

# **Forbidden 4: New Beginnings**

## **Marteeka Karland**

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**Editor: Katriena Knights**

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## Chapter 1

Alex was late. He knew it, but he didn't care. Thrusting mindlessly into the cunt of his latest lover, he tried to ignore his growing impatience to get home. He knew once he returned, he'd be obligated to take Doriena to meet Bakac. The man might be his best friend, but he'd be damned if he'd let him anywhere *near* his little sister.

Tisheena moaned beneath him and he forced his thoughts back to her. She was really beautiful. Classically Gothe'maran. Her skin was a rich, creamy mocha and her hair dark as night. But she was too thin for his tastes. He generally preferred fleshier women, but Tisheena was lusty enough, and she didn't expect a commitment.

And she had a very tight cunt.

That helped make up for the lack of cushion.

She raked her nails down his back and settled her hands on his ass, clenching and squeezing and urging him to fuck her harder. He obliged eagerly.

"By the Universe, Alex!" He loved how her voice became thickly accented and husky when she was turned on. "Fuck me! I want to come on your thick cock."

Who was he to disappoint her?

Moving up onto his knees so he could get better leverage, Alex pulled Tisheena's legs over his shoulders and gripped her thighs. Then he began a furious pounding. Over and over he thrust into her, pulling her back against him with each forward surge. The staccato rhythm they pounded out echoed in the vast bedchamber, as did Tisheena's screams of delight and pleasure.

Realizing she was too close to hold back much longer, Alex redoubled his efforts. He rammed into her so hard, he scooted them across the bed, and Tisheena had to brace herself with her hands above her head on the wall behind them. With two last thrusts,

Alex shouted his orgasm just as Tisheena's muscles clenched around him and she exploded in her own pleasure.

Breathing hard, he rolled over. Nice. Very nice.

"You're always such an enthusiastic lover, Alex." Tisheena smiled as she patted down her hair. Alex managed not to snort at that. Not matter how wild their fucking, she never had a hair out of place. That she enjoyed their sex play, Alex had no doubt, but he knew if she ever found the right someone, Tisheena would be a handful.

He wasn't the right someone.

And neither was she.

"I have to go." Alex didn't particularly like leaving right after sex, but this time he didn't really have a choice. He was in enough trouble as it was.

Tisheena stretched, thrusting her breasts up at him. "So soon? I'd hoped you'd stay tonight."

He smiled at her and gave her one last tongue-filled kiss. "I'd like to, but I can't. My sister's home from a month at the Academy and I promised her I'd be home tonight."

"She's not really your sister." Tisheena pouted. "She's not part of your family at all."

"No, but I owe her the same respect I'd give a full blooded sibling, and I give it willingly."

His stepfather and mother had taken Doriena in after the Earth Gothe'maran War when they couldn't find her parents. Alex was only ten when she came to live with them, so she was raised as his sister.

Tisheena shrugged. "I suppose. But you can't blame a girl for wanting a warm man in her bed, can you?"

Chuckling as he dressed, Alex said, "I seriously doubt your bed will remain empty for long."

She grinned. "True, but I always have such a good time with you. You're always welcome here, Alex. Come by whenever you like."

"You're an elegant Gothe'maran lady, Tisheena. I'm glad to know you."

"Oh, please!" She waved a hand in dismissal. "We enjoy each other, Alex. Not only the sex, but each other's company as well. Believe me, I'm not a lady. I'm a royal bitch and everyone knows it. I simply tolerate you better than most."

"Take care of yourself."

"I always do, my dear." Standing up from the bed, she pressed her naked body against him and kissed him, reaching down to squeeze his cock through his pants. It swelled under her touch. "If you need to relieve that later, you know where to find me."

Wishing he actually did want to stay a while longer, he said, "Keep the bed warm. I may take you up on the offer." Alex winked at her as he left. He wished he actually felt that lighthearted. Dreading the moment he walked through the door and had to look his sister in the eyes, Alex started home.

He just wasn't sure he was dreading it because he knew he'd broken a promise, or because he was afraid this time Doriena might just see right through him. He was afraid she might figure out the reason he didn't want her around Bakac was for his own protection and not hers.

\* \* \*

"Is that a destabilizer wand in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?" Doriena Mak'un cocked an eyebrow as she addressed her stepbrother. The man had just said "good night" to his latest distraction, and the evidence of his failure to relieve himself properly was prominent.

"You're a pain, Doriena," Alex growled. "Mind your own business."

"This *is* my business. You were supposed to be home *three hours* ago! Now you've ruined everything!"

"Don't exaggerate," Alex snapped. "You should have had Dad take you to the tournament."

"Yeah. Like Dad is going to take me to meet Bakac Kemka. You know he only agreed to let me go because he's your best friend." Doriena was angrier than she could ever remember being. Angry and hurt. "The deal was I could go to the Spars as Bakac's

partner *only* if you went with me. Instead, I'm sitting home, and Bakac is fighting with someone else helping."

"So?" Alex shrugged and shouldered past her to the kitchen. "The Spars are too violent for you anyway."

"They are not! They're just *games*, Alex. But being there with the reigning champion would have given me extra status in the Academy!"

"It would have labeled you as Bakac's woman."

"How is that a bad thing? I'd like to be with Bakac." Doriena couldn't help but smile. "He's the best looking guy I've ever seen."

Alex rounded on her and gripped her shoulders hard. "You don't have a clue what that means, Doriena," he growled. "You're not ready for that kind of relationship."

"How would you know?" She spat the question with as much contempt as she could muster. "You're never here. You don't spend any time with me. How could you possibly know what I'm ready for?"

"I know Bakac. I know the Gothe'maran people. Believe me --" He shoved her away from him and crossed his arms over his chest as he leaned against the wall. "--being a human female makes you definitely not ready. Hell, *I'm* barely able to deal with their sexual appetites."

Dorien just looked at him. She'd heard about Bakac's taste in sex play, and she wasn't sure Alex was wrong in his assessment of the situation. She tried to be strong, tried not to let him see how truly hurt she was that he'd broken his promise to her.

Truth was, she was just as attracted to Alex as she was to Bakac. His dark blond hair fell below his collar, but was always neatly groomed. Sometimes he wore a goatee that emphasized the differences between him and most Gothe'maran men. There were very few blonds among their people. Mikkarn was the only one Doriena could think of. Every now and then, there would be a man or woman with snow-white hair, but few blonds. He was definitely as formidable as any male of the Gothe'maran race. He was

muscular in an athletic way. He didn't carry as much bulk as many Gothe'marans, but his finely toned muscles were sexy as hell.

He had always looked beautiful to her, but the fact that he was her brother always made her feel guilty. Well, stepbrother, anyway.

Right now, it didn't matter. He wasn't acting like a brother, he was acting like a *man*. All stupid and superior acting when he was just silly. She wanted to pout, but the truth was, she was just plain hurt.

"Go away," she whispered. "Go away, and don't speak to me again."

Alex rolled his eyes. "When you're older, you'll thank me for this."

She whirled on him. "You're not my father! I'm old enough to know what I'm ready for and what I'm not. I'm nineteen!" When he straightened and would have interrupted her, she shoved him back against the wall. "I was old enough to enter the Warrior's Academy for Military Command -- I'm certainly old enough to know about the more carnal side of the Gothe'maran male."

He simply stared at her a moment. She wasn't certain -- she wasn't nearly as worldly as she would have him believe -- but she could have sworn she saw a hunger in his eyes the likes of which she had never witnessed before. It didn't take a genius to figure out the meaning of *that* look.

It excited her beyond belief.

Before she could be sure, it was gone and the heat turned to icy resolve.

"You're a child compared to me and Bakac," he said softly. "Stick to boys your own age, or you might find out just how much you don't know." With that, he headed up the stairs.

When she heard the door close, Dorienna slumped against the wall. She felt like crying, but that wasn't the way she dealt with things. Tears only proved she was weak. A member of Military Command *never* showed weakness. If she wanted to be the first female officer in Military Command, she couldn't afford to show even the slightest hint of weakness.

Straightening, her back ramrod straight now, she calmly walked out the door. If Alex wouldn't take her where she wanted to go, she'd go herself. She'd have to face her father's wrath later, but damn it, this was her life. She wanted to live it.



## Chapter 2

When Alex heard Dorienna leave the house he immediately moved to the window. She was heading toward the transport pod. He'd just bet she was going to find Bakac herself.

Damned girl!

She had no idea what she was getting herself into. Bakac was nice enough, but not for his little sister. It was the nature of the Gothe'maran to be intensely sexual -- they were a warrior race in a culture embracing peace. All that pent up emotion had to go somewhere. He'd had his share of Gothe'maran women, and if the sexual appetites of the men were anything near what he'd experienced with women like Tisheena then there was no way Dorienna could handle it.

Unless she wasn't as innocent as he thought.

She was a beautiful young woman. Not painfully thin, like most Gothe'maran women, but her limbs were sleek and layered with fine muscle. If she stayed at the Academy, she'd undoubtedly develop quite a physique in a few years. Usually she kept her flame red hair secured tightly at the base of her skull, but on the rare occasions he'd seen it down, it flowed like an orange flame down her back to brush the top of her ass, emphasizing the fact that he wanted to bare the tempting bottom and spank it until it was as red as her hair. It was enough to make him avoid her for weeks. How could he possibly face her with the biggest hard-on in the Universe?

He immediately squashed that thought. She was his little sister, for crying out loud! He had protected her from men like Bakac all her life. He knew better than anyone how men looked at her. Because from time to time, he caught himself looking at her the same way -- with a sexual, predatory hunger.

God! This fascination with her was getting way out of hand.

Okay, so he'd kept any and every man he could away from her. His baby sister was *not* going to be exposed to the more violent nature of his stepfather's people.

Which brought up another problem. She was doing very well at the Academy. If things kept going like they were, she would graduate with honors in a couple of years and take her place among the other officers in Military Command.

Correction. She'd take her place among the other *male* Gothe'maran officers in Military Command.

He knew it was what she wanted, knew she wanted to follow in their father's footsteps. He also knew she wasn't anywhere near ready for the responsibilities that went with that job. Oh, Dorienna was responsible, he just didn't think she could make the shitty calls. The ones that she knew going in would result in the death of a comrade. He had no doubt she could cut the work. She was hardworking, physically and mentally strong, highly intelligent -- everything an officer needed to be. But she was too damned young! And too tenderhearted.

Definitely too young and tenderhearted to seek out Bakac.

Decision made, Alex headed back to the ground floor and the door.

"Alex." His mother's voice. "What's going on? You were supposed to be here hours ago. Are you just getting home?"

"Mother." Alex pinched the bridge of his nose. How was he supposed to explain to his mother that he'd been out fucking around -- literally -- so he wouldn't have to take his sister to meet his best friend? "Yes. I just got home, but I'm leaving again."

"Where's your sister?"

Alex took a breath. "She left."

"It wouldn't have anything to do with her missing the Spars, would it?"

"Maybe."

Alex's mother, Anna Mak'un, wife of General Kahn Mak'un, approached him, a dangerous look on her face. It was something Alex had rarely seen.

"Do you have any idea where she went?" Her voice was deceptively calm. Alex knew his mother well enough to know she was working herself into a good "mad," but he'd be damned if he knew how to defuse her. Mainly because he knew he deserved it.

"I suspect she may have gone to seek out Bakac on her own."

He expected the explosion in that moment, but that deadly calm stayed firmly intact. It was almost worse than if she'd lashed out at him. He hated for his mother to be mad at him.

"Do you feel anything you said or did directly influenced her decision to leave this house knowing she was going against the wishes of her father and I?"

There it was. If he told the truth, he was in trouble. He didn't even want to think about what would happen if he lied. Because she *always* knew when he lied.

Oh, well. Better to get it over with.

"I think it was a combination of both."

His mother was a phenomenal woman, which was probably one of the reasons his father adored her so much. Even almost thirty years after they'd met, the affection the two of them had for each other was more than obvious to everyone who encountered them. In fact, the tender looks and caresses were commonplace and expected when the couple were in the same room. She was also a terrifying woman to have angry with you. He'd been on the receiving end of her wrath more than once, and it was never pleasant.

She simply looked at him a few moments, the silence stretching on and on. He desperately needed to break the tension, but didn't dare speak. Just when he thought he couldn't take another second of the blistering silence, she turned and walked away. As he watched her go, his father emerged from his study and immediately enfolded his wife in his arms.

"Are you going after her?" It didn't surprise Alex that his father knew the topic of conversation. He and his mother could easily communicate with each other telepathically thanks to years of practice with their connection as soul's mates.

"Would it do any good?"

Kahn didn't bat an eye. "Probably not, if she was angry enough to leave in the first place." There was a brief pause. "You realize she's not coming back."

Alex's stomach gave an awful lurch.

"What do you mean?" He had to ask, but deep down inside, he knew what his father meant.

"She's been planning on leaving for months now. Moving to Academy housing. In your... umph!" His mother punched Kahn in the ribs, even as she clung to him. "In *our* --" He glanced down at Anna. "-- zealously to protect her, I fear we've pushed her away from us."

"She wouldn't dare." Even as he said it, he knew how false that statement was. Dorianna would most certainly dare. "Can't you stop her -- forbid it or something?"

"If I thought it would help, I would."

"I think the two of you have done enough." Anna sniffed. "I should have intervened a long time ago."

"Maybe if you had, she wouldn't feel like she had to leave home to enjoy freedoms every other Gothe'maran female has here." Kahn sighed, nuzzling his wife's head in a gesture Alex had seen a thousand times when something worried his mother.

Without warning, Anna pushed away from Kahn and moved from the two of them a few steps. "Men," she muttered under her breath. "You don't have a clue what you're talking about." When Alex opened his mouth to say something, she cut him off. "As usual."

"Anna." Kahn's voice should have sounded reprimanding -- would have with anyone other than his wife -- but the effect was ruined by the wince as Anna turned her sharp, intelligent, angry eyes on him.

"Oh, come on! Listen to what you're saying," she spat. "You really think Gothe'maran females enjoy as much freedom as men?"

"Now, Anna." Kahn's tone suggested he would try to reason with Anna, but Alex knew his mother all too well. When she was in this kind of lather, it was best to let her have her say. He'd also seen his father try to reason with her almost every time she

got this angry, and he always failed. He would have thought Kahn would have learned better.

"Don't take that patronizing tone with me, Kahn Mak'un! You know very well what I'm talking about. If men and women were equal here, my Doriena wouldn't be the only woman in the Academy. You're ruler here. Do something!"

Alex's father sighed. "Anna, you know this is a male dominated society. Men have always been the warriors protecting Gothe'mar in Military Command. It's going to be hard to change over a thousand years of thinking."

"Which --" Alex cringed when his mother turned her angry, piercing gaze on him, "-- is why I wanted her to stay here instead of at the Academy." She poked him in the chest. "Get her back here."

"I don't think it's up to me, Mom. She's got to do what's best for her."

"So?" Anna shrugged. "Make her *want* to come back home."

He blew out an exasperated breath. "And just how in the Universe am I supposed to do that?"

Kahn placed a hand on Anna's shoulder. "You'll have to figure that one out on your own, son."

Alex ran a hand through his hair. Yeah. Right. A surge of anger went through him as he thought all of this could have been avoided if he'd only come home like he'd promised Doriena he would. That feeling intensified every passing second, and when he reached his suite, he punched the wall just to relieve a little tension.

It might have helped if he wasn't so worried about Doriena. He had a bad feeling something was very wrong.

## Chapter 3

Leaving home was the hardest thing Doriena had ever done. A little more than a week after she'd left the relative peace and tranquility of the royal estates, explosions flashed and boomed all around her. Men shouted orders and fired all manner of exotic weapons at an enemy none of them could see.

Doriena should have been at least a little bit scared, or excited, or... something.

What she was, was pissed as hell.

None of it was real.

This was a Gothe'maran military academy. Gothe'maran never did anything halfway. Until she joined the Academy. This was the first exercise where live ammunition wasn't used.

Ever.

At first she thought it was because she was a woman. Her mother had alluded to that assumption several times, but in recent months, she had discovered it was because she was the daughter of General Kahn Mak'un. One simply did not put the general's daughter in harm's way. For *any* reason.

Which was why she knew she'd never go far in Military Command.

Which was why she was doing this to begin with. She'd always hated being told "no."

The night sky lit up like day with brilliant flashes of light. Noise bombarded her, and all she wanted to do was look around her and laugh hysterically, but she couldn't. If she was ever going to prove to her teammates she wasn't a fragile porcelain doll, she had to do it better and faster than everyone else.

The exercise today was an obstacle course. She had to climb fences, through razor wire -- blunted, of course -- and swim pools without getting her gun wet. She had

to fight “enemy soldiers” hand to hand and hit moving targets with flash grenades and blunt laser flashes from her destabilizer gun.

And she just *knew* there was no way she would fail. The Academy couldn’t afford to let the daughter of its favorite general flunk out.

“Doriena! Move your ass!” Bakac yelled as he boosted another soldier over the wall in front of her. He was senior instructor for this exercise, and it was apparent he was also her personal bodyguard. Much as she really wanted him guarding her body, this wasn’t exactly what she had in mind.

Ignoring him, Doriena looked around her. There were a few men shouting orders, a few struggling with the wall, the stronger ones shoving the weaker ones out of the way and using them as stepping-stones when necessary... it was literally every man for himself. Well, if she couldn’t fail, she’d help out a few of her classmates.

One very large warrior pulled a man off the wall when the smaller man impeded his progress not two feet from her. If not for Bakac’s presence, and who she was to begin with, she had no doubt she would have been the one pulled off that damned wall.

“Soldier!” Her voice carried more authority than she thought possible. “You will stop your advancement and help your brother!” When he only looked at her, smirked, and continued upward, Doriena ran to the wall and jumped as high as she could. Without a second thought, she grabbed the man’s ankles and hung on for dear life.

“What the *fuck* are you doing?” The warrior yelled down at her as he tried to shake her loose. Once she got a solid grip on one ankle, she braced her feet on the wall and threw all her strength into pulling the man from the wall.

With a mighty battle cry, Doriena gave one more tremendous yank. The man’s grip let go and both of them fell to the ground.

Which was the one part of this she hadn’t thought out. The man was probably twice her size and weight, and he landed on her chest from about eight feet up.

The breath left her body in a *whoosh*, and she felt the sharp snapping of many ribs. She couldn’t breathe.

"That should teach you, you little bitch," the man hissed. "Just because you're the general's daughter doesn't mean you can tell the rest of us what to do. You are *not* my commanding officer, lady." Standing, he spat on her before leaving her to scale the wall.

Every breath was a struggle. She tasted blood and knew she had probably punctured a lung. But there was no way in hell she was going to let that big thug get away with what he'd just done.

Once again, she jumped for the warrior, who was already almost as high as he was before she pulled him off the wall. This time, however, she climbed up his body and put herself on above him. Her body *screamed* in pain, but she climbed every inch. Once she was above him -- him swearing at her and threatening her bodily harm all the while -- she stomped his hands as hard as she could. Her boots were thick with sole and tread, so she knew every blow had to be misery for him. Still, he held on for several minutes before he finally let go and fell to the ground a second time.

Doriena lowered herself before jumping. Landing on her feet with a thud, she crumpled to the ground. The warrior was getting to his feet, but it looked as if his hands were useless.

That didn't mean he was helpless, though.

He came at her with murder in his eyes. Doriena struggled to her feet, but didn't make it before he kicked at her. Falling back to the ground and rolling quickly, she managed to avoid his kick and come to her feet in one smooth motion, just as she'd been taught. When he roared his frustration and came at her again, she darted to one side before he would have tackled her. Using his own weight against him, she shoved hard as he passed her, and he stumbled a few steps before finally falling.

He would have gotten up a third time, but Bakac placed a booted foot on the man's head, shoving it back into the ground. "I could kill you for what you did, soldier." He had to raise his voice to be heard above the noise, but Doriena was certain only the soldier and she heard Bakac's words. "Not only did you attack a member of



the Mak'un family, but you pulled another soldier off that wall to save your own ass. Cowards are not welcome in Military Command."

"It's just war games!" the soldier panted, rolling over when Bakac removed his foot. "No one was in any real danger, and he was slowing me down. I was working on a record time."

Bakac move so quickly, Doriena almost didn't see him. He dropped down to one knee and backhanded the soldier so hard Doriena heard his cheekbone crack.

"This exercise simulates a real battle, you *bakkara*! Had you been in a real battle, you would have condemned that man to death. Which means your life would have been forfeit."

Dorienawinced. Bakac never swore at his troops. He told her it was demeaning and served no purpose other than to show disrespect and earn him a healthy dose of resentment. For Bakac to have called this man the Earth equivalent of a son of a bitch meant he was very angry indeed.

And that this man was probably looking at his last day at the Academy.

"But it isn't a real battle," the downed soldier managed to get out as he spat blood from his split lip. "They're not even using real munitions." He glared at Doriena. "Because of *her*, none of us will get any battle experience before we actually get in the field as part of Military Command."

Again, Bakac backhanded the man. His already broken cheek sunk into his face even more. Bakac looked at him as if to say, "Go ahead. Say something else stupid." Wisely, the soldier kept quiet, probably more from pain than common sense.

Bakac turned to Doriena. "Let's get you to Medical."

"I have to finish the exercise." Even to her own ears, she sounded too weak to continue. But she knew that not finishing even one exercise, no matter the reason, would knock her out of the Academy completely. The Gothe'maran didn't give second chances under any circumstances.

"You can't. You're not physically able."

"I *will* finish this, Bakac." She tried to make her voice firm, but she wasn't altogether certain she succeeded.

"You can try." Bakac nodded as he spoke. "And when you finally collapse, I'll take you to Medical and you'll *still* not complete this course. I'd be willing to bet you have ten minutes at best before you're unconscious from blood loss or lack of oxygen." When she opened her mouth to speak, he added, "And that's with you sitting still. If you try to continue on, you'll go down even faster. Either way, I'll be taking you to Medical and I think you'd prefer to enter under your own power. Yes?"

"I really hate you sometimes, Bakac."

He smiled. "No, you don't. You just hate to lose."

"But this isn't just losing. This is my entire career."

"Listen to me, Doriena." Bakac knelt and brushed one fiery red curl from her forehead. "I have no doubt in my mind -- have never doubted -- that you would make one of the finest officers in Military Command since your father retired from active service to concentrate on governing Gothe'mar. But this isn't you. You have too gentle a soul to expose yourself to this kind of violence."

Doriena was starting to feel the effects of her injuries, but she needed to finish this conversation. "I --" she began and had to stop for breath. "I am as --" Another breath. "-- tough as you and Alex put -- put together."

"Undoubtedly," Bakac said without hesitation. "I'd not be so foolish as to question that. I just think that your soul would be better suited for peace instead of war."

Something in the way Bakac looked at her gave her pause. There was something she was missing, but she couldn't quite figure it out.

"I think I need to get to that healing tube, Bakac."

"Yes. I think you do."

She expected he would have helped her to her feet, or worse, tried to carry her off the faux battlefield, but he simply stood there. He offered a hand when she needed one, but let go of her as soon as she was steady. He let her walk until her legs simply

wouldn't hold her any more. Then he simply scooped her up and ran as hard as he could to Medical Command.

She passed out long before he made it.

## Chapter 4

*"If she dies, I'm going to kill you."*

*"It's not like I made her go after a warrior almost three times her size. I got there as quickly as I could."*

*"You should have anticipated!"*

*"Could you have?"*

Blessed silence.

*"It doesn't matter. I gave you one set of instructions. One simple task and instead of keeping her out of harm's way, you almost let her get killed."*

There they go again.

Doriena had been listening to Alex and Bakac go at it for nearly an hour. What she couldn't figure out was how she was doing it. She was in the healing tube. Had been for several hours if what the two men were saying wasn't exaggerated. She should have been oblivious to the outside world, but here she was, privy to the conversation of two insufferably stubborn and infuriating men.

Alex blamed Bakac, Bakac refused to accept blame, when in reality both men felt guilty as hell. They just didn't want to admit it to the other.

Drugs.

It must be the drugs. She was bound to have been given drugs of some kind when she was placed in the tube.

Fine. If she was hallucinating, she'd damn well play along.

*If the two of you don't shut the fuck up and give me a little peace and quiet, I'm going to kick both your asses when I get out of here.*

Again, silence.

*Did you hear something, Alex?*

*Err... no. I absolutely did not hear anything. Especially not Dorienna.*

*I thought not.*

*Maybe it's your guilty conscience playing tricks on you.*

And there they went again.

She was definitely going to kill them both. Once she figured out what the *hell* was going on.

\* \* \*

Bakac sat at Dorienna's side. He had been there since they had removed her from the healing tube a little more than one day ago. He glanced to his left to find Alex with his head propped on his hand, his elbow resting on Dorienna's bed. Neither of them had spoken since they first took her out of the tube, and it was likely they wouldn't.

Neither of them knew what to say.

Dorienna had clearly spoken to both of them while in the healing sleep of the tube, and they didn't really know what to make of it. Several times, Bakac had thought to ask his father's brother, Kiril, what that meant, but he had always backed down.

Mainly because he already knew the answer. The problem was what it meant for Alex and him.

He loved Alex like a brother, but he didn't think he could actually have a sexual relationship with the man.

Sorry. Not his style.

Getting up, Bakac paced the room several times before stopping at the window. The view was breathtaking, even for a native of Gothe'mar. Nothing could compare to an average day at the Northling Valley, the northernmost city of Gothe'mar.

Winter kept the city in mostly darkness, but summer yielded the most beautiful auroras in the known galaxy. Stunning light displays arced the length of the horizon in a myriad of exotic colors.

And all he wanted to think about was how Dorienna would look by the Crystal Lake in this same light. He wanted to see the lights reflected in her hair and to hear her cries of joy as he made love to her all evening.

He'd tried too hard to keep his interest in Doriena to himself. She was his best friend's sister for crying out loud! He also knew how Alex felt about him pursuing a relationship with Doriena.

Hands off!

"What are we going to do?"

Bakac looked over his shoulder at Alex. He should have known the other man would have been smart enough to figure out what was going on between the three of them.

"I'm not sleeping with you."

Alex snorted. "That's okay. I'm not sleeping with you either." Alex looked at him for a long minute. "And I don't want you sleeping with my sister."

"She's not really your sister, you know."

"Yeah, I know. But I still have to protect her. Quite frankly, I don't want her doing with *either* of us what we do with other women. It's a little unsettling."

Bakac snorted. "It's a *lot* unsettling. You think I don't feel this overwhelming need to protect her too? Why in the Universe do you think I agreed to act as bodyguard to her during the more vigorous exercises? Not because I like *you* that much."

There was silence between them for a moment. Alex opened his mouth to speak, but Dr. Mara Jenson entered the room. "Good evening, gentlemen." She was always so bright and cheery. Almost too much so for Bakac's taste. He cringed.

Mara stopped and looked at Bakac. "Something wrong?" Just like that, her demeanor changed. She still smiled, but Bakac could sense the warrior stretching her arms for battle.

*Damn!* No wonder Kiril loved her. She was a woman with a warrior's heart.

Just like his Doriena.

"Nothing, Doctor." He cleared his throat to keep from smiling. "I was just thinking how I couldn't stand your bubbly personality. I think I prefer the warrior woman."

Mara blinked a few times, as if trying to decide whether to be insulted or not. Then she chuckled. "Well, you *are* Kiril's nephew. I suppose that is to be expected."

Alex stood to embrace the older woman. "It's good to see you again, Mara." When he let her go, he turned back to Doriena. "Will she be okay?"

"Oh, of course." Mara waved off his concern. "She's perfectly fine. She just needed a little more rest than normal." She frowned slightly. "She didn't rest well in the healing tube. Her body tried to, but it was like something kept waking her up."

Bakac looked at Alex and the other man met his gaze squarely.

Mara looked from one of them to the other. "What?"

"Nothing," Alex mumbled and paced to the other side of the room from Bakac.

"Well." Mara continued to look at Alex. "She should be waking up shortly. I've contacted Kahn and Anna. They will be here soon."

Alex groaned. "Damn."

"Hey, I gave you guys two days' reprieve. It's time to take your medicine now."

Bakac had to smother a grin. Oh, he knew he was probably in a world of trouble as well, but he doubted he was in as much trouble as Alex.

## Chapter 5

*Doriena floated in a sea of endless, puffy clouds in an excited aurora. The colors swirled around her and changed like images in a multifaceted mirror. A soft warm breeze caressed her nude body, and she stretched much like her cat might.*

*Soothing images floated through the clouds, and she knew there was a doctor somewhere - - probably her mother's best friend, Dr. Mara Jenson -- trying her damndest to make her comfortable and relax her troubled mind. Healing tubes were great, but Mara had pointed out on many occasions the best medicine is sometimes restful sleep.*

*Well, this was certainly soothing.*

*At least it was until her imagination kicked in.*

*Coming toward her in the distance were two very large, very nude males. They were both formidable in appearance, but nothing about them scared her in the least. She had no doubt who they were.*

*Her stepbrother and Bakac were two men she had always thought unattainable. There was nothing she could ever recall to lead her to believe either of them was interested in her as more than a sister or friend. In fact, although she had pursued Bakac recently, she knew in no uncertain terms he considered her off limits in a physical way because of Alex.*

*But, oh, she had fantasized!*

*Like now.*

*Both walks might have been cocky, both grins sexy, but each man was very different in both appearance and demeanor. Alex swaggered, blatantly arrogant. Bakac was more sensual, contained power that needed no arrogance to showcase himself. Both men had bodies that would do any god on any world proud and were enough to cause her to cream instantly. Had she not been bonelessly relaxed already, she would have surely melted into a puddle of sensual goo.*



*Neither said a word, but both reached for her. She lay on her back, suspended in the air between them, Alex at her head, Bakac at her feet. Alex's hands kneaded her shoulders and down the length of her arms gently but firmly. Bakac did the same with her feet and legs and before long, muscles still sore from her ordeal began to loosen and relax.*

*They worked her limbs for what seemed like hours. She didn't want them to stop, so they didn't.*

*Still, neither said a word.*

*After a time, something changed in the nature of their touches. Neither of them massaged anything other than her limbs, but the feel of their hands became almost erotic. Alex rubbed and kneaded the underside of her arm while Bakac massaged her feet and ankles, and the two of them were flipping sexual switches she didn't know she had.*

*Her cunt clenched once when Bakac stimulated a particularly sensitive part of her foot and she couldn't help the gasp that escaped her lips. When he smiled, she gasped again.*

*It was the most seductive smile she had ever seen, and in that instant everything changed.*

*Subtle touches were now sexual torment.*

*Alex bent to lick the well of her collarbone as Bakac grinned once more before sucking her big toe into his mouth. It took all her strength of will not to jump. As it was, she cried out at the unexpected sensation and arched her neck to guide Alex more firmly against her flesh.*

*Two mouths feasted on her in two different ways, each with an erotic quality all its own. Alex apparently preferred a more straightforward approach, whereas Bakac favored teasing and tormenting. Each had devastating consequences on her nervous system.*

*Leaving her foot for a short time, Bakac gave her that heart-stopping grin before making a swipe from her heel to her big toe. She tried to watch, fascinated, as he sucked each toe on each foot, but Alex turned her head to him and took her mouth in a gentle kiss.*

*Well, gentle and plundering at the same time.*

*There was not a spot in her mouth within reach of his tongue that he did not explore. She surrendered willingly, eagerly. All she wanted was these two men.*

*Always.*

*Forever.*

*Alex kissed her so completely, so totally satisfying her every curiosity about what his lips would feel like on hers, she almost missed Bakac's advance up her leg. He nibbled and licked and sucked his way to her knee and started working on the inside of one leg. Just when she pulled herself away from Alex to watch Bakac's progress, he stopped and started all over again with her other leg.*

*Doriena lay back with a groan and Alex smiled down at her. He trailed kisses up her neck, across her jaw line to her mouth, up her cheeks to her temples, and finally settling on her left ear. He licked around the shell, dipping his tongue ever so slightly inside and pulling back to blow gently. The cool sensation sent chills over her body and she whimpered a little and stiffened with the unbearable pleasure these two men so expertly created with their mouths.*

*Damn!*

*Bakac made his way back up her other thigh, and she again looked down at him, expecting him to dip his head and finally put her burning clit out of its misery. Instead, he stopped and snared her gaze. He looked so fierce that Doriena should have been afraid of him.*

*But she wasn't.*

*She had known Bakac most of her life. He was like another brother to her. She trusted him the same as she trusted Alex. If the two of them wanted to take her down the road to dark, carnal pleasures, she'd follow them willingly. Never looking back.*

*"Be careful what you wish for, little warrior," Bakac's voice whispered inside her head. "Our passions are darker than an innocent such as you could ever imagine."*

*No sooner had Bakac stopped speaking than Alex bit her neck, sharply, before laving the small hurt with his tongue. Doriena cried out before she could stop herself...*

*And awoke to find both men staring at her from opposite sides of the room with identical looks of lust in their eyes. Unfortunately, her mother and father were there also.*

*"Doriena!" Her mother was at her side in an instant, checking her pulse, pushing her back into the bed when she tried to rise. "Are you all right? You screamed in your sleep."*

"I -- I'm fine, Mother," she managed to stammer. She felt guilty as hell, like she'd been caught doing something naughty. Which she had, except no one knew.

She managed to convince herself of that until she looked at Alex and Bakac again. They knew *exactly* what she had been dreaming. She was sure of it.

And she knew what that meant, too.

Worse, they were right. She wasn't ready for this. "Mom." She reached for her mother, who enfolded her in her arms and held her tightly.

"I'm so glad you're okay. Thank God Bakac was with you."

"It would have been okay if he hadn't been." She pulled away from her mother then, feeling defensive now. "My status chip would have alerted Medical of my need for assistance."

"It shouldn't have happened at all." Bakac stared at her a moment before turning to Kahn. "Your daughter pulled an apprentice warrior from the wall. Her injuries occurred because he fell on top of her."

Her father looked at her sharply, his eyes piercing. He was in "General" mode now. Over the course of her life, she had seen this switch many times, though she had never been the cause of such a look before. "You pulled another warrior from the wall during a battle?"

Honesty was always the best approach with her father. He always gave an opportunity for one to explain one's actions, so she kept her answer short and focused.

"Yes. I did."

"And you had a reason for doing this, yes?"

"I did."

"Then explain yourself, apprentice."

"Kahn." Her mother placed a hand on Kahn's shoulder, but he brushed her off, not looking at her. Her mother seemed miffed, but didn't press whatever issue she had.

"He was pulling the slower warriors from the wall to better his own time. Apparently, with the threat of real weapons fire removed from the battle, several warriors are using the advantage to set record completions. I shouldn't have let my

anger cloud my judgment, but this particular warrior has put others in danger more than once."

Kahn looked to Bakac. "Is this true?"

"Yes, sir." Bakac didn't hesitate in the slightest. "It was well known, sir."

"Then why was this not stopped by someone other than an apprentice warrior?" Kahn's words exploded throughout the room. Doriena had never seen her father actually angry. Gothe'maran were experts at hiding any emotion, especially during battle. Her father might show love and affection as a father and husband, but as a member of Military Command, he never showed emotion.

Until today.

"I will deal with this at the Academy." He looked directly at Bakac. "Then I will hear why you didn't tell me about this personally."

"Father." Alex spoke for the first time. His voice sounded husky, like he desperately needed a drink of water. He cleared his throat. "Bakac had another duty that interfered with everything else. I have no doubt that, if he'd had the time, he would have told you what was going on."

Kahn's eyes narrowed as he turned to Alex. "And that duty?"

"He was shadowing Doriena night and day. The only time he had a break was when she was at home, which ended when she left to stay at the Academy. Thanks to me, he's had no time for anything other than keeping an eye on Doriena."

Alex looked as if he was preparing to say more, but one look from Kahn and his mouth snapped shut. Her brother wasn't one to back down from anyone, but he had too much respect for their father to argue with him in front of others.

She sucked in a breath.

She actually *felt* his frustration at not being able to defend himself and Bakac. She felt the love and respect he had for both their parents. And his lust for her was simmering there in the background. He was hoping no one noticed the damned raging hard on he had at the moment, and he was hoping like *hell* he didn't have to fuck Bakac. Literally.

She couldn't help herself. The giggle broke free before she could stop it. Everyone looked at her, but her eyes locked with Alex's and she had to swallow another giggle.

"I am *not* changing my mind about that!" Alex's outburst was enough to draw attention away from her, and she looked at Bakac. He was not amused. In fact, he looked very uncomfortable indeed. Apparently, he felt the same way Alex did.

Anna looked at the three of them in turn. Doriena felt a sinking feeling in her stomach. If anyone could put this together, it was her mother. She just hoped Anna could keep that little bit of information to herself.

Kahn's head whipped around to his wife and the disbelieving look on his face answered *that* question. "Absolutely not!"

"I'm not sure you have a say in this, dear." The faintest smile graced Anna's lips. Doriena was more than a little relieved to know there was at least a chance that her mother was on their side.

"I most certainly *do* have a say. She's my daughter!" He slashed his hand through the air in a quick angry motion. "*I forbid it!*"

"She's a grown woman, Kahn."

Kahn pinned both Alex and Bakac with a deadly glare, which was something considering both men were on opposite sides of the room. Turning from one to the other, he said, "Don't get me wrong, I love you both. Bakac, you've been like a son to me, and Alex is not only my son, but my heir. I took him as my own when I took his mother as my mate." He turned back to Alex. "But if either of you make her cry -- even once -- and I find out about it, I swear by the Holy Universe, I'll kill you both!"

Doriena had never seen her father look so fierce. Apparently, this was why he'd gotten the name "Kahn the Merciless."

"Father," she said softly, "do you really think I could have found a man anywhere who would have my well being so firmly in his mind? You've raised Alex and I as siblings. For all intents and purposes, he is my brother." She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. "He may make me crazy sometimes, but he's always been there

for me. And Bakac has apparently been willing to put his career on the line to protect me when I was supposed to be working on my own. Could *you* have found anyone who would do that?"

"I don't want to talk about this." Kahn held up his hand. "You're my daughter. You don't need anyone but me." He glared at the two men. "Especially two who have lived in your shadow most of their lives and still seek their own pleasures. They will only bring you heartbreak."

The stabbing in her heart surprised her. Her father's words hurt. It took her a moment to figure it out, but the pain wasn't her own. It was Alex's.

When she looked at him, his face was blank, but he focused on nothing. He just looked straight ahead somewhere above Kahn's head. Like a soldier being dressed down by his superior.

"Dad!" She never called him that unless she wanted his undivided attention. "How can you possibly say that?"

"Because it's true." He scrubbed a hand over his face. "Doriena, you have no idea what passes as sexual entertainment for these two." He waved a hand at the two men, momentarily taking his eyes off his daughter. "Don't bother trying to deny it -- I'm head of Military Command and ruler on this world. I know your tastes, whether I want to or not." Turning back to Doriena, he continued, "Trust me when I say you're not ready for this."

"I know," she said softly, "but I've never backed away from anything my whole life and I'm not about to shrink away from my soul's mates simply because I'm not as worldly as they are." When Kahn would have spoken again, she interrupted. "Would you have given up Mother if she had stretched your limits sexually?"

Anna cleared her throat and coughed once, softly. "Don't answer that or I'll kick your ass right here, Kahn."

The great Kahn the Merciless actually blushed.

And he conceded defeat as gracefully as he could.

"Well, if you need me to kill either one of them, don't hesitate to ask." He gave the men another menacing look, then said, "Damn it, Dorienna. You're not supposed to grow up."

She watched her father leave, followed by her mother who smiled and winked at her. "Don't worry, dear. He's just afraid to lose you." Then Anna looked at her son. "He's really very proud of you, Alex. You've grown into a fine man. But fathers and daughters have a different relationship. You'll understand someday."

After Anna left, Dorienna looked at Alex and Bakac. No one spoke for a few moments.

"Well," she said after she cleared her throat, "I'll be leaving soon, I'm sure. Perhaps we should all go someplace private and discuss this later?"

Alex said nothing, but Bakac straightened from his place leaning against a wall. "I think that would be wise. We'll meet you at my mountain estate tonight."

"Meet me?" She had expected they would all go together.

"Yes. I want you to have the means to leave if you wish." Dorienna swallowed. What the hell could they possibly do to make her want to leave? She tried to reach out to them, but couldn't sense anything. Everything she had ever been taught about soul's mates suggested that their connection had to grow and develop over time, but not being able to pick feelings, emotions, or even thoughts out at will was damn inconvenient.

"Father's right, Dorienna." Alex spoke, never looking at her, but at Bakac, as if he simply couldn't meet her eyes. "We have advanced tastes. Bakac is wise to suggest you have a way out if you can't handle it."

"You're making me nervous." She tried to laugh it off, but her words were true. For all her bravado, could she really handle not one, but both men?

Not bloody likely.

"Good." Alex rose from his seat beside her bed and headed for the door, not saying another word.

Bakac followed, leaving Dorienna to contemplate their future.

## Chapter 6

"Are you sure this is the right thing to do, Alex?" Bakac always deferred to Alex in matters of Doriena, but this was different. And not what Bakac would call conducive to winning the heart of their souls' mate.

"Do you want to spend the rest of your life repressing your needs? She has to know what we want, the same as we need to know what she wants." Alex gripped the carrying case that contained the week's end entertainment. To Bakac, he didn't look certain at all.

"And if those wants don't coincide?"

"Then it's best we find out now."

"Will it change your desire to claim her as your mate?"

"Not my desire, Bakac, but I won't trap her in a relationship she can't stand the same as I won't trap myself."

"Well, I'm telling you now, Alex, if she doesn't like my darker nature, I'll repress myself to the other side of the Universe and back before I'll give her up. Just because she's not ready for this stuff now, doesn't mean she won't be if introduced properly. Sometimes you just have to be patient."

Alex didn't say anything, but Bakac got the distinct impression he was trying to scare off Doriena. Well, the things in that carrying case would probably do it. He'd just have to make sure they progressed carefully.

For this little adventure, he'd have to stay in tighter control of himself than ever before in his life.

So much for showing Doriena his true nature.

\* \* \*



Doriena had been to Bakac's mountain estate only once. It was nestled high up in the Mandorian Mountains overlooking Northling. The view was breathtaking. Great trees spired majestically around the front and sides of the estate, and a mountain lake was situated in the back. Bakac always told her the lake was cool in the heat of the summer, while heat from an underground fissure warmed the water in the winter creating a natural hot spring. Secretly, she had always wanted to swim naked in that lake.

Perhaps she'd get her chance.

Instead of taking a transport pod to the estate entrance, she opted for a chartered drive. It took several hours, and she needed that time to prepare herself.

If that were possible.

She knew Alex wanted to shock and frighten her, and she wasn't sure it wouldn't work. Taking a deep breath, she concentrated on her training at Military Command. If there was ever a time when she needed to repress her emotions, it was now.

\* \* \*

What the *fuck* was keeping Doriena? Alex paced back and forth between the bedroom and the window of the great hall that overlooked the estate's entrance. He'd been waiting for over three hours and was beginning to think he really *had* scared her off.

Then he saw the small conveyance making its way up the side of the mountain, and he knew what she had done.

He blew out a breath of air. If he'd given her a specific time to be here, he'd punish her first thing. But he hadn't.

More importantly, he hated that he cared. He didn't want to get his hopes up because what he had told Bakac was absolutely correct. He would refuse to take her as his mate if she couldn't accept his sexual appetites. Bakac could do as he wished, but he would not live his life in sexual repression.

Damn it.

Funny how he felt the need to remind himself of that.

Once he knew she was on her way, would in fact be there very soon, he went back upstairs to Bakac's gym which they had converted into a "play room" for the week's end. With Instamovers, it had only taken them half an hour and the effect was... disturbing.

All the windows had been covered. All the equipment had either been removed or refitted to use as a device of restraint. Toys of every imaginable use were placed around the room.

And the thought of tying Dorienna down made his blood *boil*! He got an instant hard on every time he imagined her creamy, freckle dusted flesh stretched out and helpless before him. His to do with as he pleased.

The plan had been for him to await Dorienna and Bakac here. He had already dressed the part -- they both had. Black leather pants with a flap at the crotch for easy extraction of his cock, black armbands that emphasized his muscles, and a calm exterior he didn't feel on the inside.

He'd never been this nervous about being with a woman in his life. Perhaps he wasn't as jaded as his father thought.

\* \* \*

Bakac had dressed similarly to Alex, minus the arm bands and flap over his crotch. He wore instead a loose gray shirt hanging open to about mid chest. He had seen Dorienna enter the property, too, and took his place in the great hall to welcome her, and to gauge her nervousness. Alex might be set on scaring her away from them, but he intended to hang on to her with both hands.

And arms, and legs, and feet, if necessary.

If she left Alex, he still had her as a sister. Bakac had nothing.

The door chimed, bringing him out of his depressing line of thought. Slowly, deliberately, he made his way to let Dorienna in the house. When he opened the door, he felt like he had been punched in the gut.

She was stunning.

Her leanly muscled body was encased in a form-fitting outfit the same color as her hair. And there really wasn't much of it. Although it was long sleeved and long legged, it was designed with so many gaping holes, it looked like it might have been ripped to shreds instead of intentionally created that way.

Or like it would be easy to rip off that delectable body.

She was muscled, and very lean, but she had womanly curves in the right places. Her hips were gently rounded, and her breasts even more generous than he could have possibly imagined. How she'd managed to keep those hidden all this time, he had no idea. Her muscled abdomen was exposed from just below her breasts to dangerously low below her navel, strong arms and legs bare in several places from shoulder to wrist and hip to ankle. And that magnificent cleavage! Large, rounded, high breasts there just waiting for him to grab each of them in his hands and bury his face between them.

For a moment, he just stood there, unable to form a coherent sentence. Doriena shuffled her feet and looked away from him when he said nothing. Still, he couldn't even invite her inside. Never before had he been this awestruck over a woman.

Finally, she took a deep breath. "I guess this wasn't quite what the two of you had in mind."

"No!" He was practically yelling at her. "Sorry." He ran his hands through his hair, then grabbed her arm and yanked her inside.

Once the door was closed behind them, he pulled her into his body and held her there. She came to about mid chest on him, so he bent down and picked her up. "Wrap those long, strong legs around me, Doriena." His voice was husky in his need, and he didn't give her time to comply before he took her mouth with his.

At first she was tentative, unsure of herself, but a few moments later and she was kissing him as hungrily as he kissed her. Her legs tightened around him, her pelvis thrust against his belly, trying to get the needed friction in the needed places.

She surprised him by snaking her tongue inside his mouth to duel with his. It was all he could do not to simply rip that ridiculously skimpy outfit off her luscious curves and fuck her right there.

But they had plans, and he'd just bet she was a lot stronger than either of them -- or Dorienna herself -- gave her credit for.

Dorienna's head spun. Bakac's kisses were intoxicating. His big hands on her ass kneaded her flesh, pulling her cheeks apart, and she could just imagine how *that* would come in handy.

When she moaned and managed to bring her pussy into contact with his leather clad cock, which was now hard as stone underneath his pants, he spun her around and slammed her back up against the door. With an animalistic growl, he fisted his hand in her hair, yanking her head back to look at her.

He ground himself into her, and she slid up and down the door, helpless in the wake of his lust. Not that she cared. She used her legs to draw him into her and braced herself against the wall as best she could. His face was as fierce as the most aggressive warrior caught in a blood lust, and it was clear he was oblivious to anything else around them. He had only one goal in mind.

It was fine with her. The only thing she wanted at this moment was to explode into the orgasm that hovered just out of her reach.

"No!" Bakac growled as he sped up his movements. "Do not come! Not until I say you can!"

Dorienna was shocked, but also suddenly desperate. She wanted to follow his instructions, though she had never been one to let another control her life. There was something naughty about his order -- and make no mistake, it was an order. Not only did she want to follow his order, she needed to.

It was slightly unsettling.

He pushed harder and harder, pushing her closer and closer, but she fought. She wanted to come so badly, she could feel it, but she didn't dare. His features grew more and more strained, and she knew he was fighting it himself. Finally, with one more thrust he shouted and snarled. Dorienna was almost sure he hadn't come. He was still holding her, but she sensed he was more turned on than ever.

"Bakac! What in the Universe are you doing?" Alex's face was just as fierce, something she had never seen in her brother. "Bring her upstairs."

Bakac was breathing hard and the lust gleaming in his eyes was so intense, it was scary. He just looked at her a moment before resting his forehead against hers. "I'm sorry." His whisper was so low, she almost didn't hear it. "I didn't mean for this to start out this way."

She smiled. "Like I didn't enjoy myself."

"Now, Bakac!"

Bakac snorted. "Looks like the master has spoken."

Doriena would have laughed if she hadn't been so weak in the knees. If she was in for more experiences like this one, she was definitely in over her head.

But she couldn't have been happier about it.

\* \* \*

Alex felt the lust building in Doriena. It was the first time he'd actually experienced her emotions, and he was shocked and more than a little angry for her to be experiencing such intensity with Bakac. They were supposed to be doing this together, damn it!

What if this little scheme backfired? What if he succeeded in pushing her away, but she clung to Bakac? Could he live knowing his soul's mate was with someone else? His plan was to push her away sexually, but to keep her affections as a sister, but if Bakac didn't have the same goal, he might very well lose them both.

He had to think.

His thoughts were interrupted when Bakac and Doriena entered the room. Bakac had her cradled protectively against him, and the look in the other man's eyes said Alex had best not push her too far.

He had been right. Bakac meant to keep Doriena, no matter the cost.

Doriena struggled out of Bakac's arms -- the big man didn't seem to want to let her go -- and stood before him. She didn't say anything, but she didn't have to. Her outfit spoke for her.

The woman had come to fuck.

"I see the two of you started without me."

"It couldn't be helped." Bakac stepped forward, slightly in front of Dorienna. Alex knew the protective gesture warmed her heart. He also knew Dorienna wasn't afraid of him. He wasn't nearly as hardhearted as he tried to make her believe, and after nineteen years of living with the man, Dorienna knew him.

Alex looked from one to the other. "Well, we've only got the weekend." He pinned Dorienna with his sharp gaze. "If you're still willing, that is."

"I'm ready for anything you have in mind." She stepped toward him and smiled as she placed a hand on his face. "You can't frighten me off, Alex."

His emotions were in complete turmoil. What if she was just what he needed? What if she not only tolerated what he was about to put her through, but enjoyed it? What if she not only enjoyed it...

But craved it.

Just thinking about that possibility got him hard.

It also scared the hell out of him.

It was hard for him to think of her as a sex object. All his life, he had tried his best to protect this girl. Now she stood before him ready to submit to his most carnal desires and he wasn't sure *he* could go through with this.

Either she was becoming very adept at picking up his emotions, or he was giving away too much himself because she moved into his arms and hugged him fiercely. "Alex," she whispered, "I'm not your sister." She pushed away and looked at him. "When the war between Earth and Gothe'mar ended, Father told both peoples in order for us to coexist there had to be a new beginning. We all had to reinvent how we thought about each other. It's taken almost twenty years, but trade now thrives between our peoples."

"What's your point, Dorienna?"

"My point..." She took his hands and placed them on her breasts. He swallowed reflexively. "It's time for a new beginning for the three of us. The two of you can't think

of me as your little sister --" she looked over her shoulder at Bakac, "-- or your best friend's little sister. You have to start thinking of me as your souls' mate. If you don't, the past will be our only barrier."

Bakac snorted. "Well, that and the general."

"It's not that easy, Dorienna." Alex might have stubbornly clung to their past relationship, but he also clung to her breasts -- a sure indication he was letting himself get used to the idea she was his soul's mate. His thumbs absently brushed the pebble-hard nipples he found beneath the flimsy material covering them.

"Oh really?" She raised an eyebrow. "Even if I were to rip this silly outfit off and impale myself on that hard cock?" Her hand closed over the steel-hard member beneath his pants. It wasn't long before her exploring fingers figured out how to loosen the flap, and she wrapped her hand around his thick cock, stroking the length of him.

He swallowed.

"Well, Alex," Bakac said as he moved behind Dorienna, gripped her hips and pushed his pelvis into her bottom, "make up your mind. Dorienna is a passionate woman, one that I want for my own. She is my soul's mate and I'm keeping her." He bent his head to Dorienna's neck and looked Alex in the face as he nibbled her skin. "You're not going to scare her off, because I'm not letting you be the ass you'd planned to be. If you don't want her, then leave. But I intend to introduce her to a wonderful world of dark pleasures with or without your help."

"Goddamn you both!" Alex grabbed Dorienna's waist with one hand, and pulled one leg around his hip with the other. No sooner had the words left his lips, than he claimed Dorienna's mouth with his.

Dorienna welcomed him. He still had reservations, but she knew she could help him overcome them. This week's end was supposed to be to teach her a lesson, but she was hoping she could teach the two of them a thing or two.

Not the least of which was she was perfect for both of them. Always, deep in her soul, she had known she belonged with both of them. She had just never put it all

together and given herself the mental “okay” to seek a physical relationship with two men.

She was sandwiched between the two sexiest men on the planet. They were vastly more experienced than she was, and they were going to drive her insane with sexual pleasure for three nights and two days.

Starting now.



## Chapter 7

Doriena's flesh was a heady mix of salty sweetness. Bakac glanced around the room, giddily, trying to decide where to start, when he spied an odd looking contraption. It took his mind a while to figure it out, especially since his thought processes were slowly but surely turning to mush in the sexual haze surrounding him, but it was definitely worth the wait. Where the hell had Alex come up with *that*?

It would do nicely.

Alex looked like he might start ripping clothes off any second now. He kissed Doriena like this was truly their only weekend together, his growls and snarls as loud as Doriena's heavy breathing and whimpers. He totally dominated her, his bigger body almost enveloping her in his need to get closer, to get inside her.

Bakac grinned and shook his head. Alex was really getting into this.

"Alex." His voice sounded too husky. He could never remember being this excited about tying a woman up. When Alex looked at him, annoyance flashing in his eyes, Bakac jerked his head in the direction of the apparatus in question.

When Alex saw where Bakac wanted to go, he picked Doriena up, urging her legs around his hips, and carried her himself to an apparatus guaranteed to push her limits and, in turn, maximize her pleasure.

Alex didn't hesitate. He carried Doriena to a modified weight bench he had adjusted especially for this occasion. He ground his cock into her as he sat her down, letting her know without words what he wanted from her. Well, part of what he wanted. Truth be known, he wanted everything from her. He was just afraid to let her know. She deserved much better than either himself or Bakac.

She deserved someone like their father.

But damn him, he couldn't deny himself this one week's end. She was determined to go through with this, and he was just human enough to let her.

He laid her on the slightly inclined surface and, before securing her hands, buried his face between her legs and inhaled. By the Universe, he had to have her. Now. Yesterday.

Gripping two of the ragged holes in her outfit at the thighs, he ripped the scant material from her body. The fiery pelt at her sex beckoned him like nothing ever had. He wanted to devour her, to dip his head once again and not come up until he had drained every ounce of passion from her body. She whimpered but he couldn't take his eyes off her pussy.

"Eat me, Alex," Doriena cried. When she threaded her fingers in his hair, it was enough to snap him out of the sexual haze. Yes, he wanted to fuck the shit out of her, but not yet.

Not yet.

"Her hands." He managed to raise his head and growl an order at Bakac, who was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed over his massive chest. The smirk on his face was the final dash of ice water to bring him back to reality. He stood. "The wrist restraints are on the wall. Fasten her in."

Dorienna's chest heaved and the grin on her face was positively giddy. She was enjoying the hell out of this. That wasn't supposed to happen. Was it?

Alex watched in fascination as Doriena stretched her arms for Bakac. Her body lay before him, perfect in every way. Muscles bunched and flexed as she made herself comfortable, her eyes never leaving Alex's. She didn't hesitate when Bakac spread her legs, secured straps just above her knees and tied her. Doriena lay there, spread out for both men. Ready to be fucked.

And she smiled.

*Damn.*

She might have been tied, but Doriena looked anything but helpless. It would be impossible for such a powerful body to look helpless. She wasn't bulky, like a man, but

sleek and powerful. Like a cat, or the pet *tarae* their mother had. He wanted to see all that power unleashed in one explosive orgasm.

As he stood there, looking down at Doriena, he had the sudden urge to chuckle, which didn't at all fit his mood. He shook his head slightly and reached for the feeling, to see where it came from, but the feeling was gone before he could grasp it.

"Are you going to fuck me, or stand there?" Even bound and spread out at his mercy, she still had a smart mouth on her. He thought briefly about gagging her, but that wouldn't be in her best interests.

"Before we begin..." Alex went to a nearby storage unit to retrieve something for Doriena, "...we need to establish a couple of things." He turned around, and Doriena's eyes widened when she saw what he held. A little, brown, very worn out teddy bear. "We need to establish a safe word."

"Buggly Bear? You kept him all this time?" Finally! He'd succeeded in focusing her on a memory from a long time ago. If anything would bring her to her senses, this surely would. He hoped this would remind her exactly what he was capable of. He ignored her question as if it meant nothing to him. As if she was just like the woman she'd seen him with several years ago.

"If we begin something you are uncomfortable with, you need only say 'Buggly Bear,' and we'll stop. It's your safe word."

He could feel a flash of hurt from her, then confusion, but neither emotion stayed with him long. He simply couldn't tell how she felt beyond the brief encounters when her emotions were high.

"Are you sure you want to continue?" Alex kept his voice as calm and neutral as he could, yet somewhere deep inside him was confusion and anger at her reaction. Again, just as briefly as the emotion came, it was gone.

"Why?" Her voice was small and she didn't look nearly as confident as she had a few moments ago. "Why are you doing this?"

"Because you have to know the kinds of things I want. Did you think that just because a few years had passed, I'd have changed? If you can't give me what I want, I suggest you save us both the pain and aggravation and tell me now."

"You're a bastard, Alex." Her voice was a bit shaky, and he suspected she was near tears, but she held back. Her fists were clenched, and the muscles in her arms and abdomen stood out in stark relief under the delicately freckled cream of her skin. "If you don't want me, say so. I'm sure Bakac will be happy to keep me for himself."

*Bakac!* He had been so intent on scaring Dorienna into admitting she wasn't ready for this, he had been oblivious to the other man's presence. Turning to face him now, Alex had never seen the man look so furious.

"I saw her memory, Alex. You deliberately made her remember something that terrified her. Besides that, I never knew you were such a sick *bakkara*."

Alex couldn't disagree with him. Even though the woman at the time had asked - begged -- for what he did to her, the memory was disturbing. She had been very into pain and had asked to be flogged, had asked to bleed under his lashes. He had complied, but it wasn't something he had ever done again or had ever wanted to do. Bondage and spankings were one thing. Hard core BDSM was something else.

The problem was, Dorienna had accidentally walked in on the worst of it at the tender age of thirteen. Even before she had seen the mess he'd made, she had an anxious look on her face. She had been clutching the bear Alex himself had clutched as a child. When she saw what he was doing, she had backed away, a look of horror on her face. She had dropped the bear and run out of the room. Unfortunately, she had also run away from him, both literally and figuratively. He hadn't seen her for weeks after that and when he finally cornered her one evening in her own bedroom, she hadn't spoken to him nor did she accept Buggly Bear from him. It was almost a year before she did speak to him, and their relationship had never been the same. They had managed to establish an uneasy peace after that, but neither had spoken of that incident in the six years since it had happened.

"It wasn't me, Bakac. You've been in situations where women wanted something you didn't."

"I'm not talking about what you did back then. I'm talking about you dredging up a memory like that for her. You're just trying to make yourself feel better. Forcing her to make the decision about whether or not you get to fuck her. It's an act of a coward!" Bakac shoved Alex from his place standing between Doriena's legs. "I never thought of you as a coward, Alex. Besides, she's made her decision or she wouldn't be here, and you're a damned fool for making her doubt her decision."

The other man dismissed Alex then. His attention focused totally on Doriena. She looked at him with need, a need for him to take her demons away.

Bakac petted her tense thighs, and gradually, her breathing settled and her face relaxed. She no longer looked upset but he'd be damned if he knew what she actually felt.

"Don't worry, my lovely," Bakac soothed. "I can still take you on a journey into forbidden passion." He dipped his head to Doriena's cunt and made one long swipe. She tensed again, but this time in anticipation.

Alex watched, fascinated. He knew he had no right to stay, but he couldn't make himself leave. The growing sexual desire within Doriena called to him as nothing else could. She was his soul's mate. He couldn't leave her. Not now.

Not ever.

Doriena was hurt and confused by Alex's strong desire to be rid of her. She couldn't believe he had made her relive that incident on this day of all days. This was supposed to be a special time. Yes, she knew from the beginning he would try to push her away, but she had never guessed he'd wanted it that much. Perhaps he truly didn't want her.

Bakac's soothing touches, however, were a balm to her bruised feelings. He looked at her like she was the only woman in the world, like he found her beautiful and always would. When he licked her pussy with one hot, wet stroke of his tongue, she resolved to put Alex out of her mind. If he didn't want to share his life with her, so be it.

But the more Bakac worked her, the more she saw how her wetness coated his mouth and chin when he stopped to look at her with a heated gaze, the more she wanted to include Alex. Perhaps it was her link with him as her soul's mate. It just didn't seem right.

She turned her head slightly and looked at Alex. At first, he was intent on Bakac and what he was doing to her pussy, but it wasn't long before she caught Alex's attention. She licked her lips.

"Are you sure you don't want to help, Alex? Are you so intent on scaring me away that you won't be here to help me through this?"

"You have Bakac," he said dryly, looking to the other man, who was again feasting on her cunt. "Why would you need me?"

"Because you're my rock, Alex. Even when things became strained between us, you were still there for me, and I still looked up to you. I needed you, even if it was just to pick a fight with you. I needed to know you'd always be there. I still need it."

She felt him hesitate, then reach for her with everything in his being. He took a step, two, then knelt and fused his mouth to hers.

" 'Bout damned time." Bakac lifted his head long enough to mutter the words before settling into her cunt in earnest.

Had she not been bombarded with not only her own lust filled emotions, but the lust filled emotions of the two men, Doriena would have laughed out loud. As it was, she tried to reach out to Alex, only to be reminded abruptly that she was restrained effectively. She knew she couldn't move, but she pulled with her arms all the same.

"Alex," she panted when he left her mouth to suck and nibble at her jaw and neck, "get me out of this so I can touch you." She glanced between her legs. "Both of you."

Alex ignored her and continued to torment her flesh. When he reached the opening at her cleavage, he simply tucked his fingers under the material and ripped. Her breasts, now exposed to his gaze and the cool air, hardened in response. She wasn't sure which had the greater power over her.

When he sucked one nipple into his mouth, she cried out as she arched her back, thrusting her chest into him. Bakac still sucked and lapped her clit and pussy, and the sensations were almost overwhelming. Two men whom she loved beyond reason pleased her beyond reason.

Love.

Yes, she'd always loved Alex, but Bakac was another matter entirely. He seemed to take their attraction in stride, but despite her attraction for him, she had never thought of her feelings as love. Was it possible to love him as deeply as she loved Alex?

When Bakac stood and straddled the bench, aiming his cock at her pussy, she knew the question would have to wait for later. She was about to lose her mind.

A vein stood out at Bakac's temple, a testament to his own passion. His face was flushed, and sweat made his body glisten. She was awestruck at the sheer power of this man's body. She had always known he was strong, but the man was absolutely massive. He made her feel tiny in comparison, fragile. His skin was a dark golden hue, like warm caramel. Muscles bunched and rippled under his skin with each movement, and his powerful thighs settled against her bound ones.

His cock was long and wide, nestled in dark curls, and she watched in fascination as it came closer and closer to her cunt.

"Watch as he enters you, Doriena." Alex had moved from her breasts and now knelt by her head, speaking softly into her ear. "I'm sure this will be the first of many times tonight, but always remember this first time. This is the time he claims you."

She did watch, hypnotized. He stretched her and it burned erotically. Oddly, the slight pain enhanced the pleasure the two had been building. Slowly, with agonizingly careful strokes, Bakac worked himself inside her until his balls rested on her ass.

He paused, and Doriena took a deep breath of anticipation.

Alex turned her face toward him and delved into her mouth fiercely with his tongue at the same time Bakac started to stroke. It was as if the two men were connected somehow. The more aggressively Alex kissed her, the harder Bakac pounded

her cunt, each thrust jarring her body so that she wondered how she was able to continue kissing Alex.

With a growl, Alex stood and thrust his own cock at her mouth. She opened eagerly, taking the plump head into her mouth and running her tongue around the silky skin. Again, she tried to reach for him -- a move of instinct to grasp his cock in her hand as she sucked him -- but, again, her movement was cut short. She would have let out a frustrated screech if her mouth hadn't been full.

Bakac's deep grunts mingled with Alex's as both men fucked her from opposite ends. Nothing in her existence could have prepared her for the pure sensation flowing through her. She could feel the pleasure and excitement building in each man, and it fed her own lust to unbelievable levels.

Bakac rammed into her with one powerful surge after another, his hips meeting her flesh with sharp slaps of skin on skin. Alex's thrusts, at first shallow, became increasingly deep, and she almost gagged a time or two before he backed off, but knowing he was so out of control thrilled her beyond belief.

All three of them were panting hard. Doriena's breasts bounced and flailed with each thrust of both men. She pulled fiercely at the bonds at her wrists, trying to brace herself as best she could. Almost overwhelmed by the combined need, she reached blindly for her own release, but with the tilt of her pelvis, Bakac's position perpendicular to her outstretched body didn't allow enough friction on her clit.

Which, no doubt, was what the two of them planned. Neither of them did anything without a plan.

"That's it, my beauty." Alex's voice was hoarse, gravelly. "Suck my cock like you want it." His fist in her hair tightened, and she knew he was going to come. She braced herself for the hot jet of his seed, but at the last moment he pulled out and the sticky, milky-white fluid spurted over her breasts and neck. Two more thrusts and a shout through clenched teeth, and Bakac pulled out of her needy cunt and shot his own load over her belly.



Both men were breathing hard, but she held her breath. *Goddamn!* She needed to come worse than she needed to breathe. She was trembling all over, her muscles ached from being clenched so tightly, but she'd be damned if she could relax.

"Please don't tell me you're going to leave me like this." She hated sounding like she was begging, but well, that was exactly what she was doing.

"For the moment." Bakac grinned. "But don't worry. I promise that before this evening is over, you'll be more satisfied than any woman has a right to be."

"I still don't see why you guys got to come and I didn't," she grumbled.

"Frustration is good for the orgasm," Alex chuckled.

"Now I know why you tied me up. You were afraid I'd kill you."

Bakac knelt and gave her a searing, open-mouthed kiss. "Trust me, *A'Tal*, my angel. I won't leave you dissatisfied for long."

She *did* trust him. She trusted him on the battlefield, and in the bedroom, err, playroom. He wouldn't let her down. She had always known that about him, but he was proving it to her in everything he did. It was because of him Alex was trying to come around to her way of thinking. It was because of him she was even alive to enjoy this exquisite frustration.

It was Alex she was worried about. He was trying, but even now, she could feel him trying to distance himself from her. She refused to let him.

"What's next?"

Bakac laughed out loud. "Impatient wench. I like that."

"Hell yes, I'm impatient! I want Alex's cock buried in my cunt. I want more of your lovely cock. By the Universe, I want to *come*, damn it!"

"Hmmm." Bakac was trying to sound playful, but she felt the underlying worry inside him. They had to keep Alex focused. "I think that can be arranged. At least, we might be able to let you come. What do you think, Alex?"

The other man stood there, where he had spent himself, still staring at Doriena's come-covered breasts. Glancing up at Bakac, he brought himself out of whatever thoughts haunted him and looked around the room.

"Yeah," Alex breathed, "I have an idea."

Both men worked to free Doriena, and she massaged her wrists as soon as she was free. Her thighs ached from being spread open so long, and she had bruises around her wrists where she had pulled against her bonds, but she didn't really care.

Alex headed across the room, and she reached for Bakac when he knelt to pick her up. Normally she would have refused such treatment, but she wasn't sure her legs would hold her at the moment. Besides, he had already carried her once. It wouldn't hurt to let him do it again.

When he stopped beside something that looked like a huge swing hanging from the ceiling, Doriena just looked at him. "You've got to be joking."

"I never joke." Bakac set her on her feet and turned her away from him.

"Yes, you do. What are you doing?" He had pulled her arms behind her back and was tying them there. He was careful to wrap her wrists in a soft, padded material before binding them.

"You didn't think we were going to leave you loose, did you?"

"I just don't see why you have to keep me tied up. I want to touch you guys, too."

Bakac spun her back around to face him. "Later. Right now, it's time for you to surrender control of your body to us."

"Somehow, I knew you were going to say that."

Bakac lifted her by the waist and set her in the swing. Her ass slid snugly into the meshy material. Once again, Bakac spread her legs. This time, he snapped her ankles into cuffs attached to two of the chains holding the swing suspended.

She was exposed. Totally at their mercy. She loved it! It was an extremely vulnerable position. And it got her hot just waiting to see what they would do next.

Alex returned with something wrapped with a towel, his cock already beginning to harden. He devoured her with his eyes. The more helpless she was, the better he liked it. Doriena could see it in his beautiful face.

"Nice job, Bakac."

"Just fuck her, Alex. I want to see her come apart. Then --" he gripped his own cock and stroked, almost absentmindedly, "-- I want to fuck her again."

Alex walked around the swing, trailing a finger over Dorienna's skin as he went. He stopped beside her and knelt until his face was mere inches from hers.

"Do you want to continue?"

"Without question." Her voice was husky with need. If her lust had died down during Bakac's preparation, it was back with a vengeance. "Please, Alex. Don't fight what's meant to be. I love you. I always have. I always will."

An expression came across Alex's face Dorienna hadn't seen in a very long time. He used to look at her like that, when she was a kid. Only now, along with an unconditional, tender love, there was a lust so hot she was afraid she'd go up in flames on the spot. He didn't say another word -- he simply situated himself on a stool that put him between her legs.

Alex had been going about everything with mindless lust. He didn't want to think about it. He didn't want to think that he might not be good enough for her. He still wasn't sure he could ever be what she deserved, but knowing she loved him made it a little easier. Perhaps that was why she had two soul's mates. Perhaps where one of them was lacking, the other would be strong.

As he sat and reached for an adjustable butt plug and a tube of lubricant, he caught a whiff of the musky smell from her cunt. Unable to resist, he dipped his head between her spread legs and took a slow lick from cunt to clit. *Goddamn, that's good!* He sucked each lip into his mouth briefly, then her clit. Then he simply buried his face in her pussy, his nose occasionally brushing her clit.

Dorienna squirmed and arched her back, using the straps where her feet were propped as support. When he inserted a finger, then two, inside her, she threw her head back and screamed. She moved her pelvis as much as her bonds allowed, and Alex found himself wondering what she'd be like unbound and free to do as she wished. Would she pull his head into her cunt more firmly? Would she pull his hair, urging him

above her and inside her moist heat? Would she scratch and claw his back like a *tarae* in a mating frenzy?

All of the above, most likely.

When he noticed Bakac above Doriena's head, kneading her breasts and murmuring softly to her, he remembered he had something he needed to do. As always, there was a method to his every movement. Alex immediately ceased his drinking from her pussy and found the butt plug and the lube. Greasing the wedge-shaped instrument liberally, he set it aside and coated two of his fingers.

Carefully, slowly, he rimmed her anus. She cried out in surprise and sat up as much as she could to watch his movements.

"Do you want to watch, A'Tal?" Bakac licked the shell of her ear as he made eye contact with Alex.

She nodded, and Alex had the distinct feeling it was all she was capable of at the moment. While he continued to rim her ass, Bakac went to a nearby console and retrieved the mini viewer and camera. After testing the viewer and placing the camera at an angle that provided the best advantage, he placed the glasses-like viewer on Doriena's face and adjusted the camera one last time. The tiny projection gave her a bird's eye view of what Alex was doing to her.

She watched in fascination as one of Alex's fingers slipped inside her to the first knuckle. He removed it, added more lubricant, and slipped it back inside, this time deeper. Again, he retreated, added more lube and entered her again, this time adding another finger. The sensation made her feel full and more than a little naughty.

"Do you like to watch, Doriena?" Alex asked as he stretched her ass with his two fingers, working her open with slow gentleness. He wanted to simply plunge himself into her and be done with it, but hurting her like that wasn't something he could even conceive of.

Again, she nodded as she lay back fully within the swing. Bakac went back to her breasts, sucking and licking each peak, under each globe, before pushing them together and taking both nipples into his mouth. Besides the extra stimulation from Bakac, Alex

made a show of examining the butt plug to make sure it was lubed well. Her breaths came in shallow, rapid gasps, and Alex smiled wolfishly at her as he placed the wedge-shaped object at the entrance to her ass.

"Take a deep breath," Alex said. "I want you to push against me gently and it will slip inside you easier. Once it's inside, we can adjust it."

"Okay." Doriena bore down slightly when she felt the tip of it push into her. As it eased past her opening, there was a small amount of pain, but more than anything, she was more excited than she'd ever been in her life. She could see the image in Alex's head of the three of them in an erotic embrace and knew this was a necessary step toward achieving that goal. Her ass was virgin. He was simply ensuring she could accept them.

Alex wasn't as ruthless as he'd have her believe. She doubted he would have done any different had she been any woman. She was beginning to understand that the women he'd been with over the years, even the woman he'd lashed bloody, knew exactly what they were getting into. Some of them probably even begged for it.

With the combination of Bakac at her tits and Alex pushing the butt plug up her ass, she knew she was definitely close to begging.

It took a couple of stops and starts, but he finally got the plug in with a minimal amount of pain. She felt full, stretched, but not uncomfortably so.

"By the Universe," she managed to breathe out. "Alex, I need to come. Please."

He made one final adjustment to the plug and stood. She could see the rectangular base flat against her cheeks in the mini viewer, and she watched it move when she contracted her muscles. *By the Universe, that was hot!* Bakac stopped his assault on her breasts and moved to Alex's side and looked down at her.

"Tied." Bakac looked at her like she was the sexiest woman he'd ever seen. "Covered in come, with a butt plug up her ass to ready her for my dick. I've never seen anything like it, Alex. Her lovely face is sweaty and flushed, her muscles stark in her tension..." He trailed off.

"Yeah, sexual frustration is becoming on her."

“You’re right, Alex.” Bakac knelt and swiped her clit once with his tongue.  
“Guess she’ll have to wait for that orgasm.”

Doriena was certain they heard her frustrated scream halfway down the mountain.

## Chapter 8

Alex needed to think. He had stepped away to relieve himself and had taken the opportunity to sort out his emotions. Something was really strange. He wasn't sure, but he thought he was getting two sets of emotions. The reason he thought that was he was getting both frustration and fascination. Now, logically, both those emotions could be coming from Doriena, but up until now, he'd only been able to read her strongest emotions.

No matter what, he was *not* going to fuck Bakac. Absolutely not. No.

There. Now that was settled he felt better.

Except, watching Bakac teasing Doriena to a fevered pitch was driving him *wild*. Yes, he felt Doriena's excitement, but he also felt something else. He felt Bakac's appreciation of the softness of her skin, the slightly salty taste of her sex, the feel of her hardened nipple on his tongue.

He shook his head. This wasn't good at all. Maybe Bakac wasn't feeling the same duality of emotions. Maybe even if he was, he wouldn't say anything. Maybe...

He was *not* going to fuck Bakac!

Pushing everything else aside, Alex approached the couple again.

"If you don't let me come soon, Bakac, I swear by the Holy Universe I'll kill you when you let me out."

Bakac chuckled. "Who says I'll let you out? I like you like this."

"Bakac!" Her screech was filled with so much frustration, it was all Alex could do not to yank Bakac away from Doriena and show him exactly what it felt like to be bound and played with. He shook his head. That was Doriena's fantasy. One she intended to follow through on unless he missed his guess.

"Don't worry, *A'Tal*, I'll let you come. But if you're so hot you're screaming, it will be so much better."

"I seriously doubt an angel would find herself in this position, Bakac." Doriena panted her reply, referring to the pet name Bakac had taken to calling her. *A'Tal*. My angel. "You probably shouldn't call me that."

"But you are an angel, Doriena. If you've fallen from grace, it's entirely our fault." He paused before picking up a slim, golden dildo and putting a thick coating of the lubricant over the shiny surface. "But I'm not sorry for it." And he carefully inserted the tip into her cunt.

Doriena screamed and pushed against the straps at her feet in order to tilt her pelvis upwards. Sweat made her skin glisten and the thatch of fiery curls was damp with sweat and the remains of semen from their earlier romp. The butt plug was still firmly in place and now, with the addition of the dildo, she had to feel full to bursting. Still, he caught frustration and fascination.

And lust.

He was pretty sure that was coming from both Bakac and Doriena as well as himself.

He knelt down beside Doriena's head. "Are you still watching what Bakac's doing to that lovely pussy? Do you still like watching?"

"Please, Alex. I'll do whatever you guys want, but please let me come."

"Soon, baby. Just a little longer."

"I can't hold out much longer. I think I'm going to go crazy."

Alex chuckled. "You're stronger than that. If not, you would have never made it to Military Academy in the first place."

She snapped her head toward him. "I got kicked out of the Academy! And I assure you, I'm very capable of losing it if you guys don't let me come soon. When I do snap, I'm going to ravage both of you. Hell, I may force you to ravage each other."

Alex jerked his head toward Bakac. The other man stopped his torment of her pussy and clit enough to stare back.



“Doriena.” Bakac never took his eyes from Alex. “I am *not* going to fuck Alex.” That was all he said. He went back to sucking Doriena’s clit, his eyes closed and a look of bliss on his face. He was, however, more subdued. Alex sincerely hoped Bakac didn’t feel his own almost overwhelming fascination at the thought of having sex with Bakac. Alex, however, did feel a sense of curiosity coming from Bakac before it was firmly snuffed out.

Alex just wasn’t sure if that curiosity was Bakac’s, or his own.

Either way, this was wrong. Their first time together should be as comfortable as possible. He and Bakac exchanged looks, and he caught the image of the upstairs bath from Bakac.

\* \* \*

She was going to kill both of them. All it would take was about eight seconds on her clit and she’d come, but Bakac always stopped just short of her orgasm. The *bakkara* was doing it on purpose, too.

The most frustrating part of all of it was not being able to move. Alex intended this to scare her off, but what he was doing was ensuring she stayed, if only to show him what this felt like.

Finally, Bakac removed the dildo and stood. Alex moved between her legs, and she thought it was all going to start over again, but instead, he removed the plug from her ass and set it aside.

Without a word, both men untied her, and she stood on wobbly legs. She looked from one of them to the other.

“You two have one last chance.” She wasn’t sure how she managed to force the words out and stand at the same time, but she did. She was so unsteady on her feet it took all her concentration just to keep standing.

Bakac picked up the discarded dildo, scooped her up and headed out of the room and to the second floor of the residence. “I know. You want to come. Didn’t anyone ever tell you a submissive is supposed to wait until her master tells her to come?”

"No one ever said I was submissive, you ape." She laughed and punched his chest. By the Universe, he was a huge man. She always felt tiny and delicate next to Bakac. She felt feminine.

"You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, *A'tal*. It's time Alex and I showed you exactly how lovely you are. The Universe knows you deserve better than either of us can give you, but perhaps we can give you what you need together."

Bakac entered a bath chamber and set her in the shallow pool. All around her was a tropical paradise. It reminded her of pictures she had seen of Earth. Plants surrounded the pool, and flowers perfumed the air delicately. Bakac washed her body. He didn't say anything, he just rubbed her body down with a lightly fragranced soap.

It felt like heaven. It wasn't enough to get rid of the sexual frenzy they had built, but it took the edge off. Curiously, it was a tad disappointing.

When he'd finished, he scooped her up, dried her off with a soft, fluffy towel. Alex was waiting on them with the bed turned down when Bakac carried her into the bedchamber.

"So, Alex." She stretched her sore muscles as she lay back on the bed. "Have you decided to keep me, after all?"

"I've decided you're too stubborn to scare off. I guess that means I don't have any other choice but to keep you."

Bakac slid between her legs and kissed her lower belly.

Alex lay beside her, tracing lazy circles on her nipples with a finger. "You said this was a new beginning."

She couldn't believe Alex was trying to make conversation. Bakac forsook her belly for her clit, once again winding her so tight she thought she'd break. As if that wasn't enough, he slipped that stupid dildo back inside her pussy for a few more strokes. "That's exactly what this is. We prepared you my way. Now, we make love to you Bakac's way."

She couldn't help herself. She giggled. "I'm sorry, Alex, but anytime there's a dildo involved, I seriously doubt you could call it making love."

Both men laughed at that, but they continued to stroke her body. Alex moved to kiss her with all the tenderness and passion Doriena had known was inside him, and Bakac used all his considerable skill of mouth and hands to bring her to the brink of orgasm again and again.

When she thought she'd die from all that tightly coiled sexual frustration, Bakac removed the dildo and kissed his way up her body. Alex rolled to his back, taking Doriena with him, her back to his chest. Bakac stroked her pussy one last time before looking at Alex and gently guided Alex's cock inside her anus.

She hissed at the increased size, but the pain was minimal and served to heighten her already hypersensitive senses.

"Is it too much?" Alex moved gently within her, and she found herself moving with him without even realizing it.

"No. It's perfect." Her gasp came just as Bakac made one last swipe with his tongue on her clit. She didn't miss the fact that it was dangerously close to Alex's cock.

Bakac got to his knees between her legs. Alex held her knees apart with his own legs, and Bakac squeezed easily between them both and guided himself into Doriena's cunt.

It took a few seconds for everyone to become comfortable, but when Doriena began to gingerly pump her hips at them, both men started to move. There was no rhythm to their movement -- in fact they seemed to deliberately move at a random pace. It felt to Doriena like each man was desperately trying to ignore the other. She almost chuckled.

Almost.

Whatever was going on between them was definitely good for her body. She was so stuffed she felt like she was going to burst, but in a very good way. Her orgasm, when it finally came, was going to be so explosive, she was very afraid she would never be able to go back to the way things had been.

And she didn't intend to.

These men were hers. They just didn't know it yet.

## Chapter 9

Bakac thought the Universe was going to open up and swallow him whole. There was no way this much pleasure wasn't a sin against all the Universe held holy. Thrusting into Dorienna's tight, hot cunt was indescribable.

Feeling Alex separated by a few layers of skin and tissue just a few inches away in Dorienna's anal canal, sliding against him, was just as sinfully erotic. Bakac tried to ignore the other man and concentrate on Dorienna -- she was what this was all about. Her pleasure. But the faster they moved, the more friction they created, he found himself trying to move so Alex was pleased by his movement as much as Dorienna was.

Her feet were propped on Alex's bent knees, and she whimpered with each thrust. Bakac had just managed to convince himself she didn't know what he was feeling when she opened her eyes and looked him straight in the face. For several moments she held his gaze then a slow, wicked smile spread across her face.

Slowly, deliberately, she turned her head and found Alex's mouth. She kissed him as the two men pumped into her faster and faster. Alex grabbed her breasts and squeezed like they were his only lifelines in a great sea of pleasure. His groan and Dorienna's whimper were music to Bakac's ears, and he knew in that moment he would give anything in the Universe to hear those sounds every day for the rest of his existence.

Lust swirled like a living thing around the three of them. Dorienna could no longer move, so ragged were the movements of the men. Sweat scattered from Bakac in a fine mist to settle on Alex and Dorienna. The droplets blanketed the two people he loved most in the Universe.

New beginnings.

He'd grab this one with both hands.

\* \* \*

Alex felt the change in Bakac. He knew the man was trying to ignore the physical attraction neither of them was able to suppress. Hell, he was trying his damndest to ignore it, as well. But that damned Doriena picked up on it. Alex suspected she had been trying so hard to convince the two of them she belonged right where she was, she didn't catch it at first. Once she relaxed, Alex imagined his and Bakac's pull toward each other was as obvious as their pull toward her.

Doriena now knew the pull of soul's mates went three ways, and she was apparently more than willing to push all of them together in every way possible.

She gripped his wrists as he kneaded her breasts with his hands in rough, jerky movements and turned her head to kiss him passionately. Her tongue slipped inside him deeply and for the first time in a very long time, he felt like the scared, inexperienced virgin. Ironical, since he had equated this vixen between him and his best friend to that very thing.

By the Universe, the woman could kiss! His heart raced, his body broke out in a fine sweat, and he thrust like mad into her ass. He grunted with each up stroke -- he couldn't help it! *She knew he had a budding attraction for Bakac.* And she was encouraging it.

Still, he wasn't prepared when, still gripping his wrists, she reached out for Bakac. Before Alex knew it, two sets of hands molded Bakac's arms and shoulders, and one set was his own. With one last groan, he pulled Bakac down as he raised his own head. The two men met in a torrid kiss that set Alex's blood on fire.

"That's it, Alex," Doriena encouraged. "Kiss him like you've wanted to since we started this weekend. He's wanted this as much as you have. Give it to him."

The moans, whimpers and screams of all three of them filled the mountain estate's main house. They moved at an almost impossible speed given the awkward positioning, but they simply couldn't stop the inevitable explosion building among them.

With Doriena between them, with their lips locked in a passionate kiss, both Alex and Bakac exploded inside the woman they both loved with all their hearts. Spasm after spasm pulsed come deep inside her body. Bakac reached between them and strummed Doriena's clit with a finger, setting off her own orgasm. Alex gritted his teeth as her ass squeezed his sensitized cock. Bakac shouted as the last of his pleasure rippled away, and he rolled them all to their sides to collapse in a heap of exhausted flesh.

\* \* \*

They explored each other all week's end long. Doriena experimented with sex in every possible fashion with her men, and they experimented with each other. It was a week's end Doriena could only have dreamed about before.

Once it was over, however, there was reality to face.

Kahn.

This wouldn't be pretty.

The three of them went back to Kahn and Anna's home expecting an explosion.

They weren't disappointed.

"Where the hell have the three of you been?" Kahn's roar made Doriena's ears ring. He looked angrier than she could ever remember seeing him.

"Kahn," Anna said gently, a sharp contrast to Kahn's hostility, "we discussed this. It's not something you have any control over."

"I do have control over it!" His bellow wasn't quite what it had been before, but was still way too loud for Doriena's comfort. "Besides, she was supposed to report back to the Academy two days ago!"

Dorien's heart skipped a beat. "What?" She wasn't sure she had actually voiced the question out loud until Kahn continued.

"I had to bully almost every member of the Ruling Council to get you back in, and you didn't even bother to show!"

"But, Father." Doriena couldn't believe he'd done this. "Why would you do something like that? I failed to complete an exercise. It's automatic expulsion, no matter the circumstances."

"Don't you think I know that?" Khan paced the room like a caged animal. All the while, Anna stood with her arms crossed under her breasts. Dorienna suspected her mother was letting her father rid himself of some leashed energy. If he had been looking for her all week's end, he was probably more than a little relieved, and angry, and all kinds of emotions she couldn't even begin to name.

"Does she still have the opportunity to reenter the Academy?" Alex said quietly. "Can she still go back?"

Dorienna looked at him sharply. Did he want rid of her already?

Alex turned to her. "No, Dorienna. Don't ever think I want rid of you ever again. I've learned my lesson on that subject." His eyes were intense. Whatever her answer, it was very important to him. She glanced at Bakac, who was standing much like her mother. Not moving. Not saying a word.

"Yes." Kahn broke the silent communication with his presence. "She can, and she is."

"That's enough, Kahn." Anna finally crossed to her mate and pushed him back a few steps into a nearby chair. Leaning over him, her hands on his shoulders, she said, "When Dorienna first applied, you did everything you could to get them not to accept her. You were so afraid of losing your precious baby girl that you tried to trample her dreams of following in your footsteps. You gave in on that one, but only because you saw how brokenhearted she was when her application met with a solid block. Unanimous denial."

Dorienna bit back the hurt gasp barely in time. In an instant, a hand was on each shoulder offering support. Bakac and Alex would always be there for her. She knew that beyond any doubt.

"Are you telling me now that you'd rather see her in Military Command, an organization that can send her into battle and mortal danger at the whim of the Ruling Council, just to avoid having to see her mated?"

It was Alex who stiffened this time. After all this time, he still wasn't good enough for his father.

"That's enough." Doriena approached Kahn, a fierce need to protect and defend both men in her heart. Especially Alex. He was the one being hurt by their father's fears. "If there are two men in this Universe who could ever make me happy, it's these two." She stepped into her mother's place in front of her father and took his face in her hands. "Daddy, I love both of them. I can't be happy without them. Could you be happy without Mother?"

Kahn looked away, clearly not wanting to admit she was right. "You told me once the only thing in this Universe you ever wanted to do was make sure Mother, Alex and me were as happy as we could be. I know that means you have to ensure our protection, but it also means giving us the means to follow our hearts."

Her father looked at her then. She actually saw tears in his eyes before he blinked them away. "You're supposed to be my baby girl."

Doriena smiled. "I'll always be your baby girl, Father. Besides, if I mated with someone not in the family, you'd intimidate them too easily. I don't want a wimp for a mate."

Finally, Kahn smiled. Not only that, he actually chuckled. "Well, at least you've got good taste."

"Of course she does, dear," Anna sniffed. "She takes after her mother."

Kahn really did laugh then. "No denying that." He looked at the two men standing there, trying to be as unobtrusive as possible. "My mate tells me, quite regularly, I've been an ass to the two of you. I'm truly sorry."

Alex grinned. "It could have been worse. Believe me, I wanted to kick my own ass when I realized what was going on."

"What are you going to do about the Academy, Doriena?" Bakac asked softly. "Are you going to return?"

She looked at her mates, and her mother and father. "No." All four let out a collective breath, and Doriena giggled. "I won't lie, it is very tempting, but I think I'd rather spend my time planetside. Perhaps I could teach at the Academy one day."



“You were top in your class at everything, especially hand to hand combat.” Kahn scratched his chin. “It is very possible that could be arranged.”

“It would certainly be a step in the right direction,” Anna voiced. “Gothe’mar needs strong women in influential positions, and I can’t think of a better place.”

“I have time.” Doriena embraced her mother, all the while looking at the three most important men in her life. “After all, even new beginnings with the best of intentions take time.”

## Epilogue

Gothemar is a society with strong roots to its past and a strong set of beliefs in the power of everlasting love. Four groups of exceptional men and women challenged the standards of those beliefs and pushed through the forbidden to find love so pure as to defy even death. They proved that not only can this love be found by one race of people, but by all. Love can come in any form, shape or fashion, and when it does, there is no stopping it. Those who try to forbid it are destined to fail.

Love is the one constant in the Universe.

No love can truly be *Forbidden*.

## **Marteeka Karland**

Marteeka makes her home in Kentucky with her brat husband and her darling son. (Or is that the other way around?) Family has always and always will be her passion in life. She works as an Emergency Room Technician and has for the past eight years. She has been writing for most of her life, but has only recently realized her potential when she found erotic romance. This genre opened up a whole new world of possibilities for Marteeka and she is thriving on the endless promise of what is to come. Science Fiction has been her favorite topic since she saw her first episode of *Star Trek*. Now she combines sci-fi with erotic romance and feels she has found her place in the writing world. You can visit her website at <http://www.marteekakarland.com>.