

The Boundaries: Assassin

Lexxie Couper

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Prologue

From the door, he watched them.

Two bodies -- blurred by the frosted shower screen, but still obviously male and female -- moving together. The billowing steam filling the bathroom did little to hide their frenzied motion, nor did the rush of water spurting from the twin showerheads smother the sounds coming from their throats.

His blood roared in his ears and his hands curled into painful fists.

"Oh, *yes!*" the woman screamed. "*Yes! Yes! Yes!*"

She was writhing against her companion, her ass slapping against the man's thighs in terrible rhythm with his bucking hips. There was no denying what was happening behind that steamy, concealing glass. Even if he couldn't make out anything more than the outlines of their bodies, the screams of ecstasy left no doubt.

His wife was fucking someone.

Someone not him.

Scalding anger ripped through him. Tore at him. For the split second before the beast buried deep inside overwhelmed him, took control, his wife's cries of passion filled his head.

And then there was nothing except savage fury. And hot blood.

Chapter 1

Oh no, here we go again.

Boundary Guardian Zeric Arctos folded his arms across his broad chest, struggling to control his exasperation as he watched his partner stare after the beautiful Raavelian slave-girl walking past them. Jak V't'an was a sucker for Raavelian females -- it had, Zeric suspected, something to do with the way they looked. Hypnotic violet eyes, smooth tight ass, breasts that filled a man's hands to perfection and long legs that just wouldn't quit. This one -- Zeric shot the slave-girl's body a quick look -- well, this one was an excellent example of her species.

"I think I'm in love," Jak murmured, unable to take his eyes off the barely dressed female.

"You fall in love every hour." Zeric's grin was dry as he turned back to the Suck and Blow Inn's filthy bar.

"Yeah, but this one's different." Jak leaned away from the bar, watching the slave-girl thread her way through the rowdy crowd. His pale grey eyes sparkled. "Didn't you see that mouth of hers? Those lips? And those eyes? Gods, Zeric, a man could drown in those! I've never seen a Raavelian with green eyes before."

No, neither had Zeric. And he had to admit he hadn't missed the striking power of the Raavelian's gaze either. Nor the fullness of her lips. They were the kind of lips made for kissing.

Damn it, Arctos, you're getting as bad as Jak.

He scowled at the thought. When it came to women, his partner was ruled by his cock. Thank Jezu, his instincts ruled when they were on duty. Boundary Guardians couldn't afford to be anything but switched on. If they weren't, they were dead.

"I'm going after her," Jak proclaimed, banging his drink down.

"No, you're not." Zeric gave his partner a hard look, golden-brown eyes firm. "We've got a Bliss dealer to catch, remember?"

Jak let out a sharp sigh. "Yeah, you're right." He gave one more lingering look at the slave-girl, watching her slip nimbly between a group of drunken Ornithions. He returned his reluctant attention to Zeric. "But after we nail this bastard, I'm coming back here and taking her away from all this shit."

Zeric cocked one dark eyebrow. "And take her where? To *The Reaper*? A Boundary ship isn't exactly the place for domestic bliss."

Jak pulled a face and picked up his glass. "Just 'cause you've decided to be a lonely, miserable bastard for the rest of your life doesn't mean I have. I don't plan on being a Boundary Guardian forever, y'know."

Neither did I, Zeric thought darkly.

"Hey!" Jak's smooth voice was suddenly all business, cutting over Zeric's silent pain. "Looks like our friend's just arrived."

Zeric raised his glass to his mouth, checking out the raucous mob behind him in the bar's filthy wall mirror. A Xolotlan barged through the crowd, mottled blue skin rippling over his enormous gut; his blunt snout and short tail both twitching nervously.

"Ugly bastard, isn't he?" Jak said into his glass.

Zeric unclipped his gun from its holster on his thigh and straightened from the bar, focussed adrenaline filling his veins. Beside him, Jak seemingly adjusted his jacket, hands flicking briefly over his own weapons. He gave Zeric a slight nod -- *ready* -- and they moved into the packed bar, pushing through the unruly drunken patrons as they followed the Xolotlan toward the back rooms.

It seemed their prey had a taste for the sex-dens.

* * *

"They're coming." Jai'Enna Ti slipped into the dim room, keeping her eyes downcast. Psy Lyso waited for her, lounging in the den's oral-pleasure chair. His mottled blue cock lay across one fleshy thigh, fat and podgy, as he rolled his balls around in one hand.

“Good.” He smirked, giving his nuts a tug. His cock twitched and Jai’Enna heard a little moan sound in his thick throat. Gods, she hated him. Just looking at him made her feel sick. “You know what to do when they enter?” he continued.

A wave of fury rolled through her but Jai’Enna pushed it aside. It wasn’t the right time. As much as she despised the Xolotlan filth, for the moment she had to do his bidding. Once he’d led her to her target however...

“Yes, master. I know.” She moved deeper into the small room, watching Lyso closely. So far the Xolotlan had been too focussed on his up-coming Bliss deal to be too worked up about her, but that wouldn’t last. If tonight’s transaction was successful, she suspected she’d be chained to the nearest whipping post with that hideous blue cock of his rammed in her cunt before she could blink.

A bleak grin played with her lips. She looked forward to Lyso being dispensable. A lot.

A commotion outside the den yanked her back from the inviting thought and she shot a quick look at her “owner.”

“Okay, slave.” He lay back further in the chair, releasing his hold on his balls, and fixed her with a leering gaze. “Service me.”

* * *

As always, Zeric was the first in. In the time it took him to blink, he’d thoroughly taken in the murky room. And his stomach turned at what he saw.

The Raavelian slave-girl was on her knees, luscious mouth wrapped around the Bliss dealer’s grotesque cock, head bobbing up and down as she sucked him off. The Xolotlan had his meaty hands tangled in her thick red hair, holding her head in place, a satisfied smirk on his round face as he watched her.

Damn, Jak isn’t going to like this.

Psy Lyso raised beady bloodshot eyes from the woman at his feet and gave Zeric an indolent smile. “Ho, Terran. Come, join the entertainment.”

Sickened anger coated Zeric’s mouth and he curled his fingers around the butt of his gun just as Jak stepped into the den. Lyso’s bony eyebrow ridge shot up. “Two of

you?" He turned his smirk to Jak. "My, won't this be fun."

"Lyso," Jak spat out. Zeric could feel his distaste emanating from him in waves and he gripped his gun tighter. If Jak decided to shoot the fucker's head off there and then -- and it was entirely possible -- their mission would be sunk. Zeric couldn't have that -- as much as he liked the idea of Psy Lyso's existence obliterated from the planet.

He shot another look at the Raavelian. For a brief moment the overwhelming desire to rip her from Lyso's cock, wrap her in his arms and take her away to someplace safe burned through him.

A scowl creased his forehead. *Get a grip, Arctos. Saving slave-girls isn't your job.* Grinding his teeth, he returned his attention to the Xolotlan. "We've heard you might have something for us."

Lyso grunted, shifted his hips in the oral-pleasure chair, and let off a flat fart. The female paused for a second, shoulders rigid. Another fierce wave of protective desire rolled through Zeric, but he shoved it aside. If Jak didn't, *he* would pull his gun and shoot Lyso himself before Jak got a chance to even draw breath. He glared at the drug dealer. "Well?"

"Possibly. Depends on what you're after."

Before Zeric could open his mouth, however, Jak stepped forward, face a mask of controlled rage. "We'll take the Raavelian."

Lyso's eyes narrowed. "She's not for sale."

Jak tensed, but before he could reach for his gun, Zeric took charge of the situation. They were posing as Bliss buyers -- pulling a weapon when a fuck-wit wouldn't sell his slave wasn't part of the cover. "Get the Raavelian off your prick and cough up the product, Lyso. We haven't travelled to this shit-hole of a planet to stand here and watch you get a blow job."

Lyso regarded him intently and Zeric suddenly got the uncomfortable feeling he was being played. "I tell you what," Lyso said. "While you and I do business the Yrathian hothead here can have the bitch." He gave Jak a smutty sneer. "She'll suck your cock right off if you're not careful."

Jak snarled and Zeric shot him a warning look. *Later. Play along for now.* He turned back to Lyso. "Deal," he said, letting his disgust for the Xolotlan show on his face. "Now let's see the product."

The Xolotlan's smile stretched wide and again, a dark sense of foreboding rippled through Zeric. Something was up. He gave Jak another look. *Be careful.*

"Excellent." Lyso smacked his palms together over the Raavelian's bare back. "Get off, slave. Show this Yrathian a good time."

The female stood, eyes downcast, long red hair hiding her face. Zeric's gut was telling him something was not right. He quickly flipped his eyes over her slim, nubile body, searching for a hidden weapon. What he really wanted to do was run his hands over her naked breasts, down her torso and between her thighs -- just to be sure -- but Jak would have the pleasure of that search.

He pictured his partner's palms cupping those gloriously heavy breasts and for a split second, hot jealousy stabbed through him. He turned from her, giving Jak a level look. *Don't lose your head.* "This won't take long," he said aloud. "Have fun."

* * *

Jai'Enna followed the tall Yrathian down the grimy corridor to the next vacant den, anger simmering through her. The blowjob hadn't been long enough to achieve anything. Lyso had been too caught up in his power trip to let her tongue work its magic. If she'd had another minute though... She'd felt his mind weakening as the swollen head of his cock pushed against the back of her throat. Another minute would have been all she needed to plant the suggestion.

Fuck it. She'd have to finish the job later. Besides, when he wasn't preoccupied trying to flaunt his power, she'd have a better shot of getting in his mind. One short orgasm was all she needed.

She looked at the broad back of the Yrathian, liking what she saw. His blood-red leather jacket did little to hide the smooth, strong muscles that rippled as he walked, and the snug black pants only emphasised how tight his butt was. She rolled her neck and licked her lips. Her eyes roamed over his arms, imagining them curled around her

torso. Hmm. Appealing. Perhaps this “plant” would be quite enjoyable. The very act required to bury a suggestion in his mind meant she’d have a whole lot of fun, and she *was* curious who he and his partner really were. Nothing either of them could say would make her believe they were Bliss dealers, no matter how convincing their act, and if they were interested in Psy Lyso she was interested in them.

An image of the Terran popped into her mind -- tall and dark, with strangely golden eyes and a hard body made for killing. A pulse in her neck fluttered and she drew in a short breath, pussy pumping with an unexpected warm rush of lust.

Her steps faltered. Since when did she get all hot and horny over some male?

Jai’Enna shook her head, shoving the Terran from her mind. She was used to lethal games -- it was her job, after all -- but something about that man sent a shiver down her spine. There was something frightening about him.

And exciting too.

“Here’s an empty one.” The Yrathian’s smooth voice jerked her back from the disturbing thought. Like all male Yrathians, his cheeks bore the scars of his adolescent sexual initiation, an ancient tradition which marked a boy’s coming of age -- the more complex the pattern, the greater sexual prowess. The scarring that marred *his* cheeks was the most intricate she’d seen. Another ripple of excitement threaded through her cunt. But before she could take a step into the vacant sex-den, her head filled with an image of the disturbing Terran again.

“I won’t bite.”

Jai’Enna started. She blinked, confused. “I’m sorry, sir?”

The Yrathian stood waiting at the den’s dark entrance, a worried expression on his face, clear grey eyes studying her. “I don’t know how that bastard treats you, but I promise I won’t hurt you.” He gave her a warm smile. “In fact, I’d like to do the complete opposite.”

Jai’Enna frowned. “Which is what?”

His smile grew wider. “Let me show you.”

* * *

The sour stench of old sex curled through Zeric's nose as he stood watching Lyso activate a portable holo-box. It made him edgy, but despite the smell, he pulled in a deep breath, focussing his energy on the mission. There was a soft click, almost inaudible, and then a small vial of shining purple liquid appeared, floating just above the top of the holo-box. Lyso's eyebrow ridge twitched as he looked at Zeric. "I've over two hundred."

Zeric studied the image of the deadly drug. "How much?"

"Fifty thousand."

"I want it now."

Lyso clicked off the holo-box. "Of course you do. But first, I want to know who you really are."

* * *

The Yrathian, Jak, lay strapped to the X-Zone bed, his body covered in a faint sheen of sweat. His muscles bulged as he strained against the hard leather shackles pinning his wrists and ankles to the submission bed. "Oh, fucking holy shit," he ground out as Jai'Enna ran her tongue over his balls. She gently sucked one into the wet cavity of her mouth. "Gods of Urik, woman, what are you doing to me?"

With a small flick of her tongue, she stabbed at the highly sensitive glands just below his rigid cock's head. Another raw groan escaped his throat as she engulfed his cock with her mouth and rolled it between her teeth.

A shudder of anticipation vibrated through her, flooding her pussy with wet heat. The sex was impressive and she understood now why his cheeks were so elaborately scarred. He'd given her much pleasure in their short time in the den, his tongue and hands *very* adept, but the powerful surge of ecstasy coursing through her body now had nothing to do with Jak's touch.

She readied her psyche, and on the Yrathian's next groan, slipped into his mind.

After you come, tell me who you and your partner are, and what you really want with Psy Lyso.

The command was short. Plants from blowjobs always had to be to the point.

Any longer and the suggestion would fade from his mind before his seed finished pumping from his cock.

Her words buried deep in the Yrathian's mind, Jai'Enna slipped one hand around the base of his stiff cock. It was time to finish. She drew the tip of her index finger up to his ass and placed it on his tight sphincter, pressing slightly. He arched against the bed, breath heaving in his chest. As his muscles tensed and his balls contracted, she drew her mouth from his cock.

"Ahh, holy shit!" he cried. A streaming jet of cum spurted across her hand and splashed onto his thighs.

A small smile curved at Jai'Enna's lips. She knew what would happen next. It would take a couple of seconds for him to catch his breath, during which she would unfasten his shackles. He would sit up and tell her how beautiful she was, or how that was the most amazing blowjob he'd ever had, or -- if she was really unlucky -- that he was madly in love with her. Then, without any prompting -- and as long as they weren't interrupted -- he'd tell her exactly what she wanted to know.

She reached for the leather straps on his wrists, letting her breasts brush against his face, just to give the plant an extra kick. His mouth latched onto one of her nipples and he gave it a sharp bite. A little zing of heat stabbed into her cunt as she stepped away, letting him sit up. Immediately, he slid his arms around her waist and pulled her down onto his lap, gazing into her eyes.

"Gods, woman," he ground out. "I knew I was in love the second I saw you."

She stared at him. *Oh no, he's one of those.*

He gazed at her, silent. Palms smoothing over her back in gentle caresses.

Jai'Enna pulled in a breath. Waiting for her suggestion to kick in. *Come on. Come on.*

Suddenly his face relaxed and his eyes became distant. Almost vacant.

Yes! Here it comes.

He opened his mouth. "My partner and I --"

"On your feet, Jak!" The imposing Terran charged into the room, a lethal

Boundary Guardian's pulse rifle in his hand. Golden eyes -- more deadly than ever -- flicked over her. The sound of a furious Xolotlan squeal shattered the quiet of the den and the Terran raised his gun, a bleak grin stretching his mouth. "We've gotta go. Now!"

Chapter 2

Jak didn't move. For a second.

The hesitation was so out of character, Zeric frowned. He shot another look at the slave-girl sitting on Jak's lap. Agitation glinted in her unusual green eyes. Agitation and frustration.

He turned back to his partner. "Come on, Jak. Let's go."

Jak blinked and shook his head, seeming to come out of a trance. "Zeric?" He pulled the Raavelian closer to his body. "What's up?"

"Time's up. We gotta go," Zeric repeated, anger starting to thread through his veins. What the hell was Jak's problem? Had the woman fucked his brains out? He gave the girl a longer look. With the exception of the gold slave collar around her throat, a tiny gold chain hugging her hips and the two small rings in her nipples, she was as naked as the day she was born.

Jezu, she's got a gorgeous body.

The thought was both exciting and distracting, and the last thing he or Jak could afford right at the moment was a distraction.

He moved his eyes back to his partner and scowled. By the intimate way Jak held her, Zeric figured a distraction was *exactly* what he had on his hands. He hefted his gun higher. *Shit.*

Another screeching yell rent the air and finally Jak made a move. "Is that Lyso?" he asked, whipping to his feet. His hold on the slave-girl didn't diminish however and Zeric scowled again. "What's going on?"

"I'll fill you in on *The Reaper*."

"I'm not leaving Jai'Enna."

Great. Now she has a name.

"Jak --" Zeric began, but the Raavelian cut him off, those green eyes of hers flashing like Urantian jade as she pulled out of Jak's strong embrace.

"I'm not going anywhere. I belong to Psy Lyso."

"Not any more you don't," Jak answered back, jerking on his trousers. He grabbed his jacket from the floor and pulled his translocator from a hidden pocket. "You'll be safe with me." He reached for her, but she stepped away from him.

"I can look after myself."

Jak looked ready to argue, but Zeric had had enough. "Jak, she's not yours. Get over it. We've got to go. I've found out where Lyso's supplier is, but we've gotta get out of here. NOW!" He reached for his own translocator, and that was when all hell broke loose.

A disrupter blast ripped through the air above his head. The blinding pulse filled the room with stark images just as Lyso charged through the door, blood pissing from a gaping wound on his face. Jak pulled a gun and fired at the Xolotlan, the lecto-pulse flinging the Bliss dealer against the far wall.

"Fuck!" Zeric spat, watching Lyso slump to the grimy floor before turning a dark glare on his partner. "Get outta here, Jak," he ordered. He threw a look at the naked Raavelian as he pulled out his own translocator, sharp guilt stabbing at his gut when he noticed the surprised look on her beautiful face. "Sorry, princess, but you're on your --"

Jai'Enna flung herself across the room and wrapped her arms around his torso. "No, I'm not," she whispered, staring into his eyes.

Before he could move, she activated his translocator and sent them both hurtling through space.

* * *

Jai'Enna kept her arms firmly around the Terran's hard body, burying her head under his chin. She pulled in a long, deep breath, filling her lungs with his scent.

Gods, he smells good.

"You can let go now."

Zeric's voice was a deep rumble, a little hoarse and rough, but still sensual

enough to send a shiver through her body. She *could* let go now, but did she really want to?

“Jai’Enna?”

His voice vibrated through her. Her nipples pinched into tight peaks, rubbing against the cool leather of his jacket and sending shooting jolts of heat straight to her pussy. She liked it. A lot.

Careful, girl. Remember the game plan.

She had a mission to complete. She had to focus on that.

Yeah, but this guy knows where Lyso’s supplier is. That is the game plan. And I bet he’s a great fuck.

Her pussy fluttered at that last devilish thought and she smiled against his chest. Seducing him would be dangerous, but as long as she focussed purely on the sex, she should be fine. All she needed was one good, long orgasm from him -- the more powerful the better. Once she planted her suggestion, he presented no real danger any more. Who knew, maybe then she could indulge in some gratuitous fucking for a while -- at least until he took her exactly where she wanted to go.

She pressed her body closer to his, unable to miss his steely hard-on jutting into her belly. Her pussy gave another little spasm. There was no denying it -- she wanted to fuck his brains out. Now.

Smoothing her hands from around his back, she ran them over his chest, the snug material of his shirt making his nipples easy to find. She was rewarded with a sharp intake of air and a nudging poke from his stiff cock. She smiled, lifting her head to gaze up at his face.

Hard, strange eyes looked down at her, studying her so intently, she felt like every emotional wall and shield she’d ever had was being stripped away. It was scary.

Too scary.

She stepped back but his arms whipped around her ribcage, trapping her against his firm body. “What are you playing at, Jai’Enna?” he demanded softly, his eyes refusing to let hers go. They seemed to bore into her very soul. Delving. Seeking. If she

didn't stop him soon, he'd know every secret she possessed without her saying a word.

"Nothing." She struggled to keep her voice more than a husky whisper. "I'm not playing at anything."

"I don't believe you."

Before she could tell him to fuck off, he kissed her.

His mouth captured hers, tongue lashing with a fierceness she'd never experienced before. Heat flooded through her and she returned his kiss, enjoying the sweet wetness of his mouth. His teeth pulled at her bottom lip, demanding and taking more, and she gave it, sucking his tongue deeper into her mouth as she snared fistfuls of his hair and dragged his head down harder.

A low growl sounded in his throat -- deep and purely bestial. His hands scored down her back and grabbed her ass, yanking her hips against his straining cock with such force she knew she would bear a bruise later. But she didn't care. Squirming, twisting hunger ripped through her, pinching her nipples into painful peaks of flesh, making her cunt pulse and throb and clench for a cock that wasn't there.

Oh holy fuck.

With a savage snarl, Zeric thrust her away from him. She stumbled slightly, her eyes flinging to his face, confused. He was on her before she could regain balance, one arm snaking around her back, stopping her from falling as his free hand found her right breast, squeezing, rubbing and pulling with delicious pressure. He flicked at her nipple ring, pinching the tight flesh hard between two fingers. A jolt of hot tension speared through her cunt, making her whimper.

Another growl rumbled in his chest, the sound sending a shiver down Jai'Enna's spine all the way to her toes. His mouth latched onto her neck, teeth nipping at the sensitive flesh below her jaw. She sucked in a swift breath and grabbed at his shoulders, holding him still as his lips burned a path over her collarbone to her free nipple.

He sank his teeth hard into the aching nub of flesh and pain shot through her, from her breast to her cunt. Red-hot pain that flooded her pussy with creamy moisture.

He raised his head, eyes burning into hers. "I want to fuck you right now."

His voice was a raw growl, his breath ragged and short. Her skin rippled as a tingle ran up her back. "Then what's stopping you?"

"Ah..." Another male voice cut in, "Did you forget something?"

She tensed, but before she could move Zeric spun, pulse rifle in his hand, so quickly the action was just a blur. Jai'Enna blinked. *Fuck, he's fast.*

Jak stood on the translocator pad next to them, bare-chested, jacket slung over one arm and a sardonic scowl on his face. "Sons of Urik, partner." He raised his eyebrows at Zeric. "When you decide to make a move, you don't fuck around, do you?" He shot Jai'Enna a guarded look. "Actually, that's exactly what you were planning to do, wasn't it?"

For a tense moment, no one moved. Jai'Enna could feel Zeric's hammering heart against her back and his steel-hard cock against her ass. Her own heart wasn't exactly beating regularly and her pussy was wetter than the Raavelian Sea.

She pulled in a long breath and her nose filled with Zeric's scent -- clean, musky. Dangerous.

Disengaging herself from his hold, she took a backward step off the translocator pad. "I should leave you." She dropped her eyes, the subservient slave once more. She had to get away from Zeric for a moment. She had to get her body under control, otherwise who knows *what* she'd plant in the Terran's mind. Sliding her eyes to Jak, she gave him an innocent seductive smile. "Will you show me where I'll sleep until --"

"Not so fast, Jai'Enna."

Zeric's low voice cut her short. Another shiver shot down her spine -- one that had nothing to do with sexual excitement. She turned her eyes his way. His expression was fierce. And his gun was now trained on her.

"I want to know why you changed your mind back on Ornith."

Shit.

Jak gave Zeric a confused -- and somewhat impatient -- frown. "What do you mean, why did she change her mind? She was a slave. Now she's not. And just in case you've forgotten, we were being shot at!"

Zeric's intense eyes stayed firmly fixed on Jai'Enna. "I think you're letting your cock do your thinking, partner."

Jak's expression turned cold. "Hold on there, Zeric --"

"Use your brain, Jak." Zeric cut him off, the pulse rifle never wavering from her chest. "She had no desire to come with us until she heard me mention Lyso's contact." His eyes narrowed. "I'll ask you again, Jai'Enna. Why are you here?"

Jai'Enna raised her chin and gave Zeric a steady look. *Because I'm an Intel-Patrol Corp assassin and you can take me to my next target.* "Because I didn't want to stay with Lyso. And Jak told me he loved me."

Zeric's expression didn't change. "Bullshit."

Jak looked at his partner, then at her. Cold suspicion filled his face and, almost as quick as Zeric, his pulse rifle was in his hand.

Aimed at her.

Zeric studied her over the barrel of his gun, trying his best to ignore just how fuckable she was. Thank Jezu Jak had turned up and brought him back to his senses. Otherwise they'd be on the floor right now, his tongue down her throat, his hands on her ass and his cock buried up to his balls in her cunt. "Cuff her."

The Raavelian stood between them both, her jewellery glinting on her naked flesh, palms outward. Her eyes darted around the room. She was cornered and she knew it. Zeric narrowed his eyes. *Let's see how she reacts...*

With one quick unreadable glance his way, she focussed on Jak, eyes beseeching. "Jak, please..."

Without a word, Jak pulled a pair of proton-cuffs from his back pocket and stepped toward her. For a second, Zeric thought she was going to fight -- the fine muscles in her body coiled, and at the sight, his cock gave a sharp twinge. Whoever she was -- and in no way did he believe she was a slave any more -- her body was the stuff of fantasies. She was physically perfect. Smooth, toned, fit. And ready to kick his and Jak's ass to the five heavens. Zeric stared at her over his gun. She might be lying about

who she was, but there was one thing she hadn't lied about on Ornith -- even naked, it was evident she knew how to look after herself.

"Careful, Jak." He gripped his gun tighter, trying to ignore his growing hard-on. The sooner he got Jai'Enna into *The Reaper's* brig the better. Two seconds of holding her against his body and he'd been ready to fuck her brains out. *That* was just plain dangerous.

"Please." Jai'Enna turned her eyes back to him, their intense green depths swimming with an emotion he couldn't quite make out. Fear? Panic?

Excitement?

Whatever she was feeling, she didn't move when Jak stepped behind her and grabbed her wrists, bringing them together in one of his large hands. With a quick flick, the proton-cuffs were snapped shut, the humming bands of white energy trapping her arms behind her back. The position thrust her breasts forward and under the muted down lights of the translocator bay, the fine rings in her rosy nipples glinted.

A jolt of tight tension shot to Zeric's cock at the sight. "Take her to the brig, Jak," he ordered, refusing to let his eyes move from hers. He knew where they would go if he did, what they would see -- smooth golden skin, tight nipples, full breasts, flat stomach, trimmed coppery bush, long long legs... His cock twitched again. If either Jai'Enna or Jak looked close enough they'd see just how fucking horny he was. He had to get her out of his sight. Now.

A slight nod of his head and Jak moved, curling his fingers around her upper arm. Scarred face a mix of anger and confusion, he led her from the translocator pad. Zeric watched them go and, just as they disappeared through the bay's door, unable to control himself any more, he dropped his gaze to her ass.

Immediately his cock sprung into rigid, serious life. *Oh, Jezu, I shouldn't have done that.*

Chapter 3

Psy Lyso waddled into the large, opulent room, ample gut jiggling as he crossed the marble floor, fat tail dragging on the cool, smooth surface. He stopped at a wide lounge and dropped onto it, admiring the pair of naked Terran females dancing slowly together to his left. Without taking his eyes from the erotic pair, he reached for a tall glass of Xolotlan Sniff waiting for him on a low side table. His cock pulsed as one voluptuous female dropped to her knees and sucked at the other's cunt. With a wide grin on his face, he turned to his host. "You really know how to make a guest feel welcome, Hrung."

The reed-thin Ornithion sitting opposite him grunted. "Annoy me, Lyso, and you'll discover just how welcoming I can be." Jerking on the chain of a nearby slave, he pulled the young Raavelian female to him with brutal force. She knelt at his clawed feet, forehead resting on his gnarled toe knuckles, face hidden by the curtain of her long golden hair. He turned his pale eyes on her, the white orbs drilling into the back of her head. "Show our guest what happens if I am displeased, slave."

The Raavelian lifted her head, gazing blankly at Lyso with tortured eyes. He sucked in a hissing breath. One side of her face was stunning -- a work of beauty, the stuff to get any male's blood pumping and his cock hard. On the other side however -- hideously fresh scars distorted her face in such a frenzied way it was almost impossible to believe there actually were features under the knotted, twisted flesh. Lyso cringed, turning his attention back to his host. The Ornithion gave him a flat, steady look, white eyes revealing nothing.

Lyso suppressed a shiver. The reptilian warrior race was not one to be messed with; Ornithions were more brutal and bloodthirsty than any other species in the Boundaries. Hrung Crortek was no exception. With his steely scales, deceptive strength

and reptilian speed, he was damn near indestructible. No one opposed him. He *owned* the Outer Boundaries. Whatever the trade -- sex-slaves, sub-neuron weapons, Inner Boundary artefacts or cerebral-hallucinogens, he was the one and only source. He didn't allow it to be any other way. Those stupid enough to piss Crortek off suffered. Hideously.

The crime lord shifted in his seat, pulling at black mesh trousers until an extremely large and flaccid cock was in his clawed hand. "Suck on this," he ordered.

Lyso froze. *Fuck. He wants me to give him head!*

The Raavelian shimmied closer to Crortek, eyes downcast. "Yes, Master Crortek."

Lyso let out a relieved breath as the girl took Crortek's cock in her mouth. *Thank the fucking Creator for that.* He watched the action for a short second, eager blood pumping into his cock at the sight. His eyes strayed back to the Raavelian at Crortek's feet, travelling over her body. There was something about her, something familiar...

"You want some?"

Lyso started. His eyes snapped back to Crortek's face. Pupil-less white orbs bored into him and he fidgeted, his erection deflating immediately. "No, Hrungr. Sorry."

The Ornithion's thin lips pulled away from needle-like teeth. "Tell me what happened at the Suck and Blow."

Lyso downed a mouthful of Sniff, throat suddenly dry. "They're not dealers."

The short gristly spines sprouting from Crortek's shoulder blades flared and quivered. "So who are they?"

Lyso swallowed. "I don't know. Possibly Boundary Guardians. One of them had a modified Boundary pulse rifle." An image of the dark Terran filled his head and he suppressed a shudder. Now *there* was a fucker close to the edge. If he didn't know it was impossible, he'd have sworn the man began to change into some fucking hairy beast back in the Suck and Blow.

Crortek's cold eyes drilled into him. "What did you tell them?"

He fidgeted again. *Don't fuck up here, Lyso, or you're dead.* "Nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

Crortek turned his dead gaze down to the Raavelian. Clawed hands a blur, he grabbed a fistful of her hair and jerked her head back. She stared up at him, mouth still open, a finger of drool dribbling down her chin. "By the time my slave here has finished sucking my cock you will have told me everything that happened at the Inn. Everything. Including what happened to *your* slave." He sank one long, clawed finger under the girl's chin. "Tell our guest what happens to liars, Bhel."

She stared at Crortek. "They suffer."

"How?"

Lyso swallowed again, a lump the size of the seventh moon suddenly in his throat.

"For a very long time." Haunted eyes slid to Lyso, pain, misery and shame swimming in their depth, and it suddenly hit him. Why she looked so familiar. She looked like his own stolen slave. A younger, more submissive version of Jai'Enna.

Crortek pushed her head back down to his cock and he looked over to Lyso. "Let's begin, my friend." Sharp teeth flashed at him. "And hope I like what I hear."

* * *

She walked into the den, the musky stink of sweat and sex filling her nose with every breath she took. Gods, she couldn't believe her sister was here. What was she thinking?

She took another step, pulling out her blaster. The heavy weight felt good in her hand -- solid. Safe.

A thin attendant came running toward her, bony ears glowing in indignation. "Hey, you can't have that --"

She shot him before he could finish his sentence. She could have her gun wherever she damn well wanted, thank you very much.

At the sound of the attendant being blown to bits, the main hall of the sex-den filled with screaming, naked customers, shoving past each other in an attempt to save their pathetic, perverted lives. Jai'Enna ignored them. The only person she was interested in was her sister.

Bhel'Ais was in here somewhere. It was time to bring her home.

She walked deeper into the den, peering into each room as she passed, raising her eyebrows at some of the activities she spied, curling her lip at others. A heavy sickness settled in her stomach -- her sister was young, sweet and innocent. Beautiful by name, beautiful by nature. She had no right being in such a depraved place. When she found the fucker that led her here, she was going to slit his throat. After she'd beaten the shit out of him, that was.

Rounding a corner she paused for a moment, the unmistakable sound of ecstasy coming from behind a closed door to her right. A chill swept over her.

She knew that voice.

Blaster cocked, Jai'Enna kicked in the door.

And stopped.

There were three males. Two Xolotlans and a fat Boaronian. All naked. All sweaty. All fucking the same female at once. A pretty young Raavelian, completely out of her brain on Bliss.

Jai'Enna's grip on her gun tightened.

Oh, Bhel. No.

* * *

Jai'Enna flung herself bolt upright on the thin bench, a fine sheen of perspiration coating her skin. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to wipe the horrid dream's image from her mind.

"Bhel," she mumbled, dropping her head into her hands and pulling her knees up close to her body. No matter how many times she relived that night in her dreams, it was always the same outcome. She'd been too late to save her sister. She'd failed.

Just as she had in real life.

An image of her target flashed into her mind. Black anger rolled through her. "I'm coming for you," she ground out, staring at the far wall. "You're a walking corpse. You just don't know it yet."

A soft sound to her right snapped her immediately to her feet and she spun around, glaring at Jak as the Yrathian stepped through the hatch into the brig.

"I've brought you something to wear." He stopped, looking at Jai'Enna through

the invisible energy shield keeping her imprisoned.

She glanced at the bundle of material in his hand and then returned her eyes back to his scarred face. She arched one eyebrow. "What? You don't like how I look now?"

Jak's gaze dropped to her body, travelling slowly over her exposed breasts and belly, lingering on her pussy. She didn't need to see the impressive bulge in his trousers to know what was going through his head. He was remembering what her pussy felt like on his lips. How her slick juices tasted on his tongue.

A slow smile pulled at her lips. This was her chance.

She tilted her hips a little, shifting her weight slightly so her fingers could find her pink clit. Jak's swift intake of air told her everything she wanted to know. He'd taken the bait. Now all she had to do was reel him in.

"I don't know why your partner thinks I should be in here." Her words were husky as she slid an index finger slowly into her damp slit.

Jak watched, enrapt, cock swelling larger with every short breath he took.

She withdrew her finger from her cunt and traced a slow line with its slick tip up to her lips, sucking it into her mouth.

A low moan rumbled in his throat and Jai'Enna noticed a pulse leap into life in his neck. She ran the tip of her finger over her bottom lip before moving it to one of her nipples. "I want to thank you for taking me away from Psy Lyso."

In two steps, Jak crossed to the invisio-shield's control panel. With a flicker of iridescent light and a sharp brief hum, the shield deactivated. Before Jai'Enna could move, however, Jak's fingers curled around her shoulders and he jerked her up against his chest, his wet tongue in her mouth and his rigid cock pressed against her belly.

Jai'Enna thrust her hips against his, the memory of their sex back in the Suck and Blow filling her with wet heat. She'd enjoyed the feel of his long, hard cock in her mouth earlier. There was little doubt she'd love the feel of it pumping into her cunt.

Jak grabbed her ass and, with a sudden squeeze, he lifted her from the ground and shoved her against the wall, his steely cock hot and throbbing even through the

leather of his trousers. She locked her legs around his hips as his hands buried in her hair, his mouth scorching a line from her lips to her ear. "I don't know who you are," he growled, "but I trust my partner's instincts more than my own. If Zeric says you belong in here, you belong in here."

"So why are *you* in here?"

"Because you are."

His mouth captured hers, forceful and demanding. Jai'Enna opened to him, her tongue clashing with his as she rolled her hips harder against his cock. Her cunt contracted, wanting to be fed. Heat flooded through her, building to a peak as his teeth bit down on her bottom lip. His hands left her hair and moved to her breasts crushed between their bodies. Shifting his weight until his palms covered the heavy swell of her flesh, he flicked his fingers at her tight nipples. A little tug on the fine rings pierced there sent scalding ribbons of pleasure straight to her cunt. *Holy shit, this guy knows all about foreplay.*

He pulled back a touch and stared into her eyes, his gaze hazy. "I want to taste your sweet juice on my lips," he murmured. "Your clit on my tongue. I want to feel your cunt around my cock."

She ground her pelvis harder against him in response.

Uncrossing her ankles, she slid her legs down his body to the floor. As soon as she did, his mouth took possession of one of her nipples and he suckled slowly. With expert ease his fingers found her clit, rubbing and teasing the sensitive nub of flesh. Currents of lust shot through her and she pulled in a steady breath.

Focus, Jai'Enna. You still have a suggestion to plant. You're not free yet.

Tangling her fingers in his hair she pulled his head up to hers, delving into his mouth with her tongue. With a quick shift of her weight, she dropped onto the hard bench behind her, never releasing his lips from hers. He went to his knees and she curled her legs around his waist, sliding her butt forward until her slick pussy rubbed over the bare skin of his belly. A groan rumbled in his chest and he quickly grabbed her ass and jerked her closer against him, the pad of his thumbs smoothing over her

hipbones to her crotch, finding her clit.

"Bite it," she moaned against his mouth, thrusting her pussy harder against his body and his talented thumbs.

He gave her a dirty grin. "With pleasure."

His palms slid to her inner thighs and he pushed her legs further apart, opening her to his mouth. His tongue flicked at her clit and she arched her back, hands fisting in his hair. When his teeth nipped at the throbbing button of flesh, sending shock waves of sensation through her, she thought she would explode. *Damn, he's good!*

His tongue and teeth continued to worship her sex, biting and sucking until she felt the first spasm begin in her gut. She was close. Too close. She had to get his cock in her cunt before it was too late.

Moving abruptly, she planted her feet on his shoulders, shoved him away and straddled his hips, tearing at his trousers with such force, his cock sprung free as his ass hit the floor.

"Sons of Urik!" he burst out as she impaled herself on his solid shaft.

"Suck," she ordered, shoving one full breast at his face. He did what he was told, latching onto the nipple with voracious haste, drawing the tight peak into his mouth with rapacious hunger. A scorching spear of tension shot to her pussy and she pushed his shoulders back to the ground, gazing down into his face. His grey eyes were ablaze, his breath short and rapid. She shifted her weight, rising slightly onto her knees, sliding her creamy cunt a little up his cock before plunging down on its throbbing shaft again.

He grunted, fingers digging into her waist. "Holy fuck, woman!"

The fire in his eyes was out of control -- she had him on the edge. It was time.

She rolled her hips and clenched her pussy muscles, squeezing his rigid cock in slow pulses.

"What are you doing to me?" he moaned, face slicked with sweat.

"Giving you the best fuck of your life," she whispered. She squeezed her pussy tight. Then relaxed it. Squeeze. Relax.

A choked grunt caught in his throat and his body suddenly went stiff, his eyes

shut as he threw back his head. "I'm coming!"

Jai'Enna smiled. "I know," she said, as she slipped into his fevered, unprotected mind.

After you come, you will tell me where Lyso's supplier is. You will release me from the brig, give me your disrupter and pulse rifle, and then return to your quarters. If Zeric asks you where I am, you will tell him you put me in a cryo-lock and moved me to the cargo bay. She began to pull her psyche out of Jak's mind, ready and eager to succumb to her own body's climax, but then slipped back in for one final plant.

You will NOT tell me you love me. Period.

* * *

Zeric reached over and switched off the com screen, killing the image of Jai'Enna straddling his partner in the brig. He sat back in the flight chair, blood roaring through his veins.

His cock was a turgid rod of steel. It strained against the material of his trousers, aching to be free. Craving Jai'Enna's touch.

What was it about the Raavelian that affected him? In just under three hours she was so under his skin all he could think about was her: the fine column of her neck, the curve of her hips, the heavy swell of her breasts. The way her eyes flashed green fire when she was angry and smouldered emerald embers of desire after they'd kissed. With every breath he pulled, her exotic, delicate scent filled his lungs. He could still taste her on his lips. And if his cock were any harder he'd probably pass out from lack of blood to his brain.

He couldn't succumb to the demanding hungry lust fighting to overwhelm him. Nothing good would come of it. It was dangerous to feel this way about her. Dangerous on so many levels. The last time he'd been consumed by such passion it had ended in blood. And death.

An image of Leyna -- gorgeous, sultry Leyna -- flashed through his head.

Gorgeous, sultry, *deceptive* Leyna.

He sucked in a deep breath and shook his head, anger twisting his gut. Thinking

of his wife! Jezu! Where was his head?

Before he could blink, another image filled his mind, surging painful longing straight to his already straining cock. Jai'Enna. Naked.

Unable to help himself he leant forward and switched the com screen back on. There she was. Fucking his partner. Her sublime body taunting him.

Shit. He was in trouble.

Chapter 4

Jai'Enna stepped into the dark hangar, bare feet silent on the cold metal floor. The auto-illuminate activated and stark, white light filled the hangar, flooding the compact Boundary Sprinter sitting on the docking bay.

A grin spread across her face. Getting to Pellaxion Four had just become a whole lot quicker, easier and enjoyable.

The small ship was built for speed; sleek, shiny and, thanks to its decept-shields, totally undetectable. Piloting a Sprinter required a complex cerebral connection with the ship's mechanics plus years of intense, gruelling training. Jai'Enna had mastered it in just one.

She slung Jak's pulse rifle over her shoulder and approached the ship. Her fingers itched, already feeling the controls in her hands. Since her abrupt departure from the Intel-Patrol Corp, she'd had little chance to fly something so state-of-the-art. It was the only part of her old life she truly missed.

Stepping closer, she placed her palm on the bow's smooth, shiny surface. Sheer power. Even at rest, the ship radiated power. Her grin stretched wider. Yes, she was truly going to enjoy this flight.

"Going somewhere?"

Shit. She spun around.

Zeric stood just inside the hangar door, strong arms folded across his broad chest, a dark eyebrow cocked. He looked completely relaxed and at ease.

Jai'Enna wasn't fooled one little bit.

She snatched at Jak's disrupter strapped to her thigh, but Zeric pulled his first, and once again, Jai'Enna was impressed -- and dismayed -- at how fast he was. "I'm sorry, Zeric," she gave him a steady look, "but I have to go."

"Where?"

"I can't tell you."

"Yes, you can." The barrel of his disrupter levelled at her chest. "How did you get out of the brig?"

"How did you know where I was?"

Another one of those sardonic looks crossed his face. "*The Reaper's* internal security surveillance is excellent."

"Then you don't need to ask how I convinced Jak to free me, do you."

"I'm not letting you go anywhere, Jai'Enna. Not until I've found out who you really are."

She tightened her grip on the disrupter, aiming it squarely at Zeric's heart. "Don't make me shoot you, Zeric."

"Don't make me come over there and take Jak's weapons back."

A pulse leapt into life in Jai'Enna's neck at the thought of Zeric close to her again; bodies touching, flesh on flesh, breath mingling as their mouths met. A ripple of excitement raced through her body, pinching her nipples into hard peaks.

Hypnotic golden eyes travelled over her, the slow inspection like a caress. "I see Jak gave you some clothes."

Jai'Enna stood still, suppressing the urge to run her hands over her body, to let them follow the same burning path as his eyes. Black combat trousers hung low on her hips and the leather brassiere was snug and skimpy, leaving her belly and most of her breasts exposed. The trousers were Jak's, but the bra could only have belonged to an Archeron Cluster whore. "You didn't expect me to flit around space naked, did you?"

He didn't say anything, but the undeniable desire in his eyes grew stronger. Hungrier. Jai'Enna's heart squeezed and her cunt contracted. Gods, without doing a thing he made her so fucking horny. Here they were, standing on opposite sides of the hangar, weapons trained on each other, and all she could think about was how much she wanted his hands on her body, his tongue in her mouth. His steel-hard cock driving in and out of her eager pussy.

She ground her teeth together. She didn't have time for this. She had to get to Pellaxion Four. "I'm going, Zeric. The only way you can stop me is to shoot me."

His eyes narrowed, there was a slight tensing of his muscles and in a frightening blur he leapt across the distance between them in a single bound. "I can think of another," he said. His gun clattered to the floor as his fingers curled around her arms. Their eyes met and then his mouth crushed hers.

This is madness.

Snaring Jak's pulse rifle with one hand, he jerked it free of her shoulder and threw it away, the sound of it scraping across the hangar floor distant and unimportant. All that mattered now was tasting her, touching her.

He dragged his hands down her back, grabbed the delectable curve of her ass and yanked her hips against his. She came to him willingly, Jak's disrupter dropping to the floor. Discarded. The heat from her body was like a searing brand as it pressed against him and his flesh cried out for more.

He slid his hands over her ass, loving the way the firm, smooth muscles clenched under his palms. Loving the way she rolled her pelvis against his groin as his straining erection pushed against her belly.

He knew he'd regret it. He knew she was trouble. He *knew* it was dangerous, but he didn't care. If he didn't sink his burning, aching cock deep into her slick channel, he would go out of his mind. More than he already was.

Jai'Enna's mouth moved over his; open, hot and wet. Her tongue battled his, flicked over his teeth, along the edge of his lips and back into his mouth again, wringing a raw groan from his throat. With just a kiss she had him hornier than he'd ever been -- every nerve and sense in his body screamed for release. Without breaking the fierce contact of their lips, he pulled her feet off the floor. Jai'Enna's long, smooth thighs locked around his hips. Her pussy rubbed against his rigid cock, the sweet friction almost destroying his sanity.

Ah, Jezu!

Her hands tangled in his hair as she pulled him harder into their kiss, her tongue demanding more from him. He gave it. Willingly.

Squeezing her ass, he drove her against the side of Sprinter, using the ship's sleek bulk as a brace. He spread his legs, supporting her weight with his thighs so his hands could work their way up over her bare ribcage to cover the heavy swell of her breasts. Her nipples pinched into tight nubs of flesh immediately -- he could feel them under his palms, even through the smooth hide of the brassiere. He wanted to feel them in his mouth. On his tongue. He wanted to feel their taut peaks between his teeth.

Wordlessly, he curled his fingers around the inner edges of her brassiere, the feel of her soft flesh against his knuckles making him giddy with passion. Jerking aside the concealing leather, he feasted on the glorious sight he'd exposed. "Oh, Jai'Enna," he murmured.

Grabbing her wrists, he shoved them against the Sprinter, dragging his mouth down her neck to her collarbone. She moaned and arched her body, knowing where his lips were heading. Allowing him easier access.

His tongue touched her nipple first. Teasing the little gold hoop pierced there. Flicking. Tasting.

She curved her back more, pushing her breast harder into his mouth. Her thighs clamped tighter around his hips as she ground her cunt against his pelvis.

Holding their sexes together. Dry fucking him.

Even through the coarse material of Jak's combat trousers Zeric could feel her heat. It scalded him. If he didn't bury his hard cock into her soon, he would come in his pants.

He pulled away from her breasts, raining a line of kisses up her smooth neck, tasting the sweet saltiness of her perspiration. "I'm going to strip these cursed clothes off your body and fuck you senseless," he growled against her mouth.

Green eyes, heady with passion, locked with his. "If you *don't*, I'll be forced to shoot you."

He chuckled, enjoying the fire in her spirit.

Reclaiming her mouth, he released her wrists and let her legs slip from his body. Her feet hit the floor and he went to step away, but she wouldn't let him, her tongue and teeth feeding on his so thoroughly the idea of breaking contact would be like severing the very veins that kept him alive. Her hands dropped to his trousers and she yanked at his zip. His cock sprang from the restraints of his clothing, eager for her touch.

"Oh, gods, Zeric," she murmured, eyes widening as she took his throbbing shaft in her hands. "You're huge!"

A smile pulled at his mouth, but before he could respond, she was on her knees, closing her lips around his cock's swollen head.

Ah, Jezu!

Her tongue lashed at his turgid length as one of her hands found his balls, cupping and squeezing gently in rhythm with her mouth's action. The fingers of her other hand raked over the flat plane of his belly before pulling his trousers down his thighs, exposing his fevered skin to the cold hangar air.

Hot blood roared through his veins. His heart hammered. His breath came in choked, ragged bursts.

He buried his hands in her copper-fire hair, holding her head still for a moment. He was so fucking close to shooting his load, all it would take was one more flick of her tongue. "Wait." The word was breathless.

She did exactly as he asked, holding his cock in her hot, wet mouth. Motionless.

Zeric drew in a long breath and her subtle scent filled his lungs. His cock strained against her tongue and teeth, aching for release. He dropped his gaze to the top of her head. The sight of those full, luscious lips wrapped around his shaft was almost his undoing, but before his tenuous control deserted him utterly, he gave an urgent little tug on her hair, pulling her to her feet.

She looked at him, hunger and desire smouldering in her eyes. Her lips were slick with moisture and she ran the tip of her tongue over them. Heat stabbed at his gut and his cock twitched. "I want you inside me, Zeric," Jai'Enna stated in a shaky voice.

Scooping her into his arms he felt her heart's frantic beat against his chest. Not wanting to break the contact of his skin against hers, he lowered her onto the nearest equipment bench. The smooth metal was icy and Jai'Enna's flesh rippled as it touched the cold surface, making her nipples harder still. She looked up at him through lidded eyes, fingers threaded in the hair at his nape. Her scent mingled in his breath, invaded his life force. He could taste her passion on the very air. He could feel her heart pounding as blood surged through her veins.

His body was no longer his to control.

He should stop. A distant part of his mind -- the part that remembered the pain of Leyna -- screamed at him to get away. Now. For his sanity. For Jai'Enna's safety.

But then Jai'Enna's fingertips slid from his neck to his chest, touching one tight nipple through his shirt, feather-light and sure, and all thought of walking away from her vanished.

With an animal growl, he covered her mouth with his, pushing her back onto the bench and straddling her hips. His cock rubbed briefly against the material of Jak's trousers and, unable to wait any longer, he ripped her belt off and tore them open. She thrust her hips up and, in one swift move, Zeric stripped her bare.

Oh gods.

She spread her thighs, opening herself to him.

Creamy wet heat -- tight, firm and greedy -- enveloped his eager fingers. His thumb found her clit, rolling over it in slow, tiny circles. The contact evoked a moan from Jai'Enna. Soft and raw. She raised her hips higher, inviting him to plunge deeper.

He did, fingers delving into her sweet channel, seeking that special spot he knew would fill her with explosive pleasure. Her back arched and she moaned again, rolling her head on the bench as his thumb teased her clit. "Oh, Druentia wept, Zeric." The cry tore from her throat, hoarse and choked with passion.

He smiled, raking his free hand over her stomach, ribs and breasts. One full curve of flesh filled his hand. He squeezed, watching her writhe as pleasure shot through her. Still pumping her wet cunt with now slick fingers, he lowered his mouth

to the rosy tip of the breast he held, drawing it past his lips slowly. Teasing her. He loved the sounds she made low in her throat; each primal growl and moan sent smouldering lust coursing through his veins. With every nip of his teeth on her nipple, with every wiggle of his fingers in her pussy, Jai'Enna gasped and whimpered for more.

She wasn't alone.

Sliding his hand from the sodden juncture of her thighs, he ran his fingers over her sweat-slicked flesh, up her stomach and neck to her mouth. Her teeth were pulling on her full bottom lip, but with the slight contact from the tips of his fingers, she opened her mouth, licking her own juices from his skin.

Her eyes locked with his. He knew she couldn't wait any more.

In a fluid move, Zeric shifted his weight, cupping his palms around the back of her thighs, tugging her legs up past his hips. She instinctively placed her ankles on his shoulders. She gripped the edge of the bench, knuckles white. Biting once more on her bottom lip as she watched him rise up on his knees.

His swollen shaft was burning. Nothing could quench the fire in him now except the creamy lushness of her cunt.

He nudged her satiny lips with the head of his cock. A silent question.

"Yes, Zeric," she nodded, almost breathless. "Yes."

He plunged into her. Deep, smooth and decisive.

Her heat engulfed him. Consumed him.

For a split second he couldn't move. His senses were on overload. Pure unadulterated pleasure filled his body, his mind. Nothing existed except the sensation created solely by the union of their two bodies.

Her cunt contracted. *Oh, Jezu.* He thrust into her in long powerful strokes, feeling her wetness slide over his straining length from engorged tip to throbbing balls. Her nails dug into his forearms as a husky cry escaped her throat and filled the hangar. His own cry joined it.

She pushed her legs higher, driving his cock deeper as she locked her ankles behind his head. He was trapped, imprisoned by her legs and cunt, totally at her mercy.

He'd never been so vulnerable. And he didn't care. Not one iota.

His climax was savage -- a scorching surge of explosive tension that ripped through his body, through every limb and muscle. His seed pumped into her. Burst from him. Draining him. Fulfilling him.

He threw back his head and howled.

And as the primitive animalistic sound rent the air, he felt his body begin to change.

Shit! No! It can't be!

His blood turned thick, his senses heightened, and the wild beast -- the curse that lurked in the shadows of life -- began to take over.

Jai'Enna's breath caught in her throat, shuddering as wave after crashing wave of exquisite squirming tension rolled through her. Gods, she'd never experienced an orgasm so powerful!

She gazed up at Zeric, stunned and amazed... and completely satisfied.

Burning golden eyes stared down at her, intense and hypnotic. And then they changed. Blurred. The whites disappearing. The golden iris and black pupil growing.

What --?

She gasped.

The sound cut between them like a blade. Zeric shot to his feet, chest heaving. Without saying a word, agony etching his face, he disappeared through the hangar door.

Gone.

Jai'Enna sat up; her body craving the warm, satiating contact so abruptly denied it. She stared at the closed hangar door, heart hammering.

Did I really see --?

"No," she whispered, shaking her head. "I couldn't have."

She knew every character trait and anatomical behaviour of every species in both the Inner and Outer Boundaries. None had morphing eyes. Not even the Insektoyds.

Then I'm going out of my mind. Sent crazy by the greatest sex I've ever experienced.

Her heart stopped. For a beat.

She blinked as cold realisation dawned. "Oh, shit." She dropped her forehead into her hands, screwing up her face in self-disgust.

The greatest, hottest, horniest sex she'd ever experienced had blown her mind so completely, had rocked her body so thoroughly, she hadn't planted any suggestion in Zeric's mind. She hadn't even thought about it. For the first time since her unique abilities had developed, she'd had sex without imbedding any suggestion in her partner at all. Not even a "buy me flowers." *And*, to make it even more humiliating, he'd fled the scene like a Keltarian drac-demon was on his tail.

She raked her fingers through her hair. Feeling angry and guilty and, for reasons she didn't want to examine, empty. Not at all what she'd planned, but at least she could still jump in the Sprinter and --

Alarm sirens started screaming and *The Reaper* flashed with pulsing red warning lights. There was a sharp bang as the bay doors' locking system activated. The sound slammed through the hangar. And her.

Jai'Enna banged her palm against her forehead. She was a prisoner. Again.

"Shit. Shit. Shit."

* * *

Crortek looked at Lyso with cold white eyes, running one long, bony finger over the back of Bhel'Ais's neck. "I want him found, this Terran who turns into a beast." His words slipped past needle-like teeth in a harsh hiss and the spines sprouting from his shoulder blades bristled. "I want him found, and I want his blood. Now."

Chapter 5

Zeric stared out the cockpit view screen at the inky-black expanse of space. Pellaxion Four was on the furthest reaches of the Outer Boundaries, which gave them at least another day-cycle of hyperflight before finding Hrung Crortek.

Another day with Jai'Enna Ti aboard his ship.

His broad chest swelled as he pulled in a deep, slow breath. At the mere thought of the Raavelian his body went into overdrive -- blood roared through his veins like molten steel, his heartbeat tripled and his cock... well, his cock had been one aching, straining organ since the first moment their flesh made contact, so there was no change there.

A sigh of disgust flared his nostrils. If he didn't wake up things could get ugly. And deadly. The fact he'd lost control of his desire should have fired enough warning signs to keep his cock well and truly inside his trousers, but the *change*...? Since when did sexual ecstasy initiate the change?

He rubbed at his eyes. He'd only just come to terms with *fury* igniting the goddamn curse.

A dark image flashed through his tortured mind; Leyna. In the arms of another man. Naked and wet and screaming with ecstasy. A soft growl rumbled low in his throat and he squeezed his eyes shut tighter. Instantly the image of his wife changed. Now she lay bleeding on the floor of their bedroom. Mutilated.

Burning guilt and icy fury twisted in his chest and Zeric looked at his hands, expecting to see them stained with blood. Anticipating his Terran flesh to be replaced with coarse grey fur, short blunt nails now sharp hooked ones. He shook his head, trying to rid it of the nightmarish image. For the last five years he'd tried to run from that memory, that terrible moment and the godforsaken curse that caused it. Who

would have thought a single bite by a wild wolf on one of his ancestors more than a millennium ago, before all Earth was decimated by the Xeon virus, could fucking destroy his life now?

He looked back out the view screen. The ancient Arctos curse had ruled his emotions since he was born. He was a perfectly normal human -- until fury overwhelmed him, and then -- like his blood kin from a millennium ago -- he would change.

Now, just when he hoped he'd finally buried the cursed creature deep enough in his black soul, his body had succumbed to the horribly seductive bestial call and the change had begun. Twice! Twice in as many days! It was only through sheer willpower he'd managed to escape the situation both times before it was too late. Before the beast consumed him -- body, soul and mind.

A bleak smile crossed his face. "Escaped" wasn't exactly the right word. *The Reaper* was headed straight for Pellaxion Four, hurtling him back into the company of Psy Lyso. And Jai'Enna Ti was currently on his ship; fiery-emerald eyes smouldering, sinful body waiting for his touch.

His cock gave a hungry spasm and he bared his teeth in a silent snarl. Even the memory of his deceitful wife's hideous demise hadn't wiped away his consuming lust for the Raavelian. Whoever she was, she affected him in ways he couldn't allow. Ever. With the dangerous risk of unleashing the beast too real, Jai'Enna was off-limits.

His gut twisted again, with much more force this time. "Fuck," he muttered, gazing blankly at the passing stars.

"What's going on, partner?"

Zeric looked over his shoulder as Jak entered the cockpit. The shell-shocked expression was starting to fade from the Yrathian's scarred face. Finally. Whatever Jai'Enna had done to his partner to escape the brig had left him dazed, confused and strangely reticent. Almost as if he couldn't bring himself to talk or think about it.

Zeric frowned. Despite the aching hard-on and haunted memories it caused, he'd studied the security-vid more than once since Jak had let Jai'Enna walk free from the

brig and he still couldn't work out how she'd done it. One moment they were fucking each other like there was no tomorrow, the next, Jak was handing over his weapons and walking out of the room. Melodramatic love was one of Jak's governing characteristics, but Zeric knew it never interfered with his work. Ever. Even if Jak wouldn't -- couldn't? -- explain what had happened in the brig, Zeric knew he hadn't let Jai'Enna go of his own free will.

He would have to confront her again. There was no way she was getting off his ship without an explanation. He wanted to know who she was, and what she was after.

His cock throbbed at the thought, and he scowled. *Jezu, Arctos, get your mind out of your fucking pants!*

Turning back to the control deck, he made some minor adjustments. Jak's diminished mental state or no, he didn't want his partner seeing him sitting here with a raging hard-on. "We've passed through the Acheron Cluster," he said, flicking on *The Reaper's* long-range sensor alert. "Hopefully we won't encounter any Cluster-Fuck barges."

Jak snorted. "The slavers will try and avoid a Boundary Guardian vessel like they would Xolotlan clap. The slim chance of trade is far out-weighed by the likelihood of being shut down. You've been aboard one of those barges. They're not exactly the cleanliest sex-dens around." Clear grey eyes slid to Zeric. "Besides, it seems to me neither of us need resort to a Cluster-Fuck whore to shoot our load."

Zeric clenched his jaw. "Drop it, Jak." His voice was low and flat. "We've both let our cocks do too much thinking for us lately."

An uncharacteristic blush coloured Jak's cheeks, the intricate initiation scars stark white bolts of lightning against his red skin. "What's your plan once we hit Pellaxion space? Guardians aren't exactly welcome this far from the Boundary."

"There's a sex-den on the dark side. The Lay Over. I'm familiar with the owner. She'll let us translocate into one of her rooms."

Jak raised an intrigued eyebrow. "Pellaxions don't do anything for free. What's the price?"

Zeric didn't answer. Ilya Ge'gan knew more about him than any living soul -- including the curse threaded through his blood. Her hands had wiped Leyna's blood from his body. Her ears had listened to his howls of pain, remorse and fury. Yes, she knew his secrets. And he knew hers. There would be no price.

"So, once down there," Jak went on, dropping into the flight seat beside Zeric, "we track down Crortek and what? Give him a stern talking to?"

Zeric shook his head. "No. We're shutting him down. Completely. Not just the Bliss trade. Everything."

A malicious grin pulled at Jak's mouth and he leant back in his seat, crossing his ankles on the control deck. "Clean out. My favourite part of the job."

"Don't be too eager. We've been ordered to bring Crortek in. Alive."

Jak's grin disappeared immediately. "Why can't the lab do a *corpus-interro*?"

"The Intel-Patrol Corp has pulled rank. Something about a rogue agent with a vendetta. They need to know what Crortek knows. Or doesn't. Whoever this agent is, the Corp's pretty pissed they've gone." For a still moment, Zeric stared out the view screen at the stars streaking past. He'd resisted the urge to ask about Jai'Enna ever since Jak entered the cockpit, but the ache in his chest and loins wouldn't let up. Wouldn't let him forget she was still aboard his ship. "Where is Jai'Enna?" he finally asked, unable to pretend indifference any longer.

Jak gave him a knowing look. "I've left her in the Sprinter's hangar."

Zeric continued to look out at the stars. Unless Jai'Enna had been trained in Guardian technology, she was stuck there until one of them released the security lock.

"Good," he said, upping the power-feed to the hyperflight engine. "Leave her there. Until we finish on Pellaxion Four, the hangar's off limits."

Jak began to argue, all trace of the fugue gone from his face, but at Zeric's sharp look he sat back. "What about food?"

"I'm sure she can survive twenty-four clicks with a hungry stomach. We both know she's not the victimised slave we first thought. Something tells me there's nothing even close to 'victim' about her."

Jak snorted, the sound low and decidedly dirty. Zeric knew from his expression he was remembering their wild fucking in the brig. A fact proved when he abruptly stood and left, the bulging tent in his trousers saying it all.

Zeric guessed he was headed for the hydro-pods. A humourless grin stretched his mouth. An icy shower *might* ease the pain of a ravenous hard-on, but it wouldn't destroy the want, the longing.

What will?

Nothing.

Except sating it. Fulfilling it.

And that wasn't going to happen.

He leant forward and jacked up the power to the hyperflight engines some more, his body craving something he knew he just couldn't have.

Fuck.

* * *

Melting back into the shadows of one of *The Reaper's* dim passageways, Jai'Enna flattened herself against a wall, watching Jak stride deeper into the ship. She gnawed on her bottom lip. What should she do -- take charge of the ship through fire-power, follow Jak, or step into the cockpit where Zeric sat, alone?

A warm flutter low in her pussy told her what her *body* thought she should do.

She stood still and silent, trying to ignore the insistent coaxing of her sex as she considered her next move. It was a sure bet both Zeric and Jak thought she was still imprisoned; neither would expect her to know how to override the locking mechanism, especially from the hangar's basic security panel. Which meant she had the upper hand. For now.

So how did she best use it?

Go in there, impale yourself on that fantastic cock of his and fuck his brains out. Plant the suggestion and get the fuck off this --

A soft hiss interrupted the thought. She slid around the corner and pressed herself against the wall, holding her breath as a scowling Zeric stormed down the

corridor.

Well, it looked like the decision had been made for her. The cockpit was empty.

Jai'Enna pulled in a slow, deep breath.

A clean, musky scent filled her nose and lungs -- *his* scent. Her pussy clamped shut, grasping for a throbbing cock that wasn't there. A cock that had only hours ago taken her to the very brink of sexual insanity. She swallowed, her mouth as dry as her cunt was wet. A tingling, squirming sensation wormed its way to the juncture of her thighs, an undeniable reminder of just how much Zeric affected her. She shot a quick sideways glance toward the cockpit door. In two seconds she could be in there; three, and *The Reaper* was hers.

On silent feet she turned, moving swiftly down the corridor. After Zeric.

A pulse hammered in her throat and her heart skipped a beat. It wasn't the *ship* she wanted.

A few steps later she stopped, looking around the empty passageway, a confused frown creasing her brow. Where was he?

Motionless, she strained to hear his footsteps sounding on the floor. Nothing.

She tilted her head to the side. He couldn't have got *that* far ahead. Could he?

"Looking for me?"

The low words were hot in her ear.

Shit!

She spun, but before his breath cooled on her flesh, Zeric's fingers curled around her upper arms and he shoved her to the wall. His hard body rammed against hers, pinning her. Glowing golden eyes bored into her, delving into her soul. Heat flooded through her stomach and into her pussy. She could feel his erection, long, steely and insistent, pushing against her hipbone. "No escape this time, Jai'Enna," he said, mouth so close to hers she could feel his words on her lips, taste his breath on her tongue. "I want answers."

She stared into those hypnotic golden irises. "And I want you."

At her blunt declaration, a flame ignited in his eyes. Hunger and passion burned

in their depths, and something more elemental -- need. But even deeper, almost hidden by naked desire, was apprehension. Fear. Zeric wanted her, and it scared the shit out of him.

The realisation should have made her happy. She was trained to zero in on weaknesses, but instead of the cold glee of certain victory, she was overwhelmed by a powerful need to ease his fears. To wipe away the worry in his heart. To make that heart hers.

That scared the shit out of her.

She looked at him, unsure of herself for the first time in her life. What should she do?

His lips provided the answer. They brushed over hers, gently, almost hesitantly. Jai'Enna's breath caught in her throat and her pulse leapt into frenzied life, beating against her neck like a trapped Raavelian moth. With feather-light caresses, Zeric's tongue touched her lips, her teeth, finally dipping into her mouth to claim it as his own. She gave it willingly, ignoring the tiny voice in her head telling her to stop, get away, *now*.

She'd used sex as a weapon for longer than she could remember; first to protect Bhel from the lecherous Controllers of Raavelia Beta's mining factions where they spent their terrible parentless childhood, then to escape the brutality of the Raavelia Alpha slave camps, and finally, as part of her job as an Intel-Patrol agent. Sex meant little to her except a means to an end.

Until now.

Her tongue mated with Zeric's, their breaths mingling and becoming one as he deepened the kiss. She moaned, the soft sound unlike anything she'd uttered before. It said, completely and emphatically, *I'm yours*.

No. I can't be. It'll only lead to pain.

I don't care.

His hands brushed over her jaw line, cupping the sides of her face as his mouth drank from hers. The oh-so-tender touch flooded her body -- her heart -- with warmth

and she melted against him.

Their sex had been wild and savage before. This... this was different. Beautiful. She didn't care how much it would hurt later -- and there would be pain, it was unavoidable -- right now, right at this very moment all she cared about was how he made her feel.

A shiver raced down her spine and her already tight nipples pinched rock-hard. One of Zeric's palms pressed over it, the firm contact combining with the friction of her leather bra to send jolt after jolt of hot, wet sensations spearing into her pussy. His tongue continued to worship her mouth, delving, seeking and pleasuring before moving to her jaw, her ear. She dropped her head back, allowing him greater access to the column of her neck, sucking in a breath as he nipped lightly on the sensitive flesh just below her pulse. Her pussy constricted, warm moisture pooling in her cunt.

How does he do this to me?

He nudged one knee between her thighs, spreading her legs apart and settling his groin neatly against hers, his cock a smouldering rod of steel against her eager sex. She rolled her hips, grinding harder against that hot, throbbing organ, remembering what it felt like inside her. His teeth continued to travel over her flesh, down her neck, across her collarbone, getting harder, wilder, the closer his mouth drew to her breasts.

For a split second, an image of dilating pupils flashed through Jai'Enna's head -- golden irises changing, transforming. *Wake up, girl! What are you doing?*

His fingers yanked at her brassiere, exposing her breasts to the air, her nipples to his mouth. His teeth sank into one aching peak as his knowing, skilled fingers teased, twisted and flicked the other.

What was she doing?

She didn't know. She didn't care.

"Here?" Zeric's voice was a hot breath in her ear. "Or my quarters?"

She pulled back a little, gazing up at him. His eyes positively glowed with desire. Jaw clenched tight, he waited for her answer. Waited. Not forcing, commanding or ordering. Her heart thumped. Hard.

Gods, Jai'Enna. Don't let him get into your heart.

He dipped his head and nuzzled at her earlobe, sending a wave of flushed tension sweeping over her.

Too late.

She closed her eyes, drew in a long, slow breath, taking his raw scent into her body, her being.

Oh, fuck it.

Meeting his gaze again, she smiled. "Your quarters."

* * *

The short walk to Zeric's quarters had been silent. A matter of a few feet, crossed in mere seconds. For Jai'Enna it had been sheer torture.

She'd followed him, watching his strong back as he moved -- almost prowled -- down *The Reaper's* corridor. His muscles moved like oiled sinews. Her hands itched to feel them under her palms.

It was lunacy. She knew it. But the burning, insistent ache throbbing in her cunt wasn't listening.

Stopping at an unadorned single door, Zeric waved his hand before the locking panel, sliding her a look that spoke volumes about what would happen once they stepped through it: *I will take you to the five heavens and back. I will take you to places you've never even dreamed. Do you want this?*

Yes. She did. More than she could comprehend.

A very slight smile creased the side of his mouth and, threading his fingers through hers, he stepped across the threshold.

His quarters were sparse. A low wide berth against the far wall; a compu-station; a lock-box; a syntho-food station and a porthole -- typical Boundary Guardian quarters. What weren't typical were the two tantium-steel chains attached to the wall beside the berth. Or the double-lock shackles attached to each.

At the sight, her already damp pussy clamped tight.

Zeric looked at her, face guarded. "It's not what you think."

She raised one eyebrow. "Pity."

Before she could draw breath, he had her on the bed, back flat against the firm mattress, her thighs around his hips. Placing his hands on either side of her head, he stared down at her. "This is dangerous. You know that, don't you?"

His voice was low. It rumbled in his chest and throat like the growl of a beast. The sound of it sent ripples of rapture through her body. Into the pit of her sex. Her nipples hardened, her cunt fluttered. "Yes. I know."

She thought he was going to say more. He studied her, those golden eyes delving into her soul. It should have frightened her. It should have made her fling him off. Instead, she gazed back, unblinking. She couldn't explain it, but she wanted him to see something in her no one else had before. Something *she* herself hadn't seen either. A longing to be fulfilled on a level deeper than physical. A craving for a connection; body, heart, soul.

Since Bhel's death, and since her desertion from the Corp, she'd been totally alone. Her choice. Her design. Why did she wonder now if she'd been wrong? Why did looking at him, smelling him, feeling him, make her doubt herself? And yet, not doubt herself at all?

He held her gaze for a long, still moment and then, tangling long steady fingers in her hair, dropped his head and kissed her.

Tongue and teeth clashed. She arched her back, pushing her pussy against his rigid cock. He ran his hands from her hair and scored them over her shoulders and breasts, down to the waistline of her pants, to the buckle on her belt. She shifted her weight, allowing him ease of access. In one fluid flick of his wrists, the belt buckle was released and his hand was buried between her thighs, seeking and finding her slick channel.

"Oh, tears of Druentia!" she gasped.

Her clit was a swollen tip of pulsing flesh, straining for his touch. He pinched it between two fingers and Jai'Enna gasped again, bucking her hips higher, harder, against his masterful hand.

As he teased with one hand, the other dragged Jak's trousers from her legs, the cold artificial air of the ship kissing her fevered skin just as his palm smoothed over her thighs. He cupped her ass, sliding his fingers over her tight sphincter with gentle, yet firm pressure.

"Yes." The invitation slipped past her lips in a breath.

For the briefest second -- agonising and torturous -- he hesitated, and that apprehensive light flickered amongst the flames in his eyes.

She reached up, touching his jaw. Lightly. "Yes, Zeric."

The fire in his eyes flared.

Thrusting his fingers deeper into her sodden cunt, he lowered his body onto hers, taking possession of her mouth in an assault that left her trembling. Wet fire ripped through her, squirming tension escalating with every delving stab of his tongue and fingers. Jai'Enna's eyelids fluttered closed as she drowned in the waves of pleasure rolling over her.

Releasing the metal clasp of her brassiere, he flung it to the side, spilling free her breasts. Ready for his lips. With attentive focus, he moved his mouth to her breasts, suckling on one then the other until she thought she would explode. When his teeth tugged on the nipple ring, she let out a cry that bounced off the walls of his quarters and came back to her ears, raw, urgent and hungry.

Still his fingers played with her clit, teasing, pinching and rubbing. She rolled her hips, her pussy greedy for fulfilment. As if knowing her every craving desire, Zeric drove his fingers deep into her cunt, past the slick walls, curling and wriggling until a kaleidoscope of blinding colours filled her head. She arched her back, writhed and twisted against his hand, tossed her head from side to side. Opening her eyes, she reached for his hand, wrapping her fingers around his wrist. "Zeric," she pleaded, desperately wanting to feel his amazing cock ramming into her.

He looked down at her with blazing eyes, nostrils flaring with every ragged breath he drew. "What are you doing to me, Jai'Enna?" His voice was low and hoarse.

For an answer, Jai'Enna slid her hand from his wrist, past the band of his

trousers, to his throbbing cock.

Oh, gods, he's amazing.

And harder than any man she'd ever felt.

His weight lifted from her body and he stepped away, eyes locked on her as he removed his clothes. Jai'Enna watched, getting wetter and hotter with every smooth stretch of tanned skin exposed, every limb, every muscle. *Druentia wept, he's gorgeous.*

Gloriously naked, swollen cock straining toward the five heavens, he lowered himself between her thighs, sliding his hands over her breasts to her aching clit and fluttering cunt. His fingers dipped into her creamy channel, sending jolts of tight heat into her very being before travelling across the curve of her inner thighs. Her own juices slicked her fevered flesh as he moved his hands to her knees and spread her legs further apart. His lips soon followed the path scalded by his fingers, driving her to the brink, the very edge. "Zeric!" she burst out, twisting and writhing as his tongue plunged in and out of her cunt. "Please!"

Please, what, she didn't know.

In all her years, she'd never felt so consumed by absolute pleasure. Her entire being pulsed and thrummed with liquid-heat that radiated from Zeric's touch. It was intoxicating. Addictive. She was so ready to fall over the edge -- to submerge utterly in exquisite rapture.

A violent ripple of anticipation tore through her and she snared his hair in her fists and yanked his face from her clenching pussy. "How can you do this to me?" she demanded, voice husky and breathless.

Glowing golden eyes stared back at her. "I've asked myself that very question since the moment I touched you," he replied in a low voice. "How can *she* do this to you? How can she make you so mad with lust, with longing, you forget who you are. *What* you are."

Jai'Enna returned his gaze. "And your answer?"

"I don't care."

Heat rolled over her. Heat that had nothing to do with his physical touch, but

everything to do with her heart and soul. She closed her eyes and dropped her head back to the mattress, drawing in a deep breath as his lips and teeth and tongue returned to her sodden, creamy pussy.

Delicious tension grew. Her fingers clenched his hair, holding him to her wet heat. And just when she thought she couldn't take anymore, his mouth left her cunt and he drove his magnificent cock deep inside her in one fluid thrust. There was a moment of wonderful pain as he filled her completely and then there was nothing but sheer bliss.

With each powerful stroke he drove her back across the mattress. Grabbing at the sheet, she anchored herself to the bed, almost out of her mind with squirming, twisting pleasure. Pleasure that only peaked higher when Zeric raked his hands down her thighs and pulled her legs up over his shoulders, allowing him deeper, deeper, oh so much deeper entry into her ravenous cunt. His rhythm was magical, his rampant cock rubbing against her clit to such perfection her blood began to tingle and her muscles quiver. When he reached between them to stimulate her more with his thumb, she let out a hoarse cry.

Over and over again he brought her to the edge, letting her glimpse sweet, erupting release but never letting her fall. She'd never dreamed it was possible -- this endless euphoric state. It left her breathless. Aching from head to toe. Just when she thought that she was going to come in a gushing flood, he would pull back, withdraw his cock and cover her body with hundreds of soft, tender kisses that burnt her up and left her gasping. Time ceased to have meaning. Nothing existed anymore except Zeric, his mouth, his tongue, his hands and his unrelenting cock.

He gazed down at her, golden eyes burning with an intensity she could almost feel, as if he fought to control a power beyond them both. "Gods damn it, Jai'Enna," he ground out through gritted teeth. "I can't hold it back much longer. If I don't come now..."

Pressure built, continued to build. Waves of undulating pleasure crashed over her. Through her. The soles of her feet began to tingle. Her nipples became painful. His

cock hammered into her, her cunt gripped it. "Oh, gods, Zeric! Oh, gods!"

Her orgasm smashed through her, taking her breath with it.

His responding growl was fierce, turning into a cry that sounded like a howl as his strokes grew harder and faster. Wilder.

Jai'Enna's nails shredded the sheet, and before the last of his seed spurted, before the force of her climax destroyed her sanity, she slipped into his mind.

Don't ask me any questions, just let me go --

His hands clenched at her hips, a shudder rocked his body, and another howl escaped his throat.

Let me go? Do I really want to be let go?

No. She didn't.

When he stretched onto his back, taking her with him without breaking their sweet connection, she knew, irretrievably, that she never wanted the moment to end.

What would be so bad about surrendering to it? To feeling something in her life apart from bloody hate and empty sorrow.

Nothing. Except knowing your sister's killer escaped unpunished. Alive when she is dead.

Like an icy blade, the tiny thought slipped through the wanton haze that shrouded her mind.

It was enough to jerk her back to cruel reality. She had to focus. She had to remember her training. Until Crortek suffered -- immensely -- no other life existed for her except that of a killer. Detached. Manipulative. Alone.

She opened her eyes, gazing down at Zeric, waiting for her planted suggestion to take hold. Wanting everything he wordlessly offered. Wanting it all. Knowing it was out of her grasp.

Slicing pain tore at her heart. She blinked, hot tears stinging her eyes. Tears? Tears? How had this happened to her?

"Jai'Enna?"

Zeric's voice was soft. She looked at him through a blur of salty grief. This was it;

he would tell her to leave. "Jai'Enna, love? What's wrong?"

A question? Didn't she --?

"Tell me what's making you sad."

The worry was clear in his voice. It completely destroyed her confusion over the never-before failed plant. Her heart gripped harder instead on the cold pain eating at it and fresh tears threatened to wet her cheeks.

"Don't ask me questions," she whispered. "Don't be nice to me." Her pussy still held his cock. She could feel his strength and heat inside her, like a charge of life-giving energy. Energy she must deprive herself of. "I don't deserve it."

Zeric shifted, never letting their bodies separate as he gently lowered her back down onto the bed. "Jai'Enna." He touched her face, tracing her lips with his fingertips. "Let me take away your pain."

It was too much. Her heart broke. She clung to him.

He held her silently, giving her his warmth. Through his arms, his lips. He pressed his lips to her damp cheek, kissing at her tears. "Whatever it is," he murmured, "I will make it better. I promise."

She closed her eyes. *Take this one moment, Jai'Enna. You will never have this again. Take this one moment for yourself and then get the hell away from him.*

I can't. Not while Bhel's killer is still alive.

Opening her eyes again, she met his gaze. "You have no idea who I am."

"I know," he said. "But let me show you who *I* am." And he reached for the chains hanging behind her back and placed them in her hands.

Chapter 6

The manacle was icy on his skin. It was a shock to his flesh, burning and flushed from the feverous desire coursing through his veins. Without lifting his head, he looked at Jai'Enna.

She knelt before him, naked and nubile. The long silky curtain of her hair fell over her shoulders in a cascade of wild copper waves, hiding the expression on her face. He wished he could see her eyes. He would know what she was thinking, feeling, if he could gaze into their clear green depths. Instead, he had to guess what was going through her head as she locked the manacle around his right wrist.

Jezu, what was he doing?

A cold metal chink told him his left wrist was now also locked in steel, and without moving his gaze from the woman kneeling before him, he gave the chains a gentle tug. It had been a long time since they'd been put to use.

He pulled in a long breath, feeling his blood surge through his body. He shot a quick look at his wrists.

Chained. Contained.

Controlled.

He'd never been more vulnerable. Or scared.

Or excited.

His control of the beast licking through his veins was becoming shakier. More tenuous. But it was still there. Just. His last orgasm had almost been too much. He'd felt the wild animal struggling to break free, to consume him. But Jai'Enna's passion had been stronger. As had his own; an emotion he didn't want to analyse scorched through him, choking the thick brutal hunger of the beast and forcing it down.

He gave the chains another sharp tug. What might happen next would change

his life. He couldn't let it end Jai'Enna's.

Would she stay and make love to him, or would she flee?

Wordlessly, he raised his eyes and found her studying him. Hot blood flooded into his painfully stiff cock. What smouldered in her clear green irises was a passion so forceful, any thought of telling her to leave -- to escape with her life now -- vanished. He leant forward, the chains rattling as he offered his body to her.

Her lips brushed his lightly as her soft warm palms smoothed up his arms, over his shoulders and down his chest. When her fingers touched his nipples, gently at first and then with more pressure, a low groan escaped his throat. She captured the raw sound with her mouth, taking it and returning it with one of her own.

Unable to hold her, he moved to deepen the kiss, to draw her closer to him by the power of his lips and tongue alone. For a giddy moment he did just that; he could feel her heat warm his flesh, but as his blood began to turn to mercury, she pulled back. Away from him.

He looked at her, confused. "What's wrong?"

Green eyes locked on his. "I'm sorry, Zeric," she whispered, slowly rising to her feet. "But there's something I have to do on Pellaxion Four." She stepped backward from the bed, crouching once to retrieve her discarded clothes without breaking eye contact. "Someone I have to see."

Ice filled his veins. "What are you doing?"

She continued backward, reaching the door. "I'm sorry, Zeric," she said again. "Maybe one day I'll get a chance to explain."

Zeric's chest constricted painfully. "Jai'Enna, what --?"

Picking up his disrupter from atop the lock-box, Jai'Enna waved her hand over the door sensor and with one last unreadable look, stepped over the threshold and was gone.

"Jai'Enna?"

Blood roaring in his ears, hot fury ripping through him, he yanked savagely on the chains, bellowing her name. She didn't return, and the chains didn't break -- as he

knew they wouldn't.

He stared at the door. She'd deceived him. She'd fucking deceived him. Throwing back his head, he let out a chilling howl and the beast began to surface.

* * *

Jak sat in *The Reaper's* cockpit, watching as the Sprinter jumped into hyperflight and disappeared from the sky. He sighed. Zeric had been right.

She'd taken the bait after all.

Chapter 7

Lyso swaggered through The Pit, Pellaxion Four's wildly popular sex club, iced Xolotlan Sniff in hand. A leering smirk spread across his face. *Fuck, I like this place.*

Naked slaves surrounded him, some dancing, some offering Bliss to Hrung Crortek's clientele, others offering themselves. On just about every lounge scattered throughout the shadowy room, groups of beings were fucking: two-somes, three-somes, four-somes and, in one particularly busy corner, an eight-some. Lyso's cock twitched at the sight. If it weren't for Crortek waiting in his private suite he'd saunter over and join in. After the meeting, though... He gave his heavy balls a rough rub, eyeing off the busty Pellaxion currently on all fours. He licked his lips and groped at his balls again. *Yes, definitely after the meeting.*

Weaving his way through the humping bodies, he glanced toward the centre dais. Crortek's favourite slave swayed to the pounding beat of the nearby giz band, her hands sliding over her scantily clad body, cupping her breasts, dipping into her cunt. Her mouth hung open slightly and her eyes glowed with a dim pink haze -- the typical signs of a Bliss euphoria. She would easily have been the most stunning creature in the club, if not for her mangled face. Lyso's cock sprung harder again. If he handed the two Boundary Guardians to Crortek on a silver platter, maybe the Ornithion might let him have a go at her.

He let his gaze travel over her. Gods, she really did look like Jai'Enna.

An angry grimace distorted his face. When he had the Terran in his grip he was going to put a neuro-pistol to the freak's head and demand to know where the fuck his slave was.

Downing a mouthful of Sniff he continued through the club. It pissed him off that he'd never got the chance to screw the Raavelian. She'd come to him from one of

his dealers -- a payment for a Bliss haul -- only a day before the grand fuck-up on Ornith, and he'd been so busy setting up the deal with the Shikz-fucking Terran he'd never got around to sticking his cock in her. The closest he'd come was the interrupted blowjob at the Suck and Blow.

Hot blood pumped into his growing hard-on at the memory. He might have been distracted at the time, but it was still the best he'd ever had. When he got her back -- and he *would* get her back -- he'd stick his cock in every orifice of her delectable body until he had no more cum to spurt.

A grin stretched his mouth and his blood-pink eyes glinted. Things were looking up -- the inevitable execution of the two Boundary Guardians and the reclaiming of Jai'Enna Ti. If he were really lucky, he'd have a ménage with her and Crortek's slave. He took another slug of Sniff.

The fiery liquid was burning its way down his throat when he saw a female being led across the room by one of the club's dom masters, a thick titanium chain attached to a black leather collar. Head down, body barely covered by a clinging black slave tunic.

Jai'Enna?

Sniff spurted out his nose, stinging his narrow nasal passage as it sprayed across the room.

"Hey!" he shouted, chasing after her and the dom. "That's my whore!"

The Sheilite halted, turning shining yellow eyes on him. Jai'Enna kept her head down, face hidden by her wild mane of hair. "I am afraid you are mistaken," the master spoke, words a low hiss. "The female has just been purchased by Master Crortek. I'm delivering her to him now."

Lyso curled his lip. It was lunacy to attempt to talk to Jai'Enna while she was the property of Crortek and it would be suicide forcing the dom to hand her over, but he wanted to know how the fuck she ended up being sold on Pellaxion Four. He stared at her, hoping she would look up. But she didn't. There was no indication she knew he was there. Not a tensing of muscles or catch of breath. His gaze travelled over her body,

remembering the feel of her full breasts in his hands. He narrowed his eyes. Crortek may have bought her, but he -- Lyso -- had never given her up. She was his property by right and deal. He wasn't leaving The Pit without her.

"I'm just on my way to see Crortek." He addressed the dom, trying for a commanding glower. "I will take her."

The Sheilite returned an icy stare. Lyso was one of Crortek's personal guests and, as such, was to be treated with deference, but that didn't stop the dom master's silent distaste being evident. Lyso was tempted to shoot the ugly Insektoyd's head off there and then. "With respect, I must decline," the Sheilite said. He turned and continued to walk through the club, Jai'Enna trailing at the end of her chain.

Lyso stood, fury, indignation and, shamefully, chagrin heating his face. His tail switched. He wasn't used to being treated with such indifference. Crortek's staff needed a few lessons on how to treat his guests. Downing the last of his Sniff he threw his empty glass on a nearby table. Perhaps it was time to let Crortek know he wasn't just another of the Ornithion's pathetic grunts. He was Psy Lyso! He fucking controlled Crortek's home planet!

He set off for the crime lord's private suites. He was taking back his whore. And Crortek wasn't going to stop him.

* * *

Her neck ached.

So did her head.

The steady beat from the club's band was like a monotonous thump against her skull, hammering away at her composure.

Following the Sheilite through the busy club with the constant tug on her collar was really beginning to piss her off. Jai'Enna struggled with the urge to loop the chain around the dom master's neck and strangle him. It probably wouldn't help her cover if she went around killing those supposedly in a position of power over her. Not until she'd blown Hrung Crortek's head away, that was.

Blinking lights flashed in her peripheral vision, turning the writhing crowd

surrounding her into stark silhouettes of copulating bodies. A fast blowjob and a quick plant at the first slave market and she'd been on her way to Crortek's personal buyer. Another suck and fondle later and here she was -- weaponless and ready to kill, the Sprinter docked on the outskirts of the Pleasure District hidden by its decept-shields. All without Zeric Arctos in her head.

Yeah, right.

She clenched her jaw. She'd refused to think about the man since leaving him chained to the wall in his quarters. She needed to be completely focussed when she confronted Bhel's murderer, and all that thinking about Zeric achieved was guilt and confusion. Neither conducive for revenge.

The one chance you've had to be happy, content, and you leave him chained naked to the wall like a wild beast.

Jai'Enna ground her teeth. *Shut up.*

Raising her eyes, she took a quick glance through the tumble of hair falling over her forehead. The Sheilite had led her to a heavy, steel-reinforced door at the far side of the club. This deep into the building, the frenzied beat from the band was just a faint annoyance and there were no clients or staff to be seen or heard. Pressing her feet harder on the plush carpeted floor she felt for any vibrations that would indicate the presence of others apart from her and the dom master. Behind them, but a fair way back, was the lumbering tread of Lyso's feet.

She cocked an eyebrow. He was coming after her.

She hadn't planned on him being here; it was a complication she would need to factor into her plans. But then, thinking on her feet was one of her greatest weapons. In fact, depending on whose head she got into first, it might work to her advantage. A tiny smile curled her lips. It could save her a lot of time.

A high-pitched buzz followed by a soft hiss announced the opening of the door and she pulled in a slow breath, filling her lungs with air. Once she crossed the threshold, it would get nasty.

A cold voice came from inside, like rough crater ice. "Yes?"

A shiver raced up her spine. Crortek.

"I bring the slave Kzzer acquired from Beltair this evening."

The Sheilite's tone was respectful and fearful. Jai'Enna could hear the slight tremble in his words. She took a quick, silent sniff of the air. There were only the three of them. Lyso was still coming. She smirked -- a little. If he didn't hurry up he'd be shut out of the proceedings, and now that she knew he was here she'd be disappointed if he missed out on the fun.

"She's been cleaned?" the grating voice asked, yet it sounded more like an order.

The Sheilite straightened. Jai'Enna could hear his body-plating clack together as he moved. "Yes."

There was a brief pause, and then Crortek said, "Enter."

With a firm tug on her chain, the Sheilite led her through the doorway and into Hrungr Crortek's private suite.

The smile on Jai'Enna's face turned cold.

She'd finally reached her target.

* * *

"Still no sign of the Stinger." Jak shook his head, looking up at Zeric as he returned his PMFD to its belt clip. "You *were* right. She's not what she says she is."

Zeric didn't respond. He stood in the entryway of the Lay Over, staring out into the night. Deep angry cuts circled his wrists and he ran his hands over them, almost absentmindedly. Jai'Enna was somewhere close. He could *feel* her. Somewhere nearby and in a whole lot of trouble.

He wanted to go after her. He wanted to shake some sense into her deceiving soul. He wanted to throw her in the brig and shatter the lock.

He wanted to hold her.

A growl of self-disgust rolled in his chest.

Haven't you learnt your lesson yet?

He took a slow breath, smelling her sweet scent that still lingered on his flesh. His heart clenched and his cock twitched.

No. He hadn't.

"So, let's tally this up," Jak continued, pulling his disrupter from its holster and checking the sights as he spoke. "She knows how to deactivate *The Reaper's* security computer, she can pilot a Guardian Stinger, she knows how to activate its decept-shield, she gets past the Pellaxion planet defence system without detection *and* she manages to get you chained to the wall in your own quarters -- naked, I might add." He glanced up from his gun. "A particularly nice touch."

"*And* she convinces you to let her go from the brig in the first place," Zeric added, shooting Jak a dark look. "And you know damn well why I let her chain me to the wall." He returned his stare to the dark promenade before him. "It was the easiest way to find out what she's doing."

"And she took the bait." Jak was silent for a moment. "How's the chest?"

Zeric raised his hand to an angry aching lesion just above his heart. The slight contact sent shards of hot pain through his torso, the wound left by Jak's disrupter still agonisingly tender. After Jai'Enna had fled he'd ripped the chains right from the wall, his fury and grief so powerful. If he hadn't been transformed at the time he'd be dead. "It's okay."

"You took me by surprise, partner. I know you've been having trouble controlling it lately, but next time you're planning on going bestial, give me a head's up, will you?" Jak shook his head, a worried look on his face. "I almost didn't change the setting on my gun."

"I hadn't planned on the... transformation. Besides, there wasn't the time. I was flying by the seat of my pants."

"By the skin of your ass, don't you mean? Your pants were already off."

Zeric ignored the comment. "As you said, she took the bait. That's what matters." Pulling out his own disrupter, he adjusted its setting to vaporize. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Jak studying him, that worried expression still pulling at his eyes and mouth. "What?"

"Is that really what matters?"

"Drop it, Jak," he growled. "Now." He reholstered his gun, shutting out the pain in his chest and gut that had nothing to do with being shot by his partner. He'd known the moment the manacles were clamped around his wrists Jai'Enna would disappear, leaving him chained and unable to follow her. Knowing, however, didn't take away the hurt.

Their lovemaking had surpassed mere sex. The connection was beyond physical. While their bodies had been pressed together, slicked with sweat and joined as one, he'd existed for her. Their hearts had beat in perfect rhythm, their souls -- both tortured and wounded -- had become symbiotic. As his seed had filled her warm sex, he'd almost believed he'd felt her in his head, *heard* her soft husky voice whispering words he couldn't understand, like the gentle touch of mist on sleeping skin.

They had transcended to another plane of being. He'd felt it, and he knew she had too.

But she'd left him.

As he knew she would.

His heartache turned to fury, and he'd been unable to control the beast, lurking in his blood. Waiting.

"So, where to now?" Jak's voice cut through his pain, jerking him back to Pellaxion Four. "Do we find Jai'Enna, or go after Crortek?"

Zeric stepped away from the Lay Over's door and out onto the promenade, his hand resting on the butt of his disrupter. "We've got a job to do, Jak. Thinking with our cocks is over."

* * *

Crortek was evil. Jai'Enna could see that in just one hidden glance. He reeked of it. It radiated from him in thick waves. It leaked from his pores like swamp water.

Her hands itched with the thought of blowing his head off.

"Bring her closer, Ctix."

The dom tugged on her chain and she stepped forward, feeling Crortek's pupil-less eyes travel over her. Her flesh wanted to crawl. When he reached out and shoved

his long, bony fingers straight over her mons and down to the folds of her pussy, she had to clench her teeth together to stop from screaming.

"Very nice," he murmured, wiggling his fingers slowly, delving deeper into her cunt. He ground one large knuckle against her clit, a cold chuckle bubbling up through his throat when she flinched. "Very nice. Kzzer must be congratulated on this purchase." He curled his fingers into a hook inside her cunt and pulled her closer still. "Look at me, slave."

Slowly, remembering her role -- submissive and willing -- she raised her head, meeting his pearlescent white stare with a steady gaze.

"Green eyes?" The fingers in her cunt wiggled. "Your father was a holy man?"

"I never knew my father, master. My sister and I grew up on Raavelia Beta."

Crortek's spines flared and he withdrew his probing hand. "The mining camps? And you survived." His thin lips puckered in increasing approval. "Such beauty from such brutality." There was an almost undetectable move of his head as he addressed his dom master. "Have you tasted her yet, Ctix?"

"No. But both Kzzer and Beltair claim she gives the best blowjob they've ever experienced." Ctix lifted her left arm, revealing a small brand the shape of a crescent moon just to the left of her breast. "She bears the mark of the Raavelia Alpha slave camps."

White orbs returned to her. "The best blowjob my slave buyer has experienced? Tell me, who was your former master?"

Jai'Enna raised her head. "I was the property of T'Er Ja, the slave trainer, until he granted my sister and me freedom."

There was a hissing intake of breath from Ctix at her unheard of proclamation. Sex slaves were never released on Raavelia Alpha; they were either killed or fucked to death. Crortek's spines flared again. "Freedom?" White eyes narrowed. "Yet you are a slave once more?"

"Four cycles ago I was aboard a Boaronian merchant vessel when it was raided by an Archeron slave gang. I've been a slave since."

"And where is your sister now?"

Jai'Enna blinked. Once. "Dead."

Crortek's lips pulled down in a cold pout. "What a pity. I would have enjoyed fucking you both."

Murderous fury ripped through her, but she held herself still. Now wasn't the time. Later however...

Crortek turned back to Ctix. "I think I would like to experience this phenomenal blowjob." Elation, cold and triumphant, flooded through Jai'Enna, and she couldn't help her small smile.

A loud bang on the door shattered the quiet of Crortek's suite and Lyso barged into the room, blue mottled skin dark with anger, tail a short swishing whip as he charged across the floor. "The Raavelian is mine, Crortek. She's my slave."

Jai'Enna clenched her fists and bit back a sharp curse. She'd been so close!

Lyso stopped beside Ctix, his pink eyes blazing. "The one those fucking Boundary Guardians stole from me!"

Crortek's smug smile evaporated. "The Terran?"

Jai'Enna closed her eyes. *Shit.*

"Yes. The Shikz-fucking Terran. He almost blasted my head off in his hurry to get away with her."

Dead white eyes turned to her and Jai'Enna's blood turned icy. This was *not* how it was meant to go. Crortek's cock should be in her mouth by now and she should be in his head, telling him to put his own gun to his temple and blow his brains out!

"Tell us, *slave*," Crortek's grating voice was calm, "how did you get away from the Boundary Guardians?"

The pulse in her neck was a pounding trip-hammer as she stared into the Ornithion's unnerving eyes. "I didn't." She kept her voice as soft and submissive as possible. "They took me to a Guardian Out-post near Boarona and placed me in the charge of a Peace-keeper."

"And?"

"The Peace-keeper sold me to the next Archeron slaver that docked. Who then sold me to the slave dealer here."

Crortek didn't move. Nobody moved. Except for Ctix, whose grip on her chain tightened. The faint chink of the links hitting each other was the only sound to be heard. That and Lyso's heavy breathing.

She was in trouble. She knew it.

A shiver rippled over her, pinching her nipples into rock-hard peaks of cold fear. A shimmer blurred across Crortek's eyes and they narrowed into slits. "Just like that?" he asked. "No fuck? No blow job as reward?" Without waiting for an answer his face swung to Ctix. "Do you have your Bliss?"

Wordlessly, the Sheilite bowed his head.

Jai'Enna froze. *Oh, gods, no. No, no, no, no.*

"Give her a hit," Crortek ordered. "Just enough to take away her inhibitions -- and control -- and then lead her to the dais. I want to see what a Raavelian Alpha slave can do."

Chapter 8

The Pit's bouncer, a muscle-bulging seven-foot Keltarian with razor-sharp teeth the length of a man's finger, stood before the entryway, wide nostrils flaring as Zeric and Jak approached. Each had dressed appropriately for a sex-club: Jak in red leather trousers that looked like they were painted on, sculpted chest bare, Zeric in his customary black trousers, shirt and jacket. Both looked extremely dangerous. And entirely fuckable.

The Keltarian bared his teeth as they stepped onto the entryway platform. Massive, fur-covered arms crossed over a colossal fur-covered chest as he watched them with intent burnt-orange eyes.

"Uh-oh," Jak muttered, right hand moving slowly down to his disrupter. "We could have trouble here."

Zeric narrowed his eyes, watching the Keltarian's hackles rise as they drew closer. The bouncer's scent filled his nose. Since his last transformation, his senses had been less human and more that of the beast's -- heightened, instinctive and finely attuned. At this very moment, they told him he and Jak were treading on very perilous ground. The Keltarian was prepared for a challenge to his turf, was ready and almost eager. Territorial dominance hung on the air. That, and Zeric was interested to sense, muted apprehension. "Don't do anything rash," he said without looking at his partner. "Just follow my lead."

"Hey, you're the animal here," Jak muttered under his breath, making Zeric want to curse. "He's all yours, partner."

"Ho, Keltarian," he said instead, raising his right hand.

The bouncer sniffed the air, eyes staring into Zeric's. "Ho," he replied, the word more guttural growl than humanoid voice. "Your purpose?"

"We come to fuck," Zeric answered, never breaking eye contact. "To mate."

The Keltarian didn't move, but the scent of nervous unease and whimpering challenge seeped from him, almost tactile in its intensity. A driving urge to leap forward and teach the pathetic animal a lesson surged through Zeric. For a split second his body tensed, ready to pounce. *Get out of my fucking road, or pay the consequences.* The Keltarian's eyes widened and, with an almost inaudible whine, he dropped his head and stepped aside. Zeric bared his teeth, his agitated pulse slowing back to a normal pace as he wrenched himself back under control. "Thank you, brother," he said, walking past the bowed head of the bouncer.

Jak followed, one eyebrow cocked. "Want to explain that?" he asked as they walked through the club's entry corridor, harsh neo-lights flashing frantically all around them.

For an answer, Zeric gave him a flat glare.

A grin split Jak's face. "Okay, okay. But whatever you did, can you do it again? The weapons check booth is coming up and I'd rather not try and arrest Crortek without my guns."

* * *

Ctix held up the small hypo-shot, translucent purple fluid glinting under the lights of Crortek's suite like crystalline shards. Jai'Enna stared at it, heart pounding, mind racing.

She had two options. Fight or take the hit.

She was an excellent fighter. She had to be. The Intel-Patrol Corp wouldn't have it any other way. But she was also chained and outnumbered three to one.

Ctix tugged her closer. In approximately two seconds she would be on a Bliss high. Who knew what would happen then?

She gave Crortek a sideways glance, noting his cold, leering grin. He'd thought he'd won. Again. A slave or Guardian spy, it didn't matter to him as long as he was in control.

Jai'Enna curled her hands into tight fists, adrenaline rushing through her veins.

Fuck him.

She moved. Fast.

Ctix was the first to fall. Swinging her leg high, she brought it down on the chain held by the Sheilite in a sweeping arc, jerking him toward her in a stumbling fall. His jaw shattered as her fist smashed into it. His knees buckled and he collapsed, iridescent yellow eyes rolling back into his skull. She snapped up her knee, smacking it under his pointed jaw, whipping his head back. The hard plates of his exoskeleton clattered as he dropped the chain and hit the floor in a twitching and shuddering heap.

“What the --?”

Ctix’s destruction had been so fast, neither Lyso nor Crortek had moved. Jai’Enna turned to find Lyso watching her, mouth agape. She looped the chain around her forearm and lashed it out at her former owner, the leather handle on its end whipping across Lyso’s stunned face, tearing a chunk of blue flesh from his cheek. “Owww, you bitch!” he squealed, smacking his hands to his face as a gush of blood spurted from the gaping gash.

Cold rage boiling through her, she flicked the chain again, curling its end around his fat ankle and giving it a savage yank.

With a loud wail, Lyso landed on his tail, the sound of snapping bones reaching her ears. An icy smile stretched her lips at the sound. She gave him a quick look, knowing he was out of action for a while -- long enough for her to deal with --

Cold metal pressed against the back of her neck. “That’s enough,” Crortek’s coarse voice rasped in her ear and she froze. “*Slave.*”

She closed her eyes and dropped her head. *Shit.*

There was a dull pop, followed by intense blistering heat.

And then everything went black and Jai’Enna fell to the floor.

* * *

Jak grinned at the Hetap behind the weapons-check counter. “Busy night?”

The Hetap smiled back, bulbous eyes flickering with interest as she ran her eyes over his bare chest. “Always,” she practically panted.

Jak chuckled, leaning forward. "I tell you what," he said in a low voice. "After I'm finished inside, why don't I come back and take you out for a drink?"

The Hetap's smile broadened. "I finish at five."

Jak winked. "I'll be here."

The larger than normal Boaronian standing guard beside the counter grunted. "That's enough, lover boy. Check your weapons." Piggy eyes drilled into Jak. "Now."

Jak held up his palms. "Okay. Okay. No need to get snippy." He reached for the disrupter tucked into his trousers at the small of his back. He looked over the Hetap's shoulder into the storage compartments. "Say, is that an illegal Boaronian Pacifier? I'd love a go."

The Boaronian turned, reaching for Jak. "That's it. I'm taking you --"

Jak heard a high-pitched whine and the Boaronian dropped to the floor with a thud. "Let's go," Zeric growled, stepping over the Boaronian's motionless form and walking into the club.

Jak turned back to the frozen Hetap. "Sorry, sweetie," he said, levelling his disrupter at her. "But you're gonna have a headache when you wake up."

* * *

"You took out my dom master, Raavelian."

Jai'Enna struggled to open her eyes, squinting against the light as she peered around her. Crortek stood before her, a gleam in his eyes and a grin on his face. "You'll have to be punished for that."

A hot, greasy vice-like grip around her biceps told her all too painfully that two Boaronians held her. She didn't need to see them to know they were big, hulking and sweaty; all Boaronians were.

"If Ctix wasn't in a state of unconsciousness," Crortek went on, so close she could smell the sour stench of his breath, "*he'd* be teaching you how to behave in my club." He held up the Bliss-filled hydro-shot. "But now it seems I get the pleasure."

Jai'Enna began to buck wildly. If she took the hit, she was as good as dead.

A cruel smile played with Crortek's thin lips. "Now, now," he purred, the sound

hideous coming from his grating throat. "Some beings would sell their very souls for what I'm about to give you." And he abruptly stabbed the hydro-shot straight into her neck.

The effect was immediate. Bliss filled her bloodstream, pumping straight to her brain. Heat blossomed in her cunt and, unable to stop it, a moan escaped from her lips, low and ripe with pleasure. She rolled her head, ribbons of surreal sensations threading through her. Into her stomach. Her cunt. She was horny. Eager.

Hungry.

"Good, good." Crortek's smile spread wider and his all-white eyes positively glinted with glee. "Now tell me, slave. Who are you?"

Jai'Enna gazed at him, her lids heavy and her limbs languid. The desire to tell Crortek what he wanted to know was powerful. Why shouldn't she tell him? What harm could come of it? She was an excellent agent. She should be proud of her skill. If she told him, perhaps he would stick his fingers in her cunt again. Or suck on her nipples.

She opened her lips, the words forming on her tongue.

No! a fierce voice in her head screamed. No. Remember your training. Resist. Resist!

Through ever-increasing waves of hot, intoxicating pleasure she levelled a glare at Crortek. "Go fuck yourself."

Crortek chuckled and he looked over her shoulder. "Fraik, stick your tongue in her ear."

The Boaronian on her left pressed his grotesque snout against her ear, wet fat tongue slicking over her flesh, into her ear cavity. Bolts of tight heat stabbed straight to her pussy and she moaned, rubbing her thighs together, craving friction and penetration.

Oh, gods, Jai'Enna, resist!

"Enough!" Crortek smirked. "Now, slave, who are you?"

"Eff-yu. Goddess of Go-stick-your-head-up-a-Shikz's-ass."

A furious snarl curled Crortek's thin lips. "Fraik, squeeze her tit. Hard."

Fraik did just that, large hand mauling her breast in clumsy enthusiasm. Hot moisture pooled in her cunt. Crortek waved his hand and Fraik stopped, leaving Jai'Enna gasping and craving release. "Who *are* you?" Crortek demanded in a soft voice.

Through a hazy pink cloud, feeling invulnerable, excited and horny, her cunt contracting and heart thumping, Jai'Enna gazed at the Ornithion. "Intel-Patrol Corp special agent, Jai'Enna Ti. Assigned to Termination."

Crortek's soulless eyes slitted. "Why are you here?"

"To kill you."

"Is that so?"

Jai'Enna nodded, smiling slowly. She leaned forward, straining against the Boaronians' hold as she stared into Crortek's face. "I feel sooo good." Every inch of her body was tingling, every strand of hair, every bead of sweat. Her pussy throbbed with uninhibited craving. She licked her lips. "Touch me."

The spines sprouting from Crortek's shoulder blades flared. "Tell me about the Boundary Guardians. Where are they?"

Feeling like she was turning into a cloud of warm mist, Jai'Enna shook her head and the luscious pink world surrounding her swayed. "I don't know." She giggled, the sound bubbling up through her throat like Raavelian Spice Tea. "But you better hope I kill you first." Closing her eyes, she moaned as a wave of heat crashed over her, ebbing down to her pussy in delicious licks of tension. "If Zeric gets his hands on you, you'll wish you'd never been born."

Strong fingers traced a line over her jaw and she whimpered in lustful delight. She opened her eyes and smiled at Crortek. "Jai'Enna," he said. "Such an unusual name for a female. Meaning steel, if I am correct. Or is it stubborn?"

Jai'Enna raised her chin. "Both."

Crortek gave her an appraising look. "Let's see how appropriate it is then, shall we? Tell me, Jai'Enna." Sharp claws drew a line from her chin down to her left nipple, flicking at her small pierced hoop. "Why do you want me dead?"

Her nipples pinched, sensitive and aching, and she wished desperately for a

mouth to suckle there. Not just any mouth. Zeric's mouth.

Jai'Enna! That fierce voice in her head was screaming, trying to drag her back from the Bliss euphoria. *If you ever want to see Zeric again you need to fight this! Fight it!* Her eyelids dropped, heavy with wanton hunger and mindless ecstasy. Fight it? Gods, why?

"Why do you want to kill me, Jai'Enna?"

"Because you killed my sister," she growled, but the words sounded more like a moan of rapture. "Because of you, she became a whore, selling herself to score her next hit. Because of you, she sold her body to get her Bliss high."

An unreadable light flickered in Crortek's eyes. "So how did I kill her?"

"She died in one of your sex-dens on Ornith. Of a Bliss OD. After you'd fucked her till she was unconscious."

Crortek's fingers drew a lazy circle around Jai'Enna's puckered nipple. "Tell me your sister's name, Jai'Enna."

A shiver rippled down her spine and stabbed at her Bliss-damp pussy. She looked at him from behind half-lidded eyes, her breath beginning to quicken even as, in the deep reaches of her mind, that voice screamed and cursed and cried with disgust. "Bhel'Ais," she whispered. "My sister's name was Bhel'Ais Ti."

"Oh." Crortek's chuckle was soft. Gleeful. "This is sweeter than I first thought." He turned to Fraik again. "Take her to the centre dais in the main chamber and bind her to the tower. She's open property for whoever wants to fuck her."

Wet heat exploded in Jai'Enna's cunt. Bliss licked through her blood. The voice in her head screamed.

Crortek looked back to her, his grin strangely triumphant. "There's someone I want you to see, Raavelian. As you're being fucked in every way possible, by every being and creature here that wants you, I'm going to be watching -- while someone very important to you sucks my cock."

As high as she was on the cerebral drug, Jai'Enna felt cold fear grip her heart.

Oh, for the love of Druentia, Jai'Enna, fight it.

She blinked, the pink haze of her vision fading. A little.

Think of Bhel. Think of your sister. She squeezed her eyes shut painfully tight. *Think of Zeric.*

Returning her stare to Crortek, she glared at him, vision almost crystal clear. She sucked in a harsh breath, cold air filling her burning lungs. Bliss tried to eat at her mind, but she fought it. "Crortek, you son of a Shikz-fucking whore," she growled, the throb in her cunt weakening even as her blood began to boil with anger. "I'm going to rip out your throat and shove your balls down your gut."

Crortek's eyebrow ridge shot up. "Well, well, well. The agent is back. And after such a short time. I've never seen anyone resist Bliss so quickly." Sharp claws snared her nipple in a painful pinch. The fading traces of Bliss in her system cried out for more, but she ignored it. "You *are* well named. And very well trained. The Corp must be very proud of you." He stepped back. "I'm going to enjoy this so much. Take her away."

The Boaronians' grip clamped harder on her arms. Hefting her feet from the floor they dragged her -- kicking, screaming and cursing -- back through the club to the centre of the stage floor, toward a raised dais bathed in warm pink light. To the black tantium X tower standing empty there. Waiting for her.

A group of curious patrons began to congregate before the dais, watching as her wrists and ankles were strapped to the metal arms, laughing and applauding at her writhing struggles. The cross's surface was icy and her flesh rippled. She stood there, spread-eagled, anger curling into the pit of her stomach like a serpent, studying the leering crowd in front of her. She needed an orgasm. If she could just slip into someone's head...

The Boaronian -- Fraik -- raised his hands and the crowd hushed. "She is for anyone who wants her," he stated. "No restrictions. Compliments of Hrungr Crortek."

A cheer erupted from the crowd and a svelte Aglaian, dressed in the clinging diaphanous robes of a master-merchant, stepped up onto the dais. Slitted violet eyes shone out from behind long black lashes as she trailed long bejewelled fingers over Jai'Enna's ribcage. Glossy black lips curved into a slow smile. "I've always wanted to

taste a Raavelian," she said. "I've heard a Raavelian's cunt tastes like wild honey."

Jai'Enna turned a level gaze on the woman. "And I've heard Aglaian females can't give head for shit." She cocked one eyebrow. "Pissy little forked tongue and all."

The Aglaian let out a hiss, fangs glinting in the low light. "I'll have you eat those words, bitch," she spat, plunging one clawed-tipped finger deep into Jai'Enna's pussy.

Jai'Enna, however, didn't notice.

Crortek had just arrived to watch the show, a slim golden-haired Raavelian following him on the end of a short leash.

Bhel? Her blood turned to ice and her heart stopped. *Oh, gods, Bhel. She's alive.*

Numb, unable to breath or think, Jai'Enna watched as her sister -- her *sister* -- knelt before the smugly leering Crortek. Deep violet eyes, filled with infinite misery, stared at her before Bhel'Ais dropped her head and took his large, repulsive cock in her hands and covered it with her mouth.

Jai'Enna screamed, straining against the straps binding her to the cross. "*Oh, gods, Bhel! NO!*"

* * *

Her scent filled his nose. His lungs.

She was here. In the club. Somewhere.

Zeric's pulse leapt into furious life and his muscles, already tense and ready for action, coiled.

"What's up?" Jak shot him a worried look as they walked deeper into The Pit.

Zeric narrowed his eyes. "She's here."

Jak's eyebrows shot up. "Jai'Enna? How do you know?"

Without replying, Zeric sped up, heading toward the club's main area. Jai'Enna's scent led him. The closer they got, the stronger it was.

Heart hammering, he quickened his pace more. He didn't know why she was here, but if she was in the same location as Hrung Crortek it wasn't good.

Jak kept pace with him. "So, do we save her or arrest her?"

Zeric didn't know that either. All he knew, right at that very moment, no matter

what happened, was that he was going to see her. His heart pounded harder at the thought. See her. Hold her. Kiss her. Most definitely kiss her. Take her away from this sickening hellhole and fold his arms around her until their bodies became one, and she knew without doubt she was safe and would never have to run or lie again.

The wrenching thought made him pull in another deep breath.

Fear. This time he smelt more than just Jai'Enna's sweet sensuality on the air. This time he sensed fear. And anger. And something so much worse. Pain. *Her* pain.

He burst into a sprint, chest tight. Following Jai'Enna's scent. Deeper into the dark club.

"Hey?" Jak shouted. "Zeric? What --?"

But he didn't stop. Jai'Enna was in pain. He had to save her.

Blood roared in his ears. The closer he ran toward Jai'Enna, the stronger her scent became, the less control he held of the beast. He could feel it licking through his veins like liquid heat. With every breath, it grew closer to release. Freedom. Fury stripped through him. Cold, ugly and deadly.

And he welcomed it.

Whoever was hurting Jai'Enna was about to meet their own death. In the form of a beast unheard of in the Outer Boundaries. A savage Terran wolf.

Rounding a sweeping corridor, only vaguely aware of Jak keeping pace beside him, he entered a massive, high-ceilinged arena. There was a crowd gathered before a slightly raised dais, on which a female Aglaian was licking out the cunt of...

"Oh, Jezu," Zeric said, gut turning cold. "Jai'Enna." He turned to Jak. "Whatever happens, you get her out of here."

"Okay, partner," Jak muttered. "It's your call."

But it wasn't. Not just yet.

Charging at them, sub-neuron blasters drawn, were two Boaronians.

Jak's eyes flashed. "Party time."

In two seconds flat, Jak took out the Boaronians, one crashing to the floor in a squealing heap, blood pissing from his nose, the other dropping like a rock when he

shattered his kneecaps with a low turning kick.

"Holy fuck!" someone screeched just as Zeric's eyes locked on Jai'Enna's. He could not only smell her fear and pain but tasted it on the air. Alarms began wailing in the club. Screaming naked guests started running in every direction.

Oh, gods. It's Zeric.

Jai'Enna clenched her fists, flicking her frenzied eyes from the man she'd left chained to a wall a lifetime ago, to the sister she'd thought dead for over two moon cycles.

Oh, tears of Druentia!

The Aglaian, oblivious to all the commotion, still flicked her slimy and wet and thoroughly repulsive tongue over Jai'Enna's cunt.

She dropped her head, giving the slurping female a look of pure disgust. "Get away from me, you fucking bitch." A quick thrust of her hips and she knocked her backwards. The Aglaian stumbled and fell off the dais.

"Boundary Guardians!" someone in the crowd screeched.

For a split second, Jai'Enna's traumatised attention was snatched away from Zeric and Bhel by the sight of Lyso running into the crowd, broken tail flip-flopping behind him, a Xolotlan blaster in his hand and a manic look in his eyes.

"Zeric!" Jai'Enna yelled, struggling against her bonds. "Lyso! He's got a blaster!"

There was a sharp ear-shattering crack, a burning white light and Lyso's fat limp body went flying through the air, crashing to the floor with a thud.

"Gotcha, fucker," Jak growled.

A high-pitched squeal rent the chaos. A squeal Jai'Enna knew well. Her sister.

"Bhel!"

Crortek was on his feet, gripping a handful of Bhel's long hair as his white eyes jumped from the motionless pile of Lyso to Zeric to herself. A soulless smile spread across his face as he withdrew a small lecto gun from beneath his armpit.

"Don't do it, Crortek!" Jak shouted, levelling the two Boaronians' weapons on

the Ornithion, the barrel of one glowing as it recharged.

"Why not, Yrathian?" Crortek leered. "If you care to look around, you'll see my security guards have you surrounded. All I need to do is give the word."

Jak threw the Boaronian weapons down. "Would you care to lay a bet on that?" He slung the Sheilite-created Boaronian "Pacifier" from his shoulder and pointed it at the closest guard. His grin turned malicious. "I've always wanted to do this."

He squeezed the trigger.

There was no sound, but every Boaronian in the club suddenly squealed and fell to the floor.

Crortek's face twisted in fury. "You piece of scared, Shikz-fuck --"

"*That's enough!*" Zeric's growl was low but it cut Crortek's curse dead. The sound was more savage than any Jai'Enna had ever heard. Everyone still breathing in the room froze, staring at him. "Game's over, Crortek."

The leer on Crortek's mouth stretched. Wide. "Oh no, Terran. The game's not over at all." He aimed the lecto gun at Zeric's chest. "I've got a buyer for your blood, Boundary Guardian. But first, I want to see this beast for myself."

Zeric's golden eyes narrowed. "Go fuck yourself."

Crortek chuckled, low, cold and devoid of humour. "No? What if I shoot the Raavelian?" And he turned the gun on Jai'Enna and fired.

For a horrible moment, everything was slow.

A curdling scream tore from Bhel'Ais. She leapt upward, directly into the line of Crortek's lecto-pulse, and Jai'Enna watched, helpless, as a splatter of blood burst from her sister's shoulder.

Jai'Enna's heart ripped apart and she thrashed about, trying like hell to get free. "*BHEL!*"

Crortek began to laugh.

And then a massive grey beast, unlike any Jai'Enna had seen before, leapt on him.

The room was filled with screaming, fleeing beings. Everyone trying to escape.

Jai'Enna pressed against the X tower, her eyes fixed on Bhel.

"Come on, Jai'Enna."

A deep voice to her left barely registered. She stared at her sister lying on the floor, blood seeping from the hideous wound high on her chest.

"Jai'Enna?"

She tore her eyes from Bhel's body. Jak was beside her and she realised, for the first time, that she was no longer bound to the tower. "Jak?"

"We've got to go."

"But my sister?" Her heart ached. She felt dead inside. "Zeric?" She swung her stare to the vicious, great grey beast fighting with Crortek. "Gods, what *is* Zeric?"

Jak's warm hands smoothed up her arms and his clear grey eyes held hers. "Zeric is Zeric, and he can take care of himself. Trust me. I'll take care of you. And your sister."

Jai'Enna turned to him, her heart pounding. "I can't leave him."

"Too bad," Jak said, reaching for his translocation device. "Zeric's orders."

She grabbed his hands and stared hard into his face. There was no orgasm to control him, just the sheer strength of her will. "Jak, take my sister somewhere safe. Please. I'm trusting you." And before he could say anything else, she leapt from the dais.

"Shit!" she heard Jak curse. But he didn't come after her. She sprinted across the Pit's floor, scooping up a discarded blaster as she went. She shot a look toward Bhel, watching as Jak reached her inert body and the pair of them fractured into a million pinpricks of light and vanished. Translocated away. Guilt and relief welled through her. *Thank you, Jak.*

A wild growl shattered the room, followed by an ear-piercing screech. Jai'Enna spun around. Crortek and Zeric were locked in a deadly struggle. Jai'Enna's breath caught. The Ornithion was atop the snarling grey beast, spines flaring, white eyes ablaze with victory as he shoved the muzzle of his lecto-pulse gun hard against Zeric's forehead. "Goodbye, Terran," she heard Crortek say.

She raised her blaster, levelled it at the Ornithion's ugly, angular skull. And squeezed the trigger.

Crortek went flying, the force of the blaster pulse flinging him across the arena.

"Zeric!" Jai'Enna screamed, running to the wild beast. Savage golden eyes turned on her. She froze. Zeric threw back his head, lifted his muzzle to the five heavens and howled. The tortured sound sent a shiver through Jai'Enna, but she didn't move. "Zeric?"

The beast stared at her. A violent shudder wracked his massive frame. Another, and another... then... Zeric stood before her, naked, gasping and covered in bleeding wounds. "Jai'Enna?"

She leapt forward, just in time to catch him as he collapsed. "I've got you, Zeric," she whispered.

He looked up at her, face wretched with pain. A very small smile played with his mouth. "I know."

Hefting his gasping, sweaty frame harder and higher against her body, Jai'Enna turned and, activating a tiny switch embedded beneath the flesh just under her ear, translocated them both from the room.

* * *

Slowly, his body wracked in agony, Crortek rose to his knees. Through a veil of black pain he stared around his club, at the dead and inert bodies, at the groaning Boaronians just beginning to regain consciousness. His white eyes narrowed. "This isn't over, Terran," he whispered, ignoring the drilling pain trying to consume him as he got to his feet. "Not by a long shot."

Epilogue

Jai'Enna lay on her back, staring up at the ceiling of the Stinger's snug personal quarters. Her breath came in ragged pants and a soft moan slipped past her lips. With good reason.

Between her legs, his amazing tongue doing amazing things to her clit and cunt, was Zeric. The chains on his wrists clanked and rattled as he smoothed his hands up her torso to snare and squeeze her breasts. Jai'Enna arched her back. Chaining Zeric up was *not* just an act of precaution. His control of the beast licking through his veins was still tenuous and danger lurked in every raw emotion that flooded through him. But right at that moment the chains were for an entirely different purpose. A deliciously deviant one.

Zeric's tongue stabbed into her clenching cunt. His body was still recovering from his horrific battle with Crortek twenty-four hours ago, but it was doing well. Jai'Enna closed her eyes as her cunt fluttered. *Gods, was it doing well!* She rolled her head, catching sight of the stars zipping past in a blur of white lines.

The small ship sliced through empty space, on a direct course with Yrathia. Jak and Bhel were there, and Jai'Enna couldn't wait to see her sister. But until then, there was a lot of space to cover and nothing else to do with the time except...

Zeric raised his head slightly from between her thighs. "Ready to get wild?" Before she could respond, he slipped a slick finger into the tight hole of her ass.

Jai'Enna threw back her head, all thoughts of her sister gone. "Bring it on!" she cried. "Animal!"

To be continued...

Lexxie Couper

Lexxie Couper couldn't exist without her husband's *Playboy* collection, her Sci-fi DVD collection, her Stephen King library, and her dog. If it's raunchy and set in space, she's either there, or on her way! After she takes the dog for a run along her private beach in New South Wales, Australia, that is. Feel like joining Lexxie on one of her sizzling, out-of-this-world adventures? Catch the next flight at www.lexxiecouper.com.