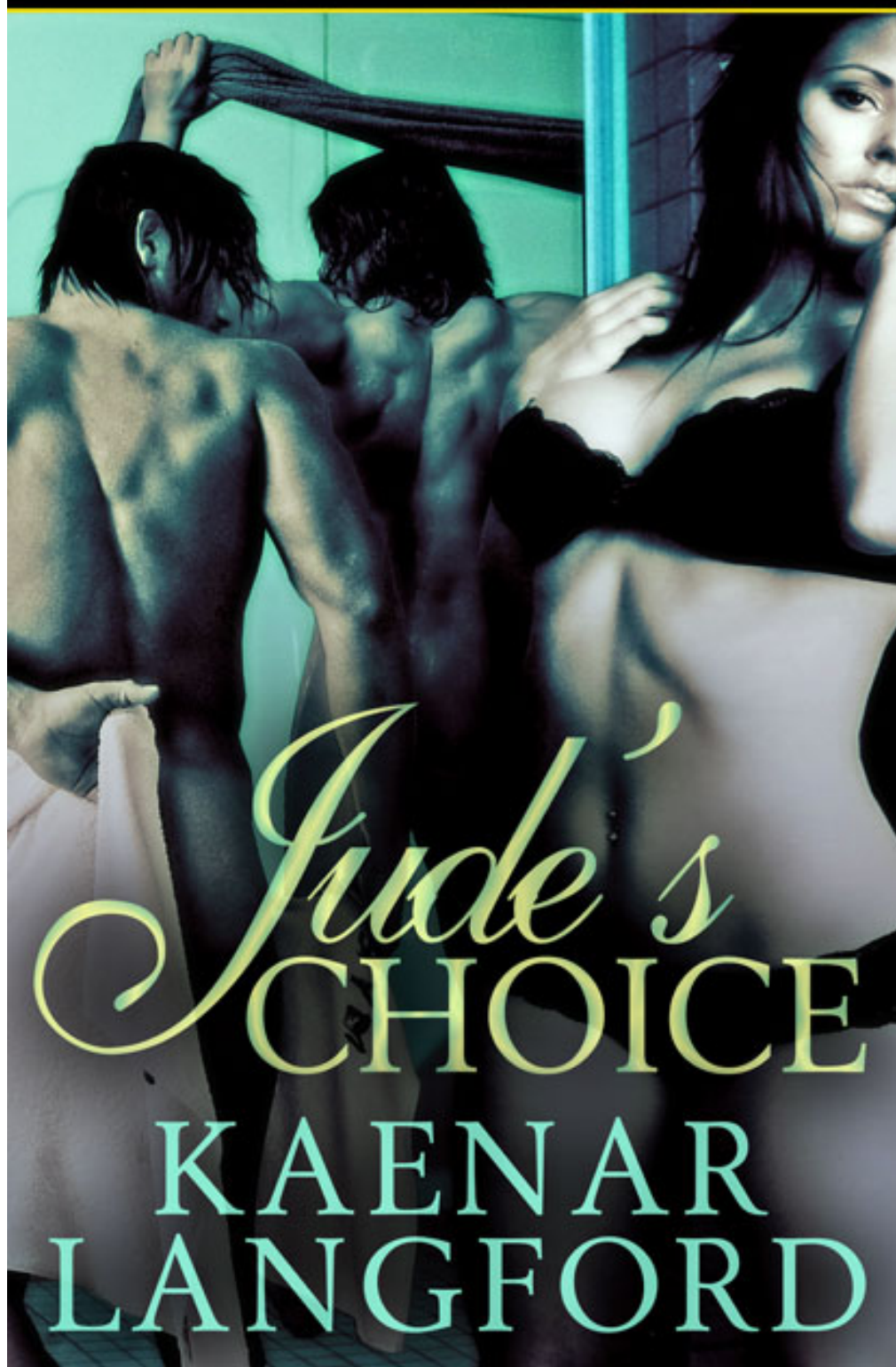


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



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Jude's Choice

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X-treme titles differ from E-rated titles only in plot premise and storyline execution. Stories designated with the letter X tend to contain difficult or controversial subject matter not for the faint of heart.

JUDE'S CHOICE

Kaenar Langford

Dedication

To my husband and sons – who do all they can to support my writing habit

To my friend Bea – who started it all with an ad in her bookstore

To my editor Helen Woodall – who is always there and who always encourages me

To my friends and colleagues – who never fail to make me feel like one in a million

Chapter One

"So how long do you think this one will last?" Angelina asked Delia as they watched him rock back and forth, sweat coursing down his face. They could see how hard it was for him to hold on. The muscles in his shoulders were as taut as steel and his face was suffused from the exertion. He knew he wasn't going to be able to hang on much longer but he refused to let go. All the others had gone off too soon and he needed to show he could go the distance. Now he was furiously pumping up and down, trying to stay on, trying to keep the upper hand, so to speak. He probably had no idea what kind of a ride he was going to get until it was too late. He looked down but couldn't focus on the body below him, the images blurring as he heaved and bucked, trying desperately to stay on top.

"I still can't believe people would want an audience for this kind of thing!" Angelina said. "You'd think that they wouldn't want anyone to see them when they can't hold on any longer."

"It must be some kind of macho thing," Delia mused. "You know what I mean, Lina. Even if they blow too soon at least everyone gets to see what a stud they are for wanting to do it in front of us all."

"Too bad they don't have this kind of thing back home," Angelina continued, "but I guess if you hadn't screwed up that last mission to Antelika we wouldn't be taking this forced vacation to begin with."

"I don't know what you're complaining about," Delia shouted over the roar of the crowd as they cheered him on. "It's better than the stopover you organized last year on that pirate planet. At least we don't have to worry about getting seasick this time."

"How was I to know that the top two fighter pilots in the Wardelian League would be brought low by a lousy case of *mal de mer*? You'd think that two women who can

thread a Pyrian cruiser through the eye of a needle could spend a week on a fake pirate ship without getting sick." Angelina shook her head, remembering the humiliation of a week at sea, on her back, without a man on top of her. What a waste of horizontal space, not to mention a three-day layover thrown away to boot! Groans from the crowd brought her back to the present just in time to see the latest entry thrown to the ground amid the hoots and hollers of the watchers. Turning to her captain, she asked, a sparkle in her eye, "By the way, what did you think of that big, gorgeous guy who was up just before this one? I was disappointed that he didn't last."

Happy to forget their ill-fated pirate holiday, Delia turned to her friend and said with a laugh, "I thought he would have been able to stay on longer. I would have liked to see him up close. When he peeled off his t-shirt and climbed on top I thought I was going to faint."

The two women had been friends since the academy when they had to prove to the young hotshot males that they were just as good. Being the only females in a group of testosterone-laden men set them together right from the day they arrived on Tenta as newbies. They had toughed it out and proven they were just as smart, just as wily and just as good at flying as any of the men. In fact, they had proven to be better. Delia couldn't wish for a better man at her back than this woman. As Angelina got up to get a better look as the latest guy got into position Delia had to laugh. For someone who hadn't wanted to take this forced holiday, Angelina certainly was interested. Maybe she just needed to get laid. Hell! Who didn't! Protecting the galaxy from evil didn't leave the two of them much time for a sex life and a one-night stand didn't appeal to Delia.

As Angelina forced her way to the front of the crowd, she looked back and gave Delia a naughty wink. She knew that look. Her friend had zeroed in on a likely candidate to warm her bunk for the night. What could she say? Lina was old enough to make her own choices. As she watched her friend melt into the crowd, she felt a light touch on the back of her neck as if someone had gently stroked a feather across her skin. She shivered in response but when she put her hand up to brush it away there was

nothing there. She swiveled in her chair to look behind her but everyone was intent on the action and not a soul was nearby. Turning back, Delia watched in fascination as another one couldn't hold on any longer and fell in a heap, sweating and out of breath. The crowd moved forward, egging the next man on, encouraging him as he mounted.

Delia and Angelina had seen the ad in the local paper and had come to see what it was all about. Delia had no idea so many men would want to be thrown by a mechanical bull. It seemed crazy and a bit dangerous but the men lined up and took a turn getting thrown, one after another, onto their keister. But what else would you expect on a cowboy planet? Many of them were being pushed forward by their friends while others wanted to impress their girlfriend. How flopping at your girl's feet in an ignominious heap would impress her was beyond Delia's ken. The whole idea of planets devoted to fantasy themes had seemed so ludicrous when the Wardelian League had suggested the idea to the Galactic Council but the concept had proven to be hugely popular with new theme planets being added as quickly as the League could get them up and running. The list of planets was varied, that's for sure. As well as a pirate planet and the cowboy planet there were endless varieties of entertainment to be had. Some of the ideas that the Council had come up with had turned out to be hugely popular like the planet of unrequited love or damsels in distress. Delia thought it was bad enough living these things in your daily life without having them be a holiday destination.

She recalled some of the other planets listed on her compugram when she had to research a quick holiday for the two of them after that little incident on Antelika—a circus planet, a cop planet, a porn planet, a debutante planet, a famous cities of Old Earth planet. Some of them sounded intriguing but some of them just sounded silly. Delia had always thought that the Victorian planet sounded interesting. Any reading she'd done about that time on Earth made it seem like an interesting era, sexual repression on the surface but hidden debauchery underneath. Something wanton and naughty in her wanted to be a love slave or perhaps hold a man as her love slave.

She could think of one man in particular that she'd love to have at her mercy. She'd only had a brief glimpse of him once on Tristar 234 when she and Angelina had stopped there to refuel but that glimpse had fueled erotic fantasies for weeks to come. They'd been in the middle of a rescue mission to some backwater planet and out of time as always, yet she could remember every detail of the encounter. He had been hauling his latest "catch" to his cruiser and the stupid son of a bitch thought he'd make a last-ditch attempt to get away. The bounty hunter had hauled him up against his chest and whispered in his ear. The poor bastard had peed his pants and had never made another sound. Delia had been standing with her mouth open, watching the interplay, when he had whirled and looked right at her as if she'd just popped up on his radar screen. A wry smile had lit up his face as he had given her body a slow perusal, his hand around the felon's neck. As his eyes had traveled down her, Delia had sworn she could feel his hands touching her, pebbling her nipples, stroking her belly, nudging her clit. She had known he hadn't moved yet his touch was marking her, claiming her. Dragging his prisoner with him, he had moved over to stand in front of her. Delia had never backed down from a fight but the sheer animal power of this man had made her feel tiny and edgy as he had loomed over her. Leaning down, he had put out his tongue and licked below her ear. Delia had stood frozen as he had marked her.

"I'll find you," he had growled then had turned and disappeared into the rag tag crowd. Delia's face flooded with color as she remembered his smell, his face. Maybe she wasn't ready for the Victorian planet yet! She and Lina still had the rest of the week to spend on the cowboy planet and with chuck wagon races, barrel racing, trail rides and a rodeo it looked like their schedule was going to be busy. Too bad she couldn't work up any enthusiasm for the activities. Wardelian scientists had managed to reproduce as much as they could of the cowboy world from twenty-first-century Earth right down to horses and Brahma bulls but she wasn't a landlocked woman. Her link was to the sky. Perhaps it was because her years as a Pyrian fighter had allowed her to see so much of the galaxy that the sky was her home. Maybe she just needed to get out of here and get some air or get laid!

Laying her right hand up and across her breast, Delia tapped the tiny communicator to get in touch with Lina. Her ears were filled with the sounds of gasping and groaning, a sure sign that her navigator had succeeded in her quest.

"Sorry to interrupt," she whispered, "but I'm headed back to the cabin for the night." For a second she thought that Lina wouldn't answer then she heard her partner's breathless reply.

"Ooooookay," she groaned. "Don't wait up for me." The connection broken, Delia shook her head. She'd love to have sex but she wasn't going to pick up a man for a quick fix. She had her handy vibrator for that. Funny how some things had changed very little from Old Earth. *Guess it's hard to improve on a good thing and face it, the male anatomy hadn't changed in two thousand years so why should dildos.* Somehow the prospect of an evening, or even five minutes, with a substitute cock didn't really excite her. Visions of the bounty hunter from Tristar 234 appeared in her head and she felt herself grow wet and heavy between her legs in the Earth clothing. Her flight suit would have absorbed the moisture and kept her comfortable but the unfamiliar jeans just chafed her labia and heightened her need for a real cock, attached to a real man.

She was willing to bet that *he* would be able to satisfy a woman, all night long. His huge, powerful body had been like a well-honed machine. Light battle armor protected his torso but he wore none below the waist and she had to admit that she had checked out his package as he strode toward her. As he leaned into her, he had made sure she could feel his long, thick cock pressing against her as if it sought entry into her tight channel even then.

In some of the Old Earth romance novels that had survived, Delia had read that many Earth men were "hung like a stallion" and she had always wondered what that meant. Now she knew and all she wanted was for him to mount her from behind, thrust into her, biting her neck like the stallion covering his mare. He had known she could feel how aroused he was but instead of backing off or being embarrassed, he had pressed closer so that she would know how much of him she would have to accept

when the time came. Her breasts had felt swollen and needy, her clit had poked out of its hood as if searching for him and the relief he would be able to give her. Even her flight uniform had felt as if it was too small for her body as his huge rod had pressed against her. She'd known he would have to prepare her well if she were to take his huge cock inside her.

Her head flooded with pictures of them in her cabin, the bounty hunter slowly undoing the zipper of her uniform, starting at the shoulder then going diagonally across her body, the first step in the journey to ready her body for him. The suit was formfitting and hugged her body, making it unnecessary to wear a bra. Would he be surprised when he lowered the zipper enough to reveal her generous breasts? Breasts that would be open to his gaze immediately. Would he be able to resist them or would he need to caress them with his mouth and tease them with his tongue, sucking them into his mouth, nipping their tips with his teeth? The old romance novels talked about that kind of love play but Delia had never experienced it. Nowadays everything was quick and efficient, done with a minimum of fuss, a minimum of effort and often with a minimum of pleasure.

Her bounty hunter bore the look of a man who wouldn't be easily bored. She could imagine him spending hours on her body, pleasuring her to the point of insanity. She knew her breasts were sensitive as she often brought herself release in her bed or in the shower and she loved how her nipples grew longer and harder with her own ministrations. She couldn't imagine the pleasure to be had at the hands and mouth of someone like him. Would he be a bit rough with her, pinching her nipples, making her cry in agony, the right kind of agony? Most men were intimidated by her since she was a decorated fighter but he'd been interested in the woman not the pilot. At least that was the message his rock-hard erection had passed to her and she'd been thrilled. Then he'd turned and walked away.

Forcing her way through the crowd, Delia headed for the exit portal leading to the station where her cruiser was docked. May as well get some sleep since she'd probably

be at the helm alone tomorrow while Lina slept the morning away. She didn't begrudge her navigator her recreation time. Hell, she'd love to be doing the mattress mambo herself but she just couldn't work up interest in any other man. The bounty hunter probably didn't even remember her, let alone have any notion of finding her again. Better to go back to the ship and get some sleep.

Smacking her hand to her forehead, Delia remembered that she couldn't go back to the cruiser. She had to go back to the ranch. Yeehaw! She and Lina had a quaint little cabin all to themselves and they were not to return to their cruiser under any circumstances, Galactic Council's orders. The week was only just beginning and tomorrow was the trail ride followed by the evening barbecue. Her butt was probably going to be so sore she wouldn't be able to walk for a week, let alone close her legs, although that might not be such a bad thing given the right impetus to keep her legs open. Delia didn't want to know what kind of creature they were going to barbecue. She was almost positive that the pictures of the barbecue at the dude ranch that she had seen on her compugram showed a creature with six legs being roasted and she was sure that Earth cows didn't have six legs. Ergo an Earth cow was not being sacrificed for dinner. So what was? Perhaps she could just plead a headache and avoid the dilemma. The whole week seemed to stretch on in her mind, a string of activities she now realized she'd rather just avoid.

Steeling herself to the inevitable, she tried to make her way through the crowd to the brightly lit exit portal. The sea of bodies forced her to go slowly and she gritted her teeth against the number of hands reaching to squeeze her breast or run their hand down her butt cheek. It wasn't worth the time it took to push them away, easier to just get out of there onto one of the mobalks, as they called the mobile walkways that crisscrossed the city, that led to the ranch.

Turning her body to pass between two Arcadian knights, she felt not a hand but the featherlight touch on her neck again, like a lover's caress or the feel of silk on bare flesh. She knew that it would be futile to put up her hand as there would be nothing there but

the feeling was disconcerting nonetheless. Her mother had always claimed that Delia had the “sight” and she certainly felt that someone was trying to read her without her knowledge yet she couldn’t pick up who they were or even if they were in the room with her. She should have paid more attention when her mother encouraged her to work with a *malda* to develop her abilities but she was always too busy or too scared.

She breathed a sigh of relief as she wormed a path out of the crowd and made her way down the passageway to the exit portal. Delia didn’t remember the corridor being so dark and that set off her internal radar but before she had a chance to set up a protective intrascreen, an arm snaked out and hauled her into the shadows.

“I told you I’d find you,” a rough voice whispered as he claimed her with the tip of his tongue, just below her ear, just like last time.

Chapter Two

Jude had forgotten how luscious this woman was. He'd only had a chance to look before but this was a chance to touch, to claim. He could have used his scanner implants to scope out the room to find her but he didn't need them. Her scent was the only one in the room that he could pick up. It was as if the room was empty, save for her. Jude had to laugh that a woman who was such a hardened warrior could have such a delicate scent. He knew she would hate that.

Although the room was packed tightly with bodies, he could even detect the tangy, sea-smell between her legs. He wondered what she had been thinking about a few minutes ago when it had become almost overpowering to him. Had she been excited watching those pseudo-cowboys riding the mechanical bull? Had she been imagining one of them straddling her, pounding into her? God, he hoped not! He hoped she'd been thinking about him.

He wondered what she'd look like spread open for him. An old museum he had once visited displayed some relics from Old Earth and among them was a beautiful, big shell. It was a coral-pink color and looked as smooth as silk to the touch. Were her cunt lips that same delicate shade? Would they have secrets like those hidden inside the shell? At the museum he had wanted to reach through the protectascreen to stroke the smoothness of the conch shell and now he found himself wanting to do the same thing to her, strip her naked, lay her down on the table in his cabin and feast on those succulent lips until she came screaming against his mouth.

She stiffened in his arms and he knew she would go for the knife she kept hidden in her torso armor. He also knew she was going to be very angry when she realized she was wearing tight jeans and a t-shirt not her body-hugging armored suit. Her thoughts pounded into him, her emotions flooding along behind. He didn't need his scanner

implants with this woman. He was so attuned to her that her thoughts melded with his. That was going to piss her off too!

As he held her against himself he thought about her reaction to his body scan. His implants were so sensitive, so high-tech that the lab jockeys had assured him that no one, absolutely no one would know they were being scanned but he'd seen her reaction. She knew she was being invaded and she knew he was there—two impossibilities according to the lab guys. How'd she do it?

Just as he predicted, as soon as he released her arm she went for her knife.

"Shit," she exploded through clenched teeth as she realized the knife wasn't there. Her shirt didn't allow for a hidden knife and he knew she didn't have one in her bra. Her pebbled nipples made it delightfully obvious that she wasn't wearing one. Pulling her arm down between them, he let her hand rest on his erection. That was just a safety technique to protect her. It had nothing to do with him wanting her hand on his cock or wanting her to feel how long and thick with want he was.

For once he was glad to be wearing Old Earth garb, popular on the cowboy planet. The worn jeans let her feel how her closeness affected him and he knew that if he turned her in his arms, her pert nipples would be pressed against the soft material of his t-shirt. His regular body armor would never allow him to feel the curves of her body or the quickness of her breath as he held her firmly against him, but the worn jeans let him pull her to him and mold her body to his.

Despite the fact that he would love to hold her in his arms forever, Jude had no more time to waste trying to persuade this ornery woman to join him. His navigator's life was at stake and the time for dancing around each other was past so he activated his implants again to hasten his persuasion.

I'm going to take you with me to the Renegade. You are delighted to come with me and will cause no trouble. Jude put his arm around Delia as if to shepherd her along to his ship when he flinched from her response that pounded loud and clear in his head.

I am not delighted to go with you and I can promise you that I will cause no end of trouble, so I suggest you back off now and let me go. A wry smile lit up Jude's face. He had no idea she was going to present such a challenge for him and if she had even a tiny suspicion of how much that pleased him, she'd have been happy to blast him into another dimension. Nobody had ever been able to resist the suggestions from his implants. Hell, that's what they were for, yet this woman threw them back in his face, with gusto. Maybe he needed to try a little honesty.

"You're a difficult woman to keep up with," he whispered in her ear. "Every planet I visited had your scent still in the air but you were gone."

"You could smell me after I was gone?" she asked incredulously.

"As soon as I stepped out of the ship, your tangy scent caught me but I could tell I had just missed you," he said, gently nudging her cheek, almost like a cat. He felt her make the mistake of relaxing her guard for a moment and leaning into his body. That was the opportunity Jude had been waiting for. Gently stroking the side of her face, he touched her with his sensor-bracelet and she collapsed in his arms.

Well, he had used a little honesty, coupled with a bit of treachery, but his navigator needed him and time was running out. It was easy to clear a path from the club, claiming his girlfriend had too much to drink. Standing off to one side in the landing bay, he held her gently against him while he called his ship to pick them up. A small speeder-pod appeared almost immediately and two crew members scrambled out to assist him. Jude nearly threw them to the ground when they tried to help. Backing off quickly, they pulled out the floating transpod and watched as Jude gently laid her down. He allowed them to carefully realign the transpod inside its cradle in the little craft and set the holding beams but at his fierce scowl, they scrambled to return to the safety of the cockpit. Crawling in to secure himself to the bench beside her, he gave the order to return to the *Renegade*.

He knew the pod crew was trying to contain their curiosity but he also knew he had provoked their interest by refusing to let them help. His crew was used to dealing with

a man who showed no softness, no mercy. He was fair but they knew he was a man you didn't cross. This considerate man was someone they didn't recognize and frankly, neither did he. He felt such a possessiveness for this woman that he didn't want her out of his sight or out of his arms. Knowing she wouldn't waken until they were on the *Renegade*, he felt safe taking her hand and gently stroking the back of it. Even though she was out, he wanted her to be comforted, to know she wasn't alone. She was going to be mad enough when she woke up that any damage control he could do in advance would be well worth it.

The little speeder-pod shot through the night sky past the planet's two pink moons to rendezvous with the cruiser hidden behind the second moon. Jude watched the *Renegade's* rear hatch open in a giant yawn and the pod sailed into the landing bay. As soon as the craft came to a halt, Jude deactivated the beams holding the transpod in its cradle and when the rear door opened, he guided the transpod as it floated free of the small vessel.

His crew held back, waiting for his signal to approach and when he gave a quick nod, two came forward to manipulate the pod through the rabbit warren of passageways inside the ship. When they went to take her to the infirmary, Jude growled that she was to go to his quarters. As the doors to his cabin slid shut, he had a last look at the two crew members who were staring unabashed, eager to apprise their shipmates of what they had seen. Jude found that he didn't care. This woman's comfort meant more to him than any crew gossip. Crossing to the bed, he carefully set her down, reluctant to let go. He wanted to undress her but that would have to wait until she came to. Making love to her was inevitable and he had waited this long to have her so another few minutes would make no difference. When he stripped her and worshipped her body, he wanted her to howl with delight. He wanted her wet with longing, ripe with desire. Oh yeah, he could wait!

Chapter Three

Delia struggled to the surface, her head woozy and heavy. Surely she hadn't had that much to drink. Slowly the haze dissipated enough to let her focus on what the hell had happened to her and where in Bartalian she was! Snippets of information scuttled through her mind—Lina waving as she went man-hunting, men flying off the mechanical bull, groping hands as she tried to wend her way through the crowd, a rock-hard body holding her close, the feel of that huge hard-on against her back, a hand stroking her face then nothing.

That bastard! Somehow he'd zapped her and knocked her out but where in Jobin's name was she now? Furtively, she opened her eyes enough to see her surroundings and realized she was in a cabin of an old Maladian cruiser. Her father had flown one of these for the Galactic Council, shepherding VIPs around the galaxy and she was well aware that these cruisers had been used strictly to transport small parties of government bigwigs and while they were reliable transport ships they had little speed and restricted maneuverability. She was certain her captor had made modifications to the cruiser. The plan was brilliant really. Take an old Maladian cruiser and give it massive firepower and state-of-the-art engines and you have a wolf in sheep's clothing. She smiled as she realized that she wouldn't have expected anything less from *him*.

A soft hiss signaled the opening of a door but Delia kept her eyes closed, desperate to keep any advantage. Slowly opening her eyes a slit, she bit back a gasp. The gasp was partly shock as she had a first look at her captor, the bounty hunter from Tristar 234 and partly from the fact that he had entered the cabin and, unaware that she was awake, had begun to strip.

Sitting down in a straight-back chair, he pulled off his boots and socks then, standing and keeping his back to her, he grabbed his t-shirt, pulled it over his head and

threw it onto a floating armchair. This time Delia had to struggle to stifle a moan as the muscles in his sculpted back shifted with the movement. She watched, spellbound, as he raised his hands above his head and, linking his fingers, stretched. He was so beautiful. His muscles were well defined, not heavy and bulky and Delia realized that even the tufts of hair she could see under his arms seemed erotic. She had never wanted to run her fingers through a man's hair there before but she just knew it would be soft and silky, a contrast to the coarse wiry hair that would surround that thick, glorious penis.

He must have read her thoughts about his rod for Delia heard the sound of a zipper being lowered. She resisted the urge to open her eyes, any small advantage was an advantage. Through her lowered lashes, she watched as he stuck his thumbs in the waistband of his jeans and pulled them down over his slim hips and off. Commando in the twenty-fifth century! Gotta love a man who keeps with tradition! His ass was smooth and firm and she could see his cock hanging between his legs. By *Panton*! It was so long lying there at rest, what would it be like when he was aroused, ready to take her?

Wait a minute! Who said he was going to have her? When did that become the future not a question? Inevitability?

I know you're awake, his voice whispered to her. Her eyes flew open as he turned to face her, letting her have her first view of his impressive cock.

It seems to do that as soon as it knows you're near. She could hear the laughter even in his inner voice. Now his cock was long and thick with a beautiful bow in it as if it was too long and heavy to stand up straight and bent to kiss his navel instead. The element of surprise gone, if it was ever there, she raised her head on her bent arm and looked her fill. His chest was smooth, his abs as solid as rock but his cock dominated the picture in her mind. It was all she could do not to crawl across the bed, crawl across the floor and crawl up his body to take that massive cock into her mouth, into her body. She didn't think she was going to be able to take him without pain.

Don't you know that's what it's all about? The pleasure with the pain.

Are you focusing all my attention on your cock?

Maybe.

As Delia stared, she could see his cock grow longer and thicker. That bow in it would let it touch places inside her no man had ever touched, send her spinning off in a million directions. Eyes flying up to his face, Delia saw him smile at her. It was a tender smile but the wolf was still there waiting to get out.

You're the one making me hard as classen. Your thoughts mirror mine but they're your thoughts.

Delia knew it was true. She didn't need his thoughts to know how much she wanted him, had wanted him since the first time she saw him.

"Why have you followed me?" she asked, rising to stand in front of him.

"I think you already know the answer to that. I have to have you," he said gruffly. He hoped she wasn't able to read the struggle in his head. He had to have her to save his navigator but now it was much more than that. He had to have *her*. He needed her like he needed to fly, to fight, to breathe and he wasn't sure he liked that. Toryn was what this was all about. Wasn't it? He had to rescue Toryn and this woman was the key. She was Brachan's weakness. Jude knew Brachan would do anything to have her, even release Toryn.

Delia wanted to know more. She knew he was desperately hiding something and she could feel the shield he had erected in his mind keeping her out. He felt anguish for someone named Toryn and somehow she was part of a plan but before she could ask he gently took her head in his hands and put his lips to hers. It was a gentle kiss, more an apology than a kiss, then he unleashed the full force of his passion for her. Sliding his fingers through her hair, he trapped her while his tongue traced the sensitive underside of her top lip. She shivered.

You like that?

You know I do.

Taking advantage of her acquiescence, Jude took little nips all along her top lip. He had never had a chance to study her beautiful face before, to notice that her bottom lip was a bit larger than her top lip, giving her a pouty just-out-of-bed look. He thrust his tongue into her mouth and was delighted to feel her touch at it, tentatively at first then trying to eat at him as if she wanted to swallow him whole. He sensed that she was inexperienced, maybe her previous lovers had been too quick, too eager. He intended to rectify that, to take his time, to make her howl.

Delia was way out of her league. She could fly a cruiser through a battlesky or land on the head of a pin but her sexual encounters had been infrequent and unsatisfying. *That's all about to change.* Delia laughed, glad he had read her mind so he would know to take it easy with her, to be gentle. *I said it was about to change. No way am I going to take it easy or be gentle. I'm going to fuck you 'til you howl.*

He grabbed her t-shirt and pulled it up over her head. His cock was so long and hard that she could feel it crawling up the bare skin of her belly like a living thing. Delia put her hands on his shoulders as he sank to his knees in front of her.

"Lift your foot!" he ordered. Delia obediently lifted her foot to let him pull off her sock and boot. When had she become such an obedient slave? Perhaps when she saw what was hanging between his legs and was going to be pushing its way inside her.

"Now the other one!" he commanded. Sneaking a look at his cock as she lifted her foot, she saw the prominent veins in his erection pounding in tandem with his heart, the first drops of pre-cum slipping out. How she wanted to reach down and slide the very tip of her tongue into that little slit, to have that first taste of him, of his precious fluid. How was that going to feel as he pushed through her tiny opening into her tight little channel? She knew she hadn't had enough partners to make his entry easy. The thought of that huge cock pushing past her opening, forcing her channel to give way and let him in was enough to send a jolt of cream rushing out of her cunt.

As Jude grabbed hold of her panties and jeans and tugged them down her legs, he was blindsided by her thoughts of him pushing his way inside her. He could feel how hard she was going to squeeze him as he made her body yield, inch by inch, as he breached her passage. He could feel her turning liquid for him and, yanking her jeans and panties off, quickly spread her legs to lap at her cunt as her tangy cream seeped out.

Delia wasn't sure whether to be mortified or delighted but the decision was quickly made for her as she felt his talented tongue tucking its way into her entry and eating her whole. He took his time, waiting until every drop of nectar had slipped into his mouth then licked along her delicate folds to retrieve any honey hidden there. He flexed his tongue up under her little hood, tickling her clit, bringing it to life. Delia had no idea that people made love like this, could make love like this. Her few forays into the sexual arena hadn't involved much enjoyment of her body, for her or for her partner. She couldn't wait to get her chance to explore his magnificent body. She wondered if he'd like her to take him into her mouth the way he'd done to her. Would he like that or would he find it unpleasant? Guess she'd just have to find out for herself and there was no time like the present.

Placing her hands on his shoulders, she shoved him away and stepped back. Jude sat back on his haunches, perplexed as to why she wanted him to stop. Delia's face took on a naughty smile and putting her hands on her hips, she ordered him to stand up. A wicked grin broke out on Jude's face as she wrested control from him. Nothing like a gorgeous, naked woman ordering you to do her bidding to give you a major cockstand. This could prove to be very interesting, for him and for her. He sensed her inexperience but also sensed her curiosity and sense of adventure. He knew that as a pilot she took risks and always pushed herself to the limit so he was delighted to fantasize that she would approach making love in the same way.

Once on Antelika, Delia had a chance to view some artifacts from Old Earth and had been captivated by a statue of a naked man. She remembered what a surprise it had

been for her to see the beauty of the male form. That statue had crowded her thoughts and dreams for weeks but it was just a pale shadow compared to the impact of this man's nude form. Wearing his body armor and weapons, he was a formidable sight yet unclothed he dominated her senses. It was as if the coverings were just that, coverings, totally unnecessary on his splendid frame. His dark, silky hair brushed his shoulders drawing her eyes to their width. It was all she could do not to run her hands through the silken mass, across his shoulders and down his massive arms. That beautiful hair should have looked out of place on his warrior body but, if anything, it only enhanced his masculine beauty. Even his legs were the legs of a medieval knight, hard and muscular as if he spent hours in the saddle.

He stood, unmoving, as she completed her leisurely perusal of his imposing frame. She could tell by the way he was flexing his hands at his sides that he wasn't as calm and collected as he seemed. As she went to her knees in front of him, she looked up to see him throw back his head, clenching his fists in anticipation. He hissed as she put out one finger and wiped away the little tear of pre-cum. "Watch me," she ordered as she opened her mouth and set her finger on her tongue. It appeared that he couldn't look away as she closed her mouth and slowly pulled out her finger. "Mmmm. You taste delicious," she whispered. He groaned. That was the answer she needed. He loved it as much as she did.

As he watched, spellbound, Delia licked up the length of her forefinger then ran her moist finger down his cock, starting at the little slit, over the thick head then down the entire length. As soon as her finger finished its journey, she leaned forward to allow her tongue to follow the same path back up. Even though he knew what she was going to do, Jude couldn't stop his body from tensing in anticipation, from almost flinching as her pink tongue peeked out from between her lips. To torment him, she used only the very point, making it rigid and tracing up his stiff cock over the heavy collar to the tip. Taking him in both hands, Delia placed a kiss on the head then sent his senses spinning by placing her mouth over him. He looked on, not daring to breathe, as he felt her forcing her body to relax and take him deeper into her mouth. She was inexperienced

but the bombardment of senses flashing into his head told of curiosity, delight and a desire to please him. She needn't have worried about that. The instant his cock had entered the warm cavern of her mouth, the galaxy could have melted around them and he wouldn't have noticed.

He felt as if he were going into sensory overload with the *mélange* of feelings from him and from her. He could taste himself, taste the pleasure she was feeling. He felt his cock in her mouth but through her also felt the sensation of having it in his own mouth, feeling the heavy veins, the huge head gagging him, the smooth skin over the rock-hard shaft. He knew he should feel repulsed by it all but he wasn't. It felt familiar, delicious. His head was reeling with his own lust as she sucked in her cheeks and clutched him tightly yet it was compounded with the lust from her body that careened around his head as well. It was almost like he had two cocks each being pleased simultaneously, one by him and one by her. He could smell her arousal, smell her cream, feel her clit swelling, her tissues ripening. His own orgasm was welling up inside but coupled with the imminence of her own, he felt like his skin was too tight, his body too electrified.

Delia couldn't believe what was happening. She sensed his surprise as their feelings blended and he felt what she felt. Now he knew the sensation of having that enormous hard-on down his throat, of running his tongue over the smooth skin, the veins bulging and pulsing. She felt his surprise turn to curiosity then to desire as he learned the texture of his own skin, the taste of himself. Then she began to feel the changes in her body through his heightened senses. Her cream smelled delicious, like a succulent dessert, and her clit swelled, eager for the friction his erection would bring. She knew he could feel her channel softening, waiting for him to push his way in. Suddenly he put his hands to her head and broke the connection. Before she had time to protest, he pulled her to her feet and caught her in his arms.

"No way am I going to come in your mouth the first time we make love," he growled. "I want to be deep inside you when I come. I want you to howl and bite when you come." He strode across the cabin, his cock pulsing, trapped between their bodies

as he walked. Laying Delia gently on the bed, he rolled her to her stomach and, pulling her onto her hands and knees, crouched on the floor at the end of the bed. As he spread her legs, he was rewarded with a lovely view of her shimmery slit. It was as beautiful as he'd expected, just like the conch shell from the museum. The skin was pink and luscious and oh-so wet. Leaning forward, he licked a path from her clit back to her entrance, delighted as she shivered. Running the outsides of his hands up her inner thighs, he got to his feet, grabbing hold of his hard-on with one hand to position it. He slid home to the hilt, remaining motionless as he gently caressed her back. He could feel her fluttering around his shaft, gently massaging it with her internal muscles then, with a subtle shift, her feelings began to run alongside his own in his head. He gradually became aware that what he was now feeling was what she felt when he was inside her. It was no longer just the pulsing of his cock. Instead he had become part of her with Delia tightening her channel around him. Through her body, he felt her tighten herself and grab hold of him yet he also felt his cock being squeezed. The double sensation was driving him crazy. Was he feeling through himself or was he feeling through her? Now he felt his own cock pulsing, growing, hardening as it lay inside them. He loved to stroke in and out of a woman but what would it be like to be part of her while she had his long, strong phallus pumping her like a piston. He would be making love as a man but feeling it as a man and a woman.

His hands were gently caressing her back but now it was as if someone was stroking him as well and he shivered to realize that what he felt was himself stroking his back. Each time his hands moved up and down her back, he felt the companion strokes along his. He ran his fingertips along her shoulders and back across her shoulder blades, the response making his body quiver. Using his forefinger, he traced down her spine, lingering on each delicate indentation and was delighted to feel a finger tracing the same path along his backbone.

He could look down and see his granite erection, held securely inside her but what he was feeling was that rock-hard penis inside himself and he loved it. As he watched, he began to rock in and out of her, in and out of him and the roof started to lift off. It

was as if he had this beautiful open vagina and his whole being was centered on the powerful strokes of his own massive erection inside it. Gently swaying forward and back, his cock massaged inside them. He loved making love, loved having a big, powerful penis to pleasure her but being able to be part of what she was feeling as that ramrod stroked in and out of her was indescribable. Reaching between her legs, he nudged her clit with his finger and felt the odd sensation of touching a corresponding clit sitting just above his penis. He could feel the physical sensation of his penis sliding in and out coupled with the mental sensation of her stimulated clit. He didn't know whether to focus on his staff as it pleased her or to focus on the hard little pseudo-clit perched just above it. Every stroke of his cock made that little nub hum and made her howl.

Delia didn't have much experience with lovers but she'd made love enough times to know this was way beyond the bounds of ordinary. What in Bartalian was happening to her? She was so embarrassed when he put her on hands and knees and then just looked at her. She wanted to close her legs but she also wanted to open them wider and invite him in. When he licked her juicy cunt she couldn't believe people made love like that. She wanted to push him away and she wanted him to never, ever stop. But as soon as he began to push that enormous cock inside her, her head began to spin and suddenly she knew exactly what he was feeling as it pushed past her tiny opening and into her vagina. She felt his penis being gripped by those muscles so she tightened them and shared his delight as his cock was seized tight. Then he began to move, rubbing the walls of her channel as he slid in and out, nudging her clit.

She'd always wondered why men made such a big deal about their penis. Now she knew! It was a weapon of incredible pleasure which he wielded like a champion and she got to share it with him. She could feel her body receiving his massive cock as it hammered into her but she also felt his cock and his intense pleasure as his body slapped against hers, pleasure that was too much to bear. She might have been able to hang on if the pleasure had been only hers but it was just too strong coupled with his and she felt them tumbling to the edge then over. She felt him throw his arms to each

side of her to give his last few thrusts more power. She felt him catch the skin of her back with his teeth and bite her. She howled as she felt the rush of cum jetting from his cock, flooding her with his strength.

He might have been able to hold on longer but not when their emotions were so tightly linked. He could feel her orgasm gathering so he put his hands on each side of her on the bed and slammed into her with his battering ram. He couldn't be gentle, knowing each thrust would rub their clit. Leaning over her back, he put his teeth to her and bit her, bit him! Hallelujah! She howled! The double stimulation was more than any genetically engineered transplants could handle and as his cum shot into her, he was ecstatic that she was able to push past all his barriers and meld with him. He felt his rich, thick seed leave his body then became one with her as her passage received his precious fluid. He felt her womb throbbing as it took his essence deep inside. Thank Jobin his implants made pregnancy impossible for he knew he was potent with this woman! A baby wasn't in his future. He was happy doing what he did. He wasn't ready to settle down. At least not until he found a woman who could stand up to him, a strong woman, a powerful woman. A woman like this one?

All Delia could do was utter a prayer of thanks to the doctors who looked after the pilots who flew for the Wardelian League. They made sure her subcutaneous implants were up-to-date and active and this was one time she was sure she needed to be protected against pregnancy. As his seed rushed into her, she could feel how thick and potent it was. Perhaps it was because her body was the receptacle for the rich cream or because she shared his thoughts as it screamed into her but no matter what the reason she knew they were playing with fire. Thank goodness she didn't need to worry about having his child! It was a good thing, wasn't it?

Then why did she see him cradling a tiny baby in his big hands, looking adoringly down at the precious bundle? Why did she see him watching her as she nursed, running his hand gently over the downy hair on the baby's head? Why did she see a little child running to be scooped up by a handsome man who looked suspiciously like

her bounty hunter? She came to the realization that she had made mad, passionate love with this man, like she had done with no other and she didn't even know his name. Even now, that seemed unimportant. A name wouldn't change the connection they had, make it any more secure. That would be impossible. She was in big trouble with a capital T.

Pulling gently out of her, Jude felt the link weaken then disappear completely and he felt oddly bereft. Unwilling to dwell on what had just happened, he rolled to his side, pulling her down with him. He felt her body relax as she moved into the curve of his body then sleep claimed him.

Delia lay quietly tucked in the cocoon of his body, listening to his gentle breathing, wondering how she had gotten into this situation. It was supposed to be an impromptu holiday with her navigator and now it had turned into...what? Her connection to this man was more than that, it was more like a bonding. Would he let her go? Would he let her get back to her job? Did she want him to let her go? As these tumultuous thoughts tumbled around in her head, sleep finally came.

Chapter Four

This time when Delia woke, she knew exactly where she was and who brought her there. His warm scent was in the air all around her and the smell of their lovemaking clung to her skin. She was pinned to the solid body behind her by a steely arm, her own arm small and pale as it lay on top. His fingers were long and calloused—hard to imagine how delicate they had been with her. Small scars decorated the back of his hand, indicative of the life he led. She knew this man was dangerous and deadly but she was drawn to him, belonged to him and he to her. She knew the instant he awakened, his steely rod pulsing between her cheeks. Her body wept with delight at the feel of his massive weapon, poised for entry. How long was he going to make her wait? She felt the subtle shift of his body to move his erection to her entrance then he gently slid inside. She knew they needed no protection for their respective implants protected not only against pregnancy but against disease as well.

Jude was delighted to awaken to feel her spooned against him, his arm holding her to him, where she belonged. His sexual encounters were usually through need not desire so more often than not he woke up alone. He knew this woman was his fate but he couldn't let that interfere with his rescue of Toryn. He felt the moment she reconnected with him, sensing her wetness, her need for him to fill her. Her body was warm and pliant, her opening wet and juicy as he slid in from behind and held there, savoring the connection. He could have spent eternity like that with her tight inner muscles clutching him but he felt her move up then slide back down his solid erection and he knew he would never be able to remain motionless. Putting both arms around her, he rolled to his back, stretching his legs with her atop him.

Delia understood immediately and sat up, keeping his penis tightly clenched inside her. By bending her legs and leaning forward, she was able to grip his rock-hard thighs,

giving her the leverage she needed to lift herself up and almost off his erection then back down, slowly, ever-so slowly, inch by inch.

Then she felt the shift as he began to invade her head to bond with her but this time she threw up a screen to keep him out. She was delighted to feel him reel back mentally and smile at her boldness. Maybe she had learned more from her grandmother about this gift than she realized. It was much too soon for her body and mind to undergo the same connection they had had the last time. It had been excruciatingly wonderful but all-consuming as well. This time she wanted to go slowly to let her body savor the lovemaking without the power of his feelings too.

Jude knew what she was about and he was surprised to find that he agreed with her. It had been almost too intense when they were making love and he didn't know how often he wanted to tempt Fate in that way. This was just temporary until he rescued Toryn. No sense letting feelings get in the way. Just enjoy it while it lasts then move on. He felt her voice.

Are you angry that I blocked you?

I was surprised but in some ways grateful.

What do you mean?

I automatically try to link with you. I can't stop it but everything was so intense last time that it would be nice to take it slow and easy this time.

I love what we did together earlier but now I want to savor you.

Sounds good to me!

Jude ran his hands up the curve of her back as she leaned away from him. Of course that wasn't disappointment he felt when there was no answering tingle along his back. Then she began to ride him and all he could think about were the feelings concentrated in his cock. She was wet and tight and clenched him like a fist. Each time she lifted up he was able to see his phallus, shiny with her juice, as it emerged from her entrance then she would sink down and he would see it disappear inside her to be grabbed by the strong muscles in her canal. He couldn't understand how she could fit that massive

erection inside her. Even though they weren't connected mentally, the sight of that solid hard-on entering her made his own tiny hole pucker in anticipation. He wanted to squirm as he envisioned a great, big cock entering him, separating the tender flesh as it forced its way inside. He needed to rescue Toryn!

Delia reveled in the sensation of being filled by his enormous cock. She couldn't fathom how she was able to swallow all of it but each stroke took him so far inside her that her entire body quivered. With her back to his front the angle of penetration was unusual for her, especially as she was astride him and each stroke rubbed her clit with that great bowed cock. Tooooo much! With one last downstroke, she felt her body tighten until her skin felt too small then the ripples of pleasure began to flow from her tiny clit to invade her entire body. She heard him groan, felt him shove inside her as far as he could then let go, filling her with rivers of cum. Even without their connection, she could feel the force of his orgasm as it entwined with hers. She hung there, limp, until he took her by the shoulders and pulled her back to lie on his chest. His shaft slowly slid from her body to lie against her thigh. She had to laugh as even his penis seemed exhausted.

Delia lay quiescent as he put his hand between her legs, dipping his finger in the copious liquid. She shivered as he ran his finger along her labia, stopping to dip into her tight little entry hole. His long finger explored the delicate inner tissue, still sensitive and swollen from her orgasm. Using it like a miniature penis, he swung it in and out of her then used her lubricant as he teased her clitoris. He rubbed her clit in gentle circles then flicked its sensitive hood, making her cry out.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, concerned.

"No. It doesn't hurt but I'm so sensitive there that I can hardly stand for you to touch me."

"I can make it all better," he said slyly. "Would you like me to do that for you?" Trembling, she nodded acquiescence. Sliding out from underneath her, he pushed

himself off the foot of the bed and went to his knees between her legs. "Scoot your butt to the bottom of the bed so I can start to make it better," he said.

Bending her legs, Delia slid her rear down the bed until it was right at the edge. With gentleness, he pressed her legs apart then placed them over his shoulders. Using his thumbs, he opened her folds to reveal her succulent portal, drenched in his cream. Leaning forward, he set his tongue to her and licked a path up her crease. She tried to squirm away but he put his hands on her butt cheeks to keep her in position. "Ah, ah, ah," he said. "I can't make it all better if you don't stay still for me." Then he poked his strong tongue right into her entry, licking her juicy hole with it. How did he expect her to keep still while he tortured her like that? Withdrawing his tongue, he licked her generous folds up to her nub which stood upright to welcome him. Tucking his tongue under the little hood, he tickled at her with the very tip, the point zeroing right in on her pleasure spot. "Does that feel better yet?" he asked, drawing his mouth back. Delia's answer was a moan. "I guess I'd better keep trying."

Putting his hands under her legs, he forced her butt up in the air to expose her tiny puckered hole. Sensing his intent, Delia tried to close her legs to him but he was too strong. Coating his finger first with their cream, he delicately touched the circle that was drawn so tight. He didn't try to push his way in. Instead he was content to trace the ridges that surrounded her little rosette. As soon as he felt her relax, he carefully pushed inside, giving her time to adjust to the unfamiliar invasion. Letting her become accustomed to the feeling, Jude worked his finger gently in and out then leaned forward to lick her slit at the same time.

Instead of the distaste she thought she would feel, Delia felt herself reaching for an orgasm. It's just too much, Delia thought. She could feel his finger inside her while he licked her slit then he withdrew it and pushed her butt higher in the air. She closed her eyes tightly as he put his tongue where no one but him had touched before. She screwed her eyes shut as he penetrated her ever-so slightly then they flew open as he let

her bottom back down on the bed, keeping her legs on his shoulders. She opened her eyes to see him grab hold of his cock and slide it into her vagina.

All the sensations were so close to the surface that she screamed and orgasmed immediately he entered her. He continued pounding into her, he letting his own sensations build and build until at last he flew off, jetting into her. Delia felt the hot rush of semen as it flooded her. She watched as he threw back his head and closed his eyes, his jaw rigid from the exquisite pleasure, his torso covered in a faint sheen of sweat.

Jude stood for a moment, waiting for his heartbeat to return to normal as he tried to gather his thoughts and feelings about this woman. Even with her shield in place, making love with this woman was scary. He could feel her absolute trust in him, letting him enjoy her body, knowing that it would bring pleasure for them both. No one but Torny had that trust in him and he wasn't sure how to deal with it. Maybe he needed to stick to the plan and start thinking about Torny. His navigator would be counting on him, trusting him and he couldn't let him down. Stepping back, he gently placed her legs on the bed and let his cock slide free of her tight embrace.

Delia watched him step back but knew that more than his body had moved away, he had somehow detached himself from her. He quickly erected a sensorscreen to keep her from poking around in his mind but she knew there was something else going on here that he didn't want her to find out about. She just didn't know what it was. Her grandmother would just tell her to wait and see what the Fates had in store for her.

She watched as he went into an adjoining room and heard him running water. Getting to her feet, she followed him and found herself in a luxurious bathroom with a commode and some sort of intricate shower chamber with multiple showerheads and seats. She couldn't stop herself from going over to look but she was unable to determine how all those heads would be used. Why would you want or need seats in a shower? She was at a loss to figure it out.

"I can leave if you would like to use the facilities," Jude said quietly. Delia turned slowly around, aware that he could read her silent questions and also aware that he wasn't going to furnish any answers.

Instead of responding, she walked over to him and said, "Do you realize that I've had your cock in my mouth and deep inside me? I've trusted you with my body with a trust no other man has shared. I've let down all my barriers with you, yet I don't even know your name." Whatever she was going to say, Jude hadn't expected that.

"I'm Jude Roland," he said.

"And I'm—"

"Delia Monroe," he said before she could finish. "Do you really think I would follow a woman halfway across the galaxy without knowing her name?"

Delia knew something wasn't right about this whole situation but before she could ask, Jude turned to leave, saying, "I'll just give you some privacy for a few minutes, if you like?"

She knew he was hiding something from her but every time she probed his thoughts, he shut her out immediately. She was afraid that she wasn't going to like his secret but until he was willing to share it with her, there wasn't much she could do. Making use of the commode and washing her hands, she went to stand at the shower stall again. Putting her hands to the wall of glass, she shuddered as visions began to flow into her head of Jude, standing naked, the warm water sluicing down his powerful body. She could see two hands on his chest, lathering his muscular torso with soap as the water poured over them. The hands gently washed him then slid down his body to encompass his erection—an erection that was hard and throbbing for release. She watched as Jude threw back his head in rapture, the muscles in his neck taut with ecstasy and his approaching orgasm. She felt like a voyeur as the shadowy figure ran a hand up and down Jude's rampant phallus, increasing the pressure little by little. She looked on as Jude put his hand atop the other and together they took up the hypnotic rhythm, up, down, up, down until, with a hoarse cry, he came over their joined hands. Delia didn't

know if this was the past or the future, his past or her future. She didn't even know if she was the shadowy figure with him.

"Would you like to try out the shower?" he said in her ear. Delia nearly jumped out of her skin. How had he managed to sneak up on her like that? Usually this man put all her senses on high alert but she had retreated so far into her vision that he was able to blindside her. "Are you all right?" he asked, concern in his voice when he saw her face. He thought she had been planning to make use of the shower but that was not what he was sensing from her. What had she seen with her hands pressed to the glass? Did she know? Could she see?

Delia knew not to ask about her vision. If they got into the shower together, maybe it would happen. If it was her future. Taking his hand, she stepped into the beautiful glassed-in enclosure, pulling him in with her. Maybe this way she would find out some of his secrets. She sensed him erecting his screens to keep her out but that was fine. Let them do this with no extras, just the visceral attitudes.

Jude knew she was looking for answers but he was not ready to give them, plus he wasn't the only one involved. Other players were waiting in the wings.

"Warm water, Number One," he called and the tallest showerhead turned on, sending a gentle spray over them. "Soap," he said, reaching his hand into a slot in the wall and a generous dollop of soap was dispensed. Rubbing his hands together first to work the soap into a lather, he gently massaged her breasts using the slippery soap to tantalize her as he pinched and pulled her nipples. She moved into his hands, trying to get as close to him as she could. He had the very talented hands typical of a fighter pilot and bounty hunter. He turned one hand fingers down and began a leisurely journey down her belly and over her mound to arrive at her slick opening. It was the perfect angle to touch her deep inside and she writhed, enraptured by his intimate caress. He could sense her delight as his finger moved to nudge her clit. He circled it slowly and easily, spreading it out and touching right in the center where he knew she was the most sensitive. The outcome was inevitable. Within minutes he had pushed her over the

precipice and she was in free fall for him, spinning out of control, beyond the bounds of pleasure.

He could still feel the waves undulating through her as he picked her up and set her up on one of the seats in the showering chamber. The seat was cut deep and high into the wall to allow one to sit well back. It also had two small vertical bars on each side to let you pull yourself up onto the seat from the floor. Delia was going to finally get to experience one of the seats in the chamber.

"Lean back and spread your legs for me," Jude commanded. Delia realized that when she opened her legs for him the height of the shelf would put her right at eye level. She could tell by the feral look in his eyes that he was well aware of that fact. If she could take on Sarwinian invaders with nothing but her wits and her Pyrian cruiser then she could certainly face this bounty hunter. She opened her legs and he smiled.

"You are gorgeous here," Jude said as he traced a finger down her slit. "I love all the beautiful colors and textures. I remember a double sunset I once saw on Halnavina. The sky was filled with the same exquisite colors as the two suns set and I didn't think I would ever see the like again but you are just as gorgeous." Running his fingers down her pouty lips, he took hold of one and tugged. She was so ready for him that he could hardly hold on to her slick lips. "You look good enough to eat and I think I'll do just that," he whispered. He knew she wished he'd drop his sensorscreen so they could share this but he held it firmly in place. Thrusting out his tongue, he used it to follow the path of her crease up from her entrance to her taut little bud. Hooking it under the hood of her clit, he pressed up with the very point of his tongue.

Oh Jude. That feels so good. Delia was delighted as he opened the door to his mind just a bit.

You are delectable. So sweet. I could feast on you for eternity.

Delia wondered if this was a prelude to the scene from her vision. Was she the one rubbing her slick hands over his body? Was she the one grasping that massive erection? Was it her hand he covered as he stroked himself to fulfillment? Was it her hands that

received his warm, slippery cum as he yelled his completion? She felt him nudge the door in his mind to keep her from coming too far inside. As he laved her cunt she found that she was past caring, especially when he sent her reeling to another orgasm.

“Number One, water off,” he said and the water immediately shut off. “Number three, open,” he called. Delia watched open-mouthed as a small door beside her slid up to reveal a hidden recess. “My navigator loves to tinker with stuff so when we refitted the cruiser, I let him go nuts in here,” Jude said as he gestured around the shower chamber. “There are all kinds of crazy gadgets hidden in these walls.” Jude reached inside and pulled out some things that Delia didn’t recognize. She looked on curiously as he set them on one of the lower-level seats then turned back to her.

“Do you trust me, Delia?” he asked, uncertainty in his eyes. She knew that he was hiding something from her but she also knew he wouldn’t hurt her so she nodded hesitantly. Now that he had her acquiescence, Jude reached down and picked up one of the objects and held it out on the flat of his hand so she could see it. Delia drew her eyebrows together as she looked at the unfamiliar object. It resembled the tail of a *rintel* like the one her sister Molly kept for a pet but instead of being black, this one was a gorgeous shade of honey brown. It was set into some type of holder so the short tail fanned out. Reaching into the soap slot, this time he called out “cream” not “soap” so when he withdrew his hand there was a dollop of turquoise cream in his palm.

Standing in front of her, he whispered to her, “Put your legs on my shoulders, Delia.” She complied, unsure what he was about. Holding the tail in one hand, he put his other hand out flat and dabbed the tail into the cream, covering it in a rich lather. “Open your legs for me,” he urged. She couldn’t stop herself from doing as he asked. As she looked down, he began to use the object to spread the lather over her pubic hair. She broke into a smile as she realized it was nothing but a brush he was using to coat her with delightful foam. She smiled as he looked up at her then laughed when the brush tickled as he coated her labia in the creamy froth.

Jude knew she still didn't realize what he was doing but hoped she would be so far gone that she wouldn't be able to cry halt. That wasn't to be!

Delia watched as he reached to the low seat and picked up another article. She tried to draw back as she recognized it from a book she had read detailing life on Old Earth. Now she knew what was happening! It was a razor and she was covered in cream so he could shave her pubis!

"Jude. What are you doing?" she cried anxiously.

"I read somewhere that this would enhance a woman's pleasure and I wanted to do it for you." He felt like such a bastard lying to her but he had no choice. It was time to stick to the plan and even though she didn't know it yet she was an integral part of that plan. "I'll stop if you want me to," he lied, "but I think you'll like how it feels when we make love afterwards."

Delia decided that this whole trip was made up of firsts for her so she would try to relax and let him pleasure her. Jude made sure she was covered in shaving cream then began to draw the razor through the hair low on her belly. Delia tried not to move but it was a foreign feeling and disconcerting to have someone running a sharp implement across her skin.

"Number Four, gentle flow," he called and the head nearest them came on with a small stream of water so he could keep the razor clean. Delia wanted to close her eyes so she didn't have to watch herself being shaved by someone else but the whole picture was so erotic that it was impossible to shut them. It was so arousing to feel his fingers nudge then hold her labia to one side but to watch at the same time was delicious. He was very gentle and thorough. He touched her delicate tissue as if it were precious to him, carefully moving the razor alongside her labia then right down them, removing every vestige of hair until she was shiny and completely open to him.

"Number Four, off," he called. Picking up a hand sprayer, he called, "Number Six, gently on," and carefully washed away all traces until she was clean and totally hairless. "Number Six, off," he called as he set the hand sprayer back in its holder.

Reaching up to his shoulders, he put his hands under Delia's legs and set her feet down on the small shelves protruding below the seat. The footholds were shaped to comfortably hold one's heels and the placement of them kept her legs spread wide. She began to understand a lot more about the workings of the shower chamber.

As soon as Jude placed her feet in the footholds, he stepped back to look at her naked glory. He was speechless as he looked at the most secret part of her, totally exposed to his hungry gaze. He had thought this part of her was beautiful and luscious before but nothing prepared him for the sight of her with nothing to hide her glorious folds and secret places. It was a feast for the senses and for a few minutes he let down his screens so she could share his hunger.

Delia's thoughts were bombarded with his visions of her naked cunt. She thought he would be repelled by the sight of her hairless pussy but the opposite seemed to be true. His hunger was all-consuming as he stared at her.

I need to have you right now. So saying, he bent forward and licked her exposed vulva, made ultra-sensitive by the so-recent shave. Delia's knuckles were white as she gripped the bars of the shower seat, just waiting for that first touch of his tongue to her heated flesh. Then she felt just the tip begin to touch her with a featherlight caress. He traced right up her plump lips, barely grazing them in his erotic journey then he pressed harder and pushed her labia flat as his tongue swept over them. With her shaved pussy there was absolutely nothing between her skin and his tongue and she was aching for him, for his touch. Finding her succulent center, he licked her, like a tiger to cream and it was sublime torture. It was more than she could bear but still not enough. She needed him closer then he opened his mind to her and she knew the bliss he was reaping as well.

Jude knew it was a bad idea to let down his screens but he wanted to share this with her. She had let him touch her in a most intimate way and he wanted to bond with her even if just for a few minutes. The first touch of his tongue made him think of the richest, most succulent delicacies of the galaxy. Sweet fruits from Galandria, exotic

pastries from Numan, irresistible tree berries from Zaminder, all of them paled in comparison to the sweetness of her taste. Her lips were fleshy and ripe beneath his tongue but her center, her lush center was paradise in his mouth.

Through his memories all the delights he had savored tantalized her, but the sweetest of them all was the taste of her, rich and spicy, dark and musky. She was his tongue as he licked her fleshy lips, explored her luscious slit, penetrated her delectable entrance. Then she knew he knew that it wasn't enough.

Jude reached up, grabbed her by the waist and set her down on the floor of the shower chamber. Delia watched, voracious for him, as he backed up and sat down on a lower-level seat on the opposite side of the chamber. This time it was Jude who grabbed the vertical rails.

"Come here and mount me!" he said in a low voice. Suddenly the vision reappeared. She saw him sitting on that same seat with someone else preparing to mount him. She knew it wasn't her. Who was it? Before the picture became clear, she felt him shift his shield into place and the image was lost. He still didn't trust her with his secret.

Jude knew she had been so close that time. He couldn't risk letting her past his shields again. She was too strong and he was proving to be too weak where she was concerned. "Come to me," he said. "Take me inside you." Delia walked forward, her smooth, swollen lips feeling foreign between her legs. Taking hold of the rails, she noticed there were footholds below this seat as well so she was able to put her feet in them and slide down his huge, glorious cock. She was unprepared for the added sensation of her bare cunt. There was no hair to come between her and his glorious body. His crisp hairs rubbed deliciously against her nether lips, adding to the delightful friction. Every downstroke brought them together while every upstroke made her draw in her breath in anticipation. Holding on to the bars and keeping her feet in the footholds allowed her to rise up until he was barely inside her then she could slam down on him, taking him as far inside her as she could. Sitting on his lap, face-to-face,

so close to him, she was able to watch his face as the change came over him and she knew he was close. She felt his body tighten then he filled her with his juice, filled her until it ran from her in rivulets, down her thighs and over his. She slumped forward and Jude cradled her in his arms, rubbing gentle circles on her back.

Using her hands on the bars, Delia finally lifted herself off him and stood. She wished he would let her in. She missed the closeness of being linked to him but it was not to be. At least not for now. "Will the gadgets work for me?" she asked.

"Oh, most definitely," he said with a smile. "Go ahead and try them out."

Taking the hand sprayer, she called, "Number Six, gently on," and was delighted when the water began to flow in a gentle stream. Putting her hand in the slot she called for soap and a small quantity was dispensed in her palm. Jude's muscles tightened as he waited for her to wash him clean but after rubbing her hands together, she began to soap her breasts, forcing him to watch. She rubbed the soap all over her belly and under her arms. He swallowed as she put her hand in the slot and called for more soap. This time she lathered her hands and while he looked on, rubbed her hands over her clean-shaven cunt.

It felt so good to touch herself there. The skin was so soft, so swollen with her need for him. She tugged her lips, letting him watch. For a third time, she put her hands in the slot and rubbed her slippery hands together. With a very naughty smile, she approached him as he sat on the seat. He sighed as her hands danced over the skin of his chest. She knew it was making him ache for her. His cock lengthened as she played with him, begging her to touch it and finally she grabbed hold of it with her soapy hands and gave him the rhythm she knew he craved. Up and down, up and down. Jude put his hands over hers and together they took up the rhythm until with a yell he came, the precious fluid covering their joined hands. Even without their thoughts being joined, Delia knew this was not her vision. It was with someone else, someone equally dear to him but it wasn't her. She knew that no matter who this other person was, she

and Jude had something special and enduring. She just needed to make sure he understood that.

Taking the hand sprayer, Delia washed the two of them and returned it to its holder.

"Thank you for that," he said drawing her into his arms and holding her close. Stepping away, he got out of the shower chamber and walked to the wall opposite the shower. "Chamber Seven, two towels," he said and a door opened and a shelf slid out bearing two towels. Unfolding one, he wrapped it around her. She snuggled into it as she realized it was warm. "Another feature my navigator added," he explained. "The cupboard is designed to heat the towels as soon as the shower chamber is activated so there are always warm towels when you finish."

"I think I'd like to meet this navigator of yours someday," she said sleepily.

"Oh, you will. You definitely will," Jude assured her. She had no idea how true those words were.

"I'd also like to try out Number Two and Number Five," she said coquettishly. Jude looked at her, not understanding.

"Number Two and Number Five?" he asked.

"We tried out all the numbers from One to Seven in the shower chamber except for Number Two and Number Five so I want to make sure we try them out next time." Jude laughed.

"We can certainly try them out next time," Jude assured her but in his heart he doubted very much that there would be a next time. He took the second towel and dried himself, watching Delia as she rubbed her body with the warm towel.

"Is it my imagination or is the floor warm as well?" she quizzed.

"Yes. Toryn even thought of that too," he replied.

"Toryn. That's your navigator?"

"Yes" was the brusque reply. *Shields up! Don't give anything away!*

Delia felt the barricade slip firmly into place but not before he let slip that little piece of information. Jude swept her into his arms and carried her back to the bed.

“I don’t know about you but I really need to catch a few hours’ sleep,” he said as he set her down and crawled in beside her.

“That sounds wonderful,” Delia said as she snuggled back against him.

Chapter Five

Delia knew she was alone as soon as she awoke. The space beside her was empty, his essence weak, not overpowering like before. Whatever was going to happen was at hand but she knew better than to fight the Fates. Throwing back the covers, she stood by the bed. Lying across the end of the bed was an armored flight suit and some small knives. What a thoughtful man to leave her the weapons of her choice! The flight suit fit like a glove and she felt better knowing she was armed and protected by the light battle armor in the suit. Crossing to the door, it opened instantly, letting her out onto a long corridor that led to a set of elevators. Upon entering the elevators, a voice quietly asked for her destination. Assuming Jude had gone to the bridge that was the destination she chose. The doors opened soundlessly seconds later, allowing her to view the ship's controls with Jude in the captain's chair.

"Come in," he called without turning around. He knew the instant she had woken from her sleep. Their connection was too strong to allow otherwise. "Come and look out," he encouraged. Delia strode forward, ready to embrace whatever happened. As she stood looking out the forward window bay, Jude reached out and pulled her into his lap.

Laughing, Delia said, "Captain, I don't think that's proper military behavior."

"To Pantan with proper military behavior!" he retorted. "I want to hold you and since there's no one here but you and me, I can do as I wish." Delia nestled against him, wishing she could see into their future.

"Do you recognize that planet?" he asked as the triple rings came into view. Delia's face lit up as she saw the planet out the window bay.

"It's Tantor!" she said excitedly. "Are we going to visit King Feldan? Do you have business with him?" At Jude's nod she continued. "He and my father are close friends. I didn't know you knew him," she said, turning in his lap to look at him.

"I need to see him about a very important matter and I thought you might like to come along." Delia tried to figure out what was going on. For some reason he knew that she was friends with the king and he needed her to be on the planet with him. So be it. They would go down together. "Let's go to the pod bay and we can grab a speederpod to get to Slidaron."

"Is King Feldan at the castle in Slidaron? I thought he was away with his wife to see their new grandchild."

"Something came up and he had to return. He asked if I would come and help him out." Taking her hand, he led her to the elevator that whisked them silently to the pod bay. As they climbed into the pod he turned to her and said, "Can you fly one of these things if there was an emergency?"

"Of course I can." *What an odd question.*

"Just curious," Jude said. Delia knew he was more than curious but she let it go.

They flew through the sky, the little speeder pod responsive to his slightest touch. The landing bay was eerily silent as they touched down. Usually the area was full of creatures from many different planets, the air filled with the sound of voices and engines and cargo being loaded and unloaded but today there was no sound, just the quiet hum of the speeder pod as it gently settled down. Jude knew she could sense the wrongness of everything around them but he was powerless to stop the plan. The wheels were already in motion.

As they stepped out of the little pod, Jude took her hand, not caring that it wasn't proper protocol. He wanted to have these last few minutes with her. It was obvious that they were expected, the palace guards moving quickly to open massive doors and allow them entry. The very corridors of the palace lacked their normal hustle and bustle. Servants were nowhere to be seen and the usual cacophony of sounds and mélange of

smells seemed strangely absent. They paused at a set of gigantic bronze doors that Delia recognized well, their surface an intricate maze of dragons taken from some Old Earth story King Feldan loved. Jude pulled her into his arms and kissed her. "I love you," he whispered as he flung open the towering portals and ushered her inside. The doors flew shut with an ominous thud, leaving them standing inside the massive throne room. King Feldan stood by his throne, his hand gripping one arm of the ornate seat of power. Many times Delia had stood before this throne, welcomed by the man who was like an uncle to her. She had even sat in it as a child, sharing it with King Feldan's daughter, as her father and the king had discussed matters of state.

Delia bowed. Friend or not, he was still king. King Feldan stood unmoving, silent.

"Are you all right?" she asked, concerned by his lack of response.

"Oh, he's just fine," replied a voice from the shadows. A chill spilled through her. She knew that voice, knew what it meant. She had been betrayed.

"Hello, Brachan," she said, hoping her face didn't show the anguish she felt at having been delivered into the hands of her enemy. Turning to the king, she said, "I don't understand."

"He has my daughter. If I didn't cooperate, he would kill her. Many of us are bound to this creature in ways you couldn't imagine. Just remember that!"

"Your job is done," Brachan spat. "Leave us!" With a last look at Delia, King Feldan turned and slowly left the room. Brachan moved from the shadows, his green skin resplendent in the light from the chandeliers. He drew back his pudgy lips in what Delia assumed was a smile and ran a claw down her face, scratching her delicate skin. At the trickle of blood that oozed from the thin cut, Jude shot forward.

"You said you wouldn't hurt her," he cried.

"Come now, Captain. Even you couldn't be so stupid as to think I wouldn't take my revenge. This woman stole from me, lied to me and I demand retribution."

"You were going to torture and kill your wife. I only did what I had to do. I had no choice but to save her."

"She had outlived her usefulness but no matter. You must face the consequences. You will take my wife's place...in all ways." Delia recoiled from the unholy gleam in his bright orange eyes. She would rather be dead than lie with this creature and she was fairly certain that no matter what occurred, death would be the end result and it would be as prolonged and as painful as only a monster such as Brachan could administer.

Turning to Jude, Brachan spoke. "And to show you, Captain, that I am a creature of my word, I will fulfill our bargain. Guards!" A small door opened to the right of the throne and two burly guards appeared, dragging a naked man between them. Coming to a halt in front of their commander, they threw the man to the floor at Brachan's command and marched from the room. Delia looked on as Jude knelt by the wounded man. It was obvious from the bruises covering his massive body that he had been badly beaten but it was also obvious that he was a very handsome man. For some reason, Brachan's thugs hadn't touched his face and he had a striking beauty about him.

"Our bargain has been fulfilled," Brachan said. "Take him and get out!"

"What about her?" Jude asked, looking at Delia.

"Her fate is none of your concern," Brachan shouted. "Just get out!"

Jude tried frantically to communicate with her to let her know it was going to be all right but she was so stricken by his betrayal that she had thrown up her shields and refused to communicate with him. With a last look at Delia, Jude took hold of his wounded comrade and, thanks to his implants, threw him over his shoulder as if he were a child. She watched in silence as he strode to the bronze doors and pulled one open. They slammed shut behind him, leaving her alone with her fate and with Brachan.

"That was the mysterious navigator, I assume?" she said, turning to her captor.

"Yes, that was Toryn. Even wounded he is unbelievably beautiful. Beautiful, strong and cunning. His captain too. Just the way I like them. One can't help but admire the captain's loyalty even if it did mean your betrayal. Amazing what people will do in the name of friendship, isn't it?" Brachan said, shaking his large reptilian head.

"I guess that's something you'll never have to worry about," Delia murmured sarcastically.

"Shut up!" he yelled, striking her across the face, his scales leaving vivid marks. Delia could taste the blood welling in her mouth. She wasn't going down without a fight but she would bide her time. Striking in anger may work for him but she needed to plan better than that.

"Well, if you're going to take my wife's place then I want to see my part of the bargain. Take your clothes off so I can see what I'm getting before I fuck you. Have you ever had a Redelian warrior fuck you before? Trust me. It will be something you'll never forget. I'll make sure of that," he said, laughing malevolently. "I hate fucking humans but I'm going to love sticking my great, big green prong inside you. I hope the barbs on it don't cut you too badly inside but I don't really care. Redelians consider blood to be an aphrodisiac so you may find our lovemaking to be a bit, shall we say, savage." He threw back his head and roared with vicious laughter. "Don't worry though, my healers will stitch you up, put you in the regeneration chamber and in a few hours you will be as you were. By then I'll have steeled myself to having to take you again. Did I tell you that my prong is ten inches long? It can reach deep, deep inside you. I can hardly wait." Delia wasn't sure whether she was going to faint or throw up. She knew Brachan wouldn't care. He'd just wait until she came around then he'd lance her again with his barbarous prong.

Oh great Jobin! How could Jude have abandoned her to such a horrible fate? He had certainly done a number on her. It was all a clever ruse to rescue Toryn and she was the pawn in the game.

"Perhaps you'd like to see my lance of love?" he inquired mockingly, pulling her back to reality. Raising himself to his full height of seven feet, he pulled apart the front closure of his breeches and, from a luxuriant mane of long chartreuse-colored hair, he took out his prong. Delia recoiled at the sight of it. The length and breadth of it was incredible. It was, as he said, ten inches long and now she saw that it was a hideous

shade of green. The head of it was the size of her fist and she knew it would tear her apart as he entered her. All down the length of it were rows of barbs that would tear her to pieces as he pulled out of her. No wonder his wife had pleaded with Delia to kill her. Delia couldn't imagine having that thing inside you then being healed in the regeneration chamber just to allow him to do it again and again. She had stolen Mariella from under Brachan's nose and taken her to safety on a distant planet only because Mariella had sought her aid. Now that she knew the horrible truth she was glad she had done it even if it meant her own demise.

Shoving his weapon back into his breeches, Brachan strode regally to the throne and climbed the dais, claiming the royal seat as if it were his own.

"Enough delay! Take off your clothes!" Brachan shouted.

Delia undid the zipper across her breasts then remembered that Jude had left no underclothing for her. As soon as she removed the suit, she would be totally, wholly naked for this beast. She cringed at the thought of having this creature view her nude body. Whether he wanted her or not, he was still going to torture her by fucking her with that hideous rod so the longer she kept her clothes on the better. Brachan stepped down from the throne and crossed to her. He reached up with his clawed hands, grabbed the neck of her suit and ripped it to the waist, exposing her beautiful breasts.

"I suspect if I were a male of your species, I would find you attractive but you are just a fuck-toy to me," he snarled.

Delia refused to grab the tattered suit or to beg for mercy from this brute. She knew that was what he wanted her to do and she also knew it would be futile as he had no intention of letting her live.

"Turn around," he yelled. "I don't wish to see your ugly human face." Delia turned away from him and, kneeling behind her, he tore the suit from her body, leaving her naked and vulnerable.

"I'll just take these," he said with a grin, removing her hidden blades and flinging them across the assembly hall. Without those blades, she really was defenseless

although she knew they probably would have been useless against his tough armored hide. They would only have served to make him more angry and she certainly didn't want that. "Turn around so I can see what I'm going to fuck," he commanded. Delia knew that there was little she could do. A tear rolled down her cheek as she thought of her lovemaking with Jude. It had been so precious to her. This animal would use her as a fuck-vessel then discard her until she healed so he could use her again and again. She hoped he would tire of her quickly and kill her.

Turning to meet her fate, she stood proud and tall before the savage beast. He cruelly raked her with his eyes, tracing down her body at the same time with one razor-sharp claw, leaving a thin line of blood trickling from the cut. He cut a thin line between her breasts but Delia refused to flinch or draw back. Something akin to respect shone in Brachan's eyes as he realized this human woman was indeed a worthy opponent. He slit a fine line down her torso to her belly then froze as he reached her pubis.

"Aaaarggg!" he roared, looking at her naked pubis. "Who did this to you?" he howled. "Who has desecrated you in this way?"

Delia had no idea what he was talking about. What did he mean? Then she knew that Jude had saved her. This creature was appalled by her shaved cunt.

"No one has done this to me. This is the fashion on my planet. All women are clean-shaven as I am," she lied to him.

"It was bad enough having to force myself between your legs but to look on that hideous monstrosity exposed by its lack of fur... I won't have it! How dare you appear before me in such a state, you *hieden*."

Before Delia could react to his ferocious anger and move away, he began to attack her with his claws, tearing at her delicate skin. Brachan threw out his arm and backhanded her, forcing her to her knees. The sight of her shaven pubis was so repellent to him, so repellent to his entire race that he had to put aside his vengeance. He would be unable to force himself to put his prong inside that abhorrent flesh.

“Guards,” he called, “come and get this *hieden* out of my sight.” The last thing Delia saw before she lost consciousness was the same two burly guards who had hauled away Toryn, reaching down to take hold of her. The last thing she heard was Jude’s voice in her head. *Trust me, Delia. Trust me.*

Chapter Six

It was the hardest thing he had ever done but Jude turned his back on her and walked away. He knew Toryn wouldn't survive if they didn't get him back to the ship pronto. Jude could feel his life force slipping away even as he hauled him through the massive doors. Once the doors had swung shut behind them, Jude gently lay Toryn down on the floor and signaled the waiting speederpod. It had been hidden in an area behind the palace, the crew awaiting Jude's communication to come and retrieve the stricken navigator. Within minutes, the pod arrived, small enough to skim through the wide corridors of the palace with the aid of the onboard compugram. Removing the transpod, Jude gently lowered his friend to the device and floated it to the cradle in the pod where the waiting crew set the holding beams to secure Toryn in. Jude knew that as soon as they got to the *Renegade*, the medics on board would put him into the neurocharger and its healing rays would instantly repair any damage to his body. He also knew that speed was of the essence for although the neurocharger could heal any degree of damage from light to severe, it was incapable of resuscitating someone who was already dead. The pod would rendezvous with the *Renegade* within minutes and the mini-neurocharger aboard the little transport vessel would sustain Toryn until they reached the ship. Now all Jude had to do was wait.

No sound penetrated the heavy bronze doors so he let down his shields to probe her thoughts but she was so angry with him that she blocked his every effort. He had no idea what was happening to Delia. He knew his plan was a good one, albeit a little offbeat but he had studied enough about Brachan to know how he would react to her little surprise.

Happily he had never seen a naked Redelian but the stories he had heard told of long, luxuriant pubic hair of which the vile creatures were inordinately proud. He

expected Brachan to be no different. It seemed like the ultimate antithesis on such a reptilian-like creature but if that little idiosyncrasy was able to save Delia's life then he would use it. In fact, her life depended on Brachan being repulsed by her shaved cunt. He just hoped Brachan didn't kill her in his anger. Jude knew that was a very real possibility.

All at once he felt the veil lift from his mind and knew that she was slipping away. He was panicked, worried that he'd left it too long. *Trust me, Delia. Trust me.* He hoped his words would force her to hang on.

Suddenly the massive bronze doors swung open and the same two brawny guards appeared, this time with Delia slung between them. Lifting her high in their arms, they threw her forward, letting her collapse at Jude's feet. "Brachan says to take your garbage home. If it lives," they added with a laugh. Jude fell to the floor, taking her in his arms, the crude guards forgotten. His scanners told him that she was still alive, barely. Frantically he hailed the speederpod, relieved to discover that it was already on its way back. He shouldn't have doubted his crew, they knew the plan. The small craft appeared down the long hallway, the crew stepping out almost before it came to a stop. They knew their captain would be beside himself to get her to the neurocharger before it was too late. Jude climbed in beside her, conscious of the fact that this seemed all too familiar. The difference was the last time she was just a woman he needed for his plan, this time she was a woman he needed to survive.

When they got to the *Renegade*, Jude hovered until the medics finally told him she and Toryn were going to be fine and to go away. He went off in a huff, knowing that they would need to sleep for several hours after spending time in the neurocharger. It was the body's way of helping with the healing process. Making his way back to his cabin, he threw off his clothes and lay down on the bed, aware that neither Delia nor Toryn would be released from sick bay for a few hours but when they were they would be hale and hearty and healed.

He really didn't mean to sleep but his body had other ideas and he drifted off almost immediately. He was awakened a little while later by a delightful tongue making its way down his chest.

"Delia," he whispered.

"No," came the laughing reply in a deep masculine voice. "Were you hoping it was?" Now the tongue covered his nipple and flicked it gently. Jude opened his eyes to see the beautiful face of his navigator hovering there. "Thank you for coming to get me," Toryn said. "I didn't think I was going to make it."

Jude reached up and caressed his cheek. "I thought that you were just my navigator and sometimes lover but I realized that it was more than that," he said. "But now I have a problem."

"I know. You need *her* too." Toryn had had a lot of time to think while Brachan held him captive. He had been certain that Jude would rescue him but he also knew that although he and his captain had only made love a few times, he felt more than just lust for him. It was easy to imagine how Jude felt about this woman.

"How do you know about her?" Jude quizzed.

"The whole crew is talking about her but I don't understand how she fits into the story." Jude told him that he had kidnapped Delia for the express purpose of trading her for Toryn but once he had her on the ship, everything had changed. He told him that he was somehow connected to this woman just as he was connected to Toryn.

"I had come up with a plan to rescue you but I couldn't leave her behind either. Can you understand that?"

Toryn leaned down and gently kissed Jude on the mouth, a kiss of gratitude, a kiss of understanding. "The woman is sleeping in the adjoining cabin and won't awaken for some time yet. Her wounds weren't as severe as mine but she's smaller and needs more time to recuperate. Would you like to take a shower while you wait for her to recuperate?"

"With you?" Jude asked with a smile.

"Of course with me."

Jude blessed the day Toryn had forced the captain to take him on as navigator. He was a fabulous navigator and a wonderful lover. As this whole chain of events had unfolded, Jude had come to the realization that he would have gone through the fires of Portulia to rescue Toryn but now he knew Toryn would have done the same for him. Toryn slid off the bed, putting his hand out to draw Jude to his feet. Standing together, it was easy to see that Jude was taller and more muscular than Toryn but Toryn could hold his own in any kind of scrap. He was smaller than Jude's six feet three but at six feet one he still towered over most men. Jude reached out and ran his hands over Toryn's chest, just delighted to have him back and in one piece.

"I missed you," he said, "and I worried that you were already dead." Looking down at Toryn's enormous erection, he smiled and said, "I missed that too."

Reaching forward, he put his hands on both sides of Toryn's head and gently kissed his eyes, his cheeks, his succulent lips. He used his tongue to trace his navigator's bottom lip then nipped along it before he thrust his tongue inside his mouth. Toryn responded to the feel of Jude's tongue in his mouth, tracing along the inside of his cheeks, across his sensitive palate. It seemed like so long since they had been together.

"He didn't hurt you, did he?" Jude asked, concern in his voice.

"Not in the way you mean," Toryn replied. "He is definitely only interested in the female of any species. He took delight in beating me or having his thugs torture me but he wasn't interested in fucking me."

"Let's see if I can help you forget what he did to you," Jude said as he took Toryn by the hand and led him to the shower chamber. As soon as they entered, Toryn pulled up short.

"What is it?" Jude asked.

"I can smell what you did in here with her. It smells delicious. Does she taste good?" Toryn asked curiously.

"She tastes exquisite," Jude replied. "Would you like to pleasure her with me?" Jude knew that Toryn had never made love with a woman before.

"I think I would like to pleasure her together. Do you think she would like that?"

"We'll just have to wait and ask her," Jude responded.

* * * * *

Delia came awake with a start, expecting to feel unbearable pain, expecting to see that repulsive creature staring at her. Instead she felt Jude close by and knew that she was safe. Remembering what Brachan had done to her, she pushed the sheet down to see how damaged her body was and was amazed to find not a mark on her. All her terrible wounds were healed and not a scar remained as a testament to her terrible ordeal.

She didn't know how long she'd been sleeping but she did know that now that she was awake, nature called and she called urgently. Gingerly swinging her legs over the side of the bed, she was startled to find that she was sure and steady on her feet as if her nightmare with Brachan had never taken place. Whatever magic the medics of the *Renegade* had worked on her, she was very grateful. Looking around the unfamiliar cabin, she realized that it was not Jude's cabin but she could feel him close by. His screens were down and totally inactive as if he no longer needed them. Suddenly she was slammed with unbearable lust, waves of it flowing through her body like a firestorm. Without the barrier to his thoughts in place, she was bombarded with his feelings. Stumbling around the room, she passed through an open door to find herself in a small bathroom. This bathroom was a basic, serviceable room for performing the necessary functions and nothing more. There was no elaborate shower chamber with multiple showerheads, no warming cupboard with fresh, warm towels inside and no array of seats in the shower chamber.

After making use of the facilities, Delia grabbed a robe someone had left at the foot of the bed and went in search of Jude. Stepping out into the passageway, she saw that

she had been given the cabin next to his. As she stood at his door wondering how to get in, it slid open soundlessly. Delia didn't know that Jude had programmed the door to recognize her DNA so it accepted her instantly and allowed her entry.

As she stepped over the threshold, the hunger was so strong it raised the fine hairs on the back of her neck with its ferocity. Heading toward the elaborate bathroom, she could feel the waves of lust pulsing in the air. They were so intense she felt like she should be able to reach out and touch them. Stepping into the bathroom, she stopped just inside the door and saw the two of them together in the shower chamber. They were so beautiful together that she wanted to cry out to them. Jude was taller than Toryn but both were covered in heavy muscle. It was obvious that they worked hard for a living. They were broad through the shoulders, their bodies tapering to abs that had not an ounce of fat on them, then lean through the hips and long in the cock. It was difficult not to stare at them.

As Delia watched, Jude put his hands into the soap dispenser then rubbed them together. He put his slippery hands to Toryn's chest, lovingly caressing him and playing with his stiff little nipples. Delia could feel those hands caressing her breasts at the same time. Every stroke across Toryn's broad chest was mirrored across her breasts. Each time Jude tugged on Toryn's nipples or pinched them gently, her nipples felt the companion pull. She watched, enraptured, as he gently pushed Toryn back until he was at the seat she had sat on. Toryn reached up and grabbed the vertical bars, lifting himself onto the seat. It was evident that they had done this before and now Delia knew who was in her vision with Jude, it was Toryn.

From this level, Jude was able to lean forward and nibble on Toryn's belly, licking each little bite with his strong tongue. Toryn's enormous erection stood strong and proud, each touch of Jude's cheek against it making it lengthen and swell until Toryn felt like his skin was too tight. Jude put his tongue to the little slit in the tip of Toryn's massive shaft and licked the little drop of pre-cum.

Delia felt Jude's tongue poking up under her clit, nudging the little nub to attention. As he grabbed his navigator's cock and slid it into his mouth, Delia put her hand between her legs and began to tease the little button of flesh hidden there. Her body could feel Jude's mouth sucking the big cock yet it also felt her own hand circling her clit, drawing it out. She watched as Jude applied suction with his cheeks and tongue and felt Toryn so close to the edge. Jude began to move his head up and down Toryn's penis, grabbing tighter and tighter with his mouth and running his tongue up and down, feeling the heavy veins running the length of the huge cock. Delia began to press harder on her clit, flattening it out, seeking the secret center, the point of the most pleasure. She could feel Toryn's orgasm bubbling to the surface like hot lava and with a rush she exploded with him, tremors racking her frame. Their combined orgasm went on and on, shaking her body with its ferocity. She could see that Toryn was shaking as well. Did he realize that her orgasm had become a part of him?

Toryn slowly slid down from the seat, advancing on his lover and turning him to face the wall. Delia realized they were by one of the showerheads she and Jude hadn't used. Of course Toryn knew all the intricacies of the shower system. He had designed it, so maybe she would get to see what kind of pleasure that showerhead would bring. She didn't have long to wait. Toryn took Jude's hands and placed them flat on the wall in front of him.

Delia realized she was holding her breath in anticipation. She watched as Toryn reached into the soap dispenser and got some lather on his hands. First he used the rich foam to wash Jude's back then as she looked on he slid his hand down Jude's back, fingers first and put his long middle finger to the little puckered hole in Jude's backside. Oh great Panton! Delia knew what that was going to feel like. Jude had done that to her. She shivered as she felt his finger penetrate them, stretching the tight skin to allow entry. She watched as he gently drove it in and out of Jude's body. He was driving it in and out of Jude's body but she could feel it in her butt as well. In, out, in, out, a river of pleasure pouring over them.

Toryn put his hand back into the dispenser but this time he grabbed his erection and lathered it. Delia squirmed as she now knew what a man felt with his hands on himself. He was so hard and so warm. The skin was soft and smooth but his cock was so hard, the veins bulging as it beat in time with his pulse. He must have called to the showerhead by the high seat, for the water came on for an instant to let him wash the soap from his hands then he put his hand into the compartment where Jude had found the shaving cream. His hand was shiny as he put his fingers again to Jude's tight hole. Delia realized it was lubricant and he was making it easier for him to enter.

Using the rest of the lube on his own cock, Toryn grabbed his hard-on and began to spread Jude's tiny hole. Delia gasped as it began to enter her, the pain unbearable as he stretched her to the limit. She heard Jude cry out at the unbelievable pleasure then Toryn was past the rosette and pushing his way inside. He was huge inside them, his cock pushing against their inner walls, exerting incredible pressure. Just when she thought the exquisite torture couldn't become any more intense, he began to move. Toryn reached around Jude and grabbed his cock, jacking him off at the same time. He called to the showerhead that was mounted on the wall between Jude's legs and as he pulled on his lover's penis the water began to pulse a rhythm that hit Jude right in the balls.

It was too much for Delia. Toryn went off first, exploding into Jude then Delia felt herself quiver into release. Jude let go of the wall with one hand and placed it on top of Toryn's and together they brought him to completion, his fluid running over their hands, Delia's vision come to life. Delia didn't have the strength to stand and watch them shower off the residue from their lovemaking. Turning, she made her way to her cabin where she threw the robe on the bed and crawled in, falling into a sleep of exhaustion.

"Do you think she realized that we knew she was there?" Toryn asked as he stood leaning into Jude's body. Jude shook his head.

"She knew she was part of our feelings but forgot that we were sharing hers too."

"That was pretty intense," Toryn said, stating the obvious. "I've never had sex with a woman's point of view involved and I loved it. Her connection with us was so strong. I just wish one of us had been inside her so I could feel what it's like inside a woman. How do you think she felt about us making love?"

"I'd say she loved it." Stepping out of the shower chamber, Jude grabbed two warm towels from the hidden armoire. Handing one to Toryn, he kissed him deeply then began to dry off. "Will you come to my bed now?" Jude asked him.

"I need to be with you," Toryn replied.

"Would you like me to go get Delia and put her in my bed so she'll be with us when she wakes up? I can feel that she's fallen asleep already so we can do it without waking her."

"Yes, I'd like to wake up with her between us," Toryn said with a mischievous grin. "Maybe she'll let us make love to her." Toryn found he was very curious about this woman.

"I certainly hope so," Jude replied as he padded across the bedroom to go bring her in. Delia hadn't noticed that their cabins had a connecting door so Jude didn't have to go out in the passageway to fetch her. As he stood watching her sleep, he felt Toryn come and stand beside him.

"She's so beautiful," Jude said, "but strong and feisty too and a good fighter. She would make a great bounty hunter. No one would ever suspect a beautiful woman like that of being a bounty hunter. The three of us would be an incredible team."

"I suspect she'd be good in any role she chooses. I think we definitely need her with us," Toryn said. He looked on as Jude gently picked her up and carried her to the bed in the captain's cabin. Toryn grabbed the robe from her bed and threw it at the foot of Jude's. When she woke and found herself in bed with the two of them, she just might want it. He crawled in at her front and Jude spooned her body from the back and they fell asleep, eager to see what happened when she awoke cradled between them.

Chapter Seven

As Delia woke to feel Jude slide his great hard cock into her from behind, she knew she was right where she belonged. Keeping her eyes closed to savor the closeness, she eased her free arm around him while he leisurely slid in and out of her weeping channel. Nothing felt as good as this man's cock surging in then sliding out of her welcoming body, touching her heart and her body as no man had ever done.

Running her hand down his powerful torso, she rubbed the very tip of one tight, little nipple with the flat of her finger, drew a lazy circle inside his belly button, finally coming to rest on his hefty erection. A man's penis was such a dichotomy with its sensitive head and the baby-soft skin covering the iron-hard pleasure within. She ran her forefinger over the tip, smoothing the little drop around the silky, smooth crown then traced the sizeable length with her finger, bringing it back up to paint a line under the collar. She heard him gasp as she took hold of him and squeezed very gently. With a predictable reaction, she felt him swell in her hands, his life force pounding through the bulging veins. Opening her eyes, she saw that the cabin was shadowed in darkness, the only light coming from a small lamp across the room. She felt like she was in a dream, a warm, erotic dream, hazy with the smell of lust and love in the air. Oh, how she loved being with this man.

Leaning forward, she bit him on the shoulder, grinning as he started then licking to soothe the sting. Then she nuzzled his neck, turning her head to take a tiny nip of his earlobe. His cock jumped in response, indicating its approval. Tightening her hold on his cock, she planted a row of featherlight kisses along his shoulder, his long, soft hair tickling her face.

Toryn wondered when she was going to realize that it was his erection she was fondling not Jude's but until that happened his cock was going to enjoy all the attention she was lavishing on it.

Delia petted his cock as he deepened the rhythm and began to pound into her. The air was filled with the sound of his flesh slapping her butt, her moans lifting above them. She took the tempo with her hand and ran it up and down his cock, a race to see who would finish first. With a guttural cry, he erupted over her hand, his hips jerking with the force. A few more pounding strokes and Delia followed him, yelling her release in his ear.

Jude and Toryn waited to see her reaction. They had kept their screens up so she wouldn't realize they were both with her. Jude hoped that wouldn't make her angry.

Delia wasn't sure what made her realize that something was odd. Perhaps it was when she noticed that she was holding a cock with one already firmly embedded inside her. She knew it was Jude inside her, her body and her heart told her. Bending forward, she gave Toryn a sharp bite on the shoulder. At his jump she laughed.

"Toryn, I presume," she said. Toryn turned around so he could look at her.

"At your service," he said, a trace of laughter in his voice.

"Oh, I certainly hope so," Delia replied.

"I hope you don't mind waking up in bed with the two of us," Toryn continued.

"Why didn't you say something when I started to touch you?" Delia asked.

"I've never made love with a woman before but I loved having your hands on me. I didn't realize how different the touch of a woman would be, more gentle, softer."

"You've never made love with a woman before?" Delia asked, surprised.

"When I was growing up, I knew it was men that I was destined to be with and on my home planet that is normal, accepted. No one is looked down on for their sexual preferences so I've only ever made love with other men."

"Would you like to make love with a woman?" she asked, unsure of her own reaction to that question.

"I loved the connection of you touching me with Jude deep inside you at the same time. I'd like to make love with you, with you and Jude, if you'd like."

Delia was quiet, thinking about making love with the two of them.

Jude spoke softly from behind her. "We wanted you to wake up with us. I wasn't very honest with you before so I wanted to let you see the truth."

Delia knew there were things that needed to be brought out in the open so she softly said, "I thought you had betrayed me to that monster."

"I'll be honest with you now," Jude said, gently running his fingers through her hair. "When I heard that Brachan had placed a bounty on your head, I saw that as a way to get Toryn back. It seemed so easy. After all, I'm a bounty hunter. The plan was very simple—kidnap you, turn you over to Brachan, Toryn gets released." Toryn took over the telling.

"Then he met you and everything changed. His simple plan was no longer simple. He was in a terrible dilemma, needing to rescue me but not wanting to lose you. So he came up with Plan B. Bounty hunters always have a Plan B which usually means Plan A has failed miserably and you need to somehow find a way out of the clusterfuck you've created." Delia laughed. Toryn reached out and stroked her face. "He fell for you, in a big way, and needed an alternate plan."

"You figured out the alternate plan, didn't you?" Jude asked hesitantly. She nodded.

"How did you know that about Brachan, about the Redelians?" Delia demanded. "How could you put my life on the line like that? He was so angry I thought he was going to kill me."

"I had no idea he would be so furious. From the stories I had heard, I figured he would be repulsed then just throw you out."

"Well, he did that but not before he made sure I knew how angry he was."

"I'm sorry he hurt you. That wasn't part of the plan. I hope you can forgive me. I was just trying to save the two people I care about most." Delia looked at Toryn who was watching her intently, waiting for her reply. She could see his feelings for Jude and realized how difficult it must have been for Jude to decide how to save them both. There was only one thing to say.

"My answer is yes," she said. Jude heaved a sigh of relief.

"Yes, you forgive me?" She shook her head. Jude frowned.

"Yes, I want to make love with both of you." Jude knew she had forgiven him. Delia watched the smile on Toryn's face turn from one of joy to one of intent. Now that she had agreed to make love with the two of them she could see that Toryn was eager to get started.

"I'm just going to use the bathroom," she said nervously, needing a bit of space. Before she could get out of bed, Jude reached to the bottom of the bed and handed her the robe. She was grateful for his thoughtfulness and shyly got out of bed and put it on.

As Delia disappeared into the bathroom, Toryn propped the pillows behind him and sat up in bed. Looking down at Jude, he asked, "Do you think she regrets her decision to make love with us?"

Jude shook his head. "No. I think it's like trying anything you haven't tried before. There's always that nervousness about it and this is something totally outside her realm of experience. I think we just need to take it slow and easy and let it happen." Toryn looked down at him.

"My greatest fear while I lay in my cell waiting for you to come and rescue me was that it would be too late and I would die without seeing you again." Putting out his hand, he ran it down his lover's face. Delia stood just inside the bathroom door, listening to them talk. She knew she loved Jude but what was happening between Jude and Toryn was strong enough to include her too. As she came back into the room,

Toryn and Jude were surprised to see her smiling at them, no hesitation about what they were going to do.

"I've never done anything like this before," she said. "I don't know where to begin."

Jude opened his arms to her, saying, "We've never had anyone else with us either so we'll get to experiment together."

"I don't know if I want to do this without my screens in place," Delia said. "I think it might be too much for me the first time. I think I'd like to try it as just me." Jude and Toryn nodded in agreement and wordlessly put up their screens. As Toryn lay against the pillows watching, Jude pushed back the covers and climbed out of bed.

"Are you feeling better today?" he asked, running his hands, palms out, down the inside of the satin lapels of the robe. She nodded, shivering as his knuckles rubbed her sensitive nipples. "You certainly feel good," he said, leaning forward to trace her lips with his tongue then kissing her deeply. As he kissed her, he continued to rub his knuckles up and down over her nipples until they were as hard as little *pingles*. Breaking the kiss, he untied her robe and pulled it off her shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Now he rubbed his knuckles over her breasts without the robe to mask any of the pleasure. Using his thumb and forefinger, he took hold of her long nipples, gently pulling then pinching them.

Toryn lay watching, his eager cock tenting the bedclothes. He'd been afraid that he would hate to see Jude making love with someone else but the truth was that he loved it, was turned on by it. Climbing out of bed, he stood behind Jude and ran his hands over his lover's butt cheeks then up his sculpted back. Reaching under his arms, he forged a sensuous path to Jude's massive chest where he sought his lover's tender nipples. With his middle fingers, he rubbed lightly back and forth across the ultra-sensitive buds then pulled and pinched them as Jude was doing to Delia. Even with their screens up such an intense experience was divine torture.

Toryn looked on as Jude took Delia by the waist and turned her away from him so he could trace her graceful spine, with his tongue. As the captain leaned forward, Toryn dragged his hands away from Jude's chest so he could trace down his comrade's spine with his middle finger, touching each bone on his journey until his finger ran down the crease of Jude's ass. Stepping away, he grabbed some lubricant from the drawer of the bedside table and squirted it into his hand. Throwing the tube onto the bed, he covered his rod with the lube then put some on Jude's little hole. He grabbed his friend by the hips and eased his cock inside.

Delia heard Jude moan then felt his hands grasp her tighter then fall away completely. She turned to see his head thrown back in ecstasy, passion etched in every line of his face. Knowing what she was going to see, she went behind him and watched as Toryn's huge cock nudged its way inside. She couldn't look away as the beautiful men made love. The massive cock disappeared little by little into his channel until Toryn's pubic hair almost touched Jude's cheeks. Jude grabbed a nearby chair so he could lean over comfortably and Toryn began to press gently in then pull out. Delia moved back in front of Jude and knelt between him and the chair. As Toryn pleased him from the back, she reached up and took hold of Jude's hard-on, licking the crest first then around the collar then down the shaft. He howled and no wonder with the double pleasure of two lovers. Delia opened her mouth wide, letting Jude's cock slide inside. As Toryn increased the pace and began to pump into him from the back she applied pressure with her cheeks from the front.

Jude thought his head was going to explode. Thank Jobin he'd activated his screens. He knew it would have been too much to be connected as three. Feeling it just as one was intense enough with Toryn thrusting into him from the back and Delia's voracious mouth gobbling him from the front. Making love as three was incredible. Making love with the two people you love most was incredible. He didn't know whether to focus on the delight of her tongue rimming the head of his cock then sliding down the turgid length or to focus on the heavy iron bar jackhammering from the back.

Toryn's acute senses zeroed in on his cock and the sounds of their lovemaking that broke the quiet of the chamber. Every stroke of his cock into Jude's backside was accompanied by the sounds of flesh meeting flesh, that unmistakable slap of skin-to-skin contact. He heard his sometime lover moan as Delia, their new lover, took Jude in her mouth, the soft, sucking sound of her pleasuring him running along Toryn's nerve endings, tickling his senses and lengthening his cock even more. Toryn caught the sound of Jude's whimper as the captain felt himself being penetrated even more deeply.

"Do you want me to stop?" he said, afraid he was hurting him in his eagerness to please them.

"Never!" Jude said through gritted teeth, unwilling to relinquish even a second of the unbearable pleasure. Satisfied that the whimpers were more from pleasure than from pain, Toryn continued to thrust into Jude's tender hole.

Delia couldn't believe what was happening. Never in her wildest dreams had she ever expected to make love with two men and even if she had thought about it in the dark recesses of her mind, she would never have believed the indescribable ecstasy to be had being with two men at the same time. Even though his screens were in place, that didn't stop her from sharing every quiver and shiver of Jude's body as Toryn pumped into him from behind. It was so erotic to see such gorgeous warriors pleasuring each other. With Jude's cock in her mouth she could feel it pulse in time to each stroke of Toryn's cock reaching inside him. Grabbing it tighter with her mouth, she moved her head up and down, using her lips to massage the sensitive skin. She felt the changes as his orgasm bubbled to the surface, surging through his veins. His whole body grew taut then with a growl he erupted in her mouth, spewing rivers of hot liquid down her throat. She gobbled it up, swallowing his very essence, using her mouth and lips to milk him dry. Standing up, she looked on as Toryn rose to completion as well.

Putting his arms tightly around Jude allowed him the leverage to pummel his lover with his big, hard cock. She stared as Toryn's cock swung in and out, never quite pulling out of Jude's body. Toryn's body was a work of art, hard and muscular and to

watch it pleasuring Jude's rock-hard body was sheer paradise. Suddenly Toryn's body froze, his shaft deep within and Delia watched as he began to shudder as his release came down on him. His eyes fell shut, his neck muscles grew taut, his breathing more rapid and he began to furiously pump into his comrade, giving him every drop of his precious fluid until, spent, he fell against Jude's back.

Delia walked quietly to the bathroom and activating the towel cupboard, removed a heated washcloth. Running the water until warm, she wet the cloth and returned to the lovers. They were frozen as if in a tableau or captured in a Roman statue, two virile warriors joined together in the aftermath of their passion. Delia wished she could draw or paint as the portrait of the rugged, male lovers was worthy of preserving. As she drew close, Toryn gently pulled out of Jude's body and smiled hesitantly at her. Delia knelt at the navigator's feet and returning his smile, carefully wiped away the remnants of their lovemaking.

Toryn watched spellbound as she tenderly wiped his cock then pressed a little kiss to the tip. He realized how different it was making love with a woman. They seemed to be so tender, so caring. He could get used to that. He loved to be with Jude but he was quite sure there was room in his life for this woman as well.

Releasing his hold on the chair, Jude turned to watch Delia gently cleansing Toryn and he smiled. The smile was quickly replaced by a frown when she placed the kiss on his lover's penis.

"Hey! What about me?" he cried. Delia came around behind him and began to wipe his butt cheeks. He pivoted away from her, laughing as she tried to follow him. "I meant what about a kiss for me?" he said, pulling her into his arms. Throwing the washcloth to the floor, Delia put her arms around his neck and drew his face down to hers.

"You mean like this?" she asked flirtatiously, licking across the seam of his lips then thrusting her tongue into his mouth so she could duel with his tongue. It was a kiss of joy. She traced the sensitive skin right behind his top teeth then tickled his palate with

her tongue. Judging by the size of the erection pressing against her belly, Jude was definitely enjoying the kiss. Teasingly she pulled her tongue back, hoping he would follow and he did, pressing his tongue into her mouth and flicking just the tip of hers. Delia felt Toryn kneel between them and knew that he must be seeking Jude's gorgeous erection to torment with his mouth. Now instead of Jude's staff rubbing her belly, it was Toryn's soft hair as he ran his tongue up and down Jude's huge cock.

Pulling away from Jude's kiss, she went to her knees between Toryn's spread legs and planted a row of delicate kisses down his spine. While he tongued Jude's massive cock, she put her hands flat on his back and dragged them lightly from his shoulders to his waist. His back was so beautiful, all muscle and sinew, that she couldn't resist nipping along his shoulders. She wanted to bite him. He looked so strong and virile.

Toryn loved the feel of this woman's hands on him. He thought he would weep when she came from the bathroom with the warm washcloth and wiped his genitals. She was so gentle with him as if he were something precious, then when she planted the kiss on his tip, he wanted to burst out of his skin. He had watched Jude's cock lengthen and harden the longer his friend and Delia kissed until he had to step in and put that luscious instrument deep in his mouth. He felt Jude's hands come to rest on his shoulders then, with her first kiss on his backbone, realized that Delia was now kneeling behind him, snuggled between his legs. It felt so good when she kissed a path down his spine he was afraid he might get carried away and bite Jude's cock. Then she trailed her fingers down his back, stopping to nip along his shoulder. He wanted her to bite him. He wanted to put his cock inside her. Rising to his feet, he turned to Delia and held out his hand.

Jude looked on, curious as to what was going through Toryn's mind. It wasn't like Toryn to leave him unfulfilled but the few times they'd been together they'd never had a woman make love with them.

"I'd like to make love with you," he said to Delia, searching her face for acceptance.

"I thought that's what we were doing," she said, taking his hand and letting him pull her to her feet.

"I want to be inside you," he declared. Jude looked on, amazed at what was happening. Toryn had never expressed an interest in making love with a woman. Jude loved women. He loved how different it was making love with them but Toryn appeared content to have only male lovers. That seemed about to change.

Chapter Eight

Jude wasn't quite sure how he felt about that change. He didn't know if it was Toryn he didn't want to share or Delia he didn't want to share. He wasn't quite sure how he felt until he saw the way Toryn was looking at Delia as if she were about to reveal the secrets of the galaxy to him. Having made love with this incredible woman made him realize that she should be the one to introduce Toryn to the mysteries of lovemaking between a man and a woman.

Delia didn't know what to say. Of course she had known that this was going to happen when she decided to make love with the two of them yet it seemed strange thinking about making love but not with Jude. Although she had known him only a short time, she felt a link to him even with their screens in place. Yet Toryn seemed to pull at her body and her heart in the same way. She was probably feeling herself becoming part of the connection forged between the two of them.

"You've really never made love with a woman before," she asked. Toryn shook his head. "Well, that's about to change." Toryn turned to Jude looking for his acceptance. He wasn't sure how Jude would feel about this and he could understand it if Jude felt somewhat possessive of her. After all, he had schemed to keep her from remaining in Brachan's clutches. Moreover he saw the way Jude looked at her. He was relieved when Jude smiled. He watched as Jude went and sat on the bed, propping himself up against the pile of pillows.

Unsure how to proceed, Toryn just stood and stared at Delia. She really was beautiful with her long, dark hair and green eyes. He'd never had a chance to look at a woman's body before and was intrigued by how different it was from a man's. Where a man's body was strong and muscular she was lean and toned. Reaching out to her, he cupped her breasts, filling his hands with their weight. They were heavy but the skin

was soft and pliant so unlike Jude's rock-hard chest. Her nipples were large and a delicate shade of brown. He watched them grow long and hard under his intense scrutiny. Reaching up with his thumb and forefinger, he pinched them lightly and was delighted to hear her moan in response.

"Do you like that?" he asked.

"Very much," she said quietly and it was true. Becoming more curious about this female body, he decided that many of the things that would please a man would please a woman so he took a nipple in his mouth. He was unprepared for the rush of pleasure that shook his body. Where Jude's nipples were small and tight to his chest, hers were long and soft against his tongue. He discovered that by taking more of her breast into his mouth he could suck on it as he had once seen a baby do with its mother. Delia took his hand and put it on her other breast then shut her eyes. Toryn understood immediately and began to torment her lonely nipple. Pulling back, he bit down gently and was rewarded with a sigh of delight from Delia. Switching nipples, he began to tug the other nipple with his teeth, not hard enough to hurt but hard enough to tantalize, to tease.

From his spot on the bed, Jude watched Toryn play with Delia's breasts and realized that he enjoyed watching their loveplay. His cock was thick and heavy, lying pulsing on his belly. As much as he wanted to join them, he wanted to let Toryn enjoy his exploration and discovery of Delia's lovely body so he lay back and put his hand on his shaft. Willing her to open her eyes, he watched as she turned her head and saw him cradling his hard-on in his fist.

Wetness pooled between her legs as she lost herself in the tugging of Toryn's teeth while watching Jude run his fist up and down his cock. Leaving her breasts, Toryn set out to kiss a path from her breasts to her belly button. Delia placed her hands on his shoulders, afraid she might melt into a puddle of molten lust at his feet if she didn't.

Through her giggles, Toryn discovered that her navel was a very ticklish spot as he traced it with his tongue. He loved the feel of her soft, warm skin against his lips, so

different from the skin of a man's belly. Splaying his fingers on her tummy, he dragged them down her body, stopping at her shaven pubis.

"This is how he saved you, isn't it?" he asked gently. Looking down at him, Delia nodded. "I'm so very glad," he whispered, kissing her softly above her mound. As Jude looked on, Toryn separated her folds with his thumbs and hesitantly put his tongue to her slit. It was as if he was unsure of her taste but he needn't have worried, she was delightful. Putting his tongue up into the little pocket of skin at the top of her crease, Toryn could feel her little nubbin of pleasure and he poked it with his tongue. He hardly had time to react before her warm honey gushed out and he lapped at it with his tongue, greedy for her essence. That was it for Jude. Delia looked over at his harsh cry, just in time to see his luscious cream jet out over his belly. Toryn looked over as well but Delia had to laugh at his reaction.

"What a waste!" was all he said then he got back to the business at hand—or mouth, as the case may be. Returning to Delia's delectable cunt, he determined that he wanted to explore her luscious secret folds, savor all her secret places, discover the mysteries that were woman. He wanted to take his time as he ventured into the unfamiliar world of the female body.

"I want you to climb on the bed so I can look at you but I want to take care of Jude first," he said. Delia smiled and climbed on the bed to wait for him. Picking up the washcloth from the floor, he went to the bathroom and rinsed it out then ran it under warm water again. Returning to the cabin, he strode to the bed and climbed up alongside the captain.

Delia watched his long-legged stride as he crossed the floor to cleanse Jude. His body was like a well-honed machine, no excess fat, all lean muscle. He was well honed and well hung with one particularly large muscle that was starting to grow even larger. She hoped that growth was from thinking about being inside her for she was eager to feel that awe-inspiring flesh driving into her. Now that she had come to terms with making love with two lovers, she was eager to savor both these men. She turned and

looked on as Toryn put out his hand to wipe the semen from Jude's belly. She understood when his expression changed as he contemplated that gorgeous cock. She wanted to be him when, throwing the cloth to the floor, he leaned over and began to lap the ambrosia from Jude's taut abdomen. She was afraid that he would forget about her but she needn't have worried for, with a last swipe of his tongue, he turned to her with a wicked gleam in his eye. It was obvious that his cleansing of Jude had only served to whet his appetite and that he was eager for more.

Climbing off the bed, he grabbed her ankles and pulled her to the edge, laughing as she pretended to struggle to get away. He knew she wanted him as much as he wanted her but it was the chase that was exciting to them. He took her legs and tried to spread them apart but she fought to keep them together.

"Let me see your hidden secrets," he purred to her.

"If I let you see my hidden secrets what will be my reward?" she questioned.

"Untold pleasures," he assured her. Jude knew this was the truth. Even though Toryn had never pleased a woman, he was such a wonderful lover that Jude was sure he would do exactly as he said — bring her untold pleasures and he would get to watch.

As soon as Delia relaxed her legs, Toryn knelt between them and spread her legs, exposing her rosy depths to his gaze. The female of the species was so different. He was elated to discover how different. Between Jude's legs was soft skin yet it covered a cock like an iron bar but between this woman's legs the soft skin was a secret hiding place, fleshy folds that seemed to invite him to delve in and explore. Putting out his hand, he touched her plump lips, investigating their texture, loving how they felt with no hair covering them. Running his finger down the fleshy labia, he was delighted to feel her shiver. He was pleased to know that he made her shiver.

Using his thumbs, he spread her lips to see her entrance dripping with juice. He knew how sweet it would be on his tongue so he inserted the tip of it and sipped her honey. It was like the sweetest nectar. But he wanted more! Pulling himself to his feet, he took her legs and wrapped them around his waist. He was surprised to find how

natural the whole thing became to him, knowing exactly what to do. Taking his thick cock in one hand, he closed his eyes and began to nudge it past her lips, feeling them slide over it like silk then her little opening started to swallow him, letting the strong inner muscles grab and guide him inside her. It felt like paradise. The walls of her passage were smooth and strong, gripping him tightly as he pressed inside her channel. He smiled as he felt her tighten and release, hugging his cock then relaxing. When he was fully inside, he stood, just letting the moment be etched in his memory. Then he began to move, slowly at first, savoring the tug of her muscles and the juiciness of her passage. She hugged him like a glove, using her muscles to grab his immense erection and massage it as it slid in and out. He'd thought that nothing could compare with being deep inside another man but he'd never been gripped by the snug channel of a woman's body before and he decided that it was just about the closest he'd ever get to Jobin's paradise.

The dip of the bed apprised him of Jude's movements and he shivered to think that maybe paradise was going to come a lot closer. As he felt Jude's hands on his shoulders, he opened his eyes to see him standing in front of him, straddling Delia's body. Right before his eyes was Jude's heavily swollen cock just begging for relief so he opened his mouth and Jude slid inside. Now he had his own cock deep inside Delia and Jude's cock deep inside his mouth. Maybe *this* was Jobin's paradise.

Toryn was afraid it was going to be awkward, not emotionally awkward but physically awkward but that was not the case at all. His whole body took the cadence of pleasuring both lovers at the same time. Each time he thrust his cock into Delia, he was able to swallow Jude's generous erection. Each pull-out stroke let him draw back his mouth as well. It took him quite a few strokes to get the rhythm of the mouth and the cock but it was exhilarating to feel the two massive cocks at work, one inside Delia and the other in his mouth. It was hard to decide where to place his focus as all his senses were being bombarded at once.

Delia's moans were delightful as he dug into her. He loved the wet slap as their bodies met, her legs cradling him and guiding him deep into her body. He relished Jude's cries as he took him deep into his mouth, sucking in his cheeks to force more pressure around the massive organ. He loved how the two cocks mimicked each other. As he slid into Delia's welcoming body, Jude moved his cock into Toryn's mouth, Delia's hot channel grasping him and his mouth grasping Jude's cock. He couldn't get enough of the feel of her warm, inviting body so soft and yet so strong and powerful as she gripped him. The contrast between her softness and the hardness of Jude's body was marked. He felt her soft lips with every stroke but Jude's hard flesh filled his mouth. He filled and was filled.

He felt the subtle changes and knew that Jude was getting close to going over the edge. Toryn knew how many times Jude had climaxed already but it didn't seem to matter. His captain threw back his head and howled like a wild animal as he came in Toryn's mouth, streams of hot liquid gushing down his throat. As his orgasm faded, Jude stepped away and collapsed on the bed, allowing Toryn to quicken the pace of his thrusts. It was as if the fluid from Jude had somehow increased the intensity of the lovemaking, invigorating him, forcing him to thrust harder into her. Suddenly he was so frantic that he was afraid he might be hurting her but he couldn't slow down and he sure as hell couldn't stop. Forcing himself to focus away from the all-consuming carnal delight for an instant, Toryn looked down at Delia's face. He needn't have worried for her eyes were on him, hazy with passion.

"I want all of you," she said softly and as he watched she put her hands to her breasts and began to play with her nipples. They were already tight as *eschens* so as soon as she touched them they lengthened. Just watching her nipples harden and lengthen seemed to have the same effect on Toryn's staff. Every tug, every nip made Toryn's erection burrow deeper and deeper inside her as if his cock was somehow attached to those sumptuous breasts. As she pulled and squeezed them, Toryn could feel her cunt getting softer, juicier, ready for the culmination of their pleasure.

Jude watched, mesmerized as Toryn hammered into Delia, her enjoyment of those gorgeous breasts tormenting Toryn as he reached higher and higher. He stared as she snaked one hand down her belly, making him wonder what kind of torture she had in store for Toryn now. He had to smile as she put out her long middle finger and bumped it against Toryn's cock as he rammed into her. As that naughty finger started to curl toward her clit, Jude crawled down the bed and sat cross-legged beside Delia, eager to view every minute of their pleasure. That finger tucked itself up under her hood and started to press and circle and Delia started to pant in her eagerness to reach fulfillment. Shoving her hand out of the way, Jude put his mouth to her clitoris and licked the little bud. He knew that wasn't enough, not nearly enough so, putting one leg over Delia's torso, he went on his hands and knees over her body, his mouth hovering above her clit and his solid cock hovering above her eager mouth. All he had to do was bend forward and that luscious little love bud popped into his eagerly awaiting mouth. He felt Delia's hand grab his cock and guide it to her mouth where she licked only the tip. Jude discovered he could suck her clit into his mouth from this angle and torment her while he felt Toryn pull back and wait, his cock poised just inside her. Delia's head lifted off the bed as she moved it up and down his cock, taking him deep into her mouth.

No one knew who went off first.

It might have been Delia with the triple torment of Toryn's cock as he began to press inside her plus Jude's voracious mouth devouring her clit and his rock-hard dick filling her mouth. Perhaps it was the perfect combination of all three.

Maybe it was Toryn, inside the tight, wet canal of a woman for the first time, pushing in as far as their close positions would allow.

Possibly it was Jude, his lips and tongue performing magic on Delia's clit while she returned the pleasure with her greedy mouth.

No one knew who triggered the chain reaction but it didn't really matter. The next thing Delia knew she was spasming with Jude's mouth right on her quivering clit at the same time as he exploded and shot his cream far down her throat. She could feel Toryn

detonating inside her, filling her with his rich cum. Then everything went bright red behind her eyelids, then jet black as she fought to catch her breath.

Toryn felt her inner muscles quiver then clutch him tighter and tighter until she grabbed him like a fist and he knew she was up and over. That was it for him. Calling her name, he pumped madly into her. On and on he spewed his precious fluid as if there was no end to it.

Jude felt Delia's little clit stand to attention and knew that she was so close then his own body reached the point of no return and he flew off, bright lights behind his eyelids, his breath coming in labored pants.

Jude was the first to return to his body, his senses still fuzzy from the intense lovemaking. Drawing his leg back over Delia's body, he fell on the bed beside her, eager to take her in his arms.

As soon as Toryn saw Jude move to the side, he allowed himself to collapse on top of Delia, capturing her with his body, unwilling to let her go. He felt his spent cock slowly slither from her body, his penis as exhausted as he was.

Delia watched Jude extricate himself from the tangle of their bodies then welcomed Toryn as he flopped on top of her, his generous erection quietly sliding from her body. No one spoke. No one moved.

Delia wondered what thoughts were going through Toryn's mind. Had he enjoyed making love with a woman? Judging by the volume of his cries at detonation, he liked it—a lot. Reaching down, she gently passed her hand down his silky hair, petting him, reassuring him.

Toryn rolled to his side, keeping his head in the crook of her arm, his leg bent across her body, unwilling to break the connection. Making love with another man was often loud and hard. Sometimes he and Jude lay spooned together afterwards but Jude's body was powerful and hard, his arms strong and muscular as they cradled him. Despite her profession this woman was still a woman. She had a woman's softness, a woman's touch and he found that was something he really liked, something he could

come to crave. He loved having sex with Jude but a relationship between the three of them would fill a part of him that he hadn't even realized was missing. He could lie here forever with her hand gently stroking his hair, calming him, soothing him like you would a child. He felt Jude's leg tangle with his across her body and realized that he was cradling her from the other side. He felt an incredible peace and contentment being with these two people.

The lovers dozed off, exhausted by the arduous lovemaking. Delia woke first but lay quietly, wanting to forever etch this moment in her memory. How often did a woman get to make love with two of the greatest warriors in the galaxy? Not often enough. Delia was sure that was about to change, judging by the size of the twin erections growing alongside her body. She felt Jude shift first as he angled his body to nibble at her breast then Toryn moved to torment the mate with his mouth. It was such an odd feeling. Both her breasts were being teased at the same time and when she thought about that happening because two men were making love to her in concert, she felt her whole body ripen in anticipation. Being made love to by these two powerful men was indescribable.

On one side of her body, Jude was flicking her tight, little nipple with his tongue, never taking it into his mouth or biting hard enough to suit her. On the other side, Toryn took her bud in his mouth and pressed it down with his tongue then released it and sucked so hard it made her toes curl. Jude abandoned the torture with his tongue and took her little tip between his teeth and worried at it like a naughty terrier. Delia's torso tried to lift off the bed as he gently bit down then pulled with his teeth but she was imprisoned by the rock-hard bodies of her two lovers. It was hard to concentrate on what Jude was doing for Toryn had begun to nip sideways down her torso from her underarm to the top of her leg. Of course each nip needed to be soothed with a brushstroke of his tongue so how could she center on Jude's mouth with Toryn nipping and soothing her? Then Jude started a path of tiny bites down the other side of her torso and she didn't know where to focus. Oh dear Panton! What was she going to do when

they made their journey down her body and both warriors arrived at that most aching of places between her legs? Uh-oh! Time to find out!

Toryn climbed off the bed and went to his knees at her feet, pulling her legs apart and holding one foot up by the heel. He lifted that foot to his eagerly awaiting mouth and proceeded to lick that most sensuous part of her body. Delia had walked on those feet her entire life, never imagining how very, very sensitive they were. Each swipe of his tongue made her nerve endings tingle and her body writhe. It was like someone was tickling her foot but the feeling was almost too erotic to be borne. He even managed to grab the tight skin with his teeth and nip her sole. Lowering her foot a bit, he separated her toes one by one and licked in between with his strong, very flexible tongue.

As she groaned, he raised his head to watch her writhing to the double torture of his tongue licking her foot and Jude nipping his way down her torso. He watched as Jude slid off the bed to kneel between her splayed legs. He could see the cream oozing from her, could imagine that he could even smell the rich, juicy liquid. He knew what Jude was going to do and could almost taste it himself before Jude even put his mouth to her. Setting his tongue to the bottom of her foot, he felt the shudder traverse her body as his male lover licked her creamy slit. Placing her foot on the floor, he looked on as Jude tucked his tongue right up into her vagina and sipped her juice.

She couldn't keep her upper body still as Jude was relentless in his devouring of her cunt. Toryn watched him seize her stiff little clit with his front teeth and tug it gently. He watched as a tiny tear slid down the side of her face. It was almost too much for her but Jude didn't seem to care as he continued his unrelenting pursuit of her orgasm. As Jude kept tugging her clit then poking it with the point of his tongue, Toryn moved forward and, putting his hand palm up, stuck his long middle finger inside her. He was delighted to feel her muscles seize his finger and he could feel her inner walls pulse with each tug of Jude's tongue on her clit. With his hand placed palm up under Jude's head, he was literally able to cup Jude's chin in his hand, letting him feel every movement of Jude's mouth and tongue as he pleased Delia.

He knew the exact moment that her orgasm began. With his finger right inside her he felt the fluttering of her walls, then she bathed his finger in her rich juices just before she shot off. Her orgasm grabbed his finger and he knew the juices flowing down his finger were finding their way into Jude's mouth as well. It was intense.

He had been so busy with Delia's pleasure that his own pounding erection had gone unnoticed. Reaching up onto the bed, he grabbed the tube of lube and spread it on his aching cock. That taken care of, he went to his knees behind Jude and pulled him back toward his lap. Delia lay on the bed, unable to move and hoping that eventually her mind would be able to put together at least one coherent thought. But not right now.

Chapter Nine

Toryn could feel Jude shake as he realized what was in store for him. Putting one foot on each side of Toryn's legs, Jude's powerful legs held him suspended above Toryn's mighty cock as he waited for him to slide it home. He wasn't disappointed. Grabbing his massive hard-on in one steely fist, Toryn put his other arm around Jude and guided him down just enough to delicately circle his little puckered orifice with his giant tool. He could feel Jude's legs shivering, a combination of the effort needed to hold that powerful body above Toryn's cock and the sheer anticipation of that rod sliding home. Toryn decided to take pity on Jude and put him out of his misery so he pulled him down, that solid iron rod disappearing into the circle of drawn flesh.

At Jude's cry of anguish, Delia shot onto her elbows to see what was wrong. Her eyes grew wide as she watched the spectacle unfolding before her. From her vantage point on the bed, she was able to see Toryn's enormous erection disappear, bit by painful bit, into Jude's quivering body. She had known these men were strong and powerful but to watch Jude hold his body up and let it descend so slowly took great power and strength. Jude's upper body was drawn tight as a bow with the force of his slow descent and Toryn's upper body reflected the same tightness but from the sheer pleasure of Jude's body taking his cock. Toryn gripped his lover around the waist and began to guide him up and down his enormous shaft. Delia couldn't look away from this massive show of male strength and beauty.

Then Jude slowly rose to his feet, leaving Toryn's gorgeous cock standing at attention below him. Delia didn't understand why he would leave before completion then she watched as he turned to face Toryn and Toryn smiled at him as he sank down facing his lover, looking in his eyes as he took him inside his body. Now she understood. Jude leaned forward, hands on Toryn's shoulders, pressing a hard kiss on

his mouth, forcing him to open his mouth and accept Jude's tongue inside. The two men groaned as their tongues dueled and Jude traced along the inside of Toryn's cheek with his sharp tongue. Now it was Jude who controlled the loveplay, taking his tongue from Toryn's mouth and rising up 'til that mighty cock of Toryn's almost drew out of him then dropping back down to take it far into his body. Delia reveled in the dynamic interplay of these two male beasts as they made love before her, their huge bodies straining, shiny with sweat as they rode to passion together. Suddenly she sat up and went to the floor with her glorious lovers. Taking a spot beside the two, she was able to lean in between them and take Jude's stiff cock in her mouth. Toryn looked on in delight as Delia joined them, helping pleasure Jude. Jude loved it. He took Toryn's massive cock inside him as Delia took his cock into her mouth.

Jude took hold of her head with his hands and pushed her down deep on his cock, forcing her to swallow all of him to the back of her throat while he sat with Toryn's solid weapon buried inside him. He gently drew her head up and down his cock, suspecting that she could smell the pleasure oozing from him. Toryn could feel her silky hair tickling his thighs, a marked contrast to the solid flesh pounding into Jude. He felt his need rise higher and higher until he shot into Jude, an endless stream.

Jude felt Toryn's release and relished the unending spasms of his lover's body. His head was reeling with more pictures of how the three of them could make love. Gently pulling Delia's head up so she wouldn't make him come, he said, "Go lie on the bed again and open your legs." At this stage, he could have asked her to sprout wings and fly and she would have tried to do it for him. She struggled to her feet and lay on the bed as before then he spoke to his navigator as he slowly stood and released Toryn's cock from the prison of his body.

"I want you to go down on her again," he said with a sly smile. Toryn was more than happy to comply and went to work on her delicious cunt while Jude looked on. Delia watched as this time it was Jude who grabbed the tube of lubricant, smoothing it liberally over his cock. She watched as his hand stayed on his erection as he stared at

Toryn hungrily gobbling her up. She watched as he went behind Toryn and grabbed his hips to hold him still as he shoved past his navigator's tiny ring of flesh. Toryn's tongue lashed out at her in a frenzy as Jude's cock disappeared into his ass. Jude's hips shoved deep, forcing his cock far into Toryn's butt then drew out only to jam forward again. Delia could see why Toryn had enjoyed making love with her. It had been much softer. This was hard and solid. A good pounding into him while he sought her hole with his eager tongue.

Delia hated the thought of Toryn's gorgeous hard-on standing rampant but unused between his legs but alas there was no one to take it into their mouth or into their body. She could feel Jude pounding into Toryn from behind and knew he couldn't last much longer. All through their lovemaking it had been Toryn who had taken Jude and she had wondered if that was how they usually made love. Judging by what was happening now it was obvious that they took turns being the rear admiral. She had never made love with a rear admiral before as there were few of them in the fleet and here she was now making love with two of them.

Toryn began to howl and she knew it was all over for him. His body spasmed as Jude continued to ram his cock home then with a great shout Jude pumped furiously into his friend, trying to prolong the incredible pleasure but to no avail. He soared off into free fall, gushing into his lover's hole. With a sigh, Jude fell forward onto Toryn's back as Toryn laid his head on Delia's thigh.

Raising his head, Jude said to Delia, "That wasn't very fair."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"We both came but you didn't get off."

"Not yet," she said with a coy little smile. Jude watched as she gently moved Toryn's head and got to her feet. Padding across the floor, she disappeared into the bathroom, leaving the two lovers entangled by the side of the bed. Toryn tried to relax as Jude pulled free then collapsed beside Toryn, his back against the bed. Toryn let his body fall to the floor and lay there unmoving, his crossed arms cradling his head.

Finally summoning enough energy to roll to his side, he propped his head on his hand and gave Jude a slow perusal.

"I've got to say that you certainly have the look of a man who was well loved," he said with a wry laugh. "That woman is incredible. I didn't know what she would think about making love with both of us but I have to say that she sure seemed to embrace it with gusto."

"Gusto!" hooted Jude. "If she'd had any more gusto, I'd be just a hollow shell, a pale shadow of my former self." The two men sat in silence for a minute.

"What did it feel like making love with a woman for the first time?" Jude asked curiously. He couldn't remember his first time with a woman but he certainly remembered his first time with Toryn.

"I hear you're looking for a new navigator," the voice said at his back. Jude didn't even bother to turn around.

When the bartender finally turned one of his heads his way, Jude motioned to his drink and called, "I'll have the same."

"I said, I hear you're looking for a new navigator," the voice spoke again from behind him. The bartender arrived with Jude's drink then extended his rubbery appendage so Jude could pay for his drink by placing his thumb on the tiny screen embedded in the bartender's "hand" between his double claw and finger then sat to enjoy the fiery liquid.

"So I guess the great Jude Roland, bounty hunter extraordinaire, is starting to go deaf as well as get careless. That's how you lost your last navigator, isn't it?" said the same voice. As Jude slowly swiveled around, the crowd filling the other barstools scattered. Even the two-headed bartender stepped back. Jude's temper was legendary and so was his knife.

"You'd better hope you've recently said goodbye to the people you love," he said as he turned. He didn't even bother to take out the knife. He knew he'd have this son of a bitch's throat slit and be back to sipping his drink before the body even hit the floor. Preparing to face this arrogant asshole who was about to breathe his last, Jude swung around and the breath literally froze in his throat. The man behind him looked like a god, tall and muscular with eyes the color of

the sea on Old Earth. His body armor hugged a wide torso and powerful arms but as Jude's eyes raked down his body, it was the huge bulge between his legs that drew Jude's total attention. Even as he stared, the bulge grew bigger and he could just imagine that generous cock rearing up as this man covered him and slid in from behind.

He'd never in his entire life thought about having sex with another man. By Pantan, he was known across the galaxy as the consummate ladies' man but that was all forgotten as he was consumed by lust for this stranger. So not only did he take him on as navigator, an hour later they were in the captain's cabin and his new navigator was greasing Jude's hole and revealing what was in the bulge of his flight suit. For the first time in his adult life, when Jude saw the size of that tremendous erection, he felt unsure. He could find any scumbag in the galaxy and bring him in. He could navigate through any star system without a map. He could kill a man with his bare hands but taking that cock into his body looked impossible, impossible and very painful. He was surprised how gentle this powerful man was with him and how careful he was as he pressed his cock into Jude's virgin ass. And they had been lovers off and on ever since. Jude couldn't wish for a better man at his back, in all situations.

Toryn's voice drew him back to the present.

"Where were you?" Toryn asked with a laugh. He'd watched the various emotions shifting across Jude's face and wondered what was going through his head. Jude looked down at Toryn, a smile of contentment on his face.

"I was remembering the first time we met," he admitted.

"You didn't really make a very good first impression," Toryn snorted. "But I was more than willing to forgive you once I eased my cock into your tight little hole." Jude shivered at Toryn's words, at the remembrance of that huge cock almost stretching him past the limits of his endurance.

"She fills a part of me that I didn't know was missing," Toryn quietly said.

"I know what you mean. I felt the same way the first time we made love," Jude said.

"Hey there." They looked up to see Delia standing in the doorway of the bathroom. It was obvious from the look on her face that she had heard their conversation. "You know, I've never made love with a rear admiral before. This time I got to make love with two rear admirals," she said, trying to keep a straight face. Toryn looked at Jude, Jude looked at Toryn and with a burst of energy they scrambled to their feet and, laughing, took off after her. Delia yelped and ran into the bathroom, the two lovers hot on her heels.

Jude was the first to reach her and he swept her up into his arms, letting her put her arms around his neck. Turning circles with her, the bathroom was filled with her laughter.

"Put me down," she cried. That's what she said but that was the farthest thing from her mind. She never wanted him to put her down. She wanted to stay with these two men forever.

"Hold her for a minute, will ya?" he said as he handed her to Toryn. She loved the feel of Jude's body but Toryn's was just as strong and powerful, the muscles in his arms and chest bunching and rippling beneath the skin as he took her and held her close. Delia just held her breath and reveled in the feel of Toryn's warm skin against hers.

"Ready!" Jude called. They looked around to see water coming from various showerheads and low-level hidey-holes in the shower chamber. Delia had the distinct feeling that she was finally going to find out about Number Two and Number Five.

Lying on the bed later with Jude between her and Toryn, Delia mused about the delights of Number Two and Number Five. These warriors were very inventive in the shower. They were probably going to have to refill the soap dispenser after this last adventure. They had even introduced her to Number Eight, an introduction that went with some positions that she didn't think should have been possible. Correction, positions that could only be possible with three.

Lying with her head on Jude's chest, she ran her fingers over the taut skin of his belly. For such a hard man, he could be a very gentle lover but as she had seen his

lovemaking with Toryn, he could be demanding and fierce in his passion as well. As she explored, her hand bumped Toryn's, which was making its own foray across the same smooth skin. When their fingers touched, Toryn reached to link his fingers with hers and together they ran their joined hands over Jude's washboard stomach. Toryn dragged her hand with his down, down Jude's belly until they were on top of his cock.

When Jude felt the hands come to rest on his penis, he pushed himself back so he was leaning on the pillows propped up against the wall. He didn't want to miss a second of this! It was a bit awkward but Toryn and Delia ran their linked hands up and down Jude's shaft with the anticipated result. His beautiful cock got longer and longer until Toryn leaned forward and took it into his mouth.

Delia watched his cheeks become hollow as he used the pressure to suck that powerful tool of delight. Not wanting to be left out, Delia clambered over Jude's body and, lying with her head touching his side, took Toryn's unattended cock into her mouth. Jude moaned, Toryn groaned, Delia smiled. Delia tried to imitate what she had seen Toryn doing to Jude's erection and she must have gotten it right for Toryn used his hips to shove his penis deeper into her mouth. He was so big it was difficult to take all of him at once but she tried. She didn't have much choice the way he pressed himself far into her mouth.

She felt Jude roll away so she lifted her head to see what he was up to. He had the lube. Looking down at Toryn, she saw him smile as he watched Jude coat his massive cock with it. Gently pulling away from Delia, Toryn waited 'til Jude was done then he turned his back to him and, putting his legs outside Jude's, impaled himself on Jude's very swollen cock as Jude held it steady for him. Delia shifted a tiny bit so her head was right on Jude's chest and she was able to watch close-up. She was always amazed that such a massive weapon could disappear so easily into such a small opening. Jude howled as his cock made its way into Toryn's ass. Toryn yelled as his ass opened to receive the great tool. And Delia got to watch.

"Get the lube," Toryn asked between clenched teeth. Reaching across Jude, she grabbed the tube, not understanding what he was going to do. "Put it on me," he said. Unscrewing the lid, she squirted some across her fingers then used her soft hand to coat him. "Put the rest on you," he growled. Now she understood. Now she started to shake. Reaching between her legs, she spread her honeyed lips with the lube. "You know what I want," Toryn whispered to her. Turning her back to him, she crouched between his legs and let her self down, down, down until she reached his cock and it disappeared up, up, up inside her. "Next time I'm going to put that great big cock inside your little butthole," he said into her ear. "Would you like that?" She nodded shakily, remembering the feelings she shared as she watched them in the shower. All that cock going into her little puckered hole! That was enough to set her body aquiver and Toryn knew it.

Jude couldn't believe what was happening. Toryn was mounted on his cock but Toryn in turn had Delia impaled on his. Toryn put his hands back behind him on the bed and Delia put her hands on Toryn's legs.

All Delia could think of was how strong these men were to be able to make love like this. It was a bit awkward to get the rhythm of three but soon she was riding up and down on Toryn's cock as he rode up and down on Jude's. This time she knew she was the one to blow first, going off with a harsh keening cry.

Toryn felt her grab him tightly and he followed quickly behind. Delia lifted her body off Toryn and let him increase the rhythm with Jude, slamming down as Jude pounded into him. Jude's body shook as he poured into his lover, the white cream running from Toryn's body. Toryn collapsed back onto Jude's chest then slid to the side, resting his leg over Jude's body. Delia crawled along the foot of the bed and spooned Toryn from behind.

"I loved that," she said to them. "That was so intense. I'm glad our screens are in place. I don't think my heart could take it otherwise."

"Your heart? I don't think my cock could take it," Jude said.

"I love making love with Jude," Toryn said, "but I love making love with you as well. You bring a softer, gentler side to our lovemaking and I like that."

"What just happened didn't seem very soft and gentle to me," Delia said with a laugh. She ran her hand down his arm and laced her fingers with his.

"You know what I mean," he said, a serious tone in his voice.

"Yes, I do," Delia said.

Jude, who had been listening to their conversation, said, "Delia, we want you to stay with us."

"Stay with you. You mean like a live-in mistress?" she asked, appalled that they might even consider that.

Toryn and Jude both laughed. "No, as a bounty hunter."

"Me, a bounty hunter. What makes you think I could be a bounty hunter?" she asked, interest evident in her voice.

"You would be perfect," Toryn said. "You are beautiful and feminine yet you're the best fighter pilot in the Wardelian League."

"You look fragile yet you could kick anybody's butt in a fight," Jude added. "No one would ever suspect you were a bounty hunter until it was too late, plus the truth is that we don't want to let you go. We want you to stay with us and be our lover."

"I would love to stay but I do have my own navigator and I definitely can't go anywhere without her."

"She can join us. If she's your navigator we know she'd have to be good, almost as good as me," Toryn said with a smirk. Delia leaned forward and bit him on the shoulder.

"Ouch," he said as Delia licked the little red mark.

"I need to see what she says but I think she's ready for a change, same as I am, but I suspect she'll be signing on strictly as a navigator."

"Why don't we just wait and see," Jude said. "Why don't we just wait and see."

"That sounds great to me but now we need to go back to the cowboy planet and pick up my navigator or at least talk to her." It was at that precise moment that the cabin door slid open and a very angry woman stalked in. She stood just inside the door and took in the scene on the bed.

"Here I am searching all over the galaxy for you and I find you safely tucked in bed with not just one but two stud muffins. You disappear off the face of the planet with no word to me and I find you in bed with these two, two...pieces of eye candy," she said, sputtering as she gestured at Toryn and Jude. Delia knew Lina had been reading those Old Earth romance novels again. Jude and Toryn burst out laughing. They didn't know what a stud muffin was or eye candy for that matter but they could tell by the tone of her voice that it might not be a compliment. Lina stalked over to the bed. "So you think this is funny, do you? I've been frantic with worry and here she is safe and sound having sex with you two."

Jude was the first to respond. Moving to the side of the bed, he rose to his feet towering over Lina. "None of this is Delia's fault. I kidnapped her to exchange her for Toryn, my navigator—"

"That would be me," Toryn said.

"Who had been captured by Brachan." Lina's face paled at the mention of Brachan.

"You were going to turn her over to Brachan," she hissed.

"I did turn her over to Brachan," he admitted. Delia came around the bed and stood beside Jude.

"He did turn me over to Brachan but not without a brilliant plan that saved his navigator and me. And we weren't having sex either, we were making love," she said, her hands on her hips. Toryn coughed into his hand at the mention of what he considered to be Jude's less-than-brilliant plan.

Lina threw herself at Delia. "I was so worried. I thought I wasn't going to see you again." Toryn got off the bed and came to stand with Delia and Jude. Lina stepped back

and looked at the three of them. "You do realize that you're all naked," she said with a laugh.

"Trust me. For what we were doing we needed to be naked," Delia assured her.

"You mean that you were making love with both these men...at the same time?"

"That's exactly what I mean," she said happily. Lina looked at Delia, really looked at her glowing face then she looked at Jude and Toryn.

Can I try too?" she asked.

"Guess we found our other bounty hunter," Jude said to Toryn but Toryn wasn't listening. He was much too busy staring at the *Renegade's* new co-navigator.

The stories passed through the galaxy, from planet to planet, from star system to star system and for centuries to come people would always speak in hushed tones of the bounty hunters of the *Renegade*.

About the Author

Although born in Ireland, Kaenar Langford lives north of Toronto in rural Ontario but that doesn't stop her from traveling the world in her mind and in her books. The love of romance and the exotic as well as a sense of humor are all entwined to produce stories that will seduce you and make you laugh.

Her husband and two sons have grown used to seeing only the back of her head as she is transported to wherever the writing takes her. She has become immune to the teasing of her colleagues who are delighted with her publication of *Lucifer's Angel*, her first novel.

Kaenar enjoys playing music and reading and has taken up the Scottish small pipes in the last few years. Of course, Irish music is what she loves to play. Being asked to publish with Ellora's Cave ranks right up there with the best things to ever happen to her.

Kaenar welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

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Lucifer's Angel



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