



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM
SINS OF SUMMER

A SCORCHING SEDUCTION
MARIE HARTE

SAMHAIN publishing, Ltd.

eBooks are *not* transferable. They cannot be sold, shared or given away as it is an infringement on the copyright of this work.

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely coincidental.

Samhain Publishing, Ltd.
512 Forest Lake Drive
Warner Robins, Georgia 31093

A Scorching Seduction
Copyright © 2007 by Marie Harte
Cover by Anne Cain
ISBN: 1-59998-572-1
www.samhainpublishing.com

All Rights Are Reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

First **Samhain Publishing, Ltd.** electronic publication: June 2007

A Scorching Seduction

Marie Harte

Chapter One

The Pacifica Resort, Planet Ermu

Fia af Nicos—agent and spy for Racor, the Fyresh System’s military headquarters—grumbled under her breath and prayed the damned cloth barely covering her breasts would hold. How any woman could be expected to work around this place in scraps of silk was beyond her. Granted, sheer cloth was much cooler than heavy *lurpa*, and the burning summer suns on Ermu had turned her skin from white to honey brown in just two months, but the staff might have been given actual clothing to work in instead of these tiny bits of material.

She glanced down at the lavender two-piece clinging to her sweaty body. Two small triangles hid her nipples, and an equally small triangle of silk covered her mons—provided she shaved—held in place by a thin strip of silk around her waist and between her cheeks. Lovely. Like most of the other women waiting tables, Fia was supposed to haul drinks and small meals, catering to the Pacifica’s clients. The food and drink were superb, and the waitstaff was expected to be as pretty and as tantalizing. She’d only just managed to avoid sex in her short stay, foisting off her many admirers on her nympho roommate, Clea.

“Fia,” a deep voice rumbled, sending unwelcome ripples of lust through her body. “The senator at table four has been asking for you.”

She nodded, giving the giant male a quick smile, and found the senator poolside, lounging next to his inebriated wife. With her attention divided between the senator’s lackluster flattery and the hot summer suns, she had a hard time focusing on her quarry—the reason for her cover in this “paradise”.

Glancing at the giant and his partner out of the corner of her eye, Fia recognized Racor's war heroes with little difficulty, despite their island garb. Both Trace N'Tre and Vaan C'Vail stood heads above most guests, hunky security guards who easily blended with the beautiful people paying through the nose to enjoy this resort.

Vaan, Racor's greatest assassin, wore only low-riding, cropped trou that ended at midthigh, showcasing his muscular legs, washboard stomach and broad, tanned chest. His hair had been bleached almost white, but the expanse of tan skin turned darker by the suns only made his ice blue eyes stand out that much more.

Not to be outdone, the giant, Lieutenant Colonel Trace N'Tre, stood beside him wearing a frown and similar garb. Trace was an inch or two taller than Vaan with more muscle on his body. The high commander of covert operations in Racor's TAC Army, Trace led the best by being the best. He had strength in spades, agility and a quickness of mind respected by his men and envied by his enemies.

And at the moment, his displeasure seemed centered on her. *Shit.* She quickly gave the senator all of her attention, mentally gritting her teeth when his hands reached up and rubbed her breasts, squeezing her nipples with rasping grunts for her to move closer. Glancing at his wife, Fia saw her slumberous gaze admiring as well and realized the couple meant for her to be a third, a popular trend at the Pacifica.

Known for its hedonistic approach to vacation, and with a reputation for delivering whatever and whomever its clients wanted, the Pacifica made more currency than any other resort on this small pleasure planet. Had it not been in the middle of the harsh summer, Fia might have surrendered to temptation a time or two, relieving her sexual desire to better focus on her mission. But she knew better than to succumb in this heat.

A native Vendon, Fia had grown up under an orange star. Accustomed to a certain amount of radiation, the Vendons had developed unique skills living in the Cyoc System. There, they had once been able to blend, camouflaging themselves in any environment, merging with the sun's rays to alter visible perceptions. However, when the planet's core

threatened mass destruction, a mass exodus of Vendons spilled into the Fyresh System, solving most of their problems, while causing others.

The transition hadn't been too hard, except that they'd had to adjust to living under the light of two suns. It wasn't so much a problem on Racor, the moon where she'd been raised. But here on Ermu, the brilliance of the summer suns played havoc on her body. She could no longer vanish in the shadows. She could still, however, slightly alter her body to look different enough not to be recognizable—shorten her stature, elongate her face, bulk up her chest—all of which she'd done for this particular job.

The twin suns presented other problems. Under too much exposure, a Vendon could lose all sense, mindlessly vulnerable to everyone and everything. And then there were the sexual side effects.

Fia forced a smile at the senator and bent lower to hear his whispered proposition. *Ugh*. Unfortunately, her mind and body weren't in tune. Thanks to the suns' rays, her body began to tingle, and she knew she had to leave the heat until she cooled enough to regain control. Thankfully, the senator thought her shivering a product of his touch. She stared down at his fat fingers, at his squinty eyes more interested in her breasts than his constituents starving in Lermot. She inwardly cursed while smiling pleasantly, fanning her overheating body with a vigorous wave of her large tray.

Had this mission occurred during any other season, she'd no doubt have been finished by now. But with the harsh suns beating down on her, her body played tricks she didn't find funny, *in the slightest*. God forbid she have a heated orgasm in front of these two idiots.

The senator's wife ran a hand up the inside of Fia's thigh, and Fia hurriedly made an excuse to bring them both more Ner wine. The dissipated senator was bad enough, but his wife made her skin crawl. Even Clea had refused the witch, and Clea would bed a four-handed Richet for the right price.

Intent on finding a cooler spot in which to hide, Fia ran smack into Trace.

“Easy, Fia.” His body felt as hard as stone, his chest gleaming like diamonds in the heat. Like Vaan, his body was hairless but for his thick, shoulder-length black hair, and she felt an irresistible urge to pet him. “Feeling all right?”

“The senator didn’t harm you, did he?” Vaan approached silently, his voice like ice.

She chanced a glance at him, conscious to remain shy in keeping with her persona at the club. To avoid a lot of hassle, she’d pretended to be a quiet sex sharer who commanded in the bedroom. Her incredible reputation as a lover was such that once she’d posed her cover, offers from all over the planet and half the System had funneled in. She’d received the job at the Pacifica with recommendations from several wealthy benefactors—real men and women she used as sources—and with no governmental ties to Racor.

Both Vaan and Trace were sharp enough to spot an obvious plant, which was why both men hadn’t been caught by Racor officials in over a year. Just a few months ago the government had learned that their traitors had fled to Ermu, but the planet’s unique purpose in the System granted Ermu control when it came to denying the System’s military, which made Vaan and Trace’s ability to enter the world quite extraordinary. Fia still didn’t know how they’d received sanctuary on the pleasure planet—two warriors on the run from the System’s militia.

“Fia?” Vaan’s voice softened, and he lifted her chin, meeting her artificially brown eyes with his own.

She stared, unable to help it, knowing she had to reach the shade, and quickly. By the moons, his eyes looked like ice, so cold, so soothing. And the feel of his hand on her face, the texture of calloused fingers gently caressing her flesh...

Heat built in her womb, and her limbs felt shaky. She clutched the tray in her hands for dear life and forced a wobbly smile. “I’m fine. It’s just this heat.”

Trace nodded. "Grab some water and take a short break. Reba can handle the senator and his wife." He motioned a voluptuous redhead to take the table, and the senator happily welcomed the topless woman.

Moving even as he said it, Fia found refuge in a shaded cubby, secure from prying eyes. A burst of heat burned through her and she gasped, caught on the edge of a powerful orgasm. Those damned suns were majorly screwing with her hormones, and she just barely avoided climaxing before the guests. She couldn't help a small groan and knew she had to cool down before rejoining the group by the pool. Shaking, she headed for her small quarters and a cold, cold shower, grateful for the Pacifica's generous water bounty.

* * *

Trace watched Fia walk away with a frown on his face. "I'm telling you there's something seriously wrong about that woman."

"What's that? The fact that she didn't throw herself at you within the first five minutes of meeting you?" Vaan drawled. "Or is it that she's so eminently fuckable, and you're too hardheaded to make a move?"

"Funny. You thought the same when she first came here."

"Yeah, but it's been two months. She works hard, is discreet about her trysts, and looks so damned good it's hard not to like her."

"She has been pretty discreet." Trace rubbed his chin, aware he'd been in the suns too long. His dick felt on fire, and shy little Fia hadn't helped matters. Mastering his body, he forced his blood to cool, conscious of Vaan's probing gaze. *Shit*. Sometimes he really didn't like being Vendon. Though he could change his appearance at will, doing so took more energy than he wanted to expend if he wanted to keep alert and alive against Racor's best. Hell, his body had a mind of its own that had nearly gotten him killed more times than he could count. That he was still alive shocked the hell out of him.

"Looks like you have a problem." Vaan grinned, staring at Trace's tenting trou.

“Shut up.” He closed his eyes, trying hard not to inhale Vaan’s surprisingly alluring scent. Sweat and determination. Sheer, unadulterated sexuality. “Back up, dammit.”

Vaan chuckled and gave him some space.

Trace blinked into knowing blue eyes. “I’ll tell you again, I’m not interested.”

“Sure.” Vaan had the audacity to ignore his heating temper. “Look, let’s go back to my room. I have a few thoughts about how to get back to Racor and put Joanen the hell out of commission. And let’s face it, you need a break.”

Managing to will his erection down, if not away, Trace put Dron in charge and left the damned heat, sighing with relief under the cooling fans in the Pacifica’s employee corridor. “Have I thanked your cousin enough for letting us stay here?”

Vaan shrugged. “Considering she’s working us for no pay, we’re probably even.”

“Hardly. You know as well as I do they’re still after us. Until we can prove Joanen guilty, we’re walking dead men.”

Vaan scowled. “You’re a real downer, you know that? Between you and me, we can survive anything. Even your dumbass cock. Shit, Trace, just get laid. You’ll feel better.”

It’s not as if Trace didn’t want sex, or even need it. But he’d had a bad feeling for weeks, constantly looking around him for the eyes he could feel, but couldn’t see. Everyone was suspect, from the new chef, to his fellow security guards, to pretty little Fia.

“How much do we really know about Fia?” he asked, palming his door scanner for entry.

Vaan sighed. “I said let’s go to my room, but okay.” He joined Trace inside and reset the security. “She checks out, like every other new hire since we’ve been here. It’s not as if Racor would have posted the militia here *in case* we found the planet. Hell, they were still chasing their tails six months ago before Jeret found us. Lucky for us, he hates Joanen and his cronies as much as we do. Those extra months he gave us to cement

our cover here was a blessing. And if damned Rinold hadn't found us, Jeret would have given us more time. But he had to tell them something or they'd have guessed where his loyalties really lie."

Trace lay back on his bed and took a deep breath, his body finally relaxing. "I know. I don't blame Jeret for giving up our locale. I'm just pissed Joanen is still in office, the fucking *Exec*. At this rate, he'll make Prime before we can stop him." He growled. "We should have killed him when we had the chance."

"Right. And then *we'd* be hanging, having killed the *Exec* with no evidence of *his* treason."

"But at least he'd be dead."

"True. But the lies he planted were too deeply embedded to dig free, at least they were back then. Between our sources in the barracks and in the fleet, our time is coming."

"Yeah, sure. So tell me how we're going to return to Racor. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm tired of all the naked women, the floorshow sex and constant laziness around this place." He sat up and flexed his arms, feeling the need to crush, to pound something. "I need to train again."

"So let's." Vaan yanked his friend from the bed in a blur of speed, sending Trace to the floor on his ass.

"Fine, asshole. But not in my room." Trace grinned, seeing the answering response in Vaan's eyes that lightened to a white blue. "Let's use Vela's gym."

They prodded and taunted each other along the route to Vela's—Vaan's cousin—private gym.

"Shouldn't you knock?" Trace asked as Vaan pushed through the unsecured doorway.

"Why should I? She didn't lock it."

They entered into a small hallway which led into a small bedchamber, where Vela normally took her bedsport, but which, thankfully, remained empty today. Beyond the bedchamber was a solarium, filled with green grasses, red trees, pink flowers and blue light,

bathing the area with a soft, cool glow. It gave the quarters an exotic feel, and the scents from the varied plants made one think of sex, hot and cloying.

Like Vaan, Vela upheld the morals of the Orads. They believed in mutual pleasure, limitless sex and rarely let bygones go unpunished. Not vindictive so much as just, the Orads had created Orad, a planet full of those desiring order, and Racor, a moon to enforce the laws and combat chaos. Whatever aided in the pleasure of such a society was welcome, which explained Vaan's cousin's connection to the pleasure planet, Ermu. And Trace had to admit that Vaan seemed a better fit in Ermu than Racor. Which completely flew in the face of Vaan's incredible success record as an assassin, a record which still astounded Trace.

Friends since university, the two had joined the TAC Army together, and been selected for covert ops off the bat. But there they'd ventured in different directions. Vaan had mastered the skills of the death squad, while Trace found a knack for leadership, understandable considering his penchant for discipline, brute strength and the need for absolute victory.

Hiding his Vendon ancestry, not wanting to give his competitors any hint of weakness, he'd made it to the top of the unit, the youngest lieutenant colonel ever promoted within the TAC Army. And within two years, he'd brought Racor's select teams to greater and greater success, tamping down rebellions and ensuring peace and prosperity throughout the System. Occasionally he'd run into Vaan, and on their downtime they'd partied together, even shared a woman or two between them. All had been right with the universe. Until he'd accidentally stumbled upon the Prime's right-hand man, the Exec, Joanen Fen'Wal, plotting to kill the Prime.

And he'd planned on using Vaan to do it, in a convoluted scheme that still made Trace's head hurt thinking about it.

A sudden noise alerted him that they weren't alone.

"Vaan, Vela's not going to appreciate us invading her space. I told you we should have knocked—" The rest of Trace's words were cut off as they

rounded the corner of the solarium and spotted Vela sexing it up on the thick gym mats. She played with two people, a dark-skinned man and a lushly figured woman. Vela had her mouth over the man's cock while she rode his mouth, all the while another woman licked Vela's ass. Vela's partner had dark hair and a slim yet busty build, and Trace immediately thought of Fia, his cock stiffening in response. A closer look showed the woman to be Clea, one of the staff, and he stared, unable to stop watching the trio getting it on. Grunts and groans filled the small gym as the bodies on the floor writhed in pleasure, in culminating need.

"*Shit.*" Trace's earlier calm might never have been. Thoughts of the enigmatic Fia, and the sight of the three fucking each other scored his cock with desire, especially knowing Vaan saw the same, making him more than uncomfortable as his shaft rubbed against his trou.

"Now that, my friend, is how you do things in the Pacifica." Vaan's gaze grew sly as he noted Trace's problem. "Well, let's make use of the area in the corner. Vela won't mind. I'll even let you attack first since you're handicapped with a third leg."

"Fuck off," Trace growled and, wanting to be rid of his condition, tried to turn his lust into aggression, a feat which had worked before. Ignoring his "problem", he followed Vaan to the corner of the gym and lunged.

Vaan, however, had lightning-quick reflexes. Even on the run for more than a year, the System's fiercest assassin kept in shape, and his ability to continue to evade Trace made Trace grin. Vaan's next stunt, however, had Trace scowling.

Ever since they'd been on the run, his feelings for his friend had been more than confusing, and Vaan, damn him, encouraged the craziness. A look here, a touch there. Sexual teasing that more than stoked Trace's confusing lust. And what the hell did that mean?

By no accident, Vaan slid his hand over Trace's cock before diving low, rolling to his feet on Trace's left. "It's only a matter of time, you know."

"Vaan," Trace warned, and managed to knock the assassin on his ass. *Arrogant fucker. How do you like that?*

Vaan laughed. "I love it when you get that look in your eye, the one that says, 'I'm going to seriously make you pay.'" Apparently, he did, because Trace noted Vaan's impressive erection straining his dark blue trou. Not helping the sexual tension in the slightest, Vela and her cohorts were crying and gasping, and he looked over in time to see them grinding on one another as they came. Then both Vela and the male turned on Clea, sucking, biting and licking her everywhere.

"Yeah, that's it. Good, hmm?" Vaan's voice came from behind him as he pressed the length of his cock against Trace's ass.

Startled, not to mention unnerved, Trace immediately countered with a Vendon handclasp, allowing his body to flow like water as his joints realigned. He caught Vaan behind his back and yanked the struggling male before him with what looked like boneless arms.

"Fuck. That freaks me out, Trace," Vaan said, gasping.

"Oh, and sporting a hard-on for your good buddy doesn't freak me out?" Trace held Vaan away from him, conscious of how much he really wanted to pull him closer. *Which made no sense.* Trace had never in his life desired a man, never looked twice, and loved pussy in all shapes and sizes. But Vaan stirred something within him that he couldn't explain.

Vaan winked, and Trace threw him into the wall, which wasn't padded.

"If it wasn't the summer, I wouldn't be having this problem," Trace growled.

"Ah, but we're in the shade here, my monstrously large friend. Now what's your excuse?"

"It's hot."

"So it is," Vaan said, licking his lips as he stared at Trace.

Trace narrowed his gaze and would have spoken when Vela interrupted.

"That was so good," she murmured and stretched. "You boys don't strain yourselves. And try not to break anything, hmm? We'll be at my private pool."

She and her friends left, laughing amongst themselves, and Trace heard the secure chimes lock as she exited the chamber.

“Did she mean break anything as in the frou-frou furniture or as in our bones?” Trace asked.

“Probably the furniture.” Vaan trod on the balls of his feet, his gaze glued to Trace. “So what do you think about hitching a ride out of here next week?” He feinted and kicked out at Trace’s ankles.

Trace nimbly dodged the attack and shot forward, knocking into Vaan’s midsection and taking him down to the mat. As Trace used the advantage of his heavier weight to pin Vaan down, he grinned, pleased at having subdued his tormenter. “Sounds good to me. I need off this hellish planet.”

Vaan pushed up, trying to free himself, only to have Trace bear down, his forearm across his friend’s neck, his torso planted on top of Vaan’s. Unfortunately, the feel of their sweaty, naked chests meshing tore at his control.

“Why’s that?” Vaan panted, catching hold of Trace’s nipple. “The suns getting to you?”

“Ow. That’s cheap, Vaan.” Trace grimaced when his friend pinched his flesh, uncomfortably aroused. “Keep it up and I’m going to—”

“Come in those tight-fitting trou?” Vaan ended in a thick voice. “You know you need to let go, or that sexual fire is going to combust the next time you bake outside.”

Trace suddenly realized how hard he was pressing down, how firmly his cock pushed against Vaan’s straining shaft. Cursing, he moved to rise when Vaan tweaked his nipple with a painfully pleasurable grip. His cock stiffened into steel.

“What the fuck?”

“Come here,” Vaan whispered, the sober look on his face contrary to the sensual hold on Trace’s body. That alone made Trace relent, and he leaned closer to hear. “There’s someone watching us, someone uninvited. Play along.”

Trace forced his body to relax, when he really wanted to find their spy. "Fine," he whispered back, his lips so close he brushed Vaan's ear. He felt disturbingly pleased at his friend's gasp. "But don't think you can take advantage of this."

"I wouldn't think of it," Vaan murmured, sliding his hands across Trace's bare chest, stirring the blaze in Trace's body to a full-out fire. "Just follow my lead and I'll take you right to our visitor."

Groaning, Trace knew this wouldn't be easy. And when Vaan rocked into his cock, it was all he could do not to blow. "You'll pay for this."

"I hope so, Trace. I really do. Now follow me." And with a wicked smile, he ran his hand down Trace's front and gripped his cock, hard.

Chapter Two

Fia stared, wide-eyed, at the men grappling on the floor. By the suns, the stars and the black dust in space, she'd never imagined to see *those two* going at it. Both so incredibly masculine, so appealing and taken with anything in a skirt, Trace and Vaan had never once hinted they might prefer a man over a woman. Hell, in the brief time she'd been here she'd seen Vaan with at least a dozen female companions, and Clea praised him as the best lay she'd ever had, which was really saying something.

Trace, she knew by reputation. He had his share of women in Racor, and even on Orad, Racor's home planet.

But the sight of so many muscles interlocked, of hard thighs straining against one another, of two such sexually charged men rubbing against each other...she felt so wet she could just scream. She'd washed up after her bout in the suns, but had foregone a shower when she'd heard Vaan and Trace taunting one another in the hallway outside her room.

Not wanting to waste a valuable opportunity, she'd heard more than she expected to out of her quarry. They had doubts about her, *good*. They were as perceptive as she'd thought. And Jeret was an accomplice, as Exec Joanen had suspected. That wasn't so good. She liked Jeret, a quiet, disciplined warrior who'd filled in for Trace quite well. He'd already squelched mutiny among the covert ops folks, a mutiny Joanen knew nothing about. But Fia kept an eye on everything and everyone, determined to put the pieces of this puzzle together.

Why the hell would two of Racor's most famous heroes, two men who had given their lives to the service of the System, suddenly plot to kill the Prime, whom they'd saved again and again and received just praise and reward for it? Looking into both men's backgrounds had presented nothing to corroborate Joanen's allegations. Contrary to her specific orders from the Prime himself to keep out of it, she'd deliberately gone against protocol. But Micha, her older brother, the head of Racor security, needed answers. Like her, he didn't trust the Exec, and Trace and Vaan were two of his best and favorite warriors. Hence she'd disobeyed the Prime and left Micha in the dark, so as not to implicate him should things go wrong.

But really, she'd hit a wall. *That damned summer heat.* She needed to return to Racor, where the mountains and elliptical pattern of the moon's orbit kept her far enough away from the suns. Yet she'd spent so much time at the Pacifica, invested so much already. She'd spent two freaking months in a doll get-up, being groped, hit on, and kissed by all manner of creatures. The heat made her burn, in more ways than one, and while she suffered in silence, these two, the objects of her mission, were sexing it up with enough heat to stimulate her to another orgasm.

Taking a deep breath, she decided to step out of the room. Vela's display had been arousing but not extreme. But watching Vaan and Trace was way more than she could handle. Which would explain why she remained rooted to the floor when the men rose to their feet, astounded by the vision of the two of them together.

Vaan had his large hand wrapped around Trace's cock through his trou, and he pumped with sure strokes, urging Trace to move harder and faster against him. Trace cursed and groaned, his mouth curling against Vaan's neck, making the blond gasp his name as they thrust against one another. When Trace's hands gripped Vaan's ass, she thought he might actually have climaxed. But instead, they stumbled closer to her hiding place.

Not good. Instead of ogling the pair, she should have made her escape.

Vaan pushed Trace against the wall right next to the tree behind which she hid, locking his mouth to Trace's. She thought she heard Trace groan, saw him put his hand over Vaan's chest, flicking at the man's nipples. Vaan growled low in his throat before shoving Trace's trou to his feet.

Awed, Fia could only stare at the huge cock glistening with arousal. She caught a brief glimpse of a plum-colored crown, of a thickly veined shaft totally devoid of any hair, and then Vaan's fist obscured her view, allowing her brief peeks of the seeping cock begging for release. Trace stood with his head back and his eyes closed, the cords of his neck prominent.

"Vaan," he rasped angrily, confusing her.

"Take it," Vaan ordered, and did something with his hand, causing Trace to cry out as he shot, semen splattering against Vaan's golden, tightly packed abs. "That's it, Trace. Come hard." After a moment, Trace stilled, breathing heavily. "Now we can finish this."

Finish this? Excitement swelled within her, her clit throbbing, her nipples hard, as she imagined Trace returning Vaan's favor. Or better yet, leaning low to take Vaan in his mouth, the way she'd dreamed of doing since she'd begun this chase...

"Well, hello," Vaan drawled, suddenly yanking her out from behind the tree. "Little Fia. Did you enjoy the show?"

Fia stared, still trying to function through the lust swamping her.

"I think she liked it," Trace rumbled, yanking his trou back up his frame. "And you owe me big for this."

"I can't wait." Vaan sounded amused, but the cold look in his eyes warned her to tread warily. "So tell us, Fia, what were you hoping to find here?"

She swallowed, rubbing her thighs together to ease the ache in her sex. Glancing from an icy Vaan to an angry Trace, she didn't have to pretend too much fear as she quivered and dropped her gaze.

"I'm so sorry." She spoke timidly, trying to work herself into tears. "I didn't mean to spy on you. I just...I wanted to talk to Vela and she

always says to come in and make myself at home. And then I saw you two.” She lifted her face, making sure both men caught the tears forming in her eyes. “You were so beautiful, so sensual.” Her voice vibrated with longing she didn’t need to feign. “I couldn’t intrude, and I’m sorry if I saw something I wasn’t supposed to. I swear I won’t tell anyone.”

Vaan pulled her closer, positioning her between him and Trace against the wall. Hiding her eyes again, she couldn’t help staring at the sticky mess on his belly. Her body felt a wave of heat, and she sucked in a breath. Hell. She’d never been so horny in her life, and in front of her most dangerous suspects to date. She must be losing her mind.

Blaming it on the heat, which—even in here—penetrated the hazy coolness with its thin blanket of humidity, she glanced over her shoulder up at Trace, unprepared for his hungry gaze.

“You think she’s lying, Vaan? You’re better at this than I am.”

“I don’t know. Are you lying, Fia?” Vaan’s voice softened, and her lust mingled with caution. She clenched her fists, prepared to defend herself. As a spy, she’d been trained alongside the best. And though she knew she could never beat Trace or Vaan, either separately or together, maybe she could distract one of them enough to make a run for it.

“I’m sorry,” she said again, allowing tears to spill. “Honestly, you were so perfect together that I couldn’t look away. I never meant to alarm you.”

“I bet you didn’t,” Trace murmured, staring down at her with puzzlement in his eyes.

Vaan shocked her by shoving a hand between her legs. “Hmm, she’s wet. And her nipples are definitely hard. You can see the arousal in her dilated pupils.” He glared. “You just liked watching, is that it?” He tugged the thong down her legs and threw it aside, then began rubbing her clit, making her arch into him despite her resolve to remain strong, ready to leave should she need to.

“Test her.” Trace’s voice was menacing, and so damned erotic she moaned again. “Fuck her. She’s here to wait on the clients, let’s let her wait on the staff, see if she’s as good as everyone claims.”

Damn it. She'd never been forced into sex before, and she didn't intend to start now. But as much as she wished she could deny it, she wanted these two, wanted Vaan to sink inside her. Wanted Trace to join in after he watched a bit. Hell, her fantasies shot her mission all to hell. How could these two criminals make her feel this much passion if they were indeed guilty of their accused crimes? It made no sense.

Then Vaan's fingers slid up into her, and she gasped his name.

"Good idea, Trace." Vaan's eyes were shuttered. "Turn around, Fia, and bend over."

Without giving her a chance to say no, Vaan spun her to face Trace.

"Don't worry, Fia. I've got you." Trace's lips curled, but the hardness in his gaze slowly melted. "Fuck her, Vaan. Let her take you to the bliss so many others have raved about."

That bliss *Clea* had wondrously provided, pretending to be Fia. He would know when he took her that she wasn't who she claimed to be. She was too tight for a sex sharer, and too unskilled compared to the experts in the sex field. Her thoughts soon scattered as Vaan's thick cock filled her.

"The others were right." Vaan groaned and pulled out, only to shove back in harder. "She's tight, and so damned hot. This won't last long, not after what you did to me."

Trace frowned. "What I did to you?" He broke off as Fia moaned, and she saw him staring at her as he licked his lips. "Fuck, I'm hard again. I want this."

Vaan must have mouthed something over her head, for Trace nodded. Vaan pulled out and clamped a palm over her shoulder, pushing her down.

"On your hands and knees, Fia," Trace directed.

Quivering because she understood what he wanted, she couldn't help herself. The Vendon within her responded to the heat around them, needing both men on another level altogether. But more than the heat, more than this case, Fia wanted them.

Trace peeled back his trou, exposing his long cock. "Suck it while he fucks you, Fia," he breathed, his hand steady as he stroked himself.

What the hell am I doing? Fia asked herself even as she accepted his shaft. He groaned as she took him deep, her desire spiraling out of control as Vaan rode her hard. Trace was large, his shaft smooth and deliciously warm. And his taste was addicting, making her wetter and desperate to come.

"That's it, baby. Open wider. Balls deep, Fia. Oh, yeah." Trace began moving, lightly at first, then harder, almost matching Vaan's thrusts. Filled and yet frustrated, she needed to come so badly. But she still wasn't prepared for Vaan's questing fingers reaching her clit.

The pressure over her sensitive bud forced her to moan, and her tightening lips on Trace's cock had him groaning her name. Vaan's balls slapped her thighs as he pounded into her, his tip slamming into her G-spot with unerring accuracy until she couldn't hold back any longer.

Vaan shuddered suddenly, coming hard, and stimulated Fia into a mind-blowing climax. She clenched him tight, her womb aching to be filled, and was rewarded by his hoarse shout and Trace's burst as he shot honeyed cream down her throat.

She swallowed his every drop, licking him clean before letting him fall from her mouth. Vaguely aware of Vaan pulling free, she made no protest when both men helped her to her feet. Dazed yet sated, she felt like a baby lear cat after consuming a bowl of cream.

"She's definitely worthy of that reputation," Vaan said with a sigh as he righted his trou. "But I still don't understand something."

"What's that?" Trace asked.

Shit. What had she missed? Shaking her head, she tried to clear her mind.

"Why didn't Vela say anything to her before she left? Much as she likes an open-door policy, she'd never leave Fia in here by herself. I distinctly heard the security chime sound when she left." Vaan stared down at her, his eyes clouded with satisfaction, but no less suspicious. "So how did you manage to sneak in here?"

Great question. The truth, that she'd used Vela's stolen personal security code and snuck in undetected, wouldn't work. She'd have to boldly lie, ruining her cover for sure. Her alibi had a great big hole in it, since one conversation with Vela would prove her a liar. "Vela gave me her codes."

"Bullshit."

Vaan obviously didn't believe her. And Trace didn't flinch, crossing those huge arms over his broad chest. Mother of Racor, but their forcefulness made her hot. She wanted them both again. Instead, she put her thong back on, drenching the thin material and flushing at the discomfort of wet panties, if one could call a line of silk and a miniscule triangle "panties".

Fia cleared her throat delicately. "I, ah, Vela and I have an intimate relationship, much like the one she shares with Clea."

"What, so you're her sex slave?" Trace asked, looking more than interested. "That I'd like to see."

"And so would I." Vaan smiled, the expression, unfortunately, not meeting his eyes. "Why don't we find Vela and verify your story."

She nodded right away, and could tell she'd taken them both aback. "Please let's. Once she tells you I spoke the truth, you'll forgive me for being in here, won't you? I'm really very sorry." *Hell no, I'm not sorry.* After that more than satisfying orgasm, her body once again felt like her own. And she'd learned some valuable information that Micha and the Prime would want to know.

Trace stared at her from head to toe as they left the gymnasium for the hallway. "Where are you from, Fia?"

"Nowhere, really. I was orphaned when I was three and grew up shuttled between Jergin and Aptor. That's where most foundlings are raised." She noted the softening in Trace's, if not Vaan's, face. Vaan, the assassin, remained wary. Yet Trace, Racor's legendary assault commander, was a sucker for a woman with a sob story. "I had a very loving childhood, though. And when I reached my majority at fifteen, I decided to become a sex sharer. It's respectable work and pays very well."

Vaan lifted a brow at Trace, who scowled but said nothing.

"That's what I've always told my friend here. Sex is to be treasured, explored, not deemed dirty or wrong." Vaan stared smugly at Trace.

Fia frowned, enjoying her role. "But if you feel that way, Trace, then why are you here?"

"Good question," he muttered, and Vaan chuckled.

"Don't mind Trace. He's just upset that I got the better of him in our entanglement."

"Shut up, Vaan." Trace's gaze narrowed, and Fia encouraged his small temper, knowing it would aid her as a distraction.

"But you both seemed so wrapped in each other," she said earnestly. "Trace, your climax was so beautiful, Vaan's hands so giving." To her delight, Trace flushed and Vaan grinned widely.

"I told you I knew what you needed," Vaan murmured.

"And I told you I'd make you pay for that." Trace kept Fia between them while his attention fixated on Vaan.

"Um, I hate to interrupt," Fia said meekly. "But would it be okay if I cleaned up in my chambers before we met Vela?" She blushed, staring at her bare feet. "I want to maintain a good impression, and I feel a trifle, ah, used."

Vaan glanced from Trace to her, his eyes gleaming. "I don't think I've ever seen you look better, Fia. You're practically glowing." Damn. Now Trace looked speculative as he stared at her. "But all right. Take us to your room."

Within minutes, they stood in her spartan quarters. Unlike Clea's side of the room, Fia's had little adornment. Only a silken bedsheet and a blooming *orvid* marked the room as hers. While they checked the security of her windowless room, she worked on appearing shy, demure. A difficult task with a bed so near the objects of her desire. "Um, I don't suppose you'd let me change in private?" She forced another blush. "I'm not used to dressing in front of others."

Vaan's eyebrows rose. "What? You're just used to *undressing* in front of others? You are a sex sharer, aren't you?"

She called on some tears and forced a flush.

Trace shot Vaan a sharp look and the light-haired assassin sighed. "We'll be right outside, Fia. And don't even think about running away or there'll be hell to pay." His eyes burned as they lingered over her breasts.

The minute they left, she jammed the security box by the door, buying her a little time. She'd been more than pleased to share Clea's room, partial to the hidden chamber directly behind the armoire, a secret meeting place Clea and Vela liked to use when Vela felt naughty.

Moving with a sense of urgency, Fia threw a few sets of clothing and a pair of sandals, her communicator—which didn't work except in one small area deeper into the island—a knife and a map into a small bag and passed into Clea's secret chamber. From there, she squeezed through a narrow window leading to the central garden and inner courtyard. She quickly weaved through guests and curious staff alike, nodding pleasantly while gauging how much distance she'd put between herself and the men trained to hunt down their prey until found.

She could only hope she'd given herself enough time.

* * *

"She's been way too quiet for way too long," Trace said grimly. He banged on the door and, not hearing anything, nodded to Vaan.

Unfortunately, her door failed to open with the security codes.

"I can't believe she's stalling. What does she think will happen when we open the door?" Trace shook his head.

Vaan scowled. Cursing to himself, he finally overrode her block and opened the door. As he'd suspected, the little liar had run. Before leaving her alone to change, they'd searched her room. Apparently, they hadn't searched well enough. Though irritated, Vaan couldn't help admiring the alluring young woman.

Long black hair, deep brown eyes and a body that made him hard just from thinking about it, Fia had been a temptation he'd done his best to ignore since her arrival two months ago. Fighting his sweltering attraction to Trace was bad enough, but the timid sex sharer had stirred protective instincts within him he'd been hard-pressed to face. He didn't like feeling such an animal attraction for such a shy, malleable female. And despite a face and body made for sex, something about her had seemed...off.

Like Trace, he'd been suspicious. But after two months of nothing but her stellar service, as well as reports of her amazing fellatio and sweet little pussy, he'd been more than inclined to relax his vigil, at least as far as Fia was concerned.

Now, however, he felt like a fool. And the feeling didn't sit well at all.

"Trace, find her. I'm going to talk to Vela, and do some research into our missing girl."

Trace nodded as he left.

Vaan found Vela lazing about in her private pool with Clea rubbing her shoulders.

"Hey, Cuz."

Vaan shot her a frown, glancing at Clea, but Vela shrugged.

"Honey, Clea knows more about me and this place than the Racor army. So tell me, what has you all hot and bothered?"

"Did you give Fia your security codes?"

Vela sat up straighter. "No, why?"

"Because she used them to break into your quarters, and she somehow vanished from her room without using the front door."

Clea grinned. "That's because she probably went through the armoire to our private room."

Vaan gritted his teeth as he glared at Vela. To her credit, she flinched under his gaze. "Why wasn't I informed of that particular passage? And how many more are there in the compound, that as your head of security, I should know about?" Damn it all to hell. This place could have

been crawling with the TAC and they'd never have known it until the shackles fell.

"Come on, Vaan. I can't share all of my secrets, now can I?"

"Vela..."

"Oh, all right. That particular passage connects with the central garden. If you're small enough to fit through the window, you could conceivably find yourself in the inner courtyard. From there it's a few more steps before you reach the compound perimeter. But don't worry. Even if she's after you, she couldn't let anyone know you're right here."

"Unless she has a communicator, and she knows just where on the island her signals will pass."

"Oh," Clea said, biting her lip. "I gave her a map of the island a month ago, and I mentioned that little spot near the mirror pool." At Vela and Vaan's frowns, she sighed. "She seemed homesick. How was I to know she was after you?"

"So until this conversation, nothing seemed strange about her? Her side of the room is completely devoid of character. That doesn't strike you as odd?"

Clea shook her head. "No, I asked her about that. But she said she was an orphan, and I thought she might have been down on her luck. She didn't do the clients, and seemed kind of out of place here. But she begged me not to say anything. Poor kid. She really needs this job."

"So if she didn't service the customers, who did?" Studying Clea, he had his answer. "You did. You both have roughly the same build, the same coloring except for the eyes and lips, and the same proportions."

"Maybe we should invite Fia back for a third." Vela grinned, and Clea chuckled, running her hands over Vela's shoulders to her breasts.

Vaan rolled his eyes. He'd learned all he needed from these two. "I'll see you later. Vela, Trace and I'll be out of touch for the next few days, I'm sure. Have Jakes take over the watch."

She nodded, obviously distracted by Clea's tongue in her ear.

Quickly leaving, he found Trace pacing at the edge of the compound bordering the tropical jungle covering the rest of the island. He could see the summer heat taking its toll on his friend, but had no time for pity.

“She entered here, not so long ago. We need to find her.”

“Yes, we do.” Vaan relayed his information, and Trace’s eyes darkened steadily until they were burning with anger. “But not you, not now. I’ll track her. I need you to head for the mirror pool here,” he said, handing Trace a map. “It’s mostly through thick vegetation, so you should be sheltered from the suns. I located it once a few months ago. Use this and your nav guide to reach the pool. That’s where she’s eventually got to be headed for a withdrawal. There’s nowhere closer to communicate from, and since she knows we’re on to her, she’ll want a quick extraction, pronto.”

“Right. I’ll grab some supplies and meet you at the pool. But if I don’t see you there by third moon, I’m coming after you. When you find her, don’t let her go, Vaan. You know what’s at stake.”

Trace handed Vaan a dagger, and Vaan took it and moved out. He surged into the jungle, uncaring of what beasts might lie in wait. He had a new objective to handle, and a burst of excitement spiked his blood. Vaan lived for the chase, for the thrill of the hunt. And now he had new prey and a new thirst for vengeance to quench.

Chapter Three

Fia sighed and leaned against the tree, willing her legs to stop shaking. Between the dreadful suns, the summer heat and the oppressive humidity in this tropical paradise, she wanted to lie down and rest until winter. She'd run as far as she could, until the suns had set and a cool breeze filtered through the overgrown trees.

Soft sounds, muted cries of feathered friends, hisses of large but not poisonous snakes and grumbling lemur cats filled the air. The scent of sweet *ahmin* and *orvid* tickled her nose, making her long for a real vacation, one in which she wasn't being chased by alleged traitors bent on killing her brother-by-marriage, Phillip—the Prime.

Damn. As if she needed that reminder. Her sister would be furious when she learned Fia had assigned herself to this case. Despite Phillip and Susia's protests, Fia knew if anyone could find and bring the traitors to heel, it was her. She'd constantly been successful in her missions, lulling the enemy with her looks and feigned timidity. Rarely did the opposition look beyond her heaving breasts and deep, if artificial, brown eyes. Which reminded her...

She carefully removed the false lenses, blinking into the night with pleasure. Because her eye color was so unusual, she often wore fake lenses to mask her identity. Everyone on Racor knew that the Prime's wife possessed deep purple eyes, as did her lesser-known sisters. Little did anyone suspect that Racor's top spy, the infamous Myst, was in fact Fia af' Nicos, sister-by-marriage to the Prime. She answered only to her brother Micha, Director of the Racor Covert Ops, and as such, had virtual anonymity.

In fact, it was as much to soothe Micha's state of mind as it was to save the Prime's life that she'd taken on this mission. Claims that Phillip's life was in danger constantly floated around the military. But this time she'd heard some speculation that the Exec, Joanen, was involved. And low and behold, soon after the Joanen rumors, the Exec wanted Micha's best men, Trace and Vaan, found, butchered and brought to the Prime with their heads on a platter. Covering up for his misdeeds, apparently. But how had Joanen persuaded Trace and Vaan to set fire to Phillip's houseboat? She wished she knew the answers. Because the deeper she dug, the more questions appeared.

Rising to her feet, she groaned and began trekking toward the pool again. In another hour she'd be there. And yet...she stopped and stared toward the ocean beyond the trees, the warm, blue water glinting in the moonlight.

"Screw it. They have no idea where I am. In fact, they're probably expecting me to hit the mirror pool, since it's the only place where I can use the comm unit."

She cursed at the realization and knew finding the pool would have to wait until she had a better plan.

Dropping her bag and her nasty clothing to the sandy ground, she actually thanked her maker that she'd run during the summer. The evening temperatures were warm rather than overly hot, allowing her body some respite. And if and when she did happen to overheat, she could take refuge in the undeniable beauty of Ermu's ocean. Letting go of the stretch on her skin, she let the Vendon blood flow through her, growing taller, slimmer and less bosomy while allowing her face to resume its normal heart shape. As she did so, she studied the area around her.

The stretch of beach to the left and right of her seemed endless, even as it trailed off into the curves of the island. Seeing and hearing no one near, she walked across the sand, sighing at the feel of silk under her toes. She stepped into the water and sank deep, needing the soft caress of water over her heat-sensitized skin. Though her trek had been made through the shadowy jungle, she'd felt the brutal warmth of the suns.

And memories of what Trace and Vaan had done to her never quite left her mind.

She groaned and slicked back her hair, still not sure whether she'd dreamed it or if she had actually had sex with both arrogant males. Such beauty, such strength, and they'd been all hers for one glorious bout of sexual play. Her clit pulsed and she fought the urge to touch herself. Much as she could have used the added release, she needed to keep a clear head. And if she gave herself over to bliss, she'd no doubt succumb to the temptation of sleep.

Floating, she instead returned to her favorite pastime—wondering about Trace and Vaan. Seeing them together this afternoon had explained some of what she felt when she watched them. She'd always sensed a curious draw between the two, but had never pegged it as sexual. Seeing them today, however, had shed a clearer light. Yet when they'd taken her, they'd moved in harmony, in unison, and she'd unexpectedly felt a part of that unit. Not only had she bonded physically, but emotionally as well. The feeling had been both unexpected and strangely welcomed.

Due to the nature of her job, Fia had no close emotional ties. Oh, she loved her brother and sisters and Phillip too, but those relationships felt almost unreal. She constantly guarded herself around others, not wanting her secrets to be let loose. The loneliness should have made her want to leave the agency. But instead, it only made her crave the action more. Anything to fill that void.

She swam a bit, shaking off her maudlin thoughts, and couldn't help wondering what Vaan would taste like, what Trace might feel like inside of her. Both men aroused her, made her want, and she couldn't understand it.

Sighing at her strange libido, she walked out of the ocean like a sleepwalker and fell to her knees in the sand, her hair hanging half in her face, her chest heaving while she tried to regain her energy.

Which is how Vaan saw her as he stepped out of the tree line.

Crap, crap, and double crap. Vaan looked more than angry as he spied her on her knees. Quickly regaining her feet, she knew she had no chance of defeating this warrior with anything other than trickery. Crouched and ready, on the balls of her feet, she waited, prepared to defend herself.

But Vaan just stopped a few feet from her and stared, making her more than aware of her nudity.

"The absence of that miniscule clothing changes you quite a bit," he said quietly, his voice husky. "I like the new you. I truly do." He palmed his cock and watched her, licking his lips.

Caught by his seduction, she barely avoided the kick aimed at her knees. Narrowing her gaze, she considered the fact he'd moved to incapacitate and not kill her. He danced out of reach and tried again, almost tripping her. For several minutes she blocked and evaded his attempts to throw her off balance and off her feet.

Tired of his games, she crouched low, inviting an attack. When he granted her wish, she flung a handful of sand at his eyes and punched him in the gut, aiming for the sensitive spot just below his left rib. Instead, she grazed his rock-hard belly and bounced off.

"Not that shy, are you, Fia?" he grunted and stood, grinning like a devil.

"Screw you." Damn it. He didn't even seem winded.

"Only if you ask nicely. But, Fia, there's so much more we haven't discovered about each other. So much more about you I want to know. And I promise you, I'll find those answers. I took aces in interrogation at the agency." He dove for her and she rolled away, then came to her feet and raced back into the jungle, needing to escape before he made good on his threats. Her heart hammering, she could hear him breaking through the thick ferns and *yarva* bushes as he narrowed her lead.

She zigged and zagged, jumped over a gnarled tree root that the moonlight thankfully illuminated, and suddenly stopped to hide behind the large tree to her left. She heard him run by and she doubled back,

needing the items in her bag. But when she finally made her way back, she found her bag missing.

“Shit.” She fisted her hands on her hips, never sensing the blow to her neck that shot her into complete and utter darkness.

* * *

Trace stared with appreciation as Vaan walked into the pool’s clearing with a naked and bound woman over his shoulder. He gently set her down and stood, stretching.

“She looks light, but she has a good bit of muscle. I’m not sure how I missed this before, but the woman’s solid. And tall. And a lot heavier than she looks.” He frowned. “And the moonlight may be playing tricks, but I’d swear her eyes were purple, not brown.”

“Our little Fia, or should I say not-so-little Fia, is just full of surprises.” Trace studied the woman and felt lust spear through him like a drug. “What the hell?” He leaned closer and took a good whiff. “She’s Vendon,” he rasped, unconsciously rubbing his crotch.

“What?”

“I can smell it on her. No shit. This woman’s Vendon, Vaan. That would explain these subtle body and facial changes. And damned if she isn’t hotter in her natural form. Look at those breasts.” He caught himself stroking his cock with sure measure and stopped before he came. Fuck, a female Vendon. No wonder he hadn’t wanted to sex it up with anyone at the Pacifica. With one of his own kind near, he’d never go to another woman before bedding a female from his homeworld. “Why the hell is she here? And what do you think she really knows?”

Vaan crouched down and looked at Trace, and Trace felt again that surging desire, now held for two people. Vaan smiled slowly and touched Trace’s thigh in light, butterfly strokes that made Trace uncomfortably hard. “I know a hell of a lot of ways to ferret out information, Trace. And I daresay you’ll like what I can do. Let’s get her ready before she wakes.”

While Vaan washed the sand and grime off Fia in the mirror pool, Trace laid out the huge blanket he'd brought, just one of the many supplies he'd packed to meet any emergency, and set pleasure rods into the ground, used normally to tie up people in domination games at the Pacifica. Vaan placed Fia in the middle of the blanket, then bound her hands and ankles to the four rods placed above her head and below her legs. From Trace's bag, he also procured some fruit and bites of meat, and a bottle of Ner wine.

"You going to fuck her into answering you?" Trace joked, wondering if he could stand watching Vaan do it without joining them. Fia's naked body was stirring him past his control. And every damned time Vaan put something soft and wet between his lips, Trace wanted to replace that food with his cock.

Vaan simply smiled and shook his head. "We're going to do a hell of a lot more than fuck, Trace. Fia's no ordinary plant. She's been trained in covert tactics, and her communicator is top of the line—Racor issue. And I recognized some of her moves. She's been Micha-trained, dammit." He leaned over and ran a strand of her black hair over his fingers, then eased his hand down to the juncture between her thighs. "Yeah, tonight we're going to feast. And one way or the other, she's going to tell us what we want to know."

Trace swallowed loudly, more than ready to begin the interrogation. He was too eager, he thought, and stood, looking away, wishing again that the damned summer heat would fade. The suns had since set, yes. But he had a feeling the moonlight was affecting him to some degree as well.

He heard Vaan approach.

"So are you really pissed about this afternoon? Are you angry because it happened, or because someone else saw it happen?" Vaan asked quietly from behind him.

"I'm not pissed. Just confused."

Vaan sighed. "It's just sex, Trace."

“It’s not just sex,” Trace said angrily, knowing it to be true. *Shit*. “Just forget about it, okay?”

Vaan said nothing, and when Trace turned to see his reaction, he caught an expression so soft he had to blink, wondering where his hard-assed friend had gone. But Vaan’s mischievous smile returned in a heartbeat and he winked. “Consider it forgotten. But that doesn’t mean it won’t happen again.”

Trace groaned. The jerk wouldn’t let it go.

“Tell me you don’t wonder what my mouth would feel like over your cock. And don’t lie. I know lies when I hear them.”

Trace gritted his teeth, just the thought of Vaan’s mouth over him made him want to thrust into something. “Let’s focus on this mission.”

“Fine.” Vaan shook his head. “Jeret arrives in a week. He’ll have the files we need. Then all we have to do is find the Prime and show him what we’ve got.”

Trace stared, incredulous. “‘All we have to do?’ Are you out of your mind? Joanen won’t let us get within three feet of the Prime. And how exactly do you plan on us leaving the planet? Much as I want to, we can’t trust Jeret. Hell, Vaan. The only thing keeping us safe from the TAC right now is the stranglehold Ermu has on the System. Luckily for us, your cousin wields considerable weight with the Racor-Thim Council.”

Vaan smiled, his lips both sensual and cruel. “Then it’s a good thing we have Fia to aid us, isn’t it? I’m sure with her help, defeating the TAC will be a piece of cake. After all, she’s the first and only Racor agent I know of—besides us, of course—to successfully breach the planet’s security.”

Fia groaned, and Vaan and Trace stared at one another.

Vaan stroked a finger over her cheek. “It’s time.”

* * *

Fia woke with an incredible headache, an aching *frethia* nerve and her arms and legs spread-eagled.

“What the hell?”

“Welcome back, Fia,” Vaan said in a pleasant voice.

She could make out his features thanks to the streaming moonlight caressing her bound skin. *Shit*. “What are you doing, Vaan?”

“The question, I think, is what have you been doing, you naughty, naughty woman?” Vaan knelt beside her, Trace taking the opposite side. And she found herself the unwilling prey between two hungry, vengeful warriors.

“I don’t understand. I ran because you scared me.” She began to cry. “I’m just a pleasure worker. Please don’t hurt me.”

They stared at her, both men silent.

And then Vaan began to clap. “You’re very good, but the communicator, not to mention your defensive tactics, gave you away.”

Damn Micha and his mandatory training. She’d told him he needed to expand. Racor fighting was effective, but too identifiable.

Studying the dangerous glints in their gazes, she decided to try honesty. It might buy her some time before she could escape. And Vaan wouldn’t be expecting such a move.

“Why?” she asked quietly, making both men pause. “Why would you forfeit your hard-won reputations? Why would you plot to kill a man who’s brought only peace and justice to the System? What could you possibly have to gain?” She tried to see their expressions, but shadows darkened their faces.

Vaan cupped her breast, squeezing almost playfully. And though she hated her body’s natural response, she couldn’t help it. Her nipples peaked and her loins flooded with moisture. “There we are,” he said coolly. “You like my touch, much as you wish you didn’t. Now we can make this easy, or we can make this hard.”

“It’s already hard,” Trace muttered, then quieted at a stern look from Vaan.

“But you’re going to answer my questions, one way or another.”

Knowing how skilled Vaan was at interrogation, she knew she had to answer. But how much to tell him? He might be good, but she was better. No one could outmaneuver Myst in a battle of verbal skills.

“Fine. Ask away.”

“Good girl.” Vaan leaned down and took her nipple in his mouth, sucking deep.

She gasped, arching up, and realized she’d have to work against his skill and her sensual nature. A challenge she found herself looking forward to.

While she waited for his question, Trace dragged his large hand down her body, playing with her folds. She darted a glare in his direction, and saw his lips part, his gaze seemingly centered on her sex.

“Why are you here?” Vaan asked.

Trace slid a finger along her cleft, stroking the soft flesh of her clitoris.

“To find you two,” she answered without missing a beat. But her heart wanted to thump out of her chest.

“For whom?”

“For the good of Racor, who else?”

Trace pushed his finger into her vagina, slowly, deeply, until he touched the heart of her womb. She couldn’t help the gasp that left her, and tried to pull back from the intense feelings. But he wouldn’t let her. Instead, he added a second finger, stretching her slightly, before stilling inside her.

“Try again,” Trace growled.

Vaan leaned down and suckled her breasts, his teeth beading her nipples into pearls of desire. And when he licked her taut buds, she moaned and shook her head, trying to deny the erotic sensations.

“Fia?” Trace prodded.

“For the Prime, that’s who I’m here for.”

Vaan stared into her eyes, and the moonlight shifted, showing the surprise on his face. "The Prime sent you here?"

"No. I came here on behalf of the Prime. Too many things don't add up in this case."

Trace pulled his fingers out and thrust them deeper. "Keep talking."

"Or what? You'll fingerfuck me to death?" she snapped, incredibly frustrated.

"Ah, that's the Fia I like." Vaan chuckled. "I never cared for that shy routine. This Fia is much more attractive."

"Fuck you." Not smart, but it felt good to have the last word. Of course, bound and helpless before two larger-than-life criminals, death would be the best she might hope for. But at least she'd go out strong.

"That's it, Vaan. You can ask her more once I'm done."

Vaan opened his mouth, then sighed. "Go ahead. Those damned Vendon hormones."

Fia blinked, shocked, from Vaan to Trace. "Did he say Vendon?"

"That's right," Trace said, a hard smile on his lips as he shed his boots, trou and thin shirt. "And you know what, Fia? I can smell the Vendon in you as if you had it tattooed to your forehead. And now we're going to fuck, so I can put out this fire in my cock."

"Damn, Trace, you really know how to finesse them," Vaan teased, but she could feel his hungry gaze as he watched them both.

Before she could speak, Trace dropped between her thighs and began to feast. His mouth shot her to heaven in an instant, the shock of Vendon hormones, secreted by his tongue over her clit, igniting her orgasm. Her release made him groan, and he consumed her as if devouring a midsummer banquet.

Without cease, his tongue slid around and over her clit, plumping it into another rise toward bliss. The feel of his smooth face against her thighs increased the sensation growing in her loins, and she writhed in sensual torture, wanting more while needing respite from the intensity of feeling.

He added to the sweet torment by touching her everywhere. His calloused palms were rough, tantalizingly erotic over her sensitized skin. Long fingers plucked her breasts, squeezing the nipples Vaan had so recently kissed.

On and on the pleasure continued, two more blisteringly hard orgasms, and still Trace wouldn't budge.

"Please." She twisted under his hard hold, begging Vaan's help. But the man sat, enraptured. He'd pushed his trou far enough down to expose his cock, and he sat with his legs splayed, his massive shaft in his hand as he fondled himself.

The look he shot her told her to expect as much, if not more, when he took a turn.

Trace suddenly stopped and glanced at Vaan.

Vaan's hand quickened over his cock, and he stared at the two of them as he came, milky white fluid spurting over his fingers. As the assassin climaxed with a groan, Trace finally shuddered and left the vee of her thighs. Licking his lips, he pressed them to hers and plunged his tongue into her mouth.

Without further warning, he thrust his cock deep. The minute his flesh filled her empty channel, he levered up on his elbows, giving him full view of her face.

Fia could only stare, helplessly ensnared by the Vendon male so thoroughly claiming her.

Trace said nothing, but he gazed into her eyes as he pounded into her slick heat. He paused only to suck her breasts, to tease her nipples into stiff points. He varied the angle of his thrusts, riding her clit while he fucked her deeper and harder, until she couldn't take any more.

"That's it, Fia," Trace breathed, prodding her G-spot with every push. "Come around me. Suck me deep."

She could do no less, and felt him shudder as he clenched her hips, coming inside her. He thrust again and again, groaning, and finally stilled.

"Better now?" Vaan asked quietly, his voice hoarse.

“Oh yeah.” Trace withdrew and flopped next to Fia. “I came really, really hard.”

“Yeah, you did,” Fia whispered, trying to catch her breath.

Trace leaned up on an elbow and stared down in concern. “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“No.”

“Look, this isn’t a date,” Vaan said irritably. “We’re trying to get some answers.”

“Relax, Vaan.” Trace grinned, running a finger over her breasts. “She’s not going anywhere.”

Fia stared up at him, a sudden awareness penetrating.

How could she have missed it all this time? For two months she’d watched these two joking with each other, working hard for Vela, taking care of her girls. They hadn’t done anything but their jobs, to the *nth* degree. And from what she had read of their military records, heard from firsthand accounts from their men *and* knew from her brother, none of their criminal behavior ran true to form.

“You didn’t do any of it, did you?” she asked Vaan, intent on his answer. “The bomb, the murders, the rapes?”

“What?” Trace’s eyes grew round. “Arson and murder weren’t enough? Now that asshole’s adding trumped-up charges of rape? I’m going to fucking kill that bastard when I see him again.”

“Who?”

“Joanen, who else?” he snarled and stormed to his feet, leaving the area.

Vaan stared at her, then shook his head. “Nice. You must be very successful at what you do.”

“The best,” she said through a smile, relief making her lightheaded. No, Trace definitely hadn’t raped anyone. Nor, did she believe, had he tried to murder the Prime.

"The best, hmm?" Vaan slowly shed his clothing and joined her on the blanket. "So now you suddenly believe we're innocent, and I'm supposed to let you go so you can help us regain our reputations."

"No." She grinned. "But you can keep me tied up and have your wicked way with me. Come on, Vaan." She felt free to say what she'd been wanting to ever since she'd laid eyes on him. "I'm helpless. Yours for the taking."

Vaan's eyes narrowed. "This is no game, Fia."

"I know," she said softly. "This is your life, Trace's life and mine, in case you hadn't noticed. I work for the Prime too, on a level Joanen would not find assuring if he knew."

Vaan stared into her eyes, his look thoughtful. "Funny, but if I'd seen you in Racor before, I'd know you. I know everyone there, every assassin, every covert warrior, every spy. But there are rumors of a very special person, a spy for the Prime no one has ever seen. He, or *she*, brings him news that's allowed him to stave off rebellions, to save worlds and even to bring the hardest criminals to justice. They call *her* Myst."

"Really?"

He licked his lips, glancing at hers. "Really. There but not there, real but not real." He kissed the corner of her mouth, then tugged at her bottom lip with his teeth. "Are you real, Fia? Or are you an illusion of whom I'd like you to be?"

Fia kissed him back, feeling the sensation all the way to her toes. "What do you think, Vaan?"

"I think at this point I don't really care. I want you, badly."

"Seeing Trace made you hard, hmm?" she teased.

"Trace and you. I've been lusting after you for months. But that shy thing, it really put me off. I don't like needy women."

"Yeah, well I'm not into blonds."

He laughed and rubbed his cock over her moist mound. "Liar. I can always tell the lies from truth. Tell you what. If you really believe in our innocence, prove it."

“How? In case you missed it, I’m tied up at the moment.”

“Find us a neutral source who can put us back on Racor, and find us a way to see the Prime without the Exec’s knowledge.”

“I can do that. But do you really expect the Prime to believe you based on your say-so?” She frowned. “The Exec’s gathered a lot of evidence against you two.”

“So then why do you believe us?”

“Because I can’t stand the Exec,” she said bluntly, earning Vaan’s smile. “And I just can’t believe that two men, two hardened warriors who’ve spent their lives acting with valor, to be anything but the heroes you are.” She paused. “Besides, a good friend of mine believes in your innocence. And it would mean a lot to him if I brought back his two best warriors.”

Vaan’s eyes narrowed. “*His warriors?* You’re not talking about Michael Nicos, are you?” He palmed her breast, his excitement palpable. “Who the hell are you, Fia?”

“I’m the person you need to please, right now.” She squirmed under his touch. “Make it hot, and I’ll even put in a good word with the Prime.”

Vaan laughed. “Okay, now you’ve lost me. But my cock has other ideas. Too much talking, I think,” he murmured and sat up, straddling her belly. “Now why don’t I prove my innocence another way?”

Chapter Four

Vaan quickly removed her restraints, still wary enough to keep her under close watch, but needing too much to do anything except take her. By the moons, but he had a feeling she really believed in their innocence. And the thought made him want to hug her, hug her and rattle her for putting herself in such danger. Siding with them against the Exec could land her in a world of hurt, no matter who she said she knew.

Freeing her ankles and her wrists, he turned back to mount her but found himself pushed to his back.

“I’ll do you if you do me,” she teased, and turned around, straddling his face with her pussy as her lips engulfed his cock.

He lunged up, unable to keep from groaning her name, and began to eat her with great licks and rasps of his tongue. She tasted so good, a mixture of her sweet come and Trace’s salty seed. And her mouth. Shit, but she had him near to coming already. No wonder Trace hadn’t lasted long earlier in the day. Fia could have made a fortune in oral sex sharing.

She laved his crown, her tongue pressing the most sensitive portion of his shaft, making him harder. Her hands caressed his balls, rubbing his sac into pressured knots needing to spew. Up and down, her hands, her tongue and mouth sucked him into oblivion.

He came suddenly, with such force he saw stars. He felt as if he jetted forever, and she swallowed every drop. As he caught his breath, he again became aware of the flavor on his tongue. Trace, Fia. Together. Images and thoughts collided, and he stiffened again as she continued to suckle him. Determined to have more, he resumed licking her pussy.

“Wait,” Trace said from behind them. “I want some of that.”

Vaan stared, bemused, at Trace staring down at them. Lust and affection glazed his brown eyes.

“Come on, Vaan, share.”

Vaan sat up and turned Fia in his arms. “You want to do her together?”

Trace nodded, stroking his hard cock. “You want pussy or ass?”

“Mmm,” Fia gasped. “You guys are making me horny again. What is it about you two?”

“With him, it’s probably the Vendon calling. But with me, it’s pure sexiness,” Vaan answered.

“Asshole,” Trace muttered with a grin.

“Yes, speaking of assholes.” Vaan reached around Fia’s ass and stroked her puckered hole. “Want some of that, Trace?”

Trace nodded, his expression one of intent.

“I’ll be on the bottom. I want a piece of that pussy again. You use her come and lube up. Relax, Fia.” Vaan prodded her ass, gently testing. “It’ll be good. Trust us?”

Staring down at him and glancing back at Trace, she nodded.

He lay down and pointed to Trace. “Take it.”

Trace reached between her legs and slid her cream into her ass, stretching her with his fingers until he widened the hole that hadn’t seen any action for more than a year. But the pain soon blended into pleasure, and she found herself riding Trace’s hand, pushing back onto him, feeling an alien fullness that made her want to come.

Vaan grabbed her from Trace and pulled her over him, shoving into her and laying her on top. Then Trace sandwiched her, gently prodding his cock into her tight hole.

“Fuck me, this is good.” Trace gritted his teeth as he pushed past her sphincter and seated himself fully.

Fia couldn’t breathe. Ecstatic to feel both men inside her, she remained still, growing accustomed to the sensation.

“Move, Trace, you have to move so I can,” Vaan panted. “I can feel you through her, your cock sliding against mine.”

“Oh yeah,” Trace said and began moving slowly, trying to find a rhythm with Vaan. One pulled out while the other pushed in, and gradually, then more quickly, they began taking her to new heights.

Vaan found her clit and began playing with her, reaching around her every now and then to stroke Trace’s ass. Trace alternately groaned hers and Vaan’s names as he pistoned faster and faster. And then Vaan was tensing, his cock feeling like steel as she felt herself impaled.

“I’m coming,” Trace groaned.

“Me too,” Vaan said and shot deep. The friction of his hand and penis, of Trace’s thrusting and his heavy body, pushed her into an explosion of passion. She cried out and came, gushing over them. On and on she clenched, unable to do more than feel. Minutes or hours might have passed as she held onto their bodies tightly, not wanting to let go. Eventually, gentle hands put her between them on the blanket, and with a racing heart, she said what was on her mind.

“We’re going to kick Joanen’s ass. You’re coming back to Racor with me. And after that, fellas, it’s me, you two, and a date with a bed.”

Trace and Vaan smiled, reached across her and linked hands.

* * *

The ride from Ermu to Racor had been without incident. In Vela’s priceless smuggler’s shuttle, a perfectly nondescript airbus that could have come from any planet in the System, they’d exited the planet’s atmosphere. Thanks to Jeret’s heads-up, they’d left the planet by way of Ermu’s third moon. Most of Racor’s ships were stationed between the first and second of Ermu’s moons, since going by way of the third moon meant also bypassing a mean asteroid field.

Fia’s—or rather, Myst’s—piloting abilities made short work of the aimless rocks. And after exiting the field, they’d used Jeret’s distraction—an exploding garbage hauler—to blend into the other pleasure planet

traffic, one more nondescript shuttle among hundreds of others hoping for entrance to a planet of untold pleasures.

Leaving Ermu's orbit, they'd spent the next few days plotting and planning while Fia fed her brother information through a coded transmission. Even intercepted, it would make no sense to anyone but Micha. Electronic garbage floating in space until read by the right person—Racor's head of security.

The tricky part had been taking Jeret on board without alerting the myriad spies and agents hampering his every move. Apparently, Joanen had begun to suspect Jeret, who made no pretense about dodging his commander's every move.

But Myst could do anything, and with the help of some of hers and Vaan's contacts, they'd finally smuggled Jeret and those damning documents and vidstills off his ship into the shuttle.

Jeret joined them by the controls, having awakened from a short nap in the small, solitary berthing quarters near the rear of the vessel. Between the four of them, space was tight. Fia had a hard time controlling her blushes when Jeret gave her an amused look. Though she and her lovers always used the berthing quarters for their sexual escapades, it wasn't as if Trace and Vaan were trying to hide the fact that they fucked her together and apart, or that she loved every minute of it, as attested to by her loud cries of satisfaction.

Trace, when not fucking her into oblivion, had spent the past few days trying to figure her out. He asked her endless questions about her personal life, and she answered as honestly as she could without telling him anything about her identity as Myst, or as sister-by-marriage to the Prime. Vaan, that cagey assassin, merely listened, probably hearing and observing every nuance she didn't want him to note.

It wasn't that she didn't trust him and Trace, but if their mission to seek justice didn't pan out, she wanted nothing of her past to shadow guilt on either of them. Myst's successes, though legendary, had never been truly accepted by Joanen. The man had never liked her, and

constantly badgered Micha for information about Racor's most mysterious spy. But Micha, Racor love him, gave Joanen nothing.

The same way she'd given Trace nothing.

The comparison didn't sit well with her, and she knew she needed to tell him and Vaan the truth soon. But they didn't need another stress on top of the allegations against them at this point. Or so she told herself.

Just then, Trace looked up from the files he was reading, his expression clearly one of awe. "Damn, Fia. Where the hell did you get this file? Who did you say you worked for?"

"She didn't," Vaan said dryly. "But she will."

"You going to make me?" she teased, aware of the joy coursing through her blood, a feeling that shouldn't have been present considering the danger they faced. But with Trace and Vaan by her side, she felt she could accomplish anything. She only hoped their relationship, tenuous as it was, might last.

"Baby, I'll do more than make you. I'll have you begging to tell me everything you know. That's if this oaf can keep his hands to himself. He fucks like a stallion, but hell, the way he treats you, you'd think you were made of glass."

She blushed and glanced at Jeret, who stared at the three of them with a smirk on his face.

Trace frowned. "I'm not into hurting women. I'm a warrior, not a torturer."

"Oh?" Vaan's voice grew quiet, his eyes hardening as he stared at Trace with a coolness Fia found incredibly sexy. "You're saying I get off on torturing women?"

She cleared her throat. "Vaan, why don't you pin him down later. Right now, we need to get you two in to see the Prime, while Jeret distracts the Exec. Can you do that, Jeret? I realize you've done a lot for us already, but nothing can stick to you...yet. You're taking a chance trusting me, but I can promise you that you'll be cleared of these conspiracy charges the moment I talk to some folks higher up."

Jeret pursed his lips and, after a few moments, nodded. He looked at the Smuggler's Pod, a small, one-man craft adjoined to the ship via a pressurized sealant lock. Once entered, he'd have no chance of going back. The pod was exit only, a smuggler's last chance at escape. Vaan had programmed it to take Jeret back to Racor, to the palace where he'd be immediately swarmed by Joanen's guards.

Jeret reached for the helmet near the pod's door. "Just so you know, Trace, my position was never anything more than temporary." He grimaced. "All that posturing to keep the governmental idiots off our backs is way too much for me. Hell, I'm a soldier, not a bureaucrat."

"Good luck, Jeret." Trace stood and shook Jeret's hand.

Vaan slapped him on the back, but Fia hugged him goodbye. He took her by surprise with a very thorough kiss, but laughed off the growls from the proprietary males by her side.

"Hey, this might be the last kiss I ever have. Give me something to remember, would you?"

Trace and Vaan cursed him with smiles on their faces, and after a final wave goodbye, Jeret left them alone.

"What did Jeret say about posturing? That sounds political to me." Vaan shook his head.

"It's not that political," Trace explained with a smirk. "Not really. Basically I tell them all to kiss my ass and I do what I want."

Fia stared up at his giant frame, taking in the size of his arms and chest beneath his military uniform, a one-piece black jumpsuit that emphasized the cut of his build. "I can see that."

Just then, a chime sounded, reminding her of how close they were to her appointment.

"Wait, Fia." Trace grabbed her by the arm, and Vaan closed the space between them. "Shit, you say it, Vaan. You know I'll just screw it up."

Vaan smiled. "True. Fia, Trace and I wanted you to know that no matter how this turns out, we appreciate all you've done for us."

"I'm just sorry it took me so long to see the truth."

“You did, and we’re thankful,” Vaan added.

Thankful? That’s all they felt?

Trace shook his head and grunted. “What C’Vail is trying to say is that we’re keeping you once this is through.”

“*What?*” She could only stare. She’d been hoping for more fun together. But he sounded like he wanted them to be...permanent. So why didn’t the thought frighten her?

Vaan scowled. “Didn’t you just tell me to do the talking? Hell, Trace. You’re going to scare her off. Don’t listen to him, honey. We come through this alive, and we’ll keep dating, hanging out. Maybe even have a real vacation. You’ll be our third.”

“Our *permanent* third.” Trace growled. “Both of you. I’m keeping both of you. And if I have to drag you both by the hair to Ermu to make it official, I will.”

For the first time since she’d met him, she saw Vaan speechless.

“Don’t speak, Vaan. You’ll just complicate everything. I want you, you want me. We both want Fia, and she’s so used to our massive cocks that no normal male will ever do it for her again.”

Vaan choked, and Fia couldn’t help laughing.

“Just say yes, Vaan,” Trace ordered, his voice softer than she’d ever heard it spoken. “You know it’s only a matter of time.”

Vaan flushed, then kissed the breath out of Fia and the amusement from Trace’s stunned face. “Okay. Now that the distant future seems to be taken care of, what say we save ourselves from the pain of death?”

* * *

Fia met with her brother in the secrecy of the family palace. It had taken her twice the normal amount she usually paid in bribes to skulk about the palace, and she had a definite bone to pick with Micha about how he was royally screwing up her network. A good spy always had an avenue for remaining invisible from the blasted head of security. She

learned more about the kingdom from the palace servants and military men when they spoke to each other without fear of being overheard. Trust her brother to sway her sources just when she needed them.

“So you’re going to bring Phillip to the wardroom in ten minutes?”

Micha sighed. “I just said I would. What’s with you? You’re pacing like a recovering addict.”

“Sorry. I’m just concerned that two innocent men are about to be beheaded for crimes they didn’t commit,” she snapped. “They’re in there right now with Joanen badgering them. He’s already arrested Jeret, you know.”

“Relax, Fia. I told Phillip and Susia about what’s been really going on. And despite your wonder-spy abilities, I’ve had Joanen on full-time watch since you left. Trust me, even without your damning evidence, the Exec is going down. And if you think I’m bad, wait until you watch Phillip nail him.”

“I know we have Joanen. I just don’t want Trace and Vaan caught in the crossfire.”

“Trace and Vaan, now, is it?”

She scowled. She so did not need this, especially now. “They’re good men.”

“The best.”

“I believe in them.”

“So do I.”

She glared. “Are you in love with them too?” Realizing what she’d just said, she stammered, trying to correct her words, but her brother gave her a sharp look before leaving the room. “Crap.”

Taking a deep breath, she used the hidden passage in Micha’s room to travel toward the wardroom. She exited into a small closet and carefully entered the wardroom to see everyone’s attention centered on the giants standing in the middle.

Seeing Trace and Vaan bound in chains infuriated her, and she took a step forward before someone grabbed her by the arm.

“Not now,” Susia, her sister and wife of the Prime, whispered as the crowd quieted. “Phillip wants you out of sight. We’ll wait back here with Berent.” Eyeing the largest man she’d ever seen, Fia sighed and waited.

“Attention,” Joanen cried in that weaselly voice that made her head throb. She saw Trace and Vaan exchange angry looks. “Once again, Myst has pulled through. Thanks to our great agent, two traitors to the empire have been tried and found guilty.”

“Guilty?” Fia whispered furiously. “When the hell did they receive a fair trial?”

The grumbling in the crowd drowned out her words. *Good. Trace and Vaan are as well liked here as they are out in the fleet.*

“Silence,” Phillip, the Prime, said as he entered the room behind Micha. “I have come to bear witness in the testimony against Vaan C’Vail and Trace N’Tre. My assassin and my commander. What say you, gentlemen?” he asked of Vaan and Trace. “Are you guilty of treason?”

“No, Prime, we are not,” they answered in unison.

“Well, then, we have a problem here,” Phillip said, his black eyes twinkling as he sought Susia. He acknowledged both Susia and Fia with a subtle nod. “Either my loyal men are traitors, or my Exec is lying to me.”

“My Prime,” Joanen gasped. “There is only one course here. To behead the guilty, to preserve the empire and the Prime Line.”

“Prime Line?” Phillip scoffed and the crowd of nobles and military leaders murmured low. “Joanen, I dissolved the Prime Line directive years ago. No leader should be appointed due to birthright, but because he, or she, earned it. Now you say my men are disloyal, but you show me no proof. Those mandates and pictures from a year ago have since been proven false. What more have you to malign these men?”

Fia could see the amazement and the hope shining in her lovers’ eyes. Could it be so easy?

“I-I-I, my Prime, please,” Joanen began.

“I have something, Prime,” Micha said clearly and stepped forward. “Your loyal Commander Jeret, who for some reason is now in police

custody, sent it to me just yesterday. I've had the documents verified, of course, and all is in order."

He handed Phillip the folder, which was broadcast on a large vid screen taking up half the southern wall. Pictures of Joanen attacking a young man, of him sodomizing a barely conscious woman, and more littered the wall. Incredulous grumblings devolved into cries for justice as the crowd swelled.

"*Silence.*" Phillip held out one hand, and the crowd stilled. "Here I have two loyal men accused of crimes they didn't commit. And I have one man who abused his power, hurt the innocent and falsely imprisoned loyal supporters. I hereby sentence Joanen Fen'Wal to death by combat. Tomorrow morning at dawn, *Colonel* Trace N'Tre will fight Joanen Fen'Wal to the death." Amidst the cheers of the room, Phillip spoke again. "I'm sorry, C'Vail, but if I let you have him, this would be over too quickly. A poisoned dagger can't compete with a long sword."

Vaan grinned. "Understood, my Prime."

Micha cleared his throat. "Then by the order of Prime, year 3054 day eight aught six, we order all charges against Colonel Trace N'Tre and Lord Vaan C'Vail dropped. To Joanen Fen'Wal, we order death in the most painful manner possible. Trial ended. Please clear the room."

The doors opened amid cheering and hollering, and it took some time before all but Phillip and his guards, Micha, Susia, Fia and her lovers remained. Fia tried to step forward, but Susia shushed her and kept her hidden behind Berent.

"You're both probably wondering why you're still in chains," Phillip said softly, instantly alerting Fia, Trace and Vaan.

"Yes, Prime." Trace stood with his legs braced, his arms crossed belligerently across his chest.

"I have more questions I couldn't ask in front of the others. Questions pertaining to those who helped you get this far."

Trace and Vaan exchanged a look.

"Others, Prime?" Vaan shook his head. "There were no others."

“Really?” Phillip glanced at Micha. “Because my brother tells me he sent a spy to bring you both back. To incarcerate you, were her orders. And yet when questioned, she says nothing.”

Trace tried to step forward, but his chains held him back. Vaan quickly spoke. “You have an innocent woman under question, my Prime. Another of Joanen’s victims.”

“Not so,” Micha stepped in.

“What the hell are they doing?” Fia muttered.

“Shh. Just wait. Trust me, you’ll love this.” Susia watched as if entertained by characters on a stage.

“Bring the woman to me,” Phillip ordered.

Micha nodded and left, only to grab Fia moments later and drag her through another secret door behind Berent.

“Micha, you jerk—”

“Shut up or I’ll gag you. Just let this play out and I’ll let them go. Jeret’s already a free man. And I put in promotions for Trace and Vaan, didn’t I?”

She nodded and reluctantly joined him again, this time in cuffs, in the wardroom. Seeing the fear in Trace and Vaan’s eyes, she wanted to reassure them, but a poke from Micha kept her silent.

Unfortunately, Trace saw that poke, and he glared. “You touch her again like that and you’ll answer to me.”

Micha stared, one brow raised. “My Prime, have I just been threatened with witnesses present?”

“You have, *brother*.” Phillip took a step closer to Vaan. “What say you, Lord C’Vail? Is this the woman who helped you? The woman who turned on her Prime, on her vows of loyalty when she helped you?”

Phillip’s anger was in fact real, and she knew she’d catch an earful later, not so much for acting disloyal, but for putting herself in danger by confronting an assassin and the commander of his elite army.

Seeing their Prime’s anger should have made both men tremble, but Trace and Vaan scowled at Phillip.

"I do not know this woman," Vaan lied.

"Nor do I," Trace added. But of course, he couldn't keep his big trap shut. "And if you put so much as a mark on her, Prime or not, I'll sever your head from your royal body."

Everyone gasped, except for Vaan and Fia, who groaned.

Phillip, however, quickly recovered. "Another threat against the royal family?"

Micha choked and Susia grinned.

"Hell," Vaan sighed. "My Prime, the woman is innocent. I would hate to see any member of the royal family dead for having harmed such a lovely creature. Surely the *Colonel* spoke out of a sense of duty to your directive—to protect the innocent."

"Oh?" Phillip stared hard at Vaan.

"Yes, my Prime. A woman like this one would surely have friends, family, even lovers determined to keep her safe. She might even have a special friend, a man who takes offense at the way she's being treated. A man who might see fit to enter your royal chambers, or those of your offending family, and take vengeance when you least suspect it."

Phillip literally goggled and Fia groaned. Great, now Vaan had made an even bigger threat than Trace. Had to be the heat. Damned summer suns.

"Micha?" Phillip nodded, and his brother let Fia go. Fia, in turn, quickly released both men with Micha's key.

She tried to push them behind her, but Trace took the opportunity to kiss her before shielding her with his body, and Vaan covered her flank, glaring holes into Berent, who stepped closer.

Phillip's lips twisted into a grin. "Your loyalty to the line is unquestioned. As is your love of my sister."

"Your sister?" Trace and Vaan said as one.

Susia joined her husband, and when she did, Fia found herself under an intense comparison.

"When we get out of here, I am going to seriously spank your ass," Trace growled under his breath.

"As am I, *Myst*," Vaan murmured in her ear.

"I thank you both for your loyalty." Phillip's smile grew wide. "And for taking such good care of my biggest headache. With you two protecting Fia, Micha's life should be much calmer."

"Ah, Phillip?" Micha cleared his throat. "You do recall promoting me to Exec, right? That's not exactly an easy job."

"No, but with Vaan's help you'll be fine. Vaan, you'll be taking Micha's position as head of security, but more specifically to handle covert ops. Except, of course, during those instances where we need your special talents. And Trace? Once you've easily dispatched Joanen, I need you to oversee the extensive training here in Racor, as well as assisting Vaan with any tactical issues developing. That won't be a problem will it?"

Both men grinned, while Fia glared at Phillip. "And what about me, oh great Prime?"

Phillip buffed his nails against his plush robe, and she knew he had something up his royal sleeve. "With the way those two are looking at you, I have no doubt you'll be needed more in a nursery than overseeing the System, little sister. But until then, Vaan will be issuing your orders."

She stared, her mouth agape, at her new boss. "*Him?*"

"Unless that's a problem?" Phillip asked with a smirk.

"No," she said slowly, wondering how to make it all work. Then again, she normally gave Micha her own marching orders, only needing his stamp of approval to do her job. Between her contacts and informants, *Myst* did the rest.

"Good. Now get out of here." Phillip waved her away, and she left in a daze, trying to figure out how to deal with the exciting new changes forthcoming.

She walked through the secret passage, dragging Trace and Vaan behind her, past Micha's room, toward her chambers. They entered

quietly. The room smelled musty, but the bed had been freshly made, the linens clean and soft.

"Now, about that spanking, *Princess Prime*," Vaan growled and tossed her on the bed.

"Vaan," she tried, and looked to Trace when Vaan continued to approach. "Trace?"

"Uh-uh. Not after that scare you just gave us."

"Not my fault! Micha did that. The worm."

"There may be a way you can get out of this," Vaan said thoughtfully, his eyes sparkling.

"I say we spank her." Trace began removing his clothes.

Fia sighed, unable to prevent a laugh. "What do you want, Vaan?"

"Aside from that tasty pussy, you mean? I still haven't heard you agree to permanent status with Trace and me."

"I did too."

"When?" Trace asked, nearly naked.

She noted Vaan removing his clothing as well. "I must have."

"You didn't." Vaan stood nude, glaring down at her, his erection massive and impossible to miss.

"Okay, I agree to permanence with you two. God help us all." She glanced from Trace to Vaan and added slyly, "I'll make the bond permanent just as soon as Trace gives you what you deserve."

"Oh?" Vaan looked confused, until he saw where Trace was staring. "Oh."

Trace licked his lips. "I'm not sure about this, Vaan. But for you, I'd do anything. For either of you."

Fia smiled, pleased Trace was finally unbending enough to commit fully to Vaan as well.

"You don't have to," Vaan began before Trace tackled him to the bed next to Fia.

“Just shut up and enjoy,” he grumbled, and went straight for Vaan’s cock.

Fia kissed Vaan’s nipples, his mouth, his neck, adding to his pleasure while Trace groaned his desire.

“That’s so fucking good, Trace,” Vaan gasped, unable to keep from moving. “I need to come.”

“I bet you do, too,” Fia said to Trace, and reached for him. She pumped him, watching her men as they sought release. Vaan came first, blowing into Trace’s mouth with force. Trace, bless him, swallowed it all as he came over Fia’s hands.

After catching their breath, they turned to her. She grinned. “I love watching you two go at it. So sexy.” They stared, still dazed. “You know I love you both, right? And I know you love me. Not everyone threatens the Prime and means it, or lives to tell the tale.

“And speaking of living...” She winked at Trace. “How long do you plan to toy with Joanen tomorrow?” Trace stood two heads taller than the elder statesman, and could wield a blade in his off hand with more skill than Joanen might learn in a lifetime.

“I had planned to torture him a bit, but I don’t want to waste any more time away from your luscious body.”

Vaan chuckled. “How could we not love you, Fia?” He leaned down to press an encouraging kiss to her belly.

Trace palmed her mound. “Of course we love you,” he teased, glancing at Vaan. “It was only a matter of time.”

About the Author

Marie Harte is an avid reader who loves all things paranormal and futuristic. Reading romances since she was twelve, she fell in love with the warmth of first passion and knew writing was her calling. Twenty years later, the Marine Corps, a foray through Information Technology, a husband and four kids, and her dream came true. Marie lives in Georgia with her family and loves hearing from readers.

To learn more about Marie Harte, please visit www.marieharte.com. Send an email to Marie Harte at marie_harte@yahoo.com or join her Yahoo! Newsletter group http://groups.yahoo.com/group/M_Hgroup

Look for these titles by Marie Harte

Now Available:

A Scorching Seduction

Coming Soon:

Ethereal Foes: The Dragons' Demon
Enjoying the Show

Can a straight-laced business student and an indie boy with a thing for extremely personal electronics turn one night's wild ride into a trip to last forever?

Catching a Buzz

© 2007 Ally Blue

Available now at Samhain Publishing

Adam Holderman isn't your typical twenty-something college boy. He prefers jazz to Goth, shuns body piercings and street-waif clothing, and despises the lack of vocabulary among his peers. Some call him uptight, but Adam doesn't see it that way. Just because he prefers his men articulate and well-groomed doesn't make him a stick-in-the-mud. He simply has standards, unlike most guys his age.

The new employee at Wild Waters Park, where Adam works, single-handedly throws a monkey wrench into Adam's orderly world view. Buzz Stiles wears eyeliner and black clothes, listens to emo bands, and talks like a teenage skate punk. He's the polar opposite of Adam's avowed "type". So why can't Adam get him out of his head?

When Adam finally agrees to go out with Buzz, he finds there's much more to Buzz than a hot body, a sharp wit, and a Goth fashion sense. Buzz is someone Adam can see himself being with for the long haul. But you need more than mind-melting sex to make a relationship last. Can they keep their hands off each other long enough to find out if they have what it takes?

Warning, this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit male/male sex, inappropriate use of personal electronic devices, and gratuitous disco dancing.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Catching a Buzz*:

The shop was decorated in blues and purples, managing to give the impression of dangerous darkness in spite of the brightly lit shelves.

Throbbing, percussion-heavy music played in the background, loud enough to set the mood without making conversation difficult. Groups, couples and a few lone shoppers mingled among the shelves. They all seemed just like anyone else Adam saw on the street every day.

“Wow,” he said, gazing around. “This isn’t exactly what I expected.”

“Why, what’d you expect?” Buzz turned down a row of shelves containing various anal toys and lube. He ran his fingers over a package containing a realistic-looking rubber fist and forearm. “Dude, check it out. Bet that feels amazing.”

Adam winced. “Ouch.” Resting an arm across Buzz’s shoulders, Adam led him around the corner to the next row. To Adam’s relief, it contained nothing to make his anus clench in self-defense. “I don’t know what I expected. Big guys in leather clothes leading around slave boys on leashes, I guess. Everybody in here looks like regular people.”

“That’s ’cause they *are* regular people.” Buzz’s eyes lit up. He snatched something off the shelf. “Dude, I am so getting this.”

Adam looked. Buzz held a thick black leather collar with six silver D-rings set in it. *Oh my, now won’t that look nice*, Scarlett lilted, reflecting Adam’s thoughts almost exactly, if more coherently.

“Yeah, that’s good,” Adam said, wishing his voice wouldn’t shake.

Buzz flashed an evil smile. “I’m getting this too,” he added, picking up a long black leather leash. “I can be your slave boy for the night.”

What a magnificent idea, Adam attempted to say. What actually came out was an embarrassing squeak.

Buzz pressed his body against Adam’s and kissed his throat. “Oh yeah. You like that.”

“Definitely,” Adam answered, finding his voice at last. “Buzz, unless you want to get fucked right here in the store, you’d better stop it.”

Laughing, Buzz flicked his tongue over Adam’s pulse point, then pulled away. He swayed over to the other end of the row to peruse the available goods. Adam stared shamelessly at his ass. It was a damn fine ass, and Adam’s hands itched to touch it. Seeing no reason why he

shouldn't do just that, Adam walked over and planted his palms on Buzz's tempting posterior.

There was something small, flat and rectangular in Buzz's back pocket. Adam traced the outline of it with his thumb, wondering what it was.

Buzz smiled over his shoulder. "Fresh," he teased, wiggling his rear in Adam's grip.

"Yep." Leaning forward, Adam bit Buzz's neck. "What's in your pocket?"

Buzz turned and planted a quick kiss on Adam's lips. "I'll show you later."

Adam frowned. "But why—"

"Oh hey, here you go." Standing on tiptoe, Buzz plucked a black leather biker hat off the top shelf and tossed it to Adam. "You can't be a daddy without the hat."

Adam considered being annoyed at Buzz for not telling him what was in his pocket, but decided it wasn't worth it. He stared at the hat and cracked up. "Shit, I'm gonna look like such a fucking idiot."

"No way, dude, you'll look hot." Buzz draped his arms around Adam's neck and straddled his thigh. "I bet you couldn't look anything but smokin' hot if you tried."

To his supreme mortification, Adam blushed. He'd never understand why anyone thought he was hot. Buzz was hot; Adam, to his own mind, was cute at best. Not knowing what to say, Adam avoided the whole issue by kissing Buzz's seductive smile.

"Let's check out," Adam suggested. "I want to get to the club before the bar gets too crowded."

"Yeah, me too. Let's roll."

Buzz slid a hand down to Adam's butt, ignoring the threesome that wandered down the aisle at that moment. One of the men gave them a wolfish smile. Adam blushed harder and crowded closer to Buzz.

As he and Buzz left the aisle and headed for the register, Adam stole a glance at the threesome. "Buzz, those guys were checking you out."

Buzz gave him the sort of look you'd give a sweet but rather dim child. "Dude, those guys were checking *us* out."

Shaking his head, Adam got in line behind an expensively dressed silver-haired man carrying three huge dildos and what looked like a tub of Crisco. "Why would they even be looking at me? You're the sexy one."

"Why, sugar, you're both perfectly lovely young men. Why on God's green earth would you think gentlemen wouldn't be lookin' at you?"

Adam's mouth fell open. The world tilted on its axis. *Oh my God. No way. No fucking way.*

He forced himself to turn toward the honey-thick female voice coming from behind Buzz. A tiny woman in an ankle-length, high-necked black dress stood there, holding a copy of *Hog-Tied Lesbians* and a wicked-looking whip. She patted her lavender poodle perm and smiled at him.

"Pardon me," she said. "Didn't mean to pry. When you get to be my age, you tend to speak your mind and not fret about what folks think."

"Um. No problem." Adam clutched at the counter, relearning how to breathe. He was relieved to know he wasn't going crazy and even more relieved Scarlett hadn't somehow come to life.

Buzz grinned at the woman. "Lady, thank you for telling him he's hot. Because he is." He gave her a deep bow, causing her to titter behind her hand, then turned back to Adam. His brows drew together in a frown. "You okay? You look kind of green."

"I'm fine," Adam insisted, handing his biker hat to the clerk and digging a wad of twenties out of his wallet. "I just...I thought she was someone else."

Buzz gave him a curious look but kept quiet, for which Adam was grateful. He really didn't want to explain Scarlett just yet. Or, preferably, ever.

This summer, it's going to be Steamy...

Samhain Publishing Presents
Midsummer Night's Steam
24 Sizzling ebooks
\$2.50 each

A young minister's celibacy is challenged by an earthy, Appalachian woman.

Blackberry Pie

© 2007 Bonnie Dee

On a blistering summer afternoon, Reverend Nathan Andrews climbs a mountain to meet backwoods members of his congregation. Fresh from seminary, the young man isn't prepared for the onslaught of lust that hits him when he encounters a sensuous girl picking blackberries.

Determined to implement his outreach plan, he helps her harvest the fruit. But their potent sexual chemistry is too intense to deny and they engage in passionate sex surrounded by the beauty of nature.

Grace is earthy and primal, the opposite of the proper young lady he expects to take as a wife some day. Can there possibly be a future for a college-educated minister and a primitive mountain girl?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Can a straight-laced business student and an indie boy with a thing for extremely personal electronics turn one night's wild ride into a trip to last forever?

Catching a Buzz

© 2007 Ally Blue

Adam Holderman isn't your typical twenty-something college boy. He prefers jazz to Goth, shuns body piercings and street-waif clothing, and despises the lack of vocabulary among his peers. Some call him uptight, but Adam doesn't see it that way. Just because he prefers his men

articulate and well-groomed doesn't make him a stick-in-the-mud. He simply has standards, unlike most guys his age.

The new employee at Wild Waters Park, where Adam works, single-handedly throws a monkey wrench into Adam's orderly world view. Buzz Stiles wears eyeliner and black clothes, listens to emo bands, and talks like a teenage skate punk. He's the polar opposite of Adam's avowed "type". So why can't Adam get him out of his head?

When Adam finally agrees to go out with Buzz, he finds there's much more to Buzz than a hot body, a sharp wit, and a Goth fashion sense. Buzz is someone Adam can see himself being with for the long haul. But you need more than mind-melting sex to make a relationship last. Can they keep their hands off each other long enough to find out if they have what it takes?

Warning, this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit male/male sex, inappropriate use of personal electronic devices, and gratuitous disco dancing.

Her boyfriend is back...and that's a major problem. Antonia isn't ready to face the one man who shakes up her world...

Full Disclosure

© 2007 Mary Wine

Antonia doesn't need to look at forbidden fruit. The taste still clings to her lips, haunting her with just how good she and Danton had been together...

...Right up until he informed her that he had to get married because he was going to be a father. That just made it worse. Inside him was a man worth dreaming about, even if she knew it was in vain.

Danton always double-checked his facts. It was a habit that kept him alive during missions that should have killed him. His impromptu wedding was no exception. There wasn't going to be any consummation of the vows until he had a paternity test. But doing the right thing had cost him the one woman he loved.

Until the test came back negative. Now there is nothing that will stop him from coming back with the prize he'd been forced to abandon three months ago. Toni was going to be his, right after she got the full disclosure on his hasty wedding and the blunt fact that he loved her.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language and bondage bedroom games with toys.

Does a full moon really cause naughty behavior?

Bad Moon Rising

© 2007 Leeanne Kenedy

Hailey Burke has heard that full moons cause people to behave in strange ways, but she never thought it would apply to her until the night she winds up in bed with a man she doesn't even like. So she'd had a temporary loss of sanity when she slept with Zack Creighton, the womanizing photographer. Big deal. Doesn't mean she's going to do it again, right?

Wrong.

Unfortunately, Zack has something else in store for Hailey. He's liked the sassy redhead from the moment he met her, but he can't get the stubborn woman to let go of the misconceptions she's formed about him. Sure, he's played the field, but Zack is no womanizer, and he has no intention of leaving things at one night. Once he's had a taste of Hailey,

he wants another. And he's determined to convince her that he's not the bad boy she's always thought.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

How can masturbating in a hotel Jacuzzi lead to love? Cassidy Yates is about to find out.

Beyond the Tears

© 2007 Michelle Cary

A year after her husband died while serving in Iraq, Cassidy Yates still nurses a broken heart. Thinking a vacation will help, she agrees to a week in Key West with her best friend, April. Upon arrival, April suggests a way for Cassidy to ease her pain—sleep with the sexiest stud she can find.

Not the type to bed hop, Cassidy refuses April's idea and ends up alone. Abandoned by her friend, Cassidy decides to take a nighttime swim. In the Jacuzzi, she masturbates to the memories of making love to her husband. Mortified by her own behavior, Cassidy retreats to her hotel room, hoping no one witnessed her exhibition.

Chase Dempsey is a man with rugged good looks and a killer smile. He isn't looking to fall in love and only wants few days of relaxation before returning to his Texas ranch. Still, he's curious after watching Cassidy's erotic display and wonders what makes the gorgeous redhead tick. When he finds her dropped sarong, he realizes she's just given him the opportunity to find out...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Is their passion real, or only a mirage?

La Mirage

© 2007 Jennifer Colgan

On a lonely stretch of I-95 in the middle of the Nevada desert, journalist Savanna Blaine and photographer Ben Lantano find themselves stranded by engine trouble on their way back from an assignment. Their quest for a gas station leads them to La Mirage, a beautiful resort nestled in a secluded canyon where they are the only guests.

Invited to spend the night in lush accommodations, passion flares between Savanna and Ben who have suppressed their hidden desires long enough. A single touch ignites an unforgettable night in each other's arms, but the next day, when La Mirage mysteriously disappears, they're left to wonder, is their newfound intimacy real or nothing more than a trick of the summer heat?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, oral sex.

One tempting heiress. Two sexy cowboys. Three means fun beyond her wildest dreams—until her Cord starts to unravel.

Take Me

© 2007 Mackenzie McKade

Thoroughbred rancher's daughter Caitlyn Culver has always wanted playboy Cord Daily, even after her daddy threatened to bankrupt him. But winning a racehorse in a poker game means Cord is no longer just a cattle rancher. He's come back wealthier and more wicked than ever.

Snaring this cowboy won't be easy for Cait, and keeping him will be even harder. Still, his sexual antics and taste for ménages won't scare her off. She knows the best way to snag a man like Cord is to pretend indifference. So when he comes onto her in the barn, she plays along—only to leave him tied to a ladder, aroused and unfulfilled.

It's payback time.

Cord seeks out Cait and brings along his playboy cousin, Dolan Crane. The two cowboys are enough to set her body afire. She's bound and determined to resist their sexual allure, but ends up experiencing a night beyond her wildest fantasies. Now Dolan wants Cait for himself. Cait's father wants Cord's racehorse. And Cord wants Caitlyn to choose—her father's money or her cowboy's love.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and BDSM.

Can a jaded lawyer and a reformed criminal really find true love in the tropics?

Fijian Fling

© 2007 Sami Lee

Dumped by her boyfriend and on thin ice in her law career, Sophie Edison badly needs to re-evaluate her life. She escapes to her favorite hideaway on the tropical island of Fiji, where the attentions of the resort owner – the enigmatic and lethally sexy Dominick 'Nick' Dufour – prove a temptation too great to resist. Nick's obvious desire to take her to bed is just the salve her battered confidence needs, and she embarks on an affair that leads her to uncharted waters. Before long she starts to wonder if she can ever go back to her old life.

Nick has lusted after Sophie for years. When she turns up at his secluded resort alone for the first time he wastes no time in making her

his lover. Sophie is his perfect match in bed, and in the ocean and the shower...but although he might long for something more, Nick knows theirs is just a holiday fling. For he is keeping the secret of his checkered past from Sophie and it could prove the ultimate deal breaker...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Newlywed Catalina Robinson thinks it's not possible to be more satisfied...but then she learns what it's like to love two men.

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

Cat has just married Dave Robinson, the man of her dreams. Their Best Man, Andreas Bailey, is flying them to their honeymoon resort in Barbados. But over the middle of the ocean, something goes horribly wrong...

Cat, Dave and Andreas find themselves stranded on an uninhabited Caribbean island. Though she's never thought of him as more than a friend, Cat finds herself connecting to Andreas in a way she never expected and is shocked and aroused to learn that her husband feels the same way. Together, the three of them discover a heat and passion uninhibited by the conventions of society. But will they ever be rescued? And what will happen to their unusual relationship once they return home?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, voyeurism and skinny dipping.

Two men and a bottle of nut cream...

Nut Cream

© 2007 Jade Buchanan

Nut [nuht] noun, verb.

1. A dry fruit consisting of an edible kernel or meat enclosed in a woody or leathery shell.

2. Slang, Vulgar – a testis.

Cream [kreem] noun.

1. A soft solid or thick liquid containing medicaments or other specific ingredients, applied externally for a therapeutic, or cosmetic purpose.

2. Slang, Vulgar – to have an orgasm.

Toby Madison is coming into his mating phase, and is leaking pheromones all over the place. He is about to find out what happens to bad little wolves, in the best possible way. Cliff Bullen is more than ready to place his mark on the man he has always wanted as his mate – with a little help from a bottle of nut cream.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex and graphic language.

Welcome to Fantasm Island! Leave your inhibitions at the door and let your fantasies soar.

Fantasmagorical

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

That's what the brochure said anyway. A week long fling with a stranger. Where's the harm in that? Take a compatibility quiz and a slew of other health tests, sign a strict privacy agreement and give license to any sexual fantasy you've ever had. Evan Knight couldn't wait.

Gabe and Lance have been searching for their perfect third for what seems like forever. One look at the woman he and his best friend and lover Lance have chosen to claim during her time on the island, and Gabe thinks they may have finally found her.

But what if Evan isn't interested in more than the fling she signed up for? Or worse, what if she can't handle two men who are into each other too? Gabe and Lance have one week to convince Evan that the three of them belong together...and they'll use every bit of seduction in their arsenal to make sure when the fantasy ends, their reality together will only just be beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit fantasmagorical sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and hot nekkid man-love.

Falling in lust with a sexy Elvis impersonator gets complicated when Vanessa discovers the real Elvis Presley may have hoaxed his death.

Hunk of Burnin' Love

© 2007 Veronica Wilde

Summer should mean hot men and toe-curling sex—at least that's what Vanessa believes, but a bad break-up has left her spending her summer nights alone. Then her sex life erupts into flames when she meets two very different Elvis impersonators on the same night. One is a sexy young musician who gets her all shook up in a steamy midnight swim. The other is a graying older man who looks just a little too much like Elvis Presley for comfort.

Vanessa can't help falling in love with her new summer hottie. But their burning love gets complicated when the mysterious older impersonator begins dropping disturbing hints about his true identity—hints that suggest Elvis Presley never died at all.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Chastity Cuthbert is determined to bring love and romance to the Last Frontier.

Ladies! Meet Red Hot Alaskan Men

© 2007 Nancy Lindquist

Chastity Cuthbert is in love with love. It's too bad that she's so busy working on everyone else's happily ever after that there's no time left to work on hers. Her company, The Alaskan Connection, matches single women with sexy Alaskan hunks. Business is booming. Until Dave Wellington drags his personal vendetta against outsiders right to her doorstep.

Dave Wellington, Mayor of Smithfield, Alaska won't allow Chastity's cadre of red-lipped floozies to take over his town. A she-bitch from the lower forty-eight broke his brother's heart and no one else is gonna go through that. Not if he can help it. Besides, Smithfield is welcoming tourists for the first time. The male residents need to keep their minds on business. Not sex.

Determined to change Chastity's mind, he travels to Chicago to talk her out of her plan. Chas is so pissed off at the sexy mayor that she forgets her "no one-night stands" motto. Right into Dave's bed.

Now she has to travel to Smithfield and face him. She's strong. She can face Dave again. Just because she snuck out of his hotel room in the middle of the night doesn't mean she's a big ole chicken. Right?

Warning: This book contains hot naked Alaskan guys, all looking for love. Read it at your own risk. I am not responsible for any sudden urges to go to the Last Frontier, nor travel costs incurred. Oh, and there's explicit sex too.

One hot summer night and a scorching balcony interlude light the fuse of hidden attraction between neighbors Jill Reed and Cole Adams.

One Night on a Balcony

© 2007 Samantha Lucas

Jill Reed has spent her entire life denying her sexuality, but living next door to Cole Adams the past few months has made it near impossible.

Cole is fresh off his third divorce and considers himself a one-man relationship train wreck. He purposefully keeps his lust for Jill in check because, after all, she's the kind of woman a man keeps.

Jill and Cole have been denying their bone-deep attraction for months, but one night on a balcony, passions ignite, an adventure starts and everything is about to change—forever.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, sex in a public place, graphic language.

Sometimes the truth is the greatest aphrodisiac.

Liaisons in Jubilee

© 2007 Jamie Craig

Katie Mayes is the Executive Manager for a large, east coast beach resort. Unfortunately, her boss has discovered her one secret – her seasonal flings with Caleb Beckett, the Entertainment Director for the resort. Company policy dictates no internal fraternization, especially between managers and their subordinates, so her boss gives Katie a choice. Caleb or her job.

She avoids personal encounters with Caleb, until one fateful night a week before the resort's big summer launch. Then, she runs into him at a local nightclub. When Caleb approaches her, she tries to give him the cold shoulder, but he follows her onto the dance floor where the music, her desire, and his persistence break her will. She claims it's only one more night before they break it off completely, but Caleb insists on more. Far from an ending, he views the summer as their true beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, spanking, light bondage.

*A bad marriage is like a fierce thunderstorm on a fragile field of wheat.
Will a proud Texas cowboy and a stubborn Boston-bred lawyer find
shelter from a real summer storm long enough to rebuild their love?*

Second Wind

© 2007 Dee S. Knight

Cocky cowboy Rafe Walker doesn't plan to meet a beautiful woman in designer jeans and ostrich boots at the rodeo, but the beauty catches his

gaze just before the gate opens for his bull ride. Talk about losing focus! With one glance, his thoughts are of sex-scented sheets, not hard, sawdust-covered dirt.

A city girl like her would never fit in on his ranch, but a weekend in Dallas? Yes, Ma'am, she'll do just fine. Little does he expect a ride wilder than with any bull. She grabs hold of his heart and his hottest fantasies and holds on tight.

Cathy Fitzgerald, raised in a wealthy eastern family, half falls in love with the rakish cowboy after one impulsive weekend of wild sex. She returns to Boston, breaks off her near engagement and waits to hear from Rafe. After months of silence, he surprises Cathy with a proposal. It's a shock to both of them when she accepts, and moves to his ranch in nowhere, Texas.

They soon find that passion alone can't sustain a marriage. Rafe's pride and Cathy's long hours at work breed distrust and broken hearts. Giving their marriage its second wind will take an act of nature.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Life's not always about the journey, but who takes you on the ride.

Custom Ride

© 2007 K.A. Mitchell

A stint in the Air Force left Ryan MacRae with a bitter memory of life in the closet. Jeff Allstein is a mechanic who has too much to lose if his private life becomes public. The heat of their attraction boils over on a stormy summer night, but satisfying that need only makes them both crave more.

Their searing connection makes it hard for Ryan to understand the road blocks Jeff continually puts down. Ryan will have to buckle up if he's going to find love at the end of his custom ride.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex, graphic language.

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets...and she always gets her man.

Skin to Skin

© 2007 Dionne Galace

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets. That is, until she meets the enigmatic Oliver Clayton, her new neighbor. For some reason, Oliver seems to be intent on avoiding her even though he's obviously interested. Leilani has tried to everything to get his attention, from wearing skimpy little outfits to walking a neighbor's dog six times in front of his yard. Leilani wants Oliver...and she always gets her man.

In the heat of the summer, the temperature's not only thing rising. Luckily, Oliver has that pool in his backyard and Leilani knows just how to cool off...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, light bondage.

Hot summer nights make people do crazy things.

Spontaneous

© 2007 Karen Erickson

Sophie Kincaid doesn't want to be attracted to her boss but she is. Sick and tired of being used by men, she's sworn them off. But her hot and now slightly drunk boss just became too hard to resist.

His girlfriend dumped him and now Ian Grey is drowning his sorrows in alcohol, something he never does. Flirting with Sophie the sexy bartender inspires him to do even more things he'd never consider. Like have hot sex with her in the storage room.

They can't deny their attraction for each other but Sophie's afraid she doesn't measure up. And what does Ian want from her anyway? She'll have a naked good time figuring it out...

Warning this title contains the following: Hot, steamy, explicit sex and graphic language.

Roping the naughty girl is all fun and games until someone falls in love.

Knotty Girl

© 2007 Maggie Casper

Shelby Langley was not sub, slave or Mistress, she was merely kinky. Point her to a BDSM club where she could watch and experience pretty much anything the mind could conjure, without the tangled web of an actual relationship, and she was in orgasmic bliss.

Long into the lifestyle, Craig Jensen was able to spot a submissive in denial from a mile away. Usually he left them be to find their own way, only keeping an eye out for their safety while on his turf, but there was something about the sweet, young blonde who had a love for rope bondage that called for him to claim her as his own.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, anal play and an overall spanking good time.

*When a school teacher with a backbone of steel meets a hard-nosed
lawman, more than the desert will heat up.*

Marielle's Marshal

© 2007 Beth Williamson

Marielle Bloom never expected to be the victim of a stagecoach robbery stranded in the desert in the middle of summer with a sexy marshal who sets her body on fire with one look from his steely eyes.

Marshal Ramsey Whitfield doesn't know what to make of the outspoken teacher, but he does know she feels perfect in his arms. As they trek together across the barren landscape, searching for civilization, they discover that their desire for each other is hotter than the desert sand.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, violence.

*When a man who isn't human is accidentally enslaved by a woman who
has no idea what he is, the result is magical.*

Sealed With a Kiss

© 2007 Lila Dubois

Signing up for a one-week adventure vacation, Helena expects to be kayaking in the Pacific, not having every sexual fantasy fulfilled in her guide's bed.

Ocean is more than he seems, his kayaking business a cover for his deepest secret.

When Helena accidentally enacts old magic, enslaving Ocean, he doesn't know if she is the luckiest girl on earth, or an enemy of his kind,

bent on imprisoning him forever. Ocean's strange behavior worries Helena but she's distracted by the mind-blowing sex.

After the truth is revealed, will their budding love be Sealed with a Kiss?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, voyeurism, and fantasy fulfillment.

When his girlfriend demands he settle down and start a family, Cole Winchester has some hard decisions to make. Marry his girlfriend, or finally own up to his taboo attraction to other men.

Taboo Desires

© 2007 Amanda Young

Cole Winchester feels like a rat, boxed into a corner. Faced with the prospect of being trapped in a passionless marriage, he makes the hard choice to end his relationship.

A run in with an old friend on the beach, propels Cole's fantasies out into the open and forces him to confront his taboo desires. Before him, lies the choice of a lifetime—embrace his desire for another man and all the pitfalls that come along with it, or return to his girlfriend and live out the safe half-life he carved for himself.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, and hot nekkid man-love.

SAMHAIN PUBLISHING, LTD.

It's all about the story...

Action/Adventure

Fantasy

Historical

Horror

Mainstream

Mystery/Suspense

Non-Fiction

Paranormal

Red Hots!

Romance

Science Fiction

Western

Young Adult

www.samhainpublishing.com