

# **The Boundaries: Agent Lexxie Couper**

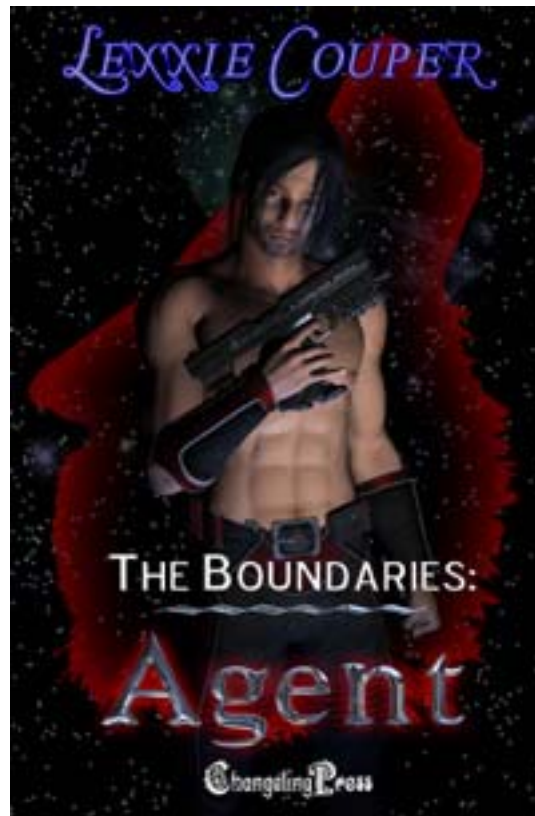
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## Prologue

Raq Tornada walked into the sex club like he owned the place. He pulled a long, slow breath and the musky scent of people fucking filled his nostrils. He tasted at least twenty different species in the sleazy place, all of them burning up with the intoxicatingly insidious aphrodisiac Bliss in their veins.

A silent snarl curled his lip and he tightened his grip on his pulse pistol. Twenty different species and not one of them Raavelian. Shit. Jai'Enna wasn't here either, curse it. He was so looking forward to tracking her down.

He had a score to settle with her. One their boss knew nothing about.

A dark chuckle rumbled up through Tornada's chest. He doubted Kron would have sent him after Jai'Enna if he knew. In fact, if the Picillian knew what his two best agents had been up to -- right under his large, hooked nose -- they'd both be dead before either could say a word.

Black gaze skimming the room, Tornada strode deeper into the den. Whether his boss knew it or not, Kron had helped him out. Assigning him this recon mission gave him a reason to go after the redheaded Raavelian agent.

They had unfinished business, he and Jai'Enna Ti. Very unfinished.

Grip curling tighter on his weapon, Tornada surveyed the copulating bodies surrounding him. Jai'Enna might not be here, but it *was* possible someone in this pathetic excuse for a brothel knew of her. His last informant -- a miserable Sheilite shit who squealed like a stuck grunt with just the tiniest provocation -- had insisted she'd been sold as a sex-slave to Beltair. More than half of Beltair's slaves ended up here, which meant there was a slim chance at least one of them could tell him something about Jai'Enna.

As he fingered his trigger, Tornada's snarl turned into a grin. He'd finished more than one mission thanks to a "slim chance." This one was going to be no different. He'd be damned if he was going to let Jai mess with his perfect record.

"Interested in a fuck?"

The question, practically purred in a sultry voice to his left, made Tornada turn. A half-naked Terran female, lips the color of dried blood, hair the color of old straw, tottered beside him on spiked heels. Giving her lush, over-ripe body the once-over, he turned away. The woman stank of Bliss. It oozed from her pores like a cloying death shroud, fouling up the air with its over-sweet odor. He'd get nothing from her except feverish sex. He wasn't after sex... Well, not from her, at least.

"Hey!" The sensual purr was gone, replaced by a ravenous desperation so contemptible he almost raised his pistol. "Do you want a fuck or not?"

"Yes," Tornada replied over his shoulder without slowing his stride. "Just not from you."

He heard her spit behind his back. "Fucking Jjors. All the fucking same. Think you're too good for us here in the Outer Boundaries."

Tornada's finger pressed harder to his trigger, but he kept walking. He wasn't opposed to a little racial cleansing, and of all the species found in the Outer Boundaries, the Terrans needed to be "cleaned" the most, but -- like fucking -- it wasn't what he was here for.

"Hey!"

The shout behind Tornada reverberated around the dank room, making more than one copulating group raise their heads. It wasn't the Bliss-stoned Terran. A male voice called after him this time. An angry male voice.

"Who the fuck you think you are, Jjor, just walking in here armed? You think you're better than us?"

Tornada turned, aimed his pulse pistol at the blustering Keltarian storming toward him and squeezed the trigger. A short, sharp crack shattered the clammy air and the top half of the Keltarian's head disintegrated. "I'm Intel-Patrol Corp Elite Agent

Tornada," Tornada growled, watching the Keltarian's body drop to the grimy floor as he holstered his weapon. "And I *am* better than you." He turned back toward the inner sanctum of the sex club, ignoring the fleeing, gibbering, naked patrons rushing past him. "All of you."

Coldblooded lust tore through him -- familiar and very seductive -- but he shoved it to the back of his mind. He had a purpose to focus on. *One* purpose.

*I am going to find you, Jai. Make no mistake.* A rush of searing hunger pumped into his cock and his grin turned black. *We have a lot of catching up to do.*

## Chapter One

The touch of his lips on her skin, so close to the throbbing center of her sex -- so tantalizingly *close* to its fluttering, clenching heat -- made Jai'Enna suck in a swift breath. She hooked her fingers into the tousled bed sheet beneath her, its coarse texture like ice on her fevered flesh. Between her thighs, hands pressed to her knees, Zeric chuckled, the sound both devilish and sensual. "Is there something you want me to do, Jai'Enna?"

Jai'Enna closed her eyes, loving the way her name sounded like a growl in Zeric's throat -- an animalistic rumble of primordial desire. "Yes, Zeric," she replied, her own voice almost a growl itself.

Zeric's fingers raked up to the tense muscles in her thighs, holding her legs spread wide. "What, Jai'Enna?" His breath played against her hot, wet pussy and a ripple of tight anticipation shot up her spine, making her nipples pinch into rock-hard tips. "Tell me," he continued, lips pressed to her mons, "what you want me to do."

She looked down the length of her body, across her heaving breasts and clenching stomach into intense gold eyes -- eyes that had burnt an indelible mark on her soul.

She opened her mouth to tell him to fuck her with his masterful, talented tongue, to suckle her sex and bite her clit. Her lips parted and she said...

*Diagnostic complete. All operations functioning within normal parameters.*

Jai'Enna sat bolt upright, heart and pulse pounding. "Shit."

*Secondary security system off-line. Primary security system re-activated.*

Face scrunched into a disgusted scowl, Jai'Enna leapt from her narrow bunk and stormed across her small quarters, the metallic voice of *The Reaper's* computer still ringing in her ears. "Shit. Shit. Shit." Scooping up her trousers from the floor, she threw

the empty bed a cold look of contempt. Zeric wasn't there. Zeric hadn't been there for quite a few days now.

The only sex they shared now was in her head -- and it was pissing her off.

With aggressive force -- much more than needed -- she shoved her legs into her combat trousers, the very pair she'd worn the last time she and Zeric made love. His smell, clean yet somehow sweaty, still clung to the garment like a sensory apparition, invading her every breath, and she bit back a curse. Damn, it was bad enough she craved the man's touch constantly. Did she have to breathe him in too?

*Just go. Find him wherever he is aboard this flying crypt he calls a ship and fuck him. Make him tell you what's going on in his head. Make him tell you why he's so afraid of letting you in...*

Oh, if only she could. Not just the fucking part, but the "making" part too. She had no idea why he'd stopped making love to her, and she wanted to know. She truly did. Yet the only way she knew of making *anyone* do something against their will was to plant the suggestion in their mind when they were at their most vulnerable -- during an orgasm. That mattered little however, when it came to Zeric Arctos. Even if they fucked all night, even if she brought him to a screaming, sweat-inducing, ball-busting orgasm twenty times, she still couldn't make the brooding Terran reveal the secrets in his head. For the first time in her life, her planted suggestions -- her weapon and defense against the harsh brutalities of life -- didn't work. Zeric Arctos, part Terran, part strange, mysterious beast, was immune to her cerebral assault. And it frustrated her to no end.

Scowling at her still throbbing cunt and frustrated body, Jai'Enna yanked on her vest. "Computer, where is Guardian Arctos?"

*Guardian Arctos is in the brig.*

Jai'Enna's scowl turned into a grimace and she dragged her fingers through the tousled mess of her hair. He'd shut her out. Again.

With one last glare at her narrow, empty bunk, she stormed from her quarters. Fuck it. She'd had enough. She was getting to the bottom of his behavior right now. Sex or no sex, she couldn't handle not knowing what was going on. She was an Intel-Patrol

Corp Agent, for Druentia's sake. Knowing *everything* was part of her job. She wanted answers and she wanted them now.

She stepped into *The Reaper's* corridor and headed toward the brig, fists bunched and jaw set. The day after they'd last fucked, Zeric had somehow tweaked the locking mechanism of the brig so she couldn't hack the system. Whether it was to keep her out or him *in* she hadn't worked out yet, but it was getting old. There was still a long way to go until they caught up with Jak V't'an and her sister on Ry'l -- the space station deep in Yrathian space Jak had taken Bhel'Ais to -- and she wanted to pass that time in the arms of the only man she'd let into her heart. She wanted to know she hadn't made a stupid mistake in doing so. Again.

As expected, the brig door was locked when she arrived. Behind its solid steel construction, Jai'Enna could make out very faint sounds of movement. Violent movement.

A frown creased her brow and she stared hard at the door. *What is he doing in there?*

A shuddering thud seemed to rock the ship, as if something very large and very heavy suddenly smashed against the door. Jai'Enna flinched, and for a second an image of a massive four-legged beast covered in grey fur filled her head -- a memory, clear and vivid. Zeric Arctos's other form.

Her hand stole to her hip and she bit back a curse. She'd left her gun in her quarters. *Your gun? Since when have you needed your gun to deal with Zeric?*

Jai'Enna's chest grew tight. Since he'd shunned her? Since she'd noticed his control of the strange and powerful beast -- the creature he called a werewolf -- lurking in his blood grow tenuous? *Since the second you first met?*

A black scowl fell over her face and she shook her head, stepping up to the door's control panel. She *didn't* need a gun around Zeric. Whatever was happening to him, he wouldn't harm her.

*You sure?*



Her fingers itched for her weapon again, all the more so as a very low, very deep growl emanated from behind the steel before her. *Something* stood on the other side, something with sharp fangs and a crushing jaw. Aware of her.

Waiting for her.

*For Druentia's sake, Jai'Enna! You survived the Raavelia Alpha slave camps. Nothing can be as bad as that!*

Still, her fingers trembled as she placed them on the control panel, her mouth drier than the Hetap desert as she began to hack *The Reaper's* security system.

The codes Zeric had entered to keep her out were complex. Very complex. Each one folded in on itself until the locking mechanism was an intricate knot of threaded commands and sub-commands. Five times, Jai'Enna was denied access. Five times! Kron would be mortified if he ever knew. Each time she thought she had it, a sequence revealed itself in a twisting, taunting string. Teasing her.

Narrowing her eyes, Jai'Enna focused closer on the panel. Her fingers danced across its surface in a blur, fighting the threaded code. Damn, he really wanted to keep her out, which made her all the more determined to get in. Get in, stare him in the eye and demand answers. For starters, why wouldn't he make love to her anymore? Secondly, just what *was* the beast he became? And thirdly, why?

Another growl -- louder, deeper -- came from behind the door and a prickle of unease ran down Jai'Enna's spine. Her ass clenched and she swallowed down a sudden lump in her throat. There was no denying the growl's message. She was being warned: *Go away.*

Staring at the door, she shook her head. "No."

The growl became a snarl and Jai'Enna's heart hammered against her breast.

*Go away.*

"No."

Her fingers blurred across the control panel again, a fine sheen of perspiration breaking out on her forehead. The snarl continued on the other side of the door and in her mind's eye Jai'Enna could see the animal -- its head level with hers despite standing

on all fours, sinewy muscles bunched and ready to leap, wicked teeth bared, golden eyes locked --

The door slid open with a soft *swoosh*.

To reveal a sweat-glistening Zeric on the other side. A *naked*, sweat-glistening Zeric.

Waiting for her.

Jai'Enna's throat clamped shut. *Oh, shit.*

Dilated golden eyes bored into hers, burning with fevered fury.

*The werewolf's eyes!*

Their hypnotic power was undeniable; she felt like an animal -- small and vulnerable -- under their glowering weight. She sucked in a sharp breath, tasting Zeric's sweat on the air...

And then, with inhuman speed, he leapt at her.

Her back smashed against the corridor wall, her feet fumbling over the floor as Zeric's solid weight drove her back. The breath burst from her lungs, captured by Zeric's mouth as it took possession of hers.

His tongue plunged past her lips, brutal and dominating. He snatched her wrists and shoved them against the wall beside her head, hard body, rippling with muscle and slicked with sweat, slamming into hers. The massive length of his rigid cock ground against the soft curve of her mons and she let out a short moan, wet heat crashing through her. Oh, gods!

The mouth on hers grew wilder. He bit at her bottom lip and Jai'Enna tasted the copper tang of fresh blood on her tongue mere seconds before he laved it away. He dragged her hands above her head, jerking her arms straight, his grip on her wrists cruel. Sharp spears of pain shot down her forearms and Jai'Enna moaned. Not from discomfort, but utter pleasure.

Zeric caught the low, raw sound with his plundering mouth, sucked it from her body just as he rammed her wrists together and held them -- bone to bone -- in one large, inescapable fist.

For a heavy second, long enough for Jai'Enna to hear her heart beat twice, he stared down into her face, eyes dilated. Wild.

Animalistic.

"God save me," he groaned. "I can't stop."

Jai'Enna pushed her shoulders to the wall and her cunt to his cock, rubbing her sex against his swollen, throbbing balls. "Good."

With a snarl, he grabbed at her trousers, tore the fly open, and shoved his hand between her thighs. His fingers slid down the shaved hood of her pussy -- like steel on velvet -- and then he was in her. Two long fingers. Wriggling. Delving. Conquering.

Jai'Enna arched, her back a severe bow as she rammed her shoulders harder to the wall and her cunt harder to his hand. She wanted him to fill her. Not just with his hand, but with his body -- his engorged cock.

Rolling her hips back and forth, she ground the swollen button of her clit on the base knuckle of his middle finger, gasping as beats of liquid heat pulsed between her thighs. She clenched her fists, riding each fluttering wave as she rode his hand. Her body cried out for more. All her life she'd been a creature of sexual pursuits, driven to keep her and her sister safe in the slave camps through her unique ability. Sex was just a tool. Until Zeric.

The only person impervious to her planted suggestions.

The Terran with the strange beast in his blood.

A deep growl sounded low in his throat as though to prove her tumultuous thoughts. His unusual eyes still held her, keeping her imprisoned. They bored into her, a smoldering drill targeted on her soul. His fingers sank into her sex, as imprisoning as his eyes, stroking and squirming until Jai'Enna felt the muscles of her cunt constrict.

*No!*

She didn't want it to end yet. Not after being deprived of his touch for so long.

She jerked her hips back and his fingers slid free of her gripping sex, leaving her feeling empty. "Fuck me, Zeric," she demanded, her voice a husky whisper. "Impale me with your cock and fuck me until we're both drained."

Zeric stared at her with those unnerving golden eyes, silent. The hand pinning her wrists to the wall tightened. Glistening with sweat and coiled to perfection, he closed the small distance she'd made between them. He didn't say a word as his free hand -- the one only seconds earlier he'd buried in her cunt -- reached out, wrapped around the front of her vest and tore it open.

Her breasts tumbled free, the cool air of the corridor like ice on her flushed skin. Her nipples pinched into painful tips, though Jai'Enna doubted it was the cool air that caused them to do so. Zeric's burning gaze studied them so thoroughly she could almost feel it. She sucked in a long breath, her pussy clamping and her pulse pounding. Tears of Druentia! She was about to come and all he was doing was looking at her. "Touch me, Zeric!" The words burst from her dry throat. "Gods, please! Touch me!"

Zeric's lips curled away from his teeth in a faint smile and for a split second Jai'Enna swore they were longer. Sharper. She sucked in another breath and her body filled with *its* scent. The werewolf's. Musky. Carnal. Powerful. Her heart leapt into furious flight and her cunt flooded with wet heat. "Oh, gods..."

"Deities have nothing to do with me, Jai'Enna," Zeric murmured, drawing his head closer to hers. With deliberate purpose, his left hand covered her right breast. Squeezed it. Owned it. Ribbons of scorching pleasure stripped through Jai'Enna's body, from her breast straight down to her sodden sex and she gasped. Zeric stared into her face, eyes burning. "If I don't let you go now, you'll soon know why."

Jai'Enna swallowed again, the pressure of his hand on her breast, her aching, eager nipple between his knuckles, making her legs tremble. "I don't want you to let me go, Zeric. I don't care what you become. The beast... the werewolf... doesn't scare me. We can deal with it together." She shook her head. "Just don't shut me out. Please."

"You should be scared, Jai'Enna." Zeric's nostrils flared. "You should be petrified." And he grabbed the waistband of her trousers in his fists and tore it apart.

He was on his knees, hands gripping her now bare hips, fingers clenching her ass before Jai'Enna drew breath. Fervent lips feathered her smooth mons. Hard thumbs

pressed her hipbones and Zeric's tongue plunged between her thighs, finding her clit immediately.

Jai'Enna threw back her head. "Fuck!"

A deep rumble vibrated low in Zeric's chest, though whether it was a chuckle or growl, she couldn't tell. His lips and tongue suckled on her sex, savage and hungry, as though he was starved and she his only source of life.

She knew how he felt. It was only his tongue in her cunt but she tingled and trembled -- infused with energy beyond the norm. Truly alive. Thanks to Zeric. Being in the same room, breathing the same air...

*Oh, Jai'Enna... when did you fall so deep?*

Teeth, sharp and even, closed down on her throbbing clit and Jai'Enna cried out, the question forgotten. She knotted her fingers in the tangled strands of his hair and pushed her hips forward, harder against his mouth.

Strong, large hands moved to her thighs and her legs were shoved apart, exposing her wet sex further to his tongue and teeth. He sucked at the soft, satiny lips, flicked at the tiny nub of her clit with the tip of his tongue until Jai'Enna cried out again. "Yes, Zeric!" She tugged on his hair, even as she pushed his head harder to her cunt.

His teeth worked her sensitive sex. Mauled it. His hands gripped her ass, squeezing each cheek with brutal force and she wanted... "More, Zeric! Give me more!"

And he did. With a violent jerk he wrapped her legs around his head, supporting her thighs on his broad shoulders as his tongue plunged into her pussy.

It wasn't his cock, but Jai'Enna screamed all the same. Screamed his name as tight, blistering waves of wet release crashed through her. From her. Lapped eagerly away by Zeric's masterful, punishing tongue. "I'm coming! Gods, I'm coming!"

He didn't pause, his mouth assaulting her cunt like a wild animal devouring its prey. Untamed.

A chill rippled up Jai'Enna's spine, delicious and wanton. Dropping her head, she looked down at the man between her thighs...

To find Zeric's already massive frame growing.

Jai'Enna tensed. *Shit! He's changing!* Fear stabbed at her heart, even as her cunt pulsed and constricted from the most brutal orgasm she'd ever experienced. *Druentia wept! He's changing!*

Still her cunt fluttered. Even as the hair under her palms grew coarse, even as Zeric's muscles shifted and coiled, her sex clamped and contracted, wanting his cock where his tongue now was. "Zeric..." she managed to moan, riding the crest of each powerful wave with almost breathless craving. He was becoming the werewolf -- the strange Terran beast -- between her thighs and still she wanted more. She wanted... "Zeric!"

Nails that felt like claws sank into the flesh of her ass as Zeric fed from her cunt.

Incapable of stopping him and unwilling to do so, Jai'Enna closed her eyes and held on. Whether man or beast, he was taking her to a place she'd never been and she wanted to go there so, so much. She clenched her fists tighter on hair now more like fur, and rammed her head back into the wall. Wanting it all. "Oh, my animal, yes." The words, softer than a whispered breath, slipped from her dry, parted lips.

Yet Zeric heard them.

And reacted.

He reeled away, scrambling backward until he stood upright, broad chest heaving, golden eyes dilated and haunted.

Jai'Enna took a step forward, her body still in the throes of its consuming orgasm. "Zeric? What --" He stood before her, part-beast, part-man, bulging muscles contorting under skin now covered in a million tiny strands of fine, grey fur. "Zeric?"

His low growl froze Jai'Enna in her tracks. "Don't." The word was thick, as if it struggled to form in a mouth filled with long sharp teeth. Smoldering werewolf eyes held her as he shook his head.

"But, Zeric," Jai'Enna began, before a violent shudder wracked his body and he folded over, the muscles under his skin writhing and bunching together.

Jai'Enna stared, heart hammering, pussy still fluttering. By the gods! Was he fighting the change? Or succumbing to it? "Zeric?"

Another shudder rocked his body, and another and another. Then he was standing again, naked and human. The Terran Boundary Guardian once more. "Get out, Jai'Enna," he said, nostrils flaring. "If you care for me at all you'll do as I say. Get out."

She looked at him. Felt pain, anger and contempt in his stare. Felt his hungry craving as well. The fierce, undeniable desire to fuck her.

The muscles in her pussy fluttered and she almost took a step forward. Almost.

Zeric's eyes turned murderous, as if he knew what she wanted to do. "Get out, Jai'Enna," he repeated, voice flat and utterly cold. "Now."

She lingered for a second and then fled the down the corridor, heart beating so hard it hurt.

The door to the brig shut behind her and she closed her eyes, the pulse between her thighs still beating, regret and misery threading through her veins. "Damn you, Arctos," she whispered seconds before a long, low howl rose above the low thrum of the ship's engine. From the brig.

From Zeric.

From the animal inside him.

\* \* \*

Hrung Crortek turned from the projected holo-image of Psy Lyso's dismembered torso shimmering above his desk, a satisfied smirk playing over his lipless mouth. It was a well-known fact that anyone who displeased him died. Why the fat Xolotlan thought he'd be any different was beyond Crortek. Lyso's stupidity had brought chaos to The Pit. Chaos and destruction. Whether a successful Bliss dealer or not, he had to be punished for that.

With a contemptuous snort, the Ornithion moved across his private suite, fingering the long, jagged scar crossing his cheek as he went. Close to twenty of the tiny, steely scales on his face had been ripped from his flesh, a permanent reminder of the man responsible. Stopping at the far window, Crortek stared out at the flashing

lights of Pellaxion Four's Pleasure District, his own pleasure from Psy Lyso's torturous death forgotten.

He traced the rude scar again with a hooked claw, white eyes narrowing to slits as he drew an image into his mind of its creator.

Zeric Arctos.

The smirk on Crortek's mouth turned to a snarl, revealing row upon row of needle-sharp teeth in the window's reflective surface. The crime lord stared at his reptilian reflection, seeing the glowing golden eyes of the Terran Boundary Guardian instead. Seeing them change until they were the eyes of a savage animal unlike any he'd seen before. An animal capable of beating *him*.

Zeric Arctos.

The scar seemed to burn under Crortek's clawed finger at the name, as though to mock him.

Zeric Arctos.

Spinning around, Crortek stared at the holo-image of Lyso's bleeding, ruptured body again. "It will be *you* there soon, Arctos," he hissed, the spines on his back flaring. "I will find both you and the Raavelian slut and make you watch as I tear her limb from limb. Then it will be just you and me. I have great plans for you, Arctos." A cold smile stretched his mouth and he dragged his claw down the length of the scar on his cheek once more, staring at the suspended hunk of dead meat that had once been his top Bliss dealer. "Great plans indeed."



## Chapter Two

The Suck and Blow Inn fell silent seconds after Tornada stepped into its murky depths. More than fifty patrons -- most with eyes tinged pink from a Bliss high -- turned to watch his sauntered progress across the floor.

All took in the Jjor disrupter strapped to his thigh, a weapon banned in both the Inner and Outer Boundaries by the Unified Parliament. Tornada smiled to himself, enjoying the fear in the silence that followed him across the floor. *Just the way it should be.*

He stopped at the bar, resting his elbows on its grimy surface as he gave the Hetap behind it a level look. "I'm looking for a redheaded Raavelian female."

The barkeeper poured a Jjor Slap and placed it on the counter between Tornada's elbows. "Got a brunette Raavelian in Den Two and a redheaded Terran in Den Eight. Take your pick."

Tornada raised the Slap to his mouth, letting the Hetap see the dagger sheathed under his armpit. "No. Raavelian. Red hair. Green eyes." He took a drink. "Likely to rip your throat out if you look at her the wrong way."

A shimmer of recognition flashed across the Hetap's face and he licked his lips, suddenly on edge. "Psy Lyso's slave."

Tornada's smile stretched wide. *Excellent.* "When was she here?"

The bartender glanced around the still silent inn, before returning his dull, mud-colored gaze once more to Tornada. "Almost a moon-cycle ago."

"Do you know where she is now?"

A slight hesitation followed, as if the Hetap weighed something up in his mind. "No." He gave his head a sharp shake, multiple chins wobbling. "Lyso had a run-in

with two mean looking bastards. Could've been Boundary Guardians." He scrunched up his face. "One of them -- a big fuckin' Terran -- had freaky yellow eyes."

Tornada lowered his Slap and gave the bartender an impatient look. "The Raavelian?"

"Last I saw, she was walkin' to an empty den with the same Yrathian that came in with the Terran. Those scarred-face bastards are said to be impressive shit in the sack. Don't know what Lyso was thinking, giving up something so fine to a Yrathian." The bartender shook his head again. "'Specially not one with the scars of a Master Pleasurer."

An unexpected but familiar surge of jealousy ripped through Tornada but he ignored it, giving the Hetap a flat look instead. "Do you know who she left with?"

The bartender's eyes narrowed. "Did Lyso steal her from you or somethin'?"

"No."

"Why you after her, then?"

An image of Jai'Enna flashed into Tornada's mind; long copper-fire hair fanning her bare shoulders as she crawled up the length of his body on all fours, her exotic green eyes promising *aallll* sorts of pleasure. "No reason."

The Hetap raised his eyebrows. "Well, I know Lyso was pissed to lose her. He came storming out of Den Five, pissing blood and cursing the Terran. Seemed more annoyed about the Raavelian than his Bliss deal gone wrong." A shudder rippled through the Hetap's flabby frame. "Stupid, if you ask me. I'd rather cut off me own dick than piss off Hrung Crortek."

Tornada turned and stared out at the hovering patrons, playing over everything the Hetap had said in his mind. He now had four leads: a Yrathian with the scars of a Master Pleasurer; a Terran with unusual eyes; the Bliss dealer, Psy Lyso, and the infamous Ornithion crime lord, Hrung Crortek, a vile creature who virtually owned the Outer Boundaries. Jai'Enna could be with any of them, none of them... or all four of them, depending on what she was after. Another wave of stinging jealousy spiked into his gut and he cracked the knuckles of both hands. *Fuck.*

He closed his eyes, an image of Jai'Enna filling his head immediately. A naked Jai'Enna straddling an equally naked and faceless Yrathian, her hips rolling backward and forward over his as she rode his cock. She let her head drop back, allowing the naked blue-skinned Xolotlan kneeling to her right to press his mouth to her arched neck, just as an aroused Hrung Crortek appeared behind her, snaking his clawed hands over her shoulders to cup and squeeze her perfect, heavy breasts.

*Three of them? Where's the...*

The image shimmered. Suddenly -- still being fucked and fondled by the Yrathian, Xolotlan and Ornithion -- Jai'Enna gazed up at a hulking Terran. A faceless Terran with eyes like burning yellow gold. *Fuck me*, her lips said as she rocked against the thrusting Yrathian. *Fuck me now*.

Searing heat shot straight to Tornada's cock and he opened his eyes. Four leads.

Turning back to the hovering Hetap, he leaned across the bar. "You got a holo-generator here?"

"Den Eleven. End of the corridor. It's ten thousand chits per session."

Tornada straightened. "It's mine for the next three hours." Stepping away from the bar, he headed toward the sex-dens. Four leads to follow with Jai'Enna at the end of one of them.

Stepping into Den Eleven, he removed a small transparent rod from a hidden compartment in his jacket and slid it into the holo-generator, standing still as the den pulsed with a vibrant purple light. A slight buzz filled the room -- a sure sign the generator was black-market -- and then a woman appeared before him, red hair a tumbled mass of copper-fire falling about her face and bare shoulders, green eyes flashing. "Hello, Tornada," the holo-projection of Jai'Enna Ti said, voice tinny and hollow. "Shall we play?"

\* \* \*

The chain felt heavier than normal. Zeric studied it in his hand, running the pad of his thumb across one fat, solid link. The walk from the brig to his quarters had been a torturous test of willpower, the desire -- no, the *need* -- to go to Jai'Enna like the

necessity to draw breath: undeniable. Yet deny it he did, and now here he stood, his blood still boiling, the beast still simmering in his veins, snarling for release.

Shaking his head, he took in the tousled sheets of his bed. The last time he'd been between them, Jai'Enna had been beneath him, their flesh pressed together, their sweat and juices as one.

He closed his eyes for a moment and visualized the human hands at the end of his arms change, watched his blunt fingernails turn to claws. His heartbeat tripped and he snapped his eyes open. Jezu, what the fuck was going on? Once, only anger freed the beast in his blood, but since he'd met Jai'Enna Ti... A shudder wracked his body as the beast roared and flexed within. Since the Raavelian entered his world his tenuous control on the ancient Terran curse was weakening.

For a while -- what felt like a lifetime but was only days ago -- he'd thought he'd mastered it. He could touch her without his blood thickening and running hot, and Jezu, did he want to touch her. But with every molten, explosive orgasm she wrenched from his body, with every drop of cum she milked from his cock, the beast grew stronger, wilder, until it threatened to take over with just the faintest breath of her scent.

He *knew* she didn't care what he became, but when he became the beast, *he* didn't know himself. When the beast took over he became a creature ruled by base instincts, not the beating of his human heart. He didn't like that creature. Didn't want to be that creature. Not at all. But he didn't seem to have a choice anymore.

An image -- brutal and horrendous -- flashed into his head: his ex-wife, Leyna. Dead and mutilated on their bedroom floor.

Sharp pain wrenched at Zeric and he gripped the chain harder, nails digging into the flesh of his palms with agonizing force. Leyna knew all too well what the beast was capable of doing, what its base instincts made him do. Leyna and her lover.

A growl rumbled low in his throat and Zeric dropped the chain. He was a fool to think he could have a life again, a life with a woman who loved him. No matter how much his body wanted her, no matter how much his *heart* wanted her, Jai'Enna Ti was

off-limits. Leyna's deceptive blood on his hands he could live with, just. But Jai'Enna's...

He dragged in a long, steadying breath and the soft, musky scent of her sex, so recently pressed to his mouth, invaded his body. His cock twitched between his thighs and he scowled. The sooner they docked at Ry'l the better. It was time Jak stopped babysitting Jai'Enna's sister and they returned to task. Their orders to bring in Hrung Crortek still stood, regardless of the fuck-up on Pellaxion Four. The only way to do that was to get rid of all distractions.

He drew another breath and Jai'Enna filled his highly tuned senses again, making his cock pulsate harder. Hungry, eager and deprived.

*Jezu, Arctos! Don't you ever --*

*Incoming communication. Guardian V't'an...*

Zeric started, the sound of *The Reaper's* computer cutting his self-disgust short. Moving from the bed, he snatched up a pair of discarded trousers, shoved his legs into them and then stormed across to his communications station. "Receive."

"Hey, partner!" Jak's voice emanated from the com-link, its boyish tone belying the Yrathian's lethal edge. "Where the fuck are you? I've been stuck here on Ry'l forever, waiting for you and Jai'Enna to turn up!"

Zeric's mouth stretched into a caustic grin. "I bet you have."

Jak V't'an wasn't fooling anyone. Raavelians were his one weakness and Jai'Enna's sister was a perfect example of her species -- blonde, violet-eyed and smoldering with sensuality. Her face had been hideously scarred while she had been Crortek's slave, but Zeric knew Jak had paid for an elite Yrathian cosmetic surgeon to fly to Ry'l. Something about the tone in his partner's voice told Zeric Bhel'Ais' face was now as perfect as the rest of her.

He shook his head. *The Unified Parliament's best Boundary Guardians brought to our knees by two tiny Raavelian sisters.*

"How far away are you?" Jak asked and Zeric didn't need to see his partner's face to know just how deep Jak had fallen. Jak was a romantic. A romantic capable of

killing a fully armed Boaronian in half a second with his bare hands, but a romantic nonetheless. Beautiful, victimized, enslaved Bhel'Ais would be a challenge too tempting for his heart to resist.

A vivid image of Jai'Enna in the throes of sexual rapture suddenly filled Zeric's head and he suppressed a sigh. Two sisters. Just two sisters... "Four clicks," he answered, pushing Jai'Enna from his mind. "We'll be there within a day-cycle. Is Bhel'Ais well?"

Jak's pause said more than words ever could. "She has some... unusual tastes," he answered, and Zeric was amazed to almost hear embarrassment in Jak's voice. "How 'bout you, partner? Is Jai'Enna being nice?" There was another pause, this one heavy and pointed. "Or are you back in those chains again?"

Zeric gave the com-link an impatient scowl. "As soon as I arrive in Ry'l you and I are going after Crortek again, Jak. I hope all those hours between the sheets hasn't turned you soft."

Jak chuckled, the sound somehow mirthless and strained. "Far from it, partner. Far from it."

"Hrmph." Zeric shook his head. "You just better be ready to go when I get there. No excuses and *no* passengers. Jai'Enna and Bhel'Ais stay on Ry'l. Understand?"

"I understand *you* need to stop letting the beast in your veins control your whole *ph'ekn* life before the best thing that's ever happened to you gets the shits and fucks off."

Cold anger ripped through Zeric and he clenched his jaw. "What I do with my personal life is none of your business, V't'an. I'll be there within a day. Be ready." He punched the com's activation key, simmering with rage as he killed the connection. A raw sigh left him and he stared out the port window at the blackness of empty space.

*...the best thing that's ever happened to you...*

*...I don't care what you become, Zeric... the beast... the werewolf... doesn't scare me...*

Pulse pounding in his ears, Zeric studied the chains hanging from the wall above his disheveled bed.

*...I don't care what you become, Zeric... Don't shut me out. Please...*

He'd run from what he was his whole life.

*Aren't you tired of running, Arctos?*

Throat tight, chest tighter, he turned, walked across the room, through the hatchway and out into the corridor. Jai'Enna's quarters were on the other side of *The Reaper* -- exactly sixty-nine steps away. There was a dark irony in that small fact, an irony that had tortured him night after night, hour after hour since he'd denied his body what it wanted more than anything else.

*The Reaper's* engines hummed as he moved through the ship, a low sound accompanied by an even lower vibration that set his nerves alert.

Sixty-nine steps.

Sixty-nine steps to release. Sixty-nine steps to acceptance.

Sixty-eight steps later, he stood staring at a closed door, muscles tighter than Elaxian steel.

Even through the heavy metal door he could sense her. The delicate, clean scent of her skin; the somehow exotic spice of her hair, all mingled with the musky undertones of her sex. An intoxicating combination, leaving him reeling, aroused and petrified all at once.

He wanted nothing more than to open the door, throw her on her bunk and bury his hard, aching cock in the tightness of her pussy. Wanted to feel the slick folds of her cunt engulf him completely. She could. She *had*. Unlike any other female he'd been with, she fit him to perfection.

An image from a memory flitted into his head -- their bodies entwined on the floor of his quarters, her wrists encased in the shackles of his chains as he slid into her sodden slit, the bulbous head of his cock parting her velvet nether-lips as she used those very chains to lever herself from the floor and impale herself on his cock's long, rigid length.

Heat lashed at his body.

They'd fucked each other every chance they could after first leaving Pellaxion Four. Days would pass before they surfaced, dripping in sweat and physically exhausted yet still hungry for the taste and feel of each other's bodies.

Zeric closed his eyes and, seeking control, filled his lungs with a deep, slow breath.

Again, Jai'Enna's scent filled him.

Again, his cock throbbed.

And the beast stirred.

*Rip open the door! Throw her to the floor and fuck her. Drive your cock into her sweet cunt, her tight ass and own her. She is yours. Take her. Take her every time and any way you want. Listen to her screams as you fill her cunt. Mark her so everyone will know she is your property. Your bitch. Mark her so no one will dare look at her but --*

Zeric's eyes flung open and he stared hard at Jai'Enna's door, chest heaving with one sucked-in breath after another. Jezu! What the fuck was that? *Who* the fuck was that?

Him? Or the werewolf?

*You, a grim voice whispered deep in his mind. You are the beast. You cannot be divided. What you are is what you are. A creature of base hungers. A creature that kills. A creature that fucks...*

Of its own accord, his hand reached for the locking panel, the creamy taste of Jai'Enna's cunt already on his lips, the tang of her blood in his throat.

*Stop!*

Zeric jerked his hand from the door, hooked claws sinking into the flesh of his palm. Pain like a slicing blade tore up his arm, but he ignored it.

What had he been about to do?

"God, Arctos," he muttered, staring hard at Jai'Enna's door and seeing the werewolf stare back.

His body ached. His cock throbbed. The blood in his veins ran wild and thick. But above it all was the pounding beat of his heart, the one organ still connected to his



soul -- *his* soul -- not the beast's. And that one organ, so small yet so vital, told him exactly what to do.

With one last look at the closed door, he turned and ran for the brig at the far end of the ship.

He wanted Jai'Enna. Not just to fuck, but for life.

And because of that, his heart wouldn't let him anywhere near her.

For her sake... and his.

\* \* \*

Jai'Enna heard him go. Heard the almost inaudible slap of his bare feet on the cold floor.

"Zeric..." A numb heaviness settled over her heart and she pushed her forehead to the chilly steel door of her quarters.

She'd known the second he'd arrived. It wasn't just the way her body had begun to tremble, the way her nipples had pinched into rock-hard peaks longing to be suckled. Nor was it the way her pussy pulsed and grew wet as she detected his somehow carnal scent. It was the way her chest pulled tight and her stomach turned into a churned mess of fluttering nerves.

The second he'd stopped on the other side, she'd crossed to the door. Stood there. Waiting. Ready to give herself to him utterly and irretrievably.

She'd been a sex slave, an Intel-Patrol Corp agent and an assassin. She knew the wretched vileness of the Outer Boundaries. Knew it firsthand. For far too long it had been her life and she wanted nothing to do with it anymore. Not since meeting Zeric Arctos.

But it wasn't to be so.

She closed her eyes, a pain unlike any she'd experienced before tearing at her heart. He'd rejected her. Zeric had rejected her.

There was no point staying any longer.

It was time to go.

## Chapter Three

"Come back here, Jak," the husky voice called from behind him, low and oh so teasing.

Jak V't'an stopped at the entry hatch of his cell, the low hum of Ry'l's sub-eon engines vibrating through the small room and into his gut. His fingers curled around the edge of the door, the pull of the woman stretched naked on his bed behind him like the drawing force of a collapsing quasar: impossible to fight, deadly to succumb.

"Jaaaaaak..."

She drawled his name, voice like honey and smoke, and for a fleeting moment Jak wondered if Jai'Enna Ti knew her baby sister was as skilled at seduction as she.

"Jak. Come back." The rustle of sheets told Jak Bhel'Ais had moved on his bed and an image of her long, lithe and very naked limbs tangled in the soft Hetap silk flashed through his head. His cock twitched in his leather trousers, eager and hungry for what she offered. For what he'd tasted already. What he was quickly becoming addicted to -- an irony not lost on him at all.

"Come back, Jak." Her whisper caressed his sanity. "I want to feel you sink into my dripping pussy. I want to fuck you until I scream and then suck my cream from your thick, long cock."

He gripped the doorjamb tighter.

"Jaaaaaak..."

Blood roaring, breath shallow, Jak turned.

She was perfection. The Yrathian cosmetic surgeon he'd flown from his home world had performed a miracle. The hideous damage Crortek had done to Bhel'Ais' face was gone. Where once mangled, knotted scar tissue covered the entire left side of her face, now a countenance of exquisite, unmarred splendor stared back at him. Sons

of Urik, it might have cost a cycle's worth of his own chits, but it was worth it to see her looking so stunning.

He ran his gaze over her naked perfection, stretched full along the bed. She was gorgeous. A creature of pure beauty.

On the outside.

Jak's gut twisted with squirming tension. On the outside she was exquisite, but on the inside... On the inside lurked a creature of wicked, insatiable lust. A creature created by Bliss and trained by Crortek.

A creature of sex.

As if she heard the dark thought in his head, Bhel'Ais smiled, the twin dimples creasing her faultless cheeks making his cock twitch. "I'm waiting for you, Jak," she murmured. Her eyelids fluttered closed before she peeked up at him through long, thick golden lashes, tapered fingers tracing a tantalizing circle around her taut right nipple. "You don't want me to suffer, do you?"

Jak's cock twitched again, the tight leather of his trousers an abrasive caress on its fevered length. When he'd translocated her from Crortek's personal sex club on Pellaxion Four he'd had no idea she was a Bliss addict. She was Jai'Enna's little sister -- that's all: a young Raavelian woman in need of saving.

He'd promised Jai'Enna he'd keep her safe, but keeping a Bliss addict safe was not an easy task at all. The insidious aphrodisiac penetrated a user's blood system, elevating their oxytocin and synthesizing a rapid surge of dopamine to the brain, making them crave sex. Making them need it more than breath. But with each Bliss hit, the chemical composition of their blood mutated until it could no longer exist without the drug to maintain its integrity. A Bliss user deprived of the drug faced a slow and excruciating death, starved of blood and ultimately oxygen -- unless their dopamine levels could be maintained naturally, that was.

Bhel'Ais regarded Jak through her golden lashes, fingertips now trailing a lazy line across the flat plane of her belly to her shaved cunt. "I'm beginning to hurt, Jak,"

she whispered, arching into her hand as her fingers sank between the smooth columns of her thighs. "Please take the pain away..."

*She knows everything in your head, Jak. How else can she manipulate you so easily?*

The same way Jai'Enna did?

No. Whatever it was Jai'Enna had done to him after they'd fucked, it had left him completely dazed, unable to control his own mind and actions. After his seed burst from his cock into Bhel'Ais, his head was perfectly clear. He knew *exactly* what he did with Jai'Enna's younger sister -- and by Urik's blood, he could not stop. Telling himself he was saving her life just made their coupling defensible.

"I'm hurting, Jak."

Her hand stirred against her cunt and Jak's nose filled with the musky scent of her juices... and the sweet undertones of Bliss. She wasn't high. It had been too long since her last hit, but the drug never left the system, even after just one shot.

"Druentia wept, Jak, please come and fuck me!"

He stared at her, heart hammering in his chest, cock throbbing between his thighs. It rammed against the taut muscles of his abdomen, engorged length and bulbous head demanding attention.

"Save me, Jak." Bhel'Ais slid her hand from her pussy and lifted her fingers to her parted lips, the tip of her tongue flicking out to taste the cream there. "I hurt so much and only you can take the pain away."

*Only you...*

There it was. Bhel'Ais' weapon. The second they'd flown from Pellaxion space she'd demanded his body. His cock. To save her from a Bliss withdrawal death, he'd given it to her. Now, nothing but his flesh would satisfy her. She'd refused the services of a sex-bot; if he didn't give her his flesh -- his blood-filled, eager, depraved flesh -- she would die.

Or kill him.

Because the moment they docked at the Unified Parliament space station hanging on the line between the Inner and Outer Boundaries, he'd clamped a prohibitor around her neck and locked her in their quarters.

Bhel'Ais wanted to be fucked. She wanted to be fucked every minute of every day. But she wanted something more. Something he could *never* let happen.

She wanted to go back to Pellaxion Four.

Back to Crortek.

Back to being his slave.

"I need your cock, Guardian." Bhel'Ais' voice became low, husky, and she touched her tongue to her fingers again, gaze locked on his. "Do your job and save a victimized soul."

Jak pulled in a ragged breath. And walked to the bed.

Her slick fingers had his trousers open and his stiff, growing cock out before his thighs even brushed the mattress.

"Doesn't that feel good, Jak?"

Jak stared into her upturned face, his cock pulsing and throbbing under her squeezing hand. "Yes."

The word was choked -- on both self-disgust and pressing hunger.

Bhel'Ais' lips stretched into a small smile and she lowered her head, her mouth hovering a breath above his straining organ. "How good? Tell me."

A groan vibrated through him from his swollen balls up to his tight, dry throat. Spurs of heat stabbed into his groin, arcing up to his anus and back to his heavy sacs with each fondling squeeze Bhel'Ais gave his shaft. Sons of Urik, he wanted her wet mouth wrapped around his cock.

"Tell me how good it feels, Jak, or I'll stop." It was an empty threat. He knew that. Her life depended on sexual frenzy but he'd be cursed if he could call her bluff. Not when her fingers teased, molded and squeezed. Not when her breath kissed the fevered flesh of his cockhead so intimately.

"It feels so good. Like fire..."

The tip of her tongue touched the small slit at the end of his shaft. Once. "Better than the way my sister made you feel?"

Jak's eyes rolled back into his head and he ground out a moan, muscles so tense and coiled he felt on the verge of snapping. His hands itched to bury into Bhel'Ais' tumble of silken hair but he resisted. If he touched her before she gave permission she would pull away and make him watch her writhe and scream in Bliss-deprived agony until he crawled to her on his knees and begged for forgiveness.

Small, even teeth nipped at the bulbous, purple head of his cock jutting from her stroking fist and she flashed him a coy smile. "Am I better than her, Jak? Am I better than my sister?"

Blistering heat surged into his balls as she closed her fist tighter, pumped his length with a brutal force and then abruptly moved her hand away. A raw cry of dismay burst from his lips before Jak could stop it and Bhel'Ais chuckled, the sound low and utterly arrogant. "It is better, Jak, isn't it? Tell me how good it is and I'll let you fuck my mouth." She leaned forward, plunged her lips around his cock and then pulled away with a sharp *pop*. "Tell me how I make you quiver and I'll let you pump your cum over my tits." She dragged her thumb across the small bead of pre-cum atop his throbbing cock, smeared it over the venous organ and then slid her thumb across her bottom lip. "Tell me how I make you forget Jai'Enna Ti ever existed and I'll let you lick your cum from my nipples and feed it to me with your tongue."

"Urik's Blood!" Jak hissed, body afire. "Jai'Enna who?"

Bhel'Ais laughed, the heavy swell of her breasts bouncing with each low chuckle. "Very good, Jak." She sat back on her haunches, giving him a smug look. "Now fuck your hand."

He glared at her, body screaming for release, mind screaming for control. "No."

Bhel'Ais arched a blonde eyebrow. "Fuck your hand now, Jak. Or watch me die."

Teeth ground together, Jak wrapped his fingers around his cock and pumped. Once. Twice. Scorching tension surged through him. Gods, how was he controlling

himself? His hand worked his cock again almost of its own accord and for a second his head swam. How was he *not*?

"You like that, don't you, Guardian?" Bhel'Ais cooed, rosy-tipped breasts thrust forward so her luscious nipples brushed the back of his hand. "Say yes, and you can fuck me."

Jak's glare turned wild as a bead of sweat ran into his right eye, stinging like a Xolotlan viper. "Yes, I like that."

Leaning forward again, she cupped his balls, worming a long finger into his trousers and past his butt cheeks to press against his clenched anus. "Say I'm better than my sister. Say it!"

"You're better!"

"Say it again."

"You're better!"

"Again."

Jak's balls flooded with wet heat and he bucked his hips forward, the need for Bhel'Ais' mouth on his cock so powerful he could no longer control himself. "*You're better! Gods of Urik, you're the best fuck I've ever had.*"

Bhel'Ais' tongue traced over the slick line of pre-cum on her bottom lip and she smiled again. "Of course I am. Now fuck me."

With a roar he threw her back onto the bed, shamed greed ripping through his blood. She squealed, the sound both triumphant and hungry. He stared at her for a second, chest heaving, cock a burning rod jutting from his trousers, before throwing himself atop her, grabbing her wrists and ramming them to the bed beside her head. Immediately, she ground her mons to his cock, the velvety-slick curve like a molten brand on his flesh. "Fuck me with that, Jak," she ordered, burning violet eyes staring into his. "Stick it in my cunt now."

"I'll stick it wherever I want, Bhel," he growled through clenched teeth. "*Whenever I want.*"

She chuckled and the sound was like a whip biting into his soul. "Really?" One long, toned leg extended and wrapped around his hip, the action spreading the lips of her cunt a little wider. Wet cream smeared the base of his cock, matted in the hair on his balls and Jak bucked, fresh blood flooding his already turgid shaft.

He sucked in a sharp breath. "Bitch."

Her responding laugh filled the small quarters. "Correct once again, Guardian." She moved her hips, sublime body undulating under his until her sodden pussy lips pressed the glans on his cock and her erect nipples teased the tight nubs of his own. "Now," her fingers tangled in his hair with fierce force and she grinned up at him, "suck my tits."

Jak did. He was incapable of refusal. He closed his lips around one puckered peak, drawing it past his teeth into his mouth. He flicked his tongue over it, a small sense of satisfaction rippling through him at Bhel'Ais' deep moan. She shoved her breast harder to his face and he bit down hard on the tight pebble.

Bhel'Ais moaned again, grinding her cunt to his now burning cock. "Bite it harder, Guardian," she ordered. "Save me."

He clamped his teeth down and she arched beneath him, a high-pitched whimper sounding in the back of her throat. Gods of Urik! Save her? Save him!

He jerked his mouth from Bhel'Ais' breast and stared down into her face, body and balls aching for release. He needed to see something in her face, an emotional connection. He *needed* to know the woman beneath him was capable of feeling something other than lust and manipulative control.

Violet eyes stared back at him, free of Bliss but burning with it all the same. "My soul is already lost, Jak," she whispered, nostrils flaring as her body began to tremble in his hold. "Don't try and save something that doesn't exist anymore." And with that, she sank her nails into his ass and impaled herself upon his jutting, hungry, straining cock.

Liquid heat crashed through him. Over him. Pounded him against rocks he didn't know were there and left him gasping. "*Fucking gods!*"



Bhel'Ais' sex gripped him like a tight sheath, pussy muscles squeezing his length in a slow pulsating rhythm that almost drove him mad. Her nails raked at the leather of his trousers and he bucked his hips, letting her yank them down over his ass. His balls sprang free of the restricting hide and slapped against Bhel'Ais' pussy lips as he plunged into her again, filling her completely.

The smell of sex filled the air. Jak dragged in a ragged breath, tasting her. Bhel'Ais gripped him, her arms and legs holding him to her writhing body as her cunt contracted around his cock. She ran her hands up his back and buried them into the tumbled mess of his hair again, directing his mouth to her curved neck. He knew what she wanted. Pain.

He latched onto the smooth column, at the point where her neck disappeared behind the imprisoning collar, and sank his teeth into her flesh, sucking it with such force she would wear his mark for days to come. A sign of property she seemed to relish. "Tell me, Guardian!" she called out, pussy constricting in tight pulses. "Tell me I'm the best you've had! Now!"

Perspiration streaming down his face, Jak pounded into her, wanting to punish her. For using him, manipulating him. For stealing his heart when she didn't want it. "Curse you, Bhel!" he spat from between gritted teeth, blood still roaring through his veins as their bodies became one.

"Tell me!"

He hammered into her, cock a driving pole of steel that grew harder, hungrier, with each penetration. He knew she manipulated him; he was a Boundary Guardian, for fuck's sake! His instincts were honed to perfection. But he couldn't deny her. To feel her sopping cunt suck at his cock... To feel her mouth close around his swollen balls... To know in doing so he kept her alive, kept her with him and no other...

*Urik's blood, man. You're in love!*

The thought zinged through his head, his heart, like an eon blast, shattering any control he exerted over his body.

Torrid, febrile tension erupted in his balls. He bucked, spasm after tight, wet spasm possessing him. Bhel'Ais moaned, sinking her nails into the muscles of his shoulders as her cunt contracted and milked his cock. "Oh, gods, Jak! *Please* tell me!"

She cried out, and -- just before his seed shot from his cock in scorching wads -- Jak heard it; the faintest hitch of desperate sadness in her voice. It made his chest squeeze tight with warm hope. Perhaps he could save her after all.

And then her lips pressed to his ear and she whispered four simple words. Four words that stabbed straight into his pounding heart like an icy blade: "I want Bliss. Now."

\* \* \*

Tornada narrowed his eyes. She'd been here. Not that long ago.

Surveying the copulating forms reclining, standing and hanging around him, he moved deeper into The Pit.

The stench of sex hung heavy in the air, making his cock twitch in interested attention beneath his trousers. Sex with a holo-projection could only take the edge off so much before his body demanded more. Since Jai'Enna had walked out of their bedroom though, many many moon-cycles ago, holo-fucking was his only release. Yes, he could resort to a whore or slave, but why should he? Jjors didn't pay for sex, it was beneath his species, and as an Intel-Patrol agent he abhorred slavery.

A slow smile pulled at the corner of his mouth. The things he'd done, the sins he'd committed for the Corp were too hideous to comprehend, but he had his ethics. If he didn't he'd just become one of the sick criminals he hunted down each day.

"May I direct you to a specific den, sir?"

Tornada turned, giving the Sheilite Dom approaching him a steady look. "I'm in the mood for a Raavelian. Preferably redhead." He affected a contemplative expression. "With green eyes."

The Sheilite regarded him, exoskeleton plates clacking as she tilted her head slightly to the left. "Raavelians do not come with green eyes, sir," she said, her own

iridescent yellow ones guarded. "May I suggest a Hetap?" She paused for a loaded moment. "Male?"

Tornada suppressed a snarl, and the urge to vaporize the in-sek-toid there and then. He crossed his arms over his chest, letting her see the intricate Jjor nobility tattoo on his left forearm he normally kept concealed. Jjors rarely moved beyond the civility of the Inner Boundaries, but their reputation traveled far. Nobility and royalty did not exist in the cesspool that was the Outer Boundaries, but power and money did. Power and money ruled the Outer Boundaries and Tornada had both. "Female. Raavelian. Red hair. Green eyes," he repeated. "And do not tell me you don't have one because I know for a fact Hrung Crortek's personal buyer purchased one from the slaver Baltiar only a few days ago."

The Sheilite's eyes flicked to the left again. There was another pause, this one heavy with agitated tension and then the Dom bowed her head slightly, as if granted permission to continue by an unseen master. "We are no longer in possession of *that* Raavelian, sire," she replied, and Tornada noted with a degree of irritated pleasure the change in tone and title. "She was granted freedom by Master Crortek and left with a Boundary Guardian." Another quick pause. Another quick look to the left. "A Terran."

A hideously arousing image flashed into Tornada's mind. A faceless Terran with golden eyes mounting Jai'Enna from behind, taking her as an animal would take its mate. Primitive, brutal and powerful. He cast the Sheilite a dismissive look. "Thank you."

Cold satisfaction spread through him. There was more going on here than just an accommodating sex-den Dom. The moment he'd landed on Pellaxion Four his ears had picked up muttered whispering about a fight at The Pit, about a man changing to a wild beast and almost killing Crortek in the main chamber. Whisperings that involved a Terran Boundary Guardian. Tornada had relegated them as local stupidity, but the uncharacteristically helpful nature of the Dom before him gave cause to wonder now. The Sheilite was being controlled by someone else, her answers approved before they were given. Something was going on, something that piqued his interest, but he would

deal with it and the unseen manipulator in due course. What mattered at that very second was Jai'Enna's trail. A trail now so fresh he could almost taste her.

His cock twitched in his trousers and he smiled, eager satisfaction rolling through him.

He was close. So very, very close.

## Chapter Four

"Identity approved, Guardian. Permission to dock granted."

Jai'Enna leaned forward and punched the com control. "Thank you, Ry'l One," she said, staring out the view-screen of *The Reaper's* stolen shuttle at the slowly spinning space station. "Docking commencing."

Seconds later a dull clunk reverberated throughout the small craft as it interlocked with one of a dozen short umbilical protrusions, sending a vibrating jolt into the pit of Jai'Enna's stomach. She raked her fingers through her hair. She was here. Without Zeric Arctos in pursuit.

A numb sensation welled up in her chest.

Without Zeric, period.

*It's for the best, Jai'Enna. He rejected you. He didn't even bother coming after you when you jumped The Reaper. It's time to move on. Think of Bhel. She needs you now more than anything else.*

Swallowing a sharp sigh, she gathered up her belongings -- well, the blaster she'd had since fleeing Pellaxion Four, the only thing she could remotely call her own -- and debarked. Passing herself off as a Boundary Guardian had been the easiest part of docking. She already had a fake Guardian Identiti-code and the Intel-Patrol Corp had imbedded her larynx with a sub-mucosa distortion device. Not only would she have the proper security codes, but she would pass voice identification security as well. It came in quite handy when putting to port on Unified Parliament space, such as now.

Icy manufactured air assaulted her as she stepped from the shuttle into the space station, rippling a shiver across her skin. It pinched her nipples into tight tips of flesh and she frowned. Not because of the chilly temperature, but because the all too painful

memory of Zeric's lips, tongue and teeth on those sensitive peaks flooded her mind the second they grew taut.

*Tears of Druentia, Jai'Enna! Snap out of it!*

Forcing the arousing -- and frustrating -- memory from her head, she crossed to the nearest manifest point, punching in her sister's DNA Identiti-code.

A blur of information flashed up on the screen and Jai'Enna frowned. "What the..." Bhel'Ais and Jak V't'an were situated in the space station's Beta Arm, in a single cell currently guarded by a perimeter lock. Her frown turned grim. Someone inside was wearing a prohibitor collar and she'd bet her life it wasn't the Yrathian.

Shoving her blaster into the holster strapped around her right thigh, she headed toward Beta Arm, black anger and cold worry jostling for position in her chest. Why was Bhel wearing a Guardian imprisoning device? What was Jak thinking? She stormed through the dimly lit corridors, ignoring the stares and mutters of those parting before her like a wave. He'd better have a good explanation. She hadn't risked everything to see her sister enslaved again, no matter who placed the collar around her neck. Or why.

The corridor leading into Beta Arm was deserted when Jai'Enna stepped through its entrance, the single passageway dim and icy. She moved down its silent walkway, fighting the urge to pull her blaster as she counted off the cells. Bhel and Jak were in Cell 42. It should be... She stopped directly in front of a closed steel door, giving it a long, steady look. "Here."

A dull red light glowed below the number, indicating the occupants did not wish to be disturbed.

Jai'Enna's lips pulled into a bleak smile. "Too bad."

With a quick dance of her fingers, she deactivated the locking mechanism and stepped into the room.

\* \* \*

Drawing breath after deep breath, Zeric watched the black void of space streak past *The Reaper's* cockpit. The beast lingered just below the surface of his control, hungry for freedom. Existence. An *angry* beast.

It had been a while since anger evoked its presence. Lust, desire and burning passion seemed to be its fuel now. Lust for Jai'Enna, desire for her body, passion for her touch.

Yet right at that very moment, as he piloted *The Reaper* toward Ry'l, anger coursed through his veins like a molten river; scalding and disgusted anger that made repressing the beast almost impossible.

For the five hours following his silent vigil at Jai'Enna's door, he'd confined himself to the brig, fighting the change, trying to deny it. Eventually succumbing to it.

Once the ferine werewolf receded and he'd returned to his human form, he'd released the brig's locks and moved to the cockpit, ready to jump into hyperflight. The sooner he had Jai'Enna off *The Reaper*, the better.

It was then he'd discovered the shuttle missing.

Jai'Enna had left.

Now, a mere two clicks from Ry'l, his ship eating up the void as it sped toward the Unified Parliament space station, self-loathing churned in his gut like a black hole. *Jezu, Arctos! You wanted her gone! Why the fuck are you so angry she is?*

A ragged sigh escaped him. Because he didn't want her gone. He didn't want her away from him. And neither did the beast.

Reaching forward, Zeric made a slight adjustment to *The Reaper's* trajectory. He knew Jai'Enna had headed to Ry'l. Bhel'Ais was still there with Jak and Jai'Enna's sole focus was her sister.

*Now that you've rejected her, you mean?*

The beast snarled.

He forced it down, the feel of his blood running feverish, his skin prickling as thick, coarse fur tried to push through his epidermal layer like acid on his soul.

Another wave of bitter anger crashed over him and he clenched his teeth. As soon as he docked at Ry'l he was collecting Jak and they were heading back to Pellaxion Four. They had a job to complete. Hrung Crortek was not going to just hand himself in for execution.

A sharp tone filled the cockpit and suddenly *The Reaper's* automatic safety system activated, dropping the ship out of hyperflight. Zeric frowned, turning to the perimeter scan on the control panel.

A ship approached, small and traveling at phenomenal speed.

Zeric's frown grew deeper. *A Jjor Skimmer? In the Outer Boundaries?*

The tiny craft grew closer, showing no signs of slowing or obeying deep-space protocol. Whoever piloted the thing was either incredibly arrogant, or incredibly stupid. Zeric's muscles tensed and he reached for his seat harness. Jjors were never stupid.

*Proximity alert. The Reaper's* computer burst into verbal life. *67X.8.Y. Skimmer class. Proximity alert. 67X.8.Y. Skimmer class.*

With a low growl, Zeric punched at the com, eyeing the small and rapidly moving dot on the radar scan. "Skimmer 67X.8.Y. This is Boundary Guardian ship One, Alpha, Tyros. Identify."

Silence.

"Skimmer," Zeric repeated, feeling the beast -- already phrenetic and perilously close to emergence -- stir. "I repeat. This is Boundary Guardian One, Alpha, Tyros. Identify."

Nothing. Except a dot increasing in speed.

Cold anger tightened Zeric's chest. The beast roared in his head. "Skimmer. If you do not respond immediately I will target your primary engines and fire."

The dot's speed increased. Again.

Zeric yanked on the helm, flinging *The Reaper* around so it faced the oncoming Skimmer. If the fucker wanted to play hardball, he'd play hardball. *Let's see who flies away from this, you arrogant piece of shit!*

Another sharp tone filled the cockpit as *The Reaper's* internal lights flashed to a deep red. *Warning. Unauthorized bio-scan detected.*

*Bio-scan?* The bastard was scanning his ship? Zeric punched up weapons control, rage turning to fury. Fuck protocol. Whoever flew the Skimmer was dead.



The beast snarled, so close to breaking free Zeric felt his teeth grow sharp. *Focus, Arctos! For Jezu's sake, focus or you'll be lost to the werewolf for good!*

Eyes and ion cannons locked on, he targeted the moving dot...

...a split second before it turned into a blurred line and disappeared off the scanner.

"Shit!"

Jabbing at *The Reaper's* control deck, Zeric searched for the Jjor ship's propulsion signature. A faint track of code flashed up on the scanner and cold apprehension seized his gut. The Jjor ship hadn't just jumped into hyper-flight, it had done so on the exact trajectory Jai'Enna had directed the shuttle.

Whoever piloted the small craft was following her.

Deep in Zeric's veins, the beast roared, hungry for blood.

Leaning forward, he activated *The Reaper's* hyper-flight engines and punched a hole through space, flinging toward Ry'l.

The beast wanted blood? In Jezu's name, if the pilot of the Jjor ship so much as laid a *finger* on Jai'Enna, blood it would get. All the blood it desired.

\* \* \*

Jak V't'an looked up at Jai'Enna as she entered the cell. A blush -- so red she was surprised she couldn't feel its blazing heat on her skin -- turned his face into a crimson mask, the intricate scars on his cheeks that spoke of his pre-pubescent sexual initiation a stark white pattern against the flaming flesh.

"Jai --"

Before he could finish however, Jai'Enna pulled her blaster and aimed it at his naked chest. "Don't say a word." She looked first at him, then at the leather straps buckled around his wrists binding him to the Xolotlan fuck-tower against which he stood. Calm fury descended on her like a cold shroud. "Not a fucking word."

She turned her gaze from Jak's shocked, embarrassed and guilty eyes to the steady and languid violet of her sister's. The hideous marks of Crortek's ownership were gone. The young woman looking back at her had the exquisite face of a goddess --

perfect and sublime. Bhel'Ais' true face. "Bhel," she said, doing everything in her power to ignore the fact her younger sister crouched on all fours on the tower's mid-platform before Jak, naked and slicked with sweat, ass grinding his hips in slow circles.

Bhel'Ais gave her a lazy smile, flashing small white even teeth. "Hello, Jai."

Jai'Enna cocked an eyebrow. "I see you and Jak are getting to know each other better." She flicked her attention back up to Zeric's partner, a grim sense of satisfaction rolling through her at the mortified expression on his face. He still hadn't said a word. Which was smart. Otherwise, she'd probably shoot him.

"Well, you know me, Jai," Bhel drawled as she wriggled her ass harder to Jak's hips. "I've always wanted what my big sister had."

Jai'Enna's heart clenched at the lurid tone in her sister's voice. The last time they'd spoken Bhel'Ais had been a sweet albeit stubborn girl in awe of the universe and naïve to its dangers. Jai'Enna had spent their childhood in the Raavelia Alpha slave camps fucking anyone she had to, to keep Bhel from becoming someone's property. The moment her ability to plant suggestions in the minds of those she brought to orgasm manifested, she'd worked her way to T'Er Ja, the slave trainer, and "suggested" he grant them their freedom. She'd set her and Bhel up in a small holding on Raavelia Gamma straight away, leaving her sister in the care of the local Druentia High Priestess -- a doting old woman with a heart of gold -- before joining the Intel-Patrol Corp.

A lifetime of abuse, of seeing what the powerful did to the weak and vulnerable, made Jai'Enna determined to bring what justice she could to the Outer Boundaries. With her unique ability, being an Intel-Patrol Corp agent was the perfect way to do so.

Two moon-cycles into her last mission, on the dark side of Boaronia on the tail of a hideous child rapist, she'd received a communiqué from the High Priestess: Bhel'Ais had run away.

It took Jai'Enna exactly two days to learn of Bhel's Bliss addiction at the hands of Hrung Crortek. Unfortunately, it had taken much longer to track her down. The memory of where she found her -- in one of the crime lord's sex-dens, high on Bliss and

fucking two Xolotlans and a Boaronian -- still gave her nightmares. As did the fact she'd spent the last four moon-cycles thinking Bhel was dead.

She studied her sister now, perched on the fuck-tower's mid platform with her ass pressed to Jak's cock, her once innocent eyes now burning with a carnal fervour that made Jai'Enna's stomach turn. *Gods, Bhel. I'm so sorry I failed you.*

She ran her gaze along the line of the prohibitor collar locked around Bhel'Ais' neck before flicking Jak a dark scowl. "I asked you to look after her, Jak. To keep her safe."

Jak's blue eyes flared with an indecipherable emotion. "I *am* keeping her safe, Jai'Enna. If you let me --"

But Bhel'Ais cut him short. "Hush, Jak. This is between me and my sister." Her violet stare burned brighter and she straightened, pressing her back to the length of his muscled chest and stomach. "He's pretty, isn't he, Jai?" she murmured, lifting her arms to curl them around his neck. "And he's mine."

Jai'Enna holstered her blaster and stepped deeper into the cell. "Come on, Bhel. Let's go home. We've got a lot of catching up to do."

Bhel's chin tilted. "I don't need you to look after me anymore, Jai'Enna. I have my very own Boundary Guardian now." Another one of those totally foreign smiles stretched Bhel's pouted lips and she rotated her hips in a slow arc against Jak's body. "Just like you. Although mine tends to have less hair."

Anger crashed over Jai'Enna again. She shot Jak another angry glare -- *that's my baby sister you're fucking, Yrathian* -- before turning her attention back to Bhel'Ais. "That's enough, Bhel." She stepped forward, resting her palms on her sister's rib cage as she looked deep into her wide-spaced eyes. "It's time to go home and clean up."

"No, Jai," Bhel'Ais replied, voice utterly calm. "It's time to stay here and *loosen* up."

And with a speed Jai'Enna didn't know her sister capable of, Bhel'Ais whipped her left arm down from behind Jak's head and stabbed the hydro-shot clenched tight in her fist straight into Jai'Enna's neck.

Pumping pure, concentrated Bliss straight into her blood stream.

\* \* \*

*"Welcome to Ry'l Station, Lord Tornada. Our most opulent cell has been prepared for your arrival. I do hope you are pleased with it. The primary docking bay has been cleared. You may dock when ready."*

Tornada sat back in the flight chair of his Skimmer, a small smile playing over his lips at the obsequious voice emanating from his com-link. "Thank you, Ry'l One." He watched the space station spin slowly on its axis, muscles growing tighter with each rotation. The warp signature he'd tracked since leaving the Boundary Guardian's ship terminated here. An ardent surge of anticipation ripped through him from chest to balls and he squirmed in his seat. Seven moon-cycles ago Jai'Enna had walked out of their bedroom with a solemn threat to castrate him if she ever saw him again... *and* a suggestion planted in his mind that almost saw him executed. If she was here... if he'd finally tracked her --

Tornada's face split into a triumphant grin. *There!* Docked on one of the lower levels -- a Guardian shuttle.

He flicked a glance at his ship's infrared thermo-scanner and another surge of fervid tension consumed him, hotter than before. The shuttle's engines still radiated energy, enough for him to analyze its heat signature.

Tornada's grin stretched wider and his balls grew heavy. "Hello, Jai," he said, studying the docked shuttle. "I've found you."

\* \* \*

Jai'Enna gasped. Explosive heat erupted between her thighs, wet and intoxicating. Her pussy clamped down on a cock that wasn't there, her nipples aching for a mouth equally missing. *Oh, gods!*

Bliss pumped through her bloodstream, invaded her brain, feeding the denied hunger simmering in her body since leaving Zeric behind on *The Reaper*. Insidious and compelling. Her head swam and her pulse quickened. *Gods! No!*

"Bhel!" Jak's stunned voice filled the small room and Jai'Enna's cunt fluttered at its strong male tone. "What are you doing?"

Jai'Enna stared into her sister's eyes, breasts swollen with lust, cunt sodden and longing to be filled. "Why did you do that, Bhel?"

Bhel'Ais smiled, arching her back so her ass pushed harder to Jak's cock. "Doesn't it feel good, Jai?"

Limbs languid, body feverous, Jai'Enna dragged in a breath, trying to fight the aphrodisiac's potent power. *Gods, yes it feels good. So damn good...* Bliss turned her vision pink and her breath quickened. "No," she moaned, shaking her head, her pussy constricting at the soft feathering of her hair on her neck. "It doesn't."

Bhel'Ais laughed. She turned her head, flicking out her tongue and skimming it along the line of Jak's clenched jaw. "Liar."

The sight of her sister's erotic caress sent a jolt of liquid hunger straight into Jai'Enna's pussy and she sucked in another breath, the remembered taste of Jak's sweat like molten pleasure in her mouth. A whimper rose in her throat, raw and ripe with desire. Oh, to have his sweat on her tongue again. To lick each tiny bead from his smooth, hard chest as his cock pounded into her. To feel it slick over her bare limbs as he plunged his long, thick, rigid shaft into her cunt again and again and again. A ripple of delight shivered over Jai'Enna's flesh and she moaned, nipples tight, pussy tighter.

"You see, Jai?" Bhel stared at her, hands sliding up and down Jak's taut thighs. "You see? Just relax and let it take you to a place you've never been..."

"Gods, Bhel!" Jai'Enna cried out, Bliss ripping through her veins. She took another step backward, the friction of her thighs rubbing together like a lover's tongue on her clit.

"Admit it feels good, Jai, and I'll let Jak fuck you," Bhel murmured, her voice nothing like the young girl's Jai'Enna had given everything in her life to protect. "Admit it feels better than good and I'll let him lick out your cunt after he's filled it with cum."

An image of Jak invaded Jai'Enna's head, scarred face buried between her spread thighs as his talented tongue flicked over and over and over again at her throbbing clit. She groaned and the image shimmered, now Zeric between her legs, gold eyes smoldering up at her, teeth long and pointed and glistening with saliva.

"Admit it, Jai'Enna," Bhel'Ais ordered. "Admit sex is not a weapon. Succumb to it and feel its sensual power."

Jai'Enna whimpered, licentious, dissolute moisture pooling in her cunt.

"Bhel, stop it!" Jak ground out, but Bhel just laughed, the sound low and throaty.

"Admit it, sister, and you can do whatever you want to him. Even pretend he's that wild animal you lust after so much."

Livid anger smashed into Jai'Enna. "That's enough, Bhel!" she snapped, even as the image of Zeric -- wild, brooding, savage Zeric fucking her, taking her, bringing her to screaming orgasm after orgasm -- filled her head.

Bhel'Ais laughed again. "It's not enough until you're begging me for more, Jai." She reached up and cupped her own bare breasts, rolling the nipples between her thumbs and forefingers as she stared into Jai'Enna's face. "Now tell me how much you want to do what I'm doing right now."

Hideous, seductive Bliss boiled in Jai'Enna's veins, almost driving her mad with the need to orgasm, to fuck until she couldn't fuck anymore. She had to get away. If she stayed, she'd do things she could never forgive herself for. Dark, carnal wanton things. There were other ways to feed a Bliss high. The gods let her find one before it was too late. Throat tight, she shook her head. "I'm sorry I failed you, Bhel," she whispered before, cunt constricting and heart hammering, she turned and fled the room.

## Chapter Five

Tornada strode through Ry'l's long, crowded corridors, straight for Beta Arm, the lascivious tension in his body, growing stronger. Ry'l's manifest listed a Raavelian female and Yrathian male in Cell 42. The pair had docked six days ago and only the Yrathian had left the room in that time, activating a perimeter lock each time he left. Tornada had no idea where Jai'Enna was aboard the monolithic space station, but the perimeter lock implied a Guardian prohibitor collar was in use. Put a Boundary Guardian device together with a Raavelian and a Yrathian and it equaled a situation Tornada couldn't ignore. Not when Jai'Enna herself had flown here. He'd bet his left testicle he'd find her in Cell 42.

And when he did...

A hungry beat throbbed in his balls, pumping blood into his cock. He clenched his fists, palms already longing for the silken touch of her fiery red hair. He'd always been a sucker for her hair: its texture, its color. The way it fell around her face as she rode his cock to a ball-busting climax.

The very second the head of the Intel-Patrol Corp assigned them partners, the very moment he saw her and the copper-fire tumble of her hair, he'd been in lust. She'd radiated strength and deadly purpose, an agent capable of anything to get the job done all wrapped up in a body built for sinful pleasure. Truth be known, she'd scared him a little and that utterly unfamiliar emotion made his lust all the more compelling. Nothing scared him. But she had.

Her first assassination changed everything though and his lust had turned to love, just like that.

They'd tracked a notorious Aglaian merchant-terrorist to a seedy spaceport orbiting Alaxia with orders to terminate. He'd been in the room acting as her slave

master when she'd completed the kill. Watching her suck the Aglaian's fat cock, affecting the indifferent mask of a bored master, he'd been consumed with prurient jealousy. He *knew* what she was doing. He *knew* how her unique ability worked -- while the subject climaxed, she slipped into their vulnerable mind and planted a suggestion there they could not refuse -- but that knowledge didn't stop his own prick from growing harder and harder each time her lips plunged down the Aglaian's dick. Nor did it stop him wishing like hell it was *his* cock her mouth milked. *His* cock she tasted.

When the Aglaian climaxed, eyes bulging, forked tongue flicking, Tornada had almost shot his own load...

Until, expression suddenly vacant and empty, the Aglaian raised his own eo-gun to his temple and blew the top of his head away. Just like that.

An ever so slight shudder had wracked Jai'Enna's perfect body and then she'd stood, staring at the twitching corpse for a still moment before turning to give him -- Tornada -- a quick look. His heart had clenched at the tormented light in her eyes and he'd almost reached for her, but then her shoulders snapped straight and a cold expression fell over her face, the professional agent once more. And that was it. *Bam!* He was in love.

Four hours later she rode him to a climax that shook the Nine Heavens. He knew she was using him to purge her body of the Aglaian's filth, but he didn't care. She was in his arms -- where he wanted her to be forever.

For three moon-cycles they'd shared each other's bed -- despite the risk of immediate execution by the Corp. Three long, luxurious cycles of surreptitious fucking that left him gasping, groaning and hungry for more.

Tornada's cock twitched at the memory and he shook his head, pushing through the crowd as he strode closer to Beta Arm.

He was *still* hungry for more. Always would be, regardless of Jai'Enna's threat to cut off his dick. If she'd never discovered his secret... If she'd never discovered he was engaged to the High Lady of Iona, the only child of Jjor's most noble and ancient family... If she'd never planted that insidious suggestion in his mind in enraged



retaliation before he could explain, that almost fatal suggestion to divulge everything they'd been doing together, blow by vivid blow, to his fiancée in the presence of her family in their royal court... If she'd never sent him to almost certain death at the hands of the High Lady's incensed father who demanded blood as payment for his daughter's pain and shame...

If she'd never left him...

A flash of red caught his eye, like a stream of fire shooting through the crowd, and the futile thought ended abruptly.

Tornada's muscles grew taut and his pulse leapt into a triumphant beat. He knew that color well. Still dreamt of it every night. His lips stretched into a slow smile. "Jai."

With a barely imperceptible change to his stride, he increased his pace, eyes locked on the copper-fire curtain of her hair as she pushed through the concourse, tracking her every step through the hustling mass, deeper into the guts of the station until she turned a final corner...

Tornada frowned, standing at the mouth of a dim service passageway devoid of life. He peered into the shadows, looking for a hint of movement. Where was she?

A soft moan answered the question.

Low and throaty, it floated out of the darkness, sending a shiver over Tornada's flesh. His balls grew hard. He'd heard that moan before. Many, many times.

Pulling his pulse-pistol, he stepped into the suffocating shadows.

He knew *exactly* what his ex-partner was doing, and she wasn't doing it alone.

Stinging jealousy ripped through him and he gave the blackness a bleak grin. Whoever was with her was about to have a very bad day.

"Tears of Druentia!" Jai'Enna's frenzied cry split the air. "I need to come!"

Tornada quickened his pace. She was close. Very close.

He turned the corner and there she was. Alone. Leaning against a wall amongst dust-covered solar-harvesting equipment, one hand buried between her thighs, the

other clenched around a blaster with such force her knuckles glared white. Concupiscent blood surged into his cock. "Jai'Enna?"

Wild green eyes snapped to him, the telltale pink of a Bliss high burning in their depths. Recognition flashed through them, followed by hate and driving hunger. "Tornada?"

Tornada stepped closer, the urge to yank her hand from between her thighs and replace it with his own so consuming he almost did. Only the blaster stopped him. "I don't know what's going on, sweetheart," he said, "but Intel-Patrol Corp agents *do not* use Bliss."

Jai'Enna's pink-tinged eyes flashed blazing murder. "Fuck you, Tornada!"

"Our boss is mighty pissed, Jai," he continued, trying like hell to ignore the familiar desires rolling through his body at the sight of hers so aroused. "I'm to take you in for debriefing."

Jai'Enna stared at him, throaty breaths bursting from her parted lips. "Fuck our boss," she gasped, the shadows almost devouring her. "Debrief me now."

And with that, she threw herself against his body and crushed his mouth with hers.

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"I'm sorry, Guardian Arctos," a thin voice sounded from *The Reaper's* com. "All docking bays are currently in use. I will have to ask you to wait."

"I'm not docking, Ry'l One," Zeric growled, glaring at the space station through *The Reaper's* view screen. "I'm translocating."

"Boundary Guardian!" the voice exclaimed, clearly mortified. "You are well aware translocation is prohibited on Unified Parliament Space Stations!"

Zeric stood, holstering his blaster. "Do I sound like someone who gives a fuck?"

By his calculations, the Jjor ship had been in dock for at least forty minutes. That was forty long minutes of the pilot searching for Jai'Enna.

Storming from the cockpit, Zeric clenched his fists, nails like claws sinking into his palms. Jezu help the bastard if he'd found her.

\* \* \*

The hunger ate at her. Possessed her like a demon. If she didn't orgasm soon, she'd go mad.

How her ex-lover and partner had found her mattered little at this point in time. That she despised him with a passion mattered even less. All Jai'Enna knew was she needed to fuck. Needed to feel her cunt stretched to the limit by a hard, driving cock. The Bliss in her blood demanded it and she could deny it no longer. A warm wave of wet pleasure surged through her and she whimpered. She didn't want to deny it. Not when it felt *soooo* good.

She plunged her tongue into his mouth. Tasted the clean mint of his breath. A wall of memories crashed over her at the cool sensation -- memories of Tornada's cock in her pussy, his mouth on her breasts. She growled, grinding her hips to his as she dropped her blaster and grabbed his free hand, pressing it to her left breast.

For a moment he didn't respond, his fingers motionless on the material of her vest. She tore her mouth free and stared up into his face, waves of Bliss-fueled heat making her cunt constrict. "I swear to Druentia Herself, Raq, if you don't fuck me now I will kill you."

Tornada's ebony eyes regarded her -- usually so smug she wanted to slap them out of his head -- now unsure, almost confused. The conflict made her pussy contract and gush with cream.

*It's the Bliss, Jai'Enna! Fight it! You hate this man! Remember what he did to you!*

Oh, she *did* remember. The lies and deception, the hidden fiancée, the pathetic explanation of a family duty, an arranged marriage... She remembered it all. But she didn't care.

Feeling as if she was melting into a pool of heat, she reached up and tangled her fingers in Tornada's thick, black hair. "Fuck me, Raq."

He stared into her eyes, the small pulse in his neck beating like a trapped Kelarian moth. "What's the deal, Jai?"

Jai'Enna groaned, the feel of his rigid cock pressed against the smooth curve of her mons making her blood boil and her heart hammer. "No deal, Raq." Gods, she was turning into mist! "No deal. Just touch me. Possess me. Please."

His nostrils flared. "I should warn you, Jai. I'm wearing a psyche-lock. You won't be able to get in my head tonight."

"I don't care about getting in your head, Raq!" Jai'Enna pulled his head down to hers so their lips touched and their breath mingled. "Just fuck me. *Please!*"

She captured his mouth again, plunged her tongue past his lips. Tornada's pistol clattered to the floor as he took possession of her breasts with both hands. He squeezed them, cupping their heavy weight with a fervor almost brutal in force.

Delicious pain folded through her and she arched into his body. He shoved her backward, sending an old eo-polarizer clattering to the floor as he pinned her to the wall, the sound bouncing down the corridor like a shrill alarm. His teeth closed down on her bottom lip and she whimpered, wet lust flooding to her pussy. A low groan rumbled in Tornada's chest and he sucked her tongue deeper into his mouth, all the while massaging her swollen breasts with far from gentle fingers.

She moaned, blossoms of pink heat erupting in the pit of her stomach. She'd had countless lovers in her life, but Raq Tornada was her first by choice. He knew many things about her -- including how to make her come like an untouched virgin. Hands working her breasts, he dragged his mouth from hers, scoring a line along her jaw up to the sensitive hollow just below her ear. His tongue flicked at it and she shivered, nipples puckering into taut tips of flesh that Tornada pinched immediately. "Yes... That's what I wanted."

Jolts of liquid electricity rocked through her and she gasped, staring up at the dark corridor's ceiling through the ever-increasing Bliss haze. With each harsh caress of her nipples through the material of her vest the drug's strength grew, feeding her lust and being fed by it. Soon, she would no longer care about anything except that lust. Bliss's greatest potency -- continual sexual arousal.

Tornada's hands fell from her breasts and she cried out, fury and dismay ripping through her at the loss. "Fuck you, Tornada! Don't stop!"

Black eyes glinted in the darkness. "I don't intend to."

He grabbed the front of her vest and pulled the garment open, snaring each breast as it tumbled free. His knowing hands closed over her bare flesh, pulled at her erect nipples, and she cried out again, this time with exaltation.

"Do you want me to suck these, Jai?" he asked, voice hot on her ear as he squeezed each puckered tip. "I know how much you like that. Is that what you want me to do?"

Blistering heat crashed over Jai'Enna at his words and her cunt fluttered. "Yes, you arrogant bastard," she moaned, bitter hate flooding through her as she arched her body harder to his. Druentia wept! How could she want to feel her nipples pinched by his confident, arrogant fingers, suckled by his sardonic mouth so much? "Yes, I want you to suck them. Suck and bite and gnaw on them until I scream!"

He rolled one aching nipple between thumb and forefinger, pinching it in a merciless grip that made her pussy clamp. "Remember how I made you come by just sucking your tits, Jai? Do you want me to do that now?"

Through waves of intoxicating lust, she levelled a glare at him, hating him, hating herself. "Yes. Damn you, yes!"

Tornada's lips -- lips that had explored every inch of her body many, many times -- curled into a slow grin. "Well, I'm not going to." He flicked his thumb against each nipple, chuckling at her soft gasp. "Not yet, anyway."

Jai'Enna shoved her hips forward, the coarse material of her combat trousers like a rough lover's kiss on her sex. "You bastard! Don't make me beg!"

Tornada palmed her breasts again, sending ribbons of concentrated pleasure through her. "I don't want you to beg, Jai'Enna." Pitch black eyes bored into hers. "I want you to apologize."

With a slight shift of his hips, he rubbed the swollen head of his erection against the junction of her thighs, stimulating her already throbbing clit. Jai'Enna moaned, head

giddy, limbs heavy. Gods, she was going under. Drowning in a pink ocean of rapture she could no longer fight.

She stared up at Tornada through languid eyes, breath short, pulse rapid. A surge of ravenous lust tore through her and she writhed beneath him, every fiber of her body tingling. "For what?"

Tornada smiled, that same smug smile she'd grown to love and hate during their time as lovers. "You know what. You want me to help you through this Bliss high, Jai'Enna, you apologize. Otherwise..." He lifted his hands from her breasts and stepped back.

Jai'Enna's body cried out. Her pussy clamped with denied release, her blood screamed with base greed. "Gods, I hate you, Tornada! I hate you so much!"

Tornada's eyes glinted. "I know you do, Jai. Unfortunately for me, the feeling's not mutual." With a speed matched only by Zeric, he reached out and grabbed her again, spinning her around and yanking her backward until her shoulders smashed against his rock-hard chest and her ass slammed into his even harder cock. Before she could gasp, his right hand plunged into her trousers and cupped her pussy, fingers sinking into her sodden cunt as his left hand took possession of her left breast. "Now, apologize."

Jai'Enna pushed back into his body, the memory of its heat licking at her cunt like a starved entity even as ribbons of anger twisted through the lust in her veins. "For what? Trying to kill you?" She closed her hands over his, holding them to her breast and sex with a desperate hunger that made her sick with self-contempt.

Tornada's lips pressed to her ear, his teeth nipping at the sensitive pad of her lobe. "Not for trying to kill me, Jai." His tongue flicked against her flesh and she whimpered. "For not letting me explain." He lowered his mouth and his lips nibbled on her neck, sending currents of ravenous want through her. "For leaving before I could tell you what was going on."

Jai'Enna arched into his hand, wanting to feel his hard knuckle on her clit, his squirming, wriggling fingers deeper in his cunt. "I know what was going on, Raq." She

ground her teeth, trying to stay afloat, even as waves of euphoric pleasure washed over her. "You were fucking me while you had a fiancée. I was just something to play with..." Her voice caught as he bit down on her shoulder and she closed her eyes, drowning under the tsunami of Bliss the action released. "Something to pass the time until your 'real' life began." She paused, blood boiling. "With *her*."

"My real life began the second I saw you, Jai." Tornada's lips travelled back up to her ear, hot and deliciously wet.

A spear of rage stabbed into her churning gut. "Don't lie to me again, Raq. You've told me too many lies to survive another."

"I'm not lying, Jai." He smoothed his hand across her chest, taking her other breast with a force she felt deep in the pit of her stomach. "Not now. But tell me..." he stroked the inner wall of her sex with his fingers and the air filled with the musky scent of her passion, "...why did you care so much?" He ground his cock to her ass, the material of her trousers a cruel barrier to its burning, throbbing length. "You were only using *me* to scour away the taste of all your victims on your tongue. You admitted it more than once." His hand turned brutal on her breast and she cried out, pussy gushing with fresh cream. "So why did you care so much? Why were you so angry you planted the suggestion that almost saw me executed?" He traced the outer edge of her ear with the tip of his tongue. "Neither of us are innocent here, Jai'Enna, so don't pretend otherwise. Now, why did you do it?"

"None of your --"

In the space of a heartbeat he shoved her away, yanked her trousers down over her ass and yanked her back again. "The second you used my body it became my business, Jai." His rigid cock rammed between the cheeks of her ass, a long stiff length of taunting strength stretching the material of his trousers. She cried out, wanton cunt clenching and fluttering at the thought of its thickness buried within. *Oh, yes!*

"I can make you scream with lust, Jai'Enna." His breath was hot on her ear, her neck. "You know I can. I can make you scream and beg and cry for more, but I won't until you tell me why you cared so much I was engaged to be married." He blew a soft

stream of cool air across her fevered flesh, his fingers pinching at the swollen nub of her clit, and she moaned in exquisite delight. "I need to hear it. From your lips to my ears."

Bliss a raging inferno in her body, Jai'Enna shook her head, trying to deny the aphrodisiac's demands. "No."

Tornada's palm massaged her breast. "My intended father-in-law whipped me, Jai. Did you know that?" He flicked at her nipple, hard, and her cunt constricted with need. "It was a public flogging before all the noble families of Jjor. He demanded it of my father after the humiliation and shame I'd brought upon his precious daughter."

Squirming tension unfolded in Jai'Enna at Tornada's murmured words, at the unending assault of his fingers. "I think after that, you owe me an explanation, don't you?" He squeezed her nipple again, and she cried out in pain and despicable pleasure. "Now, why did you make me tell everyone about us? Why did you care so much that you wanted me dead?"

*Tell him. Just tell him. You can make him suffer for this humiliation later, just tell him now or he won't keep touching you. And remember how much you loved being touched by him. How much you loved...*

Another cool stream of breath on her neck, her ear. Another stroking caress deep within the folds of her sex. Another teasing thrust of his concealed shaft. She whimpered, mouth dry, blood roaring. "May the gods damn you, Raq Tornada!"

"I've been damned since you left me, Jai." He thrust his tongue into her ear. "Now, tell me! Why did you care so much?"

"Because I was falling in love with you, you arrogant Jjor bastard!"

The words burst from Jai'Enna's lips before she could stop them. Filling the air. Bouncing off the walls of the corridor.

Tornada's hands stilled, his heart a pounding beat on her back. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Tight heat coiled through Jai'Enna. "Because I found out you were engaged to the High Lady of fucking Iiona!" By the gods, she hated him. Loathed him with a force greater than the Raavelian suns. But wanted him. Wanted him to take her to that



sweetest of places where nothing mattered but the eruption of their juices and the mingling of their sweat.

She ground her cunt to his hand, pressed her ass to his cock as the fire of lust and contempt took her. "When every night it was me you told you could not live without, it was *her* you were planning to live that life with!" She rammed her hand behind her back, jamming it down between their bodies, into his trousers until she closed her fingers around his cock, gripping him as intimately, as *knowingly* as he did her. "Now, tell *me*, Raq..." She gave his rigid organ a cruel squeeze, the sound of Tornada's sucked in breath like a new shot of Bliss in her system. "Tell me that lie you so much want me to hear."

His cock pulsed in her hand. "No lie, Jai. Just the simple truth. A marriage between two of the oldest Jjor noble families -- arranged before I was even born. A duty I'd prepared to deny." His lips brushed her neck and she shivered, giddy. Confused. "A family title I'd planned to rescind. For you." A groan slipped from his lips and she felt his body quiver against hers, his undeniable need feeding hers until her head swam with black stars and her heart began to palpitate. "May the gods curse me," he continued, voice hoarse and choked, "but I can't let you go."

Jai'Enna's eyelids fluttered closed and she pulled her hand free of his trousers, confusion knotting into her need as she stroked her ass up and down the length of his turgid cock. "Then don't let me go, Raq. Not when it feels soooooo good!" She slid her hands to his, pushing his fingers deeper into her constricting sex, seeking the sweetest of spots that would release the building flood of tension. If she came, perhaps *then* the drug's hold on her would be destroyed. Perhaps then she could return to her sister, take her home and forget this ever happened.

Tornada's lips pressed to her ear. "By Aop, Jai, I've missed this." His body undulated behind hers, coiled muscles like velvet steel against her back. "No one has ever made me feel like this. No one. I would renounce my title for --"

"Don't say it, Raq!" she ordered on a breath, stopping the statement before it fell from his lips. "Don't say it and don't stop." She focussed her every fiber on his delving

hand, tuning out his words. He'd said too many already. She arched her spine, grinding her clit to the base knuckle of his finger. "Please, Raq... I'm begging you. I'll apologize for anything you ask. Just. Don't. Stop."

"No, Raq," a deep, oh-so-familiar voice murmured as a warm, hard body suddenly pressed against Jai'Enna's belly and thighs. "Don't stop."

Jai'Enna snapped her eyes open and looked straight into a burning golden stare.

Zeric Arctos. Nostrils flaring, jaw clenched.

So close she could feel his heart against her breast, a thumping beat that rocked her to the core. "Zeric?"

Behind her, Tornada froze, the fingers on her breast and in her cunt locked still, and it was only then Jai'Enna noticed Zeric's right arm in her peripheral vision, heard the low thrum of a charged Guardian blaster near her ear. She didn't have to turn her head to know what it pointed at -- Raq Tornada's left temple. "Zeric, let me explain."

"I don't blame you, Jai'Enna." The words were more growl than human speech. He cupped the side of her face with his free hand, the tips of his fingers feathering over her temple with a reverent caress. "I pushed you here." His hard body pressed closer to hers and she could feel it tremble -- could feel the beast fighting for freedom within the imprisonment of Zeric's bones and muscles and sinews. "I told you to go and you went."

She stared into his face, felt his heat seep into hers. It made her body sing in a way Tornada's hadn't, even under Bliss's hideous control. He was here. Right here in front of her. Touching her.

Where she wanted him to be for the rest of their lives.

"Zeric," she said. "Please. Look at my eyes. Can you see it? This is not what it --"

She didn't finish.

Because in the time it took the word "seems" to form on her tongue, Zeric was no more, and in his stead stood the beast.

The snarling, slathering, savage beast.

With death in its golden eyes.

"Zeric, no!" Jai'Enna screamed at the exact second the werewolf lashed out.

Hot saliva spattered against her face and neck. She kicked out, shoving back into Tornada's body as she thrust her booted heels hard against the animal's massive chest. It stumbled backward, a growl of raging fury bursting past its bared teeth. Wild eyes locked on hers and a flash of agonized awareness flared in their depths, even as its tremendous body coiled for another attack.

"Zeric! Stop!"

Tornada's hands clamped down on her. *"What the fuck?"* Fear cut the shouted words. Fear, rage and stunned disbelief. His grip on her breast and cunt grew painful and her pussy fluttered with a Bliss burst. For a frozen moment, she felt insane laughter bubble up her throat. Trapped between two lovers -- one hated, the other no longer human, both ready to kill -- and her blood still boiled with the drug. Still made her want to fuck more than draw breath.

*Damn it, Jai'Enna! Fight it!*

But she couldn't. The drug wouldn't let her.

Tornada shifted behind her and Jai'Enna's heart froze. *Gods, he's going for his pistol!* Yet even *that* frightening realization couldn't kill Bliss's greedy lust. At the feel of his solid muscles against her back, a groan slipped past her lips, low. Wanton... And the beast's ears pricked -- the exact second Tornada shoved her to the side and scooped up his pistol.

"*Raq! No!*" Jai'Enna screamed, ice in her veins. She kicked out, smashing her foot against Tornada's wrist just as he leveled the barrel of his weapon straight at Zeric's fur-covered chest.

He spun to her, face incredulous. *"What the fuck are you doing, Jai?"*

But Jai'Enna wasn't listening. Staring at Tornada's gun, she tracked its arc high above her head, leapt forward and snatched it from the air just as the beast attacked.

A sharp crack shattered the air. A blue pulse bleached the room white, followed by a howl so tortured Jai'Enna's blood turned to ice. The huge grey animal flung backward, flipping in an awkward twist to land on all fours. The stench of burnt fur

and flesh stung her sinuses, acrid and smoky. She gagged, staring at the werewolf's shuddering back, the pistol hot in her hand. "Zeric?"

It swung its large head toward her, eyes twin discs of unreadable gold, bared teeth glistening with saliva. It growled once, low, savage, and ran off, thick grey fur rippling over flexing, powerful muscles as it disappeared down the shadow-ridden corridor.

Her pulse a sledgehammer in her temple and neck, Jai'Enna stared after it. Tears of Druentia! What had she done? The gun in her hand thrummed with warm energy, sending a sickening reminder up her arm and into her heart. Gods, she'd shot Zeric! She dropped the weapon, throat slamming shut as she saw her worst nightmare glistening bright red on the grimy floor, staining the shredded remains of Zeric's clothes. Blood. Pools of fresh blood.

Tornada's fingers sank into Jai'Enna's arm, strong and commanding. "What's going on, Jai? Who... *what* the fuck was that thing?"

She shot Tornada a look over her shoulder, heart a numb ball of guilt in her chest. "The man I love," she said, and smashed her clenched fist against his jaw, sending him crashing to the floor in a crumpled heap.

After pulling up her trousers and fastening her vest she snatched up her and Zeric's blasters, and took off down the corridor. After the werewolf. After Zeric.

Without a backward glance at her unconscious ex-partner.

\* \* \*

"He's here."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. My sister's here, which means he is too."

A pause emanated from the com-link, filling Cell 42 with the slight crackle of deep space. Bhel'Ais chewed on her thumbnail, waiting for a response. Who knew how long Jak would be out of their cell hunting down Jai'Enna? She didn't have much time.

A slight buzz vibrated from the com, followed by Hrung Crortek's low, almost dead rasp. "Have you seen him?"

Bhel'Ais' pussy fluttered at the dominating power in her master's voice and she rubbed her thighs together, clit a throbbing button of insatiable need. "No. But he's here. I am sure of it."

"How sure, slave?"

"If I'm mistaken may you whip me until I cannot stand and tie me to the tower in the center dais for anyone to use."

Crortek chuckled. "I'm happy to hear the Yrathian has not tainted your perversity, slave. It would be a shame after all my hard work and training."

Bhel'Ais touched her fingertips lightly to the thin bio-metal collar around her throat and for a moment the thought of Jak holding her in his arms became almost palpable. Holding her, caring for her. Doing everything he must to keep her alive... "He has not tainted me, Master," she answered, each word on her tongue as slicing as the bite of Crortek's whip. "I am still your willing servant."

Crortek's chuckle vibrated from the com again, smug and conceited. "As you always will be, Bhel'Ais. I shall be there within two clicks. Do not let the Terran leave the station. Do whatever you must to keep him there."

"Yes, Master."

Another pause. Then, "Oh, and Bhel'Ais? I want your sister, too. Do you understand?"

Cold misery stabbed at Bhel'Ais' heart, even as salacious tension unfurled in her sex. "Yes, my Master," she answered. "I understand."

Crortek's chuckle bubbled into a full, fertile laugh. "Good. Very, very good."

\* \* \*

Tracking Zeric was easy. Jai'Enna just followed the trail of blood.

His path led deeper down the service corridor, heading into the guts of the space station. The damp smell of disuse and neglect threaded through her breath, cut by a musky scent she knew leeches from the werewolf. It sliced at her being. If the ever-growing splatters of blood on the floor didn't speak of Zeric's condition, the smell of it on the air did. *Druentia wept*. She'd done that to him. She'd shot him.

*And if you hadn't? Would you be dead? Tornada too? Or would Raq have killed Zeric as Zeric tore your Bliss-fueled flesh apart?*

She didn't have an answer.

Shoving Zeric's blaster into her trousers at the small of her back, her own tucked away in its holster on her thigh, Jai'Enna continued along the dim passageway, peering into the reaching shadows. When she found him -- whether man or beast -- she wanted him to see she meant him no harm.

*What? Apart from shooting him already, you mean?*

Jai'Enna scowled at the thought. Gods, let her find him alive.

All around her, the shadows of the passageway loomed and stretched, as though to strangle the dim glow cast from the grime-covered lights. It made seeing any more than four steps ahead almost impossible. All she had to go on was Zeric's blood, and like a double-edged sword, there was plenty of that to see.

A chill rippled up her spine and over her scalp, making her hair feel alive, and she sped up, heart thumping so hard in her chest she swore the space station shuddered with its force. If she found Zeric dead...

A growl sounded before her in the dark -- so low she almost missed it. *By the gods, thank y --*

A black shape stirred in the gloom and suddenly the werewolf stepped toward her.

Jai'Enna's breath caught. "Zeric, it's me." She held out her hands, wanting him to see them empty. "I'm alone."

The werewolf stared at her, muzzle creasing as it bared teeth long and sharp.

"I didn't want to shoot you, Zeric," she said, her heart trying to pound its way out of her chest. "But if I didn't, Tornada would have."

The werewolf growled again, bristles raised.

Jai'Enna took a step forward, smelling the coppery tang of blood in the air. "If Tornada shot you, you'd be dead now. I couldn't let that happen." She gave a short little laugh, mouth dry. "I kinda like the idea of you being alive."

The beast stared at her, motionless. She took another step forward, right hand extended, fingertips almost brushing the stiff white whiskers of the animal's muzzle. A deep *gnarr* rumbled in its chest and it took a step backward, shoulders bunched, haunches dropping.

Jai'Enna's throat slammed shut. "Zeric?"

For a moment, it didn't move. Its golden eyes held hers. And then, neck arching into a savage bow, it threw back its head and howled.

Tormented grief drilled into Jai'Enna's head. Loud. Agonizing. Eyes squeezed shut, she fell to her knees, slapping her hands to her ears. "Merciful Goddess!" she cried. "Zeric, I'm sorry."

The howl continued. Louder. Louder. Louder. Until it was Zeric's scream that filled the passageway. Zeric's tortured, horrified scream. Not the beast's.

Naked, trembling and drenched in sweat, he stared down at her, chest heaving, nostrils flaring. "You bring out the worst in me, Jai'Enna Ti. And the worst is a killer."

Jai'Enna climbed to her feet, refusing to look away. "I've known more than one killer in my life, Zeric Arctos, and I've never counted you as --"

Ripping agony suddenly etched Zeric's face, killing Jai'Enna's words. A shudder wracked his body and, bright red blood bursting from a hideous wound low in his stomach, he pitched forward and collapsed to the floor. As still as death.

## Chapter Six

By Aop, he hurt.

Tornada clambered to his feet, peering into the dim corridor as he placed a hand on his jaw, gingerly rubbing the excruciating ball of tender heat left by Jai'Enna's fist. She was going to pay for that -- in the most delicious, sweat-inducing way imaginable admittedly -- but she was still going to pay. He had to give it to her though; she knew how to throw a punch.

The musky scent of her juices still coating his fingers invaded his senses and his cock twitched at the alluring memory of his hand on Jai'Enna's cunt. With sheer force he ignored the response. There would be time to finish what they'd started later. For now, he had to pinpoint her location on the space station.

An image of the Terran Boundary Guardian filled his head, golden eyes looking at Jai'Enna with burning remorse.

Tornada's pulse quickened and he scowled. He knew exactly where his ex-partner was: with the Terran -- or the creature Zeric Arctos had become.

Reaching for the small activation key embedded just below his ear, Tornada pressed it, translocating back to his ship in a swirl of light and color. He'd planted a tiny nanobot in the folds of Jai'Enna's sex seconds before Arctos's unexpected arrival. By now, the bot would be attached deep in her pussy, transmitting a locator signal so powerful it could be registered twenty clicks away. Nothing could dislodge it and only *he* could remove or deactivate it -- a job he looked forward to immensely after he had her back in his possession. His ship's bio-scan would locate her in a microsecond and he'd translocate directly to her exact coordinates.



Wherever she was, she was with the Terran, and Tornada had no delusions about the Boundary Guardian's strength. Taking *that* motherfucker down would require an arsenal.

Fortunately for Tornada, he had one.

\* \* \*

Jai'Enna dropped to the passageway's filthy floor, staring at Zeric's motionless form. Druentia wept, was he breathing?

Limbs askew, he lay sideways, matted hair hiding his face, the oozing wound on his side red, violent and angry. "Curse you, Zeric," she whispered, touching his shoulder with trembling fingers. "Please be alive."

A soft, almost inaudible moan answered her and she choked back a sob of relief. "Oh, thank you, Druentia. Thank you, thank you, thank you." With infinite care, she rolled him to his back, worry pressing on her chest. Another moan slipped from his lips and she flinched, guilt stabbing into her gut.

She ran a worried inspection over his body, hissing in a sharp breath when she reached his stomach. The pulse-pistol's charge had struck him just above his right hip, an ugly wound larger than her fist now eating at his side. Swollen and raw, it leaked blood and pus, staining the scorched flesh surrounding it, flesh still covered in fine, grey fur. Guilt stung her again and she reached out, touching the blistered skin. "I need to get you to a doctor," she muttered, looking around the dim corridor for something, *anything*, to dress the wound with.

Nothing. Just grime-coated, neglected equipment and forgotten components.

"Shit!"

They were in the guts of the space station, and she knew nothing about Terran anatomy. Even *less* about the anatomy of the beast Zeric became. Who *would* know that? Worry gnawed at her, a ravenous creature starved of sustenance. What was she going to do?

Sliding one heavy, muscled arm around her shoulder, she stood, pulling Zeric's limp body with her. She had to move him. Get him somewhere clean and bright so she

could see the Jjor pistol's devastation more clearly. She had to get him someplace safe before Tornada regained consciousness and came after her. If he found her -- if he found *Zeric* -- who knew what he'd do? After seeing Zeric change into an animal unlike any in the two Boundaries, after being *attacked* by it... A shiver raced up Jai'Enna's spine. Tornada would not let Zeric walk away. It wasn't in his nature.

She pushed deeper down the corridor, the heat from Zeric's body wrapping around her like a suffocating blanket, his massive weight almost too heavy to bear. Her muscles screamed in protest but she ignored them. She had to get him somewhere safe. Her muscles could just shut the fuck up and deal with it.

Five steps later she found a room.

Small and cluttered with outmoded equipment, it was far from perfect. But it had a door, a light and a bench, and -- if she could access its data-terminal -- an internal com-link. As soon as she knew Zeric was stable, she'd hot-wire the thing and get a doctor down here.

She crossed the threshold and lowered Zeric to the bench, relief sweeping through her limbs the moment his weight left her body. She straightened, fists pushed to the small of her back as she looked around the little room. What she needed first was something to stop the blood.

A sharp groan jerked her attention back to Zeric and she dropped to her knees, shooting a worried look at the --

Stunned disbelief shot through her.

The wound was gone. Completely. Replaced by a dull red smudge, as if someone had painted Zeric's flesh with red dye and then partially rubbed the liquid away, and even *that* mark seemed to be fading as she stared at it.

Jai'Enna's pulse pounded and she gave her head a slight shake, unable to believe what she saw.

"Jai'Enna?"

Zeric's voice -- wavering and etched in pain -- jerked her attention back to his face and she found him gazing at her with that almost hypnotic gold stare. Relief and

joy flooded through her. "Damn you, Arctos!" She reached up, brushing a strand of sweat dampened hair from his forehead. "Don't scare me like that."

He snatched her wrist in a tight fist, removing her hand from his hair before climbing to his feet, eyes flinty and cold as he yanked her upright. "Since when have you been a Bliss user, Jai'Enna?"

The question -- both blunt and unexpected -- surprised her. A numb beat thumped in her temple and she stared up at him, the warm joy in her heart chilled. "I'm glad you're still alive too, Zeric," she said, chin tilted.

Anger flared across his face. "Answer the question."

Jai'Enna straightened her shoulders, meeting his glare. "Bhel'Ais injected it into my neck."

Zeric's eyes narrowed. "Why?"

She shook her head, numb grief twisting through her. "I don't know, but if it means anything at all, I didn't want her to do so."

"Unlike the Jjor finger-fucking you in the corridor."

The cold statement cut deep into her soul, but she refused to flinch. "Yes. Unlike that."

Contempt flared in Zeric's eyes. "Who is he?"

Jai'Enna stomach churned but she refused to look away. "Raq Tornada. My ex-Intel-Patrol Corp partner."

Zeric shook his head. "He's more than that, Jai'Enna. The fear in his eyes when I held a gun to his head wasn't for himself, but for you. Fear for *your* life, not his."

Jai'Enna pulled a silent breath, chest constricted. "He was also my lover. For three moon-cycles."

A visible wave of tension rippled through Zeric's body. "How is he here now?"

"The head of the agency sent him after me."

"And that's why his finger was buried between your thighs?"

The question stung, but Jai'Enna ignored the pain. "No, his finger was buried between my thighs because my sister pumped me full of Bliss."

Zeric's eyes narrowed again. "So, apart from being in love with you, what does he want?"

Jai'Enna clenched her teeth. "He's *not* in love with me."

"I'm not stupid, Jai'Enna. I know you can somehow get into a person's mind while fucking them and make them do what you want -- I witnessed you do it to Jak twice -- but what I saw in the Jjor's eyes was truer and more clear than the Picillian sky. He's in love with you. Would kill for you."

Jai'Enna's blood roared in her ears and she stared at Zeric's scowling face. She didn't want to think about the implication behind his observation. She couldn't think about Raq Tornada's feelings for her. Not now. There were more important things to consider. Like *how* Zeric knew about her planted suggestions? She'd never explained to him what she could do to someone in the throes of an orgasm. It wasn't the easiest thing to explain, especially not when she'd tried to do it to him. But here he was, throwing it in her face as if it was a contemptuous thing.

*Isn't it?*

No. It was a life-saving thing. Hers and her sister's. They'd both be dead if it wasn't for her unique ability -- or worse -- slaves. Fucked for someone else's pleasure.

"Answer my question, Jai'Enna." Zeric's voice was cold, his eyes colder. "Why is he here?"

"My boss wants me brought in for debriefing."

"Are you going?"

Jai'Enna straightened. "That depends on you, Zeric Arctos. You told me half a day ago you wanted me to go away." She lifted her chin. "Do you still want that? Now that you've seen another man's hands on my body? *In* my body?"

With a sharp snarl, Zeric closed the distance between them, his hard thighs brushing hers as he gazed down into her face, as if searching her soul for something. She stared back at him, wanting him to find what he looked for -- what she knew was in her heart and his. Love. "No, Jai'Enna," he said finally, his deep voice like the caress of smoke. "I don't." And with those four simple words, he folded his arms around her

waist and yanked her to his sweat-slicked body. "I don't want another man *ever* touching you, and I don't *ever* want you to go away."

Strong and desperate fingers sank into her ass cheeks, the long, thick shaft of his cock already a rigid pole against her belly.

Her pussy flooded with moisture and she slid her palms up Zeric's torso, across the hard curves of his chest and into the tangle of his hair. "Then I guess I just quit the agency."

Sheer joy flashed through Zeric's eyes and he kissed her.

His tongue delved into her mouth, battled with her own. He dragged his hands up her back, cupping her face in his large hands as he drank from her lips. Their teeth clicked, their tongues mated. Ribbons of concentrated pleasure unfurled in Jai'Enna's center, making her pussy contract. She pushed her hips to his, wanting his cock in a way she could not fathom. It wasn't just sex. Bliss no longer ruled her desire. It was the act of connecting with him -- of their two bodies becoming one -- joined on an elemental level.

A soft whimper sounded in her throat, and she pulled his head harder to hers. He took her tongue deeper into his mouth, his body a warm wall of solid heat against hers. It seeped into her bones, made her pussy flood with moisture. She lifted one leg and wrapped it around his, her cunt aligned with his cock denied contact by the cursed material of her trousers.

Zeric dropped his hand to the back of her thigh and slid a scorching path up to the curve of her ass. He yanked her closer, his cock grinding to her sex, branding it his own even through her clothes. With a growl he lifted his head, golden eyes boring down into hers as he sucked in a ragged breath. "This is not the place to make love to you, Jai'Enna," he ground out. "Not here in this dank room surrounded by dust and derelict equipment."

The hoarse confession sent wet pleasure gushing into Jai'Enna's pussy. She rubbed her sex up the length of his turgid shaft, knotting her hands in his hair tighter.

"If you think you can stop what you're doing right now, Zeric Arctos... after all these days of denying me..."

He chuckled, the sound both dirty and resolute. "Are you threatening me, ex-Intel-Patrol Corp Agent?"

She arched an eyebrow. "You'd better believe it, Boundary Guardian."

He chuckled again and -- before she could move -- pulled his blaster from the small of her back, threw it to the floor and grabbed her ass with both hands, hauling her off her feet. "We Boundary Guardians don't take threats lightly," he snarled, the smoldering rod of his cock pressed hard to her sodden sex. "I'll have to reprimand you."

Jai'Enna laughed, curling her arms around his neck and pressing her forehead to his. "Oh, reprimand me, Guardian. Reprimand me."

He spun around, ramming her back to the wall and taking her mouth with his again. His tongue punished her, a wicked assault that made her blood sing and her heart hammer. He raked a hand up her ribcage and under her vest, greedy fingers finding one passion-heavy breast, squeezing its swollen weight until she cried into his mouth. Her pussy throbbed, eager to be fed. She arched into his body, the musky scent of his sweat -- so uniquely his -- threading through each breath she took. It drove her wild. Gods, he was here!

"Jezu, Jai'Enna," he growled into her mouth, hands squeezing her ass and breast with barely controlled frenzy. "How did I keep away from you?"

"Strong-willed?" Jai'Enna offered, feeling her temperature rise as he pinched at her nipple.

Zeric shook his head, rolling the tight peak of her puckered nipple between thumb and fingers. "Stupidity."

Currents of wet electricity shot through her, from breast to cunt. "Well, there is that," she moaned, bowing her back so his hand pushed harder to her flesh.

Sharp, even teeth nipped down on her neck, followed by a low chuckle. "Bitch."

"Yes," Jai'Enna replied, eyelids fluttering closed. She drew in a long, lazy breath, the taste of her lover on the air more potent than Bliss could ever be. Her pulse leapt into fevered life and she thrust her hips again, feeling Zeric's cock grind against her pussy with an urgency she understood all too easily. "Now stop calling me names and fuck me. You've made me wait too long already."

With a fierce snarl, Zeric spun and threw her to the bench, eyes ablaze as he stood over her. "I don't know if I can control the beast, Jai'Enna."

She looked up at him, resting her weight on her elbows as her fingers moved to the front of her vest. "I don't want you to, Zeric." She slid the garment open, and Zeric sucked in a sharp breath, his eyes feasting greedily on the sight of her breasts tumbling free. "I want *everything* you are," she said, circling each rock-hard nipple with her fingers. "And I want it now."

Nostrils flaring, Zeric dropped to his knees, grabbed at the waistline of her trousers and ripped them from her legs. Cold air lashed at her fevered flesh and she whimpered, knowing what was coming next, hungering for it like never before.

Grabbing her bent knees, Zeric shoved her thighs wide, exposing her sopping cunt to his gaze. Breath shallow and rapid, he stared at it for a long moment, his inspection so intense Jai'Enna squirmed beneath its scorching weight. "Touch yourself," he ordered, smoldering gaze flicking to hers for a split second. "Show me where you want my tongue."

Jai'Enna let her body fall back to the chilly metal bench and she slid her hands to her sex. She traced the velvet-soft lips of her pussy, the feel of her slick juices on her skin making her moan. She moved her fingers, parting her nether-lips to reveal the tiny button of her clit. "Here," she said, planting her feet on Zeric's knees and raising her hips. "I want your tongue here."

Zeric complied. Taking her wrists, he pressed his mouth to her parted sex, flicking at her clit with the tip of his tongue.

Jai'Enna bucked, biting on her bottom lip as exquisite tension twisted through her. She closed her eyes, reveling in the sensations Zeric's mouth created, wanting it never to end.

He drew the small nub of flesh past his teeth, suckling on it for a lingering moment. Jai'Enna bucked again, liquid heat gushing to her pussy. Zeric's tongue lapped at it, the soft slurping sound driving her wild. "Jezu, I love your cream," he said, lifting his head for the briefest moment to gaze down the length of her body. "It's like ambrosia to me. Potent and intoxicating." He moved her hands back to her cunt, directing her fingers to her sodden slit. "Taste it."

The order made Jai'Enna's cunt constrict. She stared at him, breath shallow as she slowly slid one finger, then two, past the slick folds of her pussy. Her tight, wet muscles gripped them and she moaned again, the sound joining Zeric's as he watched. She pumped into her sex, rocking into her hand until a blistering heat blossomed in the pit of her stomach. Fuck, she could come right now! Just the look in Zeric's eyes was almost enough to push her over the brink.

*No. Not yet! Not after being so long deprived...*

She withdrew her hand, dragging it over the smooth curves of her mons, her flat belly, up to her breasts, circling one nipple and then the other before slipping her fingers past her parted lips.

Zeric's eyes widened. He stared at her mouth, one hand moving to the long, thick length of his engorged cock jutting from the dark thatch above his balls, the other replacing Jai'Enna's on her pussy. "You taste good, don't you," he said, rubbing the pad of his thumb over her throbbing clit.

Jai'Enna nodded, raw pleasure consuming her. Her breasts ached with swollen desire and she captured one with her free hand, cupping and squeezing it with a need almost brutal. Zeric echoed her fierce rhythm, working both his cock and her clit with the same harsh beat. "Show me where else you want my tongue, Jai'Enna," he ordered, voice steady even as his eyes grew wild. "Touch it with your fingers."



Waves of squirming tension rolling through her, Jai'Enna moved her hand from her mouth, touching her left nipple, then her right. "Here."

Zeric dropped his head and captured her breast, sucking the puckered tip of flesh with such savage need her head swam. He closed his teeth down, shards of painful pleasure rupturing through her, and she cried out, jerking against the hand on her cunt. "Gods, yes, Zeric!"

His lips scored a searing path across her chest, taking her right nipple, already aching in anticipation, between his teeth. She writhed beneath him, every fiber of her being thrumming with an energy older than time. He suckled at her breast, his teeth and tongue teasing her flesh with languid care, drawing from her whimpers of delight more carnal than any sound she'd made before. Her pussy wept for fulfillment, saturated with cream and throbbing with such force she wanted to scream. She rammed her hips to his, his turgid cock a device of torture -- so close to the very center of her existence but still a separate entity. "Gods, Zeric!" she gasped, pushing his head harder to her breast even as she longed to pull it free. It was too much. She was going insane. "Gods, please..."

With a growl he jerked his head up, leaving her nipple distended and red. "Please what, Jai'Enna?"

Eyes squeezed shut, she shook her head, body a coursing charge of wanton electricity, waiting for contact. "Just... please."

"Show me where you want my tongue." The repeated order was strained. "Touch it with your fingers, and I'll suck and lick and bite until you scream *my* name to the Nine Heavens."

Jai'Enna stared up into his face, her cunt pulsating as he rubbed his thumb backward and forward over her clit. She felt her muscles contract, felt the wall of pressure building. Gods, she was so close to coming. Pushing her hips higher, she raked her hand back down her body, placing it over Zeric's. She threaded her fingers between his, touching her clit, feeling it throb. "Here. Oh, please, by the love of Druentia herself, here."

"As you wish, Jai'Enna," he murmured, eyes aflame. He lowered his head between her thighs once more, removing his hand and hers before taking possession of her dripping sex with his mouth. She bucked, ramming her pussy onto his lashing tongue, a keening noise rising from her throat.

He gripped her hip with one hand, a punishing hold that sent a surge of heat to her center, even as she felt his body rock in time to his own beat. The realization he pumped his cock with his other hand made Jai'Enna moan and she tossed her head from side to side, wanting his mouth on her cunt and his cock *in* her cunt at once. It was an impossibility, and she cried out again, molten pleasure ripping through her veins with each stab and flick of Zeric's tongue in her sex. "Gods, Zeric!"

His mouth didn't stop, his tongue delving past her throbbing folds with increasing tempo. She gasped, muscles constricting, blood roaring. "Please, by the gods!" she cried. "Zeric, please!"

He lifted his head, eyes twin discs of golden fire. "Tell me where you want my cock, Jai'Enna," he growled, and Jai'Enna heard the beast in his words. "You taste so good, I can't hold on for much longer." The hand on her hip dug harder into her flesh. "Before I lose control, let me fuck you like a man. Tell me where you want my cock."

A shiver of wanton fear rippled over Jai'Enna's flesh. "I want your cock in my cunt so much it hurts, Zeric."

With a savage snarl, muscles contorting and changing even as he did so, he heaved her hips to his, his enormous cock punching into her sodden cunt in one powerful stroke that filled her completely and made her scream with pleasure. "Yes, Zeric! Yes, yes, yes!"

A howl rent the air, long and raw and utterly wild. Heart hammering, Jai'Enna stared up at him. Watched his body shudder as the beast tore free of his control and took him. Watched as the man buried inside her became the beast buried inside *him*. The beast she loved. Zeric. Their bodies rocked together, joined utterly and completely. His cock pumped into her with frenzied rhythm... faster, faster, faster. Claws sank into her hips, puncturing her skin. She screamed -- in lust, pleasure and absolute rapture.

Zeric threw back his head and howled again, the sound of release and possession so primitive it was the final blow for her own control. She cried out, sinking her hands into his thick fur as her cunt contracted, milking his seed from his cock.

He stayed sheathed in her pulsating sex as his heartbeat slowly, slowly returned to a steady, even beat, his glowing werewolf eyes gazing at her with heady passion. With each slowing penetration she felt the coarse fur underneath her hands soften. Soften, thin and then disappear, until smooth warm flesh pressed hers, and Zeric, the man once again, filled her, human body dripping sweat, human eyes gazing at her with wonderment.

They stared at each other for a still moment, before Zeric placed his mouth gently to hers. "I'm sorry," he whispered against her lips.

Jai'Enna cupped his jaw in her palms. "If you *ever* apologize for that, I will be forced to shoot you."

Zeric laughed, body trembling against hers. "What? Again?"

Closing her eyes, Jai'Enna snuggled into his chest. "Gods, don't remind me." A slight frown wrinkled her forehead and she drew back a little, looking up into his face. "How can you heal like that? I thought I'd killed you."

Zeric shook his head, smoothing his hands up and down her back. "I don't know. I just can."

"How many times has it happened before?"

Zeric's eyebrows shot up. "The change while I'm making love?" He gave a dirty snort. "Just once, babe."

A warm finger of delight pressed to Jai'Enna's still fluttering pussy at the number. *Just once*. She smiled. "You know what I mean. How many times have you almost died and the..."

"Werewolf?"

"... and the werewolf healed you?"

A shimmer of something ominous and lost crossed Zeric's face. "Twice."

The set of his jaw told Jai'Enna not to question him further. They had a whole lifetime together to discover who they were. Now, in a grimy, forgotten storage room, was not the time to begin. She tucked her head under his chin again, breathing in his scent, feeling his steady breath feather the top of her head. A smile played over her lips and she sighed. With Zeric's hands on her body, she could forget everything; her sister's deception, her boss's recall orders. Raq Tornada's sudden reappearance in her --

Jai'Enna's eyes snapped open. *Gods! Tornada!*

How had she forgotten Raq Tornada? She'd hit him hard, so hard her fist still hurt, but she knew Raq well. Nothing took him out for long. And after the noise Zeric had just made... "Zeric! I forgot about Tornada. He'll come after me."

Zeric's roaming hands on her back stilled and Jai'Enna felt stiff tension roll through him. "Let him try," he stated, arms pulling her impossibly closer.

"No." A rush of delight came at the unspoken promise of protection but she ignored it. "I mean, he'll come after me *now*. I'm surprised he's not here already."

Zeric looked down at her, eyes unreadable. "If he was?"

Jai'Enna danced her fingertips across his chest. "I'd tell him the same thing I did nine moon-cycles ago. He has exactly five seconds to get as far away from me as possible before I cut off his dick."

Zeric grinned and his cock, pressed against the warmth of her pussy, twitched. "Then we better hope he doesn't find us, because as a Boundary Guardian I couldn't let that kind of violence occur in my presence."

Jai'Enna raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

Zeric's grin vanished and he looked at her with smoldering seriousness. "And if I don't get to make love to you again soon, I'll go insane."

Jai'Enna's breath caught. Unadulterated trust shone in Zeric's golden eyes. Trust in her. She lifted her hands from his chest and placed her fingertips on his temples, tracing two slow lines over the strong angles of his cheekbones down to the fullness of his bottom lip. "I don't want you insane, Zeric," she murmured, watching the tip of his

tongue flick out at her fingers, feeling his warm breath kiss her flesh. "I just want you. In every way possible."

Zeric smiled against her fingertips, the action almost sad. "Does that include covered in fur?"

Jai'Enna smiled back. "Most definitely covered in fur." She reached forward and pressed her lips to his in a soft kiss. "Haven't I called you my animal more than once?"

With slow pressure, her body held so close to his, he stood and slid her to the floor. She could feel the swift intake of breath he took as the warm junction of her thighs dragged his cock downward, a friction she knew would send jolts of pleasure to his balls. Her feet landed on the floor and they stood, staring into each other's eyes for a long moment.

Zeric's jaw clenched, his Adam's apple jumping as he swallowed. Once. Twice. He reached for her face and cupped it with one hand, brushing the pad of his thumb along the line of her bottom lip. "I love you, Jai'Enna Ti. Nothing in the two Boundaries will ever change that."

"I beg to differ, Boundary Guardian," the low, rasping voice of Hrung Crortek said as he stepped into the room, Ornithion de-atomizer levelled squarely at Zeric's head. "I can think of quite a few things, actually, and I look forward to discussing them with you in detail. Just before I kill the Raavelian cunt and drain every last drop of that remarkable, valuable blood from your veins, that is."

## Chapter Seven

Zeric froze -- for a heartbeat. With a sudden move, he shoved Jai'Enna behind him, shielding her from Crortek's line of fire with his body. She dropped to a crouch and relief rushed through him -- until he realized she was going for their blasters.

"Drop them, Raavelian!" Crortek ordered, soulless white eyes boring into Zeric's. "Or your lover dies right this second."

"Crortek, you son of a Shikz-fucking whore," Zeric heard Jai'Enna snarl as she rose to her feet, blaster aimed straight at the Ornithion's scaled chest. "Do you really think you're going to walk away from this alive?"

Crortek's thin lips stretched into a wide smile, revealing row after row of needle-sharp teeth. "Of course I do. We've battled once before, remember? I know your weaknesses better than you do."

Zeric's preternatural senses -- already on edge thanks to the beast -- felt the air displace around Jai'Enna as her muscles tensed, heard the surge of adrenaline quicken her pulse. "You have no idea who you're fucking with, Crortek," she said, voice deadly. "After what you did to my sister, you think I'm going to let you live?"

A laugh burst from the bone-thin Ornithion's throat, scales rasping like dead flesh. "You're very amusing, Jai'Enna. Perhaps I will keep you alive after all. For my personal entertainment. I've been told you give the most amazing blows jobs imaginable."

"Anytime you're ready, Crortek," Jai'Enna snarled. "I'd love to have your pissy little prick in my mouth."

Cold rage tore through Zeric, a palpable entity in his veins. The beast roared for release but he forced it still. "I like the scar on your face, Crortek," he commented with a deliberately off-handed tone. "A nice reminder of our last meeting, yes?" The spines on

Crortek's back flared and Zeric chuckled. "Interesting to note you left not a mark on me." He held out his arms, smiling as the Ornithion's dead-white gaze flickered over his naked body. "As, I'm sure, you can plainly see."

Contempt descended over Crortek's face. "I will be doing more than leaving my mark when I'm done with you, Terran." He paused, back spines quivering. "Or should I say 'animal'?"

Zeric growled. Short. Sharp. Savage.

"Enough!" Jai'Enna's voice cut the air. She lifted her blaster higher -- moving it from Crortek's chest to his head. "Drop the de-atomizer, Crortek, or I'll blow your ugly fucking head through the wall behind you."

Crortek laughed, smug and condescending. "Not the wisest thing to do, Jai'Enna. Especially when I'm holding all the cards." He flicked his head to the left and two massive, fully armed Boaronians stepped from the shadows of the corridor into the small room, each shoving a person before them with violent glee. Both beaten. Both bloody.

Bhel'Ais Ti and Jak V't'an.

Zeric's heart stopped. *Jezu!*

"Oh, gods," Jai'Enna whispered. "No!"

She lunged forward -- just as Crortek swung his de-atomizer and rammed it hard into Bhel'Ais' temple.

"Jai'Enna! It's a trap!" Jak roared, thrashing against the Boaronian holding him, blue eyes furious. "Just shoot the fucker! Shoot the fucker now!"

"Jai!" Bhel squealed, tears streaming down her face. "Don't let him kill me! Please, don't let him kill me!"

"Don't trust her, Jai'Enna!" Jak yelled, and Zeric's blood ran cold. "She's working for --" A thick fist smashed down on Jak's head and the Boaronian holding him let out a loud laugh.

"Drop it, Jai'Enna!" Crortek cut him short. "Or everyone you love dies, starting with your baby sister."

Zeric flicked his attention from Crortek, to Jai'Enna, to Jak, slumped low in the Boaronian's tight grip. His partner stared at him, face almost beaten to pulp, eyes screaming the message Jai'Enna refused to hear. *Trap.*

Zeric swung back to the woman he loved -- just in time to see the blaster fall from her hands and clatter to the floor at her feet.

*Jezu, no.*

"Don't worry, Bhel," she said, grief stripping her voice as she took a step forward. "I'm here, baby. Everything will be fine. I promise."

Crortek's laughter rung out, bouncing off the walls of the small room, growing louder and more triumphant with each hollow note. "No it won't, Jai'Enna." He chortled, lowering the de-atomizer to cast her a smug look. "Everything will be far from fine." He turned to Bhel'Ais and held out his hand, claw-tipped fingers closing around hers as she placed her palm to his and stepped into his waiting embrace.

*"Noooo!"* Jai'Enna's scream cut the air. Horrified. Traumatized.

As the Boaronian once holding Bhel'Ais lunged forward and rammed a charged sub-neuron blaster to Zeric's temple, he watched her lift her stunning face and look up at Crortek with pure devotion; the subservient slave deeply in love with her master.

"You see, Raavelian?" Crortek smirked, hooking sharp claws into Bhel's jaw to make her turn her face to Jai'Enna. "Every weakness you have..."

"Bhel?" Jai'Enna's voice cracked, confusion etched on her face as she stared at her sister.

Bhel's violet gaze fixed on Jai'Enna's, at once lost and somehow malicious. "You're not the only creature of sex in our family, Jai."

Crortek laughed again. "I love a family reunion, don't you?" White stare turning to Zeric, he handed his de-atomizer to Bhel'Ais, teeth flashing in the room's dull light. "Almost as much as I love an obedient slave." Bhel'Ais took the weapon, her small hands wrapping around its grip with eager haste. "Now, slave," he said, stepping from her side to stand beside the beaten Jak, dead white eyes still locked on Zeric's. "Shoot the Yrathian."



Fury smashed through Zeric's blood and he lunged, jerking against the Boaronian's greasy grip. "You fucking bastard! No!" The Boaronian snarled, smashing the sub-neuron blaster's butt into his neck with a solid jab.

"Zeric!" Jai'Enna's scream filled his head as he fell to his knees, hot pain exploding in his body. He raised his head, staring across the room through a red haze of agony at Jak. The beast roared for freedom but, with more effort than ever before, he forced it still. He needed a clear head. Jai'Enna's life, Jak's life... Jezu, even Bhel'Ais' life could be lost if he succumbed. He needed to stay in control if he was to keep them alive -- and all the beast, the werewolf, wanted to do was kill.

Jak gave him a long, steady look, a lopsided smile playing over his mouth -- *It's been fun, partner* -- and then turned to Bhel'Ais. "It'll hurt you more than me, Bhel," he murmured. "And it'll do so forever."

"Bhel!" Jai'Enna cried out. "Gods, baby, don't!"

Bhel'Ais raised the de-atomizer and levelled its barrel on Jak's chest. "I'm not a baby anymore, Jai." Her hands trembled, her breath hitched and then, indigo stare blank, she fired.

Jak's body flung backward, an awkward arc finishing in a solid thump as he struck the floor. Limp. Motionless.

"Jaaak!" Zeric screamed. He lunged to his feet, the beast almost breaking free of its mental prison.

The Boaronian smashed its club-like fist into his neck and he fell to his knees again.

"Zeric!" Jai'Enna cried. That exact moment, a shimmying fracture of light erupted in the middle of the small room.

Jjor disrupter in hand, Raq Tornada suddenly stood there, icy anger on his face, the kaleidoscope lights of translocation still swirling around his restructured form as he stepped toward Jai'Enna. "You're going to pay for --" he began.

"Jjor!" Zeric roared at him, the word thick in his throat as the beast fought for release. "Get Jai'Enna! Get her out of here now!"

Tornada froze.

"Stop him!" Crortek screeched, lunging for Bhel and his de-atomizer.

The Boaronians opened fire. Bolts of pure eo-energy cut the air, narrowly missing Tornada's head to vaporise chunks of the wall behind him. With barely a blink of his black eyes, he turned, aimed his disrupter and disintegrated the closest Boaronian. In a single leap, he destroyed the space between him and Jai'Enna and whipped his arm around her waist. "Time to go, sweetheart," Zeric heard him say.

Jai'Enna's eyes snapped wide. "Let me go, you --"

In an abrupt rupture of fractured light and color, she and Tornada disappeared -- as if they'd never been there.

"Fuck!" Crortek screamed, a bolt of black light ripping through the air as he blasted the space where Jai'Enna had just been.

Zeric leapt to his feet, blood thick, senses heightened to a painful point, the change so close he could feel his bones begin to thrum. "Hey, Crortek!"

Crortek swung around, white eyes ablaze.

"It's just me, now, Ornithion. Think you can handle that?"

The crime lord's mouth stretched into a wide smile and the spines on his back flared. "Terran, by the time I'm finished with you, there'll be nothing left *to* handle. Just the drained corpse of an animal whose blood made me more money than all the nobility of the Inner Boundaries combined." His dead eyes flickered with smug triumph as he raised his de-atomizer and aimed it at Zeric's chest. "I'll be so wealthy I'll be able to *buy* the Unified Parliament and turn it into a Bliss den. Now, lay down on the ground like the animal you are." He gave a low, snide snort of glee, spines flaring. "I want to give your belly a rub."

Zeric gave the Ornithion a slow, cold smile, nails hooking into claws in his fists. "You want me to be an animal, Crortek? Then an animal I'll be. Are you ready?"

And with that he released his hold on the beast in his blood and threw himself at the Ornithion. One second a man. The next, a wild, savage werewolf.

An ancient creature with one single purpose. To kill.

## Epilogue

Raq Tornada strode through the stark and minimal corridors of the Intel-Patrol Corps' main building on Pietrus One, deep in the Central Cluster of the Inner Boundaries. His hand rested lightly on the butt of his disrupter, an unspoken message to all he passed. Weapons were not permitted in any Intel-Patrol Corp building, but that mattered little to him. He was Raq Tornada. Rules did not apply to him.

The door to Kron's office loomed ahead, solid white, bearing no visible markings to show the head of the Intel-Patrol Corp -- quite possibly the most deadly being in the two Boundaries -- was located on the other side. It didn't need them. Only a select few passed through those white doors: Kron himself and the agency's two elite agents.

Tornada clenched his jaw, muscles tense. Kron was already inside, and now here he and Jai'Enna Ti were -- the elite agents. Aop knew if either of them would leave the office alive.

He shot a look at the silent woman walking beside him and his pulse quickened.

She'd said only three words to him since they'd translocated off Ry'l. Just three words: "Don't love me."

She hadn't tried to escape the ion-cuffs he'd locked around her wrists the second they'd reformed on the translocation pad. She hadn't tried to kill him. She hadn't tried to return to the space station. Just those three ambiguous words, stated with flat command.

And *that* unnerved him. A lot.

He still had no idea why her sister had been in that dark, grimy storage room on Ry'l, or who the dead Yrathian on the floor at Hrung Crortek's feet was, but he did know this; Zeric Arctos wasn't just a Terran. He was a creature unlike any Tornada knew existed; he was in love with Jai'Enna Ti; he was now in the hands of the most

cruel and untouchable criminal in the two Boundaries; and *he*, Tornada, had taken Jai'Enna away from him when she hadn't wanted to go.

Which made her very, very, very angry.

Kron's office door swung open without a sound and Tornada saw Jai'Enna's grip on the new, very illegal Aglaian disruptor tighten, her face expressionless, eyes cold.

She'd gone rogue, she'd ignored orders to debrief, she'd pissed Kron off, but Tornada didn't think she cared at all. He knew her well, probably better than she knew herself. She was a product of her life, a life brutal, sadistic and savage, and she only knew one way to deal with pain. Create *new* pain. A lot of it.

"Agents." Kron's deep almost liquid voice flowed through the open door and Tornada turned his attention back to their waiting boss.

Stepping into the spacious room, he and Jai'Enna crossed the floor, their every move marked by the Picillian seated behind the totally white desk. Large oval eyes the color of molten steel watched their approach. Indecipherable. Formidable. A hunter's eyes. "Jai'Enna," Kron said, the word utterly without inflection or expression. "You have some explaining to do." His burning, orange-white gaze slid to Tornada for a moment, their unspoken message clear: *As do you*.

"Yes, Kron," Jai'Enna replied, voice as level and detached as his.

Kron's eyebrows rose a fraction and the glossy black feathers of his folded wings ruffled, the only indication he'd not missed her insubordination. "Tell me what you intend to do about it, Agent."

Jai'Enna stood completely still, jaw clenched, throat working, and Tornada was overcome with a powerful urge to slide his arm around her waist and hold her close. And then she said, "I intend to destroy Hrungr Crortek's existence from the very fabric of space and time." Her flat, expressionless voice sent a chill up his spine, made his balls shrink high in their sac. "I intend to annihilate anyone and *everyone* who has helped him in any way. No matter who they are." She paused, the slight beat heavy and pointed. "And I intend to take my *partner* along for the ride."

A cold light glowed in her eyes as she turned to face Tornada, lips parting in an even colder smile. "We have some unfinished business to attend to." Her smile turned vicious and Tornada's mouth turned dry. "Don't we, Raq?"

**To be continued in**  
*The Boundaries: Animal*

## Lexxie Couper

Lexxie lives for wild times, wild worlds, wild characters and wild sex! With a flex of her knuckles and a frenzied attack of her keyboard she's off on a new adventure... thanks in part to her husband's *Playboy* collection, her sci-fi DVD collection, her Stephen King library and her very twisted imagination. When she's in the "real world" Lexxie's life revolves around her family: a husband who thinks she's insane, a pony-sized mutt who thinks he's a lap-dog, and her greatest treasure -- her daughter, a little ray of Heaven that beamed straight into Lexxie's heart two and a half years ago and will stay there forever.

Want to join Lexxie on one of her sizzling, out-of-this-world adventures? Contact her on [lexxie@lexxiecouper.com](mailto:lexxie@lexxiecouper.com) or catch the next flight at [www.lexxiecouper.com](http://www.lexxiecouper.com).