

Changeling Press

Lexxie  
Couper

***THE BOUNDARIES:***  
**AWAKENING**

# **The Boundaries 3: Awakening**

## **Lexxie Couper**

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## **The Boundaries 3: Awakening**

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The brutal crime lord Hrung Crortek has seized Terran Boundary Guardian Zeric Arctos hoping to extract Zeric's werewolf DNA for use in an illegal genetic serum. Now, Jai'Enna Ti, Intel-Patrol Corp agent and sexual assassin, is on a mission to rescue her lover and to wipe Crortek from existence -- and she's taking her ex-partner, Raq Tornada, along for the ride!

But when Tornada finally reveals -- in no uncertain terms -- how deeply he's in love with her, Jai'Enna faces a completely unexpected conflict: does she stay with the man who first shattered her heart, or does she go with the man who taught her to love again -- the brooding, untamable werewolf she's trying so desperately to save?

When lust, love, and longing become inextricably entwined, the Outer Boundaries becomes more dangerous than ever because Jai'Enna never planned on losing her heart to two men. And those two men never, *ever* planned on sharing her. And unless Raq Tornada agrees to help Jai'Enna rescue his rival, Zeric Arctos is already doomed...

## Prologue

Zeric Arctos stared at the naked woman standing on the other side of his cage, the thick Pellion steel bars separating them as surely as the distance between two galaxies. He watched her hands -- graceful and slim-fingered -- smooth over the flatness of her belly, watched them dip between her firm, toned thighs. A growl sounded in his throat and he shifted, the chink-chink of the metal chains attached to his wrists and ankles just another distant noise. That he was chained made no never-mind to him. That he was caged meant just as little.

That *she* was here -- Jai'Enna Ti -- mattered most of all. That she stood before him now, teasing him, taunting him, a soft smile on her full lips, a fire in her brilliant green eyes, her nipples puckered, her breasts swollen with desire, awaiting his touch...

"Jai'Enna." Her name fell from his dry, parched lips in a raspy whisper. He shifted again, moving closer to the bars. They would send a charge of electricity through his body stronger than Aglaian lightning if he came too close, but he didn't care. Jai'Enna was here. Looking at him. Waiting for him. "Jai."

Wordlessly she arched one dark-red eyebrow, her smile growing wider. She slid her hands from between her legs and raised her fingers to her mouth, tongue flicking out to touch the very tips of her middle fingers.

Zeric sucked in a sharp breath, his cock pumping full with hunger. Another growl rumbled in his throat at the sight of her tongue on her juice-slicked flesh. Deeper, lower. A growl less human and more animalistic. The growl of the beast. He took another step toward the bars, the fine hairs on his flesh standing on end as electricity charged the immediate air around him. Another step and he'd be on the floor in agony, but he didn't care.

She'd come for him.

*Touch yourself, Zeric.*

The command slipped from her lips -- husky and somehow inaudible. Undeniable.

He did as she asked, dropping his hands to his rigid cock, wrapping his fingers around its base in a punishing hold.

His balls grew tight, rose higher. His ass clenched and he pumped hard on the thick organ jutting from his body. Pleasure flooded through him. The chains attached to his wrists smacked against his bunched thighs, stinging like an icy whip, sending a wave of pain through his legs that joined the pleasure coursing through his groin and he growled again, feeling his blood thicken.

*Yes, that's it.* Jai'Enna's green eyes flashed and her smile stretched wider. *Predatory. Let the creature come forth.*

An icy finger pressed at Zeric's chest and he faltered, staring hard at the woman on the other side of the bars, his grip on his burning erection loosening a little.

Creature? He frowned. Jai'Enna had called him many things, had called the beast lurking in his blood many things, but never *creature*.

Green eyes flickered and agitation tightened the features somehow not quite Jai'Enna's. "Touch yourself, Arctos!" The words sounded coarse. Irritated. "Fuck your own hand, you Terran piece of filth!"

Icy alarm crashed over Zeric and he blinked, narrowing his gaze on the tall, thin woman standing before him, her brassy blonde hair hanging lank over pallid skin and sunken grey eyes. He straightened, his cock a throbbing rod of denied want, his chest a tight knot of fury and dismay. "Get your Illashionist away from me, Crortek," he snarled, turning away from the woman who seconds earlier had appeared to be Jai'Enna to glare at the Ornithion standing on the other side of his cage.

Hrung Crortek's lipless mouth pulled into a smug smile and the spines on his back flared. "Only a matter of time, Terran," the reptilian crime lord murmured, pearlescent white gaze boring into him. "I may not be able to beat you in a physical fight, but I know your weakness now." He stepped forward, spines flaring wider,

needle-sharp teeth glinting in the low light of the room. "And as soon as I discover how, I will use it."

Zeric bared his teeth, feeling the beast in his blood roar for release. "You'll never be able to extract what you need from me, Crortek." He flicked a contemptuous look at the hovering Illashionist. "No matter how many cowardly tricks you attempt."

Crortek tilted his head to the side, gaze contemplative. "Perhaps you are right, Terran. But perhaps you are not. I still have many 'tricks up my sleeve' as your race say. Make no mistake, one way or the other, I will discover what makes you what you are. And once I've done that, once I've extracted that most valuable essence from your system, once I've manufactured it into a serum, I will no longer need you alive."

"You haven't a hope in Hades of extracting anything from me."

Crortek's pale eyes flickered. "As I've said, I know your weakness. And if a mage-created Jai'Enna Ti doesn't work, I can always use the real one." His lipless grin returned. "I'm sure you will do anything to keep *her* un-harmed. Won't you?"

## Chapter One

The “viewing” room of the Archeron Cluster Fuck Barge smelt of stale sex and blood. Raq Tornada curled his nose, his grip on the leash in his hand curling tighter.

“Does my vessel offend you, Trader?”

The oily question made him turn his head and he gazed indolently at the red-scaled Archeron. “Not at all, Master Slaver.”

The woman at the end of his leash tilted her head slightly and he gave the length of studded leather a hard tug. “I did not tell you to move, Raavelian.”

The Archeron’s slitted yellow gaze flicked from Tornada’s face to the stripped woman, taking in the small tattoo almost hidden by the swell of her left breast. A gold tinge of approval shimmered over his shiny scales. “You bring a slave from the Raavelian Alpha slave camps? And you wish to trade her?” The yellow stare left the woman’s naked form, returning to Tornada with a reluctance so obvious, Tornada almost laughed -- if he could only control his jealousy, that was.

He affected a disappointed frown. “Not by choice, Master Slaver. I have come into... how shall I put this... some financial difficulties and I must find the chits to keep my head on my shoulders before Hrung Crortek removes it.” He let his gaze fall to the bare, bowed back of the woman kneeling at his feet. “It pains me to part with Jai’Enna, but losing my head would pain me more.”

The Archeron burst into loud guffaws. “Wise, if not wealthy.” He reached down and dug the talons of his right hand into the woman’s chin, forcing her head up, and a wave of pure rage and protective anger roared through Tornada. He ground his teeth. Now was not the time to let his heart control his actions. Otherwise, *both* he and Jai’Enna might end up dead.



"I have heard of the amazing talents of Raavelian Alpha slaves, but have never had the fortune of experiencing them." He licked his lips, darting a look at Tornada. "Are they as good as they are rumored to be?"

Tornada smiled, wide and satisfied. "Better."

The Archeron crossed his arms across a plated chest both broad and muscled. "Prove it."

A bitter wave of triumph washed over Tornada; just the invitation he was wanting. "Slave," he said, tugging on Jai'Enna's leash. "Give the Master Slaver a blowjob."

The smooth, bowed back shifted as Jai'Enna made to move forward on her knees, sending a warm ribbon of something dangerous into Tornada's groin.

"Stop," the Archeron suddenly said, stepping back, yellow eyes unreadable.

Tornada frowned. "You do not wish to know of her skill? It is a mind-altering experience."

The Archeron grinned. "Oh, I wish to know of it, Trader." His muscles flexed and his scales shimmered a faint orange. "But before her lips touch my cock, I wish to see what she can do with her mouth on *you*."

Eyes narrowing, Tornada studied the Archeron. The hair at his nape prickled and his palm itched for his pulse pistol. The Master Slaver's request was not normal. No slave trader in their right mind hesitated to accept a slave of the Raavelian Alpha camps, especially one as unique and sensual as Jai'Enna Ti. He let a look of confusion fall over his face. "Master Slaver?"

The Archeron's scales shimmered orange again. "Consider it a gift, Trader. I can see how loath you are to lose possession of the slave -- your heart is in your eyes -- so let me give you one last moment of rapture before she becomes my property."

A wild beat hammered in Tornada's neck. His gaze fell to Jai'Enna's back. One moment of rapture...

He'd lost his title because of Jai'Enna. He'd been publicly humiliated because of Jai'Enna. Flogged almost to death by the man who once had been his future father-in-

law because of Jai'Enna. Had lost any right to his Jjor privilege and station because of Jai'Enna.

Had lost his heart *to* Jai'Enna. Never to get it back.

What he would give to feel her lips on his flesh once more. To feel her mouth pull on his cock, her teeth nip at its swollen tip, her tongue massage his rigid length until he screamed her name and erupted with his hot seed.

One moment of rapture...

He tightened his grip on her leash. His balls began to grow heavy, dark anticipation flooding them with hungry desire.

One moment...

He closed his eyes and pulled in a steady breath. He was not wearing a psych-lock. If Jai'Enna made him come -- and she would -- he would be incapable of preventing her slipping into his psyche. His mind would be vulnerable to any suggestion she planted in there. He opened his eyes, staring hard at her motionless back, at the perfect formation of her spine curved into the motionless arc of subservient patience. Jai'Enna hated him. If he let her into his mind...

"Trader?"

The sharp aggression in the Archeron's voice lifted Tornada's head. The Master Slaver's scales were now entirely black. Not a good sign. Archerons only turned black when they were about to attack. "Is there a problem, Jjor?" he asked, dagger-like fangs flashing. "Shall I summon my guards?"

*There's to be no blood, Tornada.* Jai'Enna's orders before boarding the barge filled Tornada's head, her voice low and calm and not to be argued with. *We go in. I retrieve the info, plant the suggestion and we leave. Hrungr Crortek is not to hear of this at all.*

"Jjor?"

Tornada lifted his chin and leveled a cold look at the Archeron. "Summon your guards and you insult my trade and the trade of every Jjor in the Boundaries." He yanked on Jai'Enna's leash. "Slave," he snarled, his blood running hot, his mouth dry. "Show the Archeron how talented you are."

He jerked on the leash again, the long strip of leather snapping tight. For a moment Jai'Enna didn't move and a cold sense of unease twisted in Tornada's gut. But then the finely toned muscles in her back flexed, her ass cheeks tightened and she lifted slightly from her obeisant bow, turning while still on her knees to face him, her head aligned with his crotch, her hands folded loosely in her lap.

A lump formed in Tornada's throat. Thick. Solid. He looked down at her, his eyes drinking in the fire-red of her wild hair, the smooth pale perfection of her shoulders. His cock twitched and stiffened, eager for the touch of her lips. His chest, however, squeezed tight, knowing the heaven, the sheer rapture of her mouth on his shaft might very well end with his suicide.

And then she lifted her head and wide eyes the color of Keltarian jade stared at him. Unreadable. Indecipherable. Enigmatic. "As you command, Master," she said on a husky breath, before reaching forward, unsnapping the fasteners of his trousers and releasing his cock of its snug confinement.

Her long, tapered fingers closed around its throbbing length immediately, sending shards of liquid pleasure straight into Tornada's balls. He sucked in a sharp breath, fighting -- no, battling for control. The need to bury his fingers in the thick tumble of her hair -- to bury them into the cool, silken strands and direct her mouth to his cock, to feel her slide her full lips over its bulbous head -- was overwhelming. Almost as overwhelming as the inescapable knowledge she was going to kill him, slipping into his mind the second he orgasmed and suggesting something ominous and irresistible. That the pleasure he felt now was the last he would ever feel.

He ground his teeth, every fiber of his being taut, every muscle burning. Silently, slowly, she leant forward at the hip and touched the tip of her warm, wet tongue to his turgid erection.

A low, raw gasp filled his lungs and his eyelids fluttered closed. By Aop, he remembered this. So well. Too well.

Her tongue swirled over the stretched skin of his cockhead, tracing tiny lines across its hot surface, flicking at the sensitive glands just below its distended rim. Her

fingertips found his thighs and slid up their bunched length, teasing the soft hairs on his balls with a feather-light stroke before slipping around to grasp his ass cheeks.

He opened his eyes and gazed down at her, fisting his hands on his hips, forcing his body to be still. No matter how much he longed for every exquisite, dangerous second of her touch, he needed to convey the impression of a slave master, not a man ruled by a heart that should know better.

Her head dipped forward, her teeth nipping ever so gently at the very tip of his cock. Her fingers caressed his ass, kept his hips motionless as her tongue painted his cock with long, wet strokes -- head to base, base to head. His blood sang in his ears and his pulse quickened, more so when she closed her lips over that bulbous, throbbing head and took it into her mouth. She sucked lightly, the pressure sending shooting ribbons of tension down his shaft into his balls. A low groan sounded in his throat and he pulled in a short breath through his teeth.

*Control. Control.*

She worked the underside of his cock, teasing him, dragging her lips up and down his rigid length, drawing another groan from deep within his chest. A movement in the room caught his pleasure-fogged attention and he flicked his gaze to the Archeron. The Master Slaver stared at them, the snug material of his leather breeches tented at the crotch, his right hand cupping at the bulge beneath. But his eyes, glowing orange with hunger, still revealed his wariness. Either he knew who they were, or he suspected they weren't who they pretended to --

Jai'Enna's fingers slipped from Tornada's ass and cupped his balls and the disturbing thought vanished from his mind to be replaced by utter sexual fervor so intense his eyes closed and his muscles coiled. Her tongue curled around his cock, her teeth scraped its sides. Pain threaded through pleasure and he let out a raw moan. By Aop, her mouth was better than the Ninth Heaven!

He thrust his hips forward, shoving his cock deeper, feeling its swollen head ram the back of Jai'Enna's throat. The tip of her tongue flicked at the swell of his sac, sending a wild wave of wet heat into his groin and up his spine. He ground his teeth,

determined to hold off the inevitable. If this was the last time he drew breath, he wanted it to last.

"Very good," the Archeron murmured, voice oily with appreciation and approval. "Very good."

Tornada tuned him out, drew to his mind a room scented with fine incense and decorated with even finer silks and satins. He no longer stood in the seedy viewing room of a Cluster Fuck Barge, but the master suite of his family's primary castle. He no longer feared for his life from the woman at his feet, but feared for the day she would leave him, claimed by time and old age, gone to the Nine Heavens after decades of contented, blissful life together.

Jai'Enna's fingers slipped from his balls, worked their smooth way past his perineum to the clenching hole of his anus. One firm fingertip pressed at that puckered hole and Tornada bucked, ramming his cock deeper into her mouth. She knew exactly what to do to make him boil with scalding pleasure. She always did. Her finger pressed harder to his ass, penetrating ever so slightly the gripping circle of muscle even as her mouth continued to pull and suck at his cock.

"Aop!" The cry burst from his lips, hoarse and savage. He grabbed at her hair, tangled his fingers in the cool, thick strands, a lifeline he knew she would both enjoy and despise. Unable to control himself, he fucked her mouth, plunging into the hot, wet well in wild thrusts, his aching, heavy balls slapping against her chin, his body burning with the need to erupt.

A moan sounded in the room, a vibration filled his balls. He opened his eyes and, blood like electricity, dropped his gaze to Jai'Enna.

She sucked at his cock, her lips glistening with moisture, her own eyes closed -- the perfect picture of an obedient slave. But it was the expression on her face that made Tornada's heart pound. Ecstasy. Another moan tickled his ears, another tiny wave of vibrations rippled his balls. Euphoria flooded through Tornada. Jai'Enna was enjoying what he'd ordered her to do! For three moon-cycles they'd devoured each other's

bodies in lustful hunger. Just as she knew *him*, so too, he knew *her*. The expression that softened her face could not be created, no matter how important for deception.

She wanted to give him pleasure. Drew her own from his.

The thought sent a surge of absolute hope to the very center of Tornada's being. Not for his survival, but for a future he longed for with all his heart. His balls rose up, grew tight and heavy. Jai'Enna's mouth slid up and down his shaft in rapid strokes, as if she could feel the wild rhythm of his heart and wanted to match its beat. Her finger pushed at his anus again, harder, harder. He felt her first knuckle stretch the clenching opening, felt her tongue caress his shaft, felt a mounting pressure of scalding tension rip through his body, from his cock to his balls to his chest, and then his orgasm smashed over him, consumed him, and he threw back his head and cried her name. "Jai'Enna!"

Liquid heat charged through his limbs up his spine. He gripped at Jai'Enna's hair and held her head still, pounding into her taking mouth in wild, erratic thrusts. His skin felt on fire, his breath like flames. His hips bucked convulsively, his thighs trembled. The finger in his ass wriggled, sending fresh waves of pure pleasure into his groin, pleasure sucked eagerly through his cock by Jai'Enna's mouth. His seed burst from him in unending wads of thick fluid and she took it all, swallowed each spurt, her soft moans feeding each ejaculate until his head swam and his heart constricted. By Aop, she was draining him of everything he had.

And then he felt it.

The softest tickle in his mind. Like a feather of sound. A whispering kiss of words...

*Tell me your heart.*

He hissed in a wild breath and then the words faded. As if they'd never been there.

He bucked his hips, his balls still full of liquid release, his cock still thick and swollen and spurting. Oh, when he finished, when Jai'Enna's lips had slipped from his length... The things he would tell her. Things he'd wanted to say since they first met. Things he'd kept locked in his heart...

He dropped his head and gazed at her; found two shining green eyes gazing back. Her lips slid up his shaft, down, up, her rhythm decreasing with the slowing thrusts of his hips. The finger in his ass slowly withdrew, a shard of concentrated pleasure spearing into his being as it popped free of the clenching ring of muscle. He sucked in a ragged breath, staring into Jai'Enna's eyes. Waiting.

He needed to tell her something. He *must* tell her something. Now. It was imperative. Vital.

Her mouth slid one more time up and down his shaft and then she released him, his cock slipping free of her lips.

She settled back onto her heels, the glorious swell of her breasts heaving with each shallow breath she pulled, her eyes studying him with an ambiguous, almost haunted light. "Tell me," she whispered, the words not quite inaudible.

Heart thumping, blood roaring, Tornada dropped to his knees before her and took her hands in his, staring into her face, his chest aching. "I love you," he said simply. "Irretrievably. Unconditionally. Without end. I exist to make you happy. To see you smile. To give you pleasure. I have been stripped of everything I ever held important -- my title, my heritage, my station -- but I do not care because I love you. For every moment of pain I gave you, I wish it ten-fold back. For every moment of joy I gave you, I wish it ten-fold again. You are my past, my present. I curse the day you were no longer my future. The biggest mistake of my life was to lose you. Without you I am less. Without you I am just an empty shell. Without you I am --"

"What the *fuck* is this?"

The words punched into Tornada's feverish mind like an eo-blast. He started, fixing Jai'Enna with a wide stare. *Fuck. What did she make me do?*

Jerking his gaze away from her stunned and tormented eyes, he turned to the Archeron slave master standing beside him, scales shimmering black.

He leapt to his feet, hot aggression ripping into his limbs. *Change of plans, Raq.*

"What is this?" the Archeron demanded, enraged. "What type of slave master --"

Jai'Enna leapt to her feet, her sublime body coiled, nothing like the submissive slave anymore. She lashed out, smashing the Master Slaver in the jaw with a bone-shattering punch. His head flung to the side, giving Tornada enough time to drop into a crouch and smash his fist up into the scale-plated stomach. The slaver doubled over, shock and fury in his eyes, his breath bursting from him in a violent whoosh. Jai'Enna spun around him, snatched at his arms and snapped them up behind his head, locking her fingers at the base of his skull and jerking him into a brutal upright position, his booted feet scraping and skidding on the floor.

"What the fuck is this?" he screeched, bucking in her hold.

Tornada stepped forward, the intoxicating pull of physical aggression dampening the demanding itch in his mind to tell Jai'Enna something. He hadn't finished. Whatever she'd told him to do, he hadn't --

"What the fuck are you doing?" the Archeron spat, scales blacker than black.

"This," Tornada snarled, and smashed his fist into the Master Slaver's stomach.

The Archeron's breath gushed from him, but Jai'Enna reefed him into a severe arc, yanking him upright again.

Tornada clenched his jaw, stepping even closer to the slaver, letting all his hate, contempt and disdain for the slave trade and its despicable masters burn in his stare. "Now, my loathsome friend," he stated, his voice dripping with deadly promise. "You will tell me exactly where Hrungr Crortek is, or my very talented 'slave' here will demonstrate just how talented she really is and there will be nothing you can do to stop whatever she suggests." He let a menacing, bleak grin stretch his lips. "One way or the other, you are going to die today. *How* can depend on you, or her..." He cocked an eyebrow. "And trust me when I say, you don't want to leave your fate up to her. *She* knows how to be nasty, and *I* know how she feels about slavers."

\* \* \*

A thick grey fog shrouded the room. Odorless. Tasteless. It pressed upon him, weightless yet suffocating, trying to steal his breath. He shifted slightly, squinting into



the grey nothingness, and a burning pain, like a vortex of crushing fire, erupted in his head.

He gasped, every muscle in his body tensing, his eyes squeezing shut.

"Shhh," a soft feminine voice hushed. Warm breath feathered his forehead and he felt gentle fingers brush a strand of hair behind his ear. "I'm here."

He swallowed, his throat coarse and stripped of moisture. "Who are you?" he croaked, turning to the voice and the warmth. "Where am I?"

"You're on Ii'olia," the voice answered, worry and relief in the whispered words.

Tight anger ripped through him and he blindly reached for his blaster, his hand smacking against his thigh. His naked thigh. He tried to sit up, but the agony in his head and a firm, warm hand on his chest kept him prone. "Who are you?" he repeated through clenched teeth. "Tell me."

The hand on his chest smoothed across to his right pec, long fingers brushing over his nipple, before feathering down over his stomach, across his hip and back to his chest again -- an intimate caress that set his skin afire and his anger on edge. "It's me," the voice whispered, the fingers resting lightly over his heart. "It's Bhel'Ais." A soft pause followed, and then: "I'm taking care of you... Jak."

## Chapter Two

Jak V't'an's eyes snapped open. Ice ripping through his veins, he stared up at Jai'Enna Ti's sister. Sons of Urik, he still couldn't see! Nothing but grey fog clouded his vision.

"Bhel'Ais," he growled, squirming on the hard surface beneath him. *A bed? The floor?*

"Be calm, Jak," Bhel'Ais' soft voice ordered, her long fingers stroking across his nipple. Tight heat radiated out from the contact, making Jak's cock twitch. "You need to relax. Your wound --"

In an abrupt violent crash of color, images and sound, the last moments Jak remembered before the grey fog hit him: Bhel straddling his hips, her gloriously naked body undulating with pleasure as he thrust up into her tight cunt; the sudden appearance of Hrung Crortek and two fully-armed Boaronian bodyguards in their quarters aboard the Ry'l space-station; the brutal attack on himself and Bhel; finding Zeric and Jai'Enna in the service level of the space-station; Jai'Enna's terror at seeing her sister in Crortek's control; Crortek's command; his de-atomizer in Bhel'Ais' hand; her deception...

White agony flared in Jak's head and he flinched away from Bhel'Ais' soft touch, scrabbling backward into an upright position. He stared sightlessly, muscles tense, gut churning. "You shot me."

A heavy silence filled the air.

Anger rolled through Jak. "You deceived your sister. You gave her and my partner up to the most sadistic crime lord in the Boundaries, and then you shot me. Point-blank in the head with Crortek's de-atomizer."

He heard her shift slightly. "Yes."

"For a Bliss hit? Or for Crortek?"

Another pause. Then: "Both."

He closed his sightless eyes, his chest heavy. "Everything I'd done for you. Every moment I spent trying to help you..." He shook his head, ignoring the explosive pain that came with the harsh movement. "And all along you were still Crortek's faithful slave."

"Yes," Bhel'Ais murmured.

Jak heard her get to her feet, the soft sounds telling him they were bare. An image of her beautiful perfection filled his head and he gritted his teeth. "I fell in love with you, Bhel."

"I told you not to."

The sorrow in her voice made his throat squeeze. "You also told me to fuck you. Repeatedly."

"Which you did. But why? For me, or for you?"

Opening his unseeing eyes, he glared at her. "I did it to keep you alive! To drain your system of Bliss. You know what would have happened to you if I hadn't."

"A Blissful death."

Jak did not miss the bitter irony in Bhel'Ais' voice. Bliss was an insidious drug and once it was in your system it demanded more. Death from a Bliss withdrawal was not only painful, but also protracted and hideous. One hit was enough to put the user's body into a heightened state of sexual urges. A state that left one hungry and aroused. The only way to survive a Bliss withdrawal was constant sex until the user's body began to replace the Bliss-created oxytocin with its own. An act that, depending on how long someone had been addicted to the aphrodisiac, could last for weeks. It sounded like sheer joy in theory, but in actuality... His cock twitched at the disturbing memory of his and Bhel's wild, feverous couplings. "What about Zeric?" he demanded, forcing the memory aside. "Jai'Enna? Where are they?"

Silence answered him. Thick and uncomfortable. His gut clenched. Zeric Arctos had been his Boundary Guardian partner for five Unified orbits. They were like

brothers. The Terran knew everything about him and he knew everything about Zeric, including the beast lurking in his blood that transformed him into a creature unlike any Jak -- or anyone else in the Boundaries -- had seen before; a creature Zeric called a werewolf and considered a curse.

Jak had seen the creature in full incarnation and it was a terrifying sight to behold. Only two people were safe from the werewolf. He and Jai'Enna Ti. And it seemed from Bhel'Ais' silence, Jai'Enna was dead.

He frowned, a wave of cold anger rolling over him. "How could you let Crortek kill your own sister, Bhel?"

The sound of feet shuffling tickled Jak's ear. "He didn't kill her," Bhel'Ais answered, and again, that bitter sorrow etched her voice. "She left. She translocated off Ry'l with Intel-Patrol Agent Raq Tornada." She paused, and Jak suddenly felt an overpowering sense of foreboding twisting through his veins. "Her ex-lover."

Jak's throat and chest clenched. Jai'Enna deserting Zeric made no sense. None at all. But then, neither did -- "You shot me in the head with a de-atomizer," he said, leveling a blind stare at Bhel'Ais, the pain in his forehead now an inferno of agony. "Why am I still alive?"

"Enough questions, Jak." Bhel's warm breath caressed his neck and her fingertips fluttered over his chest. "You need to rest."

He reached for her wrists, sightlessly snaring them in a firm grip, swallowing back the grief of Zeric's death and Jai'Enna's desertion. "I need to know why I'm alive, Bhel."

She didn't answer. Silence filled the room. The pulse in her wrist leapt into frantic flight under his fingers.

"Why am I still alive, Bhel'Ais?" he asked again. Harder. More forceful.

"Because I changed the setting on Crortek's gun before I shot you."

"Why?"

That silence again.

"Why, Bhel?"

"I couldn't kill you."

A heavy beat thumped in Jak's chest. "Because..."

"Because you were right when you said killing you would hurt me more than you." Her breath hitched and the pulse in her wrist beat harder. "Because the thought of you dead hurt more than Crortek's punishment ever could."

Jak's throat grew tight. "Because..." he repeated, wanting her to say three simple words.

But she didn't. Instead, she twisted her wrists free of his hold and traced the intricate scars on his cheekbones marking his Master Pleasurer status with the tips of her fingers. Soft fingertips followed by even softer lips. Lips that knew his body well. Lips that knew how to make his body respond.

Which it did.

Immediately and powerfully.

Hot blood surged to his cock, inflamed by the memory of Bhel'Ais' taste. Her lips parted over his, her tongue flicking out to tease the tiny dip at the corner of his mouth -- first one side, then the other. Opening his mouth to hers, he tilted his head back... and felt the soft malleable metal Guardian prohibitor collar locked loosely around his neck.

He recoiled, snatching at both her wrists. "Why am I collared, Bhel?" he ground out, his body aching with lust, desire and denial. "Am I a prisoner?"

"No." The answer came on a quick breath.

"So why the collar?"

He felt the fine bones in Bhel's wrists move as she squirmed against his hold. "For your protection."

Jak narrowed his unseeing eyes. "From whom?"

Silence stretched.

"From whom?"

"From yourself," she finally whispered, and before he could demand an explanation, her firm, long, warm thighs pressed against his hips, her velvet-damp pussy lips nestled against his cock, and her mouth took possession of his.

The kiss was fierce. Almost desperate. Her tongue invaded his mouth, flicking at his teeth, exploring the wetness beyond his lips. She rolled her hips backward and forward, working her cunt up and down the length of his shaft, teasing its growing length until hungry blood left it engorged and stiff. He moaned, the sound low and base. He should be throwing her off him, demanding answers she so obviously didn't want to give, but when her cunt caressed his cock... when it slicked his burning flesh with the cream of her desire... he could think of nothing but how tight she was, how wonderfully they fit each other's bodies, how quickly and deeply he'd fallen in love with her...

He closed his sightless eyes and released her wrists, burying his hands in the thick, cool tumble of her hair. He yanked their bodies closer together, thrusting his tongue deeper past her lips, grinding his cock harder to her sex. She whimpered, her breasts crushing against his chest, her soft flat belly pressing to his.

She nipped at his bottom lip and his cock twitched in dark interest at the sharp ribbon of pain that shot through him. He groaned and raked his hands down her back, the satin-smooth feel of her flesh under his palms almost as arousing as the feel of her pussy on his throbbing length. He grabbed her ass and yanked her wetness closer to his cock, assaulting her tongue with his. Sons of Urik! She was keeping him prisoner on the most distant planet in the outer Boundaries, she'd used him to deliver Zeric and Jai'Enna into Hrung Crortek's hands, she'd deceived everyone he held dear. He should be wringing her neck now!

The damp lips of her cunt nudged the swollen head of his cock and he groaned again. He *should* be wringing her neck, but the gods damn him, his heart -- his captured romantic heart -- demanded he do something else entirely different. "May Urik damn us both, Bhel," he ground out between gritted teeth.

"As long as I'm with you, being *loved* by you," she murmured, rolling her hips to brush her smooth mons across his rampant cock, "I am never damned."

The words sent fire into Jak's balls, into his gut, chest and soul. "If you are deceiving me, Bhel..." The threat felt raw in his throat.

Her palms pressed to his chest, cool and hot all at once, making his nipples pinch into rock-hard nubs. "Feel me, Jak." Her pussy stroked his cock, painting it in her juices. "Does it feel like I'm deceiving you?"

His unseeing eyes locked on her. "It feels like you're seducing me." He swallowed, pleasure throbbing through his body as powerfully as the pain throbbing in his head. "Again."

The palms on his chest pushed -- gently -- and he let his back lower slowly to the surface beneath him, straightening into a prone position. Fingertips danced over his flesh, circled his nipples and feathered up to his lips. "Not seducing, Jak," she whispered, and he felt her hips shift against his groin, her pussy-lips enveloping the head of his cock in an almost hesitant caress. "Apologizing. Begging you for forgiveness."

*Gods, Jak. If she's still playing you...*

He closed his useless eyes and ran his hands up the curves of her rib cage, letting them explore a body he knew so well, wondering what lay in the heart, the soul, inside. His fingertips brushed the underside of her breasts and, before he could stop himself, he cupped each heavy swell.

"Yes, Jak." Bhel's husky voice kissed his senses. She arched her back, pressing her pussy harder to his cock and her breasts deeper into his fondling grasp.

He found her nipples and rolled the puckered tips between his knuckles, his mouth dry as the memory of their texture on his tongue filled his head. Cool fingers found his own tiny nipples, emulating the same pressure he caressed hers with in erotic pinches that made his head swim and his muscles tense. He removed one hand from her breast and slid it around her back, pulling her down to him. He needed to relive the memory. He needed it *now*.

She came to him, the warmth from her lowering body like a mist on his skin. He opened his lips, seeking her nipple, picturing its puckered pink perfection in his mind.

The softness of her breast brushed his cheek, his nose, her nipple seemingly tracing the scars on his cheek from his sexual initiation. He twisted his head, blindly hunting the peak with his mouth.

She pulled away slightly, her nipple stroking the line of his profile from lips to forehead. "Forgive me, Jak," she whispered.

He bit back a groan, opening his eyes to stare into the grey fog, squeezing the breast he still cupped, dragging his other hand down her spine to grasp at her ass. "Bhel..."

She moved again, her weight repositioning over his hips. He felt her cunt slide up and down his cock, felt its creamy wetness slick his balls. "Forgive me, Jak."

He swallowed, his throat clicking, his nostrils flaring. He tried to hold her still but she rode the length of his shaft with such liquid strokes, fucking him without penetration, and he realized he *wasn't* trying to keep her still after all, but directed and encouraged the movement of her hips with the hand gripping her ass.

*Sons of Urik!*

The hands on his chest, the fingers teasing and pinching his nipples, slid lower down his torso and were suddenly gone. The loss of contact made him moan. He couldn't see her! Surely she wouldn't deprive him of her touch?

Fingers suddenly buried in his hair and her mouth crushed his, her tongue plunging past his lips, assaulting his. The savageness of the kiss sent him reeling. He sank his nails into her hip, her breast, driving his tongue to hers in equal force. Her nipples rubbed his chest, her pussy ground against his cock. He felt a tingle begin at the base of his spine as his orgasm built.

*And you have yet to bury your length in her sex!*

He needed to amend that.

As if she heard the very thought, Bhel'Ais broke off the kiss, ending it as abruptly as she began it. He blinked, his lips pulsing with hot, bruised blood.

"Tears of Druentia, Jak. Why did I not find you until it was too late?"



The urgency in Bhel's voice made him smile and his cock twitch. She was just as close to losing control as he was. "It's never too late, Bhel," he answered, lifting his hips to press his hungry erection to her sex. "I told you that on Ry'l."

Her tongue suddenly touched his left nipple and he sucked in a surprised and pleased hiss. She flicked the tip of her tongue at the nub of tight flesh. "Tell me again, Jak."

"It's not too late, Bhel."

Her tongue danced over his chest, circling the other nipple. "To save me?"

Jak arched beneath her, a whimper slipping past his lips as her teeth closed down on his nipple. "Yes," he ground out.

She rolled her hips backward and forward, each stroke bringing his cock closer to glorious impalement. "I saved you to save me, Jak."

"Then let me save you, Bhel."

With a silent grunt and a sudden flip, he threw her onto her back and pinned her, capturing her wrists and ramming them to the hard surface beneath her, driving his knees between hers to shove her legs apart, the musky scent of her sex filling his nostrils immediately. He stared sightless down at her through the thick grey fog, seeing her in divine clarity all the same. "Let me save *us*."

"Druentia wept!" Bhel cried. "Yes!"

He dropped his hips and rammed his cock into her tight pussy. Wet, constricting muscles surrounded him, sucked at him greedily. He thrust into her until his balls smashed against her ass. Withdrew and rammed home again. Each penetration scored his flesh with an inferno he couldn't understand, as if an invisible master was whipping him.

He punched into her, feeling her nails rake over his back, feeling his balls swell and rise.

His life had been about righting wrongs, fighting for those who could not do so themselves, protecting the weak and scouring the Boundaries for Bliss. The woman below him, the woman he fit so perfectly, was a Bliss-using sex-slave who'd sold her

own sister's life for the drug, a woman who'd brought about the death of his partner for her own gain, but he loved her. All the rest he would deal with later. At this very moment, nothing but bringing Bhel'Ais to scalding, exquisite release with him mattered. Nothing but showing her she'd been *right*. He *could* save her.

If she truly wanted him to.

He captured her neck with his lips, plunging his cock in and out of her clenching, sodden pussy as he drank the sweat slicking her skin. He scored a line up to her jaw, her ear, dragging his hands down her arms to curl them under her shoulders and hold her close to him, his heart to hers. "Tell me the *real* reason you couldn't kill me, Bhel, and I'll save you forever." He nipped at her earlobe, almost coming there and then as Bhel'Ais' sex constricted around his shaft in a gripping vice. "Tell me, Bhel, and forgiveness is but a stroke away."

Her muscles tensed, her hands stilled on his back. And then she turned her head until her lips pressed his cheek and whispered, "Because I love you, Jak."

Molten pleasure erupted in his sac. Lines of it shot up his spine, into his belly, down his thighs. His balls shrank to swollen rocks of heat and his cock pulsed as wad after wad of cum burst from its engorged tip.

"Gods!" Bhel cried out, bucking underneath him. Her nails dug into his hips, her ankles locked behind his ass. She thrust up into him, meeting each one of his wild, brutal stabs in equal need, her sucking, clenching, gripping cunt milking his cock of his seed. "Oh, gods, Jak! Yes!"

He stared at her with sightless desire. Saw nothing but greyness and *everything* perfectly. They were both damned, but perhaps in each other's arms, damnation would be forced to wait.

His heart hammered, in unison with the wads of thick cum spurting from his cock, in harmony with the squeezing muscles of Bhel's climax.

And then, rhythm deserting him, he threw back his head and cried out himself, physical agony blending with physical rapture, emotional pain twisting through emotional ecstasy as the last of his load pumped into Bhel'Ais' pussy.

Drained, depleted and numb, Jak rolled to the side, his head a white ball of agony, his body weak and trembling. He sucked in a ragged breath, pulling Bhel against his side, needing her heat and smooth, sweat-slicked firmness. "No one will ever hurt you or make you do anything against your wishes again, Bhel." Eyelids fluttering closed, he felt sleep reach for him with an undeniable embrace. "I will always be your savior, your protector. From Bliss, from Crortek, from every nightmare you ever had."

Her cheek snuggled against his chest, fine strands of her golden-blond hair tickling his jaw and chin. "I know, Jak," she whispered, placing her palm on his heart.

He sank into sleep, its still blackness taking him away.

Just as Bhel' Ais murmured on a soft breath, "If only I could let you."

\* \* \*

The bars of his cage hummed around him, radiating their painful energy, making his skin prickle and the beast snarl in fury. He watched the people moving around him, their curious stares like razors, their titters and giggles turning his blood hot. Crortek was trying a new tactic -- public display. He'd had Zeric's cage moved to the center dais of his "entertaining" room, letting his guests watch Zeric's every move in the hopes of wearing him down, exhausting him to the point where his psychological control crumbled and the Illashionist's power of deception took over.

Crortek needed Zeric to ejaculate.

Zeric bared his teeth in a silent snarl, a cold sense of satisfaction twisting through him as the gawking couple standing closest to the cage cringed.

Not ejaculate as a human, but as the beast. The werewolf.

The crime lord had tried every test possible to extract the mysterious DNA strand from Zeric's system that transformed him into a werewolf. None successful. This, by Zeric's reckoning, was Crortek's last opportunity.

"I would pay a pretty chit to have you fuck me."

The proclamation, delivered in a low and thin Aglaian hiss, slid Zeric's flat gaze down to the bottom right corner of his cage. An Aglaian master-merchant, dressed in

clinging diaphanous robes and more bejewelled gold than her thin body seemed capable of supporting, leered up at him, her long fingers lazily tracing small circles around the erect nipple of her left breast. Her lips curled in a smug smile when Zeric's eyes met hers and she ran her tongue over the pointed tips of her fangs. "A cock like that would more than fill a female's fantasies, it would create new ones."

Zeric gave the woman a flat stare. The beast within growling with disgust, he turned away.

And saw Jai'Enna.

In the far corner of the room, watching him, her copper-fire red hair ablaze in the dim lighting, her exquisite body covered with nothing but a shiny black strip of leather that wrapped around her torso and hips to disappear between her smooth thighs, leading his eye on a wonderful path of memory, a path his lips and tongue had travelled more than once, a path that led to sweet, tight, slick heaven. A delicious path that led --

The room shimmered. Jai'Enna rippled, as though a wall of water fell between them both and suddenly the Illashionist stood in the far corner, her sunken grey eyes fixed on him.

Zeric reeled backward, the beast in his blood roaring in fury. Enraged. Incensed. Free.

His body changed. Immediately and forcefully.

Flesh became fur, teeth became fangs, nails became claws. He threw back his head, a deafening howl tearing from his throat as the beast let its rage release.

Screams of terror rent the air. People scattered, glasses and Bliss bombs thrown to the floor, trampled beneath stamping feet. Zeric tasted their fear, revelled in it. Feasted on it. He threw his arms wide, expanding his chest, letting his thick animalistic blood rip through his veins and his humanity shudder and writhe in its wake.

Yes!

He bared his fangs, glaring at the fleeing horde, claws sinking into his padded palms, muscles thrumming with the desire -- no, the *need* -- to kill. He would make

them pay. Pay and pay again. In blood and pain and death. He scanned the room, no longer human.

Then his burning stare fell on Crortek.

The Ornithion leant against the far bar, a Xolotlan Sniff held loosely in his taloned grip. The lipless mouth curled into a slow, smug smile, the pale pupil-free eyes shining with triumph. He raised his glass in a mocking toast, that white pearlescent stare fixed on Zeric. "Soon," he said, the word lost in the cacophony of screams and cries but understandable all the same. His smile stretched wider. "Very soon."

## Chapter Three

Jai'Enna sat beside Tornada in the confines of his Skimmer, staring blankly out at the blackness of space. Deep within her core, low in the pit of her stomach, an insistent, demanding hunger fluttered.

Since Bhel had injected her with a Bliss hit she'd been aroused. It never left her. After the initial hit she'd been almost driven mad by the *need* to fuck, to climax again and again and again. Tornada had found her in the height of the aphrodisiac's potency and the memory of his hands on her body was still strong in her mind. Despite the passing of days since Bhel's deception, despite lying in her bunk every night, thinking black thoughts of death and destruction while her fingers brought her to bitter, powerful orgasm after orgasm, the hunger -- the craving for sexual fulfillment -- hadn't left her. It had faded, yes. Become a fluttering itch she could, with great effort, push to the back of her mind for a period of time, but it had never disappeared completely.

She wanted to be fucked. At this point, she wanted it more than to see her duplicitous sister's face. She wanted to feel hands both strong and arrogant on her body, squeezing, fondling, mauling. She wanted to feel fingers, both long and confident, delve into her folds, stroking the Bliss hunger even as they tried to sate it.

A silent moan slipped from her lips and she closed her arms around her chest, the friction against her nipples making her pussy contract.

Druentia wept, she was confused.

She hadn't meant to plant the suggestion she had in Tornada's mind. The second the slaver demanded she perform on her ex-lover, she'd been flooded with all sorts of suggestions to plant in his mind: shoot yourself, reveal who you really are to the Archeron, go jump from the nearest space-loc...

What stopped her? What made her suggest he tell her everything in his heart? The memory of the life she'd had with him? The memory of their happiness, their contentment before she'd learned of his fiancée? Or the admission he'd murmured in her ear back on Ry'l as his fingers buried in her cunt, grinding against her swollen, Bliss-pumped clit: *Just the simple truth. A marriage between two of the oldest Jjor noble families -- arranged before I was even born. A duty I'd prepared to deny. A family title I'd planned to rescind. For you.*

He loved her. Always had. And she'd almost killed him because of her own stupid, cynical, suspicious heart.

Fuck.

She shifted in her seat, the warm licks of lust spreading through her groin up into her spine. She loved Zeric. Loved him like no other, yet Zeric was not here -- captured and most likely killed by Crortek. She loved him and always would, but the man sitting beside her, the man who had risked so much to help her extract her revenge of the Ornithion crime lord and all those who worked for him, had been her first love. The first person to ever make her feel like she was worth something more than a cunt to fuck.

She closed her eyes, her nipples pinching into twin tips of aching hunger. What did she do now?

*Fuck him.*

She clenched her teeth, the Bliss-fuelled suggestion making her pussy constrict. She couldn't. She didn't want to.

*Yes, you do.*

She flicked Tornada a look from behind lowered lashes, the faint pink of her Bliss hit still tingeing her vision. The Archeron slave master had squealed like a little girl, babbling everything they'd wanted to know. It had very little to do with the punishing headlock she held him in. She knew that. It was the look in Tornada's eyes that made the Archeron talk. That look had never been there before she'd almost caused his death. He'd been a ruthless agent, yes, but that look... cold death and pain absolute. She'd

*caused* it. Created it. She'd stripped away his soul, his heart, and he'd become a merciless, brutal man. A man who still loved her.

*Irretrievably. Unconditionally. Without end. I exist to make you happy. To see you smile. To give you pleasure. I have been stripped of everything I ever held important -- my title, my heritage, my station -- but I do not care because I love you.*

The words of his suggested confession rang through her heated mind. Gods, *why* had she wanted to know what was in his heart? Why?

Because she still loved him?

No. No, she didn't.

*Are you sure?*

A lump filled her throat and she licked her lips, giving Tornada a quick look.

His profile spoke to her. Brooding, arrogant, supremely confident. Yet around those ink-black, challenging eyes could be a softness -- a tenderness that only surfaced in the warm glow that enveloped him after they'd made love. She'd kissed that softness more than once, and in doing so, had made other parts of him hard again.

Her nipples pinched painfully at the memory and she felt a slow heat spread between her thighs, making her clit throb and ache and demand attention. Rough attention. Vicious, forceful, domineering attention.

*Fuck him.*

She turned away. They would reach Boarona Prime in five clicks. There, according to the slave master, was Crortek's main Bliss factory and their next step, but before they arrived, she needed to get away from Tornada before her control over her body weakened and she did something she would hate herself for.

She straightened from her seat and, without a word, walked from the Skimmer's cockpit.

Five steps away, her heart hammering, her cunt constricting and her breath shallow, she stumbled to a halt, leaning against the corridor's wall. She pressed her palms and hot forehead to its cool surface, the metal burning her fevered flesh. Her lips parted, a soft gasp slipping from them as a wave of tension rolled through her lower



body. Tears of Druentia, she needed to come. Ribbons of wet heat unfurled in the pit of her stomach, turning into stabbing shards of blatant lust as they invaded her cunt. She gasped again, balling her fist and thumping it against the wall, trying to force the craven want from her system. At least until she made it to the tiny cubicle that was her quarters, then...

Fresh cream flooded her pussy at the thought of release, followed by another spasm in her sex so forceful she bucked, her spine snapping straight, her hips smacking against the wall, ramming her mons against its icy hardness. Fuck, she couldn't hold on.

*Control it, Jai'Enna!*

Eyes squeezed shut, she sank her teeth into her bottom lip. The sharp pain made her cunt gush with unsettling pleasure. "Gods!" she cried.

"They deserted us long ago, Jai'Enna." Tornada's deep voice rumbled in her ear as hands, strong and just as affecting as she remembered, smoothed a slow line up her rib cage to close over her breasts.

Liquid heat twisted in her cunt and she gasped -- a second before she spun, grabbed Tornada by the collar and smashed his back to the wall. She fixed him with a hostile glare, her thighs pressed to his, her hips pinning him still. "I told you never to touch me."

He stared back at her, pitch black eyes holding her as strongly as her fists held him. "And I told you more than I *ever* planned." His cock thickened against her mons. "All of which you know to be true."

The heat from his body, the feel of his hard, corded thighs against her own made Jai'Enna's head swim. She pulled in a quick breath, and Tornada's scent assailed her being. The pink taint in her vision intensified as the Bliss in her system reacted to his presence, almost painful as her sex contracted and pulsed. She parted her lips, wanting to hate him. Wanting to tell him to go away.

Wanting him to take her there and then against the wall.

"Raq..." His name fell from her lips, a second before Tornada crushed them with his own, his tongue invading her mouth. He sank his hands in her hair, fisted it in two

fierce grips. His cock shoved at her pussy, a hot shaft demanding what she so desperately wanted to give.

She bit at his bottom lip, his chin, his jaw. She scored a line of savage nips up to his ear, sinking her teeth into his earlobe as she rammed her cunt harder to his cock. "This means nothing," she growled, even as her hands plunged past the opening of his vest to explore his chest.

Tornada shook his head, raking his hands down her back to cup her ass in a punishing hold. "No, Jai'Enna. This means *everything*."

He shoved her backward, his mouth seizing hers. Her back smashed against the opposite wall, forcing her hips into a sharp forward thrust. The wind burst from her and for a second her legs lost all strength. Tornada stopped her from falling, his hips grinding to hers, his hands cupping her breasts as his tongue plundered her mouth. She moaned, pink desire flaring in her cunt. Tornada captured the raw sound with his mouth, demanding she deepen the kiss. She did, offering her tongue to his, taking great pleasure in the forceful way he sucked on it.

His fingers mauled her breasts, squeezing and cupping with a need she understood too well. Her breasts had always been her weakness, and Tornada knew it. He'd made her come more than once just by suckling and gnawing on her nipples. She arched her back, pushing harder to his palms. The silent request had its desired effect. He ripped her combat vest open, his thumb and forefingers finding her rock-hard nipples before the ship's cold artificial air did. She bucked against him, feeling her pussy flood with cream as shards of painful pleasure detonated in her breasts. Druentia wept! He knew her so well.

He twisted her nipples, flicked at them, rolled the pad of his thumb over them in tight circles that made her moan. She dropped her head, closing her eyes, Bliss tingeing the blackness pink. Tornada lifted her breasts and pressed them together, his cock an insistent rod nudging at her mons. "You know what I'm going to do?"

Jai'Enna nodded. She did. And she wanted him to.

Their sex had always been savage; two beings of incomparable skill and appetites feeding each other with sweat, pain and arousal -- the coupling leaving them drained and exhausted... and wanting more.

"Yes," she whispered, pinching his nipples between her own thumbs and forefingers.

A rumble sounded in his throat, a hoarse capitulation to his own hunger. "I don't think I will be able to stop, Jai," he growled. "Not now. Not after you released it from me."

She arched under his hands and turned her head, opening her eyes to stare into his. "Then don't."

He shoved her breasts higher, harder together and clamped his mouth over both her nipples at once, sucking them so painfully her head erupted with black stars.

"Oh, tears of Druentia!" she cried out, knotting her fingers in his hair, holding his head to its exquisite task. His molars gnawed on the twin tips of flesh, his tongue lashed at their burning form. She shoved her hips forward, grinding her pussy to his cock. His fingers mauled the swell of her breasts in equal force, sending pulses of delicious agony through her body. Squirming tension began to build between her thighs and she whimpered. Her clit throbbed, aching for attention. She tore one hand free and plunged it between their bodies, past the waistline of her trousers until her fingers found the tiny, burning nub.

She rubbed at it. Hard.

Tornada bit down on her nipples and smashed his cock against the back of her hand, clearly showing her how long, thick and rigid his cock had become. She whimpered again, feeling her breasts swell with desire. Her nipples burned and yet she still wanted more. Wanted him to suckle until her cunt gushed with liquid release. Sweet pain radiated through her breasts and she moaned. "Raq. Oh, gods..."

He tore his mouth free, staring into her face with smoldering eyes. "You know I'm never going to let you go, Jai'Enna. Don't you?"

*Never let you go... You are my past, my present...*

She closed her eyes. Her chest grew heavy. "Don't," she began.

He grabbed at her wrist and yanked her hand from her cunt, ramming his cock to the soft wet center immediately. "Don't you?" he repeated, one hand mauling her breast, the other pinning her wrist to the wall beside her head.

Her throat slammed shut. She bucked under him, her sodden pussy and swollen clit demanding more. Bliss burnt her lungs, desire burnt her soul. "Tornada," she whispered, pressing her palm to his heart. "I can't --"

"*Don't you!*" he growled, pinching her nipple in a punishing vice. She cried out, rapture pooling in her cunt. Abruptly, he stepped back, grabbed at the front of her trousers and tore it wide. "*Don't you! Say it!*"

Cold air razed her fevered flesh, licked at her suddenly exposed sex. She flung her eyes open wide, staring at Tornada as he destroyed the distance between them again, his hands shoving her trousers down past her hips with savage force. "After everything you've done to me, after everything you've made me reveal, do you really think I would let you walk out of my life when Crortek is dead?"

"Tornada..." Jai'Enna moaned, pushing her hips forward, offering her sodden cunt even as she shook her head. "Please, don't..."

His fingers gripped her hips and he yanked her to his still sheathed erection. "Tell me you know you're mine forever, Jai'Enna," he ground out, black eyes flashing, unreadable. "Tell me and I will take you to the Nine Heavens and make them your home."

She stared at him, her blood boiling, her body thrumming with need. She lifted her leg, kicked it free of her trousers and wrapped it around Tornada's hip, aligning the drenched lips of her pussy to the rigid swell of his cock. "Take me."

The order made Tornada's breath catch. He studied her for a beat, his cock burning into the junction of her thighs, his grip on her wrist and breast growing firmer. "Always," he said.

Without pause, he dropped to his knees and closed his mouth over her cunt.

"Oh, gods!" Jai'Enna rammed her head back and her hips forward, her palms flattening to the wall in an effort to anchor herself against the waves of concentrated pleasure crashing over her. Tornada's tongue flicked at her clit, drew it from its tiny hood to let his teeth nip at its swollen form. She bucked, tightening her leg around his neck, pulling his head closer to her sex.

His hands stole up the length of her thighs, over the curve of her ass. His fingers brushed at her nether-lips, delving into her slit even as he tortured her clit with his tongue. She moaned, eyes squeezed shut, head pressed to the wall. Bliss surged through her, hot and insatiable. Tornada fed its need, his fingers driving up into her cunt until he found the sweet spot. "Yes!"

His tongue lashed at her clit, rolled it back and forth, side to side. He withdrew his fingers from their worshipping of her cunt and she felt him shift, heard the metal fasteners of his trousers clink. She didn't need to see it to know he now gripped his unyielding erection, pumping it in a grip slicked wet with her juices.

She arched her back, feeling the tension in the pit of her stomach build. Growing wet and tight and urgent.

Tornada lapped at her pussy, pushing his tongue past her folds, wriggling it in frantic strokes, and returning to her clit again. She moaned, ramming her heel into the back of his neck, her skin tingling. She was going to come. She could feel her climax in her spine.

*Brought to orgasm by the one man you hate...*

But she didn't hate him. Not now. Not after learning the truth.

The realization sent an explosive jolt of wet rapture into her very being. She cried out, eyes snapping open, fingers flattened to the wall.

The raw sound whipped Tornada to his feet. In one fluid move, he curled his arm under her knee, drew her leg up higher and plunged his cock into her spread sex.

"Gods!" Jai'Enna screamed, his thickness stretching her to painful limits, filling her with pure ecstasy. She thrust into him, taking him deeper and deeper with each roll of her hips. Their rhythm was perfect. As it always was. He pumped into her, balls

slapping against her ass-cheeks, lips scoring a frantic path up her bowed neck to her mouth. Her climax built with each penetration, driving her higher, higher, higher. Her skin tingled, her cunt constricted. She was so close...

"I love you, Jai'Enna Ti," Tornada whispered against her mouth, his fingers caressing the side of her face, his length swelling with release inside her folds.

She felt his seed pump into her, felt its thick power fill her.

He loved her. Always had. Despite everything she'd done to him, he loved her.

She opened her eyes and stared at him. Saw him clearly, without the faintest hint of pink tingeing her vision at all. The Bliss was gone from her system. Entirely. What propelled her now were her own emotions.

Jai'Enna's heart hammered in her chest. Her *own* passion.

Her orgasm hit her. An eruption rivaling an exploding sun. She sank her nails into his shoulders, threw back her head and cried, "Gods, Tornada, I love --"

The scalding tingling of her skin told her what was happening before she saw the lights. She flinched, her eyes locking on Raq's...

...before every molecule in her body was torn apart and she was translocated off Tornada's Skimmer. Torn from his hold in the beat of a heart to reform, molecule by molecule, in a cold, dark holding area, her wrists locked in steel manacles, her back, shoulders and ass flattened against a surface that thrummed with energy. A Xolotlan oral-pleasure chair.

"Hello, slave," a familiar voice said from the shadows, a stench she knew well raping her sinuses. "I've missed you."

## Chapter Four

He hadn't changed much. His skin was still a hideously mottled blue, his ample gut still a wobbling mass of indulgence, his reptilian face still as ugly and repulsive as ever. What *was* different about Psy Lyso -- her former master and Crortek's once primary Bliss dealer -- was the look of violent desperation in his blood-pink eyes. And his tail.

Despite the apprehension and fury bubbling in her chest, despite the rolling pulses quaking her body, clenching her sex, Jai'Enna couldn't resist smirking. The Xolotlan race drew social status from their tails and Lyso's had been a tail worthy of envy -- until she'd shattered it completely in Crortek's main sex-den, that was.

She flicked him a dark grin as he stepped completely from the tiny room's shadows. "I like your stump, Lyso."

"It aches continuously," he said, drawing closer to her, those desperately crazed eyes raking over her. "A constant reminder of you." He returned her grin, and a chilly finger of uneasiness raced up Jai'Enna's spine. "I've grown to enjoy it, actually."

Jai'Enna cocked an eyebrow, testing the restraints imprisoning her, her pussy still fluttering with her fading orgasm. "I'm sure you have."

He closed the distance between them, drawing a slow line down the length of her torso with a stubby clawed finger. "Do you realize that, apart from a blowjob interrupted by the Shikz-fucking Terran Boundary Guardian, I have yet to be truly serviced by you?"

Jai'Enna curled her lip, the memory of that moment making her blood heat. A bittersweet memory -- Lyso's dick in her mouth and the first time she saw Zeric Arctos. "You do remember I'm not a slave, don't you? I distinctively recall telling Crortek

exactly who I was back in The Pit while you gibbered on the floor with a broken tail, as ineffectual and pathetic as always."

Lyso's hand paused for a moment on her belly before his fingers skimmed the smooth curve of her mons. "Yes, I do. But tell me, Jai'Enna, what's more arousing, more fuckable, than an Intel-Patrol agent forced into sexual slavery by the very master she deceived?"

Jai'Enna clenched her fists, the thought of Lyso's sick fantasies making her stomach churn and her anger rise. "Jak V't'an shot you," she growled through gritted teeth. "So why do you still stink up the Boundaries with your existence?"

Lyso slid his fingers deeper between her thighs, his claws scraping at the soft lips of her cunt with deliberate promise. "You are wet," he noted with a leering grin. "Did I interrupt something?"

"Fuck you, Lyso."

He chuckled, rolling a fingertip over her hooded, still sensitive clit. "It's a little known fact Xolotlans have the ability to regenerate during a period of hibernation," he continued, his eyes flaring with pure contempt. "Everyone in The Pit thought I was dead, including Crortek. As soon as his grunts threw my body on the pile of corpses out the back I crawled away."

Jai'Enna glared at him, unable to miss the resentful gloating in his voice. "On your belly, no doubt."

His pointed teeth flashed in a wide leer. "The very belly you will be pressed under as I ram my cock into your cunt."

"So is that why I'm here? Just so you can fuck me? You spent all that time cowering away just so you could shoot your load?"

Lyso's leer stretched into a smug smirk. "I was Crortek's *best* Bliss dealer and how did he repay me? He disrespected me. He took my slave, treated me like scum, dumped me on a stinking pile of dead Boaronians." He leant toward her, tongue flicking at the air in excited little jabs. "I will show *him* who Psy Lyso is." He pressed his



hand harder to her cunt, one fat finger parting the folds of her sex with furious force. "And I will start by possessing that which he wants."

Jai'Enna gave him a flat look, her jaw tight. "Do you really think Crortek gives a prig's ass about me?" Her mind raced with possibilities, all ending with Lyso climaxing and her planting the suggestion in his mind to blow the top of his head off with a Xolotlan blaster. She shifted slightly, knowing that any moment he would stop his inane dribble and pathetic bluster and begin his assault of her body. The oral-pleasure chair was thrumming underneath her, ready to accentuate their every sensation. The thought of bringing the Xolotlan to orgasm made her sick, and coldly happy at once.

"Oh, he more than gives a prig's ass about you," Lyso replied, pushing his finger deeper into her pussy, eyes burning. "He *needs* you to bring that Shikz-fucking Terran freak he has caged in his private residence to heel."

Jai'Enna's heart stopped. She stared at Lyso, his invading fingers completely forgotten. "What did you say?"

Lyso's lips curled. "Your savior, the Boundary Guardian? Crortek has him locked in a cage, on display for all to see, trying to break him down until he turns into whatever-the-fuck he turns into. I hear Crortek wants him to come while transformed and is using all sorts of means of getting him to do so, none successful." He wriggled his finger, pushing his blunt nose against her cheek, his stink like a cloying cloud choking her of breath. "Which is why Crortek wants you. But *I* have you, and that gives me the balance of power, wouldn't you say?"

Jai'Enna turned her head, letting her rage, guilt and conflict smolder in her eyes as she stared into Lyso's. Tears of Druentia, Zeric was alive. Alive and imprisoned. While she was making love to Raq Tornada, Hrung Crortek was torturing Zeric in a cage! Scalding guilt smashed over her and her chest squeezed tight. She had to go to him. Immediately.

*But is it Zeric you want, or Tornada? Who do you love, Jai'Enna?*

Her throat slammed shut. She didn't know, but that didn't matter. Not at the moment. What mattered was getting to Zeric as quickly as possible, and the quickest way was to make Lyso orgasm.

She licked her lips, gut churning, heart hammering. "I'm bored with your voice, Lyso," she drawled, saturating the words with contempt. "And your pathetic attempt to play the master criminal. You're weak and impotent and a joke. No wonder Crortek left you for dead."

Lyso's eyes widened and he shoved his finger savagely into her cunt -- just the reaction she wanted. He grabbed her throat with his free hand, driving his claws into her neck with brutal rage. "Let's see how impotent I am, *slave*," he spat, staring wildly at her. He raked his hand down to her chest, claws puncturing her flesh as he groped and squeezed her left breast with malicious, sadistic intent. "Let's see how long it takes before I have you screaming for mercy."

Jai'Enna turned her head and closed her eyes. The next few moments would be hideous, but she would deal with it. It was what she was trained to do -- shut out the pain, shut out the humiliation and degradation, fuck until her partner climaxed and then plant the suggestion, the suggestion that would get her exactly what she wanted.

Lyso plunged his tongue into her ear and another finger into her cunt, and a cold, empty smile pulled at her lips. Exactly what she wanted.

If only she knew what her *heart* wanted...

\* \* \*

Wrapping the sheet around her torso, Jai'Enna pushed herself from Lyso's bunk, her body awash in burning pain. He'd been more vicious than she'd expected. His hate and embarrassment at losing her to a Boundary Guardian made each thrust savage, made his hands cruel, his mouth violent. He'd chained her spread-eagle and face-down on his bed, assaulting her first with his fingers, then his mouth before impaling her with his cock, humping her with a ferocious frenzy that would have brought tears to her eyes if she hadn't been so angry.

Thank Druentia, his crazed, brutish fucking was not matched by his staying power. The moment he sank his cock into her sex, she'd felt his body begin to quiver, to hurtle toward a climax she knew would come soon.

He'd pummeled into her, claws sinking into her hips, her ass, his teeth biting at her back and shoulders as he'd orgasmed.

And into his mind she'd slipped.

The suggestion was detailed, requiring her to drag out his climax longer than she'd wanted, but, as always in the aftermath of a plant, his eyes had glazed over and he'd immediately begun to carry out her "suggestions."

Pushing away the dull throbbing pain in her limbs, and the sick residue of Lyso's lust, Jai'Enna crossed to the hydro-shower. Lyso was in the cockpit. He would stay there until they reached their destination. He would not speak to her, he would not look at her, he would not touch her. Not until they reached Crortek. Then he would assume the role of the indignant, opportunistic slave master, complete with lecherous hands, and take her directly to the Ornithion crime lord where he would carry out the final part of her suggestion.

An evil smile curled Jai'Enna's lips as she dropped the sheet and stepped into the shower cubicle. She hit the hot jet, standing motionless as almost scalding water smashed against her body, scouring away every molecule of Lyso's touch.

The final part of her suggestion...

Resolution. Vengeance.

After that, she would turn her mind to Tornada. To Tornada and the words that had almost slipped from her lips as her own orgasm shook her body.

And to Zeric Arctos.

\* \* \*

Jak opened his eyes, the flutter of hope in his chest growing stronger. Yes, he could definitely see *something*. Shapes mainly, blurred, fuzzy shapes of tones and light, but still, it was better than the grey fog of the last few days.

His mind replayed the strange existence he'd been living in, his body tensing even as his fists clenched. Bhel kept him imprisoned, refusing to answer any more of his questions, making sweet, slow, exquisite love to him every moment she was with him. Denied sight, his hands, tongue and lips had become his eyes, and he knew every inch of her delectable body better than his own. He was falling deeper and deeper in love with her *despite* her silence on anything outside the room. And that made him angry. It was time to discover what was going on.

Squinting across the room at what he knew was the door, he pushed himself to his feet. His head still ached -- *more* than ached -- but he ignored its insistent throb. Crossing the small space, his feet steady and purposeful, he placed his flattened palms on the door. A sharp tingle shot through his neck, radiating down his spine and up into his scalp from the prohibitor collar around his neck. He hissed in a sharp breath. He couldn't remove the collar, only the person who locked it in place could do that, and no matter how many times he'd ask, Bhel'Ais refused to do so, but he could -- with the right amount of interference -- reduce its potency. Crossing the threshold was going to be more painful than a blaster stun to the gut, but he *could* cross it.

Smoothing his palm across the door, he found the locking panel. Bhel kept it locked, but he'd listened carefully to its activation tones. With a little skill and a shitload of luck, he should be able to...

A low chime filled the room, and the door slid open, warm air flooding over him.

Jak smiled, and prepared his body for what was to come next.

He took a step... and agony erupted in his neck like an exploding quasar, shattering his control and pouring wave after blistering wave of pain into his head and torso. His knees crumpled and he grabbed his head, eyes squeezed shut, jaw bunching against the onslaught of torture. *Fuck, Jak! Fight it! Fight it!*

Pain lashing every fiber of his being, he forced himself to his feet, staring fixedly at the blurred shapes before him, concentrating not on the agony trying to destroy him, but the distant sounds wafting to him from somewhere. He needed to take a step, *one* step past the threshold, *one* step beyond the prohibitor collar's limits. He needed to get

to those sounds. He needed to hear them clearly -- to *see* where he was based on what he heard. After that, well, as Zeric often accused him of doing, he'd make it up as he went along.

The thought of Zeric sent a shard of pain into Jak's chest more terrible than the prohibitor collar and he snapped upright, the fury of his partner's death a jolt of adrenaline. With eyes locked on the fuzzy rectangle of light at the end of what he hoped was a corridor, he took a step.

A wave of agony smashed through him. Teeth gritted, he took another step.

Another wave. Another step.

The pain poured through him, but less intense.

Another step. Another. Another.

A dull throb radiated through his neck, like a fading memory of a terrible wound... and then, nothing.

The breath burst from Jak's lungs in a relieved sigh. Keeping his fists balled at his side, he strode toward the end of the corridor, oozing confidence and arrogance. If confronted, he would at least appear totally in control. Not the half-blind, lovesick escaped prisoner he was.

With each step he took, the sounds grew clearer. Cheering. People cheering. Calling out words of encouragement and approval.

He pulled a breath and the faint stench of sex, smoke and alcohol pervaded his being. A sex-den. Wherever Bhel had him, it smelt like a sex-den. Which was, considering the fact he was completely stark naked, convenient.

He narrowed his eyes and for a brief moment the world became clear, sharply focused. The corridor led to an open door, through which flooded warm, yellow light. Beyond that, he couldn't see, but at least now he had a target. Someone on the other side would have the answers he wanted.

Ten paces later, he reached the door.

Cheers, cries and catcalls of delight filled the air. The heady musky scent of sex grew stronger, thicker. Jak stepped into the light, taking in the fuzzy shapes around

him. He was close. The room he stood in now was, from what he could detect, empty, but it led to another.

"Fuck her!"

The frenzied shout punched at Jak's ears and he tensed. A Sheilite.

"Fuck her! Come on, you freak! Fuck her! Look at how much she wants it!"

"Her cunt is waiting for you!" another voice called out, maniacal excitement cutting the Pellaxion accent. "Look! It's dripping!"

"Change!" came a shrill order. Female. Keltarian. "Change! Change!"

Jak tilted his head. *Change?* An icy fist reached into his chest and squeezed his heart. He peered around the room. On the far side waited a door. Ajar. Forcing his footfall to be overly confident, almost conceited, he strode across the empty room, pushed the door open and stepped through it.

Light assaulted him. Sins filled his nostrils, his lungs.

"Change! Change! Change!"

"Fuck her! Fuck her! Fuck her!"

He squinted around him, forcing his sight into laboured clarity. Took in the semi-naked crowd massing around a cage on a large dais in the centre of the room, faces wild with demented glee. Took in the armed Boaronian guards standing between the crowd and the cage. Took in the naked woman straddling the naked man chained to an Ornithion pleasure-bench inside, her hips undulating with a slow, sensual rhythm, her eyes closed, her lips parted. The naked woman with long, blonde hair and a body created by the gods. The naked woman who looked like Bhel'Ais Ti. Took in the naked man underneath her, eyes closed, face distorted with both pleasure and anguish. The naked man who looked like...

Jak's blood turned cold. "Zeric?"

"Change! Change! Change!"

A groan burst from Zeric's mouth, a groan sounding more like a growl. The crowd flinched back as a single entity, both cheers and hisses of fear rising from it. Strapped to the bench, his ankles and wrists shackled by thick, shiny manacles, Zeric

moved under Bhel'Ais, every muscle in his body coiled, his skin slicked with sweat. His jaw was bunched, raw pleasure and tortured contempt etching his face as he thrust his hips up into Bhel's.

Jak stared, the sight starkly clear.

And then his sight blurred again.

Rage flooded through him. Rage and stinging jealousy. He stormed toward the cage, fists bunched, blood roaring in his ears. She'd betrayed him again. And with his partner. The partner he thought was dead! He pushed through the crowd, his gut twisting with aggressive purpose. Not revenge, not retaliation. Retribution.

He reached the cage, mindless of the scowls and coos of admiration following his progress. His eyes -- still blurred but growing sharper with each second -- locked on the fuzzy shapes of Zeric and Bhel'Ais fucking. The heady musky scent of their sex threaded through his every breath. Their grunts and moans flailed at his flesh. He flicked his eyes to the right, sighted a Boaronian standing nearby, sub-neuron blaster in his massive grip. He could disarm the guard before anyone knew what was happening, clear sight or no, level it on Bhel's heaving chest, or Zeric's, and --

"Aah, gods!" Zeric moaned, jerking Jak's attention back to the cage. He arched his back to pump harder into Bhel's pussy, his fists clenched, his muscles corded and bulging. Bhel thrust her hips to his and her breasts, those sublime curves of flesh, forward. The crowd cheered in appreciation, more than one pair of feet shuffling at the glorious display of sexual perfection.

Jak felt his cock stir, even as his blood turned hotter with jealous contempt. He glared up at the performance, his pulse a rapid tattoo as Bhel lowered her upper body closer to Zeric, brushing her breasts across his face.

Zeric's lips parted, his mouth seeking to capture the puckered tip teasing his flesh. Bhel slid one breast and then the other over those parted lips, letting his tongue touch each nipple before moving it away.

Another growl tore from Zeric's throat and suddenly, with a speed Jak knew belonged to the beast in Zeric's blood, snatched out with his mouth and snared one pinched nipple in his teeth before Bhel'Ais could react.

She cried out, pain and pleasure mingled together in the raw sound as she pushed into Zeric's suckling hold. Her hands raked up his arms and buried in his tangled hair, short gasps of rapture escaping her with each drawing motion Zeric made. The Terran sucked at her breast, greedily, hungrily, his hips bucking harder, his body gleaming with fresh sweat.

"Tears of Druentia!" Bhel ground out, tossing her head from side to side, ecstasy etching her features. Hands knotted at Zeric's nape, she yanked his head up, pushing it harder to her captured breast, rolling her hips in an ever-increasing rhythm. "Yes! Oh, yes!"

With a loud roar, Zeric ripped his mouth from her nipple, eyes staring blankly up at her, wild and dazed and somehow vacant. "Jezu!" he groaned, gasping for breath. "Jezu, I can't..."

Enraged arousal stirring his cock, eyes narrowing, Jak stared at him. His partner wavered in and out of focus, and Jak felt sure his own burning emotions clouded what was before him, but one thing was *very* clear -- Zeric was on the verge of transforming, of becoming the very beast he loathed, the werewolf he detested. If that happened...

He flicked his attention to the leering Boaronian beside him. Readied himself to get the guard's weapon. To end the show --

"Jai'Enna," Zeric moaned, arching his back.

Jak froze, throat slamming shut. Around him, the crowd broke into a wild cheer, lunging forward, eager to see the imprisoned Boundary Guardian's release. "Change! Change!"

"Jai'Enna," Zeric growled, staring up at Bhel, mindless of the horde, adoration and desire ablaze in his eyes. "Jezu, Jai'Enna. I love you."



Jak shook his head, cold sweat breaking out over his hot flesh. "No, Zeric," he said, low but loud enough to carry to his partner's deceived senses. "Not Jai'Enna. Bhel'Ais."

Bhel swung her head in his direction, violet eyes wide. The blood drained from her face and her body locked tight. "Jak?"

Zeric's body shuddered and, in the space of a heartbeat, his eyes cleared, the wildly vacant look immediately replaced by horrified realization. "Bhel'Ais," he snarled. With a roar so loud every member of the crowd squealed and slapped their hands to their ears, he transformed. One minute a shackled, imprisoned man, the next a growling, flexing beast. The manacles on his wrists and ankles shattered, spewing metal into the crowd. The wolf lashed out, flinging Bhel'Ais across the cage's expanse, glowing golden eyes locked on the violent arc her body made. It snarled, dropping into a crouch, ready to pounce on her cowering form.

"Zeric!" Jak screamed, lunging toward the bars, toward his partner. "Zeric! No!"

The werewolf turned, wicked teeth bared, unnatural muscles coiled and ready to attack, to render life useless. Its golden eyes locked onto Jak and a flash of recognition shimmered in their untamed depths.

"Zeric," Jak said.

And suddenly it was Zeric again. Standing there behind the bars. Naked and trembling. Staring at him as if he'd seen a ghost. "Jak?"

\* \* \*

The hands slid up her body. Skimmed her hips, smoothed over the flat plane of her belly and feathered up her rib cage. She sucked in a swift breath, the action causing her passion-swollen breasts to rise and fall. Fingertips brushed the bottom curve of their swell and she sucked in another breath. *Gods, yes...*

The fingertips travelled higher, following the heavy curve of each breast in a slow, languid line until strong fingers touched her puckered nipples. "Beautiful," Zeric murmured, his breath warm on her neck. His rigid cock nudged the cleft of her ass cheeks, a clear testament to his desire. "So beautiful."

Jai'Enna leant back into him, enjoying the feel of his hard body pressing against her back, of the confident yet tentative way he traced her nipples with his fingers. He lowered his head, the distinctly untamed scent of his flesh filling her breath as he placed his lips on the curve of her neck, at the sensitive line just above her collarbone. Her eyelids fluttered closed and she released a sigh.

"You like that?"

His low question made her smile and she slowly rolled her hips backward and forward, caressing his cock with the curve of her ass. "Very much."

"And this?"

He closed his fingers over her breasts, cupping them with infinite care. His cock twitched against her butt, reminding her -- as if she needed it -- of how much she affected him. She lifted her hands, placing them lightly over the backs of his, increasing their pressure. "Yes."

He turned his lips to her jaw line, nibbled on its straightness until his mouth found her ear. His tongue flicked at her earlobe, his teeth nipping its softness. She hitched in a quick breath and flattened his palms harder to her breasts. "Yes," she said again, the word almost a sigh.

A low moan rose from his broad chest. She could feel its rumble. It made her nipples pinch tighter and her pussy grow damp. A squirming sensation began between her thighs, a tickling of wet fingers that made her blood roar and her pulse quicken. He followed her wordless request, squeezing each breast harder, increasing his hold until his fingers bruised her flesh and left her gasping and whimpering for... "More. Please, more."

One hand left her breast, and before her body could cry out in denial, it reveled in jubilation when strong, long fingers slid between the junction of her thighs and parted her nether-lips. They delved deep, rolling over her burning clit as they sank into her tight folds. She arched her spine, pushing her cunt harder to his hand and her ass harder to his cock, wanting to soar higher. She lifted her arms, locking them behind his head and turning her own, offering her parted lips to his mouth. He took them, feasting

on their softness, his tongue hot and wild. His hands continued their worship of her body, the fingers in her sex seeking the sweet spot in wriggling, twisting strokes, the hand on her breast cupping and squeezing.

*Tears of Druentia.*

Jai'Enna's knees trembled and she felt a wall of creamy pleasure release in her pussy, not an orgasm, but a preamble to the absolute rapture she knew would soon consume her. Its musky sweetness filled the air and Zeric moaned again, low and decidedly animalistic, his hand between her thighs dragging back up to take possession again of her other breast.

"You are truly wonderful." The deep male voice filtered through Jai'Enna's desire-clouded brain and she whimpered again, her cunt growing more sodden with its haughty intention.

Confident hands slid up her calves, the backs of her knees, her thighs. A warm breath feathered her belly, just below her navel, before lips more arrogant than Zeric's scalded a brand on the smooth curve of her mons.

She sucked in a swift breath and tightened her arms around Zeric's neck, deepening their kiss as Tornada's hands worked her thighs wide and his mouth claimed her cunt.

His tongue plunged into her sex, rolling over her clit in small circles that sent ripples of tension through her body. His hands moved higher up her thighs, the tips of his index fingers following the velvet line of her pussy-lips back to her perineum. She thrust her hips forward, spreading her legs farther apart to grant his mouth greater access to her sodden sex and his fingers greater access to her ass. *Gods...*

Zeric dragged his mouth down her neck to nuzzle her shoulder, his hands growing more savage on her breasts. He pulled on each nipple, tweaking one and then the other in a rhythm matched by Tornada's tongue on her clit. The unspoken harmony between the two made her head swim with heady lust and a low moan slipped from her lips. She buried her hands in Zeric's hair, closing her eyes to the sensations his

mouth and hands created in her body as she lifted one leg and hooked it around Tornada's shoulders.

Her cunt opened more, sopping with creamy hunger, a hunger Tornada greedily lapped at with his tongue. The fingers exploring her cleft slid closer to the tight hole of her anus, slicking its clenched entry with her juices. They traced its closed form, making her shift with impatient need, driving her hips harder to his face. "Damn you, don't tease me!" she ground out, tugging on Zeric's hair, wishing they'd both continue their languid torture forever and wanting them to bring her to a screaming climax now.

*How can you have both?*

Jai'Enna didn't know, she just did.

The conflict drove her crazy and she snatched at one of Zeric's hands, forcing his assault of her breast to increase. She felt on fire. Her cunt grew hotter, wetter with each thrust and lick of Tornada's tongue and her breasts grew heavier with each masterful twist of her nipples by Zeric's fingers. Breath short, heart pounding, she moaned again.

Without a word, she was lifted from her feet, Zeric supporting her torso with his strong arms, Tornada's mouth still feasting on her sex as his arms wrapped around her hips. She gasped, the sense of being weightless while her body was worshipped by them both so surreal, so erotic she almost came there and then. Her stomach clenched, her muscles tensed, and suddenly she was pressed to her back, the surface beneath her soft and silken and cool.

Tornada's mouth never left her pussy. His tongue worked her clit, flicking it over and over again in fierce, tiny strokes. His thumb plunged between her drenched lips and she bucked, her spine arching in such a way her breasts shoved high toward the heavens. Zeric's hot, wet mouth closed around one nipple before she could flatten, hands both preternaturally fast and tipped by blunt claws whipping under her back and keeping her spine arched, holding her in the position, her breasts thrust up, her cunt spread wide.

She writhed, heels, ass cheeks and shoulder blades pressed to bed. Tornada suckled at her sex as Zeric suckled at her breasts, their surreal harmonious rhythm

returning once more. It was as though they were one, a creature created solely to pleasure her. Neither spoke to the other, but both knew exactly what the other did and complemented his action, heightening the rapture rolling through her until she could barely draw breath.

"Druentia wept!" she called as Zeric's teeth nipped at her nipple the exact moment Tornada's teeth closed down on her clit. A shudder rocked her, from her sodden core to her swollen breasts. She grabbed at the cool sheets beneath her, a distant part of her mind wondering where she was. No bed she knew was fitted with Sheilite silk.

*Does it really matter?*

Zeric's mouth slid from one breast to the other, his tongue, lips and teeth branding the throbbing swell of flesh his own.

She fisted the sheets again, lifting her hips and tossing her head from side to side.

Her climax was building, coming at her hard. She didn't want to come yet. She wanted to feel them both...

Tornada's mouth left her cunt and he slid up her body, mirroring Zeric's position by her side. He took the nipple Zeric had so recently abandoned between his lips, rolling it between his teeth in ever-increasing pressure. Both men suckled and gnawed, each working -- again -- as one, so neither nipple was without suction.

Jai'Enna cried out, grabbing at each man's hair, holding their heads imprisoned to her breasts. Their mouths worshipped her. When one sucked, the other nibbled, when one teased, the other tortured. Heat washed over her, a drowning force she willingly succumbed to. She rubbed her thighs together, her pussy clenching and constricting, wanting to be filled.

*By who?*

She ignored the soft question. Ignored the conflict it created deep in her core.  
*Later...*

The two men suckled harder, and then, in perfect sync, slid one hand each down her torso, palmed her belly and found her cream-slicked sex. Tornada's finger parted

her lips first, delving into her tightness with slow, steady penetration. Zeric's followed, his knuckle finding her clit with familiar ease. She gasped, tugging on his hair and pushing her hips higher. Both men plunged their fingers in deeper, filling and stretching her, making her whimper. They stroked the wall of her sex, twin caresses that flooded her pussy with fresh cream and her body with liquid heat. She cried out again, bucking under their invasion, each hoarse sound feeding their frenzy until their fingers were drenched in her juice.

And still they suckled on her breasts. Still their mouths made love to her nipples. Sensations washed over her, through her. She thrashed on the bed, hammering her hips to their masterful hands, pushing her breasts harder to their talented lips. How did they do it? How did they take her to the Nine Heavens with just their --

Both hands twisted, a flick of each wrist, and suddenly four fingers penetrated her. Four wildly wriggling fingers that drove her to the edge and pushed her over. Four fingers that released the flood and made her scream as climax after climax after climax claimed her. She threw back her head, pressing it to the softness beneath her, her breath ragged, her pulse pounding, the scent of her release -- of her desire -- intoxicating, more potent than Bliss could ever be.

"Fuck!" she screamed, bucking into their hands, her body wracked by one violent shudder after another. "Oh, the fucking gods! Yes!"

The two mouths worked her nipples, the four fingers her gushing cunt, refusing to let her ride the exquisite waves crashing over her, forcing those waves to pummel her higher, higher. She arched her back, sinking her nails into Tornada's shoulder, Zeric's neck. Her body burned. Her soul sizzled. "Tears of Druentia!" she cried, staring up at the ceiling, besieged by the raw pleasure consuming her. "I love you! By the gods' own tears, I love you!"

The fingers stilled, the mouths lifted. Two sets of eyes looked at her, one gold, one black. Two sets of eyes that bored into her very being and made her heart stop. "Who, Jai'Enna Ti?" both Zeric and Tornada asked as one, their deep, purely male voices strangely feminine. "Who do you love?"

Jai'Enna stared at them, the last crushing contraction of her climax pulsing through her sex, a single beat punctuating a single word: *who?*

Her breath caught in her throat...

And she sat up, staring around Lyso's quarters.

Sweat slicked her trembling body. Her heart hammered. She gazed about the small room, her mouth turning dry. Druentia wept! Folding her legs to her chest, she dropped her forehead to her knees. Fuck. Where was her brain?

*That's not the real problem, is it? It's not your brain, but your heart. Where's your heart, Jai'Enna? Where, exactly, is your heart?*

A shrill note cut the silence and she lifted her head, disgusted -- and grateful -- for the interruption. "Yes?" she snapped, dismayed at the relief undercutting the word.

"We have arrived, Jai'Enna." Lyso's guttural, disembodied voice wafted from the intercom. "We are at Ii'olia."

\* \* \*

Tornada lifted his stare from the control deck and turned it to the approaching planet, still just a tiny green dot in the blanket of stars spilling out before him, but growing larger with each click. Ii'olia.

The Xolotlan Star-Hopper's propulsion signature ended there. Whoever had translocated Jai'Enna from his arms had headed directly to Ii'olia. No translocation residue, no other propulsion signature existed between her abduction and the small planet.

Tornada let a black, silent snarl fall over his face.

Whoever took her was a walking corpse. They'd just yet to experience the pain of their upcoming death, a problem he would amend. Soon.

## Chapter Five

Heart a pounding force in his chest, Zeric stared at his partner. The Yrathian stood -- naked -- on the other side of the bars, ignoring the screaming, scattering club patrons and the six Boaronians with their blasters leveled on his chest, staring back at him with eyes that seemed somehow unfocussed. His face, once only marred by the ritual scars marking his species' Master Pleasurer status, was now a tangled, knotted mess of raw scar tissue and angry flayed flesh, but that didn't prevent the confused anger etching itself on his features.

Zeric blinked, not just at the unusual emotion, but at Jak's very existence. "Jak?"

"Don't kill her, Zeric," he said, his strange glazed eyes flicking to Bhel' Ais before returning to Zeric. "I know you want to, shit, so do I, but don't. Please."

Zeric took a step toward the bars, feeling their electrical energy pull at the fine hairs on his body. "Jak?" he said again, forcing the beast within his blood into silence. Once released, it never wanted to capitulate control, and the seductive blood lust it aroused in Zeric made keeping it under control almost impossible. A fact Hrung Crortek seemed all too aware --

Zeric's ragged breath caught. *Crortek!*

He tore his stare from Jak, searching above the heads of the dispersing crowd.

And saw him.

"I have to admit, life has not been dull since I met you, Terran," Crortek said, leaning against a thick, golden pillar to the left of the dais, reed-thin body seemingly relaxed. "Sex-slaves who are really Intel-Patrol Corp agents, a man who is really an animal, a loyal slave who defies her master..." his white, pearlescent gaze turned to Jak, "...and a corpse who really isn't a corpse at all."



He gave his head an almost imperceptible nod, and the Boaronians moved. Two launched themselves at Jak before he could duck, one smashing its fist into his neck, the other ramming its blaster into his chest as he collapsed to his knees.

*"Jak!"* Zeric roared, leaping toward his fallen partner.

As did Bhel'Ais. Her tortured cry of dismay punched at his ears as, naked and bleeding from a deep gash high on her forehead, she scurried across the cage's floor, her wide, violet stare locked on Jak. *"Jak!"* she screamed, reaching the bars. A sharp crack rent the air and, with a yelp, she was flung backward, the bars jolting her with enough charge to launch her from the floor in a sickening arch.

*"How touching."* Crortek smirked, his teeth flashing as Bhel, blood trickling from her nose, crawled toward Jak again.

He turned his attention back to Zeric, smirk stretching wider. *"I have always found the concept of love pathetic, yet it presents so many opportunities to someone who knows how to use it."* His head dipped again in that slight nod and without delay, the Boaronians hauled Jak off the ground. *"Take him to the initiation room."*

*"No!"* Bhel'Ais screamed, absolute horror distorting her face. She whipped her stare to Crortek, her eyes wide and wild and terrified. *"Master! No! I beg you!"*

*"Crortek!"* Zeric roared, leaping toward the grinning Ornithion. An excruciating jolt of pain shot through him as his hands gripped the bars of the cage and he jerked backward in a savage bow, spine screaming in agony.

Crortek laughed, straightening from the pillar. He crossed the room, ignoring his guests as they fled, his eyes fixed totally on Zeric. *"What a wonderful situation we have here. Now, how can I use this..."* He narrowed his eyes in a display of melodramatic concentration. *"Diac,"* he said, not looking anywhere but at Zeric, *"release the Raavelian. She needs to be punished."*

The Boaronian to the rear of the cage moved, punching at the locking panel situated low on the door. A low-pitched hum vibrated from the bars, and then disappeared. Silence.

Zeric slumped backward, his body thrumming with agonizing energy. Dragging in breath after breath, he watched Crortek approach the cage, the beast within growling for release. Movement from the corner of his eye told him Diac had swung the door open, the sound of Bhel'Ais fighting the hulking guard filtering through his concentration. Without taking his glare from the Ornithion, he counted three guards leveling their blasters on his chest. Three.

A malevolent grin stretched his lips. Easy.

He leapt at the door, striking the Boaronian in the forehead with his heels, sending the guard tumbling backward. Landing on the balls of his feet, Zeric spun, grabbed the guard's head and twisted it to the right. A sickening crack filled the room, followed by a dull thud as Zeric released his grip on the Boaronian's head and it struck the floor.

Bhel'Ais, now free of the dead guard's hold, went sprawling across the room, her long blonde hair spilling about her body like golden blood. For a split second, Zeric watched her, a detached part of his mind recognizing Jai'Enna in the smooth length of her limbs, the finely structured shape of her torso, and then he snapped straight, fingers hooked, and locked his stare on the closest guard, baring his teeth in a low snarl.

*"Terran!"* Crortek shouted.

Zeric slid his stare to the crime lord, hate and fury coursing through his veins. He clenched his fists, the growing claws on each finger cutting into the flesh of his palms.

Crortek glared at him, rage glowing in his white, soulless eyes. "You want to kill your partner, Boundary Guardian, then by all means, keep going. I have more than enough Boaronians, but how many Yrathians do you see?"

He let the question hang in the air, and Zeric growled, the urge to transform a force so powerful he could feel his blood thickening. The two remaining guards closed in on him, their sub-neuron blasters trained on his back and head. He flicked his attention to Jak, saw him hanging between two leering guards, his unfocussed eyes connecting with Zeric's across the distance. Saw Bhel sobbing at his knees, her face

buried in her hands. "Kill the fucking bastard, Zeric," Jak muttered, blood trickling from his mouth.

Zeric turned back to Crortek, his gut sinking. He had two choices; transform and kill Crortek, and in doing so, cause the death of his partner, or remain a man, and hope to Jezu he could save Jak before Crortek tired of them all. Pulling a silent breath, he let his fists unfurl, the tiny puncture wounds from his claws a bitter ironical sting in his palms. The beast -- the werewolf -- had brought about so much pain, so much death, but the creature who deserved it the most -- Crortek -- still lived, and now seemed to be in control of the very thing that could destroy him.

"Very good," Crortek sneered. His pearlescent gaze flicked over Zeric's body, undoubtedly noting the slight relaxing of his muscles. "A wise move. Not so much the dumb animal after all."

He turned to the guards holding Jak, his contemptuous glare dropping to Bhel'Ais. "Take them both to the initiation room. Let them have one last moment. I will deal with my rebellious slave *after* I have dealt with the animal here."

White, pupil-free eyes shining with smug triumph, Crortek returned his attention to Zeric. "My patience is wearing thin with you, Terran."

Zeric gave him a cold grin. "It's taken this long? I should have been trying harder."

Crortek sneered, closing the distance between them, the spines on his back flaring in agitated contempt. "As should I. Now I give you a very simple choice. Give me what I want and your partner will live. Refuse... keep playing the noble hero, and he dies. More painfully than you can --"

A brilliant eruption of blinding lights, like a million pinpricks of colors spewing from a tear in space, suddenly appeared to Crortek's left, flooding both him and Zeric in its bleaching glow.

"Hello, Crortek," Psy Lyso spat, his fat, blue-skinned shape forming in the pattern of lights, "you Shikz-fucking piece of Ornithion filth."

For a split moment, the kaleidoscope became too painful to look at, and then Lyso stood in the room, a Xolotlan pistol in his grip, a manic, somehow glazed look in his bulging pink eyes. He took a step forward, the pistol's barrel aimed squarely at Crortek's head, and that was when Zeric saw her.

Jai'Enna Ti. Standing behind the Xolotlan, an Aglaian disrupter in her hands.

Crortek burst out laughing. "So, the lizard walks."

Lyso extended his arm, pushing his pistol closer to Crortek's head. "He walks and he fucks." He stepped closer again, and Zeric finally recognized the vacant expression in his eyes. The Xolotlan was not in control. Someone else was in his head... *Jai'Enna.*

Crortek snorted, icy mirth playing over his face. "Fucks?"

Lyso smiled. "Fucks. You." He fired the pistol.

A bolt of iridescent eo-energy burst from the weapon, slicing the air, puncturing the space where Crortek's head -- half a micro-second earlier -- had been.

The Ornithion had twisted into a tight spin before the discharge could strike, the torso of the Boaronian standing behind him disintegrating in a black cloud of ash.

Lyso's eyes suddenly cleared, an expression of complete and utter confusion crossing his face. "Where --" Whatever he was going to say was cut dead as a bolt of black light-eating energy smashed into his chest and he disappeared; one second a blue-skinned Bliss dealer, the next, a vaporized bad memory.

"Let's see you regenerate from that," Crortek stated, the barrel of his de-atomiser glowing with baleful heat.

"Shit!"

Zeric heard Jai'Enna before he saw her move. She whipped up her arms, Aglaian disrupter locking on Crortek...

... the very instant Crortek locked his de-atomiser on her. "Even more surprises." His soulless eyes raked over Jai'Enna, an empty yet smug grin playing over his lipless mouth. "I was just offering the Terran here a simple choice, but thanks to the incompetent fuck, Psy Lyso, I have an even better choice to give him."

The beast snarling for release, rage and disbelief boiling in his blood, Zeric stared hard at Jai'Enna. Was it really her? Or Crortek's Illashionist?

"I can barely fathom you having the ability to comprehend what a choice is, Crortek," the woman said, and Zeric's heart leapt into wild flight. It *was* Jai'Enna. There was no mimicking that cold, deadly sarcasm. "Let alone offer one to someone far more intelligent than you."

Livid fury flared in Crortek's eyes and his spines rattled. "Brave words, Agent. Especially for someone whose plan just vaporized."

Jai'Enna's eyes narrowed and her muscles tensed. "My plan?"

Crortek laughed, the sound so coldly smug Zeric's gut churned. "I *know* all about you, Raavelian. You think I don't have contacts inside Intel-Patrol? After being irritated more than once by you, you didn't think I'd tap my source?"

Jai'Enna's green eyes flashed icy anger, her jaw as tight as her grip on her disrupter. "Give me the chance, and I'll do more than 'irritate' you, Ornithion."

Crortek laughed again. "I *know* what you can do, Agent. I *know* all about your ability to slip into the minds of those you bring to climax. Slip in and plant a... suggestion, I think is the term you affectionately use... in their feeble minds. A suggestion they can't ignore. As seen perfectly by that fat-fuck, weak-spined Psy Lyso's attempt to kill me just then."

Zeric swung his stare to Jai'Enna, watching the muscles in her jaw bunch. He'd suspected she had the ability to influence someone while fucking them. He'd confronted her about it on Ry'l, but not *how* she did it. Now he understood. He pulled in a sharp breath. No wonder she was so good at sex. It was her weapon.

*Has she tried to influence you, Arctos?*

Did it matter? He had his own secrets he hadn't shared with her.

"Let me in *your* mind, Crortek," Jai'Enna murmured, an ominous grin pulling at her lips, her cold stare -- and disrupter -- locked firmly on the crime lord, "and I'll show you how quickly a feeble mind succumbs..."

He bared his pointed teeth. "A pleasure I must decline, I'm afraid." He tilted his head, spines closing together and flattening to his back. "For as you can see, I have other plans for your talent right now."

A cold sensation rolled through Zeric, making his skin ripple and the beast growl. He knew what Crortek was thinking. Jezu! He knew *exactly* what Crortek was thinking, what "other plans" he had in mind for Jai'Enna. If Jai'Enna got into his head... if she released the beast and made him come while transformed...

*If? You know she can do it, Arctos. You've changed once already while making love to her, and that was without her getting in your head.*

But would she do so now? Surely...

"You can stick those 'other plans' firmly in your tight, plated Ornithion ass, Crortek," Jai'Enna snarled. "I want you to release the Boundary Guardian now, without delay, or I'll blow your ugly fucking head off before you can even think about firing that piss-weak Ornithion toy you call a gun."

Crortek's laugh bounced around the room, echoed by a few nervous titters of those guests who had not fled from the room when Zeric changed, their incredulous, greedy stares locked on the show before them. "Release is *exactly* what I want you to do, Jai'Enna. But I should point out, before you get all gung-ho and threaten my head again, who exactly will die if you don't do what I say." He paused, his white eyes glinting. "Bhel'Ais is such a beguiling young thing, don't you think? So much more beautiful since her walking-corpse lover repaired her face, I must admit. Both await my judgment."

Jai'Enna's eyebrows knitted and for a brief moment Zeric saw the disrupter waver at the end of her extended arm at hearing her sister's name. His blood turned cold. Crortek knew Jai'Enna's weakness. Now he was using it.

He bunched his fists, leveling a black stare at the crime lord. "You will regret this, Crortek. You have no idea what you are doing."

Crortek chuckled. "I think I do, Terran." He returned his gaze to Jai'Enna, giving her a wide smile. "So, Intel-Patrol Corp special agent Jai'Enna Ti, assigned to

Termination... if you want to save your sister, if you want to save the Yrathian, *if* you want to save the animal before you, you will make said animal transform into the creature he truly is, and you will make him come." His smile turned vicious. "Now."

\* \* \*

Jai'Enna studied the man standing before her. Zeric.

Strange gold eyes watched her, the eyes of both the man and the beast within. A cold hand reached into her chest and squeezed her heart.

Zeric.

The man who'd taken her to sexual heaven and back. The man who'd touched her heart after she believed her heart couldn't be touched again.

She took a step forward, eyes holding his, ignoring the two Boaronians standing behind him, one blaster leveled on Zeric, one blaster leveled on her.

He shook his head. Once. "Jai'Enna," he murmured. "Don't."

She took another step, her stomach rolling, her throat tight. Zeric. The man she loved...

Zeric stared at her, the pulse in his neck throbbing, his chest rising and falling rapidly. He was barely controlling the beast. She could see it in his face, his body. But was the werewolf trying to escape to destroy, or to fuck?

Tormented eyes bored into her. "Jai'Enna..."

Still leveling her disrupter on Crortek's head, she lifted her other hand, palm forward, and placed it on his heaving chest, directly over his frantic heart. He sucked in a quick breath at the soft contact, his nostrils flaring, his jaw bunching. Never letting his stare go, she traced her fingertips down the smooth hardness of his pec until they brushed against the puckered nub of his nipple. He pulled another quick breath, his body tensing, his eyelids fluttering closed for a split second. "Oh, Jesu, Jai'Enna," he whispered, voice hoarse. "Don't..."

Mouth dry, Jai'Enna traced the circle of Zeric's nipple, feeling its tiny irregular surface with not only her finger, but her heart and soul. Its tiny lumps and bumps played with her senses, made her pulse leap and her blood warm. Still staring into his

eyes, she moved her fingertip over the very peak of the nub, drawing it down in a gentle flick before catching it in a no-so-gentle pinch.

A ragged sigh burst from his lips and his eyes closed again. Her obvious effect on him made Jai'Enna's pussy flutter. She ran her tongue over her bottom lip, drawing a quick, shallow breath as she did so. Zeric's untamed scent threaded through it, wild and musky and tinged with perspiration. The combination brought memory after memory of their lovemaking crashing over her and her fingers pinched his nipple harder. She'd thought him dead, and that mistake had opened her heart to a conflict she wasn't prepared to think about. Not yet. What she *had* to think about now was saving Bhel's life, saving Jak V't'an's life, saving Zeric's life.

"I'm a patient man, Agent," Crortek suddenly said beside her, and she started, her grip on her disrupter tightening. "But I'm in no mood for foreplay."

Jai'Enna threw him an icy grin and a malicious sense of satisfaction rippled through the growing heat in her body at how the crime lord flinched. "You want me to do this, Ornithion, you let me do it *my* way."

"Jai'Enna," Zeric growled. Anger cut her name. Anger and -- her pulse quickened -- pleasure.

"Shhh, Zeric," she answered, turning back to him. She flattened her palm over his chest, pressing her hand more closely to his body. With slow care, she slid it down, over the curve of his pec, over the lines of his rib cage, across the sculptured muscles of his abdominals. She counted them as she went, the junction of her thighs growing damp. Gods, she remembered how good he felt. Her fingertips passed over the tiny dip of his navel before skimming lower still, brushing the fringe of soft, matted curls above his groin and she felt a quiver go through his body.

Her own body wanted to react to the tantalizing contact but she controlled it. Just. She needed to keep everything focused. She needed to stay in control for what was to come next -- and when it came to Zeric Arctos, staying in control had never been easy.



Slipping her hand lower still, staring into Zeric's haunted, passion-heady gaze, she closed her fingers around the growing stiffness of his cock.

His eyes closed. "Jezu, Jai'Enna. Why..."

His thick, heavy length throbbed in her hold, growing with each second, alive and burning with rapacious energy. She felt it all the way through her body, right through to the center of her being. With an ever so slight flex of her fingers, she caressed him, reveling in the way his flesh grew harder, hotter. His chest rose as he dragged in a long breath and released it with a hiss through his teeth. She moved her fingers again, exploring his cock in minute detail; its venous length, its distended head, its impressive girth she knew stretched her to capacity and made her whimper with pleasure.

Eyes closed, Zeric rolled his hips forward, a faint sheen of sweat slicking his skin as, however unwillingly, he responded to her attention. She tightened her grip. Relaxed it. Tightened it. Relaxed it. His cock twitched, its stiffening length pushing against her fingers and palm.

She tightened her grip again, this time pumping her hand up and down in slow action with each pulsing caress.

A groan rumbled in Zeric's chest, not quite human, not quite animal.

Jai'Enna's heart quickened at the sound. Zeric was having difficulty keeping the beast under control. Her already damp pussy clenched at the thought and she bit at her bottom lip. Sliding her hand down his shaft, she cupped first one heavy ball and then the other, weighing them and fondling them with slow, languid care. He groaned again, his hips swaying forward, his thighs parting slightly. She slipped her hand farther between his legs, palming his balls as one as her fingertips drew a line to the constricted opening of his anus. She pressed. Gently.

"Fuck!" The hoarse cry burst from Zeric's lips and he shoved his hips farther forward, his eyes squeezed shut, his teeth ground together.

She pressed her finger to his ass again, knowing how it made his blood sing with pleasure, cupping his swollen sac as she did so. His hips bucked once more and she felt a shudder ripple through him.

Gods, he was on the edge. Closer than he should have been.

*What has Crortek been doing to you, Zeric?*

The disquieting thought brought a silent snarl of contempt to her lips and she flicked Crortek a quick look.

The Ornithion stared at them both, soulless eyes glowing with both maniacal triumph and hunger. Distaste filled Jai'Enna's mouth. He was enjoying it. Fucking getting off on what he watched.

The urge to fire her disrupter, to remove his head from his body, to kill the bastard there and then, roared through her. Her finger squeezed, her knuckles tightening...

She dropped her arm. Turned back to Zeric.

A low chuckle from the crime lord made her flesh crawl but she shoved the reaction aside. Let him watch the show. The real performance was yet to come.

Letting her weapon clatter to the floor, she placed her now empty left hand on Zeric's hip and held it, holding him still as she returned her right hand to his now fully engorged cock. She pumped it again, her breath growing short. Gods, she shouldn't be feeling aroused now. Not with Crortek so eagerly waiting for Zeric to come. She shouldn't be fighting the desire to sink to her knees and take Zeric completely into her mouth. Not with the memory of Tornada's confession still burning through her veins. She shouldn't.

But she was.

Highly aroused.

The scent of Zeric in her every breath, the feel of his desire in her hand, his flesh in her hold... Her lips parted and she ran the pad of her thumb over the very tip of his cock, smearing the bead of pre-cum leaking from the tiny slit there over his bulbous cockhead. He bucked, ramming his erection into her fist, the muscles of his thighs corded. She sank the nails of her left hand into his ass cheek, squeezing the tight muscles there in harmony with the pumping action of her right. Zeric groaned again, and this time there was no denying what part of his existence made the sound.

The werewolf was close to surfacing. Close to escaping.

With just a little more...

Her heart hammering, her cunt constricting, Jai'Enna pulled a deep breath.

And sank to her knees, closing her lips around Zeric's turgid cock.

## Chapter Six

His neck hurt where the Boaronian had smashed its massive fist into the curve of shoulder and throat, just above the prohibitor collar. Scrunching up his face, Jak twisted his head, trying to relieve the throbbing pain radiating out from the impact, down into his right arm and chest. Sons of Urik, he'd never been so beat up!

He tried to move his arms, but the metal cuffs imprisoning him to the freestanding cross refused to give an inch.

"Are you going to talk to me?"

The soft words made him open his eyes and he stared across the room at Bhel'Ais, seeing her clearly. The rest of his body might be a screaming mess of agony, but his eyesight had decided -- in its cruelly ironic wisdom -- to return to him. The one person he did *not* want to see in perfect focus, in absolute clarity, and he couldn't avoid doing so.

She stood against a whipping post, bound by thick leather shackles, her firmly toned legs splayed slightly, her wrists locked together above her head. The position extended her rib cage and lifted her already pert breasts higher, a sight that made Jak's body react on a purely base level. He growled and turned his gaze away from her.

It fell on an empty Xolotlan Torture Swing and his gut twisted. Everything in Crortek's initiation room was designed for two things: pleasure and pain. Depending on what the person in charge of the "punishment" wanted.

Unable to stop it, his attention slid back to Bhel'Ais, and he bit back a curse.

He knew *who* would deliver his and Bhel's punishment. There was no doubt. When Crortek finished with Zeric, the Ornithion would come directly to the initiation room and begin. Jak clenched his jaw, an image of Bhel screaming in pain as the crime

lord “dealt” with her filling his head. There would be nothing pleasurable about what was to happen in this room for either him or the Raavelian.

“Please, Jak,” Bhel whispered, the words choked with an emotion he didn’t want to believe. “Let me at least explain...”

“Explain what, Bhel’ Ais?” he growled, giving her a flat look. “How you deceived me? Again?”

She shook her head, the tumbled mess of her golden-blond hair falling about her face. “It’s not what it looks like, Jak.” She closed her eyes for a second, a grimace of pain crossing her features. Jak’s gaze flittered to the bright red line of blood trickling down her temple from the ugly gash high on her forehead and his chest -- seemingly ignorant of the fact she’d trampled all over his heart -- squeezed tight.

“What is it then, Bhel? You let me think my partner was dead, and then I find you fucking him? In a cage? Before a crowd? With Crortek watching on?”

She tilted her chin, a spark of anger flaring in her violet eyes. “If I’d told you he was alive, what would you have done? Saved him? You couldn’t see, your body was weak, yet you would have taken on Crortek and his grunts blind, unarmed and naked. How long would you have lasted?” That angry spark glinted in her eyes again, but beneath it was a shadow. “I know what it’s like to see someone you love shot, Jak. It hurts. Druentia alone knows how much. I couldn’t see that happen again.”

Jak’s breath caught. Love? He stared at her, his heart smashing against his chest. Sons of Urik, did she love him?

“As for why I was fucking your partner? Crortek had reached his end with Zeric. My master is *not* easily dissuaded from a course of action and unless he extracted Zeric’s werewolf ejaculate today, he was going to kill him. I fucked him to keep him alive.” She leveled Jak a steady look. “For you.”

“Is this the Bliss talking, Bhel? Or you?”

Bhel’ Ais pulled a soft breath. “Me. I’ve been free of Bliss since we left Ry’l. Someone showed me there was more to living than sexual gratification.”

Jak stared at her. He released a long breath, curling his fingers into fists. "By Urik's blood, Bhel... if you're lying to me..."

She shook her head again. "No."

He stared at her for a long moment. He was a Master Pleasurer. On Yrathia, his sexual prowess had earned him the respect and reverence of male and female alike, yet here he was, his heart in the palm of a woman's hand. A woman who had just told him he showed her a life beyond sex, and he couldn't be happier. All he had to do now was get them both out of here. "So," he said finally. "We need to get out of here, so we can save Zeric." He gave her a small grin, twisting his wrists in their metal bonds, shutting out the pain before it began. "Again."

\* \* \*

Her lips slid down his shaft. Firm, wet. Her tongue laved his length, worked the glands below the distended rim of his cockhead.

Zeric tightened his fists, fighting the powerful need surging through him. The need to lose himself in the sensations overwhelming him, the need to succumb to the erotic pull of Jai'Enna's mouth on his sex, the need to release the dangerous, primeval werewolf lurking in his blood and let it rule his actions. The need to come.

He'd fought who he was his whole life, had despised *what* he was -- a creature of violent passion, a creature ruled by instincts that led to death and destruction -- until Jai'Enna Ti entered his life.

Jai'Enna accepted the beast, and the beast loved Jai'Enna. Loved her with a desire so deep Zeric himself could barely fathom it. With every touch of her hands, every caress of her lips on his body, the beast longed for release to touch her back, to caress *her* body with claws that once only knew how to cause pain. To love her the way he loved her. Loved her for loving him regardless of what he was...

Jai'Enna's hands smoothed up Zeric's braced legs, exploring the back of his tense thighs before cupping the taut muscles of his ass cheeks, and he bucked forward, driving his cock to the back of her throat.

*Jezu!* He wanted to come already. Days and nights of resisting Crortek's Illashionist's cerebral manipulations, of forcing the hunger for Jai'Enna the mage created in his mind aside, had brought him to breaking point. His balls had been swollen and burning with lust and longing for too long. With Jai'Enna -- the *real* Jai'Enna -- on her knees before him, her wonderfully talented mouth sucking his cock, it was all he could do to keep in control. Of both the werewolf *and* his sexual release.

*What happens when she gets into your head, Arctos?*

The soft question filtered through the scalding pleasure clouding his mind.

*Will she get into your head? Will she do that to you?*

If she did, Crortek gained everything he wanted, and they would all be dead.

He forced his eyes open and tangled his fingers in Jai'Enna's hair. He had to stop her. He couldn't let her --

The moment his stare fell on the sight of Jai'Enna's full lips wrapped around his shaft, the very second he saw her mouth slide down its thick, venous length, he was lost.

He fisted her hair, holding her head still, a groan working up from his gut to rumble in his tight throat. He rammed his hips forward, pumping harder in her mouth. She moaned, her nails sinking into his ass cheeks, sending tiny shards of exquisite pain through him. He pushed forward again, his cock plunging deeper, the action making Jai'Enna's throat convulsively contract around its bulbous head.

A cascade of liquid tension consumed him and his blood thickened, the beast on the verge of emerging, of taking over. He pulled back, wanting to erupt, dreading the moment he would. "Jai'Enna," he growled, jerking his hips farther away from her mouth. "Please, Jai'Enna... Don't make me --"

Jai'Enna's nails punctured his ass and she yanked him back, taking his length deeper into her throat.

Wet, warm pleasure crashed over him. His legs trembled, his fists tightened, knotting in her hair in a hold he knew was savage but could not relax. He threw back his head, grinding his teeth together, forcing the beast down. Just.

It roared in his head, its lust and anger tangible. Palpable. It wanted to be free. Wanted to bury its cock into Jai'Enna's cunt and claim her. Mark her and fill her with its powerful, mystical seed. The seed Crortek so fiercely wanted.

"Jezu!" he cried out, his muscles cording with the brutal, tenuous control he forced upon them. He stared blankly at the dark, vaulted ceiling, the sound of Crortek's heavy breathing, the sound of the Boaronians' shuffling feet like an icy shower of reality, keeping him anchored in his human form.

But even those sounds were distant, losing their effectiveness, the blazing heat of desire and pleasure engulfing him, radiating out from Jai'Enna's sucking mouth, becoming too powerful, too potent to resist.

He jerked back again, his cock barely slipping from its previous intoxicating position.

Jai'Enna took advantage of the slight withdrawal, lashing her tongue over the tip of his shaft, flicking at the glands stimulated to feverish levels. He thrashed in her hold, fighting her mouth, her hands... the beast. He shook his head, eyes squeezed shut, jaw clenched. *No, no! "No!"* The word burst from between gritted teeth and he punched his hips forward, wanting to punish Jai'Enna for the inescapable pleasure she rent upon him.

The hands on his ass gripped tighter on his cheeks, pulling and spreading them, inching closer, closer, closer...

A fingertip pressed at his anus, gently but firmly.

He bucked, white, wet heat exploding in his balls. Balls quickly cupped by Jai'Enna's other hand. Another surge of molten pleasure flooded through him and he cried out, shoving his cock toward Jai'Enna's head.

She took him. All of him. His balls smashed against her chin, his shaft rammed down her throat. He fucked her mouth, incapable of stopping. His balls felt like they were going to burst. His body felt like it was going to explode. The finger on his anus mirrored the tongue on his cock, driving him higher, closer to release. When, after a



quick slip back to his saliva-sodden cock, it pressed the puckered opening and invaded the clenching hole, he knew he couldn't hold off any longer.

A shudder smashed through him. The werewolf began its charge to the surface of his existence. His blood turned thick. His senses heightened, became preternaturally attuned. He smelt Jai'Enna's own passion on the air, detected the subtle musk of her juices. The taste of her desire filled his mouth. Its texture slicked his tongue and fingers. He could hear her heart hammering, a tattoo of frantic pleasure that filled his head and mimicked his own. He dropped his head, found her brilliant green eyes on him. Saw in them a love he never thought he'd be worthy of having...

And the beast broke free.

His muscles contorted. Stretched. Changed. Thick fur pushed through his epidermal layer, replacing his human flesh. His skeletal structure altered in a painful ripping transformation that flooded his being with rapturous pleasure rivaled by the ecstasy of Jai'Enna's tongue, teeth and lips on his turgid cock. He threw back his arms, spread them wide, the beast's rib cage expanding with every thumping beat of its heart. He felt Jai'Enna increase the suction on his cock, felt her finger delve deeper into his anus, and then the transformation was complete and he stood before her, no longer a man, but a massive Terran werewolf.

"Yes!" Crortek screamed, the Ornithion's voice both faint and inconsequential.

Scalding detonations released in his swollen sac. His tail swished, his claws ripped the air, his ears flattened to his head. He thrust into the wetness of Jai'Enna's mouth, wad after wad of his seed spurting from his cock.

*"Do not swallow!"* Crortek bellowed, but again, the words were unimportant.

Jezu! He could not stop. Didn't want to stop. Would never stop.

Jai'Enna milked him, drained him. He felt her throat work against his cockhead. Felt her hand tug on his balls in soft pulses of pressure. The finger in his ass wriggled, pressed to the utter core of his pleasure point. He threw back his head and howled, the sound long, wild and primitive.

*"Do not swallow!"*

Crortek's frenzied screams scratched at his human consciousness, but -- for the moment -- the werewolf was in control.

With one last shuddering eruption, the last of Zeric's orgasm burst from him. Jai'Enna's hands gripped him tight, and then she slipped them from their positions, threading her fingers through the thick pelt on his thighs until her arms hugged his legs. She slowly slid her mouth from his shaft, placing a soft, almost shy kiss on its trembling tip before he felt her move against him and she stood.

She gazed at him and he saw his reflection in the brilliance of her green eyes. The beast.

A small smile pulled at her lips and she pressed her palm to his heart, the way she had at the very beginning. A simple, silent connection that told him everything.

He sucked in a ragged breath through flaring nostrils, tail still, clawed fingers curled...

And transformed. Back to Zeric Arctos once more.

"Jai'Enna?" Her name tore at his hoarse throat. "Did you... My mind... My --"

She gazed at him, her hand slipping from his chest as, without a word, she turned to face Crortek.

Zeric's still hot blood turned cold. Jezu. What was she going to do next?

"I see my contact was correct," Crortek said, awe cutting through the smug glee in his voice. "You truly are talented." He smirked, his white stare flicking to Zeric for a second. "And accommodating. I thank you for obtaining in such an entertaining way that which I --"

He froze as Jai'Enna lifted her hand to her mouth and wiped her fingers slowly over the glistening fullness of her lips. "I wouldn't thank me yet, Ornithion."

Absolute fury engulfed Crortek's face. His spines snapped wide, his eyes wider. "Why you little *bitch*!" He struck out, smashing his fist into Jai'Enna's jaw, sending her flying across the room.

Zeric watched her sickening arc through the air. As did the beast. And before he could stop it, before he could think about it, it surged to the surface again.

Ready to tear apart the crime lord once and for all.

\* \* \*

Jak twisted his wrist, gritting his teeth at the pure pain coursing through his arm. He shot his wrist a quick look, taking in the blood pouring down his forearm with both dread and hope. A folded flap of skin, high on the curve of his thumb knuckle made his lips stretch in a bleak smile. Good. If he could just get that part of his hand free...

He jerked his arm down as far as it could go, barely an inch, and then -- shutting out the excruciating agony ripping down to his shoulder -- shoved it back up, ramming his wrist against the shackle imprisoning him to the freestanding cross, lubricating it with his own freely flowing blood. *Sons of Urik! That fucking hurts!*

Black blotches of pain blossomed before his eyes and he squeezed them shut, forcing his breath to be steady. He couldn't pass out. Not yet. Not until he freed Bhel at least.

"Jak?"

Her terrified cry made him open his eyes and he looked at her across the room. "I'm fine," he said, keeping his voice as steady as his breath. "Just imagining we were on Raavelia Beta, enjoying the twin suns setting over the Holistrium Sea, that's all."

She gave him a wavering smile, twisting her own wrists in their manacles.

He returned his stare to his right wrist, bracing himself for the upcoming execution of pain. Pointing his fingers and compressing his hand as tightly as he could, he slowly inched his arm down, twisting it as he did so, working the exposed, blood-slicked sinews of his peeling hand against the shackle. Fuck. It hurt.

"Jak," Bhel whispered.

He didn't look at her. He had to concentrate. All that stood between them and certain death -- and Zeric's death too -- was a persistent fucking flap of skin on his thumb knuckle. All he had to do was peel that flap away, lever it off his hand using the sharp edge of the cross's shackle and he'd be able to pull his arm free.

He ground his teeth, sweat pouring down his face into his eyes, stinging like a Yrathian Death Python. When he got out of this, when he got *Zeric* out of this, he was

taking a leave of absence. Fuck it. He was due a break, and thinking about Bhel bathed in those Raavelian twin suns as she stretched out on the beach...

He twisted his arm again, a wave of pure pain tearing down his arm, bringing with it another galaxy of black blotches in his vision.

“Jak?”

Biting at his lip, he jerked his arm down again.

Warm liquid gushed over his skin, followed by an agony so slicing he almost cried out. A wall of heat smashed into him, his gut rolled and he jammed his mouth shut. A beat passed. Another. Another. He relaxed his arm, lifting his gaze to his hand.

It looked like he wore a pale-pink glove, its ragged end smeared in red paint, folded and slightly scrunched. Once he slipped that “glove” free of his hand however...

He closed his eyes and drew on every ounce of strength and resolve in his being, knowing deep down the worst was yet to come.

A knuckle and a thin layer of flesh. Just a knuckle and thin layer of flesh. After he dealt with those, well, Zeric better be thankful.

Thankful enough to pay for Jak and Bhel’s vacation to Raavelia Beta.

It wasn’t every day he de-gloved himself to save a partner.

## Chapter Seven

Jai'Enna pushed herself upright, her jaw throbbing, her neck aching. She blinked, staring at the floor beneath her palms. How did she get --

A savage growl rent the air, followed by a chorus of squeals and cries, and a shriek so terrifying her blood ran cold.

*Crortek!*

*Gods, Zeric!*

She spun around, the sight unfolding behind her turning her already chilled blood to ice.

The beast and the reptilian were locked in deadly battle, both oozing blood from hideous wounds torn into their hides. Zeric's teeth -- now wicked fangs -- shined pink, saliva and blood spitting from his snarling muzzle. His clawed hands swiped at Crortek's head, smashing against the Ornithion's plated temple, sending the crime lord tumbling in a sharp flip.

Crortek landed on his feet, charging at Zeric, spines flared into lethal points. He crashed into the werewolf's stomach, driving Zeric across the room until his broad, muscled back smashed into the far wall, scattering dust and guests with the force.

*"Zeric!"* Jai'Enna screamed, scrambling to her feet.

The beast roared, pain and fury in the sound. Claws shredded Crortek's shoulders, splattering blood and scales everywhere. Teeth flashing, Zeric locked his jaw around the Ornithion's neck, tearing into the scaled surface with a wild growl. Crortek bucked in Zeric's hold, raking at his arms with talon-like claws.

The beast howled, flinging the crime lord away, a shower of iridescent green blood coloring the air in his wake. Zeric leapt forward, following Crortek across the

room, thumping down on the Ornithion's back before Crortek could move, clawed feet and hands sinking into his reed-thin body.

Jai'Enna sprinted across the room, her eyes fixed firmly on the disrupter she'd dropped while bringing Zeric to orgasm. Gods, was that only minutes ago?

The warm moisture between her thighs told her it was so, but the horrendous battle before her, between two creatures of terrible, savage strength, made her tormented mind believe the moment of delicious pleasure existed in another reality, not this one. She pushed harder, her bare feet slapping the floor, her heart threatening to explode from her chest.

Both creatures were capable of withstanding a blaster bolt, but Crortek, at least, could not survive a direct hit from an Aglaian disrupter. She just had to reach --

A thick arm whacked her in the chest and, before her feet knew what was happening, her back smacked against the floor. Frantic anger roared through her and she stared up at the leering Boaronian guard standing over her. She lashed out with her foot, driving her heel into its thick knee. The guard squealed and stumbled backward, allowing her just enough time to get to her feet before he launched himself at her and barreled her to the floor.

She landed hard, the guard's massive weight pinning her to the ground, his hands snatching at her wrists. "Get off me!" she screamed, bucking underneath him.

The Boaronian laughed, grinding her wrists to the floor and his hips to hers. A wave of sick contempt rolled through her. Gods, she didn't have time for --

The thought was cut dead, Zeric's high howl of pain shattering the chaos of the room. She twisted her head, staring, horrified, at the sight of Crortek tearing into Zeric's throat with his fangs. "*Zeric!*"

Her cry made the Boaronian holding her down laugh, and both Crortek and Zeric turned to look at her.

Absolute triumph flared in Crortek's gaze. Absolute rage in Zeric's. His body twisted. He sank his claws into Crortek's shoulder and flung him over his head. The

Ornithion flew through the space above Zeric, spines snapping wide as he cut the air. He landed on all fours, hissing loudly, his pearlescent glare locking on Zeric.

But Zeric wasn't watching. His golden beast's stare was fixed on Jai'Enna, imprisoned under the Boaronian. He burst into a sprint, ears flat to his head, teeth bared, eyes glowing.

Crortek smashed into him before he could cross the room, driving him to his side. The two slid across the floor, snarling, howling and growling, teeth, fangs and claws tearing into scales and fur alike.

Jai'Enna thrashed under the Boaronian. She struck out at the hulking guard, ramming her palm-heel into its short snout. Its head snapped up, piggish eyes rolling. The brief moment of pain was enough for Jai'Enna. She smacked her cupped hands against its ears and, when the massive body reeled away, shoved hard on the Boaronian's chest. It tumbled off her and she leapt to her feet, vaulting over its fallen body, once again focused on her Aglaian disrupter.

*Five paces, Jai'Enna! Just five --*

The Boaronian grabbed her, yanked her backward, crushing her to its chest in a brutal, punishing hold. "You're not going anywhere, cunt," it snarled in her ear, ramming its blaster to her temple and its swollen crotch to her ass.

"Oh, I think she is."

The voice was low and supremely confident. The Boaronian tensed, tightening its hold on Jai'Enna just as Tornada -- still surrounded by the kaleidoscope of swirling translocation lights -- appeared in the room and leveled his Jjor disrupter at its head and fired.

The Boaronian's head disappeared, showering Jai'Enna in a spray of fine, greasy ash.

"Fuck, you make life difficult," Tornada said, giving her a quick grin before spinning around and vaporizing the startled Boaronian running straight for them.

Fresh screams filled the room as Crortek's last remaining guests, suddenly aware the balance of power had shifted, fled the room.

Jai'Enna stared at Tornada, a wave of heat smashing through her. She watched him level his weapon and disintegrate another guard, her mouth dry, her heart hammering.

For a moment, time stopped. She stood frozen, unable to move. Her eyes fixed on Tornada, the man who refused to let her go, and then she turned to the wild beast that was Zeric, still fighting with Crortek. The man who would die before he *had* to let her go...

Tears of Druentia! She loved them *both*! Equally and unequivocally.

*Gods, what am I going to do?*

"Jai!" Tornada bellowed, and the dry mirth in his voice brought Jai'Enna back to harsh reality with a crashing force. "Now's not the time to forget how to fight!"

She shot her stare from Zeric to Tornada, noting the Boaronians charging into the room from all entryways, sub-neuron blasters charged and aimed. At her, Raq or the slathering, growling werewolf.

"Some lover you've got there, Jai." Tornada smirked, the expression ambiguous as, with barely a pause, he evaporated an advancing guard in mid-stride. "Take long to groom his coat?"

"As long as it takes you to decide what to wear." She grinned back, before bursting into a sprint, eyes locked on her Aglaian disrupter lying discarded on the floor near Zeric's cage.

A blaster shot cut through the air beside her head, its ozone signature making her ears sing. She lunged sideways, just in time to avoid being disintegrated by another bolt. "Get that bastard for --"

She didn't have to say "me." Tornada spun, a black grin on his face, and took out the Boaronian giving her so much trouble, before vaporizing another to his left, just as it fired its blaster.

Tornada dropped into a roll, the eo-energy bolt slicing the space he'd been in a fraction earlier. Without so much as a grunt, he sprung out of the roll and fired his



disrupter, the entire left side of an approaching guard disappearing in sizzling ash. “You can always rely on Boaronians for some target practice.”

Jai’Enna shot her ex-partner an exasperated look, and headed for her disrupter again, vaulting the half-corpse of Tornada’s last “target.”

And all the while, the werewolf and the Ornithion continued to tear at each other.

Blood, fur and scales flung from deadly claws and talons. Jai’Enna darted a look over her shoulder at the horrendous battle, her stomach clenching. Zeric’s werewolf form was terrifying, an ancient, mystical creature of killing force unlike anything in the Boundaries. Yet Crortek was an Ornithion, the most brutal and bloodthirsty species ever to exist in the two sectors of space, and he’d not become the crime lord of the Outer Boundaries because he was fragile.

Jai’Enna’s stomach twisted again. Druentia wept! She needed to get to her weapon.

An eo-energy bolt ripped through the air, burning the flesh of her shoulder as it sliced past her ear. *Oh, by the gods’ own love!* She threw herself forward, sliding over the floor, fingers stretched toward her disrupter. *Just cover my back, Raq. And my butt.*

White eo-energy erupted above her head. Behind her a Boaronian squealed, a blaster hit the floor... and her fingers closed around her disrupter.

Triumph flooding through her, still sliding across the floor, she spun, half rose and aimed the disrupter at Crortek...

Just as a naked blonde Raavelian ran into the room. Straight into her line of sight.

Jai’Enna froze.

*Bhel?*

She tracked the blonde’s wild sprint, her heart leaping into her throat.

*Bhel?*

“Jai!” Tornada’s bellow punched at her ears and she started, blinking. Gods, did she really see --

"Bhel!" The name filled her head. She spun around, staring at the naked man running after the naked woman. Jak V't'an.

Jai'Enna dropped her disrupter.

"*Bhel!*" Jak screamed, scooping up a blaster from the floor with a hand that looked like it had been stripped of flesh and turning a Boaronian into a charred stump of meat as he sprinted toward her. "Bhel! Your sister..."

The blonde stumbled, a wide violet stare Jai'Enna knew all too well swinging toward her. "Jai!" Bhel'Ais screamed, relief, pain and guilt pulling her beautiful face into a stunned mask. "Gods, Jai!"

Jai'Enna stared at her. For exactly half a heartbeat. She leapt forward, her blood roaring in her ears, her eyes locked on her sister. "Bhel!"

Bhel'Ais smashed into her, slim arms wrapping around her in a hug so tight it squeezed the breath from her lungs. "Gods, I'm sorry, Jai!" Bhel cried, burying her head into Jai'Enna's shoulder. "I'm sorry. I never should have... I love you, Jai. I'm sorry, I'm sorry..."

Jai'Enna curled her arms around Bhel'Ais' back, staring at the top of her head, numb with shock and joy. "Oh, Bhel." She pulled her closer, consumed by love for her sister -- her lost sister who finally seemed to want to be found.

"*Jai'Enna!*" Tornada roared, blasting at two Boaronians charging straight at him, turning them both to quivering, headless forms. "Focus! Crortek! The Ornithion is killing --"

A howl tore through the chaos. Jai'Enna flinched, and in the second her stare shifted from Bhel'Ais, she saw Zeric -- still in beast form -- pinned underneath Crortek, suffering blow after slashing blow from the Ornithion's talons.

*Gods. No!*

Two blinding blue-white bolts of energy suddenly struck the crime lord; one in the plated chest, the other high on the shoulder and -- with a squeal of furious pain -- he reeled backward.

"Get off my partner, fucker," Jak snarled.

The Ornithion's spines flared and soulless white eyes, blazing with rage, locked on the Yrathian. "How fucking hard is it to *kill* you?"

Jak gave him a dangerous grin. "Almost as hard as it is to kill *him*."

Before Crortek could move, before *anyone* could move, the beast that was Zeric leapt up from the floor, a snarling dark grey blur, and sank teeth long, sharp and pointed into the crime lord, right at the vulnerable soft-scaled junction of neck and jaw.

Bright green blood ruptured from Crortek's neck. His body jerked into a tight arc, arms thrashing as Zeric whipped his massive head from side to side, tearing deeper into the suddenly exposed flesh and sinews. Clawed hands reached up and sank into Crortek's shoulders, locking the beast and the reptile together as Zeric shoved Crortek backward and to the floor.

A squeal tore from Crortek's ragged throat, gurgled and somehow liquid. His long, plated arms slapped against the beast's body, splattering Zeric's thick grey coat with blood.

Jai'Enna stood frozen, chest tight, throat tighter, squeezing her sister closer to her, staring at the sight of Zeric tearing Crortek's throat out.

"Jai'Enna!" Tornada screamed. "*Focus!*"

An eo-energy bolt punched the air directly behind her, followed by another, and -- without real thought -- she flicked her gaze from Zeric and the Ornithion just in time to see a Boaronian, minus the top half of its body, fall to the floor.

A savage growl, followed by a choked cry, yanked her attention back to Zeric and she watched the beast, covered in blood and torn flesh, rise up from Crortek's body, throw back his head, muzzle pointed to the ceiling, ears flattened to his head, and howl. Savage and chilling and triumphant.

The room fell silent.

Every pair of eyes fixed on the howling werewolf.

It flexed, dropping its head back to stare at the motionless crime lord, blood and saliva dripping from its muzzle in glistening beads. Its teeth flashed, a low snarl

rumbled in its massive chest, and the claws buried deep in Crortek's flesh dug deeper. Ready to tear the Ornithion apart.

"Zeric?" Jai'Enna whispered, his name barely a breath passing her lips.

A wild golden gaze swung to her. Locked on her.

"Zeric?"

The beast stared at her, primeval bloodlust burning in its golden eyes, its chest heaving, its teeth bared.

"It's done, Zeric," Jai'Enna whispered over Bhel'Ais' head. "He's dead."

A shudder wracked the beast's frame. Its fur seemed to ripple, its muscles coiled, and then Zeric stood looking at her. Naked and bleeding and trembling, but Zeric all the same.

He released his grip on Crortek's shoulders. "Not so much the dumb animal after all," he muttered, pain etching his face.

A gush of stunned relief burst from Jai'Enna. She stared at him, pulling Bhel'Ais closer to her body, a grin playing with her lips. "No," she said. "Not at all."

He took a step toward her, wiping Crortek's blood from his face and returning her grin. "I knew you were trouble the moment I saw you in the Suck and Blow Inn."

Jai'Enna cocked an eyebrow. "Told you you should have left me there."

Zeric shook his head, drawing closer. "Nev --"

A shrieking squeal sliced the air, and suddenly Crortek leapt at Zeric's back, wicked fangs bared, blood-stained claws hooked, white eyes ablaze with hate and insanity.

"Zeric!" Jai'Enna screamed, terrified dread possessing her, a second before -- with an ear-shattering blast and a pulse of white light -- Crortek's torso exploded into a million tiny, glistening pieces.

Jai'Enna spun around, pulse pounding, eyes wide.

Tornada stood behind her, glowing Aglaian disrupter in his hands, a look of resigned loss on his face as his gaze moved from her to Zeric. "Fuck, I hate Ornithions."

Pain coursing through him like agonized fire, Zeric studied the man standing before him and Jai'Enna. Saw -- very clearly -- in Tornada's ink-black eyes how deeply he was in love with her. As deeply as he, himself, was.

The beast growled.

The Jjor had killed Crortek. Had saved his -- Zeric's -- life when letting him die would have permanently and completely removed him from Jai'Enna's life.

The beast growled again and Zeric narrowed his eyes.

He knew what he had to do.

He just hoped Jai'Enna would understand...

## Epilogue

Jai'Enna opened her eyes and gazed with absolute calm at her ceiling. *Her* ceiling. It had been many, many moon-cycles since she'd been in her home -- a small but very wonderful cubartment on Raavelia Beta's southern continent, overlooking the Lusswayna Fiord -- but here she was now. Home, warm and very calm.

She pulled in a long sigh, letting her eyelids flutter closed as the twin suns peeked over the horizon and painted her bedroom a deep orange. A distant part of her mind wondered if Jak and Bhel were just as relaxed on their vacation, but it was a *detached* part of her mind, the part not entwined and intractably involved with the here and now.

She sighed again. *Her* here and now. A here and now she never thought she'd experience.

She'd awakened, not just to a new day, but to a new life.

The soft rustling of bedding brought a small smile to her lips and she stretched, warm blood surging through her veins and tingling her skin.

Two strong hands suddenly skimmed her calves, following the finely curved muscles up to the backs of her knees, fingertips dancing over the sensitive dips until she squirmed and wriggled on the mattress. "That tickles," she said, arching her spine slightly. She pushed her hips from the bed a fraction, letting her pussy hover before eyes she knew would be visually devouring her, before straightening again. She looked down the length of her body, letting her smile grow wider.

Two golden eyes studied her over the soft curve of her mons, Zeric's hands pausing for a brief moment on her knees before slipping higher, his long fingers trailing a languid path up to her inner thighs. "I know something else that tickles." His breath was warm and moist on her flesh, feathering the velvet smoothness of her pussy,

sending a ripple of anticipation through her. She wriggled again, her cunt growing damp, her nipples pinching into tight, hard tips.

He flattened his palms to her thighs, fingers brushing the swell of her nether-lips for a teasing second, and then pushed her legs wider, spreading her sex for his inspection. "Very nice," he murmured, dipping his head to flick his tongue over her clit.

She arched again, this time rolling her head to the side and fisting her hands in the sheet beneath her. Gods, that felt good.

He rolled his tongue over her cunt again, lapping at her juices before capturing her clit between his lips and sucking it gently past his teeth.

Jai'Enna gasped, curling her toes into the mattress and her fingers tighter around the sheet. "Tears of Druentia!"

Zeric chuckled, the vibrations thrumming into her pussy, awakening sensations of pure pleasure deep within her core. She rammed her hips up, driving her sex harder to his masterful mouth.

He plunged his tongue deeper into her cunt, his hands forcing her thighs wider, his mouth greedily feasting on what was spread between.

A groan sounded in the room, low, raw and aroused, and Jai'Enna opened her eyes, her pulse quickening, a fresh gush of cream pooling in her sex.

Zeric lifted his head and rose up onto his palms, leaning over her lower body, his naked flesh gleaming in sweat, his golden eyes shining with a passion she'd never, ever tire of. "It's about time you joined us, Jjor," he said, looking at the man standing at Jai'Enna's head, the man who had ultimately saved his life. "I thought this little vixen here was going to sleep the day away." He cocked a dark-honey eyebrow, his white teeth flashing as he smiled -- a roguish expression that made Jai'Enna's pussy flutter. "Ready to get wild?"

Raq Tornada's lips twitched, and he placed one knee and then the other on either side of Jai'Enna's head, his gloriously rigid cock jutting up from between his legs, his heavy balls brushing Jai'Enna's forehead with an ever so soft caress. "Oh, I'm ready. I've been ready since I first laid eyes on her. But is she ready for *us*?" He lowered his

gaze to Jai'Enna, fire and desire burning in his pitch-black eyes, and her cunt flooded with liquid heat. "Are you?"

She stared up at him before moving her gaze to Zeric. Sex had once been her greatest weapon, a means to a deadly end. Now it was her greatest gift. A gift she shared openly with the only two men in her life who knew who she really was, what she was capable of doing, and didn't care. Two men who showed her she didn't *need* to be in someone's head to get what was important, that being in their hearts was enough. More than enough. Two men who saw in each other a complementary half and willingly came together to be one with her. Two men who loved her as she loved them. Wholly and completely.

The beast and the agent. Her lovers. Her life.

She lifted her hand and curled her fingers around Tornada's cock, tugging on its turgid length before raising her hips again, offering herself to Zeric.

She took Tornada's shaft in her mouth as Zeric's mouth took her sex once more, and every fiber of her being thrummed with contented rapture, making her heart pound and her blood sing.

Was she ready to get wild?

She'd never been more so.



## **Lexxie Couper**

Lexxie's not a deviant. She just has a deviant's imagination. Add the two together and you get darkly erotic romances with a twist of horror, sci-fi and the paranormal!

When she's not submerged in the worlds she creates, Lexxie's life revolves around her family; a husband who thinks she's insane, a pony-sized mutt who thinks he's a lap-dog, and her greatest treasure -- her daughter, a little bundle of toddler-mischief who utterly captured her heart and changed everything.

Living in Australia makes it a bit tricky for Lexxie to pop by for coffee, but she still loves to chat! Contact her at [lexxie@lexxiecouper.com](mailto:lexxie@lexxiecouper.com) or find her at [www.lexxiecouper.com](http://www.lexxiecouper.com).