

# **Shifter's Station 1: Pilot's Bargain**

## **Silvia Violet**

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**ISBN (10) 1-59596-342-1**

**ISBN (13) 978-1-59596-342-0**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF,**

**MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

**PO Box 1561**

**Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1561**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

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**Cover Artist: Fabiano Fabris**



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## Chapter 1

Larissa watched the docking bay doors slide open in preparation for her landing. She negotiated the docking protocol with the station comp and turned over control of her ship. As she progressed through the approach tube, she attached her wrist unit and removed her headset, folding it carefully and tucking it into one of the zippered pockets on her black flight suit.

Fires of hell, she'd be glad to get this run finished. She'd gotten up the nerve to tell her ruthless, conniving boss that if he was going to send her on a run to some godforsaken corner of Common World space with illegal cargo, she was taking two standard weeks off when she returned. Of course there was only a slim chance he'd give her the pay she deserved, and without it, she wouldn't be able to do anything but sit at home.

Her ship coasted to a stop, and she popped the cabin door.

A port authority officer stood waiting for her to descend the ramp to ground level. Without even looking up from his handheld unit, he held out his hand. "Cargo log."

*Friendly place.* She handed him a data chip, and he plugged it into his unit. "This looks to be in order, but I've been requested to have my men inspect the goods. Wait here."

Larissa stepped to the side. Exhaustion had hit her as soon as the adrenaline rush that always came with racing through hyperspace had eased. She glanced down at her wrist unit. She'd been awake for eighteen hours, and the flight back would take at least another eight. She'd wanted to head for Earth as soon as her cargo was unloaded, but she'd be crazy to risk it. After the inspection, she'd have to see about finding a berth for the night.

Four dock workers wearing loose, brown coveralls appeared in response to the port authority officer's call for unloaders. Larissa watched as they carried box after box of military grade assault weapons off her ship.

She took a deep breath. Her boss had assured her that the station's captain would see that her shipment made it through inspection and into his personal warehouse. Not that she trusted her boss, but he stood to make a lot of money from the deal so she doubted he'd have sent her if he wasn't confident.

Nevertheless, a shiver of fear raced down her body as one of the workers popped the top off the first crate. He lifted a plasma assault rifle. Laying it aside, he lifted a second one then flipped the switch to warm it up.

Larissa saw the flash of light before she heard the explosion.

"Nooo!" She raced toward the men. Her desire to save them overrode her instinct for self-protection.

One look at the body of the man who'd been holding the rifle told her he was dead. No one could survive burns like those. Two of the men were starting to rise. The fourth looked as if he would be all right, but he had raw open burns down his arm. He lay on the ground, moaning.

Larissa bent down to him, wishing she knew how to help. But before she could inspect his injuries, her arms were wrenched behind her. She felt the cold metal of a cuff close around one of her wrists.

"What the hell?" She jerked, trying to free herself. But a second cuff encircled her other wrist before she could get loose.

"That should hold you." She looked over her shoulder and saw the port authority officer who'd taken her log. He had a death grip on the length of chain between her wrists.

\* \* \*

Larissa stood at the sound of footsteps coming down the corridor. She ran to the door of her cell and looked through the bars. Two men walked toward her, both wearing uniforms similar to those of the security guards who'd taken her, but with red

satin sashes instead of brown.

The man on the left wore a short, red jacket with leather trim and gold braid at the shoulders. She tried to swallow around the lump in her throat. Was he Captain Devlin? If so, she was either about to be freed or about to be sent to her death.

Her heart sped up as she watched them approach but not just from fear. Both men were breath-taking. The man in the jacket had dark hair cut severely short and a square face with harsh features. He was tall and broad-shouldered, but he moved with fluid grace. The thick muscles of his thighs strained against his breeches as he walked. And she couldn't help but notice the impressive bulge at his crotch.

The other man had blond hair that nearly reached his waist. A narrow braid circled his head to hold his hair out of his eyes, but his hair was otherwise unrestrained. His eyes were too large for him to be human. Their orangey-yellow color and his deeply red lips made her think he was Cerian, but she couldn't fathom what a Cerian would be doing on the station unless he was in the brig with her.

"Step back from the bars," the dark-haired man said when they were within a few paces of her cell.

His voice held a tone of assured authority. His confidence in her obedience made her want to stand her ground, but her good sense overrode that instinct, and she stepped back.

The blond man pressed a button on his wrist unit, and the door to her cell slid open. Both men entered.

The dark-haired man spoke first. "I'm Captain Marcus Devlin. I own this station."

So she had guessed right.

He gestured toward his companion. "This is my second, Commander Kirlos Adesta."

Larissa looked at the blond man again. He had to be Cerian. No other race she'd encountered had those prominent cheekbones or startling eyes that reminded her of the swirling colors of fall leaves. What the hell was he doing serving on a station hovering

above a planet his people had failed to conquer?

"I've already told your security chief that I had no idea the weapons were faulty."

The captain's eyes narrowed as he gave her a slow assessment. "I've read your testimony."

Something in the way he looked at her made heat race to her pussy. She'd heard he was a hard-assed bastard. It would figure he'd be gorgeous as hell too. "My boss set me up. He's the one you need to go after."

The captain raised his brows. "I'm not concerned with who gave you the weapons. Pilots must take responsibility for their own cargo."

"Company policy does not permit me to examine the cargo. I pilot the ship. That's all I do."

His lips curled up in a cruel smile. "How unfortunate for you."

The commander cleared his throat, and Larissa noticed he was giving the captain a pointed stare. "Captain, would you like me to scan her for truth telling?"

The captain tilted his head to the side, giving her a piercing glare. After several long seconds during which Larissa didn't breathe, he nodded.

Adesta stepped toward her.

She held up her hand as if that could ward him off. "Wait, what does this scan entail?"

"Prisoners aren't --"

The commander cut off whatever the captain was going to say. "I have the ability to probe your mind to determine if you're telling the truth. And if you are lying, I can compel the truth from you."

Larissa studied him for a moment. He seemed sincere and somewhat dismayed by the captain's brusque manner. "Do it."

She felt pressure on her head, as if someone were mashing the heel of their hand against her forehead. Then the pressure turned to pain. It grew sharper until it felt like a needle was boring into her skull.

She felt tension radiating from Adesta. "Stop fighting it."

"I... can't. I don't --"

Then the pain spread as if her skull had cracked. She fell to her knees, panting. The world began to go black. But just before she passed out, the pain disappeared.

"Fires of hell, she's strong."

The captain snorted. "Did you get through?"

"Yes, she's telling the truth."

*Thank the gods.* They would have to let her go now. Larissa heard the men speaking, but they sounded very far away. A dull pounding still echoed in her head. Nothing like the tearing pain of the scan, but she still wasn't sure she could stand.

Then she felt a hand on her arm. It was the commander. She wanted to refuse his assistance, but she didn't want to be on her knees in front of the captain. He was arrogant enough without her prostrating herself like a slave.

When the commander helped her to her feet, she stepped away and forced herself to focus on Devlin. His dark eyes were narrow and cold. "Who taught you to shield your thoughts?"

"My boss."

Devlin raised his brows. "You need this ability often on cargo runs?"

"When you take these kinds of jobs, you do."

He laughed. "I suppose you are right. Federated Transport isn't exactly a legitimate business."

"And yours is?"

Adesta's lips curled into a wicked smile. "You seem to be losing your touch, Captain. You usually have them trembling in their boots by now."

Larissa just managed to keep from rolling her eyes. The captain might be one delightfully put together man, but she had no intention of rolling over for him. "Can I go now?"

Devlin scowled. "No."

"The commander has established my innocence."

"He has established that you were unaware that the weapons were faulty. But I still have one dead crewman and several more injured. Someone has to pay."

"Yes. That someone is my bastard of a boss."

"But he's not here, and you are."

"Captain." The warning glare in the commander's eyes gave Larissa hope he might convince his superior to let her go.

"She stays."

Larissa's heart pounded. "You can't be serious."

He gave a cold smile. "I'm always serious."

Larissa clasped her hands behind her back to hide their shaking. "You can't just keep me here."

"I can do anything I damn well please."

"But --"

The captain stepped toward her. She stabbed her nails into her palms, hoping the pain would dull her fear and help her hold her ground.

Devlin grasped the single braid that hung down her back and jerked her head to the side. "I am the law here. No one questions what I do. If I wanted to shove you out an airlock, that's exactly what I'd do. No one would dare protest."

She held her breath, and commanded her suddenly rubbery legs to keep her upright.

He let her go and stepped back. "Fortunately for you, I have something far more pleasant in mind as repayment for your crimes."

Larissa's lungs burned, but she couldn't seem to fill them with air. She forced herself to look him in the eye. "I have no intention of letting you punish me for a crime I didn't commit."

Adesta smirked. "I like her spirit."

The captain stared at her intently. "So do I. The spirited ones are so much more fun to break."

Larissa's heart hammered against her chest. She knew her eyes were wide and



her fear shone all too plainly. She felt like a rabbit cornered by a wolf -- a big bad wolf with plans to eat her.

Now why the hell did that thought make her body feel hot and tight? She was so damn wet she'd likely soaked through her flight suit. What was wrong with her?

Devlin took a long, deliberate inhale. "Mmm. I think she likes us more than she wants us to know."

Shit! The last thing she needed was for him to be aware of how she was responding to them. She needed to convince them to let her go. But before she could think of anything to say, Devlin's lips curled up in a wicked smile.

"Since you seem so interested in the issue of fairness, why don't we strike a bargain?"

"What bargain would that be?" Larissa mentally cursed the quaver she heard in her voice.

His smile widened. "I will spend the next two hours convincing you that you want to stay. If you can resist, you go free. If you can't, you agree to remain on the station as my servant for the next month."

## Chapter 2

Larissa took a deep breath. Her initial reaction was to tell him to go to hell, but something told her this might be her only way off the station. "How will you convince me to stay?"

"That's my secret, but you have my word you will come to no harm."

"Why should I trust you?"

The captain's face froze, and a sound too like an animal's growl rose from his chest.

Larissa glanced at Adesta. He shook his head. "I wouldn't go down that road if I were you."

"Fine. If I were to lose, which I have no intention of doing, how would you expect me to serve you?"

The captain's smile returned instantly. "With every last inch of your naked body."

Larissa sucked in her breath as a wave of heat surged to her pussy, tightening her clit wickedly.

"And you *will* lose," he promised.

She tried to summon the anger she should be feeling, but pulsing need overrode it. Damn, it had been way too long since she'd been fucked. "So you expect me to be your bed slave?"

"I prefer the term 'fuck toy.' But yes, you will warm our bed."

"Our?"

The captain looked at Adesta and smiled, his face softening for the first time since she'd met him. "You don't think I'd leave him out, do you?"

She'd thought they reacted to each other like lovers, but now that Devlin had

confirmed her suspicions, her desire kicked even higher. The thought of the two of them kissing, touching, fucking made her head swim.

Larissa knew she should be offended, not tempted by this bargain. But what good would it do her? The captain spoke the truth. He was the law on this station. No one would care what he did with her. At least he was offering her a chance to escape. And if she lost, a month with him and the commander would hardly be the worst punishment a woman could face.

What would she do if she won anyway? She couldn't go back to Earth, not with her boss wanting her dead. The outer worlds always had work for a freighter pilot, but the thought depressed her. She'd likely just end up working for another conniving bastard shipping illegitimate goods.

"I accept your bargain." She fought the urge to flinch as she looked into the captain's eyes. His gaze held depths of pain and anger she didn't want to contemplate. What on earth was she doing giving herself into this man's power without more of a fight?

*Following your pussy, that's what.* She told the sarcastic voice in her head to shut up. She'd had all the arguing she could stand for one day. She might as well enjoy herself now, at least as much as she could without losing the bargain.

\* \* \*

"What the hell is that thing?" Larissa looked at the table the captain had ordered her to lie on. It looked like an antique pool table, but its surface was covered in black satin rather than green felt. And the surface appeared to be undulating as if it were alive.

"You'll see. Hop on."

"No way." She had no intention of touching that thing.

Devlin's eyes went cold. "Are you trying to go back on our bargain?"

Larissa sank her teeth into her lip. "You said you wouldn't harm me."

The captain glanced at his commander and nodded.

Adesta reached her in two strides. She tried to back away. "Commander, please

don't do this."

He smiled. "I'd prefer you call me Kirlos since we're going to be intimate, but don't look to me for help. I want to fuck you as much as he does." He gripped her waist and lifted her as if she weighed nothing. He tossed her onto the table, and the surface gave like the finest mattress in the Common Worlds.

"Hold her." She had maybe half a second to realize that Kirlos had backed away when snake-like projections rose from the table's surface and wrapped her wrists and ankles.

Fear froze her for a second before she began jerking madly, trying to get loose. The bonds felt like silk covered tubes. They slid easily along her arms and legs as she wrestled with them, never tightening or scraping, but they weren't loosening either.

Then it hit her. Gods of Earth, she was on a Cerian pleasure table. She'd never seen one before, but they were often mentioned in the erotic stories she read to pass the time on long, lonely flights.

"You might as well stop fighting. You're not getting free until our time is up or you agree to our bargain."

Sweat dampened the table beneath her back by the time she stopped struggling. She panted, and her mind raced, trying to think of a way out. "There's no need to restrain me. I won't go back on our bargain."

The captain's lips curled up. "I know you won't. But I need unencumbered access to your body if I'm going to convince you to stay. I don't want your natural instincts to fight me getting in the way."

Larissa's heart pounded. She'd known once they placed her in a cell that she was completely at the captain's mercy. But now, tied up in his personal quarters, his power over her was painfully evident.

She swallowed past the lump in her throat. He could do anything he wanted with her. *Damn* it! Why did that thought turn her on so much? She was so hot she was practically squirming on the table.

"Spread her out and open her clothing."

She gasped as the tentacles stretched her arms above her head and pulled her legs apart. More projections rose and slithered over her stomach. One of them grasped the zipper of her flight suit and tugged it down.

She twisted her body from side to side, trying to get away despite knowing that wasn't going to happen. Two tentacles pulled apart the sides of her suit and its built-in bra, exposing her breasts. Another one brushed her nipples, and she gasped, unable to keep herself from arching against the touch. It felt like warm satin caressing her.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" The commander's voice came out like a purr. "Just wait until it gets you undressed. You're in for quite a treat."

Would the captain really order the table to do all the things she'd read about in her books? Part of her hoped so and part of her prayed she would find a way to get loose.

One tentacle kept pulling on her zipper. The suit was designed so it didn't have to be removed for her to use the toilet, and the zipper extended through her crotch and up her back to her waist. The tentacle that held her zipper finished unzipping her and pulled open the snaps that held her panties together over her pubic bone.

Cool air rushed across the hot, aching flesh between her legs. She looked up at the captain. His eyes were focused on her crotch and the bulge in his pants had grown considerably.

The commander groaned and Larissa looked his way. "She's shaved and everything." Larissa watched him lick his lips as his gaze traveled back up her body and met hers. Her muscles tightened in response to his scrutiny.

The captain made a low rumble. "I can't wait to taste her."

Larissa bit her lip at the thought of his head between her legs. Maybe the next two hours were going to be more fun than she'd thought. Even if she was tied up. From the look on the captain's face, she'd have no trouble seducing him, even in her position.

She hoped not, anyway. She needed to wring all the pleasure she could out of the next few hours. Gods only knew when she'd have the chance to be with a man again. She'd do her damndest to convince these two to take her off this table and fuck her for

real. She wanted to feel their cocks in her, not just something artificial, no matter what a thrill it might give her.

"Table, heat her up."

Larissa thought she was plenty hot, thank you very much, but she couldn't bite back a sigh as several tentacles grew hand-like projections and caressed her skin. The satiny fingers slid over her body, sweeping up across her stomach and cupping her breasts but staying clear of her rigid nipples.

Then the "hands" caressed the sides of her breasts and tickled the skin over her collarbone, making her squirm. A finger from each ran along the sides of her neck, elongating to fine points and scratching her skin like fingernails would. She arched into their touch and moaned.

She heard the captain chuckle, but she'd closed her eyes and surrendered to the pleasure. Why not enjoy it? She wasn't going anywhere until Devlin decided he was through.

The hands released her neck and pushed into her hair, pulling her head back as two more rose beside her thighs and traced the length of her legs with a light touch. They stopped several inches short of her pussy, and Larissa couldn't keep her hips from arching, reaching for contact.

"Beg me, and I'll let them touch you."

She opened her eyes and looked at the captain. His words seemed to hang in the air, a challenge she was not prepared to meet. The simple caresses from the table had her so wet, she knew her cream was making a damp pool between her legs.

His eyes had grown even darker. His face was hard, cruel, but she wanted him anyway. She wanted him like she'd never wanted another man before.

The two upper hands teased the flesh of her breasts, coming closer and closer to her nipples but never touching them.

"You want it, don't you?"

She nodded.

"Then beg."

One of the lower hands cupped her pubic bone, so close to her clit she could almost feel it. She broke. "Please. Please fuck me." She strained against the bonds at her wrists.

"The table's going to fuck you, but you won't get me until you've agreed to be mine for the next month."

"Bastard."

He smiled. "You love it."

He was right. She did. From the very first stirring of lust in her teen years, Larissa had fantasized about dominant men. Men who would force her to do exactly what they wanted. But she'd never met one in real life that she would trust with her body. Of course she wouldn't have trusted Devlin if she'd had a choice.

"Table, play with her nipples and pussy."

The upper hands brushed across her breasts. The fingers merged into two thick grippers that latched onto her. She arched up, gasping. The tentacles rolled, pulled, and pinched the tight buds, and each touch sent lines of fires streaking down her belly into her swollen clit.

The attention to her nipples went on and on while another tentacle rose between her legs. It slid between her slick lips and pushed inside her. Another shot up and pressed against the aching flesh at the top of her clit.

Larissa fought to get breath in her lungs. The ferocity of sensation overwhelmed her. She struggled, trying to get free while also reaching for more.

Kirlos kneeled beside her. His hand reached out to caress her arm. "Do you feel the heat rising in your body, gathering between your legs?"

"No touching," the captain barked.

Kirlos pulled back his hand. "Damn it. She looks so ripe, and luscious. I want to fuck her now."

"You'll get your chance, but we have to break her first."

Kirlos leaned over Larissa, his lips hovering over hers. "I bet you taste delicious."

She tried to remember how to speak. "Why don't you find out?"

"No." The captain took his lover's arm and pulled him back. "Behave yourself, or I'll put you on there as soon as she gets off."

He smiled. "Please."

The captain's eyes narrowed. Kirlos stepped back, but he looked thoroughly unchastened.

Devlin looked at Larissa. "Table, take her harder. Faster."

The tentacles holding her nipples clamped down, and dizzying pleasure/pain radiated across her breasts, ripping a shriek from her mouth.

The projection driving inside her grew wider and longer and shoved into her with a harsh rhythm while the other one squeezed her clit mercilessly.

She cried out as each panting breath left her mouth. Her hips kept rhythm with the table, lifting and falling impossibly fast. Fires of hell, she was right on the edge. The tentacle inside her angled itself and grew ridges that rubbed right over that most delicious spot inside her. She felt her body tighten.

"Table, stop."

All four tentacles retracted into the table with a slick pop.



## Chapter 3

Larissa's eyes flew open in shock. "Why the fuck did you do that?"

"I have no intention of letting you come until you accept your defeat," said Devlin.

Kirlos's panting breath matched her own ragged breaths. But with the exception of the enormous bulge in his pants, the captain appeared unmoved. He gave her a cruel smile, once again looking like the big bad wolf. She wished he'd get on with eating her up before her body exploded.

"Fucking bastard."

His smile widened. "You said that already. Believe me, nothing you say to me will be worse than what others call me every day. If you want to come, all you have to do is sign a servitude contract."

He held up a piece of paper that had been resting on his personal work station.

"You keep these contracts lying around?"

"I had it drawn up before I came to meet you."

She glared at him. "So you planned this from the beginning?"

"I had to make sure you weren't guilty first, but my instincts told me you weren't."

"Then why the hell didn't you let me go?" Sexual and emotional frustration coursed through her, making her want to scream.

"This is infinitely more fun. Table, heat her up again. And this time, take her ass too."

Larissa gasped. "What?"

Devlin lifted his brow. "Haven't you ever had a cock up your ass?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Damn, a virgin." His smile returned. "I assumed with all the places you'd been, you'd experienced a wide range of pleasure."

Larissa felt one of the tentacles pushing up between her legs. It slithered through her wetness. She sucked in her breath as it slid along her perineum and pressed against the tight pucker of her anus. "Table, keep it narrow and slick."

Devlin looked up, trapping her gaze with the heat in his eyes. "Push out as it comes in."

Larissa tried to pull herself away from the invasion. "Hold her."

Tentacles wrapped around her waist and upper thighs, securing her to the table. Devlin crouched between her legs and leaned over. He exhaled slowly, letting his hot breath caress her wet pussy. She sighed and arched up, forgetting the invasion of her ass as she anticipated his mouth on her.

But he pulled away just as he would have made contact with her wet flesh. "Table, push deeper."

Larissa gasped as the tentacle pushed deeper in her ass. It was small enough not to truly hurt, but she felt an uncomfortable warmth and fullness. And she couldn't stop herself from trying to escape.

The tentacle around her waist tightened as the one in her ass slid in and out. She hated to admit it but it felt wickedly erotic. As her body adjusted her hips began to make the small thrusts her bonds would allow. She felt more hot cream sliding from her body.

"Do you see how wet she is? She'll be giving into us in no time." The captain's arrogance made her wish she could hold her body still, but there was no hope of that.

Kirlos laughed. "I do believe you're right. I can smell her lust all the way over here."

She'd closed her eyes, allowing herself to be drawn into the hot pleasure, but she opened them again and frowned at the captain. "You're not going to win."

His lips curled in a cruel smile. "Table, expand inside her."

"No," she screamed, but her strangled protest was useless. The tentacle in her ass

grew as did the one in her cunt. She panted as her body tried to adjust, but the burning was too much. An agonized moan escaped her. "You... said you... wouldn't harm me."

"Your cunt is dripping wet and your hips haven't stopped moving. I have a hard time believing you can call this harm."

She snarled. "This fucking hurts."

"Then apparently you get off on pain." He looked pointedly at the bucking and twisting of her hips and then up at her rock hard nipples.

She wanted to protest, but she knew she was hotter than she'd ever been. And the pain was already receding as the tentacle slithered in and out, rubbing over the sensitive flesh of her back channel in counterpoint to the tentacle working her pussy.

The combined sensation had the potential to drive her mad. She'd fantasized about this type of dark domination for years. And it was even better than she'd imagined. It was getting harder and harder to fight her need to surrender to Devlin.

The two substitute cocks worked her fast and hard. The one in her ass going deeper and deeper with each plunge. She glanced up and saw Kirlos stroking the long cock he'd freed from his breeches. He must have lubed himself because he glistened with wetness, and his hand slid smoothly up and down. His other hand reached inside his pants to cup his heavy balls, lifting them into her line of sight.

She watched his pumping hand, mesmerized. She kept wondering whether a Cerian would taste different from a human man. And she doubted any human woman could swallow a cock that long, but dear gods, she wanted to try.

Shallow, rapid pants whooshed out of her mouth. And wild tingling heat raced through her body in spirals. Numerous tentacles slid over her breasts and swiped across her nipples like satin tongues. She gasped as the sensation pushed her right to the edge of climax.

"Table, stop."

All contact ceased instantly. She was left hanging, so close to the edge she could feel herself leaning over.

She looked straight at Devlin. "Fuck you."

The bastard smirked. "That's exactly what you can do if you sign our agreement."

She tried to catch her breath so she could reply but he leaned over her, his mouth inches from hers. Heat flared in her pussy again.

"Wouldn't you love to feel my cock stretching your ass, the first real flesh you've had inside you?"

She wanted to tell him to fuck off, but all that came out was a strangled squeak.

Suddenly, Kirlos's wrist unit beeped loudly. And the captain straightened.

Kirlos cursed as he released his cock and lifted his wrist toward his mouth. "This better be an emergency."

"Sorry to disturb you, Commander," said a crisp female voice. "But there's an aberration on our scan of an incoming ship. We need you to take a look."

Kirlos glanced at the captain.

Devlin eyed him sharply. "Yes, you have to go."

"I'm on my way. Adesta out." He buttoned his fly. "Great fucking timing."

"Just take care of it and hurry back. I'll try to make sure you don't miss too much."

## Chapter 4

The whoosh of the door sliding back startled Larissa out of the sexual haze. She had no doubt Devlin was going to pull her back from the brink for the fourth fucking time. But she couldn't help riding the wave while her body was getting just what it wanted.

She opened her eyes to see Kirlos re-joining them.

Devlin glanced at him. "Anything important?"

"The ship was registered to a human, but the lifeform detected didn't register as human. When command inquired, the guy ran."

"As long as he stays out of our space, I don't care what the fuck he is."

"That's what I said. They'll signal if he approaches or they detect another aberration."

"Good. Now strip for me."

Kirlos lifted his brow.

"I still haven't broken our little visitor. So I'm going to fuck you."

"And let her watch?" Kirlos asked as he lifted his blood red sash over his head.

"Oh yes, I have a feeling she's going to enjoy seeing me take your tight ass as much as she's enjoyed the table's attention." He turned to Larissa and smiled at her body's frantic movements. "Table down. Allow her slight movement. Hold wrists and keep her legs straight and her ankles two feet apart."

The stimulating tentacles withdrew, and Larissa couldn't suppress her moan. She rotated her hips automatically. She couldn't keep her body still as it was, and the thought of watching them fuck... fires of hell, she'd be lucky if she didn't pass out. She had to convince them to let her come without giving in to their demands.

Kirlos unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it from his pants and let it fall slowly off his

arms. He arched his chest forward, displaying himself for her. The rich red and orange tones in his skin seemed to highlight the troughs and valleys of his pecs and abs. And his nipples were a dark red-orange that reminded Larissa of the skin of a ripe peach. She bet he'd be just as tasty.

The soft, thin cotton shirt slithered over his wrists and hands and dropped to the floor. Then he reached for the buttons of his pants. Larissa sucked on her bottom lip as she anticipated seeing his long cock again.

When he pushed his pants down over his hips, Larissa bit down on her lip to keep from moaning. He was utterly beautiful, and she wanted to suck his jutting cock into her mouth so bad she felt a growl rising in her chest.

"He's fantastic, isn't he?"

She looked up at the captain and decided he looked as enthralled with Kirlos's body as she did.

Kirlos flashed an impish grin. "My body is so fabulous it saved my life. If I hadn't been able to seduce Devlin --"

"Enough. Turn around and lean on the back of the sofa."

Kirlos followed Devlin's order, bending forward until his elbows were braced on the back of the sofa that sat parallel to the pleasure table. He let his forehead rest on his clasped hands and wriggled his ass at Larissa and the captain.

Devlin slapped one perfectly formed cheek. The crack echoed, and a red welt instantly appeared. Kirlos gasped.

Devlin gave the other cheek the same treatment. The commander arched his back as if reaching for another blow.

Larissa sucked in her breath, waiting. Seconds passed. Then Devlin spanked his lover again, two blows in rapid succession. Kirlos moaned. Larissa thought his cock had grown even harder. It strained up toward his belly, and its flesh was deeply red.

The captain kicked at Kirlos's ankles. "Spread." The commander obeyed, widening his stance and leaning even further forward, until his body was parallel to the floor and his long hair draped down, covering his face.

Devlin slipped off his jacket and sash and then pulled his shirt over his head. He reached for his jacket and pulled a tube from the pocket. His hands went to his fly. Larissa's heart pounded against her ribs so hard she feared it might explode.

She held her breath as she watched the captain squirt lube into his hand and draw out his cock. She bit her lip but failed to stifle her moan. Devlin's cock had her salivating. It was shorter than Kirlos's but at least as thick as her wrist. The bulge in his pants hadn't done it justice.

He turned to her and smiled as he gave himself long, slow strokes. "Like what you see?"

"You're torturing me. That's not part of the bargain."

He coated the fingers of one hand with more lube and pressed one and then two fingers into Kirlos's ass. The Cerian groaned deeply and pushed back to take more. Devlin turned to Larissa. "No one is forcing you to watch. You could just close your eyes."

No, she couldn't. She might die if she didn't see what was next.

Kirlos shook his head to make his hair fall back and looked at her over his shoulder. "Her eyes are still open. I guess she's going to take her torture willingly."

Devlin thrust his fingers deep and slapped Kirlos's ass again with his other hand. "Maybe you need some torture yourself."

"Please," the Cerian purred.

"You watch it or I'll tie you to that table as soon as I'm done with you, and you'll be lucky if you ever get a chance at our lovely new slave."

Larissa scowled at Devlin's back. "I'm not your slave."

"You will be."

Before she could reply, the captain withdrew his fingers, wrapped them around his cock, and aimed it at the tight pucker of Kirlos's ass.

Larissa lost the ability to breathe.

Devlin pushed forward and Larissa watched his cock disappear inside Kirlos. The Cerian arched his back so deeply she feared his spine would snap.

Devlin wrapped his hands around his lover's waist, pulling him back onto his cock. When he was seated to the balls, he stopped. Kirlos wiggled against him, and Larissa's hips circled in sympathetic longing.

"Should we show our little slave what's in store for her?"

"Powers that be, yes."

"Then hold on. You're about to get a good, hard fucking." Devlin pulled back until his cock was almost free of Kirlos's body. Then he slammed back in hard and fast, setting a punishing rhythm that jolted Kirlos's body with each stroke.

Kirlos gripped the couch so hard, it teetered forward, threatening to tip, but the captain didn't slow. One of his hands reached around and encircled Kirlos's cock. He pumped his lover with short rapid strokes.

"Fires of hell!" Kirlos's voice sounded strangled.

"Come for me."

Kirlos gave a hoarse shout. He stiffened and froze as ropes of come spilled from his cock. Devlin remained buried in his body until he fell against the couch, limp with exhaustion. Then Devlin impaled his lover again, using fast, short strokes until his body convulsed.

When he'd finished pumping his hips against Kirlos's ass, he sagged over his lover. Both of their luscious bodies were soaked with sweat and so was Larissa's. She'd nearly come just from watching them. Her whole body burned with need.

The mere stirring of air against her clit made her muscles clench, and her breasts ached with heaviness. She wanted their cocks buried in her, but even more, she wanted to be loved like they loved each other. She'd never seen two people touch each other so perfectly, know so clearly what the other needed. She couldn't imagine anyone knowing her so well.

Devlin pulled out of Kirlos and turned to face her. His brow rose, and she nodded. "I'll sign."

He smiled as he crossed to his work station. "Table, release her wrists."

When the tentacles let her go, Larissa sat up, shaking and flexing her arms.



Devlin handed her the thumbprint pad. She ignored the screen and glanced only at the print box and rapidly touched it with a shaky thumb. She tried to hand the pad back to the captain, but he refused to take it.

Kirlos was now standing beside him, still gloriously naked, his cock already back at attention. "You didn't read it."

"I thought I was supposed to trust you." *Of course, I'm an idiot for doing so.* But she was too drugged with lust to make sense of anything.

Devlin snarled, "Read it. I won't have you accusing me of deceit later."

She looked down at the monitor and tried to force her mind to make sense of the words. Her progress was painfully slow, but finally she reached the end. As far as she could tell, the document said exactly what Devlin had told her it would. She was obligated to one common month's service as bed slave to the captain and commander. She held out the unit. "So you're trustworthy after all."

The captain smiled and took the thumbprint pad from her. "Table, restrain her wrists."

Tentacles reached out and wrapped her wrists once again, pulling her back against the table. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"Restraining you."

"But I thought you were going to fuck me now. You said --"

"You just agreed to be my bed slave. I can do with you as I want."

"Fucking bastard."

"Keep that up, and I won't let you come after all."

She sucked in her breath. Pissed at herself for instantly obeying him, at being so desperate for the chance at an orgasm. But desperate she was. Right then, she'd have done almost anything for a chance to come.

"Much better. Table, slide her toward me."

The tentacles pulled and pushed until Larissa's ass was inches from the end of the table. Her legs were spread wide and her knees bent double.

Devlin knelt at the end of the table. Larissa sucked in her breath.

He exhaled, and his breath rushed over her wet flesh.

She tensed. Then his tongue flicked across the end of her clit.

Her body jolted off the table.

He pulled back.

"No!"

He snorted. "I'm giving the commands here." But he leaned forward once again and attended to her in earnest, licking, sucking, nibbling. Her head tossed from side to side, and her hips flexed wildly.

Kirlos bent over her and took one of her nipples into his mouth. He sucked hard, and she arched toward him, gasping for breath. "More."

He bit gently, and she fought her bonds, trying to get away from the overly intense sensation. Devlin pulled her clit into his mouth just as Kirlos sucked harder.

Larissa exploded. Stars flashed in front of her eyes as every muscle in her body tightened. Then deep spasms radiated from her clit, wracking her entire body.

Her hips continued to pump little jolts of pleasure through her for several long minutes. When she'd finally gathered enough of her wits to consider opening her eyes, Kirlos's wrist unit beeped from where it lay on the floor.

He cursed and picked it up. "Yes."

"I'm sorry to disturb you again, sir. But another lifeform similar to the type we detected is now on an approaching ship."

"I'll be right there. Adesta out."

Devlin stood and buttoned his pants. "I'm coming too. Table, release her."

The tentacles retracted, and Larissa forced her tired body to sit up. She couldn't help being disappointed. Her orgasm had been delicious, but she needed a cock buried in her before she'd truly be satisfied. She felt as if she'd been waiting forever to fuck these two.

"Help yourself to anything you need to eat or drink." Devlin gestured toward the kitchenette at the far end of his living space. "You're welcome to use the bed if you would like to rest. In fact, I recommend it. You've had a long journey, and you won't be

getting much sleep tonight.”

A shiver ran through Larissa at the wicked promise.

“The door will not respond to your commands. Don’t even think about trying to leave.”

“I’ve given my word.” She reached down to fasten her panties and zip her flight suit.

“No clothes.”

“What?”

“I expect you to be naked when we return. If that damned call hadn’t come through, I’d have my cock buried in you right now. I don’t want to waste time undressing you when I get back.”

Larissa gave a shaky nod. The two men pulled on their jackets and left without another word.

## Chapter 5

"Here's the display, sir. The ship shows the correct number of declared Abrigans, but one more lifeform is detected despite their protest that no one else is on board. The lifeform is unidentified just like the one on the human ship that approached earlier. The genetics match humans most closely, but the match is not perfect."

Marcus Devlin felt his heart rate speed up. His stomach flip-flopped but he fought for calm. The last damn thing he needed was one of his crew thinking he was afraid. "Bring up the genetic structure."

It appeared on the screen. Marc felt the color drain from his face. A sick knot tightened in his stomach. "Bring the ship in. Send a squadron to meet it. The commander and I will conduct a search."

"Yes, sir."

Marc turned to leave the command center, motioning for Kirlos to follow him.

Once they were alone in the lift, Kirlos raised his brow. "Is this what I think it is?"

Marc nodded. "Likely so."

"Do you think our visitor is connected with the explosion? Could Larissa be involved?"

Marc snarled. "What do you think? You're the one who read her mind."

Kirlos sighed. "How many times do I have to tell you I don't read minds? I sense emotions and can force truth telling. I can't simply pluck someone's thoughts."

Marc exhaled slowly. "You've been way fucking closer to her thoughts than I have. Do you think she's involved?"

Kirlos smiled. "You really like her, don't you?"

"Answer the fucking question."

The Cerian shook his head. "No. She's not involved."

Devlin felt relief course through his body. "Good."

"So are you going to answer *my* question?"

*Hell no.* "She's beautiful, and I'm going to spend a very enjoyable month fucking the hell out of her. That's all."

Kirlos shook his head. "There's more to it. You're only a real bastard to people who get to you."

Hot boiling anger exploded in Marc's head. He grabbed the lapels of Kirlos's jacket and shoved him back against the lift. "This conversation is over. Get your mind out of fantasyland and get ready to do a thorough search of this ship. If I'm right, we could be in for a hell of an afternoon."

\* \* \*

"Fuck." Marc threw his jacket down on the desk in his office and collapsed into his chair.

Kirlos sat on the low sofa against the wall, the one where he often slept when the captain insisted on late night strategy sessions. "We've got two squadrons searching. We'll find him."

"How the fuck did he get off the ship without us seeing him?"

Kirlos fought the urge to smile at his lover's scowl. "Because he's designed for stealth."

"A whole squadron will be lucky if they can take him."

"Which is why you told them to corner him and call you. There's nothing else we can do now."

Deep pain crossed Marc's face. "I won't let him wreck what I've built here."

Kirlos crossed the room to stand behind Marc's chair. He massaged his lover's shoulders until Marc's head tilted back against his abdomen. "Everything will be okay. Let's go back to our quarters and mire ourselves in mindless sex."

Marc scowled. "Do you ever stop thinking with your cock?"

Kirlos leaned down until his mouth was against Marc's ear. "Not really. That's

why you like me so much."

Marc turned in his chair and pulled Kirlos's head down until he could take his lover's mouth in a fierce kiss. Their tongues tangled, and he reveled in the warmth of the other man's mouth.

When Marc finally released Kirlos, the captain shook his head. "Seeing that structure on the screen brought it all back."

Kirlos nodded. "I know, and Larissa and I are going to help you forget."

The captain shook his head. "I'll never truly forget. But if anyone could make me, it would be you."

\* \* \*

Voices pierced Larissa's sleepy haze. She realized the captain and commander had returned. Wanting to hear whatever they were saying to each other, she remained curled on her side, feigning sleep. But by the time they entered the bedroom, their conversation had ended without revealing anything useful to her.

"She looks so peaceful, it's almost a shame to wake her."

Devlin snorted. "My cock says otherwise."

"Has your cock ever chosen sleep over fucking?"

"Never."

Devlin leaned over until she could feel his warm breath against her neck. "Wake up, my little bed slave. It's time to fuck."

Larissa opened her eyes and scowled. "Are you this much of an asshole to everyone?"

"Yes," Kirlos instantly responded.

The captain narrowed his eyes at his lover before turning back to Larissa. "You signed the agreement. You're mine to take whenever and wherever I want you."

His arrogant words dissolved the sleepy haze. Larissa sat up to face him. "Ah yes. How delightful that I get to be at your beck and call. How kind it was of you to give me that option as a way to repay you for a crime I *didn't* commit."

His lips curled up in one of his wolfish smiles. "I do think it was rather generous

of me."

"You son of --"

Kirlos leaned forward and placed his fingers against her lips. "I wouldn't argue with him if I were you. You won't win. You'll only give him more reasons to think up sadistic ways to show you just how right he is. I'd much rather we all just fuck."

Larissa lay back as Kirlos pressed against her. His lips touched hers, and she opened to him instantly. His tongue flicked across the roof of her mouth, sending spirals of lust down her body. With only a kiss, he managed to reawaken the fevered desire she'd felt while stretched out on the pleasure table.

Desperate to get her hands on his bare flesh, she pulled his shirt from the waistband of his pants. His lips left hers long enough to allow him to pull his shirt over his head and then they were back to devour her even more fiercely than before.

She ran her hands over the smooth skin of his back, luxuriating in its warmth before reaching down to unbutton his pants. It took far too long but finally, she freed his cock. She wrapped her hand around him and was surprised to find him slick as if he'd lubed himself.

He pulled away from her lips and leaned close to her ear. "That's my body's natural response to an aroused female. Cerians have no need for lube."

Larissa moaned as he began to lick and nibble her neck. She couldn't stop herself from stroking his slick cock.

"It tastes warm and sweet. You're going to love it."

*How did he know she was wondering what it would taste like?*

He purred as she traced his head with her finger. "If you've never been with a Cerian then you're in for a few more surprises." He wrapped his hand around hers and slid her down to the base of his cock.

She discovered a thickening about an inch from the base. It reminded her of the bulge in her favorite vibrator that rubbed so tantalizingly against her G-spot.

"Now squeeze."

She wrapped him tight, squeezing as she stroked upwards. His cock began a

strong, thuddy vibration. She gasped.

"My cock is designed to stimulate a woman in just the right way to provide the strongest possible orgasm. Our women can't be impregnated unless they are stimulated internally."

The captain snarled. "Quit bragging about your anatomy and get on with fucking her."

Kirlos smiled. "What the captain doesn't like to admit is that my cock is also perfect for hitting just the right spot when I'm buried in a man's ass."

"One more word and I'll tie you down and make you watch while I take her in every possible way."

Kirlos winked at Larissa as he sat back on his heels. She couldn't help but return his smile. She hoped she'd get a chance to see Devlin caught in a web of pleasure while Kirlos fucked his ass. The mental image made her squirm.

Kirlos reached between her open thighs with one hand. He slid a finger into her pussy and met no resistance. She watched as he licked his lips. "Powers that be, you're wet."

She smiled. "It's my body's natural response to an aroused male."

He chuckled as he withdrew his finger and brought it to his mouth. Larissa's lips hung open as she watched him suck and lick his finger, his gaze never leaving hers. He smiled when he'd finished his display. "Delicious."

A shiver of lust ran over her as he reached for his cock. He used his hand to guide it to her entrance. Then he slipped inside, pressing slowly until he was fully seated. The tightness of her channel set off the vibrations in his cock and the bulge near the base fit right where she needed it. He wouldn't even have to move to bring her off.

She wrapped her legs around him, and arched up, rubbing her clit against his pubic bone. His cock was so long it filled her completely. She knew it would bump against her cervix when he thrust. She knew some women found such pressure painful but it felt like heaven to her.

Kirlos flexed his hips. "Are you ready for a wild ride?"



Larissa lost control of her voice. All she could do was nod.

He plunged, deep and hard and fast. Larissa met him thrust for thrust, wanting more and more and more.

She heard the rustle of fabric sliding to the floor and realized Devlin must be stripping. The thought of fucking them both had her digging her nails into Kirlos's back and pressing on his buttocks with her heels, trying to hold him deep so the bulge of his cock fit right where she needed it.

She heard the unmistakable sound of a greased hand stroking a cock. Devlin was getting himself lubed up. Was he going to fuck Kirlos while he fucked her or was it for her ass that he readied himself? The thought of his thick cock forcing its way into her ass terrified her, but it also made her muscles clench with longing. She wanted him to dominate her and what better way than by fucking her up the ass.

"Turn her over." Desire had made Devlin's voice low and gravelly.

Larissa sucked in her breath. Gods of Earth, he was going to take her ass. She prayed it would feel as good as what the table had given her.

## Chapter 6

Kirlos rolled, bringing Larissa up on top of him and pulling her down to his chest. He kept driving into her as they moved, and she rubbed herself against his abdomen. But she stilled when the mattress sank under Devlin's weight. He positioned himself behind her.

"Hold her for me."

Kirlos's arms wrapped around her, pinning her to his chest. He was stronger than he looked. She couldn't budge.

Devlin pressed two fingers against her anus. "Push out, like you did with the table." She did as he asked, and his fingers pressed inside. He kept pushing until they were as deep inside her as they could go. Then he opened them, widening her even further. She gasped at the burning pressure and tried to wiggle away.

"Relax."

"My ass is on fire."

Devlin stroked a warm hand down her back. "I'd intended to do this as soon as I took you off the table. You were nice and ready then. But if you relax and do as I say, it won't hurt... much."

Larissa couldn't help herself. She struggled against Kirlos's hold.

"Fighting will only make it worse, and he's not going to stop."

Devlin groaned and pushed further in. "No, I'm not."

"Please." The desperate tone of her voice shamed her.

Devlin snorted. "How did you think you were going to fuck us both without one of us going up this virgin ass of yours?"

"I-I don't know. But please, you can't --"

Devlin jerked her head back by the hair. "Don't you dare tell me what I can or

can't do. You're the slave here."

She started to protest, but he slid his fingers out, and the buzzing of Kirlos's cock instantly overrode the pain of Devlin's invasion.

Kirlos purred. "She wants it. She's so wet her cream is running down my balls."

"Of course she does. She wouldn't be here otherwise."

Larissa twisted around to scowl at him. "As if you gave me a choice."

"I didn't give you a choice, because I could smell your lust as soon as I entered your cell. You want to be dominated, and I'm going to give you what you want. Now turn around and open that tight little ass for my cock."

Larissa buried her head against Kirlos's chest. *Damn the both of them.* She did want it. She wasn't even sure why she'd held out so long before signing their damned agreement. She had no more appealing options for her future than warming their bed.

She sucked in her breath when the tip of his cock pressed against her anus. "Push out, and keep on pushing."

She pushed, and he began to enter her. It felt like he was trying to put a flaming hot baseball bat inside her. She panted and struggled, trying to get away. "Relax and push."

She tried, but it hurt too much.

"Help her," Devlin barked at Kirlos.

Kirlos shifted his hold so he could tilt her hips against him. The vibrations in his cock grew stronger and the bulge hit right against her G-spot.

She forgot the pain in her ass as dizzying waves of pleasure radiated from her pussy. Devlin reached a hand around and teased her clit. She arched against his hand.

Devlin pushed deeper inside; fiery pain jolted her, but Kirlos pressed in tiny strokes, raking his rock hard bulge over her again and again.

She couldn't breathe. Her body was in sensation overload. Devlin worked himself all the way inside and then pulled back. The drag of his cock across the sensitive tissue of her ass, combined with the vibration from Kirlos, had her on the edge of orgasm despite the still painful stretching.

Devlin snarled as he pushed back in. The sound was low and chilling. He truly sounded like an animal. A shiver of fear raced across Larissa, bringing the pain slamming back until Kirlos circled his hips and lust overwhelmed her again.

She heard Kirlos gasp. "Marc?"

A growl answered Kirlos's concern.

Fear made her chest tighten. "What's... wrong?"

Kirlos ignored her. "Marc? Are you all right?"

"Yessss." But his voice wasn't right. It was too low, too primal.

Larissa screamed as Devlin's nails extended into claws. They bit into her hips where he held her tight. She felt fur against her backside where Devlin's belly pressed into her.

Icy fear reached down her spine. She struggled with all her might, but Kirlos's arms were like steel bands. Devlin sank his claws into her skin.

"Help me," she pleaded.

Kirlos shifted his hips inside her. "We all need to come, right now. Or this will get worse."

She kept fighting. No way was she going to let a monster come in her, but when Kirlos began to fuck her in counterpoint to Devlin's slow movements she jumped right back to the brink of release.

"Faster," Kirlos shouted. "Let it go."

Devlin shoved fast and deep. Larissa screamed but the pain turned to pleasure instantly as Kirlos met his rhythm. She lost the ability to think, to move, to breathe. Then her body clenched and exploded.

In the midst of her spiraling pleasure, Kirlos stilled. She felt the hot rush of his come as he pumped frantically against her.

Then Marc howled, and his claws bit into her hips. He slammed into her so hard she screamed. Hot fire exploded in her ass.

As soon as she could move, she struggled against the hold Kirlos still had on her. "Let me up. Let me up."

Marc slid out of her and rolled to the side. She pushed against Kirlos, desperate to free herself. He held her against him for a few seconds, before finally allowing her to pull herself up and off him. She bolted for the door, not caring that she was naked. She had to get away.

"Larissa, don't run," Kirlos pleaded.

"I'm fine, Kirlos. I'm not going to chase her."

Devlin's voice was normal again. Larissa stopped fighting with the door and turned to look over her shoulder. He looked like himself, but she still had no intention of remaining in the same room with him.

Devlin gestured toward the wardrobe and then turned to face away from them. "Get her something to wear and take her to a guest suite."

Kirlos complied. "I think she'll be okay if you explain."

"No. I have no wish to frighten her even more. She needs her own room."

The captain didn't look at them, and his voice sounded so sad Larissa almost wanted to comfort him despite her fear. *Stupid*. It was likely another trick. She had no name for what he was, but she knew his kind were dangerous and ruthless.

Kirlos sighed and crossed to the wardrobe. He pulled a Cerian-style tunic from the wardrobe and held it out to Larissa. "This is probably too large, but it's better than your filthy flight suit. Find your boots and get dressed."

She obeyed as the commander pulled his pants and shirt back on. Devlin kept himself turned away the entire time. He leaned against one of the huge bed posts. She could see his sides expand with long, slow breaths. The muscles of his back were tight with tension. He looked like a man in pain.

What the fuck was going on? Her boss had always seemed invigorated after a change. She'd always made sure she got far enough away not to be asked to start serving with her body, as if risking her life on his cargo runs wasn't bad enough.

When they were both dressed, Kirlos motioned for her to follow him.

He used his thumb print to open the door of a suite on the same corridor. When the door slid back, she entered and he followed.

"He wouldn't have hurt you."

Kirlos's voice was filled with pain, but Larissa fought the effect that had on her. "How can you know that? You seemed concerned."

"He's never hurt anyone who didn't deserve it."

Larissa raised her brow, disbelieving.

Kirlos gave her an icy glare. "I'd be dead if he didn't have iron control. I was his prisoner. A leader of enemy forces attacking Abrigana -- the planet below. But he didn't hurt me."

Pain crossed Kirlos's face, but he quickly made it disappear. "He's only lost control of the change once before that I know of."

"When was that?" Larissa needed to hear him out. Yet she didn't want anyone trying to convince her that a man like that was safe.

"The first time he fucked me, he started to change once he was inside me, just like he did with you. I thought he would kill me when he finished, but he didn't. He shifted back and gave me my freedom."

Larissa sucked in her breath in shock. "He set you free?"

Kirlos nodded.

"Then why are you still here?" She thought she knew the answer, but she had to ask anyway.

"Because I'm in love with him. I knew he loved me back. I just had to make him see it."

Larissa's heart pounded. "But why would he --"

"Strong emotion brings on the change. I think he's falling in love with you too."

Larissa refused to let herself believe that could be true. "He just met me."

Kirlos smiled. "Don't underestimate how special you are. Not many women would stand up to us like you have. You are one of the few females on the station who isn't afraid of him." Kirlos rested his hand on her shoulder. "Please say you'll stay with us."

"I'm afraid of him now. I don't know if I can let him touch me again, no matter

what I've signed."

Kirlos sighed. "He won't hold you to your contract now. Not after what happened. But I wish you'd reconsider."

She shook her head. The thought of leaving made her stomach churn. She had nowhere to go, and she knew she'd never meet men like Devlin and Kirlos again. But how could she accept what she knew and still go to bed with them?

"Larissa, he's a good man, even if he doesn't like people to think so. There are a lot of loyal men and women on this station who followed him out of hell and would go right back with him if he asked."

She took a deep breath. "I'm not one of them."

Kirlos frowned. "Fine. I'm going to go see what I can do for him. You're not to leave this room." The door whooshed closed behind him as he exited.

## Chapter 7

Larissa rubbed her eyes and sat up. She glanced at the clock on the work station desk. It would be morning now by station time. She wasn't sure what time Kirlos had brought her to the guest suite, but she thought she'd slept at least six hours.

The last thing she remembered was sitting on the sofa and stretching out. She'd intended to think of a way to get off the station undetected. Apparently, she'd fallen asleep instead.

At least Devlin or Kirlos hadn't come for her yet. She still had some time. Kirlos said Devlin would let her go, but she couldn't trust him. If he were anything like her boss, he would keep her here indefinitely. He knew she was afraid and she had no hope of fighting a man with that kind of strength.

The pain in his voice when he'd dismissed her echoed in her head along with Kirlos's words. But knowing what she did, she couldn't trust anything Devlin said. And she wasn't about to risk her life on Kirlos's promise.

The idea of Devlin falling in love with her was utterly ridiculous. She thought about how the two men had looked together. How she'd seen such love between them. How she longed to... No, she'd best not go down that path. She had to leave, and she had to do it now, before Kirlos came back.

She crossed the room to the door, bending to study the mechanism, but when she touched the thumb pad, the door opened. Kirlos had never recoded it. Had he trusted her that much or was he so upset by what had happened he'd simply forgotten?

What difference did it make? She was free. If she could just get to her ship she'd have a prayer. She thought she could find her way back to the docking bays. Of course they'd likely moved the ship. But still, she had to try.

\* \* \*



The door to Marc's quarters slid back and Kirlos stepped through. Alone.

"Where's Larissa?"

Kirlos took a deep breath. "She's gone."

"What the fuck do you mean she's gone?"

Kirlos raised his brow. "I thought you didn't care what happened to her as long as she left the station."

"She signed a contract with me. She does not walk out without my permission, no matter what she thinks of me."

Kirlos smiled at the telling scowl on Marc's face. "Then let's go find the little runaway and teach her some discipline."

\* \* \*

Larissa crouched down and leaned slowly around a corner. The footsteps she'd heard had faded, but her heart still pounded at the thought of crossing the ship's busiest corridor. She'd tried to find a quieter way to the docking bay, but she'd nearly gotten lost in the maze of corridors in the station's Market district.

She took a deep breath, gathering her courage.

Suddenly, a hand clamped over her mouth as a rock solid arm tightened around her waist. She was hauled back against a man's body. Definitely a man, she could feel the ridge of his erection digging into her back.

"Do you know what I do to runaways?"

The captain's voice sent a shiver down her spine. At the same time, heat gathered between her legs. But even in the rush of lust, she remembered his deep growl, the feel of his claws digging into her. She struggled against his hold, but he held her tight to his body.

Kirlos stepped in front of her, a furious scowl on his face. "How dare you run from us?"

She tried to pull Devlin's hand from her mouth so she could respond. He put his mouth to her ear. "I'll let you go, but don't bother screaming. No one is going to question my right to you." He dropped his hand from her mouth, but his arm remained

locked around her waist, keeping her trapped against his hard body.

She stared at Kirlos. "You left the door open. How was I to know I was still a prisoner?"

Devlin's grasp tightened. She sucked in her breath. But his head lifted from her ear, and Kirlos's eyes widened. Uh oh. The commander was in trouble now.

A rumble echoed in Devlin's chest, but this time it was human enough not to scare her. "You did what?"

"He left the door open." She smirked at the arrogant Cerian whose cheeks flushed with red-orange flames.

"Perhaps someone else needs to learn about discipline."

Kirlos nodded slowly. "Yes, sir."

"As for you." He wrapped his fingers in Larissa's hair and pulled her head back so he once again tickled her ear with his warm breath. "You gave your word you would serve us."

"That was before I knew --" Kirlos paled at Larissa's words, and she stopped.

"Before you knew I was a monster?" Devlin let her go and pushed her toward the commander.

"No. I d-didn't --" Fear made her voice shake.

"Bring her to my quarters." She heard the click of the captain's boots as he turned and walked away.

Kirlos bent, shoving his shoulder into her stomach. Her breath rushed out as he hauled her over his shoulder. "You're going to pay for that." He took long strides as he tried to catch up with Devlin.

She jolted against his body, finally managing to grasp the waistband of his pants and hold herself in place. Her heart slammed against her chest. What the fuck were they going to do to her?

Kirlos strode through the door of the captain's quarters a few paces behind Devlin. "Should I put her on the table again?"

"No. Bring her to the bedroom."

Kirlos set Larissa down just inside the entrance to the bedroom.

Devlin looked her up and down coldly. "Strip for us."

Her mind screamed at her to protest, but her hands went to the tie at the waist of the tunic they'd given her. She untied it and let it slip down her arms. They'd given her nothing to wear underneath, so once the tunic fell to the ground, she was naked except for her boots. She bent to unzip them.

"No, leave them on. I like that look."

She glanced up to see that heat had returned to Devlin's eyes. But the cruel smile on his face made her shiver.

"Kneel."

Her knees buckled and she dropped straight to the floor. *Why the fuck am I obeying him?* And why was her pussy dripping with cream? She was supposed to be terrified of the captain.

"Acknowledge your debt of service to me."

"W-what?" Her body wavered as dizziness hit her. He was going to hold her to her contract after all.

"Acknowledge that you've sworn to serve me."

It took her several seconds to find her voice. "I have sworn to serve you."

"To serve me how?"

She stared at the carpet as heat rushed to her cheeks. "As your bed slave."

"Were you fulfilling that service by running from me?"

"N-no."

"Look at me."

She forced herself to tilt her head up. The look on his face made her breath catch. He looked as primitive as he would in his animal form. "Do you deserve to be punished?"

She nodded, unable to make a sound as her throat had gone completely dry. Disturbingly, all the moisture in her body seemed to have gathered between her legs. She fought not to squirm from the force of her lust. What was wrong with her that she

still wanted this man when she knew what he was? And even worse, she liked the idea of him disciplining her.

His lips curled up, but the smile only made him look more feral. "You're right, you certainly do. Am I right in assuming no one has ever introduced you to true discipline?"

She nodded.

His smile widened. "In that case, I think we'll have to make do with a good, thorough spanking." He turned to look at Kirlos, who grinned as he rubbed his cock through his pants. "Maybe if she can't sit down for a few days, she'll remember why she shouldn't break her word to us."

Larissa bit her lip, but a whimper escaped anyway. Indentured slave law didn't allow physical punishment, but she didn't think they cared about that. She watched Kirlos remove his jacket, sash, and shirt and drop them on the floor. Then he sat on the side of the bed, near the foot. "Lay across my lap, face down."

Larissa didn't move.

He snarled. "Don't make me wait."

Desire buzzed across her body. Gods of Earth, she really was going to let him do this. She took a shaky breath and crawled across the bed. Then she positioned herself as he'd asked. Her legs stretched up toward the pillows, and her head hung down off the end of the bed.

She felt the commander's hard cock pressed into her waist and heard his shallow breaths. He rubbed his hand over her ass. His palm felt warm and smooth. She bit her lip to hold in a moan as her nipples tightened, rasping against the satiny comforter.

Crack! Fire erupted across her right cheek. She'd forgotten how strong Kirlos was, and he wasn't gentle. Gods, that stung.

Crack! Now the left cheek burned as hot as the right. *How was she going to take this?*

He answered her as surely as if she'd asked out loud. His hand pushed between her thighs and slid into her dripping wet channel.

"Oh yeah. Nice and wet." He thrust in and out several times before raining a series of fast blows on her cheeks with his other hand. She jolted, trying to get away from the sting, but at the same time she bucked against his fingers.

She panted and rubbed her torso against the bed, needing the friction against her aching breasts. Kirlos slapped her ass harder and harder as his fingers plunged deeper, working against that special spot inside her. Pain and pleasure mingled. She stopped struggling against the sting of each slap as she rode the wave of lust that threatened to consume her.

She turned her head at the sound of a low groan. Devlin stood watching them. He'd freed his cock, and he was stroking himself as he watched Kirlos work her.

As if feeling her gaze, he looked into her eyes. Her fear of him melted away when she saw his intense desire for her. She detected none of her boss's coldness, none of the calculation that came into his gaze when he looked at a woman.

She held Devlin's gaze. He released his cock and walked toward her. He kneeled at the end of the bed and leaned down until his lips were inches from hers. She realized he had never kissed her, and she wanted desperately to see how he would taste.

Pain and longing showed in his eyes. "Do you want me?"

She nodded.

His lips captured hers in a kiss filled with aching need. He devoured her like a starving man, and she met every thrust and parry of his tongue. She realized Kirlos had stopped slapping her ass and was pleasuring her with both hands now. He pinched and pulled at her clit and a third finger joined those inside her. She drove back with her hips as hard as her position would allow.

Devlin pulled away a fraction of an inch. "Come for me, Larissa. Come while I taste you."

When his mouth took hers again, Kirlos curled his fingers up, wiggling them against the front of her channel while squeezing her clit. She screamed into Devlin's mouth and exploded in a ferocious climax.

As her tremors slowed, Devlin hauled her off Kirlos's lap and tossed her onto the

mattress on her back. He rose up over her. He looked so fierce that for a moment her fear of him returned. He flinched and started to sit back. The pain on his face tore at her heart, and she realized that perhaps Kirlos had spoken the truth to her. Maybe Devlin did want more from her than lust and possession.

She reached for him. "I need this."

"Are you sure? Once I'm inside you I won't be able to stop, no matter what happens."

She smiled at him. "I'd kill you if you did."

He plunged into her in one fierce stroke. She arched up, taking him, loving the way he stretched her. As he settled into a wild rhythm, Kirlos crawled up the bed and straddled her head. His cock teased her lips, and she opened, sucking him deep.

Light vibrations rumbled through his cock, tickling her mouth. She sucked harder. He moaned as thick slippery lube oozed into her mouth. Gods, he really did taste good, like warm maple syrup.

She gripped the underside of his cock and pulled more of him into her mouth. He shifted position to accommodate her and began making shallow lunges, fucking her mouth. The feel of his long, sweet cock shuttling in and out of her mouth while Devlin took his fill of her pussy had her hovering on the edge of another orgasm in no time.

She tried to hold back, wanting to ride the wave with them. But Devlin suddenly stopped and pulled out.

She let go of Kirlos's cock and looked over his body at Devlin. He was gasping for breath, and his eyes had started to change. "Please... I can't... I don't."

"Don't stop. I don't care what happens."

Kirlos slid off her.

"Turn over. He doesn't want you to see him if he starts to turn."

"But his eyes. They're beautiful."

Kirlos snorted. "I know but humor him."

She got on all fours. Devlin shoved into her from behind before she was even steady. He growled, and she heard his claws rip the sheets where he'd dug his hands

into the mattress on either side of her. But she had no time to be scared, because Kirlos had positioned himself so his tantalizing cock was once again pointing toward her mouth. She buried her face in his lap, drinking him in.

He moaned and pushed upward, encouraging her to take him deeper. The captain's ferocious thrusts rocked her against him. She sucked nearly all of Kirlos's length into her mouth. A strangled sound escaped his throat. And his hips began to buck against her in short, sharp strokes.

He shifted, and she realized he'd arched up so he could lean forward and kiss Devlin. The thought of their tongues tangling sent fire racing through her. She lashed Kirlos's cock with her tongue as she squirmed her hips back against Devlin.

Suddenly, Kirlos froze. Hot jets of come flooded Larissa's mouth. She moaned. He'd not exaggerated. He tasted delicious, syrupy and sweet. She swallowed every drop she could and licked her lips as he pulled out.

Devlin had stopped fucking her. She tried to turn around to look at him, but he took hold of her hips and pushed her toward the bed. "Please," she moaned.

"No." His voice was low and guttural.

Kirlos purred. "Let her turn over, Marc. You know you want to taste my come on her lips."

He growled, long and low.

"I want... to... see... you." She forced the words out between thrusts so deep his balls slapped against her.

"Fuck!" Marc pulled out and flipped her over. His claws scraped the skin of her stomach, but she didn't care.

She looked up into his tawny gold wolf eyes. His mouth hung open as he panted, and she saw the sharp points of his canines. The hair on his chest had thickened, and she could feel furry thighs pushing her open, but she wasn't scared. He slid into her slowly, and she arched up, accepting him with her body.

He smiled and resumed the pounding rhythm he'd used before. She met him stroke for stroke. He slid a hand under her back and lifted her. She locked her legs

around his waist and used his shoulders for leverage, pulling herself up until she was sitting astride his lap.

He took her mouth in a fierce kiss. His tongue lapped up the last drops of Kirlos's sweetness that remained at the corners of her mouth.

She hissed as his claws dug into her shoulders, but she didn't try to get away. The pain was just one more sensation spiraling through her body, bringing her closer and closer to what she knew would be a soul-rocking explosion.

Over and over, she ground herself down on his cock. His hands slid down to cup her buttocks, increasing her rhythm and tilting her so her clit brushed against his furry stomach.

His tongue flicked across the sensitive roof of her mouth as his cock flexed inside her, and she lost it. Her body clenched him tight, bringing him over with her. They both writhed against each other while hot pleasure pounded through their bodies.

When the storm finally calmed, Devlin collapsed backwards, pulling her with him. Kirlos curled against them, wrapping his arm around Larissa's waist.



## Chapter 8

Long minutes later, Larissa shifted and tried to sit up, suddenly consumed by the need to tell Devlin and Kirlos everything she knew and ashamed that she hadn't warned them. The bastard she worked for might be devising a way to kill Devlin. And now that she knew what he was, she had an idea why.

Kirlos refused to move his arm, and Devlin tightened the hand that rested on the back of her neck.

"Please. We need to talk. It's important. It's about what happened with the weapons."

Kirlos groaned, but rolled off her. She pushed against the captain's chest and sat up. Devlin propped himself up on one elbow, and she realized he looked fully human again except for a wolfish gleam that remained in his eyes. Suddenly, she remembered she was stark naked. She wrapped the sheet around herself.

Marc started to protest, but she shook her head. "None of us should be distracted right now." But as she spoke, her eyes drifted down the length of his body. His cock stirred under her visual attention.

He smiled. "I guess we'd better dress. And I think we could all use some coffee. It's been quite a morning."

The two men pulled on their pants and Kirlos started what smelled like real coffee brewing in the pot in the small kitchen. Watching him do something simple and domestic made her feel cozy, but the warmth couldn't override her fear that Devlin would lock her up again after her confession.

By the time Larissa had found her tunic and gotten dressed, the captain and commander had taken their mugs and settled themselves on the leather couch in the sitting area. Trying to keep her hands from shaking, she poured herself some coffee and

sat down across from them in a matching leather chair.

The captain eyed her warily as he stroked Kirlos's hair. "So what is it you've been keeping from us?"

She swallowed. "My boss is like you."

Devlin's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

"He can change. He becomes a black panther. And he's inhumanly strong. I saw him wring a man's neck like he was of no more consequence than a bug."

"What does he look like when he's in human form?"

"He's broad and thickly built like you, but shorter than you by several inches. His hair is black, and his eyes are green. Women are attracted to him because he has a body to die for, but he has no heat in him. His eyes are always cold and hard."

The captain closed his eyes and took a long slow breath. Kirlos watched him, apprehension in his eyes. "Ragland?"

Devlin shook his head. "One of his men."

Kirlos took his lover's hand and looked up at Larissa. "Tell us what happened to the weapons."

Larissa took a deep breath. "I accidentally found out what Lukas -- that's what he calls himself -- is. Instead of killing me, he blackmailed me to take jobs that others would refuse. Whenever he needs to send someone on what might be a fatal run, he picks me.

"When he sent me here with a load of illegal weapons, I thought the risk was simply carrying contraband to a station known as a haven for those who need to buy goods not easily... attainable elsewhere. I had no idea the weapons were faulty. I guess Lukas decided I was no longer useful to him. I'm sure he thought you would kill me."

Kirlos's bright eyes went cold. "And then he could bring the authorities down on Marc for murdering one of his employees."

"Son of a bitch." The captain looked at Kirlos. "Call command. Make the search top security priority. Tell them to find our man but not to engage him under any circumstances."

"You think Lukas is here?" Larissa asked as Kirlos punched a button on his wrist unit.

Devlin nodded. "That's not his real name, but yes, he's here."

Fear constricted Larissa's chest as she listened to Kirlos bark out orders to the command center. Then he signed off and tightened his grip on the captain's hand. "I think you'd better tell her everything."

Devlin said nothing for several long seconds. Larissa's heart pounded in her ears, but she got up the courage to form her question. "What are you?"

"The deadliest assassins Terra Gov ever created."

A knot formed in the pit of her stomach. She remembered the sickening ease with which Lukas had killed the night she'd learned his secret. The horror of her memory must have shown on her face, because Devlin closed his eyes and pressed the heels of his hands into his eyes.

She looked at the commander. He motioned for her to join them on the couch.

She sat down beside Devlin and laid her hand on his thigh. "Tell me what they did to you."

"They selected ten special forces officers for what they told us would be a trial program to see if they could improve our strength, stamina, and tracking abilities. I agreed because I was hoping for a promotion. I wanted out from under the bastard who was my team leader.

"Instead of the rigorous training I expected, I was drugged and cut open. They implanted DNA extracted from prisoners they'd taken on a recently conquered planet. The prisoners had the ability to change form. Those of us who survived the genetic grafting all gained the ability to shift as well as the abilities to use our animal's characteristics in our human form."

"That's why you're so strong."

He nodded.

"But how did you end up here?"

"The program was cancelled when Terra Gov realized they couldn't control us.

Several of those who survived went crazy and killed themselves. And they all took out several others with them. The program was cancelled and Terra Gov decided the best way to keep their mistake from leaking out was to execute all of us.

"When we realized what they intended, those of us who could ran. Ragland and I were the strongest and had the best control over what we'd become. I gathered those shifters who were willing to follow me as well as some men and women from my old squad. Many of them no longer felt capable of fighting for a government they believed corrupt.

"We stole a ship and headed for the edges of Common World space. We formed a mercenary company but most of us wanted a more permanent home. When we saved the Abrigans from the Cerians, the leaders offered us this station in payment."

Larissa couldn't help but glance at Kirlos. How did he fit into this story?

He smiled but shook his head. "My story is another tale entirely. One you may hear some day if you're very lucky."

She looked at Devlin. "I take it Ragland did not come with you."

"No. I can't say I've never used my special abilities for my own profit." Kirlos grinned, gaining himself a hard stare from Devlin. "But from the moment their change was complete, Ragland and his followers reveled in their newfound power, using it to hurt as many people as they could and to build up an empire of crime stretching across Common World space."

"Why do they care what you do?"

"They want to eliminate all the shifters who aren't part of their coalition. If I'm willing to believe the rumors that reach me from the Terran Protectorate, some of them are in league with undesirable sectors of Terra Gov. It's possible they are planning to try to get Ragland elected to the Protectorate Senate. The shifters who disapprove of his actions are the only ones who could hope to stop him."

Larissa's stomach roiled at the thought of her boss or one like him gaining more power than he already had. The man was pure evil. "And you think Lukas works for Ragland."

"Yes. His description fits one of the men who survived and left Terra Central with Ragland."

Larissa had more questions, but a beep from Kirlos's wrist unit silenced her.

"Adesta. Go."

"Squadron 6 think they've found him holed up on the quarantined ship."

"Have them keep their distance. The captain and I are on our way. Adesta out."

## Chapter 9

The captain was already on his feet, headed toward the bedroom. "You're staying here, Kirlos."

"What?"

"You're staying here with Larissa. If the shifter gets away from me, he may come here. We can't leave her alone."

Larissa shook her head. "I'm willing to risk it. You can't go after him by yourself."

"I can and I will. I'm the one he wants anyway."

Kirlos grabbed his lover by the shoulder and spun him around. Their faces were inches apart. "You're not going after him alone."

"Yes, I am." Devlin pushed at Kirlos, but the Cerian didn't budge.

Devlin glanced over his shoulder at Larissa. "If another shifter comes after Larissa, you're her best hope. No human stands a chance."

Kirlos turned to look at her too. Heat crept into her face. She wanted to look away, but the intensity in both their eyes held her. She glanced from one to the other.

Kirlos sighed. "I don't want to lose either of you."

Devlin shook his head. "You won't. I'm going to take the shifter out."

Kirlos squeezed his eyes shut for a few long seconds. Then he pulled the captain to him. Their lips fused in a kiss so filled with longing and passion that Larissa's knees threatened to give. Their love for each other was nearly painful to see.

Devlin broke away from Kirlos, and the Cerian let him go. The captain pulled on his boots, tucking long wicked-looking knives into each one. Then he pulled on a flak vest, strapped on a waist holster, and added a gun.

When he was done, he crossed to stand in front of Larissa. His eyes had started

to change, from the adrenaline of fight mode she imagined. He looked deadly, and she fought the urge to back up.

"If your boss gets by me and comes for you, don't you dare get involved. Let Kirlos do the fighting. Run if you can."

"I can defend myself."

"Not against a shifter. You've seen him kill. You know you don't have a chance."

"But --"

"No more arguing. You are too valuable to me. I won't allow harm to come to you."

"Oh I see. You don't want your property damaged."

Pain contorted his face.

*Why the fuck had she said that?* She'd seen the heat in his eyes, had known that wasn't what he meant. *You're scared of what you feel.* The sarcastic voice in her head mocked her. *And you're scared he could never feel like you do.*

"I'm sorry. I --"

Devlin shook his head. "I have to go."

He turned and marched out the door without looking back.

\* \* \*

"He's going to kill me for this."

"Not if we save his life."

Kirlos turned toward the guard. "Let us through, Jackson."

"I'm sorry, sir. The captain said no one was to be allowed through no matter who they were and no matter what we heard from inside."

"I accept full responsibility for my actions."

"Commander, sir, I --"

Kirlos glanced around at the four guards who surrounded them. "I suppose it would look more convincing if you were all found unconscious."

Jackson took a long, slow breath. Then he stepped aside. Kirlos pressed his hand onto the print pad, and the door to the cargo bays slid open.

Heart pounding, Larissa followed him to the entrance to bay eleven where she'd landed the day before.

He motioned for her to stand back before he punched in a code and pressed his palm on the door to open it. They both crouched low on the hinge side of the door, but when it opened, they saw nothing.

Larissa started to step forward, but Kirlos wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her back against him. "We're not going in unless we see that he's in trouble."

"But we can't know that until we see him."

"No, Larissa. I promised him I'd protect you. I'm going to do my damndest to keep that promise."

Larissa exhaled slowly, trying to loosen the hard knot of fear in her throat.

They heard an agonized shout. Larissa struggled against Kirlos's hold, but his arm was like a steel bar. "Please, we have to help him."

"You've fallen in love with him, haven't you?"

She sucked in her breath as heat burned her cheeks. "I'm not sure. I just... you're both exactly what I've dreamed of and..." To her shame she felt tears slide down her cheeks.

Kirlos nuzzled her hair. "You're what we've wanted too. I love Marc, but I can't sacrifice you to go after him."

She started to protest, but a loud crash drew their attention to her ship. Then she saw her boss tumble down the ramp. Devlin appeared in the door and charged after him. Both men were covered in cuts. Bright red blood smeared the ramp Lukas had rolled down.

As the captain reached him, Lukas flipped over and grabbed for Devlin's legs, knocking him to the floor. Then light flashed and a puff of smoke clouded the room.

Larissa lost sight of both men for several seconds. When the air cleared enough for her to see again, a thickly-muscled gray wolf and an enormous, gleaming panther were wrapped around each other. Two piles of clothes lay on the floor beside them.



"What the hell happened?" she whispered to Kirlos.

"When they make a full change, their bodies become incorporeal. Then their animal form appears."

"But when Devlin changed before I felt his claws and fur forming. He never disappeared."

"Partial changes happen slowly. He can only become a true wolf like this."

Loud snarls echoed against the bay's high ceiling, making Larissa forget her amazement at what she'd witnessed. Within seconds, the animals' claws had cut each other so deep that blood dripped, making pools beneath them. Devlin's flank was smeared with red and Lukas's fur gleamed from the wet blood.

Larissa held her breath. Kirlos let go of her, and they both eased their way into the bay but neither spoke. Larissa couldn't take her eyes off the horrific sight of the beasts locked in combat.

They each rose up on hind legs. The wolf pushed, and the panther skittered back. But as he fell to all fours, Lukas raised a paw and threw himself at Devlin. His paw swiped Devlin's belly, ripping open his hide.

The captain slumped to the floor.

Larissa screamed.

A plasma gun blast echoed. She turned to see Kirlos with a gun in his hand.

Lukas stumbled backward. Light flashed and suddenly his naked human form held the gun he'd dropped in his fall from the ship. The gun pulsed, and a bright red stain appeared on Kirlos's chest. The commander fell to the floor.

Lukas charged at her. She pulled her gun and fired. She hit his shoulder, but he kept coming.

Then Devlin's wolf landed on him, taking him down. With one blow of his paw, the captain twisted Lukas's head to an impossible angle as his teeth clamped down, ripping out Lukas's throat.

Her boss wouldn't be getting up again.

Breaking her paralysis, Larissa rushed to Kirlos's side. He was already coming

around, and he easily pushed himself to sitting. Larissa grasped his arm. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. Is Marc --" Then he looked past her shoulder, and his eyes widened. The slurping sounds of an animal feeding made her gut clench.

Kirlos started to stand, but she pushed him down. "Don't get up. You're hurt."

He ignored her. "Cerians heal quickly. Lukas didn't hit anything vital."

When she turned, Devlin was sitting back on his heels, in human form again. He was naked, and his body was covered in cuts and bruises. But the deep slashes on his abdomen had already begun to heal. There would soon be no trace of the bloody encounter.

Kirlos put his hand on her shoulder. "Changing back to human form speeds healing. He's going to be fine."

Larissa kept her eyes focused on the captain. She was glad Lukas was dead, but she couldn't bring herself to look at her boss, whatever remained of him.

Kirlos retrieved his wrist unit from the floor. "Should I call in security?"

Still not looking at them, Devlin shook his head. "Not yet."

Larissa barely kept herself from going to him. "You need a med tech."

"I'm not going to ask what the fuck you two are doing here, but rest assured there will be a reckoning for this."

Anger rushed through Larissa. "But Kirlos saved your life. If he hadn't shot Lukas --"

Devlin looked at her for the first time. His eyes were cold and hard.

Kirlos squeezed her shoulder. "Not now."

The captain got to his feet. Larissa could see his legs quivering, but he managed to walk to where his clothes had fallen in the midst of his change.

Despite the horror she'd just witnessed, Larissa felt heat gathering low in her belly as she watched the thick muscles along the back of his body move.

He bent to pick up his pants and shirt. "Get her out of here. Then tell security to come in."

Larissa shook her head. "I'm not going anywhere."

Devlin ignored her. "Release her from the contract. Help her make arrangements to fly wherever she wants to go."

Larissa's throat tightened and nausea curled in her stomach. He was dismissing her. She bit the side of her mouth in an attempt to hold back tears.

Kirlos slid his hand down her arm and twined it with hers. He squeezed her hand, and she looked up at him. "You're not leaving," he mouthed.

She gave him a small smile, but the sick feeling didn't go away.

## Chapter 10

The door to the guest suite slid back. Kirlos stepped through. His color had returned and he'd changed to a clean uniform. No one would ever know he'd been shot less than an hour ago.

"I've got a plan to make Devlin see reason."

Larissa squeezed her eyes shut. "If he doesn't want me here..."

Kirlos snorted, and she opened her eyes and frowned at him.

"I'm sorry. It's just that he wants you with every fiber of his being. The idiot thinks you would never touch him again after what you saw."

Larissa shook her head. "I admit, it was disturbing. But he did what any wolf would do, and his instincts saved my life and yours too."

Kirlos nodded. "I know."

"So what's your plan?"

"Well, I finally got him to the clinic. They had to sedate him to get him to cooperate. I'm afraid he reacts just like a wounded wolf would when confronted by med techs."

Larissa smiled.

"Anyway, they've completed everything they need to do to him and were just waiting for him to wake up. I asked that they go ahead and move him back to his quarters."

Larissa raised her brow. "Why?"

Kirlos gave her a wicked smile. "You'll see."

\* \* \*

Kirlos pressed the print pad, and the door to the captain's quarters slid open. When Larissa stepped through, she gasped.

A still unconscious Devlin was spread eagle on the sex table, strapped down at wrists and ankles. Just as she'd been the day before.

"He's really going to kill you now."

"Oh, I know. I'm sure his revenge will be quite severe. Good thing I'm into that."

Larissa couldn't help but smile.

"Good thing you are too. You'll get it almost as good as I will."

Larissa sucked in her breath. "But I --"

"Don't even try to protest. I felt all that cream coating my hand when I was reddening that fine ass of yours."

Larissa didn't think her face could be any hotter. But she didn't try to protest any more. His spanking *had* made her wickedly hot.

"He should wake any minute."

Larissa couldn't hold back a giggle. "He's going to be righteously pissed. Has he ever been in that thing before?"

"Only once."

She raised her brow in question.

Kirlos grinned. "He lost a bet to me."

The thought sent a shiver of pleasure through her. "So, how'd he react?"

"He came so hard I was afraid he'd break it."

"Mmmm. But this time he's not going to come until he's promised me I can stay for as long as I like."

Kirlos's smile widened.

They both turned toward the table at the sound of a moan.

Larissa's heart sped up. "He's waking up. How do we work it? Isn't it keyed to his voice?"

Kirlos shook his head. "I reset it, using your voice print from your interrogation. It will respond to you."

Larissa felt a wicked rush at the idea of having such power over Devlin. She watched as his eyes opened suddenly. He tried to move his arms and froze. He looked

from side to side and then down the length of his body.

When he finally met her gaze, ferocious anger burned in his eyes. "You have two seconds to release me."

Larissa slowly approached the end of the table, her sense of power growing with every step. "You're hardly in a position to make demands."

He looked up at Kirlos. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

"Giving Larissa a chance to make you see what a pig-headed bastard you are."

Devlin growled and struggled against the tentacles that held him.

"That won't do you any good," Larissa said in her best sexy purr. "Those things are really quite strong."

"Release me right now."

"No, Captain. The commander has informed me that you are under the impression that I'm no longer willing to touch you. I'm here to prove you wrong."

She climbed onto the table and knelt between his legs. He sucked in his breath as she bent low over his cock. When her tongue swiped its length, he gasped.

"See, I'm more than willing to touch you. In fact, I've decided to take this opportunity to finally taste you." She sucked the tip of his cock into her mouth, and his hips flexed, forcing him deeper.

She pulled back until her lips were just beyond his reach. "Table, secure his waist."

She glanced up to see his face. He was scowling at Kirlos. "You didn't."

She heard Kirlos chuckle. "How could she prove her point if she didn't have the controls?"

Once the table had him tightly restrained, Larissa exhaled her warm breath along the length of his cock. Then she had a delightfully wicked thought. "Table, make one of those tongue-like tentacles and see to his ass."

Larissa felt the slight shift in the table's surface as it responded to her command. Devlin made a strangled sound.

She lowered herself and drew his cock into her mouth again. He moaned and

tried to squirm away from the ministration of her tongue and the table's makeshift one. But he was well and truly trapped.

"I... will... get... you both... for this."

She smiled around his cock, and Kirlos laughed. "We're counting on it."

She cupped his balls, lifting and squeezing them, making him pant. After another long, slow pull on his shaft, Larissa pulled back so she could speak. "Table, make a long thick tentacle, lube it, and fuck his ass."

She couldn't resist glancing up at him again. His body tensed, and he groaned. His eyes went wide and his head tilted back. She licked his cock again like it was the most delicious lollipop. His hips made the tiny circles the table would allow.

He looked down his body at her. Vulnerability had returned to his eyes.

She smiled, pulling back and reaching a hand between her legs. When her fingers were good and wet, she grasped his cock with her hand. "Do you feel how slick my hand is? That's all from my pussy. I want you right now as much as I did the first time I ever saw you. You're not like Lukas. I know that now."

"But what I did to him..."

"You saved my life. That only makes me want you more."

He started to say something else, but she cut him off by bending over and drawing his cock deep into her throat. She tilted her head so she could see Kirlos.

He'd taken his cock out of his pants and was making long strokes with his fist. His cock gleamed with its slick secretions. She lifted the hand she'd been using to tease Devlin's balls and motioned for Kirlos to join them.

The Cerian obeyed, caressing her ass as he walked along the side of the table. She shifted her position so she could watch him as he leaned down and took the captain's lips in a possessive, devouring kiss.

Kirlos flicked his thumbs across Devlin's nipples, then pinched the small peaks that formed between his thumb and forefinger. Devlin struggled beneath both of them, fighting as much as the table's tight grip would allow. Kirlos released his lover's mouth and took one of the nipples he'd tormented between his teeth.

When he bit down, Devlin tensed. Larissa immediately pulled back. "Table, stop." She heard the slick glide of the tentacle as it slid from Devlin's ass and disappeared into the table's surface.

Devlin snarled. Larissa looked up and saw that his eyes had gone wolfish. She smiled. "Not so fun, is it?"

"Bitch."

Kirlos chuckled. "Don't tell me you can't take at least as much as a girl who's never been tortured before."

He hissed at the Cerian. "I haven't even dreamt up a punishment good enough for you yet."

Kirlos's smile never faltered. "Promises. Promises."

Larissa straddled the captain's hips. "If you want to come, then you have to promise to let me stay as long as I like."

Devlin grinned. "As my bed slave?"

"As your lover." She looked at Kirlos. "As both your lovers."

Pain flashed across Devlin's face. "You would really stay?"

"I wouldn't be here now if I didn't want to."

She gripped his cock, sliding her hand up and down. He groaned. "Why would you stay, knowing..."

She glanced at Kirlos. He knelt by Devlin's head, his face uncertain. "For the same reason Kirlos has, I imagine."

Devlin's eyes widened.

"I think I'm in love with you. With both of you. I don't know how it could have happened so fast, but it has. And I want to stay."

Devlin lifted his hips, trying to thrust into her hand. She shook her head. "No more until you promise not to send me away."

His hips strained toward her again. "You can stay as long as you like, but if you do your contract is still valid. For the rest of the month, you're here as my slave. After that... we'll see."



She released his cock. "I guess you don't really want to come then. Too bad."

His eyes narrowed. "You know you love the idea. I bet cream is dripping from you right now just thinking about me turning you over and spanking your ass until you can't sit down."

Damn it, he was right. The thought of serving him for the next month sent waves of heat right to her pussy. She was so hot she was dizzy with it.

"Table, use a very thin tentacle to form a cock ring."

She lifted her hips so the table could obey. Devlin struggled, but the tentacle at his waist held him fast. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"I don't want you going anywhere too fast." She gripped his cock and aimed it toward her slick channel.

He smiled then as he realized what she meant. "Does that mean you agree to my terms?"

"It means I decided I'm not in the mood to wait anymore." He groaned as she slid down onto him, sheathing him completely within her.

"Turn him on his side," Kirlos said, his voice breathless.

Larissa rolled, pulling Devlin with her. "Table, release his waist. Turn him to the side, arms stretched over his head, wrists pinned tight, legs stacked with ankles still bound."

The table surface undulated. She and Devlin tumbled over. She lifted her leg over his hips, pulling him deeper into her body. Kirlos stretched out behind him, and Larissa realized what he intended to do. The thought of him driving into the captain's ass while Devlin was lodged in her pussy made her so hot her hips bucked against Devlin of their own will.

Kirlos flexed his hips against Devlin's ass. "Wasn't it nice of Larissa to get you all greased and stretched for me?"

"Don't you dare."

"What? You don't want Larissa to see how much you love having your ass stuffed. I bet the sight alone will be enough to make her come."

Devlin growled, but his hips pushed back before he thrust into Larissa again.

Kirlos wrapped a hand over Devlin's hip and Larissa guessed the other was positioning his cock. Then he arched his back and she felt Devlin being pressed into her.

Kirlos groaned. "Fuck you're tight. I haven't been doing this enough." He pressed harder and Larissa ground herself against Devlin as he filled her completely.

Devlin gasped and pushed back, sliding out of Larissa. She whimpered, wanting the fullness back.

Kirlos chuckled. "Ah yes. Just the right spot." He twisted his hips. Devlin snarled.

Larissa remembered the feel of Kirlos's cock vibrating inside her, the bulb stretching and pulsing. Devlin must be feeling just as she did when Kirlos had rubbed against the magic spot inside her.

Larissa saw Devlin's canines extend as he opened his mouth to pant. His hips began moving wildly. Kirlos dug his fingers into Devlin's hips, trying to still him. "You're well and trapped this time, aren't you?"

"Shut up and fuck me."

"Not until you admit that Larissa's exactly what we've been looking for."

Devlin groaned. "Yeah, a slick warm pussy." He punctuated his words with a long, slow stroke into her.

Larissa scowled. "Table, tighten his ring."

"Stop. I didn't really mean that. I mean I did, but --"

It was enough for her to see him flustered. She knew he wasn't a man to whom words came easy. "Table, put the ring back as it was."

Kirlos rammed deeply into Devlin, eliciting a low groan. "Her pussy is indeed delicious, but I was referring to her ability to put up with both of us."

"I would hardly call tying me up and tormenting me putting up with *me*."

"Isn't it exactly what you needed to make you see sense?"

He frowned as another of Kirlos's deep strokes drove him into Larissa. "I guess so."

"See? Larissa and I know exactly how to take care of you."

An ominous rumble echoed in Devlin's chest. "I don't need taking care of."

Kirlos sighed. "Shut up and fuck us." Kirlos increased his pace, slamming Devlin against Larissa until the pressure built to a crisis. She balanced on the precipice of release, afraid of the intensity she would feel when she went over. She wanted nothing more than to be Devlin and Kirlos's lover, but she feared too many afternoons spent like this might just wear her body out.

Then Devlin groaned and ground himself against her. The feel of his hot come exploding inside her sent her over. She whimpered cries of love to them both as pleasure poured to her every extremity, securing her to them as surely as any chains.

**To be continued...**

## **Shifter's Station 2: Pilot's Heart**

Marcus Devlin and Kirlos Adesta want nothing more than to solidify their relationship with Larissa and make her realize she's theirs for eternity. But their plans for her continued seduction are interrupted when their space station falls under attack.

Denis Ragland, Marc's most dangerous enemy, has decided that the next step in his rise to power is to kill as many enemy shifters as he can -- and Marc is first on his list. Larissa is determined to help defend the station, but Marc and Kirlos expect her to stay in the shadows. Can their love survive a clash of wills and a brush with death?

## **Silvia Violet**

Silvia Violet has adored the written word since childhood. By the time she was one and a half, she was “reading” nursery rhymes to her parents. She began her love affair with love stories when a friend found a stash of historicals hidden under her living room couch. Since then, she’s devoured historicals, contemporaries and paranormals in large helpings -- she’s a sucker for a good alpha hero no matter what the genre.

Silvia earned a BA and then an MA in history, all the while thinking she’d rather be writing love stories than research papers on obscure topics. Eventually she decided she was going to stop wishing and actually do it. She’s been writing ever since.

Silvia married her high school sweetheart and now lives in the mountains of North Carolina. She’s a stay-at-home mom and even when she’s had no sleep and has just mopped the floor for the eighth time that day, she knows she would never trade her life for anything else.

Along with writing, she enjoys baking, reading, and surfing the web for more books to buy. When she’s not chasing her toddler, she enjoys getting exercise by hiking and walking around her historic neighborhood.