

A portrait of a man with long, dark, wavy hair and light-colored eyes. He is shirtless, showing his chest and shoulders. The background is a bright blue and white nebula or starburst effect.

BRIT
BLAISE

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...A whirlwind of energy swirled around them and through them. *Sensite* power filled the chamber. It pressed them together until Jada couldn't tell where she began and Strom's body ended. When even their minds melded, Jada could read all his thoughts, all his memories were hers to explore.

The enchantment!

His orgasm became hers and she had no doubt he could feel everything she experienced as her satisfaction barreled through her. The energy lifted them from the bed, still joined. She wrapped her arms and legs around him as he did likewise.

The orgasm now belonging to the two of them peaked and ebbed, then spiked again. Instead of receding, it grew, even when Jada couldn't comprehend more being possible.

Their bodies began to revolve inside the whirlwind. The pleasure became almost so perfect it was unbearable, but still it grew. In the next instant, they exploded in pleasure. Sparks of energy buzzed around them like millions of tiny fireflies. The entire room pulsed red. They floated back to the bed locked in their embrace.

As they sank onto the bed, Jada had never been more spent and energized at the same time, never felt more alive...

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BY

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GALAXY GONE WILD
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*Thanks to my readers...
without your continued support, I don't know
if I would've been able to see the light at the end of the tunnel.
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CHAPTER 1

“Look at the *bongas* on the woman coming up the walkway. I saw her first. She’s mine!”

Even as he looked, Strom punched his life-long friend in the arm and tried not to stare at the woman Garhan had pointed out. As she came in their direction, her chest bounced with each step and revealed the truth of Garhan’s words. “All that matters to you in life is a big set of *bongas* and legs thrust wide open. There has to be more than that.”

Garhan rolled his pale gray eyes and rubbed his upper arm as though Strom had hurt him.

What is that about? Strom always took care to use restraint.

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“More to life?” Garhan huffed and swiped a beefy hand through his cropped hair. “Are you insane?”

Strom didn’t bother to respond. They’d had this conversation too often and it made no difference. Nothing would change with words. The next time Garhan caught sight of a female with big set of *bongas*, he’d think of nothing else. And Strom would continue to grow more morose. Each passing day brought a suffocating dissatisfaction, and Strom didn’t have a clue how to remedy it.

None of his friends seemed to want more. Besides, as the emperor’s son, Strom had his every desire satisfied. *Why isn’t that enough?*

The well-developed woman stopped directly in front of them. Strom placed a restraining hand on Garhan’s wide shoulder, just in case his friend became overly-friendly as he oft had occasion to do.

“Is this the way to register for the event?” Her sultry voice sliced through Strom and made him hard.

Impossible.

No woman could do that. This had to be because he’d gone without a consort to slake his needs for over two weeks now. That alone might do this. A mere woman could not hold power over his body.

Garhan shrugged Strom’s hand off his shoulder before he stepped into the woman’s space. “Save your energy, beautiful. I’m the only event you can handle.”

“And how would you know I’m beautiful with your gaze fastened to my chest? Directions, please,” she said and tapped

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a booted foot with an unattractive display of feminine impatience.

Strom wouldn't look at her chest under threat of torture after that comment. He concentrated on the rest of her. She wore a big hat with a floppy brim, but Strom could see wisps of pale yellow, almost white hair. Her eyes and half her face were hidden by immense dark glasses. However, if her eyes rivaled those delectable lips, Strom wondered if he'd start slobbering on her like Garhan. Plump and full, they turned slightly at the corner, as though something amused her. This gave him pause, since her voice communicated displeasure.

Garhan laughed and took a step closer, almost initiating contact. He overlapped his palms on the left side of his chest. "Can you hear that sound? It's the beat of my poor heart. I think I've fallen in love."

"Love? I'm here on business and won't be trifled with by a Barthinian who hasn't a clue about the meaning of love."

"And how do you know I'm a Barthinian?"

"The vacuous look in your pale gray eyes. Neither you nor your friend have a true spark of life between you. I'm willing to bet neither of you know the first thing about love and devotion."

Garhan dropped his hands and stepped back. Strom wanted to argue on principle, but hadn't he often shared the sentiment? Love was for the commoners. In reality, it didn't exist. It was an ethereal crutch used by the weak-minded to make sense of their meaningless lives.

"There's been nothing new for man to discover for

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centuries,” Strom said and gave a shrug. “Certainly not archaic sentiments without real purpose.” There was no reason to deny his beliefs.

She raised a single haughty brow to peek above her glasses at his words.

Garhan’s stance stiffened. “Are you sure you want to register for this event? The only positions left are for furniture. And furniture doesn’t talk back. They fuck. And they do it whenever their master bids.” The bite in Garhan’s voice betrayed his anger. He meant to insult her. Yet, she should know what Barth males thought of the women they purchased for their homes.

No self-respecting Barthinian woman would come anywhere near the assembly hall at auction time. If she planned to register, she dropped several notches in Strom’s already-low estimation of womankind. While he might not use the word furniture, most men of his class did without qualms. Some had a piece in every room...women only in their homes for sexual entertainment and to bear male offspring if they were lucky. Since she’d come for the auction, she needed to know what to expect.

“Go straight ahead and through the blue doors.” Strom pointed in the direction he and Garhan had been headed only moments before she’d distracted them.

She gave a dismissive wave and turned her back on them. Strom watched until she entered the assembly house. “Still want the big *bongas*?” he taunted his friend.

“If I owned her, I would beat her for back-talking to me

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like that. Let someone else buy her. It won't be me."

He didn't understand it, but Garhan's dismissal of her pleased Strom. Although not given to impulse, Strom wanted to know more about her. "I'm curious to hear her qualifications."

Garhan narrowed his eyes. "Why? You have no need of additional furniture. You've never owned more than a single piece."

"Sazha is gone. She returned to her people on Cada two weeks ago, and I'm climbing the wall." He laughed at his own wit. His sex-wall was state of the art and could satisfy him without a woman's assistance. "But I doubt I'll find another to replace Sazha easily."

"Certainly not that one." Garhan pointed as if she still stood at the end of the walkway. "No way is that woman a submissive."

Garhan was more than likely right. Strom sighed. "Then she isn't for me. Let's get inside before we have to fight for our seats."

Once inside, chaos reigned in the large auditorium. The grantor stood behind the podium banging his gavel. "Take your seats. Take your seats!"

Strom and Garhan moved toward the front of the room, where Strom's father sat with several of the other Barthinian elders. Everyone he passed on his way gave a slight bow as they met his gaze. As the emperor, and the supreme ruler, his father was not only the richest man in the Colion galaxy, he owned the planet Cada where Sazha's family lived. And now

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Sazha.

And nothing was too good for the only son of Emperor Tima.

Strom's father raised his bejeweled hand and the royal sword of the galaxy. He did in an instant what the grantor couldn't while screaming and slamming his gavel onto the surface of the podium. Everyone quieted and took their seats.

Strom sat next to his father, who gave him his bejeweled hand. The traditional greeting never failed to warm Strom's heart when it came from his father. Yet...as much as he wanted to admire his patriarch, so many aspects of his father's character didn't sit well. Strom tried to ignore the differences between the two of them and, for the most part...succeeded. However, a life of excesses only satisfied him minimally.

"Your *sensite* master says he has nothing left to teach you. Perhaps I can coax the master from Cada to come to here and continue your training."

"Perhaps." Even that didn't appeal. A few more *sensite* tricks would not cure his malaise.

The guards at the back of the podium, facing the raucous crowd, tensed and pointed in the direction of the door. At the thought of danger, a shot of adrenaline hit Strom and he relished the sensation. He leaped from his seat to see who had the guard's attention.

"Halt!" one of the guards called.

At the back of the room, his father's men surrounded a figure. "I'll see what it is," he told his father.

Another of his father's men moved to block his path. For a

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second Strom considered using his *sensite* power, but the guard only did his father's bidding. Strom turned back to his father.

"Leave it to the guards," his patriarch said. "They can handle any interruption. It's time to start the auction."

Strom knew his father only wanted to protect him from trouble, but he didn't want or need to be coddled. A little danger would add some much-needed spice to his life.

The grantor banged his gavel and the first woman walked from behind a curtain to stand naked in front of those gathered. She was petite, with a figure more like a young boy than a woman. She didn't interest Strom. Nor did any of the next dozen or so women catch his attention.

He found himself waiting for her...the woman who more than likely wouldn't suit. His cock began to pain him each time it wasn't her.

When the next woman walked onto the stage, he almost didn't recognize her, but his cock did. Not only did it give a standing salute, it nearly exploded.

Strom was a loss to understand his treacherous body. Again he concluded it had to be no more than his lack of attention to his sexual needs since Sazha's exodus.

At the sounds of admiration, Garhan leaned toward him. "Maybe I spoke too quickly. She's beyond beautiful."

Beautiful didn't begin to describe the ethereal vision in front of him. Infinite clouds of white-blond hair covered her like a glistening cape. Even his father's hand tensed on the arm of his chair. Strom didn't hesitate this time. "I will have

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her.”

“She won’t allow you to dominate her.” Garhan’s voice showed his disappointment.

“Let me worry about that.” Strom held his hand up to silence Garhan. He wanted to hear all the grantor had to say about her qualifications.

“This is Jada, from the planet Cada. But as you may have already surmised, she is Durman. Only the second Durman female to ever stand on this stage, she will be worth every *tugge* she brings. Think, my friends, what pleasure it will bring you to have such a prize.”

The grantor paused as if uncomfortable. “She’s not a virgin and wishes to make that clear, in case it’s an issue for the man who purchases her.”

Strom had no use for a virgin, but he estimated at least ninety percent of those present wouldn’t want her now.

The grantor reached for her and she shied back.

“Pull your hair back from your shoulders, so they can see what they’re buying,” the grantor told her.

With the back of her hand, she swept back first one side, then the other. She stood tall, almost six feet, and her curves were well-proportioned to her height. Her sizeable *bongas* thrust boldly into the air with pale coral areolas. The pouting nipples pointed straight in Strom’s direction.

Her female stomach showed muscled tone, as did her arms and thighs. Her skin glowed with golden color.

The grantor motioned for her to turn. The ends of her long, straight white-blonde hair swished in the air as she revolved.

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The thick shining tresses hung down to the back of her knees and made him think of how it would look fanned out on the sex-wall while he fucked her.

Her legs were well-muscled, too. He was unaccustomed to seeing women with muscles. Garhan was probably right—she wouldn't be submissive. Strom could overlook much in a woman, but not that. He needed a consort who would subject herself to his will. These women were for one thing only...sex. They were to be used.

"Jada promises to submit to your every sexual desire," the grantor said and the bidding began. "She is looking for a strong master to honor her submissive nature." Hands went up across the room.

Strom waited, even as he itched to bid for her. When she didn't once look in his direction, it intrigued him. He reached for her with his *sensite* power and met with a wall.

No way could she be blocking him. It must be all the energy in the room. But that wasn't a logical conclusion. Other than his father, all of the Barthinians in the room combined wouldn't generate a spark of *sensite*. And not even his father could block him for more than a second or two. He'd heard of talismans made by the supreme seer on Cada capable of blocking the *sensite* of even a master. She wore a ring on her thumb. Perhaps it was a talisman.

The second the bidding slowed, he doubled the previous bid. Garhan elbowed him in the side and his father raised a haughty graying brow.

"Sold!" The grantor banged his gavel with swift

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purposefulness.

With the sharp sound, she finally met his eyes. The turquoise depths of them breathed fire. What had he done? The last thing he needed was a woman with flames in her eyes.

CHAPTER 2

Garhan stood waiting by the sex-wall as Strom came into his special room with Jada following close behind. Her scent taunted Strom, but he couldn't see her reaction. The sharp intake of her breath said she recognized the sparkling red wall for what it was.

No protests.

Indeed, she hadn't said a single word since he'd bought her. He might have resisted the impulsive purchase, if not for her honesty about her lack of chastity. He'd never bought virgins, not once. When he finished with a woman, he didn't need that guilt to add to his burden.

In the beginning, when he was young, he'd even

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considered the women he bought as potential life mates. He'd wanted to fall in love, he really did. His father assured him of the impossibility of love ever happening in either of their lives. And now, he'd long given up the foolish desire.

"What is he doing here?" Jada asked.

The sound of her voice coiled inside him and made his already hard member throb. She had no objections to the wall, but Garhan's presence helped her find her voice. "My friend, Garhan is here to share you with me, to train you."

She turned her face toward Strom and gave him a bold turquoise stare. She didn't blink. "You're a very generous man with your friends. I appreciate the gesture also."

Strom didn't like her blasé response and didn't know exactly why. She hadn't claimed to be inexperienced, but he certainly didn't want to believe she could be as jaded as he was. He shrugged it off. Any sexual thought she had would be read and communicated by the wall. Soon he would know her every desire.

"I have my moments," Strom said, "but I claim your pussy as mine alone while you're with me. *That...* I won't share."

She gave a nod and moved across the room toward the wall. "It will take some time to learn how to use this?" She reached her hand toward it and it shimmered in anticipation of her touch. She even had his wall excited.

"Go ahead. Touch it."

She still hesitated.

Why? What about the wall worried her? "I hope you will enjoy it as much as I have. Would you care for a glass of

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gran?”

“I’ll take one,” Garhan said as she moved closer to him in her examination of the wall.

As she walked, it shimmered in waves, beckoning to her. Garhan’s face creased into a frown as he stared at Jada and the wall’s unusual reaction to her. “Make it a double.”

She stopped and chuckled. It evidently didn’t worry her to fuck two men. Shouldn’t that please him? If she passed this test, she could stay as a favored consort. As consort to the son of the emperor, she’d desire for nothing.

Strom lowered the lights, put *Moda* on the sound system, then poured them all drinks. He delivered their glasses and raised his in the air. “Here’s to our perfect joining.”

Jada put her glass to her mouth and downed the drink in a long, deep quaff. Not even a heavy drinker like Garhan could swill *gran* like water. His friend’s eyes widened.

Strom shrugged and proceeded to attempt to down his drink. Only with the use of his *sensite* did he manage it, and without half the finesse she’d exhibited.

Garhan tried to drink all of his and started coughing before he set the *gran* aside. “I don’t need perfect,” Garhan grumbled.

“Is that for me?” Jada asked.

Strom followed her gaze to the front of his *rata*, where it tented out. A feeling overtook him that seemed suspiciously like sheepishness. Impossible. He dismissed the insane notion, then walked through the infrared shower arbor. It cleaned both his clothes and his body in seconds. If only he could control

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the strange thoughts she provoked as easily.

When Jada followed behind him, Strom liked that she did it without prompting. Te shower made her almost-white hair glisten all the more and he longed to touch it as it fanned around her shoulders. After the auction she'd donned the traditional white *girha* worn by all the women holding a position of sex-mate.

Strom walked to the wall and waited for her to join him.

"Not so fast." Garhan walked into the arbor and shed his clothes without a hint of self-consciousness. When Garhan placed his backside to the wall it automatically hollowed to fit his body. Jade moved nearer and watched with interest.

"Lift your foot in front of him," Strom told her.

When she did as he asked, a step emerged from the wall. "How does it know?"

"State of the art computers and sensors."

"I've also heard there is some *sensite* magic involved in these walls. Weren't they designed by the greatest *sensite* master, Bokka?"

Absurd. What does a woman know about sensite masters? "Whether Bokka is a master at all is the question, and certainly not the greatest. *Sensite* has nothing to do with this wall. Nor magic. There's no magic employed in the powers of *sensite*. It's all skill."

Jada shrugged as if unconcerned he'd corrected her and continued to play with the step, watching it adjust to her whims. She turned back to look at Strom. "I've heard of mating walls, but have never seen one. Men on Cada have no

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need to enhance their sexual abilities with artificial devices.”

Strom’s patience waned. “I don’t need this wall to perform. It makes life more entertaining. And frankly, as fascinating as the men of Cada may be, I’m not interested in hearing about them. If they’re so great, why are you here?”

“You paid well for my services and that is the attraction for me. I need the money. To be indentured a single year is a small price to pay for such a tidy sum.”

Money he understood. “You’ll find I’m even more generous if you please me well.”

Garhan, who’d waited patiently, cleared his throat to get their attention. Strom found it easier not to look at his friend’s nakedness, even though he enjoyed the sensation of their cocks dueling inside a woman’s willing body. Sazha had often accommodated the two of them and, on occasion, would welcome a third.

When Garhan pushed back against the wall a spout came out of the side and sprayed lubricant on his cock. Garhan sighed. “Perfect temperature.” He rubbed both hands over his genitals.

Jada didn’t hesitate—no emotions...perfect. This wasn’t about anything but getting off. She shrugged out of her *girha*, climbed onto the platform and turned her backside to his friend. Garhan snaked a hand around her waist to steady her. She leaned forward and handles emerged from either side of the wall for her to use.

“You only need to think of what you need and the wall will try to give it to you.”

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She gave a small snicker and a wand shot out of the wall straight to her clit. “It’s a tiny vibrator,” Strom told her. She leaned her head back against Garhan’s shoulder and he began to rotate his hips.

Strom didn’t want to be left behind. He shed his *rata* and stood naked before her. She stared at him through hooded eyes. The entire wall shimmered and shifted. Her foot-holds rose and her stance widened. He could see the delicate pink of her nether lips, dewy moist, they beckoned to him. The pale blonde foam of hair, trimmed into a lightening bolt shape made him want to touch.

The wall shifted again and elevated still more, like it could read Strom’s mind. He could see her slit and the opening which promised his release.

Strom wanted to fill her. He stepped forward and the floor under his feet rose until he was a perfect height to enter her.

She began to pant softly and her knuckles were white on the grips. Strom took his cock in hand and a shot of lubricant hit him. The warmth was a prelude to her pussy. He leaned forward and found her channel. The walls of her sex shimmered and clutched as he pushed his swollen head into her tight heat.

“I’m in,” Garhan said. “She’s tighter than any I’ve fucked like this. I have to go slow.”

She pushed back and down as the wall adjusted for her. Garhan moaned loudly.

Strom knew why. He plunged inside her as she milked his cock with an immediate orgasm. She squeezed hard enough to

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make him wince. He put both hands on her *bongas* and flicked her nipples to distract her. Instead, she squeezed harder.

However, something strange happened. Something that had never happened before. Like the pure *psi* of his *sensite*, a force took hold of his entire body. He erupted without warning. Again and again, he came as he mindlessly pumped into her.

“I’m coming like a fucking *fetta*,” Garhan cried. “I can’t stop.” Beads of perspiration popped out on his forehead. A fan emerged from the wall, but Garhan groaned and continued to thrust faster and harder.

Their cocks battled for space. The pulse beat of Garhan’s ejection matched Strom’s. Neither slowed and Strom could no longer focus on Garhan or Jada’s faces. Fucking his brains out suddenly took on a whole new meaning.

CHAPTER 3

Jada didn't have much time before Strom and Garhan regained consciousness. Everything had been going so well, until she'd tangled with the damned wall. Strom's fuck-wall wasn't cooperating with her. It had Strom pinned against her, holding him in place. If only she could stop her internal spasms, maybe she could push him off, but the lingering aftereffects of her orgasm wouldn't ease. She only meant to give both men continuous orgasms, but it didn't work that way.

She'd had them, too!

She had a feeling she understood only too well what had gone wrong. Strom couldn't be more mistaken about the

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master who'd invented the wall. Not only did he employ magic in his inventions, but he often did so with humorous intent. Normally she had complete control of her *sensite* power, but the wall had challenged her.

Even now it moved the unconscious men against her and created a delicious friction.

Strom began to stir. She'd hoped to have them both incapacitated when the wall interfered. Jada pretended to be passed out cold, so he wouldn't think she'd had anything to do with his loss of consciousness.

"Garhan, are you all right? Wake up." Strom's voice sounded tense.

He said nothing to her. *Typical*. He had no respect for women as anything other than a commodity. He would learn the error of his ways or he would die.

The wall shimmered and released him. Strom fell back. His semi-hard cock slid out of her and she pretended to awaken. When she slowly opened her eyes and caught sight of him, it wasn't easy to see him and not want to fuck him again. The man had the most beautiful silver eyes in the galaxy. They were fringed in thick, curling lashes as dark as his long, black hair. It hung in waves over his wide naked shoulders.

She lowered her lashes and allowed her head to lull back against Garhan's chest so she could continue her perusal of Strom at her leisure. His waist was trim and corded with muscle. He wasn't too tall, perhaps only an inch or so more than her six feet. But every inch was perfect. And his cock...she'd never seen one she'd wanted more.

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He was hers to enjoy as she pleased, until she found a way to spirit him away from his planet and deliver him to his future wife. Sazha was a pragmatic woman. She understood a man like Strom was led by his baser desires and had given Jada permission to have sex with him as a necessary tool. And Jada had taken pleasure in him. She'd admit it. She even enjoyed his less handsome friend, but not nearly as much.

"What happened?" she asked in a weak tone, as though she didn't know what was happening.

"Fuck if I know. My master would call it a powerful surge of *sensite* energy."

Jada didn't expect Strom to guess the source of her power. However, he never considered it originated with a woman. Not that. She concentrated and hit him with another jolt.

His cock rose. "What the..."

"Are you always this sexual? Maybe you should invest in additional furniture. I don't know if I can handle you on my own."

Strom shook his head in denial. "I don't consider any woman furniture."

She didn't believe him for a second. "You don't have to deny it. I knew what men here think of women before I came to Barth. I'm here because I want to be. You don't plan to waste that, do you?"

"Garhan? What's wrong with him?"

She pushed her power into Garhan's inactive body to bring him out of his deep sleep. His cock had hardened while still in her ass at the same time she'd hit Strom with a sexual jolt. She

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gave Garhan another *psi* zap and he came to. “There’s nothing wrong with him. From the way he’s filling my ass, he’s ready for round two.”

“No!” Strom appeared to wince at the volume of his own voice. He’d nearly screamed.

“No...what?” Garhan asked. The poor man probably didn’t have clue why his friend was out of control. Neither men knew how Jada could manipulate their bodies and their emotions with her power.

“I need to be alone with Jada.”

Jada hid her smile. Strom already didn’t want to share her with his friend? For good measure, she delivered another sexual surge to Garhan. He came quick and hard.

Strom’s brows furrowed as he watched his friend hump against her like a *fetta* in heat. She had no physical response, but pretended to reach her satisfaction too. The wall seemed to know she lied with her actions. It brought the vibrator to her clit to help her along. She flicked her own nipples and moaned loudly. The louder she moaned, the deeper Strom frowned.

“I’m sorry,” Garhan crowed. “She’s bewitched me. I’m spewing like Mount Faegor.”

“If you value our friendship, you’ll stop spewing and leave now.”

“Oh, fuck.” Garhan pushed her off his cock. The wall cocooned her and pulled her onto her side as it vibrated around her instead of setting her free. Somehow she needed to get the upper hand with the pesky wall without Strom guessing.

Poor Garhan, still ejaculating, walked toward his clothes

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and slid on the slippery floor. “This is humiliating.”

Jada closed her eyes, so she wouldn’t shame him by watching what she’d caused so easily. Didn’t he deserve as much? Both Garhan and Strom had little regard for the female species. Showing them a little humility was the least she could do.

“Come down from the wall,” Strom said once Garhan left them alone. “The arbor.”

She smiled inside again at his demand. He wanted to erase any trace his friend had been inside her? Did he even realize how possessive the act could be taken? By asking Garhan to leave in a pique of possessiveness, he’d insured the success of her venture. His friend wouldn’t come looking for him later.

She pulled up and the wall reluctantly released her with a sucking sound. If Strom noticed, he didn’t say anything. Jada followed him through the arbor. “Does this mean you aren’t finished with me?”

He turned and touched his still-hard cock. “I’m definitely not finished. Please face the wall.”

She walked back to the wall.

“Lean your hands against it and bend at waist level.”

When she did, a soft shelf protruded against her groin and lifted her ass into the air. Did he want to experience what had driven Garhan from the room in a rush?

She wiggled her asset and heard him groan.

“Why do you have such defined muscles?” he demanded.

Jada didn’t need to be told the men on Barth had no desire to see muscles on their women. “My father is very athletic.

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I'm told I'm genetically predisposed. And I like to exercise.” She wiggled her ass again to distract him.

He moved to stand behind her and the wall adjusted again. Hand-holds protruded from the sides near her shoulders. He gripped them and rubbed the length of his cock along the seam of her butt.

A warm flow of lubricant splashed over her and, at the same time, another vibrator assaulted her clit. She automatically spread her legs wider to accept him. He pulled back and a second later the head of his cock pushed against her anus. She tensed only for a second, then used *psi* to free her inhibitions.

He eased inside her. His cock, larger than his friend's, moved slowly until fully seated, his groin snug against her ass. A coil of pleasure tightened her sphincter and she squeezed. Strom groaned and began to tremble without any sexual *psi* to assist his journey.

With the vibrator tormenting her, she began to come, despite wanting to prolong his agony. The wall began to move. Had she done that?

She tried to enter a place where she'd have control...she couldn't. She came so hard she screamed. It took a long while before she could focus, and she lost track of time. Once her center returned, she gathered energy, then hit him with a jolt of sexual *sensite* guaranteed to make him come in a raging rush.

His cock pulsed inside her. He pumped into her over and over while he moaned. For a moment she experienced a surge

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of self-satisfaction of having the upper hand. And then she lost it! The last thing she expected was another orgasm to rip through her.

CHAPTER 4

“Where are we?”

“It’s about time you awakened, sleepy-head. We’re almost halfway to Cada, where you’re going to be married.”

His beautiful silver eyes widened. “You expect me to marry you when I’ve only known you for a day? No way am I marrying you or anyone.”

Of course he’d think that. “Don’t flatter yourself. I wouldn’t marry you if you were the last man in the universe. I don’t intend to marry any man, especially a Barthinian. The Olivas family hired me to bring you to them so you can marry their daughter, Sazha.”

Strom shook his head in disbelief and examined the

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instrument panel. "Sazha's behind this? She wouldn't dare."

Sazha must've allowed this jerk to walk all over her. What kind of woman allowed a man such freedom? Jada had no respect for either of them. "Maybe she wouldn't dare, but her father does. And I have it on good authority he plans to slice you into little pieces if you refuse his precious daughter."

He didn't appear quite so cocky once she stated the Olivas family's intent. "You seduced me to get me to Cada?"

"I bet that really hurts your pride. A woman used you for sex. You better believe I did."

"It was all just an act?" He actually managed to sound wounded.

"What else would it be except an act? Trust me, I've had better and I've had worse. It was a perk for a job well done." Money alone would never have convinced Jada to take the job. Supreme Seer Moira had approached the Cadan council to request Jada's assistance. No one in the universe would consider denying Moira. She had power not even a *sensite* master could comprehend. Even the emperor feared her.

"A perk? Whatever Sazha's father is paying you, I'll double it."

"He expected you'd say that and will double whatever you offer...any amount. Go ahead, make me a rich woman. Or should I say richer? Because of you, I'll make more money than I can spend."

"There has to be something you want. Something other than money."

She had a very perverse thought. "Why don't you eat my

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cunt and help me clear my head? Maybe, if I'm thinking better, we'll be able to come to an understanding?"

He started to sputter. Oh, how he must hate to be treated the same way he dealt with women.

"If you aren't up to the job, I have several young *sensite scholares* waiting for my return on Cada. They are ever ready to please their *sensite* master any way I chose." She told an outright lie. She never once had sex with a ward under her tutelage.

"You? You're a *sensite* master? A mere woman?"

What a fool to taunt her. She used her power to hit him with a blast of sexual energy and held it until he began to writhe and moan, dropping to his knees in front of her. "Would you like some more?" she asked.

He stared up at her with his blinking silver eyes and narrowed his gaze.

Danger.

In the next instant, a bolt of sexual energy hit her. The *sensite* rushed her to the brink of an orgasm. She gripped the arms of her control chair and directed the energy back at him. It took him prone to the floor and still he hit her with another zap.

This one rushed her over the edge. The orgasm bowed her back and she screamed.

And then a sudden increase of internal spasms made her scream again.

Even in the midst of the intense pleasure she channeled her power, found her center and hit him again. However, he did

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the same.

They continued to zap each other until they were both on the floor in boneless heaps, unable to move and rasping for breath. When it was over, Jada mentally declared herself the winner, but not by much.

She pulled herself into the command chair and gave him a heated glare. Dueling orgasms! “I won.”

He taped his slender forefinger against his striking white teeth. “That’s debatable. Still want me to eat your pussy?”

She never in a million years thought she’d say it. “I’ll pass. How are you with a *fanolo*? She had two of the sharp, sword-like instruments crisscrossed on the wall behind them.

“Try me.”

Oh, she would. She’d not only try him, she’d kick his gorgeous, muscled ass. “I could be wrong, but I think it’s easier if you’d get off your back to fight.”

He scissored his legs and jackknifed into a standing position before bowing to her. How that trick must have cost him! Jada pulled the *fanolos* from the wall and tossed one to him.

“Fight to the death?” he asked with nonchalant disinterest.

“Are you insane? If I kill you, I’ll lose my money. First to draw blood is the winner.” Not to mention what Moira would do to her!

However, Jada *sweated* blood before she managed to nick his forearm. To make matters worse, on occasion it seemed as though he held back in fear of hurting her.

This wouldn’t do.

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None of the men on Cada could last so long in a *fanolo* fight with her. Either she was out of shape or she'd underestimated his resourcefulness.

"Why is the warning sensor flickering?" he said as he tended to the wound on his arm.

Jada's attention flashed to the console. *Damn. Just when things were going so good.* "It appears we're about to have company."

"Who are you expecting?"

"Smart ass. This is all your fault. If you hadn't distracted me, I'd have noticed this."

"My fault?"

"Did I mumble?" It only took a second to determine they were in serious trouble. The ship with the lock on them was three times as big and twice as powerful as hers. She didn't even have any wiggle room to make an escape. "This could get ugly. Take a look and see if you recognize them."

Strom sighed. "I hoped it might be Garhan. No such luck. It's a Rawhog vessel."

A blast hit them and Jada tumbled into Strom's strong arms. Both of them fell to the floor and yet he somehow cushioned her fall.

"Rawhog?" Jada moaned. "They're sexual perverts. Even worse than your species."

It didn't take their captors long to breach her ship's defenses. When an immense Rawhog came through the air chamber, Jada quickly changed her appearance. She turned her white-blond hair to black, gave herself the red eyes and the

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greenish complexion of a Hanngon. Any self-respecting Rawhog would avoid sex with a Hanngon at all costs.

Strom watched with interest, but didn't follow suit. No way did she have the time to make changes for both of them, and it would require Strom's willing cooperation.

"Look what we have here...two Hanngons on an outing. What do you have to bargain to save your worthless lives?"

The Rawhog's words surprised her until Jada looked back over her shoulder to see Strom's green face and red eyes. Her estimation of him and his abilities rose.

"My wife's family will pay handsomely for her safe return. Me? They hate my yellow guts and won't offer a single *tuggé*."

His wife? Did he realize what he'd just done with his careless words? Rawhogs loved to watch species mate, even the Hanngon. He just ensured their fate until they could take over the Rawhog ship, and one this size would carry at least a hundred occupants. Even with Strom's help, it would take some time to control one-hundred minds, even weak-willed ones.

The Rawhog rubbed his groin and grunted. "You will entertain us until your wife's people pay for her release."

"Entertain?" Strom questioned.

She wanted to smack him! Before she could speak, a second Rawhog appeared and shackled Strom. They weren't worried about her and motioned for her to follow as they dragged Strom toward the open door. She reached into the mind of the closest Rawhog and found him thinking of little

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beyond sex. Thankfully, it didn't involve sex with her. Whatever aversion the Rawhogs had for the Hanngon, it made her safe from rape. They wouldn't touch her. It would be easy to take control of him, but she didn't know how badly her ship had been damaged.

"How badly is my husband's ship damaged?" she asked.

The Rawhog didn't answer her, but his thoughts betrayed him. The repairs shouldn't take long. With each Rawhog they passed, she used *sensite* to tell them to fix her ship.

In a matter of moments they were thrown into an octagonal chamber with a bed-like object in the center of the room. They removed Strom's shackles and ripped the clothes from his body. In an effort to avoid having her flight *tanna* destroyed, Jada quickly undressed.

When she finished, they pushed him toward her. "Get busy! Fuck her, Hanngon."

Strom stared at her with amused red eyes and shrugged. "Is this what you had in mind when you took me?"

"This isn't funny. They want to watch us fuck. This is an observation chamber. However, the better we are at it, the more of them will watch us."

"And having an audience doesn't worry you?"

"I'm not crazy about the thought, but it's a bonus to have access to all of their minds in close proximity. Can you perform multiple mind-trances?"

"How multiple are you talking about?"

"The entire ship. It shouldn't be difficult with them concentrating on our fucking."

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“You want me to fuck you *and* put the entire ship in a trance?” His skin turned a little more green...or was it her imagination?

“Not the entire ship. I can manage two-thirds. I only wanted a little help.”

A nasty bolt of electricity shot from the wall and hit them, painful enough to make Jada yelp out loud. Strom only appeared annoyed. “I think they want us on the bed.”

“Is that what that is?” Strom moved closed to the fur-covered contraption in the center of the room. “It looks none too clean.”

“You’ve never had sex in a bed?”

“Never. I sleep in a chamber built for one. I have the wall for sex.”

Poor Barthinian. She almost felt a little sorry for him. “Lay down and I’ll do the work.”

He raised a haughty eyebrow. Even with green skin the man was still too handsome for his own good. And he may protest having sex for an audience, but his cock, hard and ready, thrust into the air.

It wouldn’t be good to let him see her staring at his cock. “Hurry before they zap us again and I lose my good humor.”

He didn’t make her argue the point. He climbed onto the bed and laid back on the surface, his cock prominently displayed. There would no reserve *sensite* power available to enhance their sex. This would be an ordinary joining, but still her pussy clenched and a release of moisture signaled Jada wanted him. *What is that about?*

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She crawled over to where he waited and straddled him. His red eyes were dark and unreadable as he watched her. On her knees above him, she reached down to direct his cock to her channel. The soft skin of his sex made her linger to touch. She ran her hand down the velvety length, then back up. As much as she wanted to enjoy touching him, she suddenly needed him inside her.

Jada eased the thick head of his root inside her and closed her eyes as delicious spasms blossomed at her core. She shifted her weight forward and rested her hands on his shoulders as she lowered herself onto his length. The sharp hiss of his breath through his clenched teeth told her he wasn't unaffected.

She reached out with her *sensite* and began to place the occupants of the ship in a trance, one by one. Only it was much more difficult than she'd anticipated. With Strom's cock buried inside her, she couldn't concentrate on using her power. The room began to glow a soft yellow from the viewing panels surrounding them. Some of the panels were more illuminated than others.

Jada had heard of this phenomenon. The panels would grow to brilliant red as the occupant behind them became excited. Evidently, their show wasn't a rousing success. She began to ride Strom with more enthusiasm and some of the panels darkened to orange.

A keening thrum began inside her and snatched the breath from her body. In the next instant, Jada couldn't think about being on display or her plans to immobilize the ship. She

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could only consider satisfying her immediate need. Nothing mattered but that.

Strom had begun to lose some of his green color. Did he find it difficult to concentrate, too? “Put your hands on my breasts,” she demanded. With his fingers flicking her nipples she came closer to her release. Still it wasn’t enough. She wrapped her fingers in his black mane and urged him to move more rapidly with her. “Faster!”

His cock seemed to grow harder and longer. It filled her until, when fully seated, she had not a breath of space. This produced an ache in her core so profound she couldn’t fathom. A scream welled inside her along with the sharp knife of pleasure ripping through her.

This wasn’t just about an orgasm.

What?

A whirlwind of energy swirled around them and through them. *Sensite* power filled the chamber. It pressed them together until Jada couldn’t tell where she began and Strom’s body ended. When even their minds melded, Jada could read all his thoughts, all his memories were hers to explore.

The enchantment!

His orgasm became hers and she had no doubt he could feel everything she experienced as her satisfaction barreled through her. The energy lifted them from the bed, still joined. She wrapped her arms and legs around him as he did likewise.

The orgasm now belonging to the two of them peaked and ebbed, then spiked again. Instead of receding, it grew, even when Jada couldn’t comprehend more being possible.

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Their bodies began to revolve inside the whirlwind. The pleasure became almost so perfect it was unbearable, but still it grew. In the next instant, they exploded in pleasure. Sparks of energy buzzed around them like millions of tiny fireflies. The entire room pulsated red. They floated back to the bed locked in their embrace.

As they sank onto the bed, Jada had never been more spent and energized at the same time, never felt more alive!

* * *

Strom didn't know what to make of what just happened. He didn't know two people could connect in such a unique way. He never would've believed it if it hadn't just happened to him.

Nothing would ever be the same.

That much he understood well. *How could it be?* The axis of his world had shifted and now every single day of his existence he would want another taste of what he'd just experienced with this woman. What man could be shown the wildest, most wonderful episode known across the galaxy only to have it snatched from his grasp?

This woman was the key.

"I can't decide if this has made me weak or more powerful," he said.

Jada opened her turquoise eyes and looked at him for a moment before they flashed to red. He gave more energy to his own disguise just in case.

"Don't worry, Barthinian. Your future wife won't be such

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a puzzle for you to figure out. You and she will have a nice, long and very uneventful joining.” Jada pushed back. “Now let go of me.”

Strom didn’t want her any more than she wanted him. Or did he? Her mouth was so near and inviting...only inches away.

He couldn’t resist. Strom brought his lips down on hers. An explosion of energy hit them and particles of light buzzed in the air surrounding them just like moments before.

Storm knew he should stop, but instead, he deepened the kiss. The whirlwind returned in triple force and sucked them into the maelstrom.

What would happen if he tasted her?

What would happen if his heart were involved? As the thought occurred to him, the organ inside his chest quickened and lurched.

“Enough!” Jada pushed him off and the energy stopped as fast as it began. They tumbled down onto the bed in a tangle of arms and legs. For a second he thought he saw tears in her eyes.

“We need to get out of here while we can,” she said.

Strom reached his *sensite* toward the panels and could not find a single Rawhog who could think for themselves. She’d mentally incapacitated all of them. For the first time Strom began to consider he’d met his match.

A woman.

A Cadite.

Now *what*?

CHAPTER 5

Strom wanted to argue about continuing on to the planet Cada, but they didn't have the fuel necessary to return all the way to Barth. Once they landed, the Cadite authorities surrounded their craft. Sazha's doing, no doubt.

"What is this place?" They'd landed inside an ornate, cavern-like structure he didn't recognize.

"This *boga* once belonged to my master. He died of a broken heart when he lost all his possessions to your father, as did so many others on our planet. Now I'll have the money to buy back his legacy for all of those who wish to walk in his footsteps and study our unique Cadan *sensite*."

He'd heard complaints of his father's greed often enough,

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but Strom had never been able to find any basis in the accusations. This planet belonged to his father and so all the men surrounding them were on his father's payroll. "Every one of you owes allegiance to my father—"

"Ignore this man," Jada interrupted as Strom directed his attention to the captain of the guard. "As you may know, he's here to marry our Sazha in two days. He's delirious with happiness and doesn't know what he's saying."

"But this is the son of the emperor. Surely he can speak for himself." The captain didn't take the word of a woman.

"I don't deny he's the emperor's son. Who wouldn't know the son of our generous benefactor? Has not Moira proclaimed a love match between the two of them?"

The guard gave a nod, but his face reflected his worry. Strom pinned him with a heated stare. "My father will send a legion to my rescue, and you'll be the first to suffer." Strom had no doubt Sazha's crazy scheme would be foiled and many would undergo trial as a result. Why didn't Jada see the seriousness of what she'd done by taking him prisoner? Still the mention of the supreme seer gave him pause. What did his future have to do with Moira? Why would she concern herself with *him*?

In the next instant the guard's face went blank. Jada had used her power to shut his mind down. She pointed at Strom. "Leave these people out of this. If you have a problem, it's with me. I was paid to deliver you, and this poor soul is just trying to do his job. You could have foreseen this when you took Sazha as your consort. Did you really expect Sazha's

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father would do nothing?”

“Sazha’s father has always hated mine. It’s jealousy, plain and simple. My father owns Cada.”

“I don’t claim to understand all of this, but when Moira dictated I bring you, I didn’t have a choice.” Her voice sounded confident, but her eyes betrayed her. She wasn’t as unaffected by the prospect of giving him over to Sazha as she’d like to lead him to believe.

Four young and very virile-looking young men approached and each went down onto one knee in front of her with a fist clenched to his chest. Strom had often giving this sign of submission to his *sensite* master, but still it surprised him to see them give her this tribute.

She smiled and motioned for them to stand. “Your timing is impeccable. I may need your help delivering my charge to his bride. He’s not anxious to marry and wants to return to Barth with my head on a platter to appease the emperor.”

One of the men eyed Strom suspiciously. “We passed Sazha on our way into the *boga*. Why does he deny Sazha? It is a wonderful thing to find your life-mate. It opens the door to unlimited power in the galaxy.”

“I don’t think Strom believes in the magical side of the *sensite*. He only believes what he can see or feel and especially control. And I may have accidentally opened Strom’s door to the universe and ruined Sazha’s chances for having him as a life-mate.”

“How unfortunate for him,” the tallest and best looking young man said. “He’ll miss out on the best life has to offer

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and never really know.”

“That’s the problem. He does know now and I do too. He’s had a preview, but he isn’t brave enough to see where it will lead. As you well know, allowing the enchantment into your soul means giving over complete control to your mate.”

“A pity.” Then the young man narrowed his eyes. “Wait a minute. Are you saying he experienced the enchantment of the *sensite* with you?”

Jada turned away and didn’t answer his question.

She’d called what Strom had experienced with her a preview? If that was only the beginning of his open door, he didn’t think he’d survive the finale.

“Sazha needs to know,” another of the men demanded angrily. “She’s already wasted years of her life with him. If he’s discovered the enchantment with another, she must be told at once.”

Jada sighed. “It will make no difference to her. Sazha’s determined to have him at all costs. And Moira has foretold of Strom’s marriage. It’s out of all our hands.”

A bead of cold sweat ran down Strom’s back at the mention of Moira. His father had always warned him to avoid the supreme seer at all costs. Not only had he not managed to avoid her, he was in the middle of one of her prophecies.

* * *

Jada didn’t want to have this conversation in front of the Barthinian. Just her luck, she’d fallen waist-deep into a heaping pile of the illusive enchantment and found it linked to

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Strom. Sazha would never agree to give him up and, even if she did, Strom wasn't the kind of man likely to believe a woman his equal.

Any woman. That at least eased the sting.

"If you'd help me show Sazha what she'll be giving up..." one of the virile men who'd arrived, Phile, said.

Jada understood Phile's anxiety. He'd been in love with Sazha since they were children. For years Phile had made it known he wanted to test the enchantment with Sazha. "You don't know what you're asking of me. And just because I've linked to Sazha's future husband doesn't mean she and you still have a chance." Jada's heart hurt for her friend.

Now all was lost for both of them. Once she'd experienced the enchantment with Strom, there would never be another for Jada either. Sazha may have him for a husband, but she would never experience the thrill the *sensite* could only give to a life-mate.

"Sazha is here to collect her husband."

Sazha came onto the loading dock with her entourage of ladies-in-waiting. Her father followed behind with an armed guard at least a dozen strong.

"I knew you could do it!" Sazha said to Jada. "Strom would never believe a woman could capture him."

Phile moved to stop Sazha's progress. "Jada captured him in more ways than one. She found the enchantment with him."

Sazha face darkened at Phile's words. "Nonsense. If she had sex with Strom, it means nothing. I gave her permission to use what I knew Strom would trust most coming from a

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woman...her body. What do I need with enchantment when I'll be the richest and most powerful woman in the galaxy?"

Strom glared at Sazha and gave a curt bow. He moved stiffly, like he was in the middle of a bad dream. "Why would you believe I'll agree to marry you?"

"Because my father will end your life if you don't."

Strom drew back as if she'd struck him. "Just as I thought. My father will wipe every one of your family off the face of Cada if you harm his only son."

"Not if I'm carrying your child before he arrives. Your father wants ancestors more than anything. And Moira has foretold a child will come from your loins by the eclipse of the moons."

Could Sazha be right? Jada stomach lurched to think she could've inappropriately stepped into Moira's prophecy. Not even the *sensite* could gainsay the seer. "Why didn't your warn me a pregnancy might be involved?" she demanded of Sazha. Jada tried to temper her reaction, but her *sensite* failed her. *A birthing prophecy?*

"Could Jada already be carrying his child?" Phile asked as he appropriately interpreted Jada's concern.

No way. Please? Even the mere suggestion had everyone staring at her stomach, including Strom.

"*Sensite* masters don't have children! The power would protect her from pregnancy," Sazha insisted. "I'm the one who will bear the future heir to both Cada and Barth."

Sazha's father pushed his way into Jada's space. Strom took a defensive stance, as though he would fight to protect

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her. His act both surprised and touched her. Didn't he hate her?

Sazha placed both hands on her father's chest. "No. You'll only make it worse. Jada isn't carrying his child. She knows how much I want him and wouldn't willing get between us."

Sazha's father made a growling sound. "Maybe she didn't do it willingly. Not even Jada is as powerful as the enchantment. I should know. I once loved a woman claimed by the power and lost her forever, along with my ability to ever love another. She bore her lover a child and became the most powerful seer on Cada."

He'd once loved Moira? The supreme seer had a child?

Sazha pinned Jada, hatred blazing in her eyes. "Say it isn't so. Tell my father you aren't with child."

Jada wanted to deny it, but something stopped her. A quickening inside her abdomen she'd never experienced before made her hesitate. *Could it be possible?*

"Touch me," she told Strom.

Strom didn't hesitate. Not only did he touch her, he brought his lips down on hers. His action surprised her, as did the affect of his kiss. At first soft and warm, he pushed against the seam of her lips with his tongue. She opened to him.

With his tongue in her mouth, the whirlwind of energy began. Sparks of light and energy swirled in the air surrounding them. Jada closed her eyes and gave herself over to the sensations Strom caused. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

Just like when they were joined in the Rawhog chamber,

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they seemed to merge into one. Strom's hunger for more of what was happening between them filled her and grew when added to her own. The energy fused them together and lifted them into the air.

Clouds of energy sparks shrouded them. The hard length of Strom's cock pressed into the juncture between her legs through their clothes. She wanted to be filled. At the same time, the quickening in her abdomen began again and Strom covered her belly with his large hand.

He stopped kissing her and they floated back to the ground. His eyes bored into her. "It's true."

She nodded. There was no doubt. She carried his child. Joy and confusion warred for the most prominent place in her mind. Confusion won, and she pushed out of his arms to see Sazha crying hysterically. Phile lifted her into his arms and walked toward the door leading from the *boga* and into the complex.

Sazha's father gave a furious glare to Jada, then followed his daughter.

Everything was happening too fast. How could she be having the child of a woman-hater? "It appears you're free to return to Barth," Jada said. "You're welcome to use my ship." Jada didn't wait for a response. She walked to the far wall and went into her personal pod. All the while she hoped Strom would stop her, but he didn't utter a word.

When only moments later when she heard her ship leave the *boga*, her heart shattered in a million pieces...and she hadn't realized it was in jeopardy.

CHAPTER 6

Jada didn't want to awaken. Not while she dreamed she slept in Strom's arms and life couldn't be more perfect. "So this is what it feels like to sleep in a bed with a woman. I don't think I'll ever look at my *pod* the same way again."

Strom!

Jada cracked her eyes open to see his handsome face smiling down at her.

"As pleasant as it is to sleep with you, I'm glad you're awake." As he spoke, his breath fanned the hair at her temple. The rich, manly scent of him caused a riot inside her. She took a deep breath.

He kissed her naked shoulder, while his hand closed over

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her breast and he massaged with his large palm. Her nipple hardened and he captured it between his fingers. Her back bowed with the intense pleasure he created so easily.

When his lips sought hers, the enchantment came in a heated rush. The air crackled around them. Every atom on the surface of her skin tingled and blossomed with intense power. The whirlwind of energy particles lifted her bed with them on it.

“Will we ever be able to do this without a sense of urgency?” He chuckled and moved to settle his weight upon her. His cock prodded at the juncture between her legs.

Jada lifted her hips and spread her legs wider. He probed against the place she needed him to be. When he eased inside her, the energy of the enchantment escalated and the bed began to revolve. In the next instant, she couldn’t tell where she began and he ended.

The pleasure spiked when the enchantment allowed her access to what Strom experienced, as well as her own bliss. She celebrated in the moment. If she never had this man again, she’d always remember this point in time...this unique joining. Strom echoed the sentiment. Both of their universes had gone wild!

Both of them spiraled into an orgasm. Each second took them higher toward another. Each successive orgasm rushed them toward still another...greater...more explosive fulfillment. Nothing had ever been so intense. This ultimate energy filled every part of Jada. And just when she didn’t think it possible to attain more, an explosion shattered them

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both and suspended them on an invisible plateau.

They floated there together for so long, she lost sense of time and place. What seemed like hours later, a stray thought from Strom entered her mind.

He thought of his son.

Their son?

Only, as she searched his mind, she didn't find the three of them together...only Strom and his son. Could it be possible? Did he think to exclude her from her own child's life?

She pushed away before he realized what she'd learned. She needed to distance herself from him. Somehow she made it out of the *boga* without awakening him. She knew of only one place neither Strom nor the emperor would seek her out... Moira. Did she have the courage to go there?

The supreme seer lived in isolation on a crystalline mountain overlooking the colony where Jada had grown up. Not once in twenty-eight years had she ever seen the woman. Nor did she want to. Now she didn't have a choice. To protect her child she'd brave anything.

Even Moira.

* * *

Strom awakened to find his father standing over him. He reached for Jada, only to discover her gone.

"Is it true?" his father demanded. His silver eyes, so like Strom's own, snapped with fury. "Did Sazha have you kidnapped?"

Strom pushed up onto his elbows. He'd never seen his

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father in such a feral state. “There’s no need to concern yourself. Sazha has seen the error of her ways. It’s over.”

“What of the bitch who took you from Barth? They say she’s a *sensite* master here on Cada. Even that is worthy of death, but to take my son? I’ll destroy her!”

Strom had anticipated his father’s displeasure, but he hadn’t considered he’d try to have Jada killed. “She carries my child in her womb. No one will harm her.”

The ominous cloud on his father’s countenance lifted, but it took time. “That changes everything. We’ll imprison her until she gives birth, then see she receives the punishment she so richly deserves.”

Strom had heard rumors of his father’s thirst for blood, but had never witnessed it firsthand. He was about to defend Jada when the room shifted and his father pitched forward. The walls began to crumble and a crack in the floor opened to swallow several of his father’s men.

“What is it?” his father screamed. “Get to the ship. Hurry!”

In the next instant, the walls fell around them, pinning both Strom and his father in a small space. “She did this! The witch knows I’ve come for my son!”

Jada was very powerful, but even she couldn’t make the ground shake and recesses of Cada crumble. *Could she?*

CHAPTER 7

Moirá paced the floor. Her long, white-blond hair, so like Jada's, dragged along the shining crystal floor. "This is my fault. I should not have allowed the emperor to have his way for so long. I hoped one day my son would seek me out. I never imagined the hold his father has over him would be so strong."

"I won't give up my child like you did." Jada knew her words sounded harsh, but she didn't care. No way would she allow Strom to do to her what the emperor had done to Moira.

Moirá sank to the floor in front of a large crystal. She rubbed until it glowed. "There...that will keep them." She gave a dismissive wave of her hand and turned back to Jada. "I

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was alone. No one gave me support against one of the most powerful men in the galaxy. You have the support of all of Cada. Every living soul will rise to fight the emperor if he tries to take your child.”

Moirra turned back to the crystal and once again rubbed her long elegant fingers along the length of it until it glowed. “And you have me. I’m more powerful now and will not fail my grandchild as I did my own son.”

Jada didn’t know who to trust, but Moirra seemed the more likely candidate.

She stopped rubbing the stone to pin Jada with a stare. “I was only sixteen when the emperor brought me from my home to be one of his consorts. He paid my family well, and it was considered a great privilege to belong to the emperor. I knew nothing of men and when the enchantment took me, I had no idea what had happened.

“The emperor understood the significance of our encounter. Even though he would never experience the enchantment with another, he made plans to destroy me once I bore his child. Before he had a chance to kill me, Sazha’s father saved me. They were friends at the time and he’d formed an attachment to me. He brought me to Cada, where I’ve been ever since.”

“But you have power,” Jada said. “You could’ve fought against Emperor Tima.”

“I considered it over the years. But my power is only strong here on Cada. And I couldn’t put the people here in jeopardy. Now, as long as you’re here on Cada, you’ll be safe.

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And so will my son!”

“What if Strom decides to return to Barth with his father?”

“Maybe the time has come to open my son’s eyes. Perhaps he’s not too much like his father to learn from the past. Do you have the courage to confront him?”

Jada reached out with her *sensite* power and found no threat from Strom. Moira had promised both Strom and his father were contained and could cause no harm to anyone on the planet. If it was just her, Jada wouldn’t worry. Now she had a baby to consider. “Yes. I have the courage.”

Moira smiled and stood. “Then let’s do this together.”

When Jada walked into her beautiful *boga*, she found it nearly destroyed.

“This way,” Moira said, as though she had visited Jada often. The ground began to shift and move as they walked, making a safe path for them. Inside her personal quarters, they found Strom still on the bed where she’d left him and his father sitting on the floor, trapped by a boulder.

“You!” the emperor spat when he saw Moira.

“Yes, it’s me. The woman who bore your son, only to receive a death sentence for a reward. It’s time my son learned of his father’s evil heart.”

“You’re nothing. A vessel. Furniture to be destroyed for your uselessness.”

Jada cringed at the emperor’s words. *Did Strom believe the same?* Could she have fallen in love with a man who considered women no more than worthless furniture?

“I couldn’t have found the enchantment with a man who

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believes as you do,” Jada told the emperor. “But if Strom thinks as you do, he will not find me easy to dispense of. I’m not a vessel to be used and discarded.”

“All women are.”

The emperor’s word made her stomach actually twist as if she were going to be ill.

Moira linked an arm about her waist. “Not here on Cada. Go back to Barth and leave us in peace. My son is free to stay and learn about his mother, Jada, and his future son, if he so chooses.”

“Strom has no interest in any woman, other than to service his needs. We will both leave and this whore will come with us until she gives birth. My son will decide her fate then.”

“You have much to learn about the power of a woman.” The walls began to tremble and fall around them. Shards of rock pelted the emperor, but no one else.

Jada had no doubt Moira did this. The power of the *sensite* was strong in her. Stronger than Jada had ever sensed.

“Enough!” Strom cried. “Allow my father to return to Barth in peace and I’ll remain here.”

“Over my dead body!” the emperor insisted.

“That can be easily arranged.” The rocks fell harder and Moira moved to stand over him.

“Go, Father. It’s long past time I met my mother. And Jada is already upset enough. It can’t be good for our child.”

The emperor’s pained expression showed he feared for his life. “Yes, the child is the most important thing to consider. I’ll leave it to you to get control of these women and return to

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Barth soon.”

“Have I ever failed you?”

* * *

Several weeks later, Jada still hadn't seen or heard from Strom when a summons came. Moira requested her presence. Strom had been living with Moira and refused to return to Barth. Rumors of the emperor's wrath were rampant.

Sazha had married Phile, who seemed more than content with his lot in life.

The destruction of Jada's *boga* had been cleared and with the help of her many friends, it was better than before. She no longer had to worry about losing her home since the Cadite council had given her the deed to the property. Jada didn't have a clue how they'd managed, but she wasn't about to complain.

“When shall we have the wedding?” Moira said as soon as Jada walked before her.

Strom stood off to the side and regarded her with hooded eyes.

“Who is getting married?”

“You and my son, of course. But I'll let him tell you the good news.”

Jada twitched nervously when Moira left the room. “So are the rumors your father intends to send his galleons to destroy Cada based in fact? Have you really become his enemy?”

“My father won't attack Cada as long as there's a chance his grandson could be hurt. I, on the other hand, have become

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the supreme disappointment in his life. To think his only child has sided with the woman who bore him is more than my father can comprehend.”

“How do I know I can trust you?”

“Search your heart. You know me better than any human alive. Until I met you, I was never content with my lot in life. I always wanted more or something different from what I experienced. Now I know why.”

Jada wanted to trust him.

He stepped nearer. “Did you know we are the talk of the Colion galaxy?”

She couldn’t help but smile at his exaggeration. “How’s that?”

“This thing we share has far-reaching effects. We spilled over into all of the galaxy when we made love. The aftereffects were intense. Seems all the planets in our system will soon be experiencing a population boom. Sonnets of the legendary Strom and Jada are being penned even as I speak. And to think I didn’t believe in love.”

“The galaxy has gone wild and we’re to blame. Perhaps even some of the Barthinians’ eyes will be opened to the possibilities?”

“I know mine are. Moira told me we’ve only begun to learn what the enchantment will do to enhance our love life. She said it would take a least a hundred more years to discover all there is.”

“Kiss me,” Jada said and reached for him. His kiss would reveal his heart like words would not.

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Strom drew her into his strong grasp and slanted his head down. Jada reached her arms around his neck and rose to kiss him. The instant their lips touched, the galaxy shifted. It took no more than the briefest moment to reassure Jada she'd found the only man she'd ever love and he'd never disappoint her.

He would challenge her.

Aggravate her on occasion.

He would take her to heights of passion she couldn't even imagine. However, starting that very moment, she intended to try. Secure in Strom's strong arms, the entire galaxy could go wild for all she cared. Life couldn't be more perfect!

BRIT BLAISE

As her first year of writing draws to a close, Brit Blaise has seen many changes in her life. Her time is now split between her mountain home in Arizona and a small farm in Ohio, with a rambling, rundown Victorian she purchased in a small Ohio town to restore on the side. No more season tickets to watch arena football, now she's mangling fingers as she attempts to build, refurbish and restore. Her bungling attempts are chronicled at www.my_old_house.com. In between injuries, she's working hard on new stories for Amber Quill Press she hopes will keep her readers entertained in the future. Keep in touch with her latest project at www.Britblaise.com and happy reading!

* * *

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