

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



AMON  
BIESTE

LATHARIAN  
REVIEW

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Latharian Review

ISBN 9781419911132

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Edited by Briana St. James.

Photography and cover art by Les Byerley.

Electronic book Publication May 2007

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# *LATHARIAN REVIEW*

**Amon Bieste**

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## Chapter One

The moment I looked at Corral Melhen, my whole body filled with fire and the temperature I exuded slightly tinted my skin suit. She was the kind of female that I could spend hours on, taking my time and my pleasure. Physically, she was thin, with small breasts and slim hips. Her features were delicate and feminine; by human standards, very appealing. I couldn't care less about the appearance of a human. It was her energy, red-hot and radiating out from every pore of her body, that I was attracted to. But Melhen was an admiral and one didn't just throw an admiral to the floor and mate with her. So I kept my place, working the gauges that manned the space drifter, *Ecker3*.

"Are you having a problem, Captain?" She addressed me in a strong but feminine voice after a few moments of observing the bridge of the small craft. Apparently, she'd noticed the slight change in my skin suit.

"Nothing I can't handle." But when she'd moved closer, I could smell her human sex, tangy and damp. I could feel her emotions. My telltale suit brightened.

"You look as though you need relief of duty."

I inhaled deeply, sucking her scent into my chest. Duty was not what demanded relief. My body jerked, but I gripped the smooth round knob of the gauge and forced myself not to face her. Why in hell had they sent a human woman to review my drifter?

"You are *Latharian*, aren't you?" she asked in an accusing tone. Our skin suits covered our natural forms—many times we were mistaken for humans. Apparently the admiral had noticed the slight differences in our skin suits and the bone structure of our bodies. Our faces were made of wide angles and our bodies, though varying in sizes, were slightly larger than most humans.

My heartbeat accelerated. I could smell the tiny droplets of sweat that gathered in her pubic hair now. It was a musky, salty smell that made me growl before I could stop myself. I gripped the gauge so tightly that the color of my skin suit whitened around my knuckles.

“Yes.”

“Is it true that Latharians have heightened senses?” She ventured closer and I could hear the curiosity in her voice, feel it in her emotions. There were few of us who interacted with Earth. It wasn’t uncommon that those we did come in contact with were curious. But they had all been warned of the Latharians’ appetite for sex and to approach with caution as cadets. Why wasn’t this female doing that?

“Some of us do.”

“Do you?”

I gritted my teeth together, trying to block against the fire that raged through me. “Sense of smell.”

She was silent for several long seconds, but did not back away. “What do I smell like?”

As long as she didn’t touch me, I could refrain from giving in to my natural urges. But she was so close that, even without contact, the skin suit thinned. “Sex.” My voice had tightened and sounded forced through my teeth.

“I beg your pardon?”

“The three of us have been away from civilization for several months. With all due respect, Admiral,” I drew a ragged breath, “you should not be the one to greet us.”

“I was assigned to this ship.” She sniffed, dismissing her curiosity. “You will allow me access to your logs and the proper disease tests will be run. If you are not pleased with my authority, you may take your complaints to Counsel in two days’ time when my review of you, your crew and your ship is completed.” She spoke in a professional manner that hinted at years of experience despite her age, which I guessed from her

smell was close to thirty. Too young for that kind of experience, I thought to myself. Too young to have lived enough life to give her that experience.

“Of course.”

“Are the two men of your crew also Latharian?” she asked then. She had to know they were if she’d recognized me as Latharian. Humans asked stupid questions. Still I answered.

“They are.”

“Like you?”

“Some differences.”

“What differences are those?” Again, curiosity tinged her words. Damned humans.

At last she moved away as she waited for my answer. I shoved the gauge into auto-hover and faced her while she walked to my second-in-command. Karo kept his stare locked on the floor. He didn’t dare look up, but I could see him shaking, as affected by her presence as I was.

“Jarú’s differences are physical.” I looked to my right to Jarú’s large frame, then at Karo. “Karo is different from me in that he also has a heightened sense of taste.” Jarú didn’t look at the floor like Karo did. He was staring at the admiral as if he was going to pounce on her. I could smell both of their arousals as strongly as I felt my own. The urge to move as a pack was strong, tempting, but we all three held our ground.

When she retrieved a small detector from her review pack, I frowned as she lifted it to scan the length of Jarú’s body. “We’ve no diseases,” I told her. “We encountered no race of life to contract disease from. And we practiced strict rules of conduct when taking the samples of the new planet’s environment.” I retrieved the small *Ecker3* palmlog and held it out to her with a shaking hand. “These are our logs. It shouldn’t take you long to review them.”

She stared at me evenly, then clamped the detector closed, satisfied we were not carrying any foreign disease. “You are trying to rush my review. It is because I am a

woman. You want me off your ship.” She reached forward to take the palmlog. “I’ve encountered males like you before. You think you are superior. Fortunately, you have no authority to make a decision about my presence here. And all of my reviews are thorough.” Again, matter-of-fact professionalism defined her voice. Pride and determination reached out between the waves of hot energy.

I moved with the speed my species is known for, bringing my face within an inch of hers. “I am trying to save you, Admiral,” I hissed through my teeth, ignoring the tickle of fear I was met with in her energy. “Latharians respect whatever authority comes with the title you hold. Your being female does not change the respect you deserve, but it does make a difference in the way our bodies react.” This close and my skin suit bloomed brightly. And even though it was Karo who could taste her energy on the air in the confined space of the drifter bridge, my own tongue tingled and forked at the tip.

Her eyes widened and realization washed over her expression. Most were surprised by the ferocity of our reactions. She jumped backward, away from me. “You mean...”

“You smell like sex,” I finished. The last word came out in a hiss that I had no control over. The scent from her cunt grew stronger and my stomach clenched, nearly doubling me over. Jaru growled from the left of me and across the small space, Karo was visibly shaking. Both of their skin suits had turned the bright color of the blood the change of her temperature had brought to their surfaces. I knew my own mimicked theirs. I inhaled loudly, hungrily devouring her smell.

“Go below and review the logs,” I told her after exhaling. It was a command—one that shouldn’t have been given to an admiral. I was in no position to order her about; I was just the captain of a tiny ship. I was desperate, however, to regain control of myself and my crew. And I couldn’t do that with her standing there in front of us.

She opened her mouth as if to argue and then thought better of it. Her mouth clamped closed and she exhaled through her nose with frustration. That breath drifted through the small space and created another knot of tension in my gut. But she turned on her heel and leaned down to lift the hatch to that led to our sleeping area. Once she



climbed down and closed the hatch behind her, Karo exhaled violently and Jaru exploded in a line of Latharian curses.

“A human woman!” Jaru bellowed so loudly that I knew she had heard him. “What kind of organization would send a human woman to greet us on our return? Have they no minds with which to think?”

I placed my hands on the console. My chest constricted as I tried to draw air into my body. My stomach twisted with pain, but I blocked against it. I didn’t know how we would manage to be tested without assaulting her.

“Ganslought humans!” Jaru swore again. Karo had sunk to his knees, his skin suit changing from bright red to a muddy orange. He felt ill. He needn’t say it. His body temperature said enough.

“What are we going to do? She can’t perform the tests!” Jaru began to pace, his thick legs stamping around in circles.

“We are stronger if we are together.” I had finally pushed the beast back away from the surface and was forcing my body to return to normal.

“We are also more dangerous, Captain,” Jaru warned.

“There is nothing else to be done.”

“There is! She can march her ass back to Counsel and demand they send someone else!” Jaru’s deep voice vibrated through the drifter.

“She cannot do that until the tests are completed. You know that.”

“Ganslought!”

“Karo, take a deep breath,” I instructed the youngest of my crew and he immediately followed my command until his skin suit color began to return to normal.

“You were ready to move on her yourself,” Jaru continued his ranting. “You are the strongest of all of us.” Of course he would look to me for example. I was their captain.

“We will do what must be done and then I will address the counsel.” I raised my voice slightly and Jaru offered no more verbal rants, though his glare said enough. “Three Earth days is not a long time. We can manage it. We will have to.”

“Or what?” Jaru voiced my own thoughts. “It would be their fault. We would not be blamed. The Latharians are never blamed for the human mistakes. And it is *their* mistake.”

“And what of that woman down there? She is only doing as she was told.” I faced Jaru.

“Ignorant if she did not know better than to board a Latharian ship.” Jaru crossed his thick arms.

I wanted to hear no more. Jaru’s reasoning made too much sense to me. “Stay here,” I told them and lifted the hatch. As I descended the stairs, I saw her sitting on Karo’s bunk, hands folded in her lap, the palmlog at her side. She’d been sitting there, listening to us. I wondered what she must think of the exchange, if she realized the severity of the situation.

I pulled the hatch closed securely, then faced her. “There has been a mistake—”

“There was no mistake,” she interrupted. “I was purposely assigned to this ship. It was done out of anger and cruelty.” I stared at her as her words sunk in. Someone had placed her here purposely, knowing the Latharian way?

“By whom?”

“Counselor Aves.”

His fleshy face was conjured by my memory. “Why?”

She sighed heavily and her breath reached out for me. “Because I would not sleep with him.” I have always thought the humans’ terms for mating were absurd. If done correctly, there was no actual sleeping involved. So why call it that?

I stared at her, putting together what she was confiding. “So you were punished for rejecting him.”

"Yes." She nodded.

"Why did you not submit?" I remained where I was, not daring to inch closer when I did not have the others with me.

"I'm not attracted to him and he likes to do things I wouldn't ever do."

Human females. "What things?"

"Nasty things."

"What things?" I repeated. I had to know what I was dealing with.

"He said he wanted to use my mouth." She turned her head slightly, apparently embarrassed by her words. "I told him it was disgusting. He said I would not think so when I came back from my next review. I did not know what he meant until later."

"Then you were sent to us by the counsel to learn how to mate with Counselor Aves in the manner he wishes." My skin suit began to burn again at the prospect of what that meant. If she was sent to us for the right reasons, we could have her. Our torment would be ended.

"I am an admiral." She shook her head. Again I felt that stubborn pride that filled her. I could not help but to admire that.

"You are a female first," I told her. "A Latharian female would have never rejected a Latharian male. A Latharian female would have obliged a male, especially one in power."

"I'm not Latharian and I have never seen a Latharian that was old and wrinkled."

I stilled. "Then you know of Latharians and took the assignment anyway. Why did you pretend you didn't know of our culture?" For a moment, she only stared at me. Then she exhaled a long breath.

"I took the assignment because I was given no choice. I pretended ignorance, hoping I could avoid what was to happen." She tucked a strand of blonde hair behind her ear as she explained. "But you deserve to know that you are being used as pawns in Counselor Aves' calculated scheme."

“Why didn’t the counselor force you?” Humans often tried to force their females to do as they wished. It was a disgusting display over another sex and I’d heard of it happening often. In Latharia, females want to mate as often as males do. Neither forces the other, both enjoying the desire for mating.

The admiral’s lips pressed together, forming a thin line. “He wants me to submit. He thinks if I submit, then he has won. Forcing me would not make him feel he had mental power over me.” She shook her head. “I’ve fought men like him my entire career. Their lust for control is not a physical matter. Just because you take something doesn’t mean you own it. He wants to own me.”

The hatch above us opened, causing her to lift her eyes. I stood there waiting, watching her. I could see the aggravation she felt with what she’d revealed as Jaru bounded down the stairs, followed by Karo.

“You aren’t going to believe this, Captain. We received a transmission from Counsel.” Jaru began speaking before he reached my side.

“From Counselor Aves?” I asked. I kept my eyes locked on the admiral.

“Yes.” Jaru halted.

“Commands us to teach the way of Latharian mating to the admiral.” I saw her breath catch. She no longer looked like an admiral. She now waited to hear the command of her next few days, her control gone.

“That was the command,” Jaru affirmed. For a moment, defeat washed across her expression, then was pushed aside for a fleeting expression of excitement. That was what had stirred us to begin with, that underlying passion we all sensed about her the moment she stepped on board.

My body reacted as strongly as Jaru’s and Karo’s, heating instantly. “We are bound by a treaty to follow Counsel’s command. If we do not, it would breach our agreement of peace between peoples.” I watched her wince at the reality of the words I spoke. It was all political and meant nothing. But it had to be said before we could do as we wished.

"I know."

"I give you the choice to leave now if it is your wish." Latharians do not rape females. We just dominate them.

She tilted her head slightly, seeming surprised that she was given a choice. "You would give me a choice, even though you have your orders to do as you wish?"

"Latharians do not believe in force." I wanted her to know that, despite the politics, we remained true to our own Latharian way.

Her gaze dropped and washed over each of us. It was easy to see what she was thinking. She was weighing the possibilities, deciding if she was curious enough of us to stay. The three of us waited pensively.

After several moments of silence, she lifted her gaze and looked at me. "I will stay." Karo released a breath of relief.

"Then you understand what will happen?" My suit bloomed and I advanced a few strides. Jaru and Karo eagerly took their places at my sides. I could smell their arousal, their anticipation. It fueled my own.

"Yes."

I did not fight the knot of tension that coiled inside me now. There was no longer a need. Counsel had given us the woman to do with as we wished. The woman had given us her consent. My body jerked.

"Stand up." The command I gave sent a ripple of pain into my gut. She hesitantly obeyed and my breathing deepened. "Remove your garments." Again she paused before following the command, then slowly began to undress. Jaru growled from my right, his large body exuding desire in thick waves. Karo only stared. I took a deep, solid breath. The essence of her filling me thinned my skin suit and hardened my body.

"Faster," I told her through gritted teeth, my voice hissing around the word. My tongue had already forked. I knew that Jaru's and Karo's had as well. "Remove your

garments faster.” Her fingers began working quickly and in moments she had shed her clothes.

Physically, she was appealing by human standards, slender with slim hips and small but pert breasts. Her arms and legs were toned, the result of years of training. However, we cared nothing for her physical attributes. Without the material masking her body, her scent was stronger—that was what important to us. It fed us, excited us and made us want to leap upon her.

I closed my eyes and inhaled the melody of flavors. I heard Karo’s tongue flick out from between his lips when he tasted the energy between them. I opened my eyes and gazed at the admiral.

“I will not fight you. It is my choice.” A hint of pride lifted her chin. I could not help but to respect her for that. I did not want her to feel defeated. I wanted her as excited as we were.

“You realize you will be here three days.” My voice deepened and became husky as I growled out my words like the hungry beast I was.

“Whatever you do to me cannot be worse than what the counselor wished of me,” she insisted and closed her eyes. I watched her take several calming breaths. She appeared cool, reserved and controlled. But her scent gave her away. My gaze dropped to her hands when they trembled slightly.

Jaru was the one that laughed. It was deep and gurgling due to his arousal. Her eyes flew open again as Karo and Jaru circled the room so that we formed a triangle perimeter around the female.

“There cannot be comparison between human mating and Latharian mating, Admiral. The counselor was a fool to think that whatever we did would make a difference in your affection for him,” I explained as my skin suit finally disappeared, completely exposing the natural scales of my body.

“What does that mean?” The admiral frowned, but she did not appear afraid. Latharians look quite different than humans once the skin suit is gone. We are

described as half beasts because we are covered, like the Earth reptiles, with scales. The color varies from dark brown to muddy green. Even with the skin suits intact, we have no hair. Our male organs do not hang limply from our bodies, they only drop from within and extend when we are aroused, so unless we are in Earth space territory, we have no need for skin suits or any other form of clothing.

“Most human females become Latharian slaves once they have been mated by a Latharian. It is your energies. They are stronger than Latharian, thus affecting us a bit differently than our own females. The mating is,” my scales rippled with the shudder that slid down my spine and my Latharian brothers mimicked the response, “more intense.”

A look of fear fled across her expression, followed by curiosity. “Violent?”

My tongue slid between my lips, the forked ends tasting her energy. “Dominating.” I could see her relax a bit as she breathed out. She was only afraid of force. Not of mating. That pleased me.

“Does that mean I’m to be made a slave?” Her chin jutted out. “I am an admiral. I am no slave.”

“We do not force slavery, Admiral.” I took a step forward. Then another. “The human females request it.” Her mouth opened and formed a small “o” as if she finally understood. And a wave of heat radiated off her body. It was too much to deny any longer. The three of us leapt.

The admiral cried out with surprise at the speed in which we moved. Her eyes were wide and we could feel the acceleration of her heart in the energy that pumped into the air. Jaru’s thick hands slipped from behind her and hooked beneath her arms. We all smelled the energy her quickened heartbeat raced through her veins. Karo stepped to her side and his hands slid around each of her breasts and rolled her nipples between his fingers.

Latharians enjoy taking females in packs. It creates a stronger bond of respect and understanding between the males. Humans rarely understand if we ever try to explain. They rely too much on their insecurities and phobias to understand.

Each male has his own preference. Jaru's preference with human females is her anus. It is something Latharian females do not have since we digest nothing that cannot be distributed to some other form of energy in our bodies.

Karo's preference of any female is her breasts. The stimulation of breasts produces a high-frequency energy that heightens a Latharian male's pleasure. Because human females are more responsive than Latharian females, the intensity of pleasure is nearly triple.

I am a simple male. I enjoy the core of a female; the very spot that all energy is born—her cunt. And when Jaru tilted the admiral back against him, his thick root extending, curling and vibrating against her anus, that core was exposed to me.

Where Latharian women are made differently, made to mate and exchange energies, human females are made for physical stimulation. I admit I have always been fascinated with the human female's sex organ and the response a male could be rewarded from its stimulation.

Jaru and Karo would not enter her until I had. I was their leader, their captain. They would wait as long as I did, feeding off her energy. The longer we waited, the better the mating would be.

I crouched at her feet, my chest rumbling with a growl that could only come from a Latharian's hunger. The attention the admiral received from my crew brought gasps and moans, human sounds of arousal. I was more interested in the scent that emitted from her cunt. I leaned closer as she moaned, breathing in the essence her human body offered. It filled my nose, that mixture of tangy sweetness and strong musk veined through my entire body and my scales shuddered down my body.

The reaction reached Karo and Jaru. Jaru's root slapped against her anus once and then continued its vibrating circle of the orifice. Karo arched his back and tossed his



head, his fingers tightening on the ends of her nipples. She writhed with pleasure, sending another curl of aroma to my flaring nostrils.

I shifted so I could part my knees farther, allowing my root to drop and expand. My breath pumped my chest. Her fingers drifted down her stomach toward her cunt.

“No!” I bellowed the command and her hands stilled just below her navel. Her gaze widened as she stared at me and I might have laughed at the desperation that had rumbled in my voice if I’d not been so hungry for her. I took a ragged breath and lowered my voice. “No. You will not touch yourself. You will allow us to take what we need.” I looked up at her face. “You will receive what we give.” She shivered and I smelled the dampness before the white stickiness moistened the inside of her sex.

“You mean the three of you will fuck me.”

“We’ll do more than that.”

Her energy opened completely. I could feel her thoughts.

I’d forgotten. Latharians need no verbal stimulation. Humans did. And her stimulation, her arousal, would produce more of the energy that fed us.

“Spread your legs wider,” I hissed up at her. She moaned as her knees pushed farther apart. “Wider.” A ripple of excitement shook her body and she pressed her knees open. Her thoughts found me. She wanted my cock, my root, inside her.

“Good.” I purred and rolled onto all fours. I eased forward and placed my face no more than an inch from the opening of her cunt. I sucked a breath into my nose and growled at the effect. Karo’s arousal heightened mine and Jaru’s. Our energies began pushing forward, using the admiral’s body as a center to bounce back to us. She felt it as well as we did, for she arched slightly into it.

We began rocking, pushing the arousal into her and then taking it back again. Her scent grew stronger. Her body trembled and shook. Jaru’s root thickened as he began slapping it rhythmically against her rear orifice. Karo leaned in as he rocked, close enough that his tongue could wrap around her elongated nipple, the split fitting

snuggly along the sides. He growled as he tightened around the small ball and pulled. She cried out and her voice echoed around the room.

“Tell him, Admiral. Tell him how it feels,” I commanded. She need not tell him, we could feel it in her. We knew her thoughts, her desires. The heat that had now begun sucking at our energies, pulling our arousals into her so we had to use more strength to continue rocking.

“It’s good!” she panted, and we were rewarded with the wave of humid lust that forced from her with her words. “Don’t stop, please!”

Jaru growled. The rhythm of his enlarged root quickened. The admiral moved her hips in a small circle, her body ripening, pleading for mating. We could smell her need. We could feel her silent pleas.

My root shook and ached to enter her. But I had not touched her yet. When the white evidence of her pleasure eased into view, I knew it was time. I leaned closer and wrapped the slit of my tongue around her clit. I pulled gently as Karo continued to do the same with her nipple. She cried out and tried to buck beneath the force of surprise and pleasure, but Jaru held her with his strong arms. I widened my knees, shifting my weight so I could grasp her knees with my hands, holding them apart when her instinct was to draw them around me.

Jaru growled low in his throat as my slight pulling of her human sex generated more sucking of our energies. Our bodies moved in union. Forward. Back. Forward. Back. She tried to touch us with her hands, but Karo grasped her wrists. She could do nothing but allow us to continue mounting the pleasure.

“You want it.” Jaru’s voice came out in a tight growl, his Latharian accent slurring his words. She moaned an affirmation when I pulled at her sex with my tongue.

“You want it,” he said again, keeping her arousal strengthening with the sound of his deep voice. I tugged again, glancing at Karo to find he had moved to her other nipple, bent over her now, allowing her to clasp her arms around his neck.

“Yesssss.” Her hiss sounded more Latharian than human.

I opened my mouth wide without releasing her with my tongue, covered the head of her sex and tightened my lips around her. When I sucked and tugged at her, her cry turned into a scream. Her white juice slid from her cunt and ran between her legs.

I released her sex and stood. With each hand, I lifted her knee. My scales fluttered and then extended from my body. It was time. She was ready.

“You will feel me first,” I told her as Karo released her nipple. Jaru leaned her farther back against him, bending his knees to support her weight. They were ready too, anticipating pleasure and release.

The admiral lifted her face, her gaze boring into mine. “Please,” she whimpered and I smiled. “Fuck me.” Gone was her hesitation, her doubt that she might have made the wrong decision. She was mine.

I moved between her knees and angled my swollen root against her sex. Slowly I eased the crown into her and she hummed as she tried to lift her hips to me. Deeper I pressed. Deeper. Until she could take no more. I swelled within her and her muscles tightened around me. I felt her body shudder when my root conformed to her natural shape. Her eyes widened as she stared at my face when I pressed against the spot just inside her opening. Slowly, my root began to reach and retract without retreating from her, pumping while I held her against me.

She panted, moans of disbelief and pleasure escaping with every breath. Karo returned his attention to her nipples, squeezing them, sucking them, pinching them. When she closed her eyes, I gave Jaru a quick nod, signaling for him to do as he wished.

He did not take as much time as I had, placing his root, slick from her juices, at her entrance. He pushed quickly and she screamed with pleasure as he filled her. I could feel his thick root swelling through the membrane that separated us. Still we rocked, our energies pounding forcefully into her while our roots pumped within her body.

Karo’s root pressed into her side, pumping against her soft flesh while his tongue worked and teased at her breasts. The arousal was a frenzy between us. We fed off one another and devoured hers. My root swelled a bit more, stretching her and thrusting

into her. I could feel her pleasure inch toward release. That was what we were waiting for. It was what we wanted.

“Give to us.” I grunted as her body constricted. “Give us what we want!” She screamed and bucked, despite our grasps on her. Her body convulsed with spasms of uncontrolled pleasure that sent the three of us into the peak of our mating. My root jerked and I felt Jaru’s do the same. Karo expelled onto her stomach and we filled her writhing body.

With the release came pleasure that only a Latharian male knows. It draws from the toes, and pulls through every muscle, every nerve until we cannot hold it within us. The admiral’s heat did nothing to slow the sensation and, in unison, our scales extended to the point of prickling pain. It was her thoughts that put us over the edge. She wanted us, enjoyed us as much as we enjoyed her, loved our cocks. Jaru and I shouted as all three of us released our second, and far more enjoyable, wave of essence into her.

She screamed, tears from the intense pleasure running down her face. Then she went limp, sinking into unconsciousness, as it was with most human females the first time they were mated by Latharians. We carefully removed ourselves from her and gently laid her on Karo’s bunk. She would sleep and, when she awoke again, we would be ready.

## **Chapter Two**

Counselor Aves' face appeared in the corner of our viewer. "Is it done?"

"You cannot rush these things. What you are asking requires a certain kind of training. You wish her to be as submissive as a Latharian woman, do you not?" I did not look at his image, but rather at the small camera mounted on the arm of the captain's chair.

"Yes."

"Then be patient. She is willful. It will take time."

"You are certain you can do it?" Doubt radiated from the speakers.

I sneered. "Latharians fail at nothing. If that were not true you wouldn't have assigned her to us." When he did not speak, I glanced up at the viewer. He looked as if he needed reassurance.

"You are correct. She is willful. I have tried to convince her for two years to come to me. She will not." There was venom in his voice.

"You do not look to force her?"

"No." He shifted in his seat. "I understood that Latharians trained slaves to want what she is given."

"The training she will endure will be intense. The need that will fill her will be matched. That was your wish? You wanted her made into a slave?"

"Yes." His voice thickened.

"Then a slave we shall make her into. We've already mated her once. When she wakes, we will do so again. And again. And again until she can do nothing but plead for more." I felt Jaru's body grow warmer and smiled. "We will train her as a pack and as individuals."

“Is it possible for me to watch?” Aves suggested. Disgust twisted through me.

Visual creatures. They did not know that their obsession with sight dulled their other senses. I glanced at Jaru and Karo. They both shook their heads, indicating they both had reservations about the counselor’s request. I did as well.

“Tomorrow morning, my crew will administer training for oral pleasure. That is what you require of her, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but... I want her to do *anything* I ask.”

I gritted my teeth. “A slave does nothing that is *asked*, Counselor. She does as she is commanded. That is what fuels her need.”

“Yes, that’s what I meant,” Aves amended quickly.

“She will do anything when we are finished with our training. You may witness the oral training, but that is all.” He was a counselor and I had no authority to command him to do anything. But he had placed himself in a position to be commanded. He would do whatever I told him to keep the mission he’d entrusted to us quiet from the rest of the counsel. He’d given me power and Latharians enjoy power.

“Of course. Tomorrow morning, then,” he agreed and I smiled. I reached forward and punched the button and his image on our viewer disappeared.

“He will be a weak command for her.” Jaru spoke when I rose from my chair.

“He will have no command over her. He is weak. She will not submit to him,” I agreed. It was a mistake many humans made when grooming slaves. Attempting to break someone’s spine only made their legs stronger. Break their will, fill them with need, and a slave is made.

“Is it time?” Karo asked eagerly.

“It is.” I led them below to where the admiral lay sleeping. “Wake her.” Karo reached forward and gently nudged her shoulder until she roused from sleep. Her eyes fluttered open and then she sat up quickly as if surprised to see us there.

“You must cleanse yourself,” I told her and pointed to the chamber at the end of the room. “Do it quickly and then return.” She didn’t move. It was natural for a woman being trained to push her boundaries of control, to test the limits of our domination.

“If you don’t do as the captain tells you, I will do it for you,” Jaru warned. She considered that for only a moment, then rose.

“Is it true that Latharians can read our minds?” she asked as she stepped past me.

“We hear your thoughts,” I corrected and then smiled as she pushed her thoughts at me. *I do what you tell me because I want to; not because you command it.* We watched her walk to the bathing chamber and step inside. When the door closed, I nodded in Karo’s direction.

Latharians always traveled with slave training equipment. Even the females did so for both male and female slaves, though there were fewer males made into slaves. Still, we remain prepared.

Karo pulled the casing from beneath his bunk and opened it. Quickly he retrieved a hook and cable and handed it to Jaru. Jaru wasted no time magnetizing the hook in the highest corner of the wall close to the doorway. Karo rose from the floor and handed him a sleet lock after he’d made a small loop in the strong cable. The sleet lock slid over the loop, the loop over the hook, and then Jaru pulled the cable tight around the metal hook before snapping the lock in place. The same loop was made in each end of the cable but was left hanging, unsnapped. Two more hooks were fashioned in the lower corner of the wall with shorter loops and locks. By the time the chamber door opened again, we were standing side by side, waiting.

The admiral glanced around, but I shook my head. “You will not cover yourself. We require nothing to block your scent.” Her gaze rose to mine. “Come here.”

“I will not. You have done what you were told to do...”

“We have not. Come here,” I repeated. Still she stood, refusing to budge from her place. Again, I felt respect for her. She was as willful as the counselor had said, but I

could tell by the gleam in her eye that she wasn't opposed at all to any command I'd given her. I looked to Jaru. "Bring her to me – roughly."

Jaru sneered as he stalked toward her, his skin suit turning the color of blood. She took a few quick steps backward, but Jaru did not slow his pace. He grasped the hair on the back of her head and jerked her forward, so her naked flesh pressed against his suit, which brightened.

"You will do as you're told." He ground down at her. *Fuck you and your huge cock*, her thoughts shot back at him.

I admit my respect for the admiral heightened when she spit in his face. Latharians do not enjoy spineless women. It weakens their energies. It was why we were so affected by this female to begin with. She had a warrior's energy.

Her defiance brought heat to our bodies and Jaru's skin suit completely disappeared, revealing his muddy-colored scales. "You can walk to the captain or I can ride you to him." The arousal that suddenly blossomed and shot out from the admiral took us all by surprise. Karo went to his knees. I stood solid into it, sucking it into me.

She was purposely goading us to punish her for her defiance. She liked it.

Jaru's scales rippled and he moved without control, pushing her back against the chamber door with Latharian speed. His body flattened hers and his thick chest pumped as his breath was forced in and out of his solid body. A slow smile spread across her lips as she met his gaze.

"Take her if you wish," I told him and another burst of pleasure electrified the room. Though she verbalized refusal and struggled, her energy told no lies. She wanted to be dominated. Most strong females did and I could smell her body moistening. Her arousal was a damp, dark secret that whispered to our senses.

Karo rolled forward on all fours as the admiral pushed at Jaru's solid shoulders. It was in vain. She could not move him. She only succeeded in arousing us all the more. His scales rippled again, scratching against her skin, and bringing a little moan from her



throat. I knew then that if she chose to become the slave, as I thought she would, I would make her a soldier slave.

Still Jaru hesitated, and I could feel his uncertainty. But when that little smile widened and she pushed at him again, he understood as I had that she was playing the role of the submissive. *Come on, big boy.* Growling, Jaru leapt back and pushed her to the floor without releasing the hair that wove through his fingers. I rocked forward, felt Karo do the same. We drove our energy at her while Jaru mounted her ass. When he drove into her, she cried out, her lips parting so the sound of her voice carried her scent to us.

“Now move,” he told her forcefully, careful not to crush her with his weight. Though Latharians are not visual creatures, the sight of my Latharian brother, knees bent at each side of her and arched into her rear *was* appealing. When she didn’t do as he commanded, he pulled her head back farther. She began crawling toward us while Jaru’s root pumped inside her. He released her hair and clamped his hands onto her hips.

“You will do as you are told, Admiral.” I told her through my clenched teeth. I rocked forward. “There will be time to play.” I pulled back. “Time to fight.” Forward again. “But time to obey.”

“Yessss,” she hissed.

When she halted before me, I leaned down and grasped her jaw, forcing her to look up at me with her glazed eyes. “Disobey again when I give you a command and you will receive nothing.” She nodded that she understood.

Jaru arched into her and his voice lifted as he expelled once, and then again. I held on to her face, forcing her to look at me while he filled her. It was an easy maneuver that all Latharians knew of when taking pleasure from a human woman. It created a bond stronger than anything I could find in Karo’s casing.

When Jaru pulled from her body, the admiral moaned in slight protest. I stepped aside as Karo and Jaru lifted her to her feet and guided her to the wall. She frowned

when they pulled her arms above her head and slipped the loops over her wrists. The cable was pulled taut, and the lock snapped.

“What is this?” she demanded as my Latharian brothers knelt and did the same with her ankles. But she did not fight. That was what mattered.

“This is the way we will mate with you individually,” I explained. “As a pack, we are able to control your movements. But your pleasure is strong. This way, we can take what we need without your movements disturbing us.”

“I’m helpless.”

I smiled and moved closer to her, dipping my head to nuzzle her throat. I breathed deeply. “You were helpless before.” I released my breath and she shivered as it exploded against her heated skin. “But you like this. You should enjoy what we give you.”

“I...do.” I could tell it took some force to admit it.

“We know.”

“How do you know?”

I inhaled again, this time letting the prongs of my tongue flick against her delicate skin. “We can smell it.” Her body shuddered. “Karo is going to mate with you now. You will do whatever he commands you to do. You will not play as you did before.”

“Yes.” She nodded.

I lowered my voice and purposely moved my lips against her ear as I spoke. “You will not close your eyes. You will look at me while he does as he wishes.” Another shudder and my skin suit thinned with the heat I could feel being that close to her.

“Yes.”

I backed away until I reached my bunk, then sat down. Obediently, she kept her gaze locked on me. I wished her eyes were larger, like those of Latharian females. I have always enjoyed watching how the pupils of a Latharian female would expand and black out the rest of their color. It was wildly exotic and just thinking of it aroused me.

It was selfish of me to command her attention. I couldn't help myself. Her thoughts reached out to me, told me she wanted my cock. She did not try to hide her thoughts, seeming excited to share the secrets of her desire with us.

Jaru crouched on the floor only a foot from where she was bound. He spread his knees wide, preparing for the heat that would swell his root. Karo approached the admiral; his arousal was already strong from experiencing the mating between Jaru and the admiral. His hands touched her stomach, slid up her body to her breasts and then grasped them in each hand. She sucked in her breath, but kept her gaze on me as I'd commanded.

"Talk to her, Karo," I murmured, reminding him that the female would need verbal stimulation.

"Arch your breast to me," Karo ordered. She did as she was told, pressing her shoulders against the wall behind her. Her nipples hardened and the scent of her cunt filled us with anticipation. I clenched my teeth and fought to keep my breathing steady, though my skin suit had nearly disappeared.

Jaru growled his response from the floor and tossed his head. He began rocking to the same rhythm I now moved to. We were hungry for her energy.

Karo's tongue clasped around one breast and pulled forcefully, bringing a desperate cry from her lips. Her lips parted and her lids grew heavy, but she did not look away from me. I nodded my approval.

Braced against the wall, the admiral could do nothing but take the energy we forced on her. Her breathing matched the flow we'd begun. Forward. She inhaled. Back. She exhaled. Her own energy began grabbing and releasing.

Karo grunted, released her nipple and dropped to his knees in front of her. His tongue flicked against her like a pink whip, snapping across the head of her sex. He reached up and pinched her nipples between his fingers—hard. She cried out and her body jerked.

“Again.” I spoke through clenched teeth, arching myself to receive the response that rushed from her body. Snap! She gave again with another jerk.

“Again.” Heat exploded toward me before his tongue touched her. She was responding to my voice, I realized. I felt possessiveness mix with the heat of my body. So quickly she’d already created a bond with us, with me. A moment later, when Karo’s tongue tickled slight pain against her, she pushed another wave from her body.

My skin suit was gone. My scales moved and I shifted so I sat now with knees apart. My root dropped over the edge of the bunk and swelled and I dragged in a heavy breath of her scent.

We continued to rock back and forth, speed quickening. Jaru was growling, a constant sound that deepened with every push forward. Karo’s root thumped against the floor as he shoved his tongue deep into her, tasting the juices of her cunt.

I could tell when he curled his tongue against that small erogenous zone within her. Her body fought against the cables that held her. And when he worked the prongs of his tongue around the spot, her eyes widened and her body began to quiver.

*Please! More!*

“Yessss,” I hissed, feeling the tension mounting in her. My root expanded and swelled, thumping against the bunk beneath me to the same drumbeat that both Jaru and Karo hit the floor with. Karo had joined our rocking, driving his tongue in and out of her with our rhythm.

It took but moments for her to reach her peak. The blast of her orgasmic energy filled the room. Jaru leapt forward when Karo stood. They both expelled themselves onto her stomach. Their arousals twisted pain in my stomach when I pushed my heels into the floor and blocked against my own release. It was torment. I craved that bond that only Latharians could have with others of their pack. I gritted my teeth, shook my head wildly, but held back from satisfying my own need.

“Cleanse her,” I spoke through my clenched teeth once Karo and Jaru straightened and their skin suits reappeared, the thin, smooth blue black Latex materializing to cover

their scales. They knew what I was waiting for and took their time, washing her with the damp cloth. They massaged her sensitive skin, slowly wiping away their essence in small, gentle circles.

The admiral whimpered, her body quivering. Still, her eyes remained locked with mine. Once she was cleansed, Karo and Jaru headed for the brig, leaving me alone with her. I rose, watching her gaze drop to my swollen root. It throbbed for release but I ignored my urges. I walked toward the hatch door that Jaru had closed behind him.

“What...what about you?” Her weak voice was exactly what I’d been waiting for. She was already submitting to what I wanted, what I desired, what she herself desired. I stopped and looked at her.

“You want me to mate with you?” I knew she did.

“The other two...”

“Do you want me to mate with you?” I repeated. She must say it. Words have power over humans.

Her lip quivered. “Yes. I want your cock inside me.”

I was in front of her in an instant. “Open your mouth,” I commanded and when she obeyed, “Stick out your tongue.” My energy was already pushing and pulling again. The need to mate was so strong now that I was starting to feel ill. Her pink tongue slid out between her lips. I growled and leaned forward, capturing the extended velvet between my lips. My own tongue snaked around hers and I sucked, savoring the wet taste of her new mounting excitement. Without prompting, her lips met mine. I released her velvet slightly, allowing her to pull and suck against my force, then I sucked again.

The energy exchange, when that close and no Latharian to share it with, was violent. I placed my hands against the wall on either side of her head. My body slapped against hers as I rocked into her. She moaned against my mouth when my scales rose and fell, enjoying the scratch against her skin.

*Do that again.* I did it without stopping to think she shouldn’t be allowed to command me to do anything. *Again, please.*

My root thumped against her sex roughly. I didn't try to slow its pace or ease its strength. I wanted her to feel it. She leaned into the cables that held her, pushing toward the force of my root. I released her from my Latharian kiss when her jaw began to tremble, but gulped at the breath she released with every gasp.

"I want to touch you," she panted, her blue eyes round and pleading with me for more than what I was giving her.

I wanted it too, but it was not the order of our way. My root slapped against her and she groaned. "Not today. Tomorrow." She moaned a protest and I slapped my root against the folds of her sex roughly. The cry parted her lips and she gave another few pants of energy.

I pushed away from the wall and raked the scales on the backside of my hand over her nipples. She arched, air hissing through her teeth. Her arousal enveloped me, pulled for more. My root slapped violently and when my scales extended, I ran them over her again. It was a half yelp, half plea for more.

"What do you want of me, Admiral?" My voice was no more than a guttural beast sound.

"Everything!" She nearly screamed, bucking her hips forward. "Get inside me! Please!"

My root stilled against the opening of her cunt and then I shoved into her core, so deep that she screamed again. My root swelled within her, didn't give her time to adjust as I had before, filled and stretched her in seconds. It began to pump as I returned my hands to the wall and thrust the scales of my stomach and chest against her.

Her cry was filled with pain, but also pleasure from the rough edges. I ground into her, my root pumping furiously. "Give me your tongue." The command was nearly a snarl and she opened her mouth. I didn't wait for the velvet to come to me. My tongue snaked into soft warmth, wrapped around her tongue and locked her in a kiss that she could not pull away from. I sucked ferociously, matching the strength of her arousal. When I thrust more firmly against her, she grunted into the kiss. The pleasure

mounting within her was for me. I wanted it. I pressed again and felt her female cream wet my thrusting root.

I loosened my kiss as she screamed her release, allowing that energy to fill my mouth. I breathed it in with a shout of my own. My root heaved into her, expelling the first wave of pleasure. But it continued to pump, raging within her. I grasped her nipples and pulled at them, causing her voice to tremble when she screamed pleasure again. I emptied for the second time.

### **Chapter Three**

"You cannot mean it!" Jaru stared at me.

"The counselor wishes to watch. He will most likely, as it is with humans, want some kind of interaction."

"But as humans do?"

"Yes."

I knew he didn't like it. Neither did I. But the admiral's training when Aves was watching would have to be tempered. The counselor would be intimidated and angry if he saw how they truly filled her.

"I shall only expel once if I can find pleasure at all," Jaru argued.

"As will I," Karo chimed.

"You will be allowed to finish it once the transmission is dead. But while the counselor is watching, you will take command of your root and grow only the length of a human's. You will not fill her. And you will..."

"Jab into her mouth as though she is a bowl of thick ferrel soup," Jaru finished with a disappointed growl. "It isn't a mating. It is a waste of time."

"You will do it."

"Of course. It is your command. But I do not like it."

"Nor do I," Karo agreed again.

"Her energy is strong. She will want more," Jaru pitched one last time.

"She, like we, will have to wait," I told him firmly. He crossed his arms and grew silent.

"What is she doing now?" Karo glanced at the hatch door.



“Analyzing the disease tests.” I laughed. “Though I believe it late for caution. Still, she is set upon doing her job as admiral.”

“I like her,” Karo admitted. The gentle confession was one we all felt. She’d opened herself to us and a bond had already been created between the four of us.

“She fights,” Jaru added grudgingly. “She fights for pleasure. Yesterday I wished to evoke clash with her before we mated. She would have enjoyed it.”

“She is not our slave to clash with,” I reminded with reluctance.

“It’s a pity that she will be wasted on the counselor.” Karo shook his head. “He is no good for her. She will not yield to him. He is weak. She deserves a Latharian master. She would be happier if she were your slave, Captain Sleece.”

I said nothing. I agreed. I wanted her. They wanted her each for their own reasons. Karo was gentler, he’d found a softer bond with her. Jaru liked her bravado, resistance and strength. If she were mine, she would be theirs as well.

I looked at the short, cushioned stool that had been placed on the bridge in front of the viewer. Slowly, I turned the small camera on the arm of the captain’s chair in a circle until the stool reflected on the large screen. The counselor would get his show. He would be pleased when he was able to see her face, her eyes. He wouldn’t know that it was me she would be looking at.

“There is bitterness in the counselor’s voice. He may say he does not wish to force her and she may believe he does not, but I believe differently of him. If he is pleased enough with what he sees, he may ask you to do as you wish, in an attempt to cause her pain.” I didn’t look at Jaru, but I felt the heaviness of his mood lift. “She will be instructed to resist. It is not a full clash, as that would break our order, but you may feed from some of her natural warrior energy.”

Jaru responded with a low growl of anticipation. “She would like that.”

I smiled. Yes. She would.

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"You understand?" I watched the admiral catch her bottom lip between her teeth. It was something I noticed she did when she was thinking. *I understand but...*

"I don't want to do it." She crossed her arms over her breasts. "He is a wrinkled pig and it's disgusting to think of him watching me. Isn't it enough that I'm here getting what he ordered? Why must he witness it?"

I ran my finger along her jaw. "Do you not enjoy being here with us?"

Her lashes dropped momentarily in an attempt to veil her expression. She need not. I already knew the answer. "Yes."

I refrained from smiling. "When the transmission has ended, you will be rewarded for your obedience." I felt the excitement my words evoked. "You've displeased the counselor. He wishes to see you humiliated. You will find some pleasure from feigning resistance. So will we."

"I don't like using my mouth." She pouted. "I never have." I nearly smiled at the way she wrinkled her small nose in distaste. I found myself fascinated with the different sides of her personality and the emotions and expressions she used to convey each.

"Your tongue will not be expelled upon," I told her, wishing to ease her worry and dissatisfaction. "Latharians do not have the same fascination with that as humans do. Your body will be used to catch our essence, something visual for the counselor. You are free to express disgust. It will most likely please him. It is the dominance that he is interested in."

"He wishes me to submit..."

"I believe you are wrong. It is my opinion that he wishes you to suffer." I watched her frown as she thought about my words. "Perhaps he is as you accused us of being when you first came aboard. He may be intimidated by females in positions of authority and power. Though counselor still outranks admiral, you do hold a high rank."

"I hate him." I could hear the conviction in her voice when she spoke. "If he were not a counselor, I would plant my foot in his face. I am an admiral and he has no right to enslave me." Her pride stirred me.

"You can only be enslaved if you allow yourself to be." I lowered my hand to her breast and squeezed her soft mound of flesh, enjoying the violence that shook her words. She had fire. She had strength. "A being must give her power to someone to be enslaved. Do you give to him?"

She snorted softly. "No." Her blue eyes met mine and softened. "I've given to you, though." That pleased me. I squeezed her breast again, running my thumb over the hardened peak. *And you've given to me.* There was tenderness in her thoughts.

"You will do as I instruct you to today. I will not make you listen to the counselor. If he wishes something, he will tell me and I shall give you the command. But he will hear and see you. You must please me to receive reward. If you do not, you will receive nothing."

Fierce emotion filled her gaze. "If you punish me, I will give a bad review to the counsel. You will not be able to—" My fingers bit into her skin and I leapt upon her, pressing her body flat onto the bunk. Her energy heightened, making it difficult for me to remain in command.

"Do not threaten me, Admiral. You are in no position to do so. The counsel does not blame Latharians for our ways. They will accept what has happened and you and the counselor will be blamed."

She shoved at my shoulders with real anger that fueled her excitement. "Then I'll do nothing you tell me to. I'll make sure the counselor thinks you failed the mission he gave to you and the others." Her eyes narrowed when I didn't budge from atop her. I was tempted to mate with her, to devour the heat of her energy.

She continued with violence in her voice, "Ruin my career and I most definitely will ruin yours and any treaty the Latharians have with us. Do not think because I choose to be here that I am weak. I did not get to be an admiral because I roll over and obey every

command. I'll tell them that I was raped and that the counselor only went along with it because he feared war between our peoples. I'll..." They were empty threats, but the fact that she delivered them filled me with heat and admiration.

My skin suit was gone and I thrust my root against her. "You'll what?" My fingers pinched her nipples. Her reaction was animalistic. She growled through her teeth and shoved at my shoulders again. Her heat stalked into me. When she could not push me from atop her, she leaned forward and bit into my shoulder. It was in vain. Latharians' exteriors were stronger than that of humans. Still, I appreciated her fight. My scales ruffled, only slightly. More so and they would have cut her lips and I had no desire to cause her pain.

"You will do what I tell you and you will be rewarded when you do," I repeated and she ceased her struggle. For a few minutes, she only glared up at me, but slowly her anger ebbed away.

"What kind of reward?" she finally relented. She had pride, but she also had hunger.

"I will mate with you again. I will give you pleasure."

"By binding me so I cannot move...so I can't enjoy myself?" She was trying to bargain for what she wanted, still fighting with her words. My root swelled.

"No," I vowed. The fight left her eyes instantly and she smiled with triumph. I allowed her that one small victory. I couldn't help it, though it was not the way things were done when training a slave. Somehow this human woman was weakening me; I wanted to please her as much as she pleased me.

"And when you do what the counselor wants, you will look at me while you do it unless I tell you otherwise." I pressed my weight onto her, knowing it stimulated her arousal. She nodded. "You will struggle and resist. You will be disgusted with what they tell you to do. You will scream and bite. You will strike at them if given the chance." She nodded again and I smiled.

"I think I shall like that."

“Good.” I released her and allowed her to sit up again. “Please me and I shall please you. That is what it means to be enslaved. You feel pleasure when I take my pleasure. You enjoy what I demand of you.”

“It is difficult to hear that.”

“Only because you perceive slavery as it has been presented by humans. The Latharian way is different.” I slowly allowed my skin suit to return, despite the desire to mate with her. She reached out and ran her hand along the smoothness of the suit, causing it to thin again.

“How?”

“Some Latharian slaves receive more respect and honor from our people than their masters.” I watched her eyes widen with surprise as her fingers fell away from me. “It is true. The treaty you spoke of between humans and Latharians was made by a slave. She is one of our most honored HSL.”

“HSL?”

“Human Slave Latharian. She excelled in her training, earning her Latharian citizenship. She is a dignitary on our counsel and is treated more highly than any of your human counsel members.” I reached out and ran my fingertip over the ball of her nipple. “Slavery is a relationship. It does not hinder the freedom of success.”

“Who is her master?”

“A weapon smith. He is no one of great influence. He has no more privilege than any other Latharian civilian. And he does not lay claim to her success. He only claims her obedience to him.” I let my nail scratch at her nipple. “He does not attempt to control her mind, her talent, her skills or her career. Only her pleasure.”

I could see her thinking of what I was telling her and that lip was caught again between her teeth. It was something new to her, I knew. Humans were unaccustomed with power coming from being dominated. I did not tell her, letting her think first on what I had already explained, that many times the slave had more power than the

master. The more submissive they were, the more pleasure they gave, the more control they gained. She would learn if she made the choice.

“It is time. The counselor should not be kept waiting.” I stood and held my hand out to her. She took it and rose to her feet. “Remember. Please me and you shall be rewarded.” She flashed me a wide smile. For just a second, I felt as if it were she that was suddenly in command. Perhaps she was.

The moment we stepped through the hatch however, her smile was gone. She instantly began fighting me, screaming human curses and beating at my chest with her fist. She struggled so strongly that I was made to grasp her around her waist and haul her to the stool. Her body thrashing against mine also made me want to mate her. The very urge that Jaru had mentioned earlier to clash with her, assaulted me. I tightened my arms around her, attempting to stifle the heat that her fire evoked. Her head snapped backward nearly hitting me in the face and I felt her pulse quicken in response to my low growl. If the counselor were not watching, I would bury myself inside her and ride her fire until she could do nothing but whimper. But we had a job to do.

I almost smiled at how effectively she appeared to fight against what was to happen. And a quick glance at the counselor’s face in the corner of the viewer told me he was pleased as well.

Forcefully, I bent her over so that her stomach rested against the smooth cushion. Karo stepped forward immediately to hold her by placing his hands on her back, pinning her in the position.

I retreated to my captain’s chair and placed the speaker over my ear. “All is set, Counselor. We shall begin on your mark.”

“She fights,” Aves commented, but I could hear the arousal in his voice.

“As will any human female. She will perform regardless.” I heard his breath shake in my ear.

“You will break her,” Aves murmured.

"You will." I fed into his lust as I watched the admiral spit at Jaru when he approached her. She struck out at him until he grabbed her wrists and bound them with cable and lock behind her back. Still, she did not cease her struggle. "I will command them to do whatever you wish." The image of the counselor licked his lips.

"I want her to suck him. That big one."

I gave Jaru a nod. His skin suit disappeared, but his root did not swell. The admiral, in turn, screamed a protest. Jaru reached down and grasped her jaw. I could see that her fight did excite him, but not as much as it would have if it were under circumstances. And then Jaru did something I'd never seen him do. He sent a thought into her human mind. *Forgive me. I do not like this any more than you.*

I stared at him. He never showed tenderness; only strength. Our admiral had softened some of his hard edge by winning his respect. My own heightened for her because of that fact.

"You will take what is given to you. You will look at the counselor when you do. Or I will hurt you," Jaru threatened emptily. The admiral's eyes rounded with horror and her eyes darted to me. Of course, the counselor thought she was looking at him and whispered a little affirmation of approval.

"Get that other one to strike her. Make her know she has to do what he asks of her," the counselor suggested. I gritted my teeth. Jaru didn't *ask* anything of her. He demanded it.

"Karo," I kept my voice low. "Strike her." Jaru released her jaw.

Karo raised his palm and brought it down to slap against her ass. Though the admiral's energy radiated excitement, she appeared horrified. Again she tried to struggle, so Karo slapped her again, this time delivering more force. She arched and her blonde hair slipped from behind her ear to fall around her face.

"Again," I growled. I felt her heat before he delivered the third strike. She'd responded to my voice again.

"Make her suck him," the counselor rasped in my ear. I gave Jaru a nod.

“Open your mouth,” Jaru commanded, but she shook her head. She spat at him. She cursed at him. I saw him force his breathing to remain steady. We all felt the stirring of arousal with her reaction.

“Open your mouth!” Jaru raised his voice and Karo swatted her again. When she still refused, Jaru reached down and grasped her jaw and squeezed until her lips parted. He made sure to keep her head tilted so that she could still glare at me. His root pressed against her mouth, rubbed against the full of her bottom lip.

“Strike her again,” the counselor groaned.

I raised my hand, signaling to Karo. He swatted her. Then again, until she yelped against Jaru’s root. Her body bucked, fought against the Karo’s hold. The end of Jaru’s root disappeared between her lips and she screamed against him.

“Deeper,” the counselor hissed.

“Deeper,” I echoed. She glared at me as she tried to pull away from Jaru’s root, but he shoved deeper. His chest heaved once, but he held command over his root. Karo lifted her arms straight up as Jaru forced himself to rock into her mouth.

She vocalized her struggle against his texture and gagged. She did not like oral, I reminded myself. Her reaction was most likely unstaged. I looked at the counselor’s image, feeling a deeper heat of resentment. I didn’t like seeing her do something she did not enjoy. But I would make sure she received pleasure for her discomfort later.

Karo raised his palm again and struck her ass. The counselor sucked in his breath and groaned. I could hear the steady rhythm through the tiny speaker as he rubbed at his own root. “Suck me.” I glanced again at the viewer to see that the counselor was not looking at his monitor. Someone else was with him. “Do it.” He leaned back and dark hair fell into view before disappearing below the camera’s scope. I wondered who the female was.

“Faster.” He was looking forward again, so I repeated the command. Jaru looked as if he wanted to curse. As he said, it was a waste of time. Finally, he decided it was



enough, pulled from the admiral's mouth and forced himself to expel what little he could summon on her back.

"Now the other one," Aves commanded, but Karo and Jaru were already swapping places. The admiral screamed her protests obediently, she fought to rock off the stool, but Jaru's strong hand held her. Without removing his hand from her back, he moved around to stand behind her, forcing her legs apart. Then he lifted his palm and brought it down against her anus.

I did not stop him. He deserved some pleasure for having done what he'd done. I smiled and nodded for him to do it again. When he did, a cry of pleasure, forced to sound desperate, pushed from the admiral.

"Again. Harder." The counselor had not heard the encouragement in the admiral's voice. I needed not instruct Jaru. He'd raised his hand again and brought it down in a solid slap. My skin suit thinned when she cried out again.

Karo's hand trembled as he reached forward and took her jaw as Jaru had done. He could feel her arousal more strongly than I could, being so close. She shook her head and murmured a weak "no, no, no". Jaru's hand fell against the orifice of her ass again. She couldn't mask her pleasure again, so Karo shoved his root between her lips, muffling the cry of pleasure.

"Tell that big one to enter her." The counselor's breath was shallow. I looked at the screen and beads of sweat were formed around his face.

"Jaru," I called, causing my Latharian brother to look at me while Karo rocked in and out of the admiral's mouth. I just nodded. The look on Jaru's face was one of excitement and torture. He wanted more than just jabbing in and out of her. He wanted to milk her of her stifled pleasure. Still, he positioned himself and rocked into her. She screamed against Karo's root, but the gratitude that radiated from her pushed out at all of us.

*Give me more!*

"Turn her over...on her back," Aves panted into my ear.

“Turn her over and resume.” I commanded. Both withdrew and rolled her over so that she lay atop her bound hands on the cushion of the stool. Her head dipped off one end and Karo leaned over her and pushed into her mouth. But her breasts were available to him now and he grasped her nipples, twisting them slightly.

Jaru opened her kicking legs, pushed them forward, exposing her anus to him again and thrust repeatedly inside her. It wasn't enough for any of them. I could feel their frustration.

I glanced at the viewer. The counselor was looking down at his lap now. I could see his arm working as he guided the female's head over him. It wouldn't be long now. His gaze flicked up to the camera just as Karo pulled at the admiral's nipples again.

Aves' body went rigid, and he shouted into my ear as he filled the female's mouth. I heard the woman's muffled voice when he drove to her throat. On the viewer, his head was thrown back and his jaw was clenched.

“Suck it, goddammit. Drink it.” I watched as the woman's hands appeared at the edge of the screen, grasping the edge of the desk as she forced herself up from him against his weak attempts to hold her. She spat his white juice back at his lap, then slapped his face soundly before disappearing. I struggled to keep from laughing as I listened to her stomp away.

“Beat the bitch,” Aves growled at me after a moment.

“Strike her,” I echoed and Jaru withdrew, struck her sex.

“Tell that other one to let her scream.” He was angry and wanted to see the admiral suffer for his humiliation.

“Karo, enough,” I called.

Karo gratefully removed his root from her mouth. She instantly released a scream and a line of curses. Still, her eyes were locked on me.

*I want you, Captain. I want your cock inside me.* She screamed again when Karo leaned over her and clamped his mouth over one of her nipples.

“Beat her,” the counselor whispered as Jaru lifted his hand and brought it down against her folds again. She bucked, but I could feel it was from pleasure. Still she screamed as if outraged.

“I want to see her.”

I removed the camera from the magnet it was attached to and walked toward them. The admiral screamed as if terrified of me. She screamed how she hated me. She said she hated the counselor too.

Her thoughts spoke differently however. It wasn't enough. She wanted more. She wanted me.

“I thought Latharians were bigger than that. I thought they could cause her pain.” Aves was angry. One look at him and I knew he was finding pleasure again. His arm moved quickly, aroused by the violence.

That was what we were waiting for. We'd hoped his anger would override his human ego. I gave Jaru a nod. He spoke a relieved curse under his breath and a moment later his root swelled inside her.

“Gag her...make her fight to scream,” the counselor instructed. I walked to Karo's casing and found one of the large balls used to stimulate the root. I made sure I kept the camera pointed to what I was doing. Then I returned to the admiral and knelt in front of her so the counselor could see her angry face. I shoved the ball between her lips and gave her a wink. Now she could vocalize her pleasure and it would sound like she was fighting. *Thank you.*

I moved around her so the counselor could see what Jaru was doing. He growled a curse, withdrew his thick root so its size could be seen, then shoved it into her again, bringing a muffled scream of pleasure. My scales rippled. Jaru brought his hand down on her pink sex and she bucked up against his hand.

“Yeah. That'll teach her,” the counselor grunted. I gave Jaru a nod and he struck her folds again. I could smell her juices and my own root swelled. It was tempting to climb atop her and bury myself inside her. I refrained. Instead, I turned so the counselor could

see how Karo continued to twist her nipples. He leaned down and bit one and her entire body shuddered.

That's what it took. The counselor found his pleasure with a grunt and I returned to my chair. "Counselor, it is time for me to join the training." At my words, the admiral screamed a protest against the ball in her mouth. "I'm afraid I will have to end transmission now."

"That's good. Hurt her, Sleece. I want her returned to me broken." The counselor leaned forward and, a moment later, his image disappeared.

I looked up. "The transmission is ended," I announced. Both Latharians growled relief. With a sweep of his hand, Karo removed the gag I'd placed in her mouth. She took several breaths while Jaru hauled her up, turned her and drove into her anus. His arms wrapped around her as his root pumped vigorously within her. He pulled her straight up against him.

Karo entered her in front, pulling her knees to his hips. Both were heated for real pleasure. The admiral's energy grew hotter, feeding them both as she gripped Karo's shoulders. I only stood watching as she cried out, bucked between them, giving them what they needed. But she kept her gaze on me. Once they'd found their pleasure, they gently guided her back to the stool and let her sit.

"He was only after pain." Jaru spoke freely in front of her after a few moments of silence.

"Yes," I answered, looking at the admiral. "You did well."

"We did not want to enter your mouth," Karo offered her. She didn't seem to realize that her performance had gained more of their respect.

"I know. I could tell." She nodded. "I hate him. He disgusts me. He thinks I hate you and what you do to me." A slow smile pulled at her lips. "The joke is on him." Jaru grunted a short laugh as Karo released her wrists from the cable. I watched her rub at them, and then at her shoulders. She'd experienced real pain.

“Come. You can cleanse now.” I held out my hand and she instantly jumped to her feet and took my hand. I led her down the hatch into the sleeping area. She started toward the chamber, but halted when I did not release her fingers. I tugged at her hand when she looked back at me.

“You pleased me today. It was a sacrifice for all of us. I promised a reward.” I released her hand and headed for the bathing chamber. “Come.”

## **Chapter Four**

Slowly I massaged the wet sponge against the admiral's skin after I'd wiped clean any evidence left by the others. I deliberately ran the soft texture over each nipple. She smiled with pleasure at the gentle sensation. When I dipped it between her thighs and teased it across her sex, she closed her eyes and hummed softly.

She was so responsive. I could tell what she was feeling with every breath she exhaled. Her scent carried the least bit of stirring. I made certain to give her enough to keep the current of arousal light, nothing that would cause my tongue to split or to thin my skin suit.

Soft, gentle strokes to her body were all I offered and it was obvious that the tender caress pleased her. I leaned forward into the water that sprayed onto her and kissed her. Not a Latharian kiss, but the kind humans practiced. I knew she would appreciate the effort and she affirmed my suspicions by placing her hands on my shoulders and returning the affection.

I allowed her to lead, deepening the kiss only when she indicated she wanted more of me. Her arms tightened around me and she pressed her body to mine. Her arousal slowly heightened and heat radiated into me.

I felt her emotion. It was strong. The bond between us made every thing we did more intimate. I did not want to share those emotions but could not deny that the stirring within me now was more than just physical.

When she broke the kiss, I dropped the sponge and touched her waist, running my fingers against her skin gently. She leaned forward, resting her chin on my shoulder.

"I wanted you," she whispered at my ear.

"I know." I slid my hand around her back.

"I thought that was to be my reward – that you would join them."

“Should I call for them now?” I smiled when she pinched at the back of my neck, indicating that she knew I was teasing her.

“No.”

“What *do* you want?”

“Fuck me.” She rubbed her body against me. She needn’t. My skin suit was already thinning, despite my resistance, from the arousal that flowed through her words on her breath. I lowered my head and inhaled her skin deeply. Wet, salty, and the unique smell of her heat filled me. A growl formed in the back of my throat.

“Is that all?” I kissed at her throat and allowed my tongue to snake out against her skin.

“Touch me,” she took my arm and guided my hand to the head of her sex, “touch my pussy.” I rolled my thumb in a circle against her and again she hummed pleasure. Releasing me, she leaned backward, against the smooth wall of the chamber and widened her stance.

Studying her, I did as she wished. Her delicate features were relaxed and her full lips parted with a silent moan. I watched her nipples harden and reach out for my attention. Her flesh, warm against my hand, shivered.

I continued to massage with my thumb, watching and feeling the heat of her response. I wanted to leap upon her, to do as it is naturally within me to do. But she deserved her reward.

My skin suit was gone. My root had already dropped and was swelling. And she remained leaning inside the chamber, eyes closed, moaning soft human sounds of pleasure. I rocked my energy into her. Instantly, her own energy responded, receiving and giving.

“Yessss,” she hissed as her body trembled.

Her head rolled to the side and I leaned down to flick my tongue against her nipple. The action pulled a quivering cry from her lips. She arched toward me for more.

I'd never owned a slave before, though I had trained many. Something about this human woman was special. We had all felt it. And we wanted to keep her. But it was a decision she would have to make for herself. Still, the thought of her belonging to me caused my root to expand.

I wanted her. She belonged with us. Her fire matched our own and I felt the tenderness her energy offered me. I wanted to return the emotion. But she was not mine to share that with. Not yet.

She jerked against my hand as waves slapped from her into me. I felt her pleasure mount and then crash around her. When the ripples subsided, she opened her eyes to look at me with an expression that matched my own hunger. She wanted more.

There are human words for the emotion that filled me. There are no such words for it in Latharia. We never needed to say them. I wouldn't say them now. Instead, I would show her.

I grasped her wrist and turned, stalking from the chamber toward my bunk. When I faced her again and gave her a gentle shove, she smiled and nodded, then crawled onto the bunk and lay on her back.

"Spread your legs."

Instantly, she obeyed and I settled myself between her knees.

"You will not bind me this time?" She stared at me when I shook my head. No. I was going to give her this. Trust was not won by going against a Latharian's word. I nudged against her opening, tapped my root against her soft, sensitive flesh.

She hummed encouragement softly, so I began rocking, pulling her energy and pushing my own. Back and forth. My root slapped against her. Give. Receive. She lifted her hips to meet the movements of my root.

Verbal arousal. "You enjoy my root...my cock inside you?"

Her gaze darkened as she stared up at me. She needn't answer. I could see it there in her expression. She felt the same need I did.



“Deep inside,” she whispered. I shouldn’t have been aroused by her words. Latharians do not need words to mate. But I knew her admission aloud meant more to her and thus it meant more to me.

I leaned over her, hands on each side of her and she lifted her hands to my sides. She was ready. I could smell the wetness in her cunt. It filled me, causing my scales to ripple beneath the pads of her fingers. Then I plunged into her, filled her completely. I stretched her until she groaned softly and then began pumping my root within her.

She released my sides and brought her hands to my shoulders, grasping them tightly as she moved, rubbing the head of her sex against me. She pulled at me as if she wanted more, so I quickened my rhythm inside her.

The faster I pumped, the harder she ground into me, enjoying the mating I gave her. Her legs wrapped around my hips as if she were binding herself to me. The contact only increased my arousal and I drew deep breaths of her into my chest.

“More,” she rasped up at me. I leaned closer and bared my teeth, allowing my root to swell and stretch her a bit more. I quickened my speed, thrust my energy down on her violently. Her hands shook as she slid them around my neck to pull my mouth to hers. Her breath was heavy, thick with lust, when she parted her lips and stuck out her tongue. I grasped it between my lips instantly, twisted my tongue around it and sucked. She moaned against my pressed lips, so I released my hold on her, allowing her to pull me into her mouth and return the affection.

When her body began to shake beneath me, I released her from the kiss and tossed my head. My scales expanded and stood out from my skin. I ground my teeth, steeling myself, determined to wait for her explosion. Her cries grew louder, her arms tightened around me so that I knew my scales bit into her.

Her energy grasped and held mine momentarily. She did not even realize she had done it, but because she did, I felt pain and pleasure twist inside me. Again that human word came to mind. Love. And then she released, her orgasm exploding through her whole body. She screamed and bucked up against me, unable to keep herself still. I

sucked in that sexual energy as my root expelled. Then, with a shout of my own, I expelled again and found my own release.

Her body went limp and, at first, I thought she had fainted. But then a slow smile crept across her lips. Carefully, my root shrank and I removed it from her gently. She moaned a small protest, but did not erase the smile from her face.

As I eased from atop her and settled at her side, she took a deep breath. I watched her stare up at the ceiling, then she pushed up on her elbow, resting her jaw in her palm. "Who would have thought this is how an admiral would spend her three-day review?"

"How do you feel about it? About the counselor setting you up like this?"

I watched her tuck her hair behind her ear. I wanted to know more about her, I couldn't help it.

"I still hate him. But I am glad I am here." She shook her head. "He's tried to make me come to him before. Several times. He thinks I will submit if he continues to push. He is despicable and has no honor. I've heard that he has forced some women, but he's never tried with me."

"Why?"

"Because I am stronger than he is. I excelled at the academy in hand-to-hand combat; top of my class." She slanted a glance at me and shrugged. "I do not stay in his presence long enough for him to call his guards to hold me. I am careful. So he tries to have me trained to want him instead. He wants that power."

I could see her frown deepening. "Why did you decide to become an admiral? It is not an easy climb through the ranks."

"Because my family isn't wealthy and they hold no titles. They never have. I wanted to excel and bring honor to their name. I knew I could do it and you are right, it was not easy." Her frown lessened. "I've always welcomed challenges. I was told at the academy that I was made to be an admiral. So I decided then that I would not stop until I made it."

“And so you have.”

She finally smiled. “Yes.”

“And your family is proud of what you have accomplished?”

Her smile widened. “They are.” She touched my arm, running her index finger over my scales as she continued, “One day I will be a counselor. That’s what I promised my family when I went to the academy. When I reach that rank, Aves will no longer be able to scheme and plot against me.”

I said nothing more, and she plunged into silence as well. After a few moments, she rolled toward me. Her head dipped beneath my chin, her fingers curled at my stomach. It was far more intimate than a Latharian required, but I did not push her away. Oddly I enjoyed the closeness, the attention. And that is how she fell asleep.

I waited several minutes after her breathing became shallow before slipping from beneath her and rising. My gaze dropped to her review log, left on Karo’s bunk. Glancing at her first, I reached down and clicked it on. The review was a positive one. I would have turned it off again, but a small file labeled “personal” caught my attention. Unable to ignore the tempting interest, I brought it up on the small screen.

### *Day One on the Ecker3*

*I admit my curiosity of this Latharian crew, despite Counselor Aves’ sadistic ploy, is piqued. Aves is an asshole and I am working secretly with other counselors to have him removed from office. That is the real reason I chose to come aboard, knowing full well what would be expected of me here. I imagined the sacrifice would be a useful tool in removing Aves from the counsel. I did not realize I would enjoy this sacrifice as much as I do.*

*It is said that Latharians can bring more pleasure than a man. The rumor is not an untruth. I enjoyed the rough sex and, oddly, felt a connection with all three males. Despite their basic and*

*animalistic dominance, I feel honor, respect and compassion beneath their rough exteriors. I look forward to getting to know them better, and of course, to getting to know their bodies better.*

### *Day Two on the Ecker3*

*The sex with the Latharians is amazing. When I climax, I feel as if they are sucking from me and filling me with pleasure all at the same time. I've never before experienced such tremendous pleasure.*

*I've begun to appreciate their differences. Karo is gentler and more tender than the others. He has a soft and sensitive heart. Jaru is rougher and, like me, enjoys things to escalate and push at his control. He is strong and I feel more equally matched with him than I do Karo. I wouldn't mind a sparring match between him and me and, though I'm certain I would lose, I would still make a strong opponent.*

*Captain Ihjon Sleece is definitely the one deserving to be in command. He has a presence that makes me feel both safe and vulnerable. I've never felt so much like a woman as I feel when he looks at me. And I am certain I've never sought approval from a man like I seek approval from him. I want to please him, to bring him pleasure. It is a feeling inside me that has nothing to do with the desire they manipulate me to feel, though I can tell their training has changed me and my want for sex. I welcome the change and find it stirring to my blood.*

*My disgust for Counselor Aves grows stronger. He will be furious when I do not submit to him. His ploy will have failed and, with the other counselors, I will make certain he never holds office again. My stay on the Ecker3 will earn me a counsel seat of my own.*

*I do not look forward to leaving, however. I shall miss these Latharian men. More specifically, I will miss the way Ihjon Sleece's mere presence reassures me. It is a lonely world and even lonelier now that I will no longer be aboard their small vessel.*

I turned off the log and returned to the bunk to gaze down at her. So, the admiral had a plan. It was a good one. Again, I thought of her as a soldier slave. She had intellect to strategize. She was willing to sacrifice to follow through with the mission. She had fire inside with which to fight and defend with.

I could teach her to hide her vulnerabilities, to mask her emotions so they were not used against her. She could learn the ways of Latharian combat. She wasn't like other human women, who immediately found themselves begging for enslavement. She had pride that made her stronger. I wondered if three days was enough time to influence her to choose slavery.

Reaching down, I stroked her cheek. I wondered if somehow it was I that had become the slave. She stirred me in ways I'd not experienced before, had me behaving with tenderness that I was unaccustomed to. Her disgust for the staged training earlier had filled me with hatred for Counselor Aves; so much hatred that I had considered pulling from the Earth station and heading back to Latharia with the admiral.

I pushed those thoughts from my head. It was her choice. I could not make it for her. And she deserved to make the decision about what she wanted. I would respect whatever choice she made.

\* \* \* \* \*

I stood at the bridge of my ship, remembering the words she'd entered in her review log about me, and watched the admiral tuck her hair behind her ear. For the first time since we'd made her remove her clothes, she stood before us wearing her uniform. In her hand, she held her review. My chest filled with dread.

"All is in order with your logs, Captain." She did not move toward the door of the transport room. "You will receive a positive review and be allowed to proceed to Earth."

I inclined my head.

She started to turn, then stopped, faced me again and leaned forward to press her lips to my cheek. Another intimacy that was not required of her, but she offered it anyway. I had to wonder if we'd had any control at all during the three-day review when Jaru and Karo moved closer to say their goodbyes and receive her human affection as well.

Karo cupped her chin and kissed her hand. It was a tender goodbye that reflected the way we all felt. Jaru hugged her roughly, kissed her at her temple and then released her quickly. Even the admiral could see that he looked ready to shed tears over her leaving.

I walked her into the transport room and punched the coordinates into the computer. She stood at my side in silence until I faced her again. "Will you miss me, Ihjon?"

I nodded, wanting to drag her back to the bridge and set *Ecker3* away from Earth when she used my name rather than my rank. "We all will."

"Because you will have no woman to..."

I lifted my hand to her lips. "We will miss *you*, Corral." I returned the intimate use of her name. "I will miss you. We have come to admire your strength, respect you as an admiral, and understand you as a human. But most of all, we all feel a connection to your spirit." I leaned forward and pressed my lips to hers. Then I straightened. "It is time for you to go." I waited until she stepped back onto the transporter and then pressed the *engage* button. Instantly, she was gone.

My throat closed. I felt suddenly empty without her presence as I returned to the brig. None of us muttered a word. Instead, we remained with our thoughts and went to our stations. However, I could feel the soft sadness that filled my Latharian brothers. I, too, wished in silence that she had not left us.

I felt confident that she would not become the counselor's slave. He was too weak and she craved domination. But would she come back to us? Perhaps she could dismiss the last three days as something she had to do to become a counselor herself. She was

strong. She could learn to live without fulfilling her desires if she chose to. Still, there was that other side to her personality, that drive to achieve everything she wanted that filled me with hope.

A voice on our transmitter broke the quiet, interrupting our thoughts, and giving us permission to proceed. I jerked the gauge from auto-hover and finally guided *Ecker3* toward Earth.

## **Chapter Five**

Sitting on the bunk closest to the door in the temporary resting unit, I stared with disappointment at the message disc that had been delivered earlier that day. We were granted leave to return to Latharia for six months. We could leave Earth the following day if we so chose.

Normally, I would have been grateful for receiving such a grant, but tonight I was filled with frustration and annoyance. Two months since we'd been given permission to land on Earth after the review and Corral had not even sent a message. She was not coming back as we all three had hoped. She'd made her choice and, though I still respected her, disappointment ached in my chest. I felt empty without her. I longed to feel her body, her cunt closing around me. I hungered for her energy and the gentle touch of her hand. And though it was she we'd trained during those few days, I was the one who had become enslaved.

"There will be celebration upon our arrival." Karo attempted to lift the mood that had settled in our unit. "It shall be good to eat a Latharian meal again." Jaru just grunted in agreement. I chose silence.

"Perhaps we were not forceful enough for her." Karo spoke again after several minutes, deciding not to continue to keep silent what burdened our hearts.

"There was no need for force," Jaru argued, then cursed loudly. "She cannot have decided to be a slave to the counselor! She is your slave, Captain."

"She never spoke such a decision to me," I murmured, dropping my gaze to the gray carpet of the unit. "She has made her choice and we shall respect her for it. She is," I glanced up and forced a small smile as I repeated her own words, "an admiral." Jaru chuckled, but it was filled with sadness.

"I have missed her," Karo spoke softly.



“We all have,” Jaru corrected, then glanced at me. “Especially the captain.” I didn’t respond. It did not surprise me that they would know my feelings. Their connection to me was just as strong as my connection to them.

“I miss her response...she opened herself to us.” Karo’s voice was tormented.

“Her fire,” Jaru added after a moment of hesitation. “Her fight and fearlessness. She has the heart of a Latharian commander.”

Their words forked pain in my own chest. “We should sleep. We begin our long journey home tomorrow,” I suggested and watched the two offer no argument to my interruption, each retiring to their chosen bunks. I hit the button on the wall, plunging us into darkness and lay back on my bunk.

I found Corral in my memory as I’d done nearly each night since she’d left us. She stood naked on the bridge of the *Ecker3*, bottom lip caught between her teeth. Her blue eyes were distant, then glittered to life with arousal and she tucked her hair behind her ear. My chest tightened and I rolled to my side.

I missed her gaze. I remembered the way she had spoken to me with it each time we mated. She’d shown me everything she was thinking and feeling without ever having said the words. Her disgust for Aves, her need for my approval, her desire for my touch. She’d hid nothing from me, allowing me to see her secrets. She done more than open herself to me, she’d enveloped me entirely.

Groaning, I forced my eyes to close and blocked out her image. I would rest now. Entertaining my misery only made it worse.

I’d barely fallen asleep when there was a soft thump, thump against the door of our unit. I sat up and punched the button again. Karo and Jaru also sat up, looking at one another as if afraid to hope that who we were sensing was indeed the admiral.

Again the soft knock sounded so I rose and walked to the door. As it opened, I stared at the cloaked figure, her familiar scent filling me. She took a step forward into the doorway, the hood of the cloak opening to the light that flooded from overhead and my throat closed.

Her face was discolored with old and new bruises, her bottom lip split open and her eyes blackened. She swayed slightly and I instantly reached out, scooped her up, and carried her inside. The door shut behind me. As it sounded against the walls of the small unit, I placed her on my bed and pushed the cloak away from her head and body. What I found pounded rage into my veins.

“Ganslought! What has happened to her?” Jaru’s voice lifted when he neared, bringing Karo rushing forward at his side. I had no words. My throat had closed and I was having a hard enough time dragging air into my lungs.

“Aves,” she whispered. “He would not let me come to you.” Her voice was weak and my hands shook as I quickly ripped her clothes from her body. As I suspected, the skin that had been covered by the uniform was also bruised. A few cuts marred her rib cage, though there seemed to be no broken bones. A thin rope burn reddened the delicate flesh of her neck.

“I told him I would not be his slave.” She was trying to explain why she had not come, but she needn’t. I could see from her injuries what had happened. “He had his guards waiting for me. He bound me and would not release me. He beat me.”

She looked at me as if she wanted me to understand. “I never submitted. I never gave him that power.” Her words touched me deep inside and I forced myself to incline my head, offering her the approval she sought.

“Ganslought!” Jaru moved to one side of the bed while Karo hurried to bring a medical kit. “How did you escape?”

Her gaze swept to Jaru, and her expression hardened slightly, as if it were natural for her to share his anger. “I am an admiral. I did not become so because I am weak. Eventually, he let his guard down. When he unfastened me to try to make me submit, I kicked him in the face.” She groaned in pain despite her efforts to remain strong against it. “Hard enough to slip from the building before he could call his guards. I had a cadet fly me here in her Porsche x869.”

“Good.” Jaru nodded with approval.

“Help me.” She reached for his thick arm. “I hurt. I must roll to the side. Please.” His frown deepened, and when he reached forward to help her roll to the side, I lost my composure and shouted. Her entire back was crisscrossed with sharp cuts. She’d not just been beaten; she’d been whipped.

I was upon my feet instantly. Rage pounded within me at a dangerous speed. I could not control it. As I took a few steps backward, my skin suit paled and then disappeared. My muddy-colored scales extended to the point of pain.

Karo’s own suit looked thinned as he brought the medical kit from his casing and knelt next to the bed. Jaru’s jaw clenched, working angrily, while we watched Karo retrieve a tube of ointment in silence. Tenderly, he applied the cream to the pad of his fingers. He touched the whip marks with care, but still Corral’s body flinched and she cried out. My entire body shook with fury.

How dare someone do this to someone I’d trained. She didn’t deserve it. No one did. Humans were stupid creatures. They had no concept of how to go about getting what they wanted. They used violence and anger when the rest of the universe understood harmony and working together. But at that moment, I felt the fury of injustice and the primitive need for revenge.

Though the anger was evident on Jaru’s face, he kept his voice low and fought to keep his skin suit from thinning with his own fury. “Is there anything you need?”

“Food.” Corral spoke in a weak voice through clenched teeth as Karo continued to spread the ointment over her back. “I’ve not eaten for two days. When I kicked him, it was the last bit of strength I had.” That was it. I’d heard enough.

“Stay with her.” I spoke in my native tongue. “Feed her and tend her wounds.”

“I will go with you.” Jaru stepped forward.

“No. Stay with her.” I turned and stalked to the door. When it slid open, I leapt into the night on all fours. I moved with Latharian speed, covering several miles in just minutes. My muscles burned and pain seared through me as my structure shifted.

Latharians rarely transform to full beasts. Normally we walk upright as humans do. It is only when in situations like hand-to-hand combat, when adrenaline and bloodthirst pump in our veins that we are commonly seen on all fours. But I had that bloodthirst in my body now as I raced toward the counsel headquarters.

It only took me an hour and a half to cross the landscape. I barely noticed the change of the terrain or climate. I did remember that it had rained on me midway. But as I stood outside the counsel building, glaring up at the tall windows, the heat in my body had nothing to do with the warm night air.

I stalked inside, ignoring the guard that called for me to identify myself. He'd not moved until I reached the staircase, shocked by my appearance. By the time he did raise his voice, I was taking the stairs several at a time.

Reaching the fourth floor, I bounded into the apartment without waiting to be announced. Counselor Aves was sitting at his desk. As I halted on the other side of the metal desk, my chest pumping with the breath that labored there, his eyes widened with horror.

"You whipped her." My voice was barely more than a growl. It shook with the same rhythm of my anger.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" He punched at a security button, but I stalked forward and around the desk.

"You whipped her," I repeated.

I saw the realization of my identity clear his eyes.

"She was disobedient. You said she would be a slave and would do anything I asked."

"I did not." I reached for the front of his clothes, curled my fingers into the thin material and hauled him to his feet with little effort. "A man does not ask his slave to do as he wishes. And a slave chooses her master. And a master treats his slave like she has worth to him. He does not *whip* her." With every word, the fire in me grew hotter. I remembered the crosses on her back, marring her perfect skin.

Behind me, the security team rushed inside. Instantly, their weapons were aimed at me. I didn't care. I was too angry to care. "Tell them to leave or I will go public with what you have done." His wrinkled face twisted with terror. I did not release his collar.

"Release the counselor," one of the guards called.

"Send them away or I swear I will kill you before their bullets can find my body." That threat apparently had more impact, for his gaze darted over my shoulder to the men behind me.

"No, no...my mistake. All is well here," Aves shouted at them.

"Counselor—"

"Go! All is well!" he screamed, and they reluctantly backed away. I did not hear them leave, however, choosing to wait outside the door for command. I released his clothes and moved my hand to his throat, pushing him to the floor so I was straddling his round body.

"She is nothing to you," he croaked past my fingers.

His words forked new anger into my chest. She was *everything* to me. I realized that now. I squeezed until he could not make a sound. "You are an ignorant insult to your species. No one would miss you. No one would mourn your death." I shifted my weight to one foot and placed the other on his fingers, pinning them to the cold floor beneath him. Then I pressed, reveling in the three consecutive pops. He tried to scream, but I held him so that it only sounded like a loud grunt, nothing that the guards outside could detect.

He tried to kick up at me, but Latharians have a tougher exterior, especially in combative form. His attempts were in vain. I heard another pop from the middle of his hand.

His face was red now and he was struggling to breathe past my grip on his throat. Another pop. I applied more pressure and his wrist snapped beneath the pressure. Another grunt of pain.

“You will *never* touch her again,” I hissed down at him. “Do you understand?” I brought a hand down to his face, the talon that extended from the tip of my finger, pressing into his fleshy cheek.

He gurgled something and I squeezed his neck tighter. Slowly the red seeped from his complexion. His chest pumped, trying to drag air into it. I could smell his fear. It filled me and I fought desperately against the urge to snap his neck. Instead, I let my nail break the skin of his face, drawing a long dark red line from the top of his cheekbone to the weak structure of his jaw. The coppery scent of his blood filled my nose and my mouth watered for his death.

When his eyes started to roll back from lack of oxygen, I released him. “Do you understand?” He groaned and rolled over to cradle his mangled hand. I backed away from him. I did not trust myself not to kill him. After fighting with myself, I turned and left, pushing past the guards that still waited outside. They rushed in behind me, but by the time they shouted, I was already exiting the building.

\* \* \* \* \*

I opened the door of the resting unit to find Corral sleeping on my bunk. Karo remained at her side, pressing a cool cloth to her bruises, while Jaru ceased his pacing in front of the door.

“Is he dead?”

“He lives to face the consequences of his actions.” I stepped inside, keeping my voice quiet so I did not wake her. “But I *wanted* to kill him. I expect he shall send his guards after me.” Jaru growled in anticipation. I had not allowed him to come with me. I’d reacted selfishly. He and Karo deserved their revenge and his blood still pumped with his own fury.

I moved to Corral’s side. “How is she?”

“She will live,” Karo answered, reaching up to stroke back her blonde hair tenderly. I lowered to the bunk beside her, staring down at her delicate and discolored features. She’d come back to us – at a dangerous cost.

Careful not to wake her, I leaned down and placed my lips above her ear. “This will never happen to you again.” I tilted my head and breathed in the energy of her slumber. Possessiveness flooded my chest. When she’d not returned, I should have sought her out. It was not our order, but I should have known she would have at least sent us a message that she would or would not return with us. I wouldn’t let this happen to her again – ever.

Moments later, the sound of footsteps outside the unit found us. Aves’ guards had arrived. “They will not take her,” I commanded and Karo stood with a nod. Fierce emotion glowed in both of their eyes. We were her protectors tonight. We were *her* guards.

I headed for the door and allowed it to slide open before the guards reached the unit. The three of us stepped into the night and waited. Our senses were acute, listening to the approaching men. We readied ourselves, anticipating the fight.

The guards appeared out of the darkness, to find all three of us transformed. I counted twelve. They paused only for a moment before the one that led them stepped forward. “We are instructed to place you under arrest and to return Admiral Melhen to the counselor. Your orders are to come with me.”

“And I refuse those orders,” I growled. “If you want her, you’ll have to take her.”

“So be it.” He stepped forward and I mirrored the movement. He raised his weapon, set it to minimum level, and aimed it at me. Before he could pull the trigger, I leapt forward, one hand grasping the arm that held the weapon, the other wrapping around his throat. I lifted him and brought his face to mine.

“There need not be bloodshed today, human,” I hissed. I loosened my hold on his throat, lowered him back to the ground, allowing him to speak. Rather than retreat, he gave the command to take us. Instantly, I snapped his neck. This was not like before. It

was not a personal revenge. We were protecting Corral. We would take no time to enjoy their deaths.

The guards lifted their weapons and began firing, but we are Latharian. Our speed allows us to move quickly enough to avoid injury to our more vulnerable areas and those strikes that did hit us bounced off our hard exteriors.

We worked through the men within minutes until only three remained. They stared at us with horror. This was why the treaty between Latharia and Earth existed. We were protection against stronger forces, while they provided us with the natural resources that our planet did not produce.

“Do not.” I offered them a chance to retreat. “Your weapons are primitive against our exteriors and we are superior in combat. If you return to Aves now, you will be spared the fate of your comrades.”

I thought they would ignore my words and waited, readying to dispose of the last of them. But finally, they began to back away, apparently intelligent enough to realize that I spoke the truth of the situation to them. Without any kind of exchange, the three of us lifted those that we had killed and laid them at the side of the entrance to the unit. There was no reason to dispose of their bodies. No reason to flee.

“What do we do now?” Jaru crossed his thick arms once we were back inside and the door slid closed.

“We wait for the authorities to contact us and tell them what has happened. That will be the end of it.” I walked to the bunk. “Then we go home.”

“What about her?” Jaru asked from behind me. I knew he wanted her to come with us. We all did.

“It is her decision.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Counselor Aves will be reprimanded for his behavior and insult and, as was planned, will be removed from his station on the counsel.” The voice from the speakers



in *Ecker3* buzzed. I nodded, looking at the camera in the corner. Jaru and Karo remained silent behind me. Corral stood between them, stronger now than she'd been before, her energy electrifying the air with nervousness.

She'd confided the plans of her and the other counselors, but that her treatment from Aves had not been anticipated. She'd feared that I, and perhaps the others, would be punished for what I'd done to the counselor. Now she stood there, her expression pensive, waiting for the worst.

"The guards' deaths are the responsibility of Counselor Aves. You and your crew are dismissed from any charges that would have been made." The voice of the speaker continued. "You may return to Latharia with no record of dishonor and are welcomed to return as you wish."

"And the admiral?" I wanted her to hear for herself that she had nothing to fear for herself or us.

"She will keep her station and be allowed the choice to advance. She, others and myself already had that arrangement."

I offered a smile of approval. "I thank you, Counselor, for resolving this disagreement so quickly."

"There is no disagreement, Captain. Counselor Aves was in the wrong. We certainly do not view this as any fault of yours, your Latharian crew or Admiral Melhen. You behaved loyally to Earth and protected one of our admirals as if she were one of your own." The transmission ended.

I faced Corral. "I should have killed him."

"I am grateful you did not." She shook her head, then took a deep breath. "Though I don't understand how it is that Aves could not bring complaint against you for what you did." She winced slightly as she spoke, an indication that the discoloring in her face still caused her pain. Again, I wished I had snapped Counselor's Aves neck as easily as I had his fingers.

I reached out and touched her hands. "I knew that once the rest of the counsel learned what had happened, they would drop any charges and wouldn't hold us responsible. They never blame Latharians."

Jaru snorted an agreement, but still they did not join the conversation. Like me, they were waiting. I knew they were hoping she would return with us, to be my slave. In just a short time, she'd stolen our hearts. The fact that she'd dragged herself, bloodied and beaten, to our door told us there was a place in her heart for us, also.

"What happens now?"

"My crew and I return to Latharia as we always do after a mission. We will remain there until the *Ecker3* is assigned another mission." I watched her bite her lip. I could see her mind working. This was the moment. It seemed to drag for eternity before she spoke the words we'd wanted to hear.

"I would like to go with you."

I released a breath, but refrained from voicing the relief I felt. Emotion constricted in my chest. "Why?"

"You said admirals could be slaves without losing their positions. I will accept the position of counselor, but could learn to be a slave, also." She tucked her hair behind her ear.

"That is true."

"And you wouldn't take credit for my success." Apparently, she'd been thinking about what I had told her.

"Correct."

"I want to stay with you." I could tell the admission was difficult for her to give. She turned her hands and wrapped her fingers around mine. "As your slave." Jaru beamed when I slanted a look at him and Karo gave a little shout of triumph.

I inclined my head as I looked at her again, wanting to ease her uncertainty of her decision. "I admit your wishes please me."

"You wanted me to stay?"

"I did. We all did."

"Then why didn't you ask me?" She glanced at the others, then returned her attention to me. Her blue eyes searched my face.

"Because it was your decision to make. I did not want to influence that decision with obligation." I watched her think that over. "But it *is* what we wanted."

"We would have been miserable if you'd decided otherwise," Jaru admitted.

"And lonely without you," Karo added. "When you did not come, we thought you did not feel the same connection we felt." She released one of my hands and reached to touch his face, her eyes filling with tears.

"I had planned on returning the moment the review was turned over to the counsel. I wanted to be here too," she whispered. "Aves had his guards waiting for me. I could not fight them all."

"You are here now," Jaru said, and I could see his jaw clench.

"Yes." She nodded, then turned her gaze to me. "You have trained me for someone else. Will you train me to be *your* slave now?"

Heat filled me. "I will. I have decided you will be a soldier slave." When she only stared at me, I laughed. "Soldier slaves can obtain titles and high positions in Latharia." I saw that her interest was piqued. "You could be more than a counselor."

"I would like that." She tilted her head, her eyes suddenly glittering wickedly. "You said you were pleased with my decision to stay."

"I am."

She licked her lips. "If I have pleased you, does that mean I will be rewarded?"

She wanted to mate, despite her bruises. I could smell her sex and her energy forked desire deep inside me. "As often as you like." It was power that a Latharian would normally never give a slave. But I was happy. She would stay with us.

“When do we leave?” Her words were eager and teasing. She hid nothing from us. Karo and Jaru instantly moved to their stations. They were as eager as she.

I reached forward and snaked my arm around her waist as I worked the gauge, setting us on course. I could feel Jaru’s and Karo’s energies already reaching out for hers. My suit thinned. She was ours at long last. She was mine. My heart swelled as I turned my lips to her ear.

“Immediately.” I let my tongue flick against her skin as she pressed her body against mine. “And it is a long trip home.”

## **About the Author**

Author of erotic fiction, Amon Bieste has always enjoyed feeding the darker corners of his creative mind. He is drawn to science fiction, fantasy, horror and finds inspiration for his writing from erotic and gothic art. He believes the key to success is originality and constantly strives to better his craft.

“Everybody can write the story, but no one can write it like me.”

Amon welcomes comments from readers. You can find his website and email address on his author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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