents,” Nardia said. “That was a strange time for both worlds.”

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“Tell me of it. I know only what the official records state.” C’leen walked across her spacious college rooms to stand in front of the window.

“Tell me first what you learned,” Nardia said. She already knew what the instructor taught, having been his lover for almost ten years, ever since the Princess’ parents had sent her from Pollx to live here on the Erudition world, but it was important that C’leen tell her what she had learned.

“Actually,” C’leen turned to look at Nardia, “my book said very little, it wasn’t until I borrowed the book of another did I learn what I have.”

Nardia paled, C’leen was an extremely intelligent young woman, and she had known C’leen would find out the truth no matter how her parents attempted to deceive her. “And little firebrand,” Nardia said with some humor, “What did it tell you?”

“Not the entire truth I am sure, but certainly more than the two sentences in a paragraph my book contained. It seems a holy man predicted that I will marry this Prince, and bring peace to our worlds. That our souls were at one time joined, in another-ah, place. What that means, I have no idea, and that the two people who sit on the throne of Pollx may or may not be my parents.”

“Oh?” Nardia quizzed, her voice raised a fraction. “Whose book did you borrow?”

“Professor Drewz’s,” C’leen stated and produced the book. Nardia knew at once it was his, he preferred the old-fashioned paper and print books.

“C’leen does Dre...ah–the Professor, *know* you have his book?” Nardia asked with some alarm.

“No. I will return it after I have it copied into my personal computer.” A task she quickly set about completing, one Nardia had observed her working on, but had not realized what it was she was doing.

“C’leen, you might be risking his life, as well as mine and your own,” Nardia told her.

“Why? Am I not heir to the throne of Pollx? It is my right to know my world’s history and to whom I am betrothed. I will next confront my parents–if they are my parents, with this information.” A tear slid down her cheek, “If they aren’t, it would explain why they have treated me as they have. I would suspect they plan to put my brother Polx, or possibly, he’s my cousin, on the throne. Yet why wouldn’t they want me to marry this Prince?” she asked with a little sob, her pain went deep. “Even by placing their son on the throne, allowing the marriage would fill the treaty.”

“No, milady, it would not, because when you marry Prince Thrux, you and he will rule both worlds jointly, those are the terms of the treaty. When you wed, they will lose

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their throne,” Nardia said to her gently. “Milady, your life is in danger the closer to your birthday you live. Each day of your life is borrowed time. I have feared for you for a long time. Why do think I have taught you some of the things I have?”

“What of these dreams I’ve had, Nardia? What are they? Just dreams as *mother* says?” C’leen asked. “Or are they part of this mysterious prophecy in this book?”

“That I cannot answer, C’leen, but it does seem to fit,” Nardia said quietly, neither affirming nor denying the answer to her questions; personally, she believed the prophecy and always had.

C’leen was thoughtful for a while, quiet as she finished copying the book. “I will take this back to Professor Drewz and admit borrowing it and why. Would you care to accompany me Nardia?” She smiled a little.

“Why do you think I would wish to come?” Nardia asked off-handedly.

“Because you two have been in love for a very long time. I’ve known for a very long time as well.” C’leen teased and took her friend’s hand, “Come.”

Nardia knew she had no other option. C’leen had discovered the truth or close enough. Aside from becoming C’leen’s attendant, under odd conditions, when she was but six weeks old, Nardia had no real answers. From the beginning, it had struck her strange that a baby would suddenly dislike her mother, which was what C’leen had done two nights after they had returned from the formal announcement of her engagement to the Prince of Kaxt’r.

Nardia sadly remembered those days. She had just lost her own child, a rare event in their world. Injured in a freak commercial shuttle-plane accident, only Nardia and her unborn child had survived. But that precious mote of life had lasted only briefly, making her wish that she had followed their child. For only a few months later, her husband had been killed in a training mission leaving her totally alone, her heart near breaking. She had immediately bonded to C’leen, dedicating her life to the suddenly unhappy infant. When the child’s parents would come near her, she would scream and only Nardia could calm her. What started as vague suspicions soon became well supported ones with evidence of sedition against the crown of Pollx. Evidence Nardia secretly had hidden away when C’leen’s parents had sent her to school here on the Erudition World at the age of eight. She went home to Pollx twice a year and only for short visits.

Nardia had grown up on this world, though her parents were from Pollx, both were teachers and had lived here until they retired. Nardia knew this world better than Pollx and she had learned the customs of the Erudition World as well as things most



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women of Pollx didn't learn, certainly not a Princess. Skills that would, she hoped, help C'leen survive if she had to.

C'leen was old enough—and smart enough—to have learned the truth of her heritage, or part of it. Nardia didn't have answers to the rest, only her suspicions. Drewz might know more, or he might send a communication to his world and contact Prince Thrux to come for his bride. Should that happen, Nardia didn't know what she would do, or what C'leen would do. By the terms of the treaty her parents had signed, their engagement was legal and binding. C'leen's parents had not attempted to nullify the agreement; they had ignored it as if it didn't exist. But their time had run out. Now they would have to make a decision; either honor the marriage, allowing the two worlds to be jointly ruled, or find a legal reason to nullify it.

Either way, by Pollx law, C'leen was next in line for the throne of Pollx. From the secret information she received, Nardia was more than certain that Pollx was on the verge of civil war. Nardia's family kept her informed on the political situations on her home world. The people of Pollx had grown tired of the decadence their king and queen had allowed their world to fall into. It seemed the Anarchy had begun the night the rightful king and queen had secretly been sent into exile two days after the treaty had been signed, growing steadily worse over the years since Pardo and Klarx had taken control, but there was no proof they were impostures, only the conditions grew worse. Nardia knew it was only a matter of time until civil war would change things.

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Both scoundrels, now King Pardo and Queen Klarx, had quickly found after exiling their twins, the true King Pardx and Queen Cleoz, that they were highly attracted to each other. Queen Klarx's ego was such she was not one to easily give in to a man's demands even if he was the king. After Pardo returned from stranding their respective twins in exile, the usurpers found themselves alone in the Royal Chambers, shared by their rightful predecessors, Pardo unexpectedly pulled Klarx into his embrace. She pushed him away with a harsh laugh.

"I don't remember consenting to any, ah, bedroom privileges in our agreement," she said in a sassy manner, but her eyes were warm and inviting.

"I didn't ask." He pulled her back, his greater strength holding her tight to his muscular body. "I intend to take what I want, after all I am King now, my Queen," his voice softened as his lips lowered to taste hers.

"You assume a great deal, milord," Klarx whispered against his lips as he released her. She slipped her leg behind his; pulling his legs from beneath him, and they both tumbled onto the bed they stood beside. "So I too will demand a great deal, my king."

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Her mouth covered his, their tongues fenced with each other as they hurriedly pushed their royal robes from each other's bodies. A resounding rip broke the sound of their impassioned breathing, Pardo had torn Klarx's chemise in his hurry to reach and taste her breast.

"Ach!" she sighed, her hand caressed his fully-grown cock beneath his brocade breeches as she pulled at the cord that held the fly closed.

Klarx worked to free the monster straining against the prison of his breeches, as his hand caressed down across her belly, "I see why my dear sister was always so satisfied. I assume you are a twin to your exiled brother in this manner as well," she said in a saucy manner.

"You might say I got a better than twins advantage in this area," he bragged as his hand slid down her belly to find the wet stream of nectar flowing from her core. His fingers worked between her nether lips, trapping her clit to tease the delicate organ between two digits. Klarx threw her head back and cried out pulling the cord free of his fly as she climaxed. His lips kissed their way down her flat belly to blow softly through the hairs of her mound. Her hand encircled his cock, pumping the steaming hot rod that she yearned to feel inside her. First Pardo tortured her with his tongue, bringing Klarx close to another climax before he allowed her to guide him to her wet entrance.

"Beg for it," he demanded, looking into her silvery eyes so much like her sister's. So many times before, he had wanted to see passion's heat in the depths of those molten orbs. "I want to see a Queen beg."

"No," she refused.

He pulled away with a little laugh, "I'll just find a wench..."

"No," she howled. "Take me now, please," she begged, swearing silently he would pay for making her beg. Confirming the indignity to herself as he entered her slowly, making her crave every inch of his thick, long, hot cock until it seemed she would explode. She wrapped her strong legs around his waist. "Ride me!" she demanded.

With a groan and a low laugh issued from deep in his throat, a sound like that of an animal in rut, he said, "It will always be like this with you." He began to fuck her. She placed her hands on his large muscle-bound shoulders her long nails digging in. He reached up and took them away to trap them above her head. With a gleam in his eyes, he nipped playfully at her lips then her breasts until he knew he would soon reach his peak and he slowed, drawing back to stare into her eyes again. He continued to pump into her near climaxing body, her breath in short gasps.

"I remind you, my Queen," his eyes grew fierce, "never forget who is King, and who is Queen." With a sudden thrust, he brought them both to a shattering climax, one

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like Klarx had never known—one she would not forget, nor the warning in his voice. After a short time, she rose from the bed and entered their large bathing pool, where she remained until she heard his even snores.

Since that night almost eighteen years before, King Pardx’s court had become a place of sexual debauchery Queen Cleoz seemed to enjoy as much as her husband. Their Monarchy’s sudden change in morals, at first confused the court, but they quickly fell into the suddenly loosened morals, choosing not to question the change. After the birth of a Prince to the king and queen, a year later, neither remained faithful to the other or cared what partners the other took.

Their sixteen-year-old son Prince Polx sauntered into the room, “Son,” his father addressed him, “it is time for you to begin to assume some of your royal duties as the future ruler of our world.”

The Prince stopped and looked at his father strangely. “Father, has something happened to C’leen?” Polx held a strong fondness for his slightly older sister; actually, C’leen was his first cousin.

“No, son, nothing has happened to your *sister* but should it, you would have to be ready to take over, and do so immediately,” his mother explained.

“That is well.” The boy smiled. “C’leen will be a fine Queen, besides, there are other things I have interests in.” His eyes took in the slender form of one of the servant girls, and followed her from the room, a lustful look in his eyes.

“He could be a problem,” his mother said.

“No,” his father shook his head, “not after weapons training and a few nights at a woman’s couch.” He missed the disgusted look in the Queen’s face as he rose from the throne. “I have an appointment with two members of our housekeeping staff” he smiled, “concerning the poor maintenance conditions of my chambers. I think a severe chastisement is in order.” With a wicked smile on his lips, thoughts of the young servant girls who awaited him and of tying them to his bed, gave him great pleasure. He eased his growing cock to a more comfortable position, and left the throne room. Klarx knew what he was going to do, and it had nothing to do with the hygiene of his sleep quarters.

Giving him a good fifteen minutes, she followed him. Going into her adjoining suite to a well-hidden nook where she could comfortably watch what her husband was doing in his bedchamber. Before Klarx stood two of her housekeeping staff stripped to their undergarments, their sweet, young faces beat red in embarrassment, their heads down, as were their eyes. A little smile played upon their slightly opened lips, their breath panting in short draws through cherry mouths.

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Pardo held a little switch, which he gently ran over their pert young breasts, and though she couldn't see the girl's nipples, Klarx knew they grew taught by the gleam she saw in Pardo's eyes. The girls held their delicate white hands before them until he used the switch to tickle them apart and they held them to their sides. He then used the same method to spread their legs. He struck them sharply in between their creamy, white thighs with the switch of dried reeds. The slight sting of discomfort from the light sting caused them to jump, and then giggle in enjoying, bringing desire with it, both girls growing wet between their legs enjoying the desire in their king's eyes, and his favor.

"Girls," he said in a stern voice, "you did such a poor job making my bed this morning," his voice changed to a teasing one, "I would guess," he kissed one on the mouth, "that if we got into that bed and," he licked the other's lips, "played, the sheets would come loose, don't you?"

"Yes, milord," they said repentantly, "but we would make the bed again for you," one smiled.

"And do a better job this time, my king," the other said, brazen enough to rub his penis.

"I will give you the chance, but first, for doing such a poor job the first time, you must be punished." A tear rolled down one's cheek.

"So you fear I will hurt you?" he gently caressed her cheek, "Lie on the bed," he commanded.

The girls did as they were told, and Klarx watched as he delivered three light strokes to each creamy, rounded backside. Their light, rough foreplay led to a sweet ménage. One maid straddled atop his mighty cock, the other girl knelt over his face, on her knees, while Pardo enjoyed the taste of her sweet sex and fondled her breasts. He found his first climax of the evening, his cock buried deep inside the maid's sheath.

Watching the three left Klarx in need of her own satisfaction for the night and she called her favorite bodyguards to her chambers.

"I feel ill at ease this night my mighty warriors," she told them, "as if some ill begotten villain is sneaking around in my gardens, and I do need a swim, would you care to join me and guard this royal person?" she asked them as she caressed her perfect body with her own hands.

"It would be our most enjoyable honor, milady," they both answered with knowing gleams in their eyes, and began to strip off their heavy amour and red linen undergarments.

Klarx smiled seductively and dropped the translucent lime green body scarf she had wrapped around herself. Turning, she dove into the scented pool, her long, dark

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blonde-red hair trailing behind her. Both guards followed her, surfacing next to their mistress; their strong hands gently caressed her lithe body with promises of more intimate caresses.

While she lounged on a floating pad, they massaged her tight muscles. Their strong male hands gently worked away her knots, and soon her body purred to their knowing ministrations. While one set of masculine lips suckled her voluptuous breasts, the other brought her to climax after climax, enjoying the taste of her heated sex, his tongue repeatedly thrusting into her body. When their Queen was ready to be ridden into ecstasy by their cocks, each bodyguard took his turn, gleefully fulfilling their duty and their own pleasure, leaving her in a euphoric state to sleep the night away in bliss. One assumed the honor of putting her royal person into her large bed, and both joining her there to sleep on either side, should she require their protection during the night.

Groups of common citizens gathered, small in numbers, a few outside the palace, some in other places, all talking of the raised taxes, decrease in benefits, and security measures. But neither monarch cared what the other did. They had their heir, their comforts, and their power. Neither saw the civil unrest around them about to erupt. Law and order were kept by graft and bribes.

What was once a prosperous planet in agriculture, mining, and trade, was now a place of growing dissent. An underground movement to overthrow the king and queen and place C'leen on the throne and marry Thrux sooner than her eighteenth birthday, the only trade the common people wanted was to be rid of their king and queen, and the court they failed to keep in line.

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### Chapter Two

Prince ThruX was bored with the politics that had nettled him, keeping him from coming to know his future wife over the years. The treaty was legally signed and binding.

Tired of polite games he was going after his bride. According to his parents, they and the monarchy of Pollx had parted on the friendliest of terms after their heirs' simultaneous births. His parents told him stories of how they had slept peacefully together in the same crib, their hands joined, each hand with the same imprint of the twin symbol of Gemini in their palms. He looked at that symbol in the palm of his hand, wondering if his bride ever questioned the symbol in her palm. He ran his finger over the imprint thinking hard about C'leen and the danger she was in, and didn't realize it.

From reports gained through their agents on the planet Pollx and on the Erudition World, Princess C'leen was unaware of the treaty, her impending marriage, or the political unrest on her birth world. It seemed her brother, born two years after her, was her parents' choice to rule, though they had not made a formal change in the designation of heirs. C'leen was still recognized as the heir apparent.

The appointed day of their nuptials drew nearer and still he had yet to meet his bride. His father's spies inside Pollx's government had sent warnings of the possibility of an assassination attempt on C'leen's life by her own parents – if they were her parents. Here the larger part of a mystery had begun only two days after the King and Queen of Pollx returned home eighteen years earlier after the treaty was signed. Since then, his parents had made numerous attempts to renew and fortify the relations between the two worlds, having parted friends with their counterparts. However, all diplomatic attempts failed, their ambassadors was turned away and denied an audience with the King and Queen of Pollx, and any visitations with Princess C'leen were refused. At the age of eight, she was sent away to school on the Erudition World, along with the woman Nardia, her attendant. Hushed stories told that the Princess could not stand to be in the company of her parents nor could they tolerate her.

ThruX went to his father. He had reached the limit of his youthful patience. He wanted to see the woman he would spend the rest of his life with. He was also concerned

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for her safety, being aware of a prophecy made by a holy man moments before the man's murder, concerning their future.

“Son, I understand your concern.” King T’pax rested his arm around the broad shoulders of his warrior son. T’pax knew he would be a great king, and C’leen, from what his agents had told him, was an ethical girl, despite her parents, or obvious lack of them. Actually, T’pax believed a political takeover had taken place just days after they had returned from their treaty signing and the brother and sister of the monarchy had overthrown their siblings, seizing the throne. He hoped the real king and queen still lived and were in exile. T’pax questioned why they had allowed the Princess to live after their son had been born. Perhaps they still planned to use her as a bargaining chip in a marriage to keep the peace. She would yet marry Thurx and be his queen, but *their* son would rule Pollx. However, this would not breach the gap, the worlds must be united, and the only way this would occur would be if a child of both worlds sat on the dual thrones.

“I sympathize with you, my son. Your mother and I both fear for Princess C’leen. We are prepared to send a squad of Kaxt’r’s best to bring her safely here,” he offered.

“Our thoughts run along the same lines, my lord. However, I wish to lead the squad.” His son had declared what he had expected and dreaded—it would put his life at risk.

“Son, I cannot sanction your life put at such risk, there could be Pollx assassins at work who would take great joy, not to mention credit, in taking your life,” his father said.

“You are correct, my father, and if I do not go and she is killed, I will never be able to live with myself,” the Prince said, looking him calmly in the eyes. His father’s hand rested on his son’s well-muscled shoulder, reminding him he was no longer a child but a young warrior, battle hardened and worthy to take care of himself and lead the squad. The King sighed, not realizing her Majesty the Queen had witnessed the entire conversation from the shadows of the great hall.

Quietly remaining in the shadows, she strode forward slowly, many thoughts progressing through her mind.

She remembered the moonlit night she had conceived her handsome son. Frightened, alone, and young, her twin sister had been killed in a space battle between her squad and a band of brigands defending her ship. The duty to marry the King of Kaxt’r had then fallen to her. She had met T’pax at the ceremony, as they knelt before their Vicar beseeching the blessings of God on their union. Swear their oaths before Him and their gathered peoples, guarantying their loyalty to be true to each other, carrying out their duties with all their strength and commitment. Love had not been mentioned; tears

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had streamed slightly from her deep mauve eyes. The Vicar had placed her delicate, trembling hand into the strong, warm hand of T'pax.

He turned to look at her, feeling her tremble, he had gently tightened his hold to assure her of his strength to care for her. A slight smile caressed his handsome face and his full lips. He assisted her to rise and, lifting her veil, saw the tears glistening in her eyes as he drew her slowly close and gently kissed her. "I promise you, Jesline," he said quietly for her alone, "I will make you a happy woman." He looked deep into her eyes.

"I promise to be a loyal and faithful wife," she said truthfully, not knowing him, she could not promise to love him.

"We will know love as well." He took her hand and led her from the cathedral. Jesline remained quiet, remembering and watching her husband and son. Thinking back to her wedding night as T'pax began to see his promise met. His gentle hands and manner had won her trust, his lips her passion, and both her desire. Jesline remembered their first night was as close to heaven as a person could get and still live. T'pax had taught her body to respond to his kisses, not just on her lips but her breasts as he teased them, her neck when his tongue tasted her delicate skin as he licked his way down her body to her navel where she stopped him. Here he commanded her, as her king, to lay still and relax.

She had dared not disobey, as his lips had tasted her body downward and between her legs, arousing her until she couldn't lie still, and he had chuckled with happiness at her first climax. Then covering her body with his own, to enter her with his enraged penis, hard, hot, and ready to take her yet to a higher climax. One he joined her in, as he tasted her mouth again, stroking her tongue gently, keeping her aroused while her body became a woman. They lay together when they finished. He held her close until they slept. He had taken her to paradise and when the first streaks of morning vaguely lit the sky, they slept, Jesline contently in her husband's arms, their legs laced together. Ten months later the Prince was born and the peace treaty signed. Jesline stepped out of the shadows a smile on her face, she knew her son had to go and get his wife.

"You must let him go, T'pax," Jesline said gently to her husband, her eyes telling him she loved him. He had met his promise of so long ago on their wedding day, but she had told him that many times since.

"Thank you, mother!" Thurx bowed slightly, then kissed her cheek, hugged his mother, and left the room.

"When he returns with his bride I will tell him, a younger brother or sister now will not threaten his assumption of the throne." Jesline smiled teasingly. There wasn't any question who would rule after them.



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“No, actually, I think he’ll be happy,” T’pax agreed.

Thrux stopped several yards away, turned, and came back.

“Oh, by the way, I am glad to be having a brother or sister,” he laughed.

“How did you know?” His mother asked

“I have spies as well, my beloved mother, take care of my baby brother or sister, I intend to spoil her or him rotten.” Laughing he left.

Thurx felt no threat. He knew there was none, only a reason for rejoicing.

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### Chapter Three

On the planet Pollx, the fake monarchy, the twin brother of the rightful King Pardx, Prince Pardo, and the twin sister of Queen Cleoz, Princess Klarx were becoming anxious. The condition of their court and much of their nobility had degenerated over the passing years into hedonism. Finally noticed by their rulers who had set the example, they now looked for others to blame for their lack of leadership skills. Wrapped-up in the luxuries and privileges of their high office, neglecting their sworn duties, had brought Pollx to the verge of civil war.

Over the years, the rumors concerning the fake king and queen had convinced most of the population of their validity. The people wanted their rightful Princess on the throne even before her birthday, and they expected the terms of the treaty be met. Only this way could they get rid of the current king and queen without bloodshed. By demonstrations in the streets, they made their demands known. Prince Thurx, C'leen's espoused husband, was known to be a principled man, and the population felt he and C'leen would set the government right.

Pardo and Klarx were in a near panic, they had planned to put their own son on the throne, but their people made it clear this would not satisfy their requirements. Their only hope of Prince Polx ruling was if Princess C'leen was dead, and so King Pardo set about arranging her death.

Prince Thurx learned of the confirmation of the heretofore rumors while in flight to the Erudition World. He was informed by their spies on Pollx, that orders were issued to kill C'leen, removing her from the line of ascension, forcing the people of Pollx to accept Prince Polx. He immediately contacted his chief agent on the Erudition World, a Professor of History, named Drewz, informing him to take the Princess into protective custody and hide her.

"My lord, this is easier said than done," Drewz said, bowing respectfully before the monitor. "Her Highness is a very well trained lady with a strong mind of her own."

"Drewz, you have kept company with her attendant for years and you don't have the girl's trust? Surely there is something you can do, I know there is a team of assassins sent to kill her even now," Thurx explained.

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“I will do what I can, milord, and, yes, I am in love with Princess C’leen’s attendant. You must understand, milord, Nardia has taught her charge how to hide in the woods of this world, how to stay hidden for weeks, if need be, and how to defend herself in the most unconventional manners, not all of them pleasant,” Drewz explained, a slight smirk on his face thinking of those methods as he’d watched Nardia teach C’leen. “It would be best if you could win the lady’s favors.”

“I agree, Drewz, but to do so, I must be able to communicate with the lady, and I haven’t been able to so much as say a word to her,” Thrux explained. “Please do what you can, I will be there shortly. My long range sensors tell us that a Pollx ship is preparing to land, it might be a good idea to get her soon.” There was a short pause, “Drewz, I would hurry, it just landed. We land in an hour. Behind us, there is another group of three Pollx ships. That will mean a team of six, probably all assassins sent to back up the first ship should they fail. Thrux out.”

A knock at his door drew Drewz’ attention away, going to answer it, he was surprised to find Nardia and C’leen standing on the other side. C’leen held his history book in her arms.

“Professor, I have come to return this.” She held out his book, “I...ah...borrowed it. It seems my book wasn’t at all factual about the history of my world. I hope you will forgive me for just taking it without asking, but I was afraid you would not allow me to read it, and it was terribly important for me to do so.”

“Come in,” he said, and to C’leen’s surprise, he kissed Nardia. “Princess C’leen, Nardia, please forgive my bluntness, you must leave the campus and hide. A ship from Pollx has just landed, and the information I have been made privy to tells me it contains assassins who intend to kill you.”

“How do you know this?” Nardia asked, astonished.

“I haven’t time to explain, I will later, but, Nardia,” he turned to his love, “as I know you love her, and for your love of me, take her and hide her and yourself, they will kill her, and you, if they can,” Drewz explained. “Now go!”

“Now wait just a minute, before I go anywhere, I want some answers,” C’leen said firmly. She rubbed the palm of her hand where the Gemini birthmark symbol was, Nardia looked at her questioningly. “My palm feels as if someone just rubbed it,” she shrugged. She rubbed it again and a far away look came over her, she shook herself mentally.

“Nardia, I know you have hidden certain information,” Drewz said, “I suspect where as well. Take C’leen there, it is the safest place. Allow her to see that information;

### *Sultry Summers*

explain as much as you can. I will come for you with help as soon as I can, possibly within hours.”

“Come, C’leen,” Nardia said, glancing out the window as the ship from Pollx shut down their engines. Drewz had a good view of their spaceport from his apartment.

Nardia and C’leen walked across the courtyard, C’leen dressed in her school uniform so she looked much like any other student, many of the students had attendants or servants, so they blended in. Coming directly at them were two of Pollx’s top military Commanders, one knew C’leen well. He had taught her to swordfight, Commander Rolff. C’leen was stunned that this man would attempt to kill her. She stopped in her tracks without realizing she had until Nardia pulled her along.

“C’leen we must not be caught!” she whispered loudly but it was too late, she had been seen. The two started toward her.

“Your Highness, Princess C’leen!” Commander Rolff called.

C’leen turned toward him expecting to be shot with a plasma gun, but she would face him, she would not run, her hand rested on her dress uniform sword. “Commander Rolff, what are you doing here?” she questioned as he bowed briefly.

“We have orders from your parents to return you to Pollx,” the Commander explained.

“Why Commander?” C’leen questioned, surprise in her voice.

“Milady, they only requested that I return you home, they didn’t tell me why.” Rolff smiled as comforting as he could.

“I will have to have a direct order from them, Commander,” C’leen said. “I will call them from my quarters, meantime you and your,” she turned to the man with the Commander, “subordinate can go to the canteen and get some lunch.”

“As your Highness wishes,” Rolff agreed, aware that he couldn’t take her against her will, by force in public. He wasn’t happy with this assignment anyway, he didn’t understand why they had ordered him to return Princess C’leen home now, and with this *man* who was with him. He wasn’t in the regular military of Pollx. Rolff suspected he was an assassin, which meant he would attempt to kill the Princess, something Rolff would not allow.

He watched C’leen and her attendant walk toward the Princess’ quarters. He did as she had suggested and went to wait in the canteen.

## Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS

### Chapter Four

“Now, milady,” Nardia said, “we have to get away from here.” They reached her quarters and each quickly threw some necessities into a backpack.

“I agree, Nardia, and I’m glad you know this planet, but where?” C’leen asked.

“I’ll show you,” she said with a knowing smile. “I have always been a little afraid this might happen. Now let’s go and get away before those two come after us.”

They had slipped out of the building and into the nearby woods, stopping for a moment to watch, hearing familiar voices as Commander Rolff and the other man were yelling at her quarters’ door. C’leen and Nardia not being there to answer they began to break the door in.

“Let’s go, Nardia,” C’leen said, and they faded into the woods. The assassin turned and caught a glimpse of the two as they faded into the woods. C’leen heard the breaking and pounding stop and saw them start to run towards the woods, knowing they were now being hunted she told Nardia and they broke into a full run. Nardia, knowing where they were going, and the area, quickly managed to hide them and, a few minutes later, their pursuers ran past.

Nardia took C’leen’s hand, quietly, slowly, and staying low in the thick, green brush, they started in a different direction. As they put more distance between them and their pursuers, they picked up their traveling speed. Nardia suddenly stopped and dropped down, pulling C’leen with her, both lay flat on the ground. Voices intruded on the natural sounds of the forest.

“When we find her,” the man with Rolff said, “I have orders to kill her if she will not return to Pollx. It doesn’t matter,” he shrugged, “if she does return, the king and queen will put her on trial for treason and she will be executed.”

“Treason?” Rolff questioned. “How could she be guilty of treason, she hasn’t been on world for more than two weeks at a time since she was eight. Her parents will not allow her home, they keep her here.”

“They want her brother on the throne and her out of the way. If she lives, she’ll marry Prince Thurx, and the planet will come under their joint rule. There are those who do not want that to happen,” the assassin said.

### *Sultry Summers*

“Yes, I am sure there are. The nobles,” Rolff scoffed.

“Doesn’t matter to me,” the assassin said. They took off again and C’leen and Nardia stood up.

By dusk, C’leen and Nardia had reached a cabin well hidden in the deepest woods of the planet. “Here we should be safe,” Nardia said, “for the night at least, and here C’leen, I have the evidence I have managed to hide over the years that proves the King and Queen on the throne of Pollx, are not your parents.”

C’leen was amazed at the cabin Nardia led her to. Built into the trunk of a massive living tree, the cabin wasn’t visible from the outside unless the person knew it was there. In the waning light, C’leen looked through the files of information, most of it on paper that Nardia had painstakingly accumulated over the years proving her accusations true. When C’leen cried, she comforted her, when she became angry, she let her vent her rage. In the end, C’leen knew she would have to marry the Prince from the world of Kaxt’r, even though she didn’t know him, nor had ever met him. She knew too, she might have to kill a man who had taught her as a child to swordfight, and whom she had become fond of. By the mid-portion of the night, with the lights all extinguished least they give their position away, C’leen fell asleep in Nardia’s arms.

At first light, both women woke and ate some of the rations they had brought with them in their packs. C’leen was strangely quiet and Nardia didn’t push her, yet she wondered what her lady was planning to do.

“What next?” she finally asked.

“I don’t know yet. How soon before they find us here?” C’leen asked.

“Possibly never, but C’leen, I know you, and you will not let this pass,” Nardia said with some humor in her voice.

“No, I won’t,” C’leen replied with a firm determination in her voice. “I want my throne, it is mine. I want to know what has happened to my real parents. I want justice for them and my world. Lastly, I don’t want to marry a man I don’t know, but I was committed to do so and, in honor, will. Besides, I believe it will be the only way to keep our two worlds at true peace.” She paced a few steps, and then looked to Nardia, “How can we contact Drewz, he’ll know how to contact Prince Thrux.”

A light knock at the door caused them both to jump, and look with worried eyes to each other until a familiar voice alerted them to Drewz’s presence.

“Nardia, open for me,” he said.

She threw the doors open and jumped into his arms not noticing the seven-armed men who stood behind him. C’leen however, saw them and stood, sword drawn and ready to fight. She found her eyes drawn to one man in particular.

### **Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

He stood a little taller than the others did. His strange mauve eyes slowly moved over her, taking in every inch of her, when his eyes once again met hers she felt naked, her face flushed. No introduction was needed, she knew this man. A sensation swept through her that she had always known him—Prince Thurx. C’leen had a sudden feeling fate had turned full circle, deep down in her soul, she knew the prophecy to be coming true.

Yet, she was not a woman to fall into a man’s arms and with men hunting her with her death on their minds, she would take no chances. Besides, she might be duty and honor bound to this man, that didn’t mean she would be his chattel.

“I was so worried about you and C’leen when I saw those men come after you.” Drewz explained, “I had to await the arrival of...” His face turned red realizing he had revealed his collusion with the Prince. “Prince Thurx, Nardia, please understand, you know I am from Kaxt’r...”

“Explanations’ are not needed, for now,” Nardia said in a slight forgiving tone, telling him later they would talk of this. “I would have come to you this day and have you contact him anyway” she gestured to the Prince, “to secure milady’s life. Now I think introductions are long overdue.”

“I agree,” the Prince said in an authoritative tone, yet C’leen noted he had allowed Drewz and Nardia, *their time* before he insisted on that. It spoke well of him.

Drewz stepped slightly aside and allowed his Highness to step forward, C’leen didn’t move but eyed him with complete distrust, “This is His Highness Prince Thrux of the world Kaxt’r, your Highness, the Princess of Pollx Her Highness C’leen.”

Thrux smiled as cordially as the circumstances allowed and bowed slightly. C’leen neither smiled, nor bowed, she inclined her head slightly. “It is an honor to meet you at last, Prince Thurx,” she said.

“And I you, Princess,” he agreed. She was, as he had seen her in his dreams, violet eyed, long honey hair that shaped her oval face and fell in long waves to a slender waist. A warrior’s body with muscles that would give her the strength to fight next to him in battle, and hold her own—a woman fit to be his Queen.

“Under the circumstances, we need to leave and get you to safety. Another ship from Pollx landed after the first, just after we did,” he informed them, “there will be six others looking for you, Lady C’leen, and these will not be as inept as the first two. Your Commander Rolff has led the assassin with him well-away from this place, I believe by intention.”

### *Sultry Summers*

“He was my sword master as a child,” C’leen said with a note of sadness in her voice. “I suspect his orders from my--ah--from the King and Queen of Pollx didn’t sit well with him.”

“You are as intuitive as I thought you were, milady,” the Prince said, sheathing his sword, as did the other men in Thurx’s group. C’leen did the same. His eyes had yet to leave C’leen even as he sheathed his sword and she was becoming uneasy.

“Your Highness,” she addressed him, “is there some aspect of my appearance that in some way annoys you?”

“Annoys?” Thurx’s smile was wide and genuine this time. “Nay, my lady, I find your appearance entrancing.”

Never had a man dared speak to her in such a manner. She had no reply for such a statement; her face flushed, and realized this man would rule two worlds with her. She couldn’t allow him to get the better of her so easily. “Then I bid you, Your Highness, as you said, let us go.” C’leen brushed by him and started down the barely visible path. Feeling Thurx close behind her, she set a hard pace; she was fit enough, now she would see if he and his men were.

Nardia heard the enemy coming and motioned C’leen down. Thurx was a little shocked when his warrior wife suddenly disappeared into the green foliage, but soon followed her and within a few minutes, four of Pollx’s secret police came crashing through the woods. Leaving them to consider where the others were, possibly with their ships should they come back, a situation to keep sharp in the mind once they neared the school.

C’leen signaled Nardia, she was going to take them out. Nardia shook her head no, but before she could stop her, C’leen had taken two out and they lay dead in the woods. Not to be outdone, Thurx and his men took care of the others, one managing to escape. Regrouping to assess their minor wounds, they made it back to the school within an hour where they confronted Rolff who stood between C’leen and the assassin with him.

“My lady C’leen, I am thankful to have finally found you, I was becoming concerned,” he said, eyeing the Prince and the men accompanying him.

“More to the point, Commander,” she said her tone full of sarcasm, “to force me to return to Pollx or see my dead body?”

“My lady, no...” Rolff denied, he would never have allowed the assassin to kill her. He had planned to take her to Kaxt’r after getting her into space.



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“Commander, the assassins who were sent after me lay dead in the forest,” she motioned toward the forest, “and this one,” her eyes were sharp enough to kill the man who would not look her directly in the eyes, “what of him?”

“My lady, my loyalties are to you and the crown,” he swore. “There are those on Pollx who know there is something not right in the palace. Please return with me and I swear on my life I will protect you.”

She relented a little. “I believe you, but one man cannot stand against the entire military of Pollx.” As C’leen watched, the assassin who had accompanied Rolff was surrounded by Thurx’s men, and then led away, to be taken to Kaxt’r. “Go back to Pollx, tell my--tell the King and Queen, he,” she motioned with a shrug, “was killed. Be my eyes and ears.”

“And what of you, milady?” Rolff asked.

C’leen looked to Thurx who still watched her intently, she was forced to look into his haunting, enticing desire-filled eyes, “I am honor bound to do my duty and will do so. I will go to Kaxt’r with His Highness.” C’leen drew a deep breath, “I don’t believe my life is threatened there.” His look grew hard and she glimpsed a side of him that could possibly be cold. She shivered and turned back to Rolff. “I will take Nardia in my own ship, I will be fine.”

Bowing, Rolff left, bound for their home world of Pollx, and a civil war about to explode.

C’leen turned to the Prince. “Your Highness, I will pack my belongings and join you on Kaxt’r, you need not wait for me.”

“On the contrary, C’leen,” he addressed her on a less formal note, “I will escort you. You don’t know what might lie in ambush for you between here and Kaxt’r; one of those assassins did get away. I will not take a chance with your life.” He turned to his men and ordered their ships readied, and then escorted C’leen and Nardia back to her quarters, along with Drewz.

“My lady, Drewz will return to Kaxt’r as well. I am going to assist him, as our packing is done,” Nardia requested.

“Certainly, Nardia,” she agreed. After Nardia left, C’leen found she was alone with Thurx. For a long moment, she stood and stared at him. He stared back with a slight grin on his face, knowing she was uncomfortable. He walked towards her, and she backed up. “It would be best if you waited...out...side,” C’leen managed to whisper.

“No,” he said firmly, “I have waited too long to finally meet you. Your parents have kept us apart...”

### *Sultry Summers*

“Do not call those people my parents, they are not! I don’t know where my parents are,” she said, her breath short, her voice low and shaky, as she bumped the wall.

“I know,” he said gently, reaching out his hands and touching her shoulders, his hands were warm; his strength flowed through his body into hers. He drew her towards his strong body, suddenly she felt weak, grateful for his presence. However, Nardia had raised her to be a queen, and she was the true daughter of the king and queen, and heir to the throne, one would see her weakness.

“I know,” he continued, “before the others, the public, the court, our people, we must be strong and united.” He lifted her chin so she was forced to look into his mauve eyes, “I know you have had a life with little love. I promise you, C’leen, with me, you can be yourself. I know you are a warrior, I saw you fight, but with me you can be a woman.” He kissed her hands, “Have you read the prophecy about our marriage?”

“Only yesterday,” C’leen admitted.

“Do you believe it?” he asked. “Have you had dreams of me, my soul twin?”

“I..ah...” She didn’t want to admit the dreams she had experienced were anything more than just dreams. “They were but dreams,” she tried to sound convincing, then looked at him and knew he was the man she had seen since she was a child. They were true soul twins. Still, she was not yet ready to submit to this handsome, winning Prince, she had to be secure of her own throne first.

“I can tell you do not want to believe.” He smiled in sympathy, “but you do. I was taught our religion growing up and to believe it. I have seen you so many nights and even in waking dreams. I have watched you grow up. I remember dresses you have worn.” He described some with frightening accuracy.

“I would say you have had good spies watching me.” Yet she knew it wasn’t true, and he chuckled knowing she knew too. She drew a deep breath, “I have seen you as well,” she admitted, after a long silence and in a quiet voice. “I thought the visions were just my imagination,” she paused. “This is very difficult, I do not know if my true parents are alive or dead. The ones who were supposed to protect and take care of me have not done that. Thank the One for Nardia, she has given me love, and I trust her. She has helped me through so much, as you have seen. All I know of life, she has taught me. I hope she has found love with Drewz. That was why I let her go; she deserves to be with him. Perhaps on your world they can be happy—even if I..”

“What makes you think you will not be?” Thurx asked, reading her mind with frightening ease. All this time his hands had not left her shoulders, except to drop lower on her arms or caress them slowly, sending gentle waves of pleasure through her body that had now heated her body into desire.

### **Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

“I don’t know you, even if we are—as you say—soul twins,” she grinned snidely in disbelief, “That type of happiness is found only in books written by imaginative old spinsters who dream of the way they would have had their lives turn out.”

Thurx roared with laughter at her, not seeing the indignant look on her face. “My parents are expecting their second child. They are the product of an arranged marriage, a story I will tell you on the way back to my world, another pilot can fly your ship.” He saw the outraged look on her face.

“You didn’t think I would allow you to fly back in your own ship, did you? And have you fly off on your own?” He grinned again. “Besides, I want you to myself, to get to know you. As for the first comment, those types of relationships do happen, and” his eyes looked deep into her lavender ones that now glistened with tears, “I promise you C’leen, you will love me as I already love you.”

“Ha!” she scoffed. “I don’t believe you...” She managed to say before his lips covered her lips. Her first true kiss of passion, sent tendrils of heat, penetrating each cell of her trembling body. His strong arms surrounded her. She fought against him, yet as strong as she was, as valiant fighter as he had witnessed, he held her tight in his arms, his tongue tasting hers, draining her resistance for reasons she did not understand. Along with the searing waves of desire came other unexpected sensations, flashes of memories, a soft voice speaking words of inheritance that a mother would pass to her daughter. Confusion left her reeling, leaving her wanting more when his lips lifted from hers, her eyes still closed, her resistance ceased. Seeing her momentary lapse, he took advantage and his lips touched hers again, softly. Gently, his arms cradled her, one hand molding her body to his, at last to draw away from a breathless, stunned, perplexed Princess.

“I think we will spend many, many hours of pleasure together.” He kissed away tears from emotions she had never experienced and lightly kissed her sensitive lips again. “Now, let’s work on getting you out of here.” He picked up the heavier of her bags, she the lighter. “I’ll send one of my men back for the other two, and he will bring them in his ship. For now, I want you on the way home.” He saw the strange look of suspicion slip past her eyes. “Yes, home for now, until we can settle the political situation on Pollx. Then we will spend time on both worlds. From what our spies have told us, I know your people want you back. C’leen, they love you.”

“But how?” C’leen asked incredulous, “My people do not know me.”

“Later, when you are safe, we will examine this situation, for now, let’s go.” He stepped out the door and was lucky not to be hit by a blast from a plasma pistol. Both ducked beneath the guardrail of the walk, drew their own weapons, and left the baggage. “I’ll send another one of my men for these,” he told her, as they stayed safely below the

### *Sultry Summers*

guardrail and made it to the end of the walk, turned the corner and ran zigzag across the courtyard to Thurx's ship.

"I cannot leave Nardia!" C'leen exclaimed, "She is—well, like my mother."

"Drewz will take care of her, I assure you," Thurx told her, noting the strange way she looked at him.

"I've known they were in love for some time now, but..." C'leen's face was puzzled.

"My darling bride, Drewz is your Professor of Political History, and one of the best agents in my father's service. He has been guarding you since you came here. He was only put here as a guard, but your sweet Nardia stole his heart years ago," Thurx explained quickly as he started his ship. Listening to the starting sequence commands of the other pilots, who would be escorting them as they calmly communicated their readiness over their separate channels that were audible in Thurx's ship.

"He asked her to marry him several years back and she refused him because she would not leave you, now they can be married." He stopped; an embarrassed and woebegone look came over him. "You were not supposed to know that, I'll bet?"

"No, probably not," C'leen grinned. "Now I have something over you to keep you in line." Her grin turned to a smile.

"Already you talk like a wife." He returned her smile. "Our secret, please?"

"For now, but I will not stand in the way of Nardia's happiness," C'leen said. "I will find a way to see she marries him."

"Marry me, as I know you will, that will release her. I'll assign you a new maid; you are certainly old enough to take care of yourself. Besides, Drewz is a noble on Kaxt'r, should they marry, it wouldn't be as if you would not see Nardia," he informed her. A secretive look crossed Thurx's face, and he turned to his controls, making C'leen wonder what thought had caused such an expression.

As one unit the seven ships lifted off the learning planet, set their course for Kaxt'r, C'leen's new home, and an uncertain as far as she was concerned, future. She had already decided to find her parents or what had happened to them, if they still lived, or where their bones lay. C'leen knew that first she had to see to her duty. Her parents would expect that of her. That duty was to her people on Pollx, to calm the political situation there, and to marry this man.

Looking at Thurx's back, she had to admire his form; he was a warrior with a warrior's body, hard and muscled. He was also a truly a Prince, handsome, ethical and well-mannered. If she were honest with herself, she would admit he made her blood boil. His hands had touched little of her body, yet brought her senses to such a state of arousal

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her undergarments were soaked. She knew from what Nardia had explained what that meant, and her face turned red.

Thurx chose that moment to look back at her, maybe he was her soul twin, and had either read her thoughts or sensed her arousal. Yet, nothing Nardia had told her explained the voice that came when his lips touched hers. Somehow, C'leen knew it was her mother's voice.

He smiled at her, and she knew by the heat in her body, her face was scarlet.

"I've put the ship on auto-pilot. We will fly with the others." He stepped back and sat next to her on the small couch. "Are you ill? Do you need the air turned up?" His question was sincere and concerned.

"No," she answered, possibly a little too quickly. "I'll be fine, just a flush...ah... from the excitement."

"I see," he said, and opening a hidden locker, withdrew a bottle of water chilled to the point it contained ice crystals on its surface. He opened it and handed it to her.

"Thanks." C'leen gratefully took a long drink from the bottle. "Your Highness..."

"C'leen, drop my title and call me by my name. On our wedding night will you still address me so when we are in bed?" He smiled.

"I...had not considered that time," she answered truthfully. "Thurx, do you believe my real parents are dead?"

"No. I don't think the two who sit upon *your* throne had the guts to kill their own twins," he told her.

She noticed he didn't say *our* throne but her throne. She studied him.

"I hope those two haven't put them in some horrid prison. That sickens me terribly," C'leen said and drew another long drink of the cold water, "or separated them."

"C'leen, we will do whatever we can to find them," he assured her. "If all else fails, when we do take the two imposters on your throne into custody, there are ways of forcing the truth from them."

"Torture?" C'leen asked and winced.

"No, not exactly. There are medical ways of extracting information that isn't," he smiled ghoulishly, "ah...exactly painful and doesn't do permanent damage but will bring the truth out," Thurx said just as the ship rocked. They were under attack. Thurx moved back to the pilot's seat. "Six ships from Pollx, C'leen, we will attack to only disable," he said to her.

"Let me have an open communication's link," C'leen said.

"Very well, C'leen."

### *Sultry Summers*

“This is her Highness Princess C’leen, you are ordered to cease fire and return to Pollx. I am with His Highness Thurx willingly.”

“We are ordered to either take you alive or destroy your ships. His Majesty King Pardx has charged you with treason,” the flight leader informed her, “I cannot take your orders, milady,” there was a long pause, “I am sorry, Your Highness.”

“The question is, Captain, whose orders are lawful?” C’leen asked. “Captain, be certain you make the correct decision.”

With their communications had come a pause in the shooting. C’leen held her breath, wondering if it would continue or if Thurx would be forced to fire back and possibly kill some of her people.

“Your Highness,” one of Thurx’s men informed him, “we have back up coming in.” That revelation seemed to convince the Pollx fighters to withdraw. C’leen drew a breath of relief and suppressed a need to cry.

“Thank you, Captain Crox,” Thurx addressed his pilot.

“Give him my thanks as well,” C’leen whispered her voice cracking.

With their course back on autopilot, Thurx came back to sit with C’leen. “You have lived your life unable to show your emotions. I know this, I am your soul twin, and I feel your pain. The so-called King of Pollx is not your father, thereby not the true king, he is sitting on your throne, you are not guilty of treason—he is.” Thurx put his arms around her, looked into her lavender eyes, and saw the tears she held back. About to kiss her, the communications system came alive. They had arrived at Kaxt’r. Sighing, he went back to pilot the ship.

## Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS

### Chapter Five

On Pollx, Commander Rolff reported the failure of and subsequent deaths of their assassins. He also reported seeing their daughter leaving the Erudition Planet with Prince Thrux. He conveyed that he was unsure if it was by force or if Lady C'leen was leaving with Nardia on her own volition, as there was a plasma pistol visible but not held on either woman. Rolff explained that since he was without any form of backup, he could not attempt to forcibly take the Princess and endanger her life.

King Pardo and Queen Klarx were of course displeased yet unable to hold him responsible for any misdeeds of conduct and dismissed Commander Rolff to determine what their next move would be. In the heat of their conversation, they did not see Rolff enter a hollow support beam to their huge throne room where he could hear every word that was said. It was here he learned where the real King and Queen of Pollx, King Pardx and Queen Cleoz had been in exile for the last eighteen years.

Patiently waiting until the two left, he snuck out of the palace and made contact with the underground. His information and the news that the Princess was now on her way to Kaxt'r, kept the civil war from breaking out, giving the common people hope for a solution to their problems without all-out war. Rolff began preparations for a rescue mission, one he would fly himself. He didn't trust anyone else with the security of the two people he was rescuing. He also doubted the two people would go with anyone else, he wasn't even sure they would come with him, willingly.

*Waiting was the difficult part*, Rolff thought. He had to be sure his absence wouldn't be missed for a while, giving him enough time to cleanly slip away from Pollx, and for his emission trail to have faded enough so it couldn't be traced. By one or two in the early morning hours, the guards on duty wouldn't question him, just the opposite. His rank would cause them enough concern that they might have been caught doing something they shouldn't have been doing, that his taking a shuttle wouldn't be questioned.

As he had hoped, he walked up on two guards sitting, instead of walking their guard perimeter. "What are you two doing?" he questioned, and both jumped to attention.

### *Sultry Summers*

“Commander,” both saluted, “we were...ah...having our dinner break,” the one with the highest rank replied to his question.

Rolff’s stare was severe, as he looked both of the two young officers over. “Very well, you may continue,” he informed them, walked a few paces away, and stopped. “By the way, I’ll be taking a shuttle. I have Pollx security business concerning Her Highness Princess C’leen off world, speak of this to no one, do you understand?”

“Yes sir!” the two young officers both replied at once and snapped back to attention. Relieved they weren’t in trouble for anything, as Commander Rolff was known to have a nasty temper.

Rolff took one of the several at ready shuttles kept in the bay. Securing the door from inside, he settled into the pilot’s position and began the startup sequence. As one of the shuttles kept on stand by, the ready lights registered all green as he clicked through the checklist. Engaging the thrusters, he lifted off. Clearing the planetary shields, he set his course for a neighboring world he often visited, using that destination as a distraction, landing there only briefly before he lifted off once again.

This time bound for the small planetoid known as Wazeroid, where the real monarchy of Pollx had been exiled. Wazeroid was rarely visited due to its remote location and unpredictable orbit, a perfect place to exile two people. Though the planetoid had an atmosphere and a climate that was almost paradise like, it was also very primitive, considered by most to be uninhabitable. The exiled royalty had to work and scavenge the first few years on this small foliage covered world to maintain their existence, but instead of dying as their twins had hoped, they found the secret of this unvisited world, and after finding the source of vitality, close to the fountain of youth, their lives became close to paradise.

Pardx and Cleoz were doing their daily run on the beach when one of Pollx’s fighters screeched through the atmosphere of their little world, stopping them in mid-stride but only for a second before they both dove into the bushes. It was too late—they had been spotted. The fighter landed on the beach and Commander Rolff stepped out.

“Lord Pardx, Lady Cleoz,” he called, “it is safe to appear, I have only now learned you were here, we don’t have much time though—please, for the sake of your daughter and Pollx come out.”

To his shock, another fighter landed next to his own, this one from the world of Kaxt’r, his shock went further when Prince Thurx emerged. “Your Commander is correct. Please, we will go to Kaxt’r where you will be safe and your daughter C’leen awaits you. There is a squadron from Pollx only minutes behind me, we can barely get away.”



### **Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

Two scantily clad, but young and healthy looking people emerged. They looked much like the monarchs that sat on the throne of Pollx, however, Rolff knew for sure they were the *real* monarchs, and the Prince of Kaxt'r recognized the true barring of the real King and Queen of Pollx.

“Get in my fighter. I have a squadron of my own, and they will not dare fire on me,” the Prince said.

Both hurried up the stairs, and the ship lifted off.

Commander Rolff ship close behind to sequester his ship in the other pieces of debris that drifted around Wazeroid, hiding in the chunks of rock that remained from the planetoid's formation until the Princes' ship with his king and queen made good their escape.

“I'll go back to Pollx, no one knows I'm gone. I'll be more useful there.” Rolff send a communication to Prince Thurx's, and then was gone in a flash of light-speed blur blending into the stars.

Secure with a dozen Kaxt'r ships around him, Thurx took his bride's family back to his planet, and a welcoming they didn't expect, nor did the Prince—his bride had attempted to leave and, had been put under guard in her quarters.

“We had hoped for a joyous reunion with her,” her mother, Queen Cleoz said.

“I wouldn't give up on that,” Queen Jesline answered. “It may take a little more time than you had expected, she is terribly confused, and she has been lied to her entire life. She didn't know about the treaty and when the people she considered her family tried to kill her, as you can imagine, it took an emotional toll. As it turned out, the only person she could trust to save her was our son who brought her here. It seems she had not been told about the treaty until she learned of it two days ago from a history book and, as for her marriage, she had been told nothing about our son, Prince Thurx.

“C'leen is lucky, your twin assigned the attendant Lady Nardia to care for her. Nardia loves her like a mother. You owe her a great debt. Meeting with her first would be a good idea. I believe C'leen has panicked, and didn't know what to do, or where to go. She had planned to leave Nardia, her attendant assigned to her since you were taken from her, behind. It seems Nardia has fallen in love with an agent we sent to the Erudition World, and he with her. He was sent to watch and guard C'leen, we feared almost from the first for her life, as your twins would not allow the expected visitations with Thurx or our Ambassadors.

“C'leen, finding out they were in love, wanted Nardia to have a chance of happiness with Drewz, our agent, and intended to allow her that chance—she is a most

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selfless young woman. She didn't know Thurx was going after you, she attempted to steal a ship and return to Pollx, which I am afraid would have meant her death."

"She is in her quarters, Mom?" Thurx asked.

"Yes, but I don't know if you should see her, actually I don't know who should see her first. Seeing her parents might deepen her shock. I have found her to be a strong woman but...I haven't shown her this yet." His mother handed him a peace of paper, and a like one to C'leen's parents.

It was an official decree from the acting King and Queen of Pollx that accused Princess C'leen guilty of treason, removing her from the position of heir to the throne.

"Pollx is in a state of near civil war," King T'pax explained, "the people of Pollx have suspected something was wrong for many years but with no proof," he shrugged, "it seems the only thing that has delayed a total outbreak of war was Commander Rolff finding you."

"We will go to our world," King Pardx said, and his wife agreed. "As a family we will oust our imposter twins."

"What of their child Polx?" Queen Jesline asked.

"He is innocent of this, yet old enough to be a problem. That we will handle as we go, but I cannot see holding him responsible," Cleoz said.

"Agreed." Her husband put his arm around her shoulders in a comforting manner.

"For now, we must get you back with C'leen, she is very upset." Nardia said, walking into the room and bowing.

"And you are?" Cleoz asked.

"My lady, I am Nardia, I was assigned by your...ah... twin sister to care for your daughter. You see, my lady, your daughter could not stand the Lady Klarx's touch, she would scream whenever she came close."

Cleoz smiled. "Prince Thurx, have you kissed your bride yet?"

"Only a couple of times on one occasion, my lady." He had the manners to slightly blush. "We have not been that intimate. Lady C'leen had not been told of me, or of the prophecy. I do not make it a habit to force my affections on a woman who does not welcome them."

Cleoz smiled. "That speaks well of you, young man, but I left an ingrained psychic messages with C'leen, these messages will be triggered by your kisses."

"I will keep that in mind, my lady," he said with respect.

"How can we go about meeting her?" her father asked.

### **Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

“Dinner is due, I believe she will join us,” Nardia said. “I will go and try to convince her.” She left only to return out of breath. “She has knocked her guard unconscious and escaped.”

“She is aware of being charged with treason,” Thurx said, “The Captain from Pollx who attacked us told her.” Prince Thurx was the first out of the room, and quickly picked up her trail.

He was tired of polite games, he would have his bride.

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C’leen found the rules of camouflage Nardia taught her worked as well on this world as it did on others. However, T’pax had quickly closed Kaxt’rs’ spaceport, and she would not be able to get off world. Morning was close and she found a well-hidden place to sleep through the high visibility of day. Snuggling down into the leaves, she allowed her tired body to relax, just before she began to drift into sleep, she felt strong arms enclose around her, just beneath her breasts. In REM sleep and near exhaustion, the safety those arms brought, stilled the scream in her throat. She felt lips near her ear and she heard him whisper softly.

“My love, you and I are truly soul twins,” he chuckled low. “This was my favorite place to hide from my tutors when I was a child. Now sleep, when you awake we have much to discuss, and no more of this rebellious nature of yours.” C’leen tried to turn her head but she was held too tightly. “Shh, sleep for now.” An almost silent hiss of gas released near her nose and she slept.

“I have her,” Thurx communicated to his parents, “we should be home in a few minutes. She sleeps.”

C’leen woke stiff and sore, her arms tied over her head, her feet dangling with her toes just touching the floor. Her eyes were covered with a soft blindfold—she was thirsty.

Her clothing had been changed from the pants and heavy jacket she had worn to a long gown, and she wondered who had done that.

C’leen struggled.

“It won’t help, C’leen,” a male voice informed her.

“Thurx! Why have you done this? I only wish to return to my home world and reclaim what is mine,” C’leen said, anger in her voice.

“You are mine. I have waited years to have you here, and I tire of chasing you through the woods of various worlds. In time, you will return to Pollx and claim your throne,” he told her, “there are other matters at this point more important.”

“Letting me down wouldn’t be one of them, would it?” C’leen asked sarcastically.

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“In time, for now I rather enjoy having you in one place and unable to run away,” He had moved closer, his voice nearer; she felt his breath close to her face, his hands caress her gently. His lips touched her lips. For a second time this man kissed her and, with his kiss came that familiar voice once again.

“I am told,” he walked around her, “when I kiss you, you hear a voice. Do you know whose voice you hear?”

“No,” she denied, wishing she could also deny the fire flashing through her body. With her arms tied, she was helpless and could do nothing to stop what he did. Her breasts peaked beneath the satin of the dress she wore when his hands encircled her waist to pull her suspended body closer. He kissed her again, this time he lengthened his kiss. The voice became clearer and she was sure it was her mother’s voice, she also knew it would be the last time she would hear it and the message it told her was complete.

C’leen sobbed. “It is my mother’s voice, she is telling me they are taking her away, and if she never sees me again this is the only way she can leave me a message.” Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Her arms were released, and Thurx caught her tired body, swept her up to lay her on the bed. Still she could not see, her hands were bound, and he quickly retied them to the bedpost. “I am sorry, C’leen, I can’t chance you leaving like you did before,” he explained. “Nardia will bring you something to eat and take care of your other needs. I swear, my love, this won’t be for long.”

“Why do you treat me this way!” she demanded.

He removed the covering from her eyes, after dimming the lights and looked down into her tearing eyes. “Why did you run away?” he countered.

“I told you, I need to return home,” she said quietly.

“No, you don’t,” Thurx said firmly, “It would mean your death. There are others who are dealing with the imposters sitting on your throne. I know you have no reason to trust me, but do so for a little while, then you’ll understand.”

Thurx left her alone and in a few minutes, as he promised, Nardia joined her.

“Nardia I order you to loosen me!” C’leen told her.

“I cannot do that, my lady,” Nardia said sadly. “I am not strong enough to prevent you from doing what I know you will try to do, and I am under higher orders.”

“Whose orders could be higher than mine? Those two who sit on Pollx’s throne?” C’leen asked.

“No, my lady, not those two, they are imposters,” Nardia answered.

“Are you now taking orders from Thurx and his parents?” C’leen asked.

**Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

“No, my lady,” she paused, “please, C’leen,” she addressed her informally, “Lie still, rest, sleep if you can, the next few days will be difficult.”

## *Sultry Summers*

### Chapter Six

“Pardo, what are we going to do? Our people are demanding the return of Princess C’leen. Her birthday draws near and they know the treaty means her marriage, since we never formally and officially invalidated it, our people expect a wedding and official acknowledgement of her as our heir,” Klarx said to her husband as she looked out a high window at the people amassing in the square below.

“We announce to our people that her Highness Princess C’leen has been dishonored and will not be our heir, that our son will be.” Pardo smiled.

“What type of dishonor will you say has befallen C’leen?” Klarx turned to face the man who had appeared as her husband and the King of Pollx for almost eighteen years, but was a phony in both rolls.

“She betrayed us and went to Kaxt’r.” Pardo shrugged.

“That won’t be believed, she is supposed to do that,” Klarx laughed at him. “We have a major problem...”

“Yes, you do now,” It was the voice of Commander Rolff. “I saw that Her Highness C’leen was taken to Kaxt’r,” he said in a confident voice, knowing the full military of Pollx were now loyal to the true King and Queen of Pollx. “I also removed her parents from that planetoid you exiled them on.”

Pardx and Cleoz walked in, surrounded by heavily armed bodyguards.

“Brother,” Pardx said to his conniving sibling, “this can work two ways, you and your lover, my sister-in-law, can go into the same exile, secretly we can calm the people into a normal way of life by caring through with C’leen’s marriage and naming her our heir so the peace between our worlds remains. Or, we can appear before our people with you in restraints—expose what you’ve done, and you will be executed. It is your choice. However, think of this, if you go into exile you’ll live to see your son grow into a fine young prince, the other way he’ll still grow into a fine young prince but without you.”

Pardo and Klarx had little choice—the government changed and the people never knew; their son, now sixteen was told his parents were retiring, he could visit them when he wished but would live on Pollx.

### **Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

C'leen was Pardx's and Cleoz's main concern. She must be convinced Prince Thurx was her destiny. Cleoz was the most concerned; she had left her daughter, whom she did not know, in the hands of a passionate, hot-blooded, young prince who had full and total control over her daughter.

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C'leen viewed the events on her home world via a live communications hook-up from Pollx. Thurx had come into the room and without saying anything, released her bonds then sat on the bed next to her. When she had begun to tremble, he had pulled her into his arms and held her close, something she wasn't sure she was in favor of, but the sensations coursing through her body found it agreeable. Part of her told her to pull away from him, another part told her to move closer.

The two people she had thought of as her parents had just been taken away under guard and two others who looked exactly like a younger version had replaced them. Only the immediate palace staff was aware of the actual change, the court was kept in the dark. How, C'leen didn't know. She could see a distinct difference, these two people were younger looking, their faces more compassionate and with less stress. Now a make-up artist took over and in a few minutes, the difference was almost unnoticeable.

As C'leen listened they discussed how this would change over the next few days, their conversations held her attention less and Thurx's arm around her became more disturbing. Unable to deal with the flurry of emotions she moved away and jumped off the bed.

"Where are you going?" Thurx inquired.

"Ah, I really need to get out of this room," C'leen said truthfully, she paced and turned suddenly, "I simply cannot marry you!" She ran into the gardens and kept running.

Thurx's gardens were extensive, with many nooks and glades to find solace, but since her escape attempt, the Prince had gifted C'leen with an ankle bracelet; whereas it appeared to be an elegant piece of jewelry, and was, it contained a tracking device.

Thurx turned on the locator and watched as his fiancée ran to the small, rapidly flowing stream that culminated in a cascading waterfall and a pleasantly warm pool he often swam in. After giving her some private time, he would join her.

He smiled and headed off in that direction.

C'leen took her clothing off and jumped into the pool of water at the bottom of the waterfall she discovered. She doubted the pool was *undiscovered* but to her it was. She swam in the luxury of the crystal-clear water, letting the water sooth her tensions away. A sudden splash ended it and startled her. She feared a wild animal had discovered her until Thurx surfaced.

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“Oh, it’s you,” she said in a deadpan voice.

“I would have hoped by now you would have been happier to see me.” He swam to her, encasing her in his arms and planted a hot kiss on her lips. Fire raced through her veins. No longer did the voice echo in her mind, although his affect on her was disturbing enough. She pushed him away to swim to the opposite side of the pool.

“What would happen,” she glanced away from him then back, “if we are not well matched enough to marry?”

Thurx laughed, “I don’t think that will be the case.”

“How could you possibly know such a thing? You’ve known me less than two days.” C’leen glared at him in an angry manner.

“C’leen, we have been destined to marry, how can you doubt that? A holy seer has foreseen our union; it will unite our worlds. We were born on the same day, at the same time...” he looked at her questioningly, “We’ve been through this.” Thurx’s anger was starting to show.

“I don’t think those are compelling enough reasons to marry...” C’leen swam away from him again.

“And what reasons do you think would be compelling enough?” Thurx asked.

“Love would be a good start,” she said bluntly.

Thurx swam after her, catching her, pulling her into his arms and kissing her again. “What makes you think there isn’t that as well?” He looked into her eyes and she saw a look she hadn’t seen before.

“You are telling me that after knowing me two days, you are in love with me?” C’leen smirked.

“I am telling *you* that we are destined to be in love and that it will develop.” His arms still around her, he kissed her again causing arousal to pulse through her body and center between her legs, making them almost too weak to tread water. Emotions pulsed through her as well, confusing her.

“Your real parents will agree,” Thurx grinned, “I assure you. We will be going to Pollx this afternoon.” He saw her surprise on her face. “After all, your real mother and father are anxious to see you. They haven’t seen you in a very long time.” Thurx gently took her by the hand and led her from the water. “Come, we will get dressed and eat lunch on the way.”

Exquisite clothing had been provided for her, unlike what she normally would wear, a long, sheer white one-piece jump suit with wide legs that floated as she moved. Bell sleeves floated like the legs, giving her a feminine appearance, the suite’s neckline displayed her full breasts, telling C’leen, Thurx no doubt had chosen her wardrobe.



### **Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

“I cannot wear this!” she exclaimed to him.

“Why,” he shrugged her question away, “you look beautiful,” and took her in his arms to kiss her.

C’leen knew she would marry this man—it was her duty, even as she protested. As far as love, she didn’t think love would ever be a part of her life no matter how arousing she found Thurx’s kisses.

“Come, C’leen, we need to board the shuttle to Pollx,” Thurx insisted.

C’leen walked toward the ship, up the stairs, and settled in the plush seats, Thurx sat next to her. “We have some time to talk and get to know each other while we have lunch.”

“I guess we have a long time to do that,” C’leen said. “I am bound to you, I realize that, it seems Mom engrained some physic messages triggered by your--affections. However, we are going to need some rules...”

“Rules,” Thurx laughed, his arms around her again, his lips on hers. Only heat, arousal, and desire flooded her entire being, she almost missed the voice of her mother. She floated, thinking they were launching into space, she didn’t realize Thurx had slowly and gently laid her on the couch, his body cradling hers. “The only rules,” he said looking into her lavender eyes, “that we will have between us will be honesty and love.”

His mouth took hers again, gentle hands caressed her over her clothes, and before she realized what she did, her arms were around him, her fingers combing through his hair. He pulled away, looking down into her eyes, he smiled, “Rules?”

She started to sit up but he wouldn’t let her, his hands smoothed down over her breasts, he kissed her neck.

“Surely you don’t plan to...make love to me here? We aren’t married, *yet*.”

“No, I don’t plan to make love to you here, though I do plan to sample your luscious body.” His smile was lecherous. “But the only reason I don’t plan to make love is because we haven’t been officially married, otherwise we are alone so why not make love?”

“I don’t think I will let you near me again?” She pushed against him.

“C’leen, there *will* be no other men in your life. I am your husband, why would you not share your life and love with me? What have I done that you would hate me?” he asked her.

“I have no answers,” she said in honesty, “I don’t know how I will handle this meeting we are going to. I have never been afraid of anything and now I know nothing but fear. Figure it out and let me know if you come up with a solution.” C’leen stood

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and moved to the only single seat in the shuttle, she stared out the porthole and soon fell asleep.

Thurx studied this woman he would spend his life with but hardly knew, then realized he did know her and she him, their souls were twins and mated long before their births. He knew that, she but had to allow herself to realize it. He watched while she slept, a low tone from the pilot alerted him to their landing on Pollx. Gazing through a porthole, he saw an escort of Pollx fighters join the six Kaxt'r escort fighters.

Something warned him of danger, "Pilot raise our shields!" he commanded and without question, it was done only a split second before a blast from a Pollx fighter would have destroyed their shuttle. Instantly the shields on all Kaxt'r ships were up and the Pollx fighters drew away from the one who had fired, they also raised their shields. One of the Pollx shielded fighters fired a disabling blast at the attacking Pollx fighter and a tractor beam engulfed the craft.

The Royal fighter landed first, C'leen awoke, confused and frightened at being jolted awake in such a manner. Thurx had explained quickly and they waited for the offending craft to land next, only to find someone on the Planet remotely controlled it. It would take some time for Pollx's technicians to find out who had attempted to assassinate both royal heirs and cause war between the two worlds.

Queen Cleoz and King Pardx came out to the ship to greet a daughter they had not seen since she was only a few weeks old. Both warmly embraced her and for the sake of the public, she returned their affection, but it was for show, she knew neither. They didn't really look like the two people she thought of as her parents. They looked much younger and after what she had recently learned about them, and from the distance they kept her at, she didn't feel real affection toward them. Her mother held her at arm's length and looked into her eyes, she kissed her forehead, and a wave of remembrance swept over her. When she spoke, C'leen legs went weak; fortunately, Thurx stood next to her and quickly supported her by placing his arm around her. It was her mother's voice she had heard in her mind.

"I never truly left you, my daughter; there has always been a link between us," Cleoz told her when they had at last made their way to family private chambers.

"I don't know what to say," C'leen stumbled. "How did this all happen?"

"Our twins were treacherous," her father said, "we didn't suspect them, and before we knew it, we were exiled. I guess we are lucky they couldn't stomach killing us." The man cupped her chin in his hand and noticed his touch made his daughter uneasy.

### **Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS**

“I am sorry,” he let her go, “I will tell you this, my beautiful child, had this not happened your life would have been much different. You would have spent much of it here, at home with us and,” he looked at his soon to be son-in-law, “you would have grown up with Thurx, running and playing in the forests, getting to know each other and learning to rule together, instead of having to be thrust into each other’s arms like this. I suspect for Thurx it isn’t so difficult,” he smiled knowingly, “But daughter it is for you, I am correct?”

“Yes, my lord,” Thurx answered the question. “Lady C’leen isn’t sure I am the man she is meant to love.”

C’leen blushed.

“Daughter, will you refuse to marry the Prince?” her mother asked.

“No, I will abide by the terms set in the treaty. I was raised as a Princess and to take the throne when the time comes,” she answered in a sad voice.

“I see,” her mother said, “but there is no joy in this for you, no hope for happiness?”

“At this point, I am so overwhelmed, I fear I cannot think past the present,” C’leen answered.

“Understandable.” Thurx kept his arm around her. C’leen was amazed at how good his touch made her feel, yet she refused to believe his touch alone could be of solace.

“Do not fear for her, your Majesties, I will love her and, I believe in time she will come to love me,” the Prince assured them.

C’leen looked up at Thurx. “You are sure of yourself sire, and your abilities.” She stepped away. “If you will excuse me, I would go to my chambers; it has been a long time since I was in a familiar setting.” Drawing her dignity around her, she left the room.

Thurx started to follow her, but Lady Cleoz stopped him. “Let her have some space, son, if anyone here needs to be with her, I do. Yet, I will allow her the privacy she needs right now. This is difficult for us all.”

“I am her soul twin, milady, surely she will come to know that,” Thurx said, his voice betrayed his pain.

“Hopefully. She at least is willing to fulfill her obligations of office.” The King sighed.

C’leen didn’t make it to her chambers. Her stepbrother stepped out just before she got to her door. Accompanied by two armed guards, he stunned her, and in seconds, she was their captive. It would seem her sixteen-year-old half brother had his sights on the throne after all, his subversive parents had taught him well. Already he had freed

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them from their planetoid exile, killing six Pollx guards before he could do so. They were amassing a small force to take the throne back, and it was the young Prince himself who had controlled the remote fighter that had tried to destroy the shuttle before it landed.

When it came time for dinner, and C'leen did not appear, her mother went to her chambers to find them vacant, except for Nardia who told her C'leen had never arrived. An immediate search was started, and when the young Prince Polx was also found to be missing, it was suspected that he was involved. A full squadron was sent to the planetoid where the exiled king and queen were. The dead guards were found, and the fake Royals gone. Thurx and her parents all asked the same question, where was C'leen and was she alive?

Thurx notified his parents that he was going after his bride. "I don't care about the danger," he told his mother, "this has gone far enough, there will be bloodshed about this," and he was gone.

"Our son is in love," Jesline said to her husband with a sad smile. "He'll find her, but I don't know how cooperative she will be, it seems she has been forcibly taken by her cousin."

## Mystical Sign: Gemini–SOUL TWINS

### Chapter Seven

Prince Polx was sixteen, raised by his parents Pardo and Klarx to believe he would be the sole ruler of the planet Pollx. Of his cousin, Princess C'leen, he had been taught was the daughter of his aunt and uncle who were in exile because they attempted to overthrow his parent's rule when he was a baby. Though born before him, she was not in line for the throne. Because his parents were compassionate, they had sent her to school until she was old enough to marry.

Her parents had escaped with the help of the Royalty from Kaxt'r to take over his planet and allow C'leen to married the Prince of Kaxt'r to rule instead of him. Polx would never allow that to happen, he had rescued his own parents and then kidnapped C'leen, he would use her for a hostage if he had too.

C'leen was bound and forced to kneel. "Cousin, your little attempt to take over Pollx didn't work," he growled, looking down at the beautiful woman at his feet, had she not been his first cousin he would have thought of doing other things with her, in fact, possibly that didn't matter. Even at sixteen, he was a large young man, and imposing sitting on the throne in the palace on the far side of Pollx.

"Polx, regardless of what your parents have taught you, the throne of Pollx doesn't belong to you," C'leen told him.

"Liar!" he yelled at her. "My parents told me how *your* parents attempted to take over Pollx, and were caught and sent in exile."

"Polx, check the historical records, look at the charts of lineages, and see who is in line to rule next and who is not. If you do not believe that, release me, I am destined to marry Lord Thurx of Kaxt'r, to seal a treaty and keep peace between our worlds. I will be on his world and little challenge to you." C'leen tried to sound calm and logical.

He didn't believe his cousin, his parents had warned him she was conniving and lying, her soft sounding and logical words only served to convince him they had told him the truth. "Take her away," he ordered, and one of his guards roughly grabbed her to pull her from the small throne room of his private palace.

"Sire, we have spotted massive ships on the long range sensors, they are Kaxt'r ships," one of his men informed him. "They have sent a message. If we turn over Lady

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C'leen, they will leave without bloodshed, they are uninterested in our internal politics, Prince Thurx only wants his bride as promised."

"Send this message back. If they come any closer, Lady C'leen's life will be forfeit." He turned and left the room. Polx might be younger than Thurx, only by a couple of years but he wasn't stupid. If he acknowledged Princess C'leen was Thurx's lawful bride and the treaty valid, it would also prove she was heir to the throne, just what the masses of people on Pollx were waiting for.

Polx knew C'leen's parents were on the rightful throne of Pollx in the capital city. He had no power really; only the few loyalist troops who had helped him capture C'leen and safely get her to his stronghold here. His only hope to control the throne was through C'leen, she was his bargaining piece. Perhaps he should marry her. It wasn't unheard of for first cousins to marry, with genetically engineered children, they could insure they would be normal, or possibly better by using the best of their genes. It would not matter that she would not be willing, he certainly didn't care, her only other choice would be, and he smiled to himself, death. While her parents were concerned about planetary war, they should be more concerned with civil war. This would take care of that. After thinking the matter through, he approached his advisor with his plan.

"What do you think?" he asked his closest advisor. "I think we need a holy man to conduct the nuptials."

"It will not be legal, my lord," Kirtep advised.

"Because she is my cousin?" Polx questioned.

"That and, I don't think C'leen will agree even if you had a plasma gun at her head," Kirtep told him.

"What if I had one at her attendant's head? She has always thought of that woman as her mother, I think she would consent to the marriage." Polx laughed at what he thought was wit.

"I doubt it, and if she didn't and you were forced to kill Nardia, it would only make it worse. Already there are reports of disturbances in five major cities because of this. Word has leaked out of what had happened with your parents over the past eighteen years, their attempt to put you on the throne, and kill C'leen. What was meant to be kept secret is now unofficially been made public. Honestly, milord, the best thing for you to do would be to turn C'leen over to Prince Thurx, and explain your parents used you, as they did the entire population of the planet. The way things are I believe you would be believed, at least before the people. Possibly C'leen's parents would excuse you, allow you to retain your title, a good portion of your parents lands, and your inheritance. You would have that, which is a large amount of land and holding."

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Kirtep didn't see the fist coming, seconds later he found himself on the floor of the small throne room, reeling from the blow of Polx's fist. "Traitor!" Polx screamed at him.

"No, milord, I only tell you what I think will help you!" he exclaimed.

"Guards!" Polx yelled, and then when they didn't come fast enough, he drew his plasma pistol and shot the man himself. The guards arrived just as he did shocked looks on their faces. "Get this traitor out of my site, and bring my cousin here."

C'leen was brought to the room. "C'leen we are going to be married, it is the only way to stop the civil war about to happen on our world," Polx announced

"I cannot, nor will I marry you! For heaven sakes Polx, you are my first cousin! You might as well be my brother! Until a few days ago, I thought you were," C'leen said in shock. "Besides, I am betrothed to Prince Thurx."

"Better you worry about the civil war on your world than war between us and them," he answered, his face very close to hers.

"You have lost your mind, Polx, just like your parents! You have no right to the throne." She looked at her cousin pointedly. "You cannot force me to marry you."

With a signal, a struggling Nardia was roughly brought into the room. "Get the picture? Either you do or she..." He grinned evilly.

"You wouldn't dare!" C'leen said in disbelief.

"I think you know I would," he just grinned wider, "And you know *cousin*, I would do it slowly, and enjoy it."

"My lady C'leen, do not do this!" Nardia implored the girl who was like her daughter.

Polx backhanded Nardia. "Shut up servant," he said angrily. "Do you care so little for your life?"

"I care for the life of the woman I raised to fulfill her destiny," Nardia returned, her hand going to her smarting cheek as C'leen hugged her.

"Polx, you are mad, our people will never accept you, married to me or not. Either way, you will have a civil war on your hands. Besides, my rightful parents are now on the throne, you know this. What makes you think anyone, but the few who have accompanied you, will follow you," C'leen looked around and out the windows, seeing space ships silently being disintegrated by plasma beams from a craft in space, "after all your power is gone?"

Polx's gaze followed hers, "*No!*" he screamed. He opened a frequency to Prince Thurx's ship in space. "If one more of my ships are destroyed," another was taken out, "I will kill the Princess myself!" he screamed his threat.

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So distracted was he and his men, they didn't see C'leen snatch a plasma pistol from one of the guards who had laid it on the table in his shock at seeing the ships just disappear. Before Polx knew it, the guards in the room lay stunned unconscious on the floor. Now only she, Nardia, and Polx remained, the guards would be unconscious for several hours.

"Polx," C'leen's voice was calm and something in her tone must have made him alert, he turned about to fire on her but she did so faster and Polx sank to the floor. C'leen grabbed his communication device.

"Prince Thurx, I have disarmed Polx, I will issue orders to stop firing on your ships. If these traitors will follow my orders, now that he is out of control, you should be able to land. I will transmit back momentarily."

C'leen switched to the channel allowing her to be heard by the few who had joined Polx. "Attention! This is Her Royal Highness C'leen, the rightful heir to the throne of Pollx. Prince Polx is subdued, and under arrest, you will cease all hostilities toward Prince Thurx and allow his ships to land. Any action against him or other Pollx ships will be considered traitorous. At this point your actions will be considered, in most cases misguided, it is your decision, but the wise thing would be to capitulate."

All firing stopped and over twenty of Princes Polx's ships, surrounded by a combination of Kaxt'r and Pollx ships, landed and began to take control. The doors to the small throne room burst open and Thurx strode in, accompanied by Drewz to Nardia's surprise.

His eyes took in the scene, Nardia's reddened cheek angered him, but C'leen seemed uninjured. Thurx went to her and before she could speak or protest, he took her in his arms, their eyes met seconds before their lips did. Nardia found Drewz's arms around her, as he began to explain how he came to be there.

Thurx's mouth left C'leen's. "I want you to know," he said, his voice full of passion, and low for her ears only, "this will not be a marriage in name only." His look was fierce, full of desire. "I have waited too long to have my bride."

Again, before she could protest, C'leen's feet were swept from beneath her. He carried her to the large bedchamber in the palace and set her down squarely in the middle. "Nardia will be here shortly, she and Drewz need some time to themselves," Thurx said in a knowing voice. His eyes took in his bride sitting uneasily on the big bed. "Before I left your parents, the final papers were signed." He saw the surprise in her eyes. "We are officially married."

"I do not recognize a marriage I have not affirmed myself. What about a ceremony and..." C'leen protested.



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“It was taken care of. I will not wait any longer, C’leen. This has gone on long enough. Nardia will come shortly,” he turned to leave but stopped at the door, “you have thirty minutes. I have placed guards around all the entrances and windows and, don’t think about the secret exit.” he smirked, “I have it guarded as well.”

A messenger handed a box to him and he stepped back a few paces to toss the box next to his trembling wife sitting on the bed, “I am glad this arrived, it is from your real mother, she thought you might like something to wear this evening.” With a lecherous smile, he left.

C’leen sank into a chair. “I’ve got to get away from here,” she exclaimed to the empty room, “and him. What is it with these men?”

“You are a beautiful woman, my little C’leen, and you are heir to a powerful planet,” Nardia told her truthfully, having heard her as she entered the room.

“Bah, beautiful woman are everywhere and, as for Thurx, he has his own planet,” she scoffed. *They just want control, whether a planet or a woman or both*, she thought for a moment. “Some parents! That they would seal my fate when I was born...huh, before I was born—that’s bad enough, but to do it again when my life is in danger and I’ve been abducted by a crazed cousin is another, and without the benefit of a proper ceremony.” She shook her head. “And how did he find out about that secret exit?” C’leen grumbled in a low angry voice.

“I would guess they surveyed the palace from space,” Nardia said abstractly, trying to think of a way out of the room, knowing it wasn’t possible. “C’leen there is no escape, let me ready you for what is meant to be.”

“No, he’ll take what he gets,” she folded her arms across her chest, “and he’ll have to get the clothes off me by himself.”

“Milady, this is not the way to do this. It can be most enjoyable. Please, don’t make this difficult and start your marriage on the wrong foundation,” she begged her charge.

With a deep breath of resignation, C’leen opened the box to reveal a letter lying on top of a deep pearl satin gown. She withdrew the letter to read it:

*Daughter –*

*It breaks my heart we were unable to know each other better. I gave you memories the only way I could, in the few seconds that I was allowed. Please go to your husband and try to be happy, it is possible, for you are truly soul twins. Do not allow your stubborn nature to ruin your life—I know that will be your first feeling. Let Nardia bathe*

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*and prepare you—allow your body to be a woman and your  
husband a man.*

*Know the joy of love,*

*Mother*

“Oh good heavens,” C’leen said, “I am doomed either way I go,” she then dropped her voice, “Unless I could escape.”

“You can’t,” a masculine voice interrupted.

“You lied, you said thirty minutes,” she flung at him.

“I came back because I knew what you would be thinking.” Without turning he addressed her attendant and friend, “Nardia, a few moments please,” Thurx said, and she left.

“C’leen,” Thurx put his hands gently on her shoulders, “I was abrupt,” their eyes met, her lavender eyes uncertain, his mauve full of desire. “Please try to understand, you have been lied to about me and this situation,” he paused, “I can only imagine what you were told. On the other hand, I have been told you were mine,” his hand gently touched her face, “A beautiful, royal, warrior princess, born at the same moment I was. I have *felt* you all my life, can you honestly say you haven’t had a similar feeling?”

C’leen looked deeply into those eyes and knew he was right. His was the face in her early dreams, then the face she saw in the light of day because she wouldn’t allow herself to have those childish dreams as her supposed mother called them.

*Why was she fighting this?* She asked herself.

“I...yes, I have been lied to all my life,” C’leen said. “I don’t know you, I didn’t know about you at all until a few weeks ago. They didn’t lie about you, they just didn’t tell me about you.”

“We will rule both worlds together, but not until after our parents retire. We have time to get to know each other. I promise you good times and laughter, I warn you of hard times and tears, those too are a part of life—royal or not, but I will love you.” He smiled, and left her to prepare for the night.

Nardia returned just as he left, the door didn’t have time to close. “What did his Highness have to say?”

“He was convincing,” C’leen said. “He agrees with you and for the best of our worlds, I will comply. So Nardia, what do I do?”

Nardia took over, trying hard to keep the tears from her eyes as she dressed the girl she had raised, for her wedding night. The gown sent by her mother was long and flowing, made from shimmering pearl satin. Revealing C’leen’s defined muscles, perfect shape, and the voluptuous breasts of a young woman, but covering enough not to be

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embarrassing to an innocent girl. Never embarrassed about her physical body, C'leen was amazed at the woman who stared back at her from the mirror she stood before.

"I will go now, it has been more than thirty minutes, Thurx is a patient man," Nardia laughed a little teary. She kissed her forehead and left.

*He will come now and become my husband,* C'leen thought, her hands shaking, her body aroused in ways she didn't understand. So deep in her own thoughts was her concentration, she jumped when Thurx placed his hands on her bare shoulders.

"You look stunning," he whispered in her ear. "I have waited so long to touch you, hold you in my arms, and know you were mine." He kissed her neck, working his way upward to nuzzle behind her ear.

Panic washed through her in waves. C'leen attempted to step away, but Thurx used her movement to turn her in his arms and encircle her, his lips claimed hers. C'leen started to struggle. Thurx growled and trapped her hands behind her back. Kissing his way downwards, he heard her gasp. He chuckled, C'leen moaned, and the word "please" escaped her before she could stop it.

To her astonishment, he stopped only long enough to draw her to the bed and pull her into the middle. He laid her down, despite her slight struggle, to trap her arms above her head. Thurx looked into her lavender eyes as he kissed the insides of her arms, finding she was ticklish close to her breasts, on the upper parts of her arms.

He smiled down into her frightened eyes, "I have found one of your secrets." He released her arms and she found they encircled his neck before she could stop them.

"No," she gasped as her blood turned to liquid fire, "you," she drew a deep breath, "you haven't!" she tried to deny the unavoidable attraction to him.

He licked her arms around his neck, she gasped again, he chuckled and began to kiss her closer to her breasts; his hands reached down beneath the satin of her gown, his thumbs tweaked her nipples. "The gown is beautiful," Thurx said, "but it must come off." He slipped her arms down and slid the straps off her shoulders barring her breasts.

"No," C'leen commanded, "No," until his mouth found her breast and began to suckle each in turn. She became lost in a world of fire that traveled from where his mouth gently worked, to spread tendrils of fire on the highways her blood flowed with each heartbeat. His hands caressed, slowly working her gown off her body, down over her belly to rest at her hips, she rested her head back, her long honey hair cascading down her back, her vision became clouded with pastel stars and she floated in what seemed to be space.

"Now, my beautiful C'leen." She heard her Prince and now her husband, ask, "Do you want me to stop?"

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“No, oh no, by the moons of Kaxt’r, no!” C’leen begged.

Warm hands slipped her gown over her hips and spread her thighs to find the insides of her legs were more sensitive than her arms. His lips were kissing her between her legs, suddenly he kissed her nether lips, and his tongue slid between them,

“Oh,” C’leen cried out in her first climax, her voice full of wonder. “What are you doing to me?”

“Making love to you, C’leen.”

“This is it then?” she asked in her innocence.

“No, innocent love,” he answered, and groaned as her hands surrounded him tentatively, beginning to explore his body.

“Did I hurt you?” she questioned.

“No, C’leen, your hands do to me what I do for you.”

He felt her hands became bolder, her fingers explored his ribs moving lower to smooth over his buttocks and toward his highly aroused cock. C’leen felt the heated, hard, ready cock that would soon become a part of her. She wrapped her hand around him; soon this would make them one. She stopped and their eyes met, he looked up into her eyes and moved until they were on the same level. Slowly, he lowered his lips to hers.

“I am going to make you mine,” his voice was raspy, “All mine, not just in name on a Royal document.”

C’leen began to tremble again as his lips took hers. His cock touched the entrance of her body. She felt the pressure of his heated, hard dick. He gently pushed, causing her to gasp. C’leen’s body drove her to push back, and she cried out in surprise at the sudden tingling pressure and some pain that served to enhance the amazing sensations she experienced.

“I’ve never...” C’leen stated the obvious.

“I know,” his voice was raspy, “It only gets better.” He plunged his cock in deeper, burying himself into his wife to the depth of her body. He waited for a moment, kissing her face, the insides of her arms, sucking her breasts, until he felt her body begin to move.

“I love you, C’leen, you will come to love me in time. I feel this.” He began to propel them both back to the place C’leen had floated free in space, a place they both now floated, joined and completed as one.

The prophecy fulfilled, their lives joined, as now were their worlds. When the time came, they would rule them together—their heir would rule them both.

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Completed and at peace, C'leen rested in her Princes' arms. Thurx slept for the first time without dreams of her, for he held her close in reality.

On Pollx, the legitimate king and queen sat on the throne, and a civil war had been averted. On Kaxt'r, an already peaceful world, the people rejoiced in the happiness they knew their Prince had found, and life went on while their future rulers slept.

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### Chapter Eight

Prince Polx regained consciousness, locked in a small, unfurnished cell on a hard cot. A guard stood a good ten feet from where he laid; in no way could he be compromised. Polx's clothes consisted of a one-piece jumpsuit without pockets. His plan had failed, that was obvious.

A door opened and Prince Thurx walked through it.

"Polx, you are guilty of high treason." Thurx could see Polx was about to speak. "No, don't bother, you have no defense. You will be taken to the same planetoid your parents are on. The same one C'leen's parents were exiled to. Considering the law for high treason is death, I think you are getting more than a just sentence. For such leniency, you may thank your cousin, C'leen. She doesn't have it in her heart to take your life. Me," he smiled devilishly, "I could strangle you with my bare hands, and you could do little to stop me."

"When," he asked with a growl, "will I be taken to this planetoid?"

"Now!" Thurx said, and the guard stunned him with a stun blast from a plasma gun. They would take no chances with him attempting to escape and costing an innocent person their life. Unknown to Polx, he was already on the planetoid, Thurx walked into the afternoon sun and heat, boarded his shuttle, and returned to Kaxt'r where C'leen waited, getting to know not only her own parents, but his. He landed, and was greeted with a happy, satisfied bride.

"I am taking you to a special place on Kaxt'r for our honeymoon," Thurx said, before he kissed his wife.

"Where?" C'leen asked with an excited and amorously mischievous look in her eyes.

"A very special place I know, it has been known to encourage couples to conceive." Thurx smiled a sly smile.

"You want children so fast?" C'leen looked surprised.

"Yes, but I think only one heir first. We can have twins later. Our worlds need only one heir to sit on our thrones," Thurx told her.

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“I agree, two could be a real problem. But the next time, a little boy and a little girl would be nice.”

Together they boarded a shuttle, and Thurx piloted it himself, bound for that little, special place he had promised his new wife.

Both of their worlds orbiting their twin stars, at peace.

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### About the Author

Sheila N. Eskew, aka Sultry Summers, writes sensual and erotic romance. While Sheila writes more paranormal adventure romance, Sultry pushes the envelope with her sexy vampires and tantalizing aliens. Many readers and authors also know her as "Orange", the Chat Coordinator for The Romance Studio.

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