



DeTained

Fiona Jayde

Changeling Press

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GenAlt -- superhuman, super strong. High risk status.

Aboard the *GrimJustin*, Trent O'Blak hides his identity as a retired GenAlt soldier, until he is called upon to safely retrieve the head scientist responsible for the alteration and subsequent pain of thousands of others like him.

MedTech Lilian Oser leads a quiet and sensible life aboard *GrimJustin* until Trent is called to Arius Prime and the old need for revenge burns through every cell of her now strong body.

She will get to Arius Prime. She will take her revenge. And she will prove to Trent that she can handle anything the big GenAlt can dish out.

Prologue

His dick always knew when Lil was around.

A sweaty MicroBeer dangling from his fingers, Trent watched the stars and ignored the steady throb in his pants.

It irritated the hell out of him. Smart-mouthed bitchy blonde with long legs and longer attitude. *Can't have her, O'Blak. Get over it.*

He knew what she thought of him. Scruffy, arrogant son of a bitch with long hair and sloppy clothes. A complete opposite of the precise, spartan and somber soldier he had been.

Trent didn't shit in his own backyard. After they'd burnt each other out, she'd either hate him or want to be friends. He didn't do friends.

Lil's scent was light and fleeting -- soap, woman and something insanely, annoyingly sexy he couldn't quite identify. He waited for it to dissipate so he could stop breathing her in when the ship rocked under him. Two laser bursts, both starboard. The sirens, shrill and pounding, were an afterthought.

Taking another swig, he shook his head. Creulian patriots were still after whatever shit their idiot president offered at under market value. Trent scratched his belly a bit and wondered when they would piss off Brenner enough to blast one of them into pieces so the others would stop yapping.

The next blast sent Lil stumbling into him.

Soft, sweet and female. Her curved ass fit nicely against him as he steadied her, drinking deep her scent, even as what little blood was left in his brain told him to push her away.

She turned in his arms, soft blue eyes pissed. "Why the hell aren't you in commandPost?"

She didn't squirm, didn't try to get away. She just stood still in his arms, her firm high breasts thrust up against him, a small hand on his shoulder. To push him away or to steady herself? Trent wasn't quite sure.

She ignored the obvious bulge pressing against her, too much a lady for that.

"You telling me how to do my job, honey?"

"Wouldn't dream of it," she muttered, pushing at a strand of honey-gold hair that again fell over her face.

Somehow, in spite of himself, Trent tucked that lock behind her ear, his hands huge and clumsy over her delicate flesh. She stood still. Calm, poised -- a tiny pulse hammering just under her jaw. Wanting to push a bit further, he tightened his arms around her. "Brenner can take care of it."

She refused to meet his gaze. He sensed desire and nervousness. Irresistible.

"You can let go now."

"Can I?" The pulse in her neck beat faster. He wanted to press his mouth to it, feel the crazy pounding against his lips.

"Which part of 'let go' didn't you hear?"

"You're excited." Hell. Just one taste of those perfect soft lips.

"Being held by you doesn't quite get me excited." That regal tone again.

"Shame," he murmured. "Let's do something about that." Whatever she was going to say was muffled as his lips touched hers; soft, teasing, tentative. Just one taste, Trent told himself, fisting the desire to devour her whole. One little taste.

Her hair came loose, spilling yellow silk over his hands as he tilted her back, deepening the kiss more, just a little bit more. Honey and spice. Sweet, seductive, just a little bit shy. When she sighed into his mouth, he realized she was kissing him back. The absolute thrill of it was a small fleeting moment before cool, sharp reality washed back into his brain. GenAlts like him didn't belong with class acts like her.

He set her away, deliberate and careful. Made sure his hands weren't fisted. Hoping she couldn't hear his blood pounding, he pasted on a grin. "Was that better, honey?"

Her eyes narrowed. "You're an asshole." She marched away, head high, blonde hair a silky rain at her waist.

Willing his pulse to slow, Trent watched her leave. In his palm he gripped the delicate hair clip that had somehow ended up in his fingers.

Chapter One

He smelled a problem as soon as he walked into the commandPost.

Lil wasn't sneering. Trent expected a heated look of extreme dislike, at least an insult. She didn't even look at him.

"You want to tell me why interCorp wants you on Arius Prime?" Brenner, his voice mild, didn't even look up from the screen he was studying.

Ice started forming in Trent's gut. He played it safe, for the moment, anyway. "Hack job?"

Now Brenner did turn. "Close. NaRo techs are being held hostage by GenAlt soldiers."

So it finally came to that. The ice grew teeth.

"InterCorp wants you to dance with them. Care to tell me why?"

Lil seemed to have a similar question. He could see her from the corner of his eye -- her hands crossed over her breasts, her hair up in that ridiculous twist as she pretended to study whatever data she'd called up. He glanced back at Brenner. "You read my background."

"How much of an idiot do you think I am?" Same mild tone.

Trent shrugged. "When you hired me, I was hoping a big one."

"I don't need hack skills to figure you for interCorp military."

Trent nodded. "Discharged."

"And now?"

"Let's just say I'm best for the job."

Brenner's eyes narrowed. "Spike Unit?"

"Yeah." One of the few not marked "High Risk" because the pain got so bad he was no longer good for fieldwork.

“And the comp skills?” Brenner’s voice was cool.

Another shrug. “Came in handy.” He gave up trying to access the inflaming nanoBots under his own skin. When the pain was there, he barely had enough wits to pump the antiFlamitory. When the pain was gone and he could breathe without searing his lungs, the infected nanoBots couldn’t be accessed, period.

Brenner kept calm eyes on his. “The contract’s under your name. You want it, I’ll back you up.”

On Arius Prime, high risk GenAlts demanded a cure against that same virus spreading through their veins. The virus NaRo had been originally injected into them as a controlling measure. They were never able to remotely increase the pain on command, but the shorter life expectancy of the infected GenAlts was useful. Less pensions.

“I appreciate it.” The ice in Trent’s gut grew. “I don’t want it.”

“They’re going to execute them! You just dismiss it?”

Lil’s voice -- a high, tense shrill -- had him clenching his jaw. “They can deal without me.”

She wasn’t backing down. “The hostages --”

“Fuck the hostages.”

She exhaled loudly. “The hostages you are ready to fuck are the most brilliant sciTechs in the quadrant. Even you can’t be that much of an idiot.”

Trent raised a lazy eyebrow when she said “fuck,” even as ice clawed at his insides. He didn’t have time to wonder at her interest or the sudden stiffness that had her straightening her spine. “That does change my perspective. Thank you for opening my eyes.”

She rolled her eyes at him, then slammed out. He turned back to find Brenner staring at him. “Problem?”

“Not me. Might want to consider it though.”

The ice broke into shards. “Yeah.”

* * *

Trent needed to pummel something.

He increased the grav fields, focused specifically on the perim around the punching bag. Even with that, he barely kept from sending it across the gym. After this shit was resolved, he would hack into the gravControls and try to coax another level out, or better yet, map the grav fields to just his body and make it harder to deliver a good blow.

Short, swift punches, when all he wanted was a good pounding. Or a pounding of another sort, but that sure as hell wasn't going to happen.

A small clearing of a throat brought him out.

Duke, with his arms crossed, leaned on one of the weight-stations. There was a softness around his eyes, something that hadn't been there before Kara. Spitfire little Kara. At least Duke was getting some. Hell, everyone was getting some. Except for him.

Casually, he thumbed his dataUnit, bringing the grav fields back to normal before Duke noticed.

"I already know." That smirk was old Duke, cocky and smug rolled into one. "You don't erase the logs fast enough."

Shit. He wasn't in the mood for explanations.

Duke just watched him. "I ran a file on you the first time I noticed. Didn't read most of it."

Trent nodded. "And you're going to now."

A shrug. "Depends. If it doesn't interfere with *GrimJustin*, it's your deal. Thought you'd want to talk about it."

"I don't." All these women around made their brains mushy. All of a sudden there was *talking*. Since Duke already knew, Trent let go of control, just a bit, and threw a quick short jab at the bag. It fluttered on its chain like a tethered balloon.

"Impressive." Duke looked anything but. "Must be hell to have to constantly control all that strength."

Yeah. Like in bed. Especially in bed.

Unbidden, an image of Lil writhing under him, her silky blonde hair like a halo around her face, flashed into his mind. He locked the image away.

"So, you're going?"

Trent simply sighed. "I don't know. I'm fucked either way."

"Yeah? How?"

"The GenAlts on Arius." Another jab. "The nanoVirus is eating away their nerve conductors and the techs are taking their sweet time promising the antidote. Even if I get the head guy safely to interCorp, nothing will change." Another short jab into the bag. "They won't give up the antidote, even if it exists. Too much risk, not enough return."

"You don't think they would?"

"I was discharged when the pain got so bad I couldn't be in the field longer than three days." He spoke plainly, softly, as if it were about someone else. "InterCorp patted me on the head and promised to look into it." He held back the rage that boiled in him whenever he remembered how interCorp had fucked up his body and had no intention of putting it back to normal. A few more years and he'd be begging for death just to end the pain twisting his insides. He'd seen the old soldiers, their limbs misshapen, their eyes empty. You served your duty, now die in peace. And now interCorp was screwed and he, apparently, was the only GenAlt for the job.

"We aren't exactly stable. Highly trained, super strong. Shorter life spans are best from every angle." Another jab, harder this time. The bag spun on its short thick chain.

"So find another angle."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning, accept the contract and take the antidote as payment."

Another punch as Trent considered. "Yeah, right. Like they'll go for it."

Duke shrugged. "They want you to get the head sciTech?"

"Yeah."

"So make him a bargaining chip."

"And what, be the fucking savior of all GenAlts?"

"Why the fuck not?"

* * *

Crammed inside a storage compartment, Lil ignored her aching joints and calculated her options. She'd been lucky to get inside this thing when Trent confirmed the contract and before the shuttle was stocked. What she hadn't considered was the consequences of standing against a wall for more than seven hours.

Her pack was at her feet, filled with essentials. Small laserBlast, a pack of dried explosives. The injectorVial she'd been hoarding. The outfit. Everything else she could get at port a few hours away.

Her nose itched, her palms were damp and her feet were killing her. Since pain was comparative and she'd had worse, Lil ignored it and concentrated on the logistics.

She hoped her contact would deliver the latest codes to the NaRo compound. Seeing as she would pay him the other half of the mil after all was said and done, she figured it was in his best interest to deliver well. His loss if she got herself killed in the process.

Geoff, baby, I'm home.

The prickling in her legs was stronger. *Poetic*, Lil thought, ignoring the sting of it. When that bastard snuck her into the labs for the nano injections of the hushed experiment, when she had to stay silent as pain ripped through dead tissue and infused her muscles with new connectivity, the throbbing stab of it was similar to the prickling in her legs. Just worse, much, much worse. Geoff had praised her strength and pumped more hurt. The other sciTechs -- bribed with her own credits since Geoff didn't have any -- looked the other way as long as she kept silent as Geoff lovingly burned her skin with glittering needles of pain.

Amazing how dead tissue could feel so much.

Lil stood still, ignored her feet, and concentrated on breathing. Just like old times. Bad air out, good air in. She'd learned to control strength just as she'd learned to control pain, but not until after almost breaking that poor man unfortunate enough to interest her. Not until after listening to his hoarse plea for her to stay the hell away from him as he lay in the medUnit. Not until after the disgust of the medStaff when they

found she'd crushed his pelvis between her thighs because she simply didn't know she could.

Through the closure, she could hear Trent moving -- restless, muttering. She could picture him; chestnut hair brushing his shoulders, the stubborn, wide chin with the day-old stubble, the dark almost black depth of his eyes. His lips -- beautifully shaped on that strong handsome face -- could curl in mockery as he spoke, and they were soft when he kissed her.

Stop.

She was an idiot to even consider it. He didn't want her. He liked his females soft, and the muscle she hid under the full length of her lab coat would repel him. Since Kara was Duke's and Dinah was Brenner's, she was simply the only available female left on the ship.

Which led her back to the kiss -- his lips on hers, his cock prodding into her belly -- when she'd actually considered throwing it all to hell and letting herself have him, just once, because he was a GenAlt and he could handle her. His strength was beyond natural; she felt it even in his restrained grip when he held her. She saw it in the bulging muscles of his arms, the rippling of them under the long-sleeved shirts he wore. Hiding his strength, just like she did.

The loud noise of the cover being ripped off had her gasping, blinding her with the flood of light. Then hands were on her, gripping her wrists, drawing her out.

"I knew there was a reason for this hard-on," she heard before his mouth took hers.

Chapter Two

Lil couldn't think.

Couldn't move, couldn't even breathe. Her chest burned with pressure as some sanity returned and she pushed at the wide, solid chest under her palms and gasped for air.

Trent didn't budge. Just wedged her between the shuttle wall and the equally hard length of his body. She didn't have much experience in these matters, but somehow the word "impressive" came to mind as she felt his erection press into her belly. When she finally lifted her gaze to his, she saw suspicion.

"You could of course tell me you're after a good fuck." His tone was almost conversational -- with just enough hint of danger in it. "God knows we've been dancing around it."

She cleared her throat, couldn't really think with him so close. "You're crowding me."

If she wasn't mistaken, he growled. "You think? Really?" Nevertheless he backed down. For some ridiculous reason she missed the heat of him. "You want to tell me what you're doing here?"

"How did you know I was here?"

Without him to support her, the prickling in her legs returned full force, stabbing into her skin at the same rate her pulse pounded at her throat. It was hard to concentrate on ignoring her body when every cell of it demanded his attention.

"I always know when you're around." It didn't sound as if it was a compliment.

"Am I supposed to be flattered?"

His answer was a cruel little smile. He accompanied it by grabbing her palm and pressing it against what she thought was an impressive erection.

Lil was wrong. It was *huge*. Huge, hard and thick, and she snatched her hand away, feeling the telltale heat flush her cheeks. She pasted on a smirk. "I repeat, am I supposed to be flattered?"

He grinned at her, an evil wolfish grin. "I've had a serious case of blue balls whenever you've been around. If that doesn't flatter you, I suggest you get over it." He moved away from her, crossing his arms in front of that massive chest. For a moment, she remembered that with him she wouldn't have to hold back. That hot, brief moment had her cunt throbbing. "So back to the matter of you being here."

Lil crossed her arms as well, mostly because he was openly staring at her breasts, her nipples stabbing at the material of her shapeless suit. "I just... I just thought you'd need someone to keep an eye on you." The prickling turned to mild stabbing, as if hundreds of sharp little teeth had sunk into her feet. She winced a bit, but otherwise ignored it.

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

She expelled a breath. The stabbing went from mild to strong. "My legs are getting circulation back after hours of standing. It's painful." She said it calmly, because really, it wasn't all that bad.

"And you did that because --"

"You mind interrogating me while I'm sitting down?"

She heard him grumble, but to her shock felt herself lifted with strong gentle arms and deposited on a pilot chair. Then her leg was in his grip, her boot slipped off, and her foot, small and delicate in that large palm, was surrounded by heat.

The stabbing was nothing compared to the sheer pleasure of his fingers pressing against her arch. She must have moaned, because his head rose sharply, and his eyes went dark again. He unfolded from the crouching position, loomed over her, big, broad and pissed. "Now that you're sitting, let's get back to you being here."

She reached over, took her own foot into her hand, the pressure from her hands not nearly as satisfying. "I told you. I wanted to keep an eye on you."

"And I told you I don't believe you."

"That's all I've got."

There was sudden humor in his face as he smiled. For a second she saw the old Trent, the careless, funny bastard that could laugh her out of a snit in under ten seconds.

"Has Dinah ever told you how she and Brenner got together?"

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"Well." He came back to crouch in front of her, putting his arms on either side of the chair, surrounding her with his scent. "The short version of it is, Dinah had some intel that Brenner needed. So he... interrogated her. With orgasms. Or withholding of."

"That's sick."

He nodded thoughtfully. "Maybe. She doesn't seem to have a problem with it. Think you would?"

"I would what?"

He was so close she could see his pupils, feel his breath on her cheek. Lil gripped her foot, mostly to keep herself from digging greedy fingers into that mane of hair and feasting on his mouth.

"Have a problem being tortured with orgasms." He whispered it into her ear, his lips sending shockwaves through her skin.

She shivered, couldn't help it. Clawed mentally for wits. "Not the most romantic proposition I've ever had."

"I'm not exactly a romantic kind of guy." His mouth was millimeters from hers. She was mesmerized by black, black eyes.

"I'm a GenAlt, honey. Romance isn't in the curriculum." To prove his point he nipped at her bottom lip. The sharp burst of pleasure exploded through her, through her cunt to her toes. "I need control. Body, mind. I won't fuck a woman without it. Every breath, every touch. You know what that means?"

She breathed rapidly now, her heart hammering in her chest. His purring voice, that vivid imagery of surrender, made her tremble with want. She couldn't quite comprehend it, but God, she wanted it. Craved it.

"I go slow. I dominate every move, anticipate every reaction."

She had no air. She breathed, but there was no air in her lungs.

"You don't want to take me on, honey." His hands left the armrests and circled her wrists, brought them behind her back in a slow and inevitable move. "I don't even need to tie you up. I can hold you down with one hand while you scream for me."

She would die if he didn't use his mouth on her. Anywhere. She arched her back as he held both her wrists in one huge fist. His lips were millimeters away, the grip on her wrists gentle yet firm enough so she couldn't break his hold without revealing her own strength. A crazy part of her loved it.

"So, once again," he murmured, tracing her top lip with the rough pad of his forefinger. "Why are you here?"

Nerves boiling through her, she forced sound between her lips. "I already told you."

"I still don't believe you."

Teasing, he trailed soft open-mouthed kisses along her skin, her cheek, her jaw, her neck. Bit lightly just under her ear, strong enough to make her jump, delicious enough to make her shudder. Her thighs clenched against the low throb in her pussy.

When he lifted his head, his black eyes were hot and calculating. "As fun as this is, I need to get you back to *GrimJustin*."

The hunger for him wouldn't let her think. "Please, don't."

"Why?" He held her motionless, her breasts thrust up high, nipples stabbing forward through the thin material of her suit and still he made no move to touch her or press closer. Frustration edged in.

"Just trust me."

"Doesn't answer my question."

Shit. "Because my husband is on Arius Prime."

Her what?

As if scalded, Trent let go.

"You want to run that by me again, honey?" The tight grip on his lust was no longer needed. He felt as if shards of ice were hailing down on him.

"My husband... my ex-husband." She paused as if the term was unfamiliar. "He is head of NaRo." Her blue eyes were pleading.

He stood over her, his erection from hell all but stabbing her in the face, and she was here because her dear husband -- ex-husband -- pissed off a bunch of GenAlts and was held hostage on Arius Prime. *Just getting better and better.* "Your husband is head of NanoRobotics?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Ex-husband."

"Old fashioned of you." When she inhaled, her breasts moved up and toward him.

"Please. Let me go with you. I need to... I need to make sure he is all right."

"You still love him?" He wondered where the question came from, since he'd had no intention of voicing it.

Her bittersweet smile was a little too wistful. "You always love your first."

Why that bothered him, he had no idea. "Brenner knows you're here?"

"I left a memo."

"And snuck in here."

She lowered her gaze. "More or less."

"Arius Prime is a bad place to be for a class act like you. All those GenAlts running around. You'll have to charm them to let you through, because I'm certainly not taking you with me."

She raised her head again. "I'll get through."

"Really?" He grasped her upper arms, lifted her up. Needing more, he drew her closer. "You think you can charm your way through jaded soldiers who could split your skull as easily as they could split your pussy?"

He watched the line of her throat as she swallowed. Her voice was a cracked whisper. "I'm not afraid of you."

There was only one response to that. "You should be," he murmured, and once again slid his mouth over hers.

He tasted honey. Sweet, spiced honey, sweeter still when she parted her lips on a moan and let him inside. Her hands were on his chest, his arms, his shoulders, her touch softly tentative. He gripped his lust in an iron fist and devoured her.

His thumb caressing a swelling, peaked nipple surprised them both. Lips parted, she stared at him with shocked wild eyes.

She loves someone else. With every cell in his body protesting, he set her away. Refused to look at the hurt, wild depths of her eyes. "Sorry. Got carried away." He needed to stop staring at her breasts rising and falling with the rapid speed of her breathing. With his senses heightened to the edge of pain, he could smell the cream of her arousal. A cold shower would be a blessing just about now.

"You're nothing but a tease." Her voice sliced into him.

He simply raised an eyebrow.

"You're a tease. You do all this," she waved a hand, "then nothing. If this is how the whole orgasm torture thing worked, I'm surprised Dinah let Brenner keep his balls."

Trent almost choked on his own tongue.

Lil wasn't done. "I may not be up to your standards, but that's low even for you. I can't even --"

He needed to shut her up. Kissing her into silence was out of the question, so he simply shook her. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"You!" She knocked his hands off her arms with surprising strength. "You and your idiotic interrogation techniques. Well, you got your answers and didn't deliver the promised result. Typical."

There was disgust in her voice and he was beginning to catch on. "You're mad because you didn't get off."

The pink that flushed her cheeks was answer enough. She lifted a hand to brush at a gold lock of hair that kept falling over her forehead. "Forget it."

Against his better judgment, he put his hands on her, held her upper arms, carefully controlling his grip. "You want an orgasm." He felt a low throbbing pressure in his balls.

She didn't struggle. "I said, forget it."

"What about your husband?" He couldn't quite believe he was having this conversation.

"Ex-husband," she bit out through gritted teeth.

"Ex-husband," he agreed.

"He isn't exactly here."

And wasn't that the truth. Any warnings that might have flashed in his brain were ignored.

He sat her back on the chair and placed her palms on the armrests. "Hold onto these. No matter what."

"What are you --"

This time he shut her up by kissing her.

His lips softly nibbling hers, he ran both palms over her shoulders, down her arms and spanned her waist, noting how small she was, how easily he could snap her in two. Fighting himself for control, he rested both palms on her ribcage, barely grazing the sides of her breasts.

He pushed his lust behind a wall of discipline. He wouldn't do anything she would regret. If he owed her an orgasm, he would deliver. Her heart was a wild drum under his palm. He broke the kiss so he could watch her face when he covered both firm mounds of her breasts.

Her eyes were closed, her neck arched back, the sweet line of it calling for him to nibble on it. The hollow of her throat was a delicate and fascinating point. He licked it before moving to the side and grazing lips, teeth and tongue along the sensitive skin of her neck.

She shuddered, then shuddered again when he rolled her nipples through the shapeless thing she chose to hide her body in. "Feel good, honey?" A tremble that

rocked her and a nod of her head were his only answer. Despite the hard-on that was becoming painful, he chuckled. "It'll get better." She made a move to put her arms around him, but he carefully tapped her nipples, darkly loving the moan that tore from her lips. "Bad girl. Keep your hands on the rests."

If possible, her breathing got even quicker. "I want to touch you."

"Later."

Trent dropped a quick brutal kiss on her moist mouth before angling her head and ravaging the silky skin of her neck. The lightZip of her suit was cool in his fingers and he quickly tugged it down, slipping his hand under it to find her bare breast. High, firm and round, it fit into his palm, the pointed peak of her nipple rasping delicately against his skin.

He exhaled roughly and opened his own pants before his cock ripped through it. The pressure eased, the hard-on didn't. He wanted to open her legs and fuck her brainless. He wanted to bend her over and cover that tight, little ass. He fought for control and ignored the warning tingle of ice starting in the base of his skull.

With a growl he pulled down her pants and slid his fingers inside to find moist, creamy heat. "When you come," he whispered, mindlessly clawing for control, "I want to hear you scream."

The harsh gasps tearing from her mouth thundered in his ears. Then she was on her feet with shaking fingers tearing off her pants, pushing them down slim, pale thighs, and he noted the fine muscle under the creamy skin, strength hiding under delicacy. He frowned a bit, the taut, tight muscle not adding up to the softly curved body he'd pictured hidden under lab coats or shapeless suits.

She sat again, suddenly seeming unsure as she looked at his face. That shy look, that pink blush were sexy as all hell.

He yanked the pants off her feet, spread her. Dropped a kiss on the neat blonde landing strip arrowing into her pussy. With his gaze angled up to watch her face he took that first slow lick.

The pressure in her chest was near bursting. A part of her couldn't believe it was happening. A part of her couldn't believe she'd waited this long. Aching, wanting, Lil watched Trent kneel between her spread legs, wide shoulders forcing her thighs apart. She kept her hands on the rests, not because he told her, but because she feared tearing off his hair if she gripped it.

His tongue, clever and careful, leisurely licked between the creamy folds of her cunt, probing inside her and laving at her clit in deliberate thorough circles. His stubble was a delicious rasp against her thighs. His hands were on her, pushing open her pussy lips, spreading her for him.

He blew on her clit, the flow of air cool on the sensitive knot of nerves, and she nearly convulsed at the sensation. He lifted his head, watching her face as she shuddered. Of their own accord, her hands left the armrests, reaching to push him back where she needed him and, as if in punishment, he nipped at the patch of skin where her pussy lips met.

He muttered something about her hands on the rests. She gripped them with all her strength, willing his lips back to her throbbing pussy.

Once again slow, his mouth returned to her, just the tip of his tongue, deliberate, firm and thorough, circling her clit, drawing her tighter, tauter, faster. Then a thick blunt finger teased her entrance before dipping in, sliding out, pumping in again. Out. His tongue laving at her clit. Faster. Faster still.

Lil opened her eyes when the movement stopped, watched as Trent brought his hand to his mouth and sucked her juices with an appreciative hum. Then, staring into her eyes, he added a second finger, gently yet firmly stretching her, easing in and out. His thumb found the swollen bud of her clit and pressed on it. Rubbed.

"Scream for me," she heard, and his mouth was on her cunt again, tongue circling, fingers pumping, faster, harder, more. His lips closed around her clit, sucking, drawing, pulling... She threw her head back, tightened around his slowly moving fingers, coiled her muscles and ruptured, screaming into a climax.

Chapter Three

When she stopped shuddering Lil realized Trent watched her, still kneeling on the floor, his eyes hungry, his jaw clenched, his cock jutting toward her.

The grin he offered looked fake. "Can't say I didn't deliver."

"What about you?" Her skin felt chilled. She rubbed at her forearms, wanting his arms around her.

"Don't worry about me."

"I want to touch you."

Before he could protest she slid out of the chair and knelt in front of him. In a quick movement she pushed up his T-shirt, tugged until he raised his arms and let her rip it off him. She threw it on the floor and hugged him, molded herself against him, her skin pale and vulnerable against the dark heated bronze of his. He made a move to draw away, but she clung, overbalanced him. Sent him sprawling backward. The power of having him beneath her drew away the chill.

He frowned at her. His eyes narrowed and Lil palmed the purple head of his cock to draw his attention away from the fact that she'd just managed to overbalance him. Molten skin stretched like velvet over a core of iron. She gripped him hard, watching his eyes glaze over. Leaning back on his elbows, Trent watched her, his onyx gaze devouring her as she leaned down and tasted the glistening drop of liquid on the tip of his cock.

Her own control nearly forgotten, she stroked her hands over the length of him, ran her lips on the underside of his shaft, gripped him. Pumped. Took him into her mouth.

He shifted, his hands tangling in her hair, freeing it to rain over the tough planes of his abs as he guided her movements. Lifting his hips, he fucked her mouth. Slow and sensuous as if afraid it would be over too soon.

Lil wasn't sure what to do, how to please him. She cradled his tight, heavy balls with one hand as her other one gripped his shaft, squeezed. He stiffened, his face strained. Then he pulled out, pushed her away. Had she hurt him? God, did she --

"You give good head, honey." His laugh was painful.

She flinched at that, moved farther away from him.

"You might want to think about your dear husband, though. He might not like you mouth-fucking a GenAlt."

Lil scraped up whatever dignity was left and stood up. The chill was back and she crossed her arms in front of her body to ward it off. "There's no need to be crude." She certainly wasn't going to push herself on him.

Trent uncoiled from the floor, rolled up, and towered over her, his face a tight mask of clenched muscles. As if he were in pain. "Just making sure we both understand each other." He chuckled. "Watch the controls for me, honey. I have to take care of something in the bathroom."

With that, he walked away.

* * *

His body throbbed like a rotted nanoConnector.

Trent pumped in the antiFlam and collapsed against a wall, waiting for it to take effect. His erection was long gone and with it, he knew, any desire Lil might have had to continue what she started.

Since he fully knew he was a bastard, he didn't blame her. That hurt look in her eyes... Shit. He couldn't let her see. No one, ever, saw him like this, slumped over with pain, breathing through it; old, crippled, helpless.

He was just about feeling human when incoming beeped. Really wanting to avoid her, he nevertheless dragged his ass out of the bathroom.

Huddled in the coPilot chair, she didn't even look at him. A part of him was relieved. A part of him felt like the biggest bastard in the entire fucking universe.

Incoming beeped again. Resigned, he answered it. "*GrimJustin* shuttle."

Brenner's face filled the comm screen. "Everything okay?"

"Peachy." Trent nearly growled it.

"Lil left a memo --"

"Yeah. I know."

Brenner looked over Trent's shoulder, probably at Lil. "You know what this is about?"

"Rotgal is her husband."

"Ex." It was muttered behind Trent.

"Ex-husband."

If Brenner heard her, he didn't show it. Nor did he seem impressed that she was married -- or no longer married -- to the head sciTech of NanoRobotics. "You're gonna take her with you?"

Shit if I know. "I'll see how it goes." He wasn't in the mood for another exchange with her. Luckily she didn't stir.

"You know I would have taken you there."

Trent smiled a bit, shook his head. "Between GenAlts and interCorp comparing balls in orbit, *GrimJustin* would be charred." Something happened and the screen shook a bit; lines distorted Brenner's face before righting it again. "Looks like you still have a bit of a problem on your hands."

Brenner simply shrugged. "Damn Creulians."

"Still chasing you?"

"You'd think a warning shot would have cooled their ardor."

"You'd think." The antiFlam had finished its thing. He could breathe now without burning his muscles with oxygen.

"As soon as I lose them, I'll hover in the perimeter." Brenner looked past Trent's shoulder again, raising a questioning eyebrow at Lil. Didn't ask anything at least.

“Great. Thanks.”

“If you need anything --”

“Yeah.” Trent ended the comm. Felt Lil’s eyes drilling into his back. He wasn’t in the mood for explanations or accusations or wounded female feelings. When he turned back to look at her, he realized neither was she. Her eyes were coolly blue, her lips folded into a pleasant I-will-kill-you-when-I-have-the-chance smile.

“You have transpo to Arius?”

No hurled insults about his manners or his cock. The part of him that didn’t feel like a bastard was immediately wary. “You weren’t invited to this party.”

She simply nodded and crossed her arms and didn’t speak to him until they docked.

Chapter Four

Lil managed to gather her wits by the time they docked at Onarina Station. She maintained the cool, calm demeanor, didn't speak to him, didn't even look at him, didn't slap that shit-eating, mocking grin off his face.

She missed the old Trent, the easygoing, wisecracking slob. Something had happened, something that had changed him, and this intense asshole version made her burn despite the old promise to never allow herself to be treated like this again. Lil wasn't sure what his deal was earlier, but she'd decided she didn't give a shit.

Lost in thought, she walked solidly into his back, enduring his amused look as she nearly dropped her gearPack. "You following me around because you want more?"

She felt that damned heat flush her cheeks, but refused to acknowledge it. "I beg your pardon?"

"You can beg, but you're on your own now, honey. I don't have time to baby-sit you... as tasty as you are."

She probably flushed more now, but still managed to shoot him a look of pure hatred. "You can relax. Honey." She was rather proud of the sarcastic ring to that. "As charming as your company is, I'm meeting someone on the promenade."

"Really?"

Temper, left on simmer for some time, almost boiled over. "You aren't baby-sitting me."

His slow grin tumbled something in her belly. "Exactly right."

"So, if you'll excuse me..."

Regally, she walked around him, forcing herself not to hurry as she made her way off the shuttle and onto the merchant deck of the station. ResQit -- that was the comp handle for her contact -- owned the digitArcade somewhere between the sex and

tech districts. Considering the location, she imagined the arcade consisted of titiGames, digiSex and realTime booze.

She wasn't far off.

* * *

If they'd added actual leopard's blood to her drink, it would have tasted better. As it was, it barely passed for leopard's piss. Gingerly, Lil sipped it through her teeth, more so not to offend the man who'd bought it than from any real desire for it.

On the holoScreen reflected on every mirrored wall, a redheaded woman was valiantly sucking cock while keeping rhythm with two energetic men simultaneously fucking her pussy and ass. Sipping her drink, Lil watched the redhead's thigh muscles shuttle her back and forth between the two cocks, while the arched line of her throat worked the cum out of the third.

ResQit was taking his sweet time. He'd taken a good lingering look at her breasts, stuck this Leopard's Blood under her nose and seemed very hurt when she'd politely refused it.

Since he looked so happy when she finally took a swig -- and Lil wanted him happy so he wouldn't warn NaRo the codes were breached after ResQit sold them to her -- she chugged the gritty taste down, only to have him shove another one at her. By the time she was stuck with the third one, she was pissed, hot and slightly nauseous.

"Listen." She snagged his hand, ignoring both his wince and frown as she dragged him closer. "I need to get a move on."

"Of course. Let me just --"

"Now." Lil wasn't sure where the aggression was coming from. Kinda liked it though.

On the holoScreen, the redhead had coordinated a switch, and now straddled a cock. The guy in her ass continued to pump vigorously and the guy who she'd just finished off was mauling her breasts while she stroked his flaccid penis back to life.

"Of course." ResQit hurried behind the bar after she'd let go of him and rummaged through something. "If you could transfer the credits."

“Codes first.”

She sounded like Trent, mean, gruff and slightly on edge. ResQit, with his stubby beard and pasty skin, would probably faint if she went up to him and dragged him behind the partition of the bar to fuck him into oblivion.

The sudden lust hit her out of nowhere. Probably from the screen, though she had never been affected this much by viewing hot, groaning sex.

ResQit watched her with intense beady eyes. “I do have transpo arrangements for you.”

His fingernails, painted green and striped with yellow, rasped against her inner wrist. Why that excited her, she had no idea. “And the codes?”

She was a GenAlt. Invincible. She could leap over that stupid bar and take him right there on the floor. And after she was done -- she took a long wavering look around the dim interior -- she could take the two hulking mercenary types with the greenish skin. And after that she could find where the sex feed was coming from and coldcock the redhead to take her place with her three fuck buddies.

The heavy hand that gripped her arm looked interesting. Strong, wide-palmed and dark-skinned. Her gaze slowly traveled up to find its owner.

Trent.

She licked suddenly dry lips. His gaze was on her mouth. She felt it, as if it were touching her. “So...” She smiled enticingly, licked her lips again. “Whatcha doing here?”

Forget ResQit, forget the men with the greenish cocks. She would fuck Trent. Now.

“Watching you about to get gang-raped. You --” Trent snagged ResQit as the pot-bellied man started backing away.

“I... I was just getting the lady her transpo info.” He clearly smelled trouble.

“And the codes.” Did she give a fuck about the codes?

“As I was saying --”

Lil's head started spinning. She leaned on Trent, felt his erection. Curled her hand around it.

"Shit. Let's go."

He dragged her out into the light and she blinked at it for a minute before launching herself at him, pressing her breasts into his chest, fusing her mouth to his.

"You're drugged," he muttered when she let him come up for air.

"I'm fine." The excitement bubbled up inside her. She wanted to touch. She wanted to fuck. Now. "I want to fuck you."

"You don't know what you're doing."

"If you don't fuck me right now, I'm going back to the green-cocked mercs."

"Like hell you will."

She felt herself lifted, which was probably good because her head was spinning and she needed a bed, a table, any horizontal surface where she could lay him down and ride hard.

She dropped her suddenly heavy head on his shoulder, rubbed her palms over his chest, his back, fingertips digging in the hard planes of muscle and sinew. Needing to taste, she nipped his ear, laughed at his quick intake of breath. Nipped again, harder this time.

"Stop it, damn you."

She snickered against his neck, licked a friendly path from ear to jaw. "Have I ever told you how yummy you are?" She thought she heard him mutter a curse, but she ignored it. "You're the sexiest son of a bitch I've ever seen." It was starting to be difficult to get words out but she did it anyway. "I've wanted to fuck you since I first saw you."

"Just shut up. We're almost there." His voice was rough, the hard chest under her palms heaving with each breath.

She was burning, on the inside, on the outside. She needed his hands on her, his mouth on her. His cock inside her. Somewhere deep in her belly a low throbbing ache made her cunt clench in anticipation. She couldn't breathe, her suit cutting off her air.

Desperately she tugged at the lightZip, wanted to free her skin, expose herself to air and light... and Trent.

"Shit. Lil!" He gripped her wrists to still them and the heat of his palm, the strength of his hold, had her shuddering with need. "Almost there." He muttered it over and over. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see curious and sometimes envious glances from the passersby.

The glide of the vertiLift made her giddy and she giggled against his neck, punctuated it with small friendly kisses.

Then she was on a bed, sheets soft and sensuous. Whimpering, she stripped off her suit, looking up to see Trent a few steps away, his face stern, his jaw clenched. His arms crossed in front of him.

She held out her arms; would have jumped him if the room hadn't been spinning.

"No. Lil, you don't know what you're doing."

"I do," she gasped. "I need you. Please. I need you." She couldn't seem to get enough air. She needed to be touched. She needed his hands on her. She was ready to cry from it.

"You'll regret it."

"No, I swear." She let the tears of frustration spill, her own hands rubbing at her nipples, her cunt -- not enough, not nearly enough. "Please, Trent." She pushed her hair out of her face, shuddering again, the need inside her tearing her apart. "Please."

She cried again, in relief this time as he approached her and took her into his arms. She rubbed against him, the smell of him making her moan and want to sink into that tough male body.

"Please," she murmured once more, this time against his mouth, and kissed him, rough, desperate, relishing his flavor. The hands at her back were driving her crazy. She wanted them on her breasts, in her cunt. He just held still.

"You remember what I said? About control?"

She remembered shit. Instead of answering, she plastered her mouth on his jaw, and bit.

He held her away, at arm's length. "If I do this, you need to not touch me. Do you understand?"

Understand? She understood that she needed to be filled. Fucked. How could she not touch him? She went for him again, and was stunned and delighted when he flattened her on the bed, his weight holding her down. She ground her hips against his. Finally. Finally he would fuck her.

Instead he took her arms. Raised them up. "I don't want you touching me."

That sliced right into her belly. "Don't you want me?" If he didn't she would die.

"I want the hell out of you," he growled against her lips. "But if you move, I will lose control. So you won't move."

He used his wide leather belt to tie her hands to the bedpost. She barely held onto whatever sanity was left to not rip through it as he covered her mouth with soft exploring lips, caressed her breasts, her belly, her thighs.

"I want to touch you too," she gasped, straining under that muscled weight over her, pressing her breasts into his chest, clawing for the strength not to tear through that damned belt as if it was thinly made silk.

He chose that moment to nip at her neck. "You have the most beautiful nipples I've ever seen," he whispered, and as if to prove his point he cherished them with his mouth, licking, kissing, finally sucking gently on the puffed tips.

"Damn it, fuck me." Her lungs were burning. Her cunt was already beyond it.

"Hold on."

"Now." He palmed her breasts, bit her belly in warning. "Stop teasing me, damn you." She arched into him. "At least let me see you."

"Nothing to see, honey."

"I swear I'm going to rape you."

He laughed then, a deep rumbling laugh that churned the ache in her belly, drew down the lightZip and kicked off his pants. His cock, thick, huge and proud, sprang forward and Lil licked her lips in anticipation. "Like what you see, honey?"

She watched a drop of pre-cum glisten at the purple crown of his cock. Her throat was too dry to speak.

Chapter Five

She was drugged. He kept telling himself that even as every neuron in his body screamed to plunge into her beautifully sculpted, writhing body. She'd chugged down at least two drinks that slimy bastard had shoved at her.

His cock was near bursting but he wouldn't enter her.

"Please, Trent. Now."

Not like this. Not with her mind gone, not with artificial lust making her beg. She could hate him now. She'd hate him more if he gave in to her pleas. Keeping an iron fist on control, he cupped her pussy, slid a finger between moist, soft folds, felt her scorch him, grip him. The loud raw moan made him shudder, even as she shuddered around him.

Watching her face, gritting his teeth, he lay next to her and finger-fucked her pussy, rasped his thumb against the tight knot of her clit, pressed his forefinger against the slightly rough patch of skin inside her. When she begged for more, he shut her up by kissing her, hot, deep and brutal.

She was trembling, gasping for air. "Please. Please fuck me."

The aching throb in his balls bordered on burning pain. He needed to end it so she could pass out. Then he would kill the bastard who did this to her.

"Come on, baby." He rubbed her clit harder, plunged two fingers inside her. She was crying, shivering, trembling, and he could feel her reaching for release. He rubbed his lips over the petal-soft skin of her face, tasting the wet, salty tears. "Come for me."

"Fuck me, damn you!"

"Not this time."

"Do it."

"Just come."

She growled then. "I'll fuck you."

He watched her struggle wildly against his belt, started to tell her it was no use. Except suddenly she was free, up, over him, pushing him down, kissing him, moaning her pleasure into his mouth as she straddled him and thrust herself onto his cock. Throwing her head back, she rode him in quick brutal slams of her hips against his.

Control, whatever was left of it, snapped.

He clamped both hands on her tightly muscled ass, worked her up and down his cock. Ground into her. Rammed her down on top of him, hard, fast, rough, exactly as he wanted.

Lil braced her hands on his chest, and when he tried to touch her, she gripped his wrists, pushed them back by his head. Held him down. Smiled ferally. "My turn, honey," she panted, and nipped at his lower lip, pushing herself onto him, the wet slap of her cunt sounding brutally erotic.

Trent let her take over, let her fingers bite into his wrists. A part of his brain that still had some blood to think was beginning to understand. He ignored it, and watched her throw her head back and ride herself into a scorching, pussy-rippling climax, trembling around him. He let go, fucking her upward, slamming his cock into that pulsing, scorching cunt, until his own orgasm stabbed through him.

When thought returned, he discovered Lil was out cold.

Since questions would have to wait, he shifted with her still on top of him and gave in to sleep.

* * *

Lil woke with her hands held firmly behind her. Since that pretty much ensured her a place on Trent's muscled chest, she didn't mind so much. Then she realized she was naked. On top of him. And her cunt was a little sore.

"What the hell happened?" When she lifted her head, she saw ice in his eyes.

"You're GenAlt."

She let out a breath. "Yeah." A million tiny pains were letting themselves be known. Her tongue felt like it was scraped. Her insides felt as if they'd been scalded.

"You were going to tell me?" She shook her head, and made a move to get off him. In a flash he was over her, pinning her. "Let's see what you can do."

Her head pounded. Nausea and hunger were dancing to a complicated churning tune in her stomach. "You mind? I'm not in the mood." She kept her voice annoyed out of fear that she might cry. Or worse, throw up.

He got off her. With a swift controlled motion he tugged his pants on. Feeling ridiculous, she covered her breasts with the sheet.

Last night suddenly came back into her brain with a clear sharp light. She'd fucked him, she'd almost undressed in public and she'd torn through his belt and now he knew. Now he'd left her naked in bed, and didn't give a flying fuck about anything and...

He was back with a tray heaped with fruit and exotically shaped cracker-type things. He snagged a fat, red berry and popped it into his mouth before shoving the tray at her and straddling a chair. "Eat," he ordered. "All of it."

"I... can't." Her belly rumbled and heaved.

"You need to eat."

"I need to --" She pushed the tray away, making a beeline for the bathroom. Closed the door in his face. Didn't puke, thank God. Her stomach churned, her skin was clammy, her knees barely held her up, but she didn't puke.

Then he came in while she was shivering, weak and miserable, and simply lifted her up, carrying her back to bed. "Eat," he said. "You need to fill up your stomach so the shit your little friend gave you stops burning your guts."

His voice was cool. She didn't blame him. As he sat silently, she felt compelled to spill it. "I told you my ex is the head of NaRo. When we were married, he was just starting out in the Insertion labs."

His face was impassive. "So what, you were his legal guinea pig?"

Lil chuckled bitterly at how close Trent was to the truth, taking some time before answering by sampling a berry. The tart, sweet juice hit her throat like liquid silk and suddenly she realized she was ravenous. "I had... a condition." She mumbled it

between bites, not caring that she was naked and eating like a starving merc. He simply watched with calm, dispassionate eyes. "Geoff cured me."

"A condition?"

She steeled herself against the old rage and focused on blurting everything out as mere facts. "Nerves in my muscle tissue were dying. I couldn't move, couldn't function. Geoff rebuilt the connections." *Motherfucking bastard.*

"And that's why you're risking your ass trying to save him?"

She lowered her eyelashes. "Yeah. I need to find ResQit to get the transpo info. Unless you've conveniently relieved him of it."

"I doubt you'll find him. He is staying home with... internal injuries." Trent's voice was mild.

Lil sampled another berry. "I wish you'd let me deal with him instead of taking it upon yourself." The unfamiliar feeling of being somehow taken care of was a small and shivery thrill.

He smirked. "I didn't have the pleasure."

Had he hired someone to beat up that slime rag? "Nevertheless, he was mine."

"I imagine if you got to him, you would have killed him."

Startled, her gaze flew to his, then she realized he was half joking. She shrugged instead. "If I'd fucked him, I most likely would have." Trent frowned at that, but she wasn't going to elaborate. "I need you to take me to Arius Prime."

His arms were crossed in front of him, his mouth a tight line. "Don't think so."

"I'll pay you."

"Listen, honey." Still a drawl, his voice had just a slight rasp to it. "Even if I took your money, I doubt I would have enough control to be within meters of you and not be fucking you senseless. We both know once the drug wears off, you won't want me touching you."

She swallowed. Gathered up courage. "I do want you touching me."

He raked his hand through his hair, throwing her a disgusted look. "You'd be willing to fuck me so you could save your husband?"

“Ex, damn you!” She barely controlled the urge to scream. Instead it came as a furious whisper. “And no, I’d be willing to fuck you because I want you!” The heat on her face was suffocating her -- so was the uncomfortable endless silence.

“You got balls, honey.” He spoke finally, but made no move to come closer. His eyes got hotter, but he stayed still. “If we do this, we do this my way. My games, my rules.”

He was an arrogant prick. She couldn’t tell him that because she couldn’t find her voice to speak. Instead, she nodded.

“We agree then.”

Chapter Six

The supplies he was after included lube and a buttplug.

They strolled through the promenade amidst noise, food and merchants. Trent didn't hold her hand, didn't guide her with a palm on her back... Half the time he was ahead of her, and she paced after him like one of those ancient wives keeping three steps behind their owner husbands. Adding insult to injury were the open invitations from every other woman walking by them. The last straw was the amply breasted curly-haired blonde who squeezed her cleavage together as they walked past.

"Fuck this shit."

He took a few more steps before he turned around, that damn eyebrow back up. "Changed your mind?"

Was that hope or disappointment in his voice? Either way it spiked her temper. "I'm tired of walking behind you like some slave woman!"

"Oh, I'll show you slave woman." He grabbed her hand, dragged her forward.

"What the fuck is your problem?" She was surprised to find his grip steady, even as she used full strength to shake it off.

"My problem?" He turned so abruptly she ran into him. Big hands steadied her, keeping her pressed against his heavily muscled chest. "I'm having a hell of a time keeping my hands off you. I'm having a hell of a time walking with you like a civilized person instead of dragging you to the nearest corner and bending you over. So if you can't keep up, I would be happy to sling you over my shoulder so I can at least smack your ass every time you bitch."

"I don't bitch." She couldn't come up with anything else.

"Sure. And stop cussing, will you? It just turns me on." Again, he dragged her after him. Adrenaline pumping, she followed him to the transpo deck.

* * *

Standing over her, Trent took a precious second to drink in the beautifully sculpted shape of Lil's body, the firm high breasts naked and vulnerable with her arms arched high above her head. Muscles, tense and waiting, rolled under delicately pale skin. He admired the smooth slope of her belly, the fascinating blonde patch of hair below it.

"You will hold on to the headboard." A hot pink tongue snuck out to moisten her lips. "Yes or no?"

"Yes."

Her lids were already heavy with arousal, her breathing ragged. He had a feeling she was going to give as good as she got. With probing fingertips he explored the glistening folds of her cunt; slid inside.

Tight, wet heat.

He groaned, and when she clamped her pussy around him, he prayed to every god he'd ever encountered for patience. "Are you ready for me, honey?"

"Yes, damn you." She all but growled it.

He ignored her, even though the sound of it ripping from that arched throat wound his arousal higher. Her legs parted as soon as he moved between them. He dropped a kiss on the glistening folds, couldn't resist rasping his tongue along her clit.

Again she growled, and despite the low throbbing in his balls he laughed. "That's a mighty growl coming from a little kitten," he drawled, and for good measure gave her another lick.

"I'll show you kitten," she muttered and he chuckled again. It was either that or simply ram into her like a bull in heat.

"Ready for my cock?" He slid two fingers inside her, watching her face. He imagined she'd be sore after the thorough fucking earlier. He would make sure there was no pain.

She lifted her head to watch him, those moist lips parted. "Do it, damn you."

Breathing through his teeth, fighting for control, he pressed the tip of his cock into her moist slick passage. Slipped in a centimeter.

Stopped.

Her pussy convulsed around him. He could have sworn he heard her purr.

Another inch. Tight, silky wetness. "Am I hurting you?" he ground out, his body screaming to plunge in to the balls and fuck her into a screaming orgasm.

Her breath was ragged. "A bit," she managed. "But it's good."

Every cell in his body tensing, he stopped. "Just get used to me."

"If you don't keep going, I'll kill you." She said it between panting breaths.

He pressed in deeper. She shuddered under him. More. Slow. Until he was seated to the hilt inside her.

The last of his control slipping, Trent forced himself to be still, watched her face for pain and saw only pleasure. Then she exhaled, arching her body in a movement so exotically sensuous he couldn't help himself. He moved slowly, the glide of her around him wet, tight and delicious. Locking his gaze on her moist, parted lips he leaned in to kiss her breasts, her neck, her mouth.

Lil shuddered around him with each sliding thrust of his cock. Moaned into his mouth, clenched around him, wrapping her thighs around his torso.

Slow, damn it. Slow and careful.

He braced himself on his elbows, slid his hands under her shoulders to lift her head so he could ravish her mouth as he couldn't let himself ravish her cunt. Soft and slow. Slow and easy.

It was killing him.

"More," she pleaded. "Please, Trent, more."

He breathed hard. "I... don't want to hurt you."

"I swear I'm going to hurt you," she gasped between breaths.

The silky slide in and out of her cunt was driving him insane. "Shut up and let me fuck you." He drew her onto his cock, slow and tight.

He bared his teeth in a feral smile as he straightened, braced his weight on his knees and lifted her ankles to spread her legs wide. He watched her as he rasped a light fingertip around the tight knot of her clit. A whispered sigh of her pleasure rippled around him, and he stopped as soon as her arms reached for him. "Hands on the headboard." He didn't know how long he could keep this up as his body screamed for him to push, to take, to fuck them both into insanity.

"No more games." She panted as she reared up.

"I don't want to --"

"Hurt me?" She was up, over him, wrapped around him like a vice, thighs gripping, hot, hot pussy rippling around him. "I'm just like you. I'm as strong as you. You can't hurt me." Legs braced, she rode him, rubbing her body against him.

"You're as strong as me?" He nipped at her lip, fisted a hand in the silky blonde locks. "You think?"

In a flash of movement he had her off him, struggling, cussing, yelling, and he used all his strength to hold her before arranging her on the bed face down. He ignored her curses, kicked apart her thighs and tugged at her hair, causing her head to come up, her back to arch.

Her breathing was harsh, gasping.

"You think you're as strong as me?" He filled her again, deep, deeper, watching that luscious ass clench with each plunge of his cock. "Think you can buck me?"

A direct challenge. She reared up on her elbows, didn't fight him, just fucked him back, slapping her ass into him, grinding against him.

Blood roaring, he let go of her hair to sneak his hand around her, under her. Found her clit. Sliding his fingers against it, and using her moans and screams to guide him, he rubbed the hard knot of it, pressed on it, twisted slightly. The twist had her shuddering around him, a ragged sigh tearing from her lips.

Another twist had her screaming.

A third twist combined with a sharp, hard thrust of his cock sent her convulsing over the edge and into climax. He fucked her through it, short hammering strokes as

her cunt vibrated around him, her body shaking, screaming, still screaming, and he let go, pounding himself into her until his own orgasm hit.

Chapter Seven

Promise or no promise, Lil wasn't going to sit in this cage called quarters while he was off gathering intel or whatever the hell he was doing. Arrogant bastard. Since he had been doing nasty, delicious things to her pussy and wouldn't give her that final lick to send her over the edge, she'd promised. Hell, she'd have promised anything.

A promise under duress didn't mean shit. Fuck the GenAlts and all the other nasty characters trying to cash in on the chaos going on at Arius. She was bored and she was strong and she was done being perfectly sensible, perfectly boring Lil Oser. She was a GenAlt and she was done hiding it. She could do any shit she damned well pleased.

A dingy third-class transpo like this must have a dingy third-class bar.

On Level Five she found it. With it, she found an elegant golden-skinned charmer who teased her out of her mood and offered to buy her a drink. She refused, very politely, and struck up a conversation on the legalities of sensation-numbing chips vTech was currently lobbying for.

Handsome but not her type she decided, just as he put his hand on her knee. It was promptly removed as Trent turned the man around, his mouth stretched into an almost friendly snarl. "Fortas."

"O'Blak."

Apparently they knew each other? She sensed a wary grudging respect from both of them.

"I wouldn't bother seducing this one." Trent jerked his chin in her direction.

"She with you?"

"For the moment."

Conceited, arrogant bastard.

“Having trouble keeping her occupied?”

What?

“You offering a hand?”

The man snickered. “All three.” He turned back to size her up. She would have decked him if Trent’s hand hadn’t tightened on her shoulder. “What do you think, lovely? Can you take both of us on?” His tone was friendly enough, his deep green eyes hot with lust.

Despite being pissed, the idea made her blush. “I... don’t think so.” So much for the bold and non-sensible Lil.

He caressed his drink with wide, scarred hands. “If you change your mind...” He trailed off, and Lil had the uncomfortable feeling she was in the middle of some internal joke. “O’Blak always knows how to find me.”

Fiercely aware of Trent’s hand on her back and Fortas’ eyes on her ass, she left the bar.

She was pushed against the door of their quarters as soon as Trent dragged her through it. “What the fuck were you thinking?”

She slapped at his hands on her shoulders. “Why the fuck are you manhandling me?”

“You want manhandling?” He shoved her back to the door, stepping close before she could knee him right where it would hurt. “Fortas and I used to share whores. Did he tell you that? When money was tight and we hadn’t seen a woman in months, stuck on some edge of the quadrant. You want manhandling? Fortas will be more than happy.”

She stilled her body and deliberately slowed her breathing, staring at him. “If you want a whore to share with Fortas, I assume there are plenty willing to accommodate you. As I am not one, I suggest you remove your hands. Now.”

Both eyebrows went up in mock challenge. “And if I don’t?”

She cocked her head to the side. Decided not to answer.

Instead, she stomped hard on his instep, his sharp intake of breath cut short as she headbutted his chin -- damn it, missed his nose. Stars exploded before her eyes -- his damn chin was hard as granite. His hands gripped hers; she wrenched them out, brought them up, knuckles into ribs, and had the perverse pleasure of hearing him grunt.

He didn't move back, just grinned at her in that feral baring of teeth that had her pulse thudding. "For that, you'll get an assfucking."

Another jab -- she avoided the iron muscles of his stomach, instead went for the pressure point just below his shoulder.

Nothing.

Trent laughed.

She growled, then sank her teeth hard into his collarbone as rage bloomed into lust. The hands that gripped her were hot, greedy, and she tore at his clothes, battling to get to musky, heated skin. She sank her teeth into him again, soothed with her tongue. Nipped.

He grunted something, fought her suit off, lifted her up to press his cock against her. Lil squirmed to get closer, wrapping her legs around him, attacking his mouth with lips, teeth and tongue. Then the hard length of his cock was inside her, fucking her, slamming her against the blessedly cool metal of the door. She clung to his shoulders, screamed as he rammed into her, over and over, mercilessly, deliciously rough.

Then he stopped, and no amount of grinding against him could make him move. When his hands tightened on her ass, Lil realized he was far from done.

The swollen walls of her pussy gripped his cock like a silken fist.

With her legs still tight around him, Trent carried her over to what generously could have been called a bed. Before Lil could protest, he lifted her off him and laid her face down over the thin mattress so her legs dangled over the edge. Keeping a hand on her back to keep her where he wanted her, he reached for his gearBag.

"What are you doing?"

He admired the firm tight muscles of her thighs, the smooth round globes of her butt. This promised to be fun. "I told you not to leave."

Smack!

She yowled, delightfully so. Her ass tightened under his hand.

"Damn you --"

Smack!

He angled his hand downward, so the sting would spread into her pussy. As she started to struggle to get up, he pressed down with a hand on her lower back. "You promised you wouldn't leave." Another smack, just a little bit harder this time. "You lied."

"No, I --"

Smack!

"Fine." She was breathing heavily again. A quick probe of his fingers drew out the thick cream of her juices. Almost ready.

He coated his hands with the lube he'd bought on Onarina, massaged the blushing globes of her ass. With firm strokes he kneaded the fine tight muscles, relaxing her more, gentling her. Slipping a finger into her crease, Trent gently explored before sliding in.

"No." Immediately her ass tightened. "I don't want this."

He pushed his finger deeper.

"Trent."

He heard fear in her voice. "I told you I was going to fuck your ass." She tried to push up at that, but he held her down easily and leaned over her so his lips were against her ear. "The lube also numbs pain. You're going to love it."

The dark delight of his finger inside her had every nerve screaming. Lil breathed slow and deep, despite herself craving the pleasure of each invading thrust of his finger. It burned, just a bit, just enough to edge into the pleasure of it.

She felt him withdraw. Waited.

Squealed at the stinging slap on her ass. "No more --"

Another smack. "I like how your ass flushes."

She struggled to get up. The wide hand on her back made it impossible. "I'm gonna kill you this time."

A slap on the right cheek. "Really? I think you like it."

"I never said I wanted --"

He smacked the left cheek. "No talking." Another slap. "You can scream." *Smack.* "You can moan." A long sweeping pat. "And you can come."

His hands left her again. She pushed herself up just in time to see him coat the purple plug with lube. Then his hand was on her once again and she was sprawled, helpless, anticipating the feel of it gliding inside.

Cool and thick it touched her. Pressed in.

Lil squirmed around it, fought it. With slow screwing motions Trent worked it in her, and she couldn't tell where pleasure stopped and pain started. She just groaned at the forbidden sensation of it, knowing she shouldn't crave it, but unable to help herself.

"You like this?" She was too busy gasping for air to answer. "Do you like this?"

"Yesss."

He worked the plug in and out of her tight passage, screwed it in to the hilt. "Now to give you a little taste of how Fortas and I did things."

She turned her head to see him pump his cock. Angle it, then plunge inside the swollen folds of her pussy. She was stretched, completely and utterly stuffed, sparks popping along her skin at the insane pleasure of it. Inside her, his cock was huge, hard, erotic pleasure with just a slight bite of pain. Then Trent moved.

Easy. In and out. Sensuous and slow. Pulling out. Pulling the plug out with him. Pushing in. Forcing the plug deep. In. Out. Hard. Slow. Again in. Withdraw. Rougher this time. "You like being double fucked?"

She couldn't speak. Couldn't breathe. Simply gasped for air right before each burning plunge.

Then his hand snuck below her, clever, blunt fingers slid between her folds and pressed, rubbing against her clitoris. She shook, clenched around him. Screamed, convulsed... shattered in a blinding mind-splintering orgasm.

Then he pulled out. Pulled out the plug. Filled her ass with his long, hard cock, gripped her hips, fucked her with rough, short strokes, and she could only tighten around him, grunt in the dark pleasure that rolled through her with each tight thrust until then he froze, and breathing loudly he filled her with hot, pulsing cream.

She couldn't move as he got up, and used a damp cloth to clean her. When he rummaged in his gearBag, she finally turned around. "Would you mind..."

"What?" His tone was gruff, his eyes wild. She imagined hers were similar. Still trembling a bit from the explosive climax, she drew up the sheet.

"I'm cold."

"And?"

Fuck him then. She didn't care about the wince of pain she glimpsed on his face, or the way his hand pressed against his shoulder as if it had just been stabbed. Instead, she drew the single sheet tighter around her and huddled under it. When the cot dipped under his weight she refused to turn around. His arms looped around her, his hard, muscular chest pressed against her back, warming her.

"It's perfectly normal," she muttered, feeling just a bit ridiculous. "With so much blood in the lower body it's -- What the hell is wrong with your shoulder?"

"Shut up and sleep," she heard, right before he settled her against him and breathed soft and steady at her ear.

She sighed. Tangled her legs with his.

Slept.

Chapter Eight

Trent wasn't sure how he managed to sleep with her on top of him. He woke, for once not battle alert, but content and satisfied and with Lil Oser all but sprawled on his chest.

He studied her face, soft and relaxed in sleep. Her lips -- a deep dusky rose. The cheek she pressed against him was petal soft. Her hair spilled on his chest like a warm waterfall of silk and cautiously he rubbed a lock between thumb and forefinger, watching it glint like gold.

He brushed a lock of it away from her face, followed its fall to her shoulder. Noted the bruise forming there. Gently, afraid to wake her, he smoothed his thumb over it.

She could match him. Stroke for stroke, Lil could match him, take all the strength and turn it around to unleash back on him. And yet he should have realized her skin, the supple smoothness of it, was fragile, delicate. She didn't want slow and he wasn't careful. Trent imagined she was bruised in a lot more places than just her shoulder. Unfortunately there wasn't much he could do about it.

A GenAlt. Like him. Hiding the fact she was one.

He could keep her. They worked on the same ship, and he didn't see a reason to stop this delightful forage into sex. Really hot, kinky sex, where he didn't have to hold back for fear of breaking her into pieces. That she wanted him, that she was hot and willing no matter what he threw at her, was both baffling and arousing. Then she sighed in sleep, shifted, and he watched her mouth move in what looked like a wince.

Did she have pain? Did the sharp edges of it come more often now, stealing her breath as she waited for the inflammation to simmer down? He hadn't seen it, but it didn't mean she hadn't hidden it -- just as he tried to hide it from her.

Lil was after the antidote, he realized. She hid her alteration so her life wouldn't be as fucked up as the other GenAlts. Being hunted, stared at. Feared. Loathed. And since she hid her alteration, she couldn't very well go to interCorp and demand the antidote. Instead, she was going to demand it from her ex-husband.

Except Trent wouldn't let her into the Arius jungle. He would get her the antidote but he wouldn't jade her with the sights and smells of war he was sure was raging there. Ugly and raw and nothing a woman like her should see.

He thought this just as Lil stirred over him and sighed. Eyes of deep blue locked on his as she gave him a sweet, sleepy smile. "Hey."

Somehow he couldn't find the will to let go of her. "Hey, yourself."

She blinked a bit, clearing sleep from those crystal eyes. "Was I asleep long?"

He felt his cock twitch, and could tell by the raised blonde eyebrows she felt it too. "Not too long." When she tried to squirm away, he simply tightened his arms around her. "Stay."

"But --"

"You're too sore. I get it." She hid her face in his chest. In a few hours, she was going to loathe him. Determined to see it through, Trent rubbed his chin against her hair. "Just stay for a minute."

The ship shook suddenly and she started, looking around with a frown.

"Transpos trying to get through to land. GenAlts, interCorp and every merc with a ship is in orbit. Gets crowded." He was an idiot to bring her here in the first place. Now that he had, he had no intention of letting her experience the shit that was second nature to him.

Of their own accord, his hands smoothed over her back, her shoulders, her buttocks. She sighed again, folded her arms under her chin and looked up at him, blonde hair falling over one eye. "Didn't think this would ever happen," she said.

He brushed away the hair, tucked it behind her ear. "No? I've wanted you since you stepped onboard."

She grinned, and the heart he'd thought scarred thudded painfully in his chest. "I thought you were the most handsome, arrogant, domineering prick I've ever seen."

He smacked her butt, lightly, mainly on principle. "I thought you were the most beautifully bitchy medTech I've ever known."

Again that heart-stopping grin. "Call it even?"

"You betcha."

She winced as she moved. The thought of her in pain tied his gut into knots. He would get the antidote for her. If it existed he would ensure she would get it. In the meantime, she probably needed to apply the antiFlam. He didn't want the pain to escalate.

The heaviness in his chest and the weird feeling of dread were so unfamiliar he resorted to humor just to get around it. "Unless you're ready for round two, I suggest you put clothes on."

She gave him a long considering look, and got up to do just that.

Chapter Nine

Lil wasn't going to cry. She was going to kill him.

That bastard had pleased her to mindlessness, then stuck her in the brig. "I don't want you down on Arius," he'd said. Well, who the fuck was he?

Under her, the ship shook from what she assumed were laser blasts.

At least he let her keep her gear. *Fucker.*

With quick determined movements Lil put on the outfit. She had thought through the design of it, considering every usage, every possibility. If a sane part of her brain whispered of vanity, it was quickly silenced by logic. GenAlts didn't exactly have easy access to women. Extra cleavage meant extra persuasion.

The suit was perfect. Black, of course. Matte stretchy pants that hugged her butt and easily flowed with every movement. In the small pockets on each side of her knee she tucked extra fuel packs for the tiny laserBlast strapped to her hip.

Her top consisted simply of straps. Thick, black straps that crisscrossed over her breasts and back, leaving most of her skin bare. Let them look.

Inside the straps were supplies. The vial of explosive chem extracted from Duke and Kara's blood was tucked safely in the region where the straps crossed. All she had to do was bleed on it.

Almost time now. Too bad she didn't have a mirror in this thing to look at herself. One should always look good when going to see one's ex.

* * *

Trent hadn't been shot at yet. Sneered at, yes, decked a few times. When he decked back, respect was established, and he could move on. Being one of them, his presence wasn't questioned.

The scene was simple. The compound was stationed deep in a valley with forceShields on full power. GenAlts high on antiFlam and adrenaline manned entry checkpoints. Laser blasts were intermittent, on the ground and in the air. *Home sweet home.*

The more experienced GenAlts probably hid deep in the jungle with their strategies and their tech, keeping their resumes clean just in case they were called back to duty. Let the young idiots do the work.

Trent needed intel and he knew just the place to buy it.

He walked into a tent, nodding to Fortas just as two mercs marched in with a woman wrapped in black straps; pale-skinned, blonde and beautiful.

Lil.

With a miniBlast on her hip and cool resolve in her crystal eyes.

“Found her at the southeast checkpoint.”

Fortas didn't even look at him, just dismissed the GenAlts with a wave of his hand. “Hello again.” His eyes were glued to Lil's chest. Hell, Trent had trouble keeping from staring at her himself.

Her breasts were cupped in some demonically erotic outfit that stretched in two crisscrossing straps over her nipples before looping behind her neck. The black pants were like a second skin and clearly outlined her cunt. The laserBlast on her hip was small and deadly.

“You were to stay on the ship.” Trent kept his voice cool, deliberate.

“That's right, she belongs to you.” The snickering in Fortas' voice was not helping.

Lil's chuckle grated on his nerves. “I belong to myself. And I don't do well with orders.”

“Clearly.” He wasn't sure if he wanted to shake her or fuck her. Either way, his muscles tensed.

She turned to Fortas, angling her body to give him a better view, and placed a light hand on his arm. “I didn't realize you would be here.”

“Likewise, lovely.” If Fortas could have swallowed her with his eyes, he would have done it. *Fucker.*

“Perhaps we could accommodate each other?” Lil kept her voice seductive.

Trent felt his temper boiling, partially at the very badly scripted line, partially at Fortas for letting her go on. “How the hell did you get out?”

Lil kept her gaze on Fortas. “I blew up the brig.”

Not exactly the answer he expected, but for the moment he ignored it. “I told you, this isn’t a place for you.”

A coolly arrogant smile. “And I told you, I can handle it.”

That matter-of-fact tone shredded the last of Trent’s control. He grabbed her upper arms and pushed her hands behind her. Ignoring Fortas’ inquiring eyebrow he brought his lips to her ear. “Really? Let’s find out.”

Lil struggled in his grip, and he had to use all his strength to keep her still. To keep her legs from kicking, he simply trapped them between his. Feeling her pulse beat double time, he heard her breath shudder in excitement. She could handle it? *Let’s dance, honey.*

Trent locked gazes with the glittering green eyes of the man across from him. “Think this little GenAlt can handle both of us?”

Fortas raised an eyebrow at him. Trent held the gaze. *I know what I’m doing.* If he couldn’t lock her into complacency, he would fuck her into it. The bravado needed to be broken. Sharing her, taking her, rendering her completely helpless would shatter the streak of arrogance.

He felt her struggle as Fortas sauntered forward, leisurely, a predator stalking prey. Felt her freeze as Fortas invaded her space, fitting his lower body to hers.

Trent refused to be jealous of it.

“I would love to accommodate you, lovely. But O’Blak wants to play and I’m very much in the mood.”

“Typical,” she sneered and kept struggling. No fear, no wariness. Trent smelled her arousal, heard unmistakable excitement in her voice.

“You remember Darius?” Fortas didn’t move, as if allowing her time to get used to having his body against her. “There was a little slut that ran intel to Point Three.”

“Four.” Trent said it right over her ear, felt her shiver. Wasn’t sure how he felt having another man pressed against her but shoved the thought back to deal with later. Despite this weird feeling of watching Fortas touch her, his balls were heavy with lust, his cock already rising.

“Four then. She did spill all rather beautifully as I recall.”

“Unfortunately, I don’t have anything to spill.” Lil’s voice was hitching. Her ass clenched against his erection.

Fortas chuckled. “Lovely. We’ll make that beautiful pussy spill cream. Then we’ll see how much you can take before spilling more.”

At her indrawn breath, Trent chuckled. “She does taste good.”

Fortas laid his palm on Lil’s cheek. “I’ll have to check for myself.”

Lil didn’t know what game was being played, but the overwhelming feeling of two solid male bodies against hers robbed her of the breath to struggle. Trent’s rock-hard body pressed against her back, his hands firmly holding hers behind her. Her breasts arched up, toward the man in front of her, whose cock was pressing into her belly.

Then Fortas leaned his face toward her and she just couldn’t. She twisted her head, just a bit, before his lips touched hers, then turned back to look into his eyes. Shook her head, just enough so he’d see.

He chuckled. Nodded. In one swift motion he pushed the straps under her breasts, baring her nipples, and grinned wolfishly. “I’d ask how these taste,” he murmured, dipping his head lower, his breath washing over the hardened points, tightening them in anticipation. “But I’ll find out soon enough.”

She felt Trent shift back a bit, widening his stance to take more of her weight. Bringing her arms closer together, she arched her breasts farther forward, as if in invitation.

Fortas accepted.

She felt his breath on her skin, and forced her eyes open as he leaned forward to lick at a pointed peak. Blew on it lightly. Licked again. Pleasure shivering through her, Lil dropped her head on Trent's shoulder, moaning softly as Fortas cupped her breasts and gently kneaded them.

"So, lovely." He sampled her other nipple with a long wet lick. "Let's talk about why you're here." Heated pleasure spiraled into her. She breathed hard, and each breath heaved her breasts up to his lips. Behind her, Trent's grip was firm, his breathing ragged. His cock, hard and full, pressed at her clenched ass.

"We've already been through this." She fought to keep breathing. Slowing the pounding in her veins was impossible.

"Have we?" Another lick. His voice, smooth and mocking, whipped like silk over her. "I don't believe I've ever had the pleasure. But to make sure..."

In a startling movement, he ripped the pants down her body, drew them off along with the supple boots. With his hands under her hips he lifted her, spread her thighs, and fitted himself between them. Her knees were caught on his shoulders, feet dangling behind him. Trent's hands were on her back now, holding her up, her arms locked around his neck. She was suspended, helpless, wanton. She could struggle, at least on principle. She didn't. Hell, she wanted it.

"To make sure," Fortas continued, and brought her pussy closer to his mouth, "let's have a taste."

His tongue whipped over her cunt. Caressed her, lashed her, soothed her. Fortas sucked on her clitoris until she was thoughtless, breathless, mindlessly writhing in their arms, gasping in pleasure.

He didn't stop.

That clever tongue alternated between her clit and her cunt, stabbing inside her, gliding over her, swirling the pleasure tighter. She clamped her thighs around him, couldn't think beyond the coiling heat inside her.

Then he stopped. That bastard stopped just as an orgasm started to build. Lifted his head. Licked her juices from his lips. "I'm going to fuck you," he rasped and she realized he was addressing both her and Trent. "If you don't want this, better tell me now."

Mindless, she licked her lips, nodded, and waited for Trent's answer. "Do it."

Her thighs were lowered to his waist, spread. Fortas' hand probed inside her, drew out her juices, spread them over her cunt and the puckered entrance of her anus. Then his cock slid into her pussy, not as thick as Trent's, but long, curving, smooth and hard and delicious. It glided inside her slick walls, the tip rubbing against that elusive spot that made her clench wildly around him.

He gripped her hips, slammed her onto him, lifting her to push her back as she shuddered around him. She felt Trent shift, move her forward, and she had to grasp Fortas' neck to stay upright with his cock buried in her cunt. Then another cock pressed against her.

"I'm going to fuck your ass," Trent muttered, and she was confused for a moment when she felt him leave her, the loss of his heat sudden as he rummaged for something in his gearPack.

His hands clenched on her ass, Fortas moved her, and then nibbled on her neck. Looking up, he chuckled. "You always carry lube on ops?"

She heard a feral chuckle in return. "Comes in handy."

Then Trent's cock was once again pressing against her, at her anal opening. Lil tightened her muscles, thinking this just wasn't right, this couldn't happen, but he worked his way inside her and her muscles opened, took him, centimeter by clenching centimeter.

His head thrown back, Fortas fucked her slow, working her over his cock, grunting from the force of it. She felt someone's hands spread her ass cheeks wide, Trent's cock press deeper.

Burn.

She whimpered.

Trent muttered something obscene. Sensuous and slow, he pulled out. Fortas groaned. Trent pushed. Fortas plunged.

They fucked her. Short pounding strokes, in tandem, choreographed with each screaming breath, they thrust into her, shuttling her on their cocks, grunting, swearing, gripping her flesh with strong hungry hands. She couldn't tell where one cock ended and the other began as sensations most exquisite sparked along her skin as they filled her, stretched her, hammered her.

Pulled out. Pushed in. Hands gripping her ass. Palms cupping her thighs.

She leaned back against Trent, felt the warm wall of his chest against her. Twisting to loop a hand around his neck, she offered her mouth to him. His lips met hers, ruthless, demanding, his tongue stroking inside.

Bouncing her. Grinding into her. Shattering her.

The orgasm that whipped through her was fierce and sudden and Lil screamed as they fucked her through it, long, hard and deep, and insanely, impossibly tight.

Trent froze behind her. Roared. Shuddering, he spilled hot cream inside her. Seconds later, Fortas followed.

Gasping, she felt herself lowered. With no strength left she simply went down onto her knees, shivering as strong arms wrapped around her. Both hard male bodies pressed against her.

"She gets cold," Trent muttered.

She felt rather than saw Fortas nod.

They kept her warm as her pounding heart thundered back to normal. When Fortas got up, Trent's arms wrapped tighter around her. "You okay?" His voice was rough, but his hold was tender.

Unable to speak, unable to process any of this, she nodded. Then Fortas came back, his clothes straightened, a washcloth in his hand. With sure, swift motions he cleaned her, gave her back her pants. When Trent shifted away from her, she figured it was back to business.

"Brings back the old times." This from Fortas.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Trent nod. "Yeah."

Struggling for her wits to return, Lil shrugged on her clothes, with quick movements to ensure her supplies were intact. The uncomfortable silence that followed grated on her nerves.

Trent was the first to break it. "All right, Lil." He put both palms on her shoulders. "I don't want you here."

"Not this again." She was too damn tired and too close to the goal to argue with him.

"Why can't you be sensible --"

"Sensible?" She laughed. "This, what just happened," she jerked her chin at Fortas standing mutely at her side, "this is sensible? News for you, GenAlt, I'm done with sensible."

He shook her. Just lifted and rattled her enough for her head to snap back. Gritting her teeth at him, she pushed at his arms as his eyes narrowed, went darker.

Fortas stepped toward them. "O'Blak."

"Back off!" His hands still on her, he turned his head a bit, and snarled. "I let you fuck her, but she's still mine."

Wasn't that just dandy. Lil used her knee, lightly, as a warning, and with his focus diverted lower, she swept his arms away from her and stepped back.

Didn't get very far.

The blast that rocked them threw her on the ground, breathed fire in her face. She barely had time to take a breath when she felt someone grab her, drag her out.

Trent.

With her hand trapped in his, he pulled her behind him, running for the cover of trees. Fortas, a laserBlast in each hand, followed.

They pushed her behind a stump after what seemed like hours later.

"I am thinking interCorp managed to land someone." Trent didn't even sound winded. Lil, on the other hand, gasped for air.

“Sounds like it.” Fortas checked the ammo packs in his blasters. Then, following Lil’s gaze as she snickered, he pulled up his lightZip. “Shut up.” Despite the acrid smell of burning lasers, he wiggled his eyebrows at her. She wasn’t sure why, but she felt her face blush.

Another blast, beyond the trees. A burst of fire shoved ash into her nostrils.

“Move!”

They were running again, Trent dragging her behind him like a rag doll. She could see people beyond the trees; dirt, leaves and rocks flying at each explosion. She’d never seen this before. Never heard the deafening roar of fire aimed at her.

Trent halted. Lil tugged at him. Useless. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“Hold.”

She didn’t waste her breath, just dug her fingers into his arm, pulling at him again. The smoke was making her eyes tear.

“Honey, the display is great, but I’m busy.” He didn’t look up at her, just kept studying a branch to his left.

Fortas took over as her cover. Ignoring him, Lil grabbed for Trent’s arms. “We need to move!”

“One second!” Another blast went over their heads just as Trent flicked the branch, pressing his thumb into what apparently was a holoPad, tapping in a series of keys.

Nothing.

Another blast.

“Trent!”

She watched as he breathed through gritted teeth, ignoring yet another laser blast, so close it scalded the air, her skin, stung her eyes. Again he stabbed at the holoPad, put in a keySeq.

One second.

Two.

Something blinked, beeped. Shimmered. “Welcome.”

They were in before fire sprayed dirt where they'd just been standing.

Chapter Ten

From inside the forceShield, Lil could see the steel gray dome of the lab in the valley below them. Close. Real close. "Let's get away from the entrance." She still gripped Trent's arm, but it was Trent who pulled her after him.

Blasts of lasers above them were a continuous beat, splitting trees, rolling trunks and boulders into the forceShield. It shimmered under impact, but held. They stopped at the pearly metal of the compound wall.

"You do realize you shouldn't be here?" Trent scanned the wall as he spoke.

Fortas' grin was pure innocence. "And you should?"

They paced along the wall, the blasts still booming. "Yeah. I should."

"And that's why you have magic access to this place? They've been trying to blow it open for days."

"They? Don't you mean 'we'?"

Fortas just smiled.

The entrance came upon them suddenly, just a dent in the wall with another holoPad. Again, Trent used his thumb, keyed in the sequence. An accepting beep and they were inside.

This is it. Lil took a breath, a long cleansing breath. In one swift motion she brought out her miniBlast, pointing it dead center at Trent's forehead.

"Thanks for getting me in." She said it calmly enough, but through fast choppy breaths. His eyes went dark as realization hit, and he snarled at her, making a move to get closer. She simply stepped back and smiled through her teeth. "Don't try me."

He took a menacing step in her direction. "I'm going to beat you."

Adrenaline pumping, she shot a laser stream a centimeter above his shoulder. "I would prefer not to hurt you."

"Little lying bitch."

"What are you doing, lovely?"

Lil didn't glance at Fortas as she answered him; instead she kept her gaze steady on Trent. "You wanted in -- you're in. You can let in the rest of your guys. I can tell you where they keep the keypads."

"And you would do that, because?"

"Because this one needs a babysitter." She jerked her chin in Trent's direction.

"You used me."

That low vicious voice was not going to change her mind. "Yeah." She heard him mutter something she was sure was nasty. "We agree?" She kept her gaze steady on Trent, stepped back until she could see both of them.

Fortas shrugged, and in a lazy movement took out one of his laserBlasts. Bigger than hers -- must be a penis thing.

"Good." A few more steps backward, a calming breath with each one. Lil needed to slow her pulse, tame the adrenaline before she did something stupid and fuck this up. "Guest keypads are usually in storage lockers by the entrance. Find the greetDesk, it should be behind it. Luckily your friend has the all-permissions thumb."

His stance relaxed, Fortas kept his gaze and laser on Trent. "How do I know you're right about the passes, lovely?"

"I was married to the head asshole." She spat it out, because even the thought was foul.

Fortas only raised a surprised eyebrow.

Trent stood still.

She took another step backward. "We have a deal?"

"If the pads are where you say, absolutely."

It was the best she could expect. By that time she hoped to be done. Or dead anyway. "Agreed."

Another step back. Another. She turned and ran, as if the hot hate in Trent's eyes drilled holes into her skin.

At the entrance, Trent watched Fortas. Friend? Enemy? He forced himself to hold still, as every nerve demanded he get that little bitch and force the rest of the lies out of her.

Then Fortas sighed. "I imagine whatever she's brewing is not going to benefit either of us." The laser lowered.

Friend.

"She's after Rotgal. I need to get him out."

"And the rest?"

"I wasn't contracted for the rest."

A snort. "Typical."

"Once I get him, I will make interCorp give us the serum."

"If it exists."

"Even if it doesn't."

* * *

The sciTech lucky to get in her way was young enough to be impressed and smart enough to be scared. She snarled at the sight of his gaping mouth. "I'm with the rescue team." The barked words did nothing to stop him from devouring the display of boobs. Since that was the point, she didn't take much offence. "Rotgal! Now!"

"In... in... in the underground lab. Level N3." The stammering voice matched the sweating double chin.

She needed to get his thumb. "Your access?"

"Mid to high."

Good enough. "You're with me."

"I... I have an access pad."

Lil held out a hand, as if fully authorized for it. Good. Less witnesses.

"It's probably... probably on his..."

She snarled a bit to hurry him up, bringing out her laserBlast to remind him she wasn't fucking around. "I don't have time."

He handed her his card without much protest. She let him have another glimpse of flesh before waving him off. With his card clenched in a damp palm, Lil headed for the vertiGlide. Down to N3.

The doors to the secureLab slid open to her ex-husband. Heavier in the face, somber in the mouth. Still handsome with a shock of white hair against a tanned lived-in face.

She grinned in absolute pleasure before she plowed her fist into his nose.

Chapter Eleven

His head snapped back. No blood, no screaming. "Lillian."

"Geoffrey," she replied in that same snooty tone. "I was right. You've altered."

His eyes narrowed with acute dislike. "Is the slut suit for my benefit?"

"I believe --" Trent's elbow wrapped around her throat as the cool nose of the laserBlast pressed into her ribs, "-- it was for mine."

Calmly, Geoff brushed at the coat of his labSuit. "And you are?"

"O'Blak, with interCorp."

"Ah. Excellent timing. GenAlt, I presume?"

Lil struggled against the crushing force on her windpipe, only stopping when she couldn't breathe. The taste of failure was like bitter blood in her mouth.

"And you are GenAlt too," she croaked as the old fury bubbled its way past the constricting force on her throat. Trent pushed her deeper into the lab -- his blaster a cool reminder against her ribs. "Did you dissolve your own nerves like you did mine?" The lump of hate and tears was too big for her throat.

Calmly, Geoff keyed in something on a small device. "Actually, the procedure wasn't nearly as intense as you made it seem." He smiled humorlessly. "Did you wear the slut outfit to show me what I wasn't missing before you pulled the trigger?"

She gritted her teeth, ignoring Trent and his blaster as both bored holes into her back. "I swear, I will make you the same invalid you made me."

"You are an ungrateful bitch." Geoff's voice was full of disgust.

She laughed, the bitter taste of it metallic. "Yeah. Imagine. Being ungrateful for being your experiment. Ungrateful for years of pain."

"You're stronger, fitter, and some would say more attractive for it. But since you are only first generation, I'm curious as to how you're planning to do anything faster than the GenAlt aiming for your heart."

Lil smirked. "Call it a suicide wish."

Geoff smiled, a calm beatific smile, and took a step closer.

"I wouldn't," she snarled. With her free hand she dug out the injectVial she'd been hoarding for years. Attached to it was a homemade version of an emission release. For some insane reason the commercial played loudly in her head. *Can't stab? No problem. Just press and watch your poison pump into the air.*

"The virus and the accelerant in one." She shook it a bit for emphasis. "I'd be happy to die for the pleasure of infecting you with it."

"And I'm afraid I can't let either of you proceed." Fortas stepped into the lab, one blaster on Lil, the other on Geoff.

"Who the hell are you?"

Behind her, Trent tensed, but was silent.

Fortas smiled. "Enforcer. You could say a neutral third party."

"GenAlt." Geoff's mouth curled into a disgusted sneer.

Fortas shrugged. "Of course."

Then Geoff moved. A high-pitched shriek echoed through the lab as a white emission stream shot from Geoff's device. Lil felt Trent grab her, shielding her with his body. Not soon enough. Her skin burned with ice-sharp fire before Fortas' blaster went off, tearing the device out of Geoff's hand. The emission from her own device stabbed at him, but too late.

Trent convulsed on the floor. Gasping.

Fortas cursed. Above them, the ceiling shuddered. InterCorp protection was here.

She prayed for calmness, and on unsteady legs leaped toward Geoff. "Find the antidote!" She brushed Fortas' hands away from Geoff's prone body. "Before they lock up everything!"

“Where the fuck is it?”

“Somewhere in the lab!” Her tongue felt thicker. She didn’t have a lot of time.
“Blow the secure locks on the sample containers!”

He scrambled away. With blurring hands, Lil searched along Geoff’s belt where she could have sworn she saw... There. Her fingers closed around the injectVial.

She didn’t have much time. She didn’t know how much of Trent the accelerant would eat away before Fortas found the antidote. She’d risk it. There was only one vial. The cowardly bastard was paranoid enough to secure a sample of antiviral serum. Trent would have it. And since life was an ironic bitch, her own body would go back to a soft, supple, helpless lump. She really hoped she’d suffocate first.

With the vial, her body feeling heavier with each second, she crawled back to Trent. She felt along his neck, the stubborn line of his jaw. Leaned over to kiss him. Couldn’t balance. She fell across his chest, didn’t bother to waste strength getting up. Willed her arm to lift to place the vial against his neck.

Pressed.

Nothing.

Come on, damn you.

Nothing still.

She pressed again, even as the lights blurred into pools of white. The telltale hiss of the injector was the sweetest song she’d ever heard. The world blanked out.

Chapter Twelve

Voices, the persistent buzz of them, nagged her out of sleep. She tried to open her eyes and couldn't. Couldn't move.

"She was infused with two completely different strands of nanoBots. Since the shutdown rate varied so much, her body was able to keep alive from what was left of the original nerves." The voice, deep and masculine, was unfamiliar. "You want to tell me *how* she came across two extra strains of nanoBots?"

A chuckle. Fortas. "Long story."

"I'm sure."

Trent? Did he make it?

"I'd be open to experimenting though... Just to see how it works."

"Do it on your own time."

He was there. Thank all the gods.

Lil breathed a sigh of relief, let her mind relax, float. Her hand was lifted. Her finger pricked. A light was shined into her eye; she winced at the brightness of it.

"Looks like she's getting some movement back."

She blinked against the tearing blindness, thought for a moment she saw Trent -- arms crossed, face strained. Something poked her. Just a prick, nothing really.

Again. Stronger.

Her leg. Her hand. Her tongue. She tried to wince, couldn't.

Harder. Faster.

She was stabbed, pinprick needles burning icy hot tips into her skin. She couldn't scream, couldn't even breathe through the pain.

"Try to relax." That voice again, somehow soothing. "Your nanoConnectors are regenerating and fighting what was left of your original lines. It's still a question if

you'll get the GenAlt strength back, but rest assured, you will be mobile. You'll be uncomfortable but you'll get movement back."

Uncomfortable wasn't the word.

She tried to nod, tried to look at Trent because, somehow, seeing him would bring relief.

He was gone.

* * *

"Tell me when you're done sulking."

Trent took another swig of beer. Nasty shit. He didn't expect better on a Security Unit. "Done."

"Right." Beside him, Fortas straddled a chair. "We can do a round."

Trent snorted, couldn't help himself. "Lil isn't in the mood for sex, but I'd be happy to fight you."

Fortas stilled. "About that --"

"Forget it."

"No. You don't blame her --"

"I pushed her into it."

"Yes. Why?"

To scare her. To make her wary of GenAlts; to push her away from him. "Doesn't matter."

"She wouldn't kiss me." Fortas said it as if surprised.

Trent glanced in his direction. Stayed silent.

"She couldn't. I thought it was funny at the time. Until I got it."

"Got what?" Trent really didn't want to talk about it.

"She loves your idiot ass."

"Right." Like she would want a has-been GenAlt who mucks in computer guts all day. "She lied to me. From the start."

He could almost hear Fortas rolling his eyes. "And with her connectors dying she saved your ass instead of her own."

Trent shrugged.

“Takes balls.”

He shrugged again and wondered when all was said and done if she'd even let him touch her again.

“InterCorp is bitching.” Fortas took a cultured sip of something green and steaming.

“You think I give a fuck?”

“If you don't, why did you accept the contract in the first place?”

So he knew about the contract. Figures. “Antidote.”

“And now you've got it.”

“Yeah.”

“You aren't gonna ask me what a GenAlt like me is doing in Enforcement?”

“Nope.”

Fortas chuckled again. “In case you're interested, Rotgal is a vegetable until they can figure out how to cook his connectors back. Sounds like it will take a while. Fitting revenge, don't you think?”

Trent didn't know. He didn't want to know. He wanted to drink his beer in peace. He wanted Lil. Beautiful Lil who lied her ass off and in the end gave him what he wanted and saved his life in the process of it. Lil, who was lying helpless in a medUnit while he was too afraid of coming anywhere near her for fear of hurting her. And if he was honest, he would admit to being scared like hell to see her loathe him now that it was over and she was once again in pain. Because of him. Just like her bastard of an ex.

“Is interCorp gonna charge her?”

Fortas didn't have to ask whom he was referring to. “Apparently someone already leaked this mess to the mediaCorps. I've been fielding calls all fucking morning. She'll have interCorp in her palm and Rotgal on a platter.” His grin exuded pure innocence.

Trent didn't share it. Lil didn't have the strength. No one knew if she would be back to being a GenAlt. She could start a life, a real life, not hiding anymore, unashamed.

If he stayed with her, he would just remind her of all this shit.

So he'd stay away.

* * *

They met on *GrimJustin* a day later.

Trent hadn't spoken a word, nor come to see her as Lil sat her way through misery in the medUnit. Not that she could blame him. Between lying to him, using him and -- hell, letting another man fuck her -- he probably wanted nothing to do with her. She couldn't really blame him.

She snuck a peek at him in the antiContam chamber -- the same damned chamber Trent helped her build when Kara and Duke could have blown up the ship by accidentally bleeding anywhere in its vicinity.

He didn't glance back at her. She turned fully to look at him. He stared straight ahead as the cleansing lights washed over the angles of his face. "Trent?"

He said nothing.

She sighed. Thought for a moment. Made a move to touch his arm.

The palm that wrapped around her wrist was deceptively gentle. "I'm not in the mood for games, honey."

"Don't you think we should talk?"

His hand clenched a bit on her and she winced at the slight pain from it. Disgust was on his face when Trent released her wrist as if it burned him. "I don't want you to touch me."

"But --"

"I said, don't touch me."

She exhaled, waited for her lungs to stop squeezing. The antiContam beeped compliance.

Without a word -- because she was afraid the lump in her throat would dissolve into tears, she sailed past him. Headed to her quarters, where she could cry.

* * *

When she was done crying, Lil decided to kick his ass.

Her strength was gone, but she was damned if she would be a dishrag. She marched to Trent's quarters, passing a seriously pissed-off Dinah muttering obscenities. It looked like Brenner was about to get skinned.

And since he refused to let her in, so was Trent. She used her masterSeq to unlock his doors.

The sight of him, shirtless, bruised and just a little bit bloody, had her rushing to him, kneeling by him as he sat cross-legged on the floor, gripping his head. She refused to take note that he flinched away when she touched him.

"What the hell are you doing here?" His voice sounded tired.

"What the hell happened to you?" Ignoring his protests, she felt for broken bones, then dabbed gently with her sleeve at the bleeding cut on his lip.

His hand closed against hers, pushing her away. "I told you, I don't want you to touch me."

"I got that. This is strictly clinical."

The intense look he gave her took her breath away. "It's never going to be strictly clinical. You know that."

The lump in her throat was back. She ignored it for the moment. "What happened to you?" She didn't have her scanner with her, but her initial assessment told her it was surface damage.

"I talked Duke into hacking the grav fields. Focused on mapping it around my coordinates."

She wasn't getting it. "So?"

"Then he and Brenner fought me."

"You... fought them. And the grav fields held you down."

"Yeah. You should see them." He chuckled, then winced slightly since the cut on the corner of his lip was probably stinging.

"You willingly did this to yourself?"

"Yeah. Listen, don't tell Kara. She'll skin me. And Dinah will just want to fight me more."

Lil stood up. Loomed over him. Smacked him upside the head. "You are an idiot."

He just looked up at her with that wounded look and she didn't know whether to kiss him or smack him again. She decided on the latter.

"You didn't think I'd figure it out? You think I can't see you're afraid to touch me?" She breathed rapidly now, as temper and nerves made it past her stomach and wouldn't be held back. "I'm not fragile, damn you!" Lil screamed now. "I think I proved it to you by saving your idiot ass!"

"Why the fuck did you?"

"Because I fucking love you!" Wait. She didn't just say that. She backed away, looking at him in complete horror.

Slowly he uncoiled from the floor, took a step toward her.

She stepped back.

"You want to run that by me again?" His voice had gone soft. Dangerous.

"I'm... I'm gonna go."

He was blocking the door by the time she managed to turn around. Damn GenAlt reflexes. He made no move to touch her. When her gaze flew to his he almost reached out a hand, but dropped it just as fast. "I can't, Lil. If I hurt you I couldn't live with myself."

The lump in her throat was thicker. "What makes you think you're going to hurt me?"

His voice was a furious whisper. "Because I can't stop thinking about you. Because every time I see you I want you so bad I can't stand it. Because I can just smell you and get so hard I can barely control myself."

She took a breath. Fine, he hadn't said he loved her back. But he wanted her. "So the big bad GenAlt ties up his women because he is afraid of not controlling his own super strong self?" Her voice was sugary sweet with sarcasm.

He narrowed his eyes at her. "Stop this shit."

She smiled at him. The idea was quick, nasty and brilliant. "So if the grav fields were increased again, mapped to your coordinates, you couldn't really move much, could you?"

"Lil --" His tone was a warning. She danced easily out of his reach since he was afraid to touch her. She grabbed his data link. Pressed the comm.

"What do you want -- oh." Duke's face, battered and bruised, filled the screen.

"You look lovely. I'm assuming Kara hasn't seen you yet."

"No."

"I can either contact her... or you can do me a little favor."

Duke narrowed his eyes at her, although his mouth curled into a little grin. "And what would that be?"

"Increase the grav field on Trent, mapped to his body coords. On max."

Now Duke grinned, fully understanding her. "You playing a little game?"

"You betcha."

She had almost closed the connection when Duke said, "Lil? All of him?"

She wasn't going to blush. She wasn't. "Just legs and arms will do." A thought occurred to her then. "Is it going to hurt him?"

"No." He mouthed "twenty minutes" at her and she nodded in agreement and broke the comm before the telltale pink flooded her cheeks. She heard a groan behind her. Trent was on the floor.

"Sooo..." She sauntered toward him. Tugged down the lightZip of her suit. He followed her every movement as she stripped, the potent mix of power and lust slicing through her body. "You can't move now."

"Don't do this."

“Why not? You just said you want me. You just said you’re afraid to touch me. I’m giving you the best of both scenarios.”

“Lil.”

She smiled. Straddled his legs. Pushed his pants down so his cock sprang free, already full, already hard. “You know, I can’t say I liked being held down and not allowed to touch you.” She leaned in, took a long appreciative inhale of him. “Time for a little payback.”

As he groaned helplessly, she leaned in further, running just the tip of her tongue on the underside of his cock. Looking up, she smiled at his torturous expression. “Payback’s a bitch, isn’t it?”

“You just wait.”

For that, she lightly smacked his cock, making him shudder. “Threats? You really think that’s wise?” She could see his muscles tensing, trying to move, his arms all but glued to the floor.

She licked his cock, torturing him with long slurping strokes of her tongue. Circled the tip. Deep-throated him. Cupped his balls, just a little bit roughly. Closed her teeth around the velvety skin of him, carefully, just enough to have him look at her in alarm before she used her lips, sucked him in again, squeezed, pumped. Let go. “So... I have a question for you.”

“Honey, I prefer you use that mouth somewhere else.” His voice was strained.

“You... said you want me?”

He was gasping -- laughing and gasping at the same time. “Why don’t you put your mouth back and see how much.”

“Don’t you worry. But before I do that... let’s establish some rules.”

“Like no talking during sex?”

She smacked his cock again, lightly, on principle. His eyes promised a delicious sort of revenge as he gasped, laughing again. A lock of hair falling over his eyes made him look like a rakish naked pirate. “While I fuck you, no one else fucks you.”

His lips were parted, his chest straining with each breath. "You're the only game around, honey."

"I mean in general. If you're into sharing -- that's your deal."

He snorted, gritting his teeth in a smile. "I don't remember you complaining."

She ignored that one. "I will not tolerate you touching another woman while --"

"I love you. Why the fuck would I touch..." He stopped. Gulped. Gave her the same look of horror she must have given him just moments ago.

"You... you do?"

He looked extremely uncomfortable. "Do what?"

"Trent." She squeezed his balls as a warning. Watched his throat work as he swallowed.

"Yeah. I guess I do."

"Trent!"

"I love you, okay? Now either finish me off or get Duke to release this shit because --"

She straddled him. Heart soaring, carefully avoiding the cut on his lip, Lil fitted her mouth to his and slid her pussy down his cock, letting him fill her completely. The pleasure, exquisite nerve popping pleasure, throbbed through her body as she rode him, kissing his cheek, his jaw, his lips, softly, so as not to hurt him. Gripping all that hair to lift up his mouth, she fucked him harder and watched him watch her riding him. Slapping herself on top of him, she felt her thigh muscles burning. Felt him tense. Gasp. With a shuddering moan he surged into her, hot, slick and perfect.

She simply held him as he gathered his breath back; just lay on his thickly muscled chest, her arms looped around his neck. When his large gentle hands leisurely caressed her buttocks she sighed with pleasure.

Then she lifted her face to his, and his heart-shattering smile made something in her chest bump. "I love you." She kissed his skin softly. "Even if you're a bastard."

His smile was wicked. "I love you. Even if you're about to get a payback like you'll never forget."

Her eyes widened as his hands tightened on her ass. Twenty minutes was up. Laughing, she couldn't do anything to keep him from spinning her, turning her over. Covering her with his body.

Payback was a bitch.

She was going to enjoy every second of it.

Fiona Jayde

Fiona Jayde is an author, a pilot, a ninth degree black belt in three styles of martial arts, a computer hacker, a mountain climber, a jazz singer, a weight lifter, a superspy with a talent for languages, and an evil genius. All in her own head, of course.

In real life, she really is an author, insists she is a good driver even though various loved ones refuse to let her drive, possesses a brown belt in Tae Kwon Do and blue belt in Aikido, a web developer, scared to death of heights, loves jazz piano, can bench-press about twenty pounds -- with effort, speaks English and Russian fluently, and when not plotting murder and mayhem enjoys steamy romance novels, sexy spy thrillers, murky mysteries and violent movies where things frequently blow up.

Contact Fiona Jayde through her website at www.fionajayde.com.