

A.O.E.M.: 4 Play

Eve Vaughn

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Chapter One

This day couldn't possibly get any worse.

Trina brushed an angry tear away as she made her way down the block toward her small ranch style house. No, she wouldn't cry.

I knew I shouldn't have gotten out of bed.

The day started out lousy when she woke up at eight-thirty, the time she was supposed to be at work. Her live-in boyfriend Tim snored loudly beside her, oblivious to the predicament he'd placed her in. He'd unplugged her alarm clock again. She wasn't going to let him get away with it without saying something this time. Trina shook him. "You jerk!"

Tim's response was to turn around and open one light brown eye. He pushed a thick dreadlock from his eyes, giving her that lazy smile of his, which usually made her knees weak. "What's the matter, baby?" he asked in his deep Barry White-like voice.

"Don't you 'baby' me. You pulled the plug on my alarm clock after I've asked you time and time again not to. Now I'm late. Thanks a lot, jackass," she admonished before scrambling out of bed.

Tim sat up looking unapologetic and unconcerned, further pissing her off. "You know how I hate the sound of that screeching alarm. Why don't you set it to music?"

"Because I'd sleep right through it, that's why."

"Well, the sound of your alarm disturbs my aura," he said, not sounding a bit repentant. He grinned at her as he sat up, the cover dipping lower to reveal his muscular, golden chest. She was a sucker for a nice body. His sexy bedroom eyes lowered, surveying her scantily clad body.

She felt her pussy getting wet with the seductive look he sent her way. Damn him for doing this to her. She placed her hands on her hips, determined not to let him

manipulate her as he normally did. "You know what I find disturbing? You've been without a job for nearly two months now and it doesn't seem as though you're putting much of an effort into getting another one."

"What am I supposed to do? I can't work just anywhere. I'm an artist."

"No, you're a bum, and you had better get your lazy ass in gear, because I'm tired of paying all the damn bills."

He pouted, looking offended. "I'm trying as hard as I can, but it's hard for a brother to find work out there in this depressed economy, especially when the *man* is constantly trying to hold him down."

Trina rolled her eyes in exasperation. She didn't have time to get into it with Tim and listen to another one of his conspiracy theories. It was always someone else's fault, never his own. The *man* wasn't Tim's problem -- his laziness was.

"We'll discuss this when I get home from work, but I hope you drag your butt out of bed long enough to straighten the place up a little bit. The last thing I need is to come home to find your clothes thrown all over the place."

"I'm not the damned maid." A petulant expression fell across his face, detracting from his handsome looks. He poked his lip out, looking all of five years old instead of thirty-five.

"I'm not saying you are, Tim, but after working full-time, I shouldn't have to come home to find your stuff thrown all over the place."

"I thought you liked doing stuff for me. You said nothing pleased you more than to take care of your man," he pointed out.

She was sure she'd never said any such thing, but she supposed she had done everything for Tim, so it really wasn't a wonder why he took advantage of her now. In the beginning, she'd been smitten with him and made pleasing Tim her priority. Now it was getting old.

"Look, all I'm asking you to do is to clean up after yourself. At least put your clothes in the washer."

"But I like the way you clean my clothes." He smiled at her as though he knew he'd get out of it as he usually did.

"Tim, this is not up for discussion. Don't you think I get tired sometimes? Besides, I'm tired of cleaning your funky-ass underwear. I don't know what you've been doing lately, but there've been a lot of skid marks in your briefs. I don't buy toilet paper for nothing, you know."

"Stop talking like you're my mother. I'm a man, damn it."

"Well, start acting like one and I won't act like a mother. Clean this place up!"

"I live here too, you know. I'm not a cleaning service."

She could have pointed out that her name was the only one on the deed, but she was late as it was. By the time she finished preparing herself for work, she was forty-five minutes late.

Luckily, her job was only ten minutes away. Unluckily, her fifteen-year-old Jeep didn't feel like cooperating. She wasted another twenty minutes waiting for the bus. By the time she made it to work, Trina was nearly two hours late. The minute she set foot into the bank, she could feel a malevolent set of eyes follow her progress to her desk.

Stephanie.

God, she hated that bitch. Trina was sure Stephanie had already pointed out her tardiness to their boss. As she sat down, her boss walked over to her desk. "Miss Davis, do you know what time it is?" Mr. Peterson asked in his usual condescending tone.

"Yes, I do. I left a message on your voice mail."

"That doesn't change the fact you're two hours late."

"You're right. I'm sorry. It won't happen again," she said through gritted teeth. She knew from experience that it wasn't a good idea to contradict her boss. No one liked to be wrong, but he made being right all the time a science. Heaven forbid if someone pointed out one of his numerous errors. It wasn't above him to make his employees miserable. She was still paying for correcting a mistake he'd made a year ago. If she had not been with this bank for seven years and enjoyed what she did, Trina would have quit a long time ago.

"I know I'm right. Of course you know I'm going to have to write you up."

"But I've never been late before," she protested.

"So you say, but it's been brought to my attention that you leave earlier than you should." He folded his arms across his chest, hovering over her in an intimidating stance.

He was her boss, but she wasn't about to be reprimanded for something she wasn't guilty of. "I'm here until five o'clock on some days and past that on most others. I take pride in my job, and I've never left early."

"Are you calling me a liar?" He raised a brow, a frown marring his corpulent face. He stood so close to her she could smell stale coffee and eggs on his breath. Her stomach turned.

"I'm not calling you a liar, but I'm saying whoever informed you I leave early is." She briefly glanced over her shoulder to see Stephanie Nash looking at them with a satisfied smirk on her face. Stephanie couldn't get over the fact that Trina continuously beat her every quarter for bringing in loan revenue.

Trina would have been happy to share her secrets, but Stephanie thought she knew everything and brushed aside any of her friendly overtures. The redhead eyed Trina with a look of triumph in her frosty blue eyes.

"Miss Davis, if you've finished daydreaming, I would appreciate your attention." Trina could feel her face grow hot as she turned her head to look up at her boss. His loud voice seemed to fill the entire bank. His beady brown eyes drifted to her breasts. It took every ounce of her self-control not to slap the nasty out of him.

"As I was saying, I'm going to have to write you up so there's no point in arguing. The next time you're late, you'll be on probation. I'm sure you know what will happen after that."

"But --"

"That will be all." He turned away then. She watched his bulky frame disappear behind the closed door of his office. He didn't even have the decency to take her aside in order to speak to her privately.

She thanked God she was dark-skinned, otherwise she was sure she'd be beet red. Trina felt humiliated, which she believed was what he'd intended. Bank employees and customers alike watched her as she started up her computer.

"Are you open, miss? I've been waiting for an hour for someone to help me." An impatient looking woman tapped her toes -- arms akimbo. Trina was sure the woman hadn't been waiting that long, but knew better than to argue with a customer.

Trina rubbed her temple, feeling a headache coming on. She knew this customer would be difficult and she was right. After running Mrs. Sherman's credit report, Trina found she didn't qualify for the requested loan. Instead of crying or begging as some clients did upon being declined, Mrs. Sherman spat at her, with the spit barely missing her face. She called Trina every possible name under the sun.

Trina sat back in her chair in stunned silence, mortified that this was happening to her. The security guard rushed over to drag the screaming woman away. If she were inclined to violence, Trina would have run after that old bitch.

The regional bank manager, who happened to be visiting that day, rushed over to see if she was okay. She must have looked pretty shaken up, because she was sent home. As Trina left the bank, she could see Stephanie looking on with an amused gleam in her eyes.

Bitch.

Now here she was, fresh off the bus. She was tired, her heel had broken stepping off the bus, she was sure she looked a mess, and it wasn't quite noon. Trina hoped to God Tim had at least dragged his sorry ass out of bed. Why the hell did she put up with him anyway?

Because he has a big dick, you're thirty-four, and scared to be alone.

Perhaps there were worse things than being alone, like being in another dead-end relationship. As Trina rounded the corner of her house, she spotted her best friend Twan's Volkswagen Golf. What was Twan doing here in the afternoon? Her flamboyant friend and Tim couldn't stand each other.

The sound of loud groans greeted her the second she stepped foot across the threshold. What in the world? This could not be what she thought it was. She had to be imagining things.

"Oh lover, give me every inch of that caramel voodoo stick. Fuck my ass, cowboy!" Twan's familiar high-pitched voice cried out in obvious delight.

No. She shook her head in denial, despite what she heard. She just knew her boyfriend wasn't in their bed screwing her male best friend -- she just knew it.

Careful not to make a sound, she slowly headed toward the bedroom. She peeked inside the slightly ajar door. Although this was exactly what she expected, she couldn't help being surprised at the sight that greeted her.

Twan was on his knees holding on to the bedposts. His dark chocolate body glistened with sweat as a look of pure ecstasy clouded his face. Tim's cock was planted so deep inside Twan's ass it seemed as though they were one. Her boyfriend's long dreads flowed down his back as he arched his head back with gritted teeth. They almost looked like a beautiful work of moving art -- gold on black.

"Don't think this means anything to me. I'm not gay."

"Yeah, you say that now, cowboy, but that hasn't stopped you from fucking this tight ass to your heart's content for the past couple months," Twan taunted. "It also didn't stop you from letting me play with yours either."

"A little ass-play doesn't make a person gay."

Trina's jaw dropped. They had been having an affair that long? How dare they? How dare Twan betray a ten-year friendship by screwing her man in her bed? And how dare Tim do this to her, in her bed no less. Still, she stood frozen to the spot, unable to tear her eyes away from their act of betrayal.

"So you say, cowboy."

"Shut up, bitch, and take this cock," Tim groaned.

"Give it to me. Give it to me hard. Don't hold back, baby," Twan begged.

"God, I'm almost there!"

"Shoot it in my ass, every single drop, cowboy!"

“Aargh!” Tim yelled, obviously reaching his climax. The two burly men collapsed on the bed as Tim finally withdrew his now semi-erect penis from Twan’s wet anus. They wrapped their arms around each other, pressing their bodies close. Their heads came together for a long, hot kiss, their tongues dancing in an almost choreographed movement.

Twan pulled back with a smug smile on his dark face. “I bet you Trina doesn’t give good ass like I do.”

“She doesn’t give me ass at all or I wouldn’t need you and if you say anything to her, I’ll fuck you up,” Tim threatened.

Twan pursed his lips. “Hmm, I don’t think you’re in a position to make threats. Anyway, I don’t know why you’re with her if she doesn’t know how to treat a man like you in bed. I would give you everything you need.”

“Except a pussy.”

“Who needs fish, when you can have beef. Besides, if her pussy was that damn good, you wouldn’t be with me.”

“She pays the bills. Besides, I’ve grown used to having her around so you had better not ruin my good thing.”

“I could take good care of you, cowboy. Forget about her.”

“She’s your friend. What’s your deal?”

“When I see a good thing I go after it. Anyway, you know what they say -- all’s fair in love and war. Trina’s a nice girl. She’ll get over it and she’s cute enough to find someone else. My poor clueless friend, she thinks we can’t stand each other. What would she say if she could see us like this?” Twan’s throaty effeminate laughter filled the room and that was the last straw.

Those bastards!

Trina couldn’t remember being this angry in her life. She turned around and stalked toward the kitchen. She opened the cutlery drawer, and pulled out a butcher knife. One or both of them were going to lose their nuts today. She walked back toward the bedroom and kicked the door open.

The two men looked up with stunned expressions on their faces. "Trina! What are you doing home?" Tim asked, hopping out of bed, his limp dick swinging between his legs.

Twan on the other hand, once he regained his composure, looked totally unrepentant. "Well, girlfriend, I told you he was cheating, but don't worry, I was taking good care of him while you were at work."

"Son of a bitch!" Trina screamed, lunging at her former best friend with the butcher knife. Twan screamed like a teenage girl in a horror movie as he scrambled out of the bed with catlike reflexes.

"Save me!" he squawked as Trina brought the knife down in a slashing arc.

Tim grabbed her from behind as Twan dashed out of the room so fast he would have made Carl Lewis proud. "Baby, I can explain."

She was too enraged to listen. Trina brought her heel down on Tim's bare foot, causing him to loosen his grip on her. She pulled herself out of his arms and turned around, raising the knife with the intent of cutting off Mr. Happy.

Tim pulled back just in time. "You're crazy!"

"You're damn right I am. Crazy for putting up with you for so long."

"It wasn't me, baby."

Tim's lame excuse was enough to make her pause. "Wasn't you?" she asked incredulously. Did he think she was an idiot?

"No, baby. It wasn't me."

"Oh? So who did I see fucking my so-called best friend in the ass?"

"You were seeing things, baby, but if you put the knife down, I'll forgive you and we can get past this little incident."

"You're kidding, right? You forgive me? Ha! You've got some damn nerve, do you know that, Tim? Get out of my house!"

"Please, baby --"

"Don't you 'please baby' me. Get out now!" she screamed, raising the knife again.

Tim must have read something in her eyes because he turned and started to run. She chased him down the hallway with the knife hovering in the air. His dreads flew behind him. Trina reached out to grab one, yanking him back. He had her by a good sixty pounds, but her rage gave her superhuman strength. He stumbled backwards, falling on his ass.

She raised the knife higher.

"Don't do it!" His arms came up to shield his face. A puddle of urine formed underneath him and he burst into loud embarrassing sobs.

What the hell was wrong with her? She wasn't a murderer and Tim definitely wasn't worth going to jail for. Trina lowered the knife before dropping it to the ground.

"Get out of my house now, and don't come back," she sighed, leaning against the wall.

"My stuff --"

"Will be forwarded to you if and when you send me your new address. Get out now."

"My clothes!"

"No, you mean my clothes. I paid for those clothes. Now get out before I kick your sorry ass," she said, leaning down to grab the knife. She had no intention of using it, but he must have thought so because he got up in a hurry and dashed out of the house.

Trina had no idea where he was going or how far he would get without clothing and she didn't care.

"Why me?" she groaned.

Tim wasn't the first loser she'd dated. There was Larry, who didn't inform her he was married with three kids before they dated for nearly a year. Then there was Kwan, who was tied so tightly in his mother's apron strings he asked for her permission before taking Trina anywhere. Julio was a serial cheater who thought he was God's gift to women, and Chuck... well, Chuck had a very interesting fetish involving feet and a

bear suit. She'd dated men of all races, age ranges, and sizes and had come to one conclusion -- they were all dogs no matter the package.

Was there no end to the losers in her life? Was she a loser magnet? Maybe there were worse things in life than being alone. That's it. No more men. They were trouble and caused too much heartache. The only person she could depend on was herself.

"Damn, I need a vacation."

Chapter Two

Roar watched as Bayoh and Talh positioned the naked maiden on her knees. Nika's golden tail swished back and forth in her delight. Her white bottom was turned up in his direction in an enticing pose. She was beautiful with silvery tresses that looked as though they were kissed by the moonlight, creamy white skin that begged for a lover's caress, and feline green eyes that seemed to promise many hours of pleasure.

Yes, she was magnificent, but Roar felt absolutely nothing for her. Nika shot him a coy look, as though inviting him to join the ménage, but he remained still, choosing to observe his friends from the wall. She pouted when he shook his head, but her frown soon changed to a smile as Bayoh slid his cock inside her pretty pink pussy.

Talh stroked Nika's head before inserting his dick between her parted lips. She moaned as her head began to move back and forth over Talh's cock. Talh pushed his dark red, waist-length hair out of his face, before clasping her head between his large hands.

Bayoh pumped gently in and out of Nika's sheath, gritting his teeth with concentration. "Your pussy feels wonderful."

"So does your mouth," Talh added.

Roar watched dispassionately, wishing he could feel something for the scene he witnessed before him. Even as his hands reached inside his soft elkskin pants to stroke his cock, he couldn't muster up enough excitement to even enjoy watching.

This was becoming a growing problem. It wasn't that he could not become aroused. Actually, he was quite virile and often told what a good lover he was, but unfortunately Nika was not the woman for him.

As a member of the Alpha Triad, one part of the ruling faction of the Manani people, he knew it was their duty to mate and produce heirs. However, Bayoh and Talh, the other two parts of the faction, had different ideas of who their mate should be.

The male to female ratio was six to one and women were scarce among their people. Because of this, each female had three mates to take care of her every need. Of course there were males who chose to mate with each other, but there were still enough males who sought female mates for it to be an issue.

Females were allowed to be pickier in choosing their mates than the males, even though it was a male-dominated culture. Among their people, when a male child was born, an elder would read his soul sign to match him with two other males. These three males would live under one household and be forever bonded through brotherhood and friendship.

It was ordained before he was born that he, Bayoh, and Talh would lead the Manani: Roar the healer, Bayoh the chief hunter, and Talh the war chief. They were all respected and revered among their people living in the mystical land of the Laiocan, a land not visible to human eyes.

They were generally a peaceful people, but territorial of their land. There was no one Roar felt closer to than his two friends -- his brothers. He would gladly give his life for either one, but the dissension between them was growing. The three couldn't agree on a mate.

For instance, Roar found Nika extremely attractive, but he saw her as a bratty little sister as they had all grown up together. She didn't make his heart beat faster with just a glance. Bayoh and Talh seemed taken with her. On the other hand, there were women he found attractive that his friends didn't.

Even though there was a short supply of women, the Alpha Triad had more of a choice because of their higher status. Still it didn't help their situation.

Nika purred in the back of her throat as the two cocks slid in and out of her quivering body. She tore her mouth from Talh's cock. "Oh, fuck me harder!" she demanded, slamming her hips back.

Bayoh began to thrust harder before Talh reinserted his dick in her mouth. Feeling bored, Roar shed his clothes before shifting to his natural form. He needed to get out of there to think. He sauntered out of their dwelling to take a stroll through the forest, reveling in the feel of the soft earth beneath his paws.

He stared down at the lake he came upon, looking at the reflection beneath him. His usually aquamarine eyes were now amber-circled with a ring of hazel. His long, shaggy golden mane rested around his broad face. He looked like he could use a little grooming.

Roar sat back on his hind legs and began to lick his paws. He took pride in his beautiful caramel pelt and cleaned himself at every chance. His ears pricked up as he heard approaching feet. Two pair. He looked up to see Bayoh and Talh coming toward him. They were both dressed in a pair of soft leather pants and thigh-high boots. Their chests were bare.

He was secure enough in his own masculinity to recognize and appreciate their male beauty. Bayoh with the short dark brown hair stood six feet six inches, the same height as Roar in humanoid form, while Talh with his waist-length auburn hair stood an inch taller.

They both had lean but well-muscled bodies with broad shoulders, finely chiseled faces, full lips, and penetrating aquamarine eyes like his. They almost looked like true brothers. When Roar was in humanoid form he knew he looked a lot like them, except with short spiky blond hair.

"Nika was very randy today. She is eager to mate with the three of us." Talh sat down next to him.

Maybe there's something wrong with me, but I just can't get excited about her. Roar projected his thoughts to them.

"But she is the most sought-after female among our people, and her pussy is so damn tight and juicy, it makes me hard just thinking about it. She's made it known she's interested in being claimed by us," Bayoh said with his hands on his hips. He was

the most excitable of the triad, and it was obvious to Roar that Bayoh was the most impressed by Nika's charms.

She may be interested in being with us, but I'm not really too thrilled to claim her. The thought doesn't excite me. She's very beautiful -- I won't dispute that, but... I don't feel she's the one.

"This is ridiculous, guys. We'll need to mate soon. We can't retain our positions as leaders among our people if we don't," Talh interjected.

"But we can't agree on a mate. What do you suggest we do?" Bayoh raised a dark brow.

"There's always Chimera," Talh suggested.

"Chimera? If we can't agree on our own women, what makes you think a human female would hold our interest," Bayoh snorted, kicking a pile of dirt under his heel.

"There are men who've journeyed to Chimera and found their mates. Human females are one of the few species who can bear our cubs," Talh shot back.

The human women generally take lots of time to adjust to our ways. Would it be worth doing? Roar looked up at his redheaded friend.

"It's worth a try and, to be honest, Nika stirs my loins, but not my heart."

"I don't like the idea of mating with a human. Remember the human Tegor, Rain, and Geho brought back from Chimera? She screamed every time we shifted to our natural form. I have no time for weak human females. Nika will give us strong cubs to carry on our line, and not to mention, she's insatiable in bed," Bayoh argued.

Have you forgotten we all have to agree on a mate?

Bayoh's lips flattened into a thin, disapproving line.

"Let's compromise. If after a week we don't find a female who interests all of us, we'll come back and take Nika as our mate." Talh spoke, being the voice of reason.

It was fair.

Bayoh grunted his agreement, although it was apparent he wasn't as into the suggestion as Roar and Talh.

Roar eagerly nodded his head in agreement at the chance to find a mate and vacation on a beautiful tropical island in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle. Surely the three of them could find a mate among the women on Chimera.

Roar certainly hoped so.

* * *

Trina clutched her invitation close to her chest as she stepped off the plane. She could hardly believe her luck. Trina read the letter one more time to assure herself it was real.

Congratulations, Trina Davis. You've won an all expense paid week on beautiful Chimera Island. Located in the geographical center of the Bermuda Triangle, Chimera Island offers both mystery and natural beauty beyond compare. Only the most adventurous traveler is welcome on Chimera, and we've determined that's you, Trina Davis. Absolutely no obligation, but you must book now. Call 1-800-555-4AEM or visit www.margaretriley.com/aoem.html today to book your fantasy trip of a lifetime.

Margaret Riley, CEO

Shortly after kicking Tim out of her house and out of her life, she'd called her travel agent to book a quiet vacation away from civilization, but when it came time to pay, she found her credit card maxed out.

Tim.

If she hadn't already kicked him out, Trina would have killed him. It'd been a hassle to cancel all the cards and get the banks to credit her accounts some of the funds she lost. Going through that mess had only strengthened her resolve to live a man-free life.

One day after coming home from another tough day at work, she'd found a letter in the mail stating she'd won an all-expense-paid vacation to the island of Chimera, a place where dreams came true -- whatever that meant. At first Trina thought it was some kind of timeshare scam, and planned on tossing it in the garbage, but something held her back. She figured it wouldn't hurt to call the number. When she did, a representative assured her she was chosen randomly from the residents of her area.

The only thing she had to do in return was give them feedback on how much or how little she enjoyed the island. Kind of like a focus group member testing out a new product, but instead she got to enjoy the pleasures of a tropical island.

Things like this didn't happen to her. She had the worst luck imaginable. She was basically alone in the world with deceased parents and no siblings, so Trina had been taking care of herself since the age of seventeen.

She'd worked very hard from the time she was a teenager until now, so she was looking forward to this vacation where she would be pampered and her every need would be seen to for an entire week.

From now on she would be single and love it. Her theme song would be Destiny Child's "Independent Woman." Besides, men caused too much heartache.

* * *

The island was absolutely gorgeous. Trina gasped in awe as she took in the beauty of her surroundings. This was truly Paradise. She felt as though she had just landed on Fantasy Island and the only thing missing was Mr. Roarke and Tattoo.

Trina giggled to herself as she thought about the look on Mr. Peterson's face after she quit on the spot when he wouldn't grant her the time off. Good riddance to that job. She was good at what she did, and there was enough in her savings to get by for a couple more months until she found another job.

A large valet took her bags. "Welcome to Chimera, Miss Davis."

There was something odd about this man, who stood close to seven feet tall. Was she imagining things, or did this guy have a bluish tinge to his skin, and what was up with his Spock ears?

Too weird.

Oh well, she didn't care about the appearance of the island staff as long as her vacation brought her the peace and quiet she sought. The tall, hulking valet led her to a limo. "This car will take you directly to your bungalow. There's a restaurant, a nightclub, beach activities, horseback riding, and much more. You'll find a pamphlet in your room that lists all of our amenities."

"Thank you very much -- uh -- what's your name?" She searched his floral shirt for a nametag, but found nothing.

"Triel. I'm number 67 on speed dial should you need anything. Have a great vacation and may all your dreams come true." He smiled at her with tiny jagged teeth. Eww. What had he done with his mouth? Poor fellow. He probably wouldn't be kissing many women with those choppers.

As the limo drove her to her private bungalow, she pondered over Triel's last statement. *May all your dreams come true.* He said it as though there was some hidden message behind those words. No matter, it was probably something all the staff members said to the guests.

Trina's jaw dropped when she arrived at her bungalow. She'd been expecting something nice, but didn't think she'd be housed in such luxury. Trina pinched herself to make sure this was real. "Oh my God," she muttered in amazement and awe.

Soft orchestra music played from a Bose stereo system. Exotic flowers filled the grandly decorated house. There were four rooms: the kitchen, the bathroom with a whirlpool tub, the huge living room, and the bedroom with a large California king-sized bed, but the only person who'd occupy it this week was her.

She flung herself on the bed, rolling around, laughing with joy at her good fortune. "This is the life."

Trina got back to her feet, racing from room to room to check out every intricate detail. It was immaculate. "I've hit the jackpot."

She hurriedly unpacked her suitcase and changed into her pink paisley string bikini, unable to wait to hit the beach. She wanted to feel the sand beneath her toes and the sunshine on her skin. Just thinking about it was heavenly.

Yes, this was going to be the best vacation ever. Trina was looking forward to enjoying her man-free week in paradise.

Chapter Three

"This island is crawling with beautiful women, yet no one has caught my interest," Bayoh sighed, raking his fingers through his dark hair. His aqua eyes scanned the beach as a tall brunette sauntered by, turning his frown to a smile.

"What about her? Look at the way she swishes those hips back and forth. I bet she knows how to ride a cock." Talh jerked his thumb in the bikini-clad brunette's direction.

Roar studied her intently. She was pretty enough. But he supposed there was something about her he didn't quite like. "She's okay, but if she walks with her head any higher, she's going to trip. The last thing we need is a haughty mate. Why do you think I didn't have any interest in Nika? Our mate must help us lead, not cause us problems."

"You never mentioned this before," Bayoh said with a puzzled expression on his face.

"I never had a reason to until now. How about we go to the bar. I need a drink. I'm sure there are some ladies there. It's getting dark and we've been standing out here all day."

"No, I think I want to check out more of the night scenery," Talh said with a grin on his face as a petite redhead with tight leather pants walked by them, flashing a huge bright smile. She winked at the three of them, obviously assured in her feminine charm. Roar sensed she was confident without being conceited and he admired such a trait. His eyes took in her full lush body.

"Yes, I think I'll stick around too," Bayoh murmured.

Bayoh and Talh seemed to like what they saw, their tails swishing behind them eagerly.

She was beautiful, but then again, nearly every woman on this island was beautiful and Roar wasn't interested. "I'm going to the bar to get a drink. I'll catch up with you two later."

His friends merely nodded, giving their attention to the redhead. Roar walked toward the seaside grill, stopping short when he heard a female screech, "You rotten, lying, two-timing, pointy-eared lizard. How dare you!"

Uh-oh. Someone was in trouble. Whoever the woman was yelling at, Roar didn't want to be in his shoes. He paused, not wanting to walk into this lover's quarrel.

"You don't un --" he heard a male voice pleading.

"You're damned right I don't. After what we... how we... oh hell! Why did I believe anything you said, you bastard!"

Roar heard the clicking of angry heels pounding against the floor and knew the mystery woman was coming his way. A magnificent picture of blonde fury stormed out of the bar. He'd only caught a glimpse of her face, but what he saw, he liked. As though his legs had a mind of their own, they began to walk toward her.

She halted as though she sensed his presence. His first impression was correct. She was magnificent. Standing a few inches over five feet, her body was firm, supple, and gently curved. Her breasts jutted forward, full and high, encased in her silk dress as though they waited for a lover's hands to caress them.

He bet her body looked even better without clothes than with them. His eyes drifted to her face -- also noteworthy. Her gorgeous heart-shaped face with its flashing gray eyes and soft-looking sensual lips made her one of the prettiest women he'd seen since arriving on Chimera.

A glorious mane of honey blonde hair rested on her delicately curved shoulders. She raised a blonde brow as though she were waiting for him to speak. Roar sensed a deep sadness within her. It was obvious whomever she'd been yelling at in the restaurant really upset her. What a fool that man was to cause this beauty pain. He wondered what Bayoh and Talh would think of her.

"Do you need any help?"

She shook her head. "No, I..." She broke off, giving him the once over. He smiled at her thorough perusal of him. Good. Maybe he could take her mind off the mystery man in the restaurant. "Actually, I'd love a drink. Would you care to join me?"

She tilted her head back to meet his eyes and she flashed him a big white smile. There was something behind that smile, but he couldn't put his finger on it. To be honest, he didn't care. For now, he wanted to get to know her better.

He held his arm out to her, which she eagerly latched on to before they walked back into the restaurant. Once they found a table and ordered their drinks, she turned that bright smile on him again. "My name's Amanda. And you are?"

"Roar. My name is Roar." He handed her a glass of sparkling white wine. "You look distressed."

She hesitated before answering; her eyes darted away from his. "I'm okay. I was just a little upset over, well, nothing." Her smile widened. "I'm fine, thank you."

As the hour passed, he asked Amanda questions about herself. He learned she was a Hollywood actress taking a much-needed vacation with her personal assistant. Throughout the conversation her eyes kept straying to the bar to a dark-haired elf.

Roar suspected this was the mystery man she'd argued with. It was apparent Amanda's heart lay with the dejected-looking man. The poor bastard, he looked miserable. Great. The first woman who'd actually captured his interest on this island and she was taken. He supposed it was just his luck. Roar hoped Amanda and her mate could work out their differences before the end of the week.

He was about to ask her about the elf when he felt a hand on either side of him. Bayoh bent over to whisper in his ear. "We've found her."

How could you have found her if I have yet to see her? Roar shot back.

"Trust us. She's the one."

Roar let out a mental sigh. *Okay. Let me say goodbye to my friend first.*

Bayoh straightened up, shooting Amanda an apologetic look, giving her his best 'I'm sorry' smile.

"I have to leave. Maybe we can walk you home?" Roar offered.

She shook her head. "I'm fine. Thank you though for the company. For helping me out."

"My pleasure," he said, reaching across the table to cover the sexy blonde's hand. "Thank *you*. May all your dreams come true," he said, straightening up before turning around to follow his companions outside. "This had better be good, damn it," he growled, not happy at being interrupted from his drink. Although he figured nothing would happen romantically between him and Amanda, he had enjoyed talking to her. It was the first intelligent conversation he'd had with a female on Chimera.

"Okay, where is she?" Roar asked when they stepped out of the restaurant.

"On the beach. Let's hurry. She might not be there anymore," Talh said, dashing off toward the beach with Bayoh on his tail.

"Hey, wait for me!" He took off. When he finally caught up with his friends, they'd already stopped. Roar followed the direction of their stares.

His jaw dropped.

Standing on the beach was the most enticing vision he'd ever seen. Her arms were stretched out, neck arched against the gentle island breeze. The vision's eyes were closed while a smile rested on full, glossy lips. She had to be around five six, give or take an inch. Roar's fingers itched to caress her creamy dark skin -- skin as dark and rich looking as a coconut husk.

Her nearly black hair was tucked adorably behind her ears, resting on her jaw line. Her round and softly curved face was nothing short of exquisite with high cheekbones and a pert nose. Roar's mouth watered as he studied her body.

A tiny waist spanned out to wide hips and one of the roundest asses he'd ever seen. With a backside like that, he wanted more than anything to push her onto her knees and take her from behind with his balls pounding against that juicy ass.

He was sure he could span her waist with his two hands. The beauty's head and body straightened then as she put her arms back down to her sides to reveal a large pair of dark brown eyes and the biggest endowments he'd seen on a woman her size.

The white strapless dress she wore emphasized her delectable body. Roar had visions of spreading those dark creamy thighs apart and fucking her until she screamed his name. Damn, it was dangerous for her to walk around with a body like that.

She stared at them like a frightened doe. Her eyes widened as she looked at the three of them. Before he could go to her, she scrambled off as though she were being chased. What was this madness?

"She's magnificent, isn't she?" Bayoh asked with a smug look on his face.

"More than magnificent," Talh added.

"She's the one," Roar said in agreement, his head nodding as he watched her fleeing figure. The way her big ass jiggled when she ran made his cock stir.

In his culture, true mates were hard to come by because of the female shortage, but when a Manani triad found their true mate, it was instant. His heart beat erratically, his breathing quickened, his mouth went dry and his balls tightened. The soft leather of his pants rubbed against his sac, making his balls even more sensitive.

Whoever this woman was, Roar knew without a doubt she was their true mate.

"Doesn't she realize the harder she runs the harder we'll chase her? Shall we?" Talh asked, raising a dark red brow. A gleam of anticipation flashed in his bright eyes, and his tail swished back and forth in his eagerness.

Roar knew his friend was ready for the hunt and so was he. "Let's go."

They started after her. No human could outrace a Manani, and though they would have moved faster had they shifted, he realized she probably wasn't ready to see them in their natural forms.

He could hear her panting for breath as they closed in on her. When he was mere inches away, Roar reached out and grabbed her, pulling her against him. She began to scream, squirming and writhing as though she were fighting for her life. "Let me go, you jerks! Let me go right now!"

Roar clasped his hand over her mouth to stop her tirade. This only seemed to make her angrier. She brought the heel of her shoe down on his foot. Hard. "Oof!"

He released her; however Bayoh and Talh grabbed her arms when she tried to bolt again. She fought like a wildcat. Her hair whipped from side to side and her breasts threatened to pop out of her dress. Already he could see the top of dark aureoles. Damn, he wanted to see those large mounds fully exposed to his gaze.

"Let me go, you perverts. I'm not going to make it easy for you to rape me, you big gorillas," she hissed, kicking out at them.

Roar managed to sidestep her foot, but only just. Perverts? Rape? Is that what she thought?

"We don't take unwilling women," Talh said, sounding offended. Where they came from, the charge of rape was taken very seriously and it was an automatic death sentence to anyone found guilty.

She stopped struggling and turned her head to look up at Talh. "Then why did you start chasing me and why are you holding my arms so tight? This isn't exactly the way to get a lady's attention, you know."

"Then why did you start running? We only wished to speak with you... get to know you better," Bayoh pointed out.

Her dark eyes narrowed as she snatched her arms out of his friends' grips, before pulling up her dress. Roar was sorry to see that. Had her dress dipped any further, he would have been able to see her breasts. "Well, chasing after me isn't going to get you what you want," she huffed, smoothing her hair back into place.

He noticed she didn't fully answer the question.

"We wouldn't have chased you if you hadn't run." As Roar stepped forward, she took a step back, looking as though she were ready to flee again.

"What did you expect? You guys were looking at me like a juicy slab of steak and I have no intention of being your main course, thank you very much. Look, you fellas seem nice and all, but I'm not into any kind of kinky stuff, okay? As a matter of fact, sex is the last thing I came to this island for, so if you three don't mind, let me enjoy the rest of my man-free vacation in peace."

She turned around as though to dismiss them, but Roar wouldn't let her walk away from them until she knew she was theirs. He grabbed her arm to turn her back around. "Didn't I tell you --" she began.

"What did you mean by kinky stuff?"

A confused look crossed her face before comprehension dawned. "I'm not letting you guys run a train on me. What kind of girl do you think I am?"

Now it was his turn to be confused. Run a train? What did that mean? He looked at his friends who looked equally baffled, before turning back to her. "Run a train? Explain, please."

"You know. When a girl is with more than one partner. I'm not a hoochie, so you and your friends can take your tired asses out of my face."

He watched in amazement as her head worked in a circular motion. She spoke intelligently enough, but some of the phrases she used went over his head. He had no idea what a hoochie was and his ass didn't feel tired in the least.

Hmm, perhaps there were common phrases among humans. Yes, it would take some effort. "This running a train you speak of doesn't sound like it's a favorable thing to you, but in our culture, our females mate with three mates at once, for life."

"Huh? What country are you from? I've never heard of a place where this happens."

"You wouldn't have heard of our homeland. Not many humans have," Roar answered with a smile. She was so lovely, it nearly hurt to look at her.

She shot them all a skeptical look. "Uh, yeah. Pull the other one. If this is your cute little attempt to get a piece of ass, it's not working. It's obvious the three of you have been smoking the wacky weed, so how about letting me go on my way and we'll pretend we didn't have this conversation." She placed her hands on her hips, looking as fierce as any shifted Manani female.

Roar had no doubt she would make a fine leader among his people.

Talh spoke for the first time in minutes. "But you see, we don't want to forget this conversation and we don't want you to forget either."

“Why the hell not?”

Roar exchanged a secret glance with his companions before turning back to the bewildered-looking woman. “Because you’re our mate, and when this week is over, we’ll take you back to Laioccean to live with us.”

She gasped.

Chapter Four

Trina wasn't on Fantasy Island -- she was in the Twilight Zone. What normal person approached a woman with a line like that? Admittedly, when she'd spotted the three men staring at her so intently, she'd paused, stunned by how damn good-looking they were. They were by far the most beautiful masculine specimens she'd ever seen.

They stood around the same height. If she were to guess, she'd say six feet five or six. Though they weren't overly muscular, each one of them was cut like the Soloflex model. One had short, spiky blond hair, the second, dark brown, nearly black hair, and the last one had long dark red hair that hung to his waist.

They wore leather pants of different shades and long sleeved Renaissance-style shirts opened to the navel showing off their well-toned pecs. Each possessed a face that looked as if it were molded by the hands of God himself. The redhead had a scar, slashing from the corner of his eye to his jaw line, but instead of detracting from his looks, it only enhanced them.

Their aquamarine colored eyes had seemed to look right through her as though they could see her soul. Trina had felt her panties go wet as three sets of eyes traveled over her body. She knew she wouldn't mind having a *ménage à quatre* with these hunks.

What? Was she crazy? This was supposed to be a man-free vacation, yet the island was crawling with gorgeous men. She'd stood there ogling three hunks who looked as though they wanted a slice of Trina pie, so she did the first thing any rational person would have done in a situation like this. She ran.

The thing she hadn't figured on was them catching her and giving her this line of crap. "Umm, I'm your mate?" she asked at a loss for anything else to say.

"Yes. That's why we've come to Chimera, to find a mate -- to find you," the blond spoke, looking at her with his ocean-colored eyes. He spoke the most. Perhaps he was the leader. Maybe if she could reason with him, they would let her go.

"Well, I came here to relax and the last thing I need is to be harassed by the likes of you three. Now, if you don't mind, please excuse me or I'll call the authorities," she threatened.

"What kind of authority would stop us from claiming our mate? Haven't you realized what kind of island this is?" the redhead asked.

What did he mean by that? What kind of island was this? Were things too good to be true after all? "I don't know what you mean and frankly, I don't care. Just leave me alone, okay?" She turned to leave, but the blond grabbed her arm.

That was it! Trina turned around to smack him across the face. Who the hell did these guys think they were?

He caught her wrist in his large hand before bringing it to his mouth to plant a gentle kiss against it. Trina gasped as her body shivered. The touch of his lips on her skin was electric.

"You feel it too, don't you?" the blond asked smugly. She looked away from his face, but a movement from behind him caught her eye. Holy shit. Did he have a tail? No. She had to be imagining things.

Trina looked up at him. "Look, this isn't funny. I'm not interested. Perhaps where you come from you can walk up to a woman and say she's your mate and then proceed to go caveman on her, but it doesn't work that way where I come from. Now be good little boys and let me go on my way." She yanked her arm away from him.

"Why are we standing here talking? Let's take her," the dark-haired one spoke.

Trina turned to him. "Excuse me? Who do you think you are? *Take her*? I'm not an object for you to take as you please. You can all go to hell for all I care."

She looked around, desperately combing the beach for someone to help her out of this mess. It was obvious these Neanderthals had no intention of leaving her alone.

No one walked by. Where the hell was everyone? The place had been swarming with people earlier. Now when she needed someone, no one seemed to be around.

Perhaps the best way to deal with the situation was to outwit these three goons. She looked up, giving each of them the biggest smile she could muster. "Okay, you win. I don't know what I was fighting so hard for. How about coming to my bungalow for a private party?"

"Yes. I'm glad you see there's no point in arguing with us. Besides, there's a lot we need to discuss and prepare you for," the redhead said.

"Of course, but you have to allow me to freshen up and slip into something a little more comfortable. How about you guys come to my place in an hour."

"Is an hour necessary? Why can't we follow you there?" the brunet asked with a thunderous expression on his face.

"I want this to be special." Trina ran her tongue suggestively over her lips. She let her eyes drift down to their crotches and knew she was having the desired effect. They were hard as rocks. My God, exactly how hung were they? Judging from the bulges in their pants, she guessed the answer was very hung.

An image of three sets of hands caressing her body filled her mind, a cock in each hole. She could feel her body grow hot, her nipples stiffening. They noticed too, because their eyes fell on her chest, glancing at it appreciatively.

Snap out of it, girl. You don't want anything to do with these three lunatics.

These three very gorgeous lunatics.

"Umm, so how about it, fellas?" she asked, taking a step away from them.

"What's your name?" the blond asked.

She said the first thing that popped in her mind. "Louise...uh Louise Jefferson, but my friends call me Weezy."

Blondie's eyes narrowed. "That's your name? It doesn't suit you."

"Well, it's not like I could help what I was named. Is there anything wrong with that?" She cocked an eyebrow in challenge.

“Uh... nothing I guess... Weezy. I hope you don’t mind, but I’d prefer Louise. I’m Roar, this is Bayoh and Talh,” he said, pointing to the two other men who eyed her with an equally intense look.

“Nice to meet you guys. Okay, I’m going to get going now so I can freshen up. I’ll see you boys in an hour.”

Trina was hoping she could finally make her escape, but Roar halted her again.

“What’s your bungalow number?”

Damn, she thought she’d be able to get away without giving them that information so she made it up. “Bungalow 227. Okay, gotta run.”

This time they didn’t stop her.

She couldn’t believe those guys. What was wrong with them? Perhaps the question should have been, what was wrong with her? She’d only been on the island for a day and had seen some strange things. Was she the only normal person on the island? Maybe coming here without checking this place out was a mistake. Sure it seemed like paradise, but she had a strange feeling it wasn’t what it seemed.

Trina headed toward her bungalow, but decided to take a walk to clear her head. There obviously had to be something wrong, if she even briefly entertained the idea of sleeping with three strange men at once. It didn’t matter they were so gorgeous that looking at them made her heart flutter. She was supposed to be off men and there were three of them and one of her. Trina wasn’t that kind of girl -- or was she?

She must have walked for nearly an hour before finding herself in front of the island’s nightclub. Did she want to go inside? No. Being around a rowdy crowd right now wasn’t her idea of fun at the moment. When she turned around to go, she noticed a tall dark man swaggering over to her. Trina could tell he was drunk, but it didn’t excuse the fact that his eyes were firmly glued on her breasts.

As he got closer, she gasped. What the hell? He was definitely one of the oddest-looking men she’d seen so far, yet he was beautiful in his own way. He had to be at least six five, with onyx skin, cornrows that fell past his butt, and a thin neatly trimmed goatee with a soul patch. His eyes were beautiful -- black with a ring of amber

surrounding them. She did a double take when her eyes traveled to his ears, which looked like elf ears. Was this Halloween Island or something?

Granted there was a whole bunch of weird stuff on Chimera, but this took the cake. Opals and onyx adorned his ears and a long thin gold chain hung from one of them. He obviously liked jewelry because he was covered in it.

His outfit was rather unusual as well. He wore a belly blouse and drawstring pants, which showed off his muscular tattooed body. As strange as his appearance was, Trina wasn't about to let him ogle her as though she was some dime store hooker.

She placed her hands on her hips. "Can I help you?"

He lifted his head up, giving her a confused look. "How did you do that?" His voice was very deep and gravelly.

"How did I do what?"

"This." He began to move his head in an erratic circular motion. She looked at him in stunned silence. He looked like a demented clucking chicken.

Suddenly she realized he'd been mimicking her. Did she really look like that when she became agitated? She'd been told by her friends that she was queen of the sister girlfriend neck roll. Trina burst out laughing at the comedic sight.

How could she possibly take this guy seriously? "Thank you. I needed that. I came to this island for a relaxing vacation, but it's been everything but so far. The men around here run around like a bunch of horny school boys."

"Really?" A look of interest crossed his face as though the thought pleased him. What was up with this guy?

"Yeah, really."

"Which way did they go?"

"Why?" Was he for real? He acted as though he was eager to find other men, yet his eyes kept straying to her breasts.

He bounced up and down with seeming impatience. Oddly, she didn't feel threatened by him. Actually, she felt quite comfortable talking to this man. Trina took a

step back as she noticed wings slowly sprouting from his back. They were the same mother-of-pearl shade as the tattoos on his body. "What the..."

She didn't hear a word he said as he began to answer her question, because she couldn't tear her eyes away from his wings. It felt as though she were the one who'd been drinking. Trina was just waiting for the little pink elephants to start walking by.

The wind gently brushed against the black tips of his feathers, making them ripple. Her eyes drifted lower as the already impressive bulge in his pants steadily grew larger with each passing second, threatening to push free of his already low-rise pants. The tip of his cock peeked out.

Trina didn't know whether to run or stare some more.

"Not that I don't find you attractive, but I have to be gay by the end of the week. I mean, I am gay, but I have to prove it or I'll dishonor my family and lose them," the winged man explained.

He thought he was gay? With a boner like that? No way. "You're no more gay than I am," she said, pointing to his erection. "How can you be gay when you haven't been able to take your eyes off my breasts throughout our entire conversation?"

"Well, they are nice breasts. It's just that I'm not supposed to notice." He blushed, turning a deep purple. "How can I be gay when getting winged and hard over some woman's breasts," he muttered more to himself than to her.

It took every ounce of Trina's willpower not to laugh out loud at this situation. Why was he fighting so hard to be something he obviously was not? "Have you ever thought that maybe you're not gay?"

"No. I have to be gay. It's tradition."

"Why are you letting tradition dictate who you screw?"

He paused as though to think. His tongue ring clicked against his teeth. "Honestly, I don't know."

Trina felt sorry for this very confused man. In her experience, people who struggled with their sexuality tried to be straight, not the other way around. Regardless

of what his sexual orientation was, he had to be true to himself. He couldn't please everyone so he might as well please himself.

She stepped closer to him to pat him on his dark shoulder with sympathy. "Who you choose to be with is your affair."

"Only in a perfect world."

"I know how you feel. In a perfect world, I wouldn't be so stupid where men are concerned," she said with more bitterness than she'd intended.

"What man would harm such perfection, would mar the inner beauty which marks the outer beauty you downplay."

Her breath caught in her throat at his eloquent words, which touched a part of her soul she thought was dead. "Didn't you know? I'm an asshole magnet. I came home to find my lover of two years in bed with my so-called best friend who happens to be male. *He's* gay -- you're not."

"He's unworthy of you and clearly at fault. Honesty is all in a relationship and this male -- not a man -- deserves nothing but your contempt. How can your decision-making skills be at fault when you are the one who decided to end the relationship -- hopefully after you ran your foot up his well-used ass."

She giggled at the thought. "Well, I did nearly pull a Lorena Bobbitt."

"Who?"

"Uh, long story, but let's just say her now ex-husband is not quite the man he used to be. We've made some advances in reattaching severed body parts, but I'm sure it doesn't work half as well as it used to."

She couldn't believe how much she was enjoying talking to this large, strange man. Trina casually glanced past him and groaned. The three men from the beach were fast approaching. She had to get away to save herself from them, but more so to save herself from her.

"Oh Lord, not them again. Well, it was nice meeting you --"

"Tal."

It sounded a lot like the redhead's name. "Tal, I have to run. Do me a favor and say you never met me."

As she turned to go, he reached out to catch her hand. "What's your name?"

She felt she could be honest with him. "Trina. Trina Davis," she said, yanking her hand away. "Sorry, I have to go."

Trina took off like a track star, and didn't stop running until she reached her bungalow.

Chapter Five

Roar, Bayoh, and Talh saw Trina talking to a tall dark Fairy in front of the nightclub. Who the hell did he think he was to make moves on what was rightfully theirs? As they neared, she saw them coming and ran off. Because the Fairy's wings were blocking the way, he didn't see which direction she went.

"Let's get her," Bayoh said.

"There will be time for that. I want to let this Fairy know not to mess with what's ours," Talh argued.

Roar was in agreement with Bayoh, but when Talh made up his mind to do something it was hard to deter him.

Talh confronted the dark Fairy, his tail swishing in an angry motion behind him. "Stay away from our woman!" The Fairy reached up and plucked out a large cream-colored feather from his wings. The feather transformed into a glowing blade.

Roar's eyes narrowed. This Fairy thought he could intimidate them with this little toy? He had no idea who he was dealing with. "What woman is it you seek?" the Fairy asked with a knowing smirk on his ebony face.

Roar knew very well the Fairy knew who Talh was referring to. "Don't play games with us, Fairy."

"Why, thank you for recognizing both my heritage and my sexuality by human standards," the Fairy answered.

Roar was taken aback by the Fairy's odd comment. He glanced at Bayoh and Talh who seemed equally stunned. He turned back to the Fairy. "You prefer men?"

"Well, I feel comforted that a somewhat-male like you would draw my attention. Now be a good boy and let me speak to the real man, okay? If you're good and quiet while the adults speak, I may give you a piece of candy, but not my lollipop. I doubt

you could handle it." The Fairy grinned indulgently as though he were talking to a child.

"Somewhat male?" Roar's usually even temper was at its breaking point. "I don't have time to trifle with you, Fairy --"

"You forget your place, cub, and the fact that I have no desire at all to trifle with an almost male." The Fairy turned to Talh, obviously thinking he was the leader of the three of them. "Can't you control your cubs? In my homeland, until a child is allowed to participate in adult conversations he is taught to keep his mouth shut."

That was it. The Fairy was dust. Uncaring that he was fully clothed, Roar shifted to his natural form. He wasn't going to let this confused Fairy tell him he wasn't a man, especially when the Fairy was experiencing some kind of sexual identity crisis.

As he was about to pounce, he found himself bound to the ground. He couldn't move a muscle. Damn. Fairy magic. The Fairy laughed before addressing Talh again. "And I thought redheads were supposed to have the tempers. Can't you control your pets?"

I can't break free, Roar communicated to his companions.

"You --" Bayoh was about to charge forward, but Talh held him back. "Stand down, Bayoh. It seems there is more than meets the eye to this effeminate male. Release my friend, Fairy, and tell us where the woman went," Talh growled.

Roar continued to struggle against the invisible force holding him down. When he got free, he intended to rip that damn Fairy to shreds.

"You should have more mature playmates, but I will give you what you need if it's not necessarily what you want. She went that way," the Fairy said, pointing to his left.

"If you've lied to us, we'll be back. By the way, you may call my friends nearly men, but they're men enough to know who they really want to fuck. You're no more gay than our Trina is a man." Talh looked the Fairy up and down with contempt.

"Well... shit," the Fairy muttered as though he'd been knocked for six.

Roar felt the Fairy release him and would have jumped on him, but Talh stopped him. "There is not time for that. Let's go get her."

Roar gave the Fairy, who now had his back turned toward them, one last glare before following Bayoh and Talh in the direction the Fairy had pointed.

Before we leave this island, I'm going to have it out with that bastard.

"Do you think he gave us the right direction?" Talh frowned.

Bayoh cursed. "I have a sneaking suspicion he didn't. Damn. Already we've been all over this island looking for her. If only we could have marked her, we'd have no problem locking on to her scent."

Roar pointed out, *I know what you mean, but my cock was too hard to think straight. Besides, marking her would have required us taking her back to her bungalow for a little privacy.*

Talh had a pensive look on his face. "Perhaps she's back at her bungalow."

It's possible, but she's already given us a false name and bungalow number. She's slippery. Where in the world did she come up with an awful name like Weezy? Since we now have her true name, it shouldn't be too hard to find her bungalow number. We can ask around, Roar said, scanning the area, knowing Trina was long gone.

There must be someone around here who's seen her. Let's split up and meet back here in an hour. In the meantime I'll go back to our bungalow and put some new clothes on. These are ruined. I shouldn't have shifted without undressing first.

"Okay, that sounds like a plan. When we find her, this time, we won't let her go," Bayoh swore.

* * *

Trina rested her head against the side of the whirlpool tub, letting the bubbles massage her tense body. It was so soothing she found herself drifting off to sleep. What an odd day this had been. It started out as a nice laid-back day as she'd intended, but then she began to see things that shouldn't exist. On the way back to her bungalow, she could have sworn she saw a Merman, not to mention Tal, who'd sprouted wings before her very eyes.

As disturbing as that was, the scene which kept playing in her mind was of Roar, Bayoh, and Talh. Why the hell did those three nuts have to be so damn good-looking? And why did the thought of them make her heart beat faster and her pussy grow wet? Was she greedy for lusting after three men or wondering what it would be like to be with them all at once?

Tim had once suggested they try a threesome, but the thought repulsed her at the time. Why now did she think about three partners simultaneously? Did it make her a slut? Whether it did or not, she shouldn't have been thinking about it at all. This definitely wasn't what she'd visualized when she came to Chimera. It seemed as though her vacation was doomed, especially if she spent all her time avoiding Roar, Bayoh, and Talh.

Had it been simple lust perhaps she could have dealt with it, but Trina sensed there was something more to this thing she felt for them. It was absolutely nuts, because she'd just met them.

As she lay in the tub, thinking, someone knocked on her door. "Damn," she muttered, as she reluctantly stood up in the water. She grabbed an oversized terry cloth towel, wrapping it around her before stepping out of the tub. The knock became louder and more forceful as she made her way to the door.

"Okay, I'm coming. Hold your horses."

When she unlocked and opened the door she immediately tried to close it again because standing behind it was none other than the last three men she hoped to see.

Bayoh stuck his foot in the door, shoving it forward, pushing Trina back.

The three men strode into her bungalow as though they owned it. "Get out!" Trina yelled, clutching the towel around her as though her life depended on it.

"We aren't going anywhere, Weezy, or should I say Trina Davis?" Roar stepped forward menacingly.

She gasped, taking a step back. "How did you... how did you find out my name? How did you find me?"

"It's not a very large island, you know. It wasn't very hard once we realized you lied to us about your name. As for how we found you, someone on the island saw you come to this bungalow, and was quite helpful to us." Talh stepped closer, his light eyes flashing fire.

She knew there was no escaping them this time, but she had to try. "If you guys don't get out of my place right now, I'm going to call the island authorities. You can't just come into someone's bungalow uninvited," she said, trying the reasonable approach.

"Why should we need an invitation to our mate's bungalow? As I said earlier, who on this island would stop us from claiming our mate?" Roar gave her an easy smile as he stepped forward.

Trina stepped back until she found her back against the wall. "Leave me alone!" she screamed, grabbing the first thing she could get her hands on which just happened to be the television remote. "Stay away or I'll brain you!"

"You won't be able to keep us away with that puny thing," Roar chuckled, pissing her off.

Before he could duck his head in time, the remote caught him just above his left ear. The smile left his face. She refused to plead with them, however, because she was only trying to protect herself. "Just leave me alone, okay?" She held out her palm to ward them off.

"You will pay for that, but later. Now, we will get to know you better." He smiled at her again. Before she could respond, Roar grabbed her against him. Trina struggled, caught in his strong muscular arms.

"Let me go, you big blond ape." She raised her hand before smacking him in the face. When she lifted her hand to him again, the cold look in his blue-green eyes made her stop in her tracks. This time she realized she'd gone too far.

"That is the last time you will strike me, woman!"

She would not cry. She would not cry. "Please. What do you want from me?"

"I thought we'd already said, we want you," Bayoh answered.

"Why me? There are other women on the island -- willing women."

"But we don't want other women. If we did, we wouldn't have gone through so much to find you. If I let you go, will you sit down and listen to what we have to say?"

Should she trust these guys? She had no reason to, but it was three against one. What if they hurt her?

"We wouldn't hurt you," Roar said as though he'd read her mind. His cheek was still red from where her palm had connected. She winced. It wasn't in her nature to strike people, but her fear had made her act out. The only time she could ever recall getting violent with anyone else was Tim, when she'd caught him in bed with Twan.

"I'm sorry about hitting you."

Roar's eyes lit up. "If you give me a smile, I will forgive you."

She did, and his own smile widened. Damn, he was fine. They all were.

"Give us your word you won't try anything like running off, and I'll release you."

"Give me your word none of you will touch me and I won't," she countered.

Talh shook his head. "We will touch you, because you belong to us."

"Do you guys hear yourselves? I'm a person, not a thing. I'm no one's possession. Now please let me go. This isn't funny."

"I agree. It isn't funny. I wish you would listen to us with an open mind." Roar leaned over, whispering in her ear. The sensual undertone of his voice made her tremble. Trina could feel her nipples hardening.

He must have noticed too because he started to smile again. "See? You're not as averse to us as you say you are. I think you want us, just as much as we want you." Roar brushed his lips against hers. She was too stunned to react as his tongue slipped between her parted lips.

He tasted so damned good -- so hot, so male. She found herself surrendering to his hungry kiss. She was so caught up in Roar's mouth moving diligently over hers she didn't notice the other two men remove her towel until she felt cool air against her skin,

causing her to shiver. Trina pulled her head away from Roar's. She moaned, "No, this isn't right."

"That's where you're wrong. This is very right. Perhaps we've been going about this the wrong way. They do say actions speak louder than words." Roar lifted her into his arms before carrying her to the bedroom with Bayoh and Talh trailing behind. She knew she should struggle, but it was as though her brain had shut down.

He placed her on the bed. Trina's breath caught in her throat as the three prime hunks of man flesh began to undress. They were just as perfect without clothes as they were with them. She longed to run her fingers over their nicely cut bodies. As they removed their pants, her eyes widened as the men revealed three of the longest, thickest cocks she'd ever laid eyes on. They would have made John Holmes proud. Dear Lord, she'd have to be a yoga master to take on all three of those donkey donges.

As Trina marveled over their length and girth, she noticed something else -- what she'd originally thought were belts were actually tails.

Dear Lord, they had tails. So, she hadn't been imagining things on the beach. Each possessed a long thin tail, the color of the hair on their heads. Trina scrambled off the bed to the other side of the room, putting as much distance between them as possible. "Why the hell do you have tails?"

They all held a puzzled look on their faces as though she were the weird one. "The same reason you weren't born with one. We were made this way. Now come to us. Let us show you why we belong together," Bayoh beckoned.

Trina shook her head, crossing her arms over her breasts. She must have been crazy to let them in here without raising a bigger fuss, then allowing things to get this far. "I wish the three of you would stop speaking in riddles."

"After talking to some of the islanders, haven't you figured out why you're here?" Talh asked.

What was he talking about? "To enjoy a free vacation?" she asked hesitantly.

Bayoh chuckled. "Even where we come from, we know nothing in life is free."

"What do you mean? What kind of place is this?"

“This island is the cover for a dating agency. Before we came, we sent out preferences and a list compiled with our likes and dislikes. A number of women fitting the profile were invited to the island for a *free* vacation. We chose you,” Roar explained.

Holy hell. She was right. This was the Twilight Zone. Trina suddenly felt faint. The next thing she remembered was everything going black.

Chapter Six

Roar rushed to Trina's side with Bayoh and Talh on his tail. They reached the fainting woman just in time to catch Trina before her body hit the ground. Roar lifted Trina up into his arms and carried her limp body to the bed.

Roar placed the beauty in the center, as gently as he could before brushing his knuckles across Trina's soft cheek. By all that was sacred, Trina was by far the most beautiful creature Roar had ever laid eyes on. Had they not come to Chimera, they'd never have met such perfection. A feeling of gladness rushed through him.

"I almost feel guilty looking at her like this when she's unconscious," Talh mused.

"She's ours to look at as we please," Bayoh huffed.

Roar silently agreed, but it would take Trina some time to get used to the way things were going to be. "Yes, she's ours, but how do you think she will feel when she wakes up. She may not like it."

"I'll get her something cool to drink," Talh said, leaving the room.

"Good idea. I think she may be a little dehydrated, judging from the pallor of her skin."

Roar caressed Trina's smooth brown flesh again. Unable to resist, he bent over, brushing her lips with his.

Bayoh crawled over the bed, sliding next to her. "Hey, you've been hogging her, my friend. She's just as much mine and Talh's as she is yours."

"It's not my intention to monopolize her attention, but I'm sure you know how I feel when I look at her."

"Yes, she's everything I ever hoped to find in a mate." Bayoh ran his index finger along the side of one plump breast. A deep moan came from within Trina's throat.

"She's very passionate. I admit when I'm wrong and I was wrong in thinking we wouldn't find our mate on Chimera. My only concern is her complete acceptance of us. Will she accept us in our true forms?"

"I think she will," Roar said more to himself than to Bayoh. She just had to.

Talh returned holding a glass of water. "Ah, I see you two couldn't wait for her to wake up."

"We didn't try anything with her. I want her to be awake and recognize us when we take her. I want her to feel every touch, every caress --" Bayoh broke off when Trina stirred.

She slowly opened her eyes, surveying their faces hovering over hers. "Oh, God. It wasn't a dream," she muttered with apparent dismay.

"If this is a dream, it's a dream come true." Talh came forward to hand her the glass of water, which she eyed suspiciously. "Take it. I'm sure you're thirsty."

Trina took the glass and gulped down the water.

"Slowly, or else you'll make yourself sick." Roar placed his hand over the glass, forcing her to slow down.

"I must be out of my mind." Trina sighed and leaned her head back against the plush pillows.

"Why do you say that?" Talh picked up a delicately formed foot before rubbing it.

"I'm lying naked in bed with three equally naked strangers."

"We won't be strangers for long," Roar assured her.

"Please try to make me understand. You say this place is some sort of dating service?"

"Yes." Roar began to tell her how they'd come to be here before explaining the Manani people and culture. For the most part she was quiet, only making the occasional gasp of disbelief every now and then. By the time he was finished, her mouth was wide open.

"Say something." Roar gently shook her shoulder.

"What exactly am I supposed to say? What you said shouldn't make any sense, but oddly enough, it does. I mean, I knew this vacation was too good to be true. I... I'm flattered that you guys think I'm your mate, but you see, I can't be. I've sworn off men."

Bayoh grasped her chin, forcing her to meet his eyes. "It's a good thing you have because we won't share you with other men."

"No. You don't understand. I've sworn off all men, and that includes you. I don't want to be in a relationship with anyone."

Roar's eyes narrowed. "Surely you jest. You didn't think a beautiful woman like yourself would remain unmated."

"So what? My looks have nothing to do with anything. You're asking me to be with all three of you at the same time. This isn't right. There are laws against this kind of thing."

"According to human standards it's wrong, but we're not human and in our culture it's perfectly acceptable," Talh explained.

"And you guys don't have a problem with sharing one woman?"

"Our souls are connected. It's almost as though we are one, but with three bodies. It's our way," Roar said, sensing her softening toward them.

"But I can't be with you guys," she protested weakly.

Bayoh cocked one dark brow. "Why not?"

"Because everyone I've been with has hurt me. If I give you three a chance, you'll only end up hurting me too." Her big brown eyes were filled with a deep sadness.

Roar's heart went out to this gorgeous woman who obviously had not dealt with any real men. A real man would've appreciated what he had. Roar could see the uncertainty in her eyes and wanted to erase it.

He leaned over and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"I -- please don't do this to me." Even as she said it her lips parted slightly as though anticipating his kiss.

"Let us take care of you. We'll make you feel good." Bayoh captured her hand, kissing the back of it.

Trina shivered. No. She was not averse to their touch. Roar could sense her passion. Though the look of uncertainty remained on her face, he could tell she wanted them, too. Roar had to taste those sweet lips again.

He turned her head around to face him. Trina was just as sweet as he remembered. "Open your mouth for me, sweetheart. I want to taste you," he whispered against her lips. The smell of her floral-scented skin wafted to his nostrils, turning him on even more. Everything about Trina excited him -- her soft dark skin, the shy way she returned his kiss, her taste and her scent.

He needed to bury himself between her thick thighs or go crazy. When her lips parted under the gentle persistence of his, Roar's tongue darted forward. He couldn't get enough of her.

She pulled back, gasping for breath. "You're so sweet. I get so damn hard just looking at you. When I touch you, I can't stop. You liked my kisses, didn't you?" he asked knowingly.

Trina looked at all three of them before answering, though she seemed reluctant to do so. "Yes."

"Good. Let us make love to you. We're going to take you in ways you never imagined possible. Would you like that? Do you think you can handle the three of us?" Roar brushed his lips to the pulse of her neck.

* * *

Trina knew she should fight this, but her body seemed to have a mind of its own. She couldn't remember ever being so thoroughly attracted to anyone before, let alone three men. The kicker was, they all wanted her.

She wasn't so sure she was thrilled about this mate thing, or the fact they had tails, but damn she was horny. Perhaps a "no strings attached" affair was what she really needed. They were just as horny as she was so why not give in to their mutual lusts.

"Yes, make love to me. No. Fuck me." She moved until she rested on her knees and had them all smiling. Trina didn't know who to turn to first. She wanted them all.

Bayoh reached for her, pulling her against his chest, kissing her with a ferocity that took her breath away. Unlike the gentle persuasion of Roar's kiss, Bayoh's was rough and hungry. He devoured her lips as though he couldn't get enough.

She liked it.

His tongue stabbed forward, demanding entrance into her mouth. Trina moaned as he wrapped his arms tighter around her, crushing her sensitive breasts against the hard wall of his chest. His unique flavor was intoxicating. Trina felt scorched from the inside out with his forceful kiss. She whimpered as he withdrew. Bayoh looked down at her with hungry eyes, his breathing ragged. "I knew you would be delicious, but I never imagined how much so. Damn, woman, you must have bewitched me."

Trina could feel the heat generating from his body. It threatened to scorch her from the inside out. Her body felt as though it would explode at any minute, and her pussy throbbed with the need to be filled with a thick cock. Trina wanted to try every single one of them. She shuddered in anticipation when she thought of their thick rods.

"I want to taste you too." Talh pulled her out of Bayoh's arms, turning her toward him. His strong white teeth nipped and nibbled on her bottom lip sending little bolts of fire up and down her spine.

Talh pulled back, looking down at her. Just like Roar and Bayoh, he looked at her as though she were the most precious thing in the world. It made her heart flutter at the mixture of tenderness, awe, and passion in his aquamarine eyes. "You are so beautiful, Trina. When I first saw you, I thought I was imagining things, because I didn't think it was possible for a woman like you to exist, but you're here."

Trina's breath caught in her throat at his beautiful declaration. No one had ever said anything so poetic, with such obvious sincerity to her before. She reached up to caress his cheek. Her fingertips danced across Talh's face, reveling in the texture of his skin. He smiled down at her, revealing strong white teeth. "You're beautiful too." Trina returned the compliment.

An amused look crossed his face. "A man cannot be beautiful."

“Yes, they can. Beauty is something that pleases the eye, and I find you very pleasing to my eyes. Each one of you,” she said, encompassing them all in her statement. Trina was tired of talking. She wanted to fuck.

Damn, she was horny.

Talh bent down and outlined the seam of her lips with his tongue. His kiss was slow and playful, so when he finally slipped his questing tongue inside her mouth, Trina was hungry for the taste of him.

Each man had his own technique when they kissed, but each drove her past the point of all reasoning. Roar pulled her back, positioning her in the middle of the circle they’d formed around her with Bayoh directly in front of her, Talh and Roar at her sides.

Her heart sped up in anticipation of what was about to happen. She pressed her knees tightly together, squirming with desire. Her pussy was burning with need. If they could make her feel this way after just a few kisses, she didn’t know how she would hold up when they finally slid those big cocks inside her. Trina fanned herself at the thought.

Bayoh placed his hands on her knees. “You need not be shy with us. I can smell your pussy. The scent is driving me wild. It’s wet and ready for us already, isn’t it?” He smiled at her. Trina’s heart skipped a beat.

She nodded in agreement. Trina knew she couldn’t speak had her life depended on it.

“Good, because I’ve wanted to touch you there since I laid eyes on you. Before we found you, I daydreamed about touching, tasting, and fucking your pussy.” Bayoh pried her thighs apart. His fingers caressed the dark thatch of hair between her legs before parting the swollen, dew-dampened lips of her cunt.

Bayoh’s thumb pressed against her clit. “Oh, yes. That feels so good,” she groaned. He seemed pleased with her response when he gave her a big smile. He rolled the hot little button between his fingers. It felt so good. So damn good.

Caught up in what Bayoh was doing with his hand, Trina didn't realize Roar and Talh leaned over her until she felt a hot mouth latch onto each of her nipples. Trina looked down. One blond head, one red head, each suckling at her breasts in earnest. The triple stimulation shook her body to its core. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" Trina's head rocked back and forth.

Nothing else existed for her except this moment and the mindless pleasure these men were giving her. Bayoh's thumb continued to caress her clit while he slid two thick fingers inside her wet channel. Never in a million years would she have imagined herself in this position, but it was one Trina found she liked very well.

"Oh God, Bayoh, just like that," she whispered. She'd never wanted anything as badly as this. When he removed his fingers, she felt empty without them inside her. The steady thrusting of his fingers inside her had made her so wet, a puddle had formed beneath her.

Trina watched in amazement as he slipped his drenched fingers into his mouth.

"Delicious, just like I knew it would be."

Roar lifted his head from her breast, letting his cock hit the hard little peak. "I want to taste some of that wonderfully scented pussy as well."

He moved to kneel in front of her, beside Bayoh.

Talh lifted his head and the three men pushed her backwards before spreading Trina's legs as far apart as possible. The redhead returned his attention to her breasts, suckling on one while squeezing and kneading the other with his callused palm. She loved the rough eager way he touched her.

Trina moaned as Talh's long red tail curved around to caress her. Its tip brushed over the taut mounds and slid between the valley of her breasts. It sent goose bumps all over her body as it brushed against the side of her arm.

Roar and Bayoh dipped their heads between her legs. They each held a leg, licking her inner thigh. Her body shook with the erotic picture they created. She could not keep still as she felt one of their tongues brush against her outer labia.

Trina couldn't take her eyes off the three men feasting on her body, as though they couldn't get enough of her -- one at her breasts, two at her throbbing pussy. She watched Roar pull back. With room to move, Bayoh lifted her hips and fastened his mouth fully over her.

She gasped in pleasure-pain at the forceful pressure of Bayoh's mouth on her. His tongue stroked every inch of her pussy, licking her from her clit to the crack of her ass. He licked and nibbled her like a starving man, and all she could do was writhe and shake as he devoured her cunt.

Roar smiled at her. "I know you like this, Trina, but I want to hear you say the words."

"Yes. I like it. I love it. I want more," Trina whispered.

"We want to hear you say it louder. Tell us how much you like it," he demanded, crawling up next to where her head rested. His cock was mere inches from her face. She wanted to know what it tasted like. It was so big she wondered just how much she could fit in her mouth.

"I want you. I want all of you," she groaned.

"Louder. Say it louder," Roar commanded.

"I want you!" she screamed as she felt Bayoh's tongue dart into her channel and Talh gently bite her nipples.

"I see the way you're eyeing my cock. Do you want to taste it?" Roar asked.

She didn't bother to deny it. If she was a slut for doing this, then so be it. "Yes. Please. Give me some of that big beautiful cock. I want to feel every single inch of it."

Roar gently turned Trina until she faced him. He stroked her face with his callused fingers, ran his thumb across the seam of her lips, parting them. Slowly he slid the head of his cock between her lips. Trina shifted, uncaring of the awkwardness of her position, intent on taking Roar's huge pole into her mouth.

She would give him as much pleasure as the three men gave her. Inhaling his scent, tasting the musky flavor of his flesh, she opened her mouth wide, but his cock was so long and thick, she managed only a few inches without gagging.

He moaned, stroking her hair, crooning to her. "Yes, baby, just like that. I knew you were the one when I saw you."

Trina worked her head back and forth, savoring his taste in her mouth. The musky male flavor of him was intoxicating. Roar shuddered with each brush of her tongue, moaning softly when Trina compressed his hard cock with the strong muscles in her cheek. His obvious arousal turned her on even more, filled her with a sense of power, to think she could have an effect on this man. Even more arousing was the thought of tasting Bayoh and Talh as well.

She ripped her mouth away from Roar's cock, as Bayoh increased the intensity of his mouth over her pussy. He fucked her with his tongue until she bucked her hips against his face.

"Yes!" she screamed. "Eat my pussy! Don't stop! Don't ever stop!"

Talh squeezed and plucked at her breasts with fingers, and lips, harder and faster. Trina's body shuddered, so close to her peak.

Roar bent down to fasten his mouth over hers. Trina returned his kiss as though it were her last. Just then her body seized up. She nearly blacked out as one of the most explosive orgasms she'd ever experienced shot through her.

Trina twisted her head away from Roar as she screamed. Her body convulsed uncontrollably, rocking her to the very core of her being. Bayoh and Talh lifted their heads with pleased expressions on their faces.

Roar looked equally smug. "I knew you had a passionate nature."

"I don't know if I can take any more," she whispered, her body still recovering from her earth-shattering climax. She felt her juices drip down between her crack.

"But we're not finished with you." Talh smiled. She thought he was going to touch her pussy, but instead, his fingers went straight for her ass. Trina tensed up. The few times she'd had anal, it had hurt like hell, so it wasn't her favorite thing.

"Relax. It will be easier for you that way." The redhead smiled in reassurance as he ran his thumb over the tight bud of her ass.

She forced her body to relax. Trina realized by taking on three partners at once, one of them was bound to want her ass, but she hadn't really given it a lot of thought until now. "I... I'm not sure I like that."

"We won't do anything you don't want to do. If you want me to stop touching you here then say so and I will," Talh promised.

The stimulation of his fingers rubbing her anus didn't feel bad. Actually it was beginning to feel quite nice. "Do you want me to stop, Trina?"

She shook her head. She didn't want him to stop touching her. He slid a finger inside her ass, making her body quiver. She gasped. They watched her as though trying to gauge her reaction. Oddly it turned her on to have three pairs of eyes watching her so intently. Trina raised her hips slightly allowing the finger to go deeper inside of her. So far so good.

By the time Talh added another finger, her body began to respond to the anal stimulation. Perhaps she had never enjoyed anal sex before because no one had prepared her, going at her pace instead of just thrusting into her as though she had no feelings.

When he added a third finger, Trina was so hot, she wanted to feel his cock inside her. "I don't want your fingers. I want you," she pleaded.

"And you shall have me, my beauty."

Talh removed his fingers before pulling her close, with her back against him. She felt his cock pressing against the crack of her ass. His fingers were one thing, but his dick was quite another. She tensed up again. "Relax. Remember how good I made you feel? I'll make you feel that way again. If it becomes unbearable, you only need to say the words," he whispered against her ear.

She relaxed as he'd instructed, crying out as she felt him slide the head of his cock inside her ass. Trina felt a slight discomfort, but it wasn't nearly as bad as she'd imagined it would be.

“See? It isn’t so bad, is it? The worst part is over. You were made for us. You will have no problem taking our cocks inside you.” Talh grazed the side of her neck with his teeth.

He reared forward, sliding his full length inside her ass. It felt so good. She wanted to move up and down on the thick pole deep within her ass, but he held her firm with one hand while he fingered her clit. Trina thought she would die from the mind-numbing pleasure. “Your pussy is so wet. I think you need a cock inside it, don’t you think?”

She nodded, surrendering to the seductive tone of his voice. Talh lay back on the bed, taking her with him. His cock never left her ass. Bayoh came forward then, covering her body with his. When he slid his cock into her dripping cunt, all she could do was moan at the sensation of her pussy and anal wall being deliciously stretched by such big cocks. She hadn’t thought it was possible for them to fit inside her because of their size, but somehow they did, and it felt good. Real good.

Trina looked to Roar, who watched them. His fist wrapped around his cock. “Don’t you --” she began.

“I will have my turn with you. I take as much pleasure in knowing how much you are enjoying this. I like watching the expression on your face as you shudder with pleasure.” Roar smiled at her, stroking his cock with his hands.

His words brought out the exhibitionist in her. Knowing that one of them watched as the other two fucked her turned Trina on nearly as much as the act itself.

Bayoh and Talh began to slowly pump into her pussy and ass, filling Trina with a desire so strong she felt she would die with pleasure. The scorching heat building inside her threatened to set them all on fire.

Trina’s gaze locked with Roar’s. The intensity of his stare was just as arousing as being fucked. She wanted to taste him again, but in this position she knew it would be difficult. The next time they tried this, she wanted to take them all at once.

“Yes! Fuck me harder,” she moaned, not able to get enough.

The two men sandwiching her moved in an almost choreographed motion matching rhythm for rhythm as they slammed into her.

"Trina, I could fuck your pussy all night," Bayoh groaned.

Talh nipped her shoulder. "This ass is so tight and snug around my cock I don't think I'll be able to hold back any longer."

"Don't hold back," she cried. "Give me everything you have. I need you all so much."

She moved with their cocks, until she didn't think her body could take any more. Suddenly she stiffened. A wave of passion swept through her that was so strong she began to scream and couldn't stop.

"That's it, baby, show us how much you like this." Roar smiled, obviously pleased at her reaction.

This had to be the most powerful climax she'd ever experienced. Her body shuddered and shook until she went limp from exhaustion. Instead of finishing inside her, like she thought he would, Bayoh pulled out and shot a greenish fluid on her belly.

If she weren't so weak after such a thorough fucking, Trina would have questioned what the hell was spewing from his cock. Instead she just stared as he sprayed the strange fluid over her. Bayoh collapsed onto his side when he finished.

When Talh eased his way out her ass, she felt empty. He moved to position himself over her, and he too shot a greenish fluid from his cock. This time it covered her breasts.

He moved aside, letting Roar take his place. The blond held his stiff rod in his fist, jerking it back and forth. Trina watched, unable to take her eyes off this action. She instinctively knew he was about to do what Bayoh and Talh had just done. She was right.

Roar moaned as the greenish liquid fell over her chest. When he finished, he began to rub the fluid they'd spilled into her skin as though it were lotion. It almost felt as though they'd just performed some ritual with her.

When Roar finished his task, he smiled at her. "Now you are truly ours. For life."

Chapter Seven

“What would you like for dinner tonight, Trina?” Roar gazed over the menu with disinterest. He wasn’t particularly hungry for anything except for Trina’s pussy.

“Hmm, I think I’d like the house salad. It’s much too hot for anything else.” She pushed the menu away from her, giving him a small smile.

Roar knew he’d never get tired of watching this beauty. It made his heart race whenever she looked at him like that. He was sure Bayoh and Talh felt the same way. He glanced over at his two friends to see they were as enchanted as he was.

Roar wondered what Trina felt when she looked at them. Did her heart beat faster when they looked at her? Did she melt on the inside with just one glance from any of them?

Trina turned to look out the window, her expression pensive. Bayoh grabbed her hand in his. “What are you thinking?”

She turned back around with a small smile on her lips. “I was just thinking I must be the luckiest woman in the restaurant. I’m sitting with the three most handsome men on the island. It’s hard to believe the three of you would want to spend your time with me.”

“Why would you wonder about that? Surely you know what you look like.” Bayoh smiled at her. He brought her hand to his lips before letting go.

“I know I’m not ugly, but looks aren’t what makes a person. This island is full of beautiful women. What I don’t understand is... I mean... why me?” The confusion in her beautiful brown eyes made Roar want to take her into his arms to assure her of her worth.

He gathered from the little Trina had told them about her past that someone or a handful of someones had hurt her. What was wrong with the men in her homeland to

not recognize just how special Trina was? Roar agreed with her that the island was indeed crawling with beautiful women, but had they merely been looking for a beautiful woman, they would have settled for Nika. No. Trina was special. He sensed an inner strength and beauty within her that shone through. Roar was sure Bayoh and Talh felt the same way too.

Roar liked the way she moaned their names in the heat of passion, the way her ass jiggled when she walked, and her lovely face and body. Those were superficial things however. What he loved about her was her laugh, the way she smiled at them, the way her eyes sparkled when she told a joke, the wistful look that would enter her eyes when she spoke of her life dreams. Roar loved the whole package.

He knew she was reluctant to give her heart to them because of her past, but the more time they spent together, the more determined he became to change her mind. "Trina, there's more to a woman than just physical beauty. Yes, there are beautiful women on this island, but there were beautiful women on Laiocan. Where you come from, isn't there such a thing as instant love?"

She lifted a delicately arched brow. "You mean love at first sight?"

Roar nodded. "Yes. If that's what humans call it. Love at first sight isn't something common among our people, but it happens. It happened to us when we saw you."

The incredulous look on her face told Roar she wasn't convinced. "But I don't --"

"You don't feel the same way? This is just an island fling to you?" Talh asked with a knowing expression.

Trina looked away momentarily before turning back to look at them. "Look, I was upfront with you in the beginning. I can hardly believe I've even done half the things I've done with you guys. I'm sure there are plenty of women out there who would return your love, no questions asked. I may not be that woman, but I already know how special you are. The obvious love the three of you feel for each other is a bond any woman would be pleased to share."

"But not you?" Bayoh asked.

She hesitated for a moment, as though searching for the right words to say. "I don't think I'm capable of loving anyone anymore."

The forlorn way she said it made Roar's heart ache. He silently cursed the men who'd hurt her. Damn them all. If he or his friends had three seconds with any of the men who'd trampled on her heart, they'd be shreds. "Trina, just because a few men didn't appreciate what they had doesn't mean we would hurt you. Where we come from, women are given the utmost respect."

"I still don't understand how it is you guys don't mind sharing me with each other. I mean, when other men look at me, the three of you go berserk, but you don't mind sharing with each other. I don't understand this concept." Trina picked up her club soda and took a sip before putting it back down on the table.

Roar took her hand in his. "It's hard to explain to someone who hasn't grown up in our culture, but the best place to start is understanding our history. Our people have existed on another world long before humans. At one time women were plentiful among us. The Manani were more warlike then, and went by another name. Those who were in charge back then wanted to pillage our neighboring land. Our ancestors wiped our neighbors out. It turned out to be a big mistake, because the inhabitants of the land were the chosen people of the Ancient Ones. The Manani were cursed before being banished from that world."

Roar paused to take a sip of his gin and tonic. Trina's eyes were glued to his. "What did the curse do to your people?"

"Our females died, little by little until there were few left. Very few females were born. Our ancestors went back to the world they were banished from to plead with the Ancient Ones. They took pity on us, making it possible for three males, sharing the same soul sign, to be with one woman. Among humans and most other species, it only takes one male and one female to procreate, however, it takes three Manani males to impregnate one woman. Bayoh and Talh and I were bonded from our birth. It's impossible to feel envy for one who is connected to your soul."

"It seems like the males of your tribe get the short end of the stick. Don't any of you feel the need to have one woman apiece?" Trina asked with an incredulous expression on her face.

"No. I suppose you can say it's just the way we were created," Talh joined in.

"What made you come to Chimera?"

Bayoh chuckled. "You're very inquisitive tonight, Trina."

"Well, shouldn't I be? I mean, shouldn't I get to know the men I'm having an affair with?" She shrugged with a nonchalance that bothered Roar. He knew from the beginning Trina wouldn't be easy to sway, but it cut him on the inside when she seemed so casual about their coming together.

Roar sighed. "It's more than an affair, Trina, but we will argue on the point later. The reason we came to Chimera is partly because of the women shortage but mainly because we could not agree on a mate. The three of us are the Alpha Triad. It's not as hard for us to find willing females because of our status, but we're not so different from humans in that we wanted to find a mate who would love us for what's inside our hearts, and not for who we are. Sometimes it's easy to be blinded by surface beauty, as the three of us have been, but one thing we did agree on was we wanted the total package. We saw that in you, Trina."

Trina's tongue poked out to run along her lips. "When you speak like that to me, I almost believe you."

"Why shouldn't you believe us? We only speak the truth." Bayoh scooted his chair closer to her.

"Well... just because."

"Why would we have any reason to lie to you?" Talh asked.

"I don't know. I've long since given up on trying to figure men out."

"Well, tell us something about these men, Trina. What exactly have they done to make you this way?" Roar wanted to know what he was up against, feeling the unfairness of the situation. Why did they have to pay for others' past mistakes?

"To sum it up, I've been cheated on, lied to, hit, made a fool of, stolen from, used and that's only to name a few. Let's face it, guys. I'm a loser as far as relationships go."

"It doesn't have to be like that, Trina. Love can be a beautiful thing if you allow it to happen. We came to Chimera to find a mate and not only did we find you, we found love. It's too precious an emotion to let slip away. Those other men didn't love you. If they did, they could never have treated you in such a shabby manner," Bayoh said with obvious anger.

It upset Roar to know what she'd been through. He looked over to see Talh with a similar thunderous expression. Roar grasped Trina's chin between his fingers, forcing her to look at him. The sadness in her big brown eyes made him ache. He wished he could erase her pain. "Bayoh is right. Love is a gift. Where we come from, it's not something one takes for granted."

"You make it sound so simple," she whispered.

Roar let go of her chin and caressed her soft cheek. "It is that simple."

The waiter appeared at that moment and took their food orders. When he left, Roar thought it was best to steer the conversation in another direction. Pushing her too hard would only make her retreat further in her shell. At least Trina seemed comfortable enough to confide in them. For now, that was enough, but eventually he and his friends would want more.

Much more.

Chapter Eight

Trina laid on the beach, letting the sun caress her bare skin. She'd untied her bikini top when she positioned herself on her stomach. It wasn't as though she needed a tan, but she liked the way the sun felt. This was the first time in four days when Roar, Bayoh, and Talh were not by her side.

The three of them decided to get something to eat, but she wasn't hungry. Besides, she needed a little breathing space. It was still hard to believe she was having an affair with three men at once. Their first night together after Roar made his little declaration, they'd taken her to the large shower and cleaned her body.

When they finished the task they took her back to bed where Roar positioned her on her knees before sliding into her pussy, which by that time was wet again. Bayoh stuck his cock in her mouth and she sucked him with wild abandon. Talh watched with a satisfied gleam in his eyes.

This time when they finished, there was no green fluid. Roar shot his seed inside her pussy and Bayoh into her mouth. She'd never been one to swallow semen, but oddly, she wanted to ingest every single drop of Bayoh's essence.

Trina didn't think she could take any more, but the three of them made love to her well into the daylight, fucking her in every conceivable position. She was surprised her body could contort in so many different ways. By the time they finished with her, she was so exhausted she couldn't move.

She woke up the next morning slightly sore but sated. From then on they never left her side. If she went to the beach, they were with her. They ate, showered, and did activities with her. Trina had to admit she enjoyed their company. She couldn't remember a time when she'd had so much fun.

On their third night together, they revealed their true forms to her. It scared her in the beginning, but they'd prepared her for what she would see before they showed her. Besides, there were so many mysterious things on Chimera, she wasn't that surprised when her three lovers shifted into huge cats before her very eyes.

They all looked like giant lions, but they weren't quite lions. They had big shaggy manes and broad lion faces, but that was where the similarities ended. Their pelts were the shade of their hair, and they all bore markings in various shapes.

Another odd thing happened -- when they shifted, they could only communicate telepathically, but she understood them. It was very weird.

They wanted to screw her in their natural form. This took some convincing, but by the end of the night, she let them, and loved it. If anyone would have told her she'd be making love to three giant cats, she would have laughed and called them sick, but that was exactly what she did. They assured her that they would be in humanoid form most of time, but there would be times when they needed to shift.

She could handle the fact that they were very demanding lovers who kept her up through all hours of the night, making her body sing with pleasure. She could handle them not being human. She could even handle them wanting to be by her side constantly. What she could not handle were the feelings she was developing for each of them.

When she'd agreed to sleep with them, unbeknownst to them, this was supposed to be a "no strings attached" arrangement. When the week was over, she'd get on a plane and go back to the real world, despite what they thought. Now she wasn't so sure. It still baffled her how she could feel this way about three men at once, but she did.

Each one of them attracted her in their own way. She loved Roar's intelligence and conversation. He was very insightful, always having something deep and meaningful to say. Although each claimed there was no established leader, it was Roar who usually led, and the other two followed, but she noticed how Roar always deferred to them first.

Trina liked Bayoh's forceful manner. He was a man of action who took what he wanted, but there was a sensitive side hidden behind his gruff demeanor. He had the soul of a poet. One night, the four of them sat watching the sunset, and Bayoh compared Trina to the beauty of that sunset in such a beautiful way it'd touched her soul.

Then there was Talh. He spoke the least of the three, but when he did he would not be ignored. He was sometimes stubborn in his manner, but not overly so. He was very affectionate, always finding reasons to touch, kiss, or cuddle with her. They all did these things, but Talh more so than the other two. He was a sweetheart.

There were qualities in every one of them that made her heart race, and to be honest, there wasn't one she liked above the other. That was the problem. These feelings would get in the way of leaving them behind. They were feelings she didn't want to have for men she hadn't known that long. It was irrational, but Trina had deeper feelings for them than she cared to examine. How was this possible after she'd sworn off men in her life?

Love hurt and Trina didn't want to be in love, not this quickly after another broken relationship, and not with these three men who had the power to break her heart in a way that none of her exes had.

She knew she had to go back home, because staying would only open her up to more heartache. Knowing her luck with men, she knew it was a matter of time before something went totally wrong. What if she did give in and go to Laiocan with them? Then what? Once she bore them children, would she be cast aside? How did she know they wouldn't cheat or abuse her?

She didn't think they would abuse her physically, but they had the power to hurt her emotionally, and that wasn't a chance she could take. No, when the week ended, so would their affair.

Trina must have dozed off, because the next thing she remembered was a pair of hands rubbing something cool on her back. These hands didn't belong to any of her

lovers. She would have known their touch anywhere. Trina stiffened, lifting her head to see who had put their hands on her.

She looked up to see a tall blond man. She supposed he would have been cute if he weren't blue. "Umm, who are you and why are you rubbing my skin like you have the right to do so?" she asked.

The man removed his hands. He looked stricken and Trina felt a little guilty for speaking so sharply to him. "Many pardons, miss, but skin such as yours should be protected from the sun's rays. I only thought to rub some sunscreen on your back. As you can tell, I'm thoroughly sunburned myself, and I'd hate for the same fate to happen to you."

Trina tied her bikini top together before sitting up. "I'm sorry for snapping at you, but you can't just go up to people and start touching them without their permission."

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I only wanted to help, really. I will leave you alone."

The blue man looked a little distressed as he began to get up. She felt so guilty, although she had no reason to be, she grabbed his hand. "Wait, you don't have to go. What's your name?"

He sat back down with a big smile on his face, showing off little white teeth. "My name's Morel Hyyor, of the Hyyor wood nymphs... and you are?"

"Trina Davis. Nice to meet you, Morel." She smiled back at him. He briefly shook the hand she held. His grip was strong at first. Morel was actually kind of cute.

"And it's very nice meeting you, Miss Davis. You're the first woman who's even talked to me on this island."

"Well, you were nice enough to rub sunscreen on my back, but I can't imagine a handsome guy like you not getting any female attention."

He blushed, looking pleased. "Well, not really. Actually, I've been slapped in the face a few times, told to get lost, and called a loser. One woman told me to go fuck myself, whatever that means. If I could do that I wouldn't need a woman."

She felt sorry for him. The poor fellow didn't seem to be having much luck. "Well, give me an example of how you approach women."

"Well, I do what all wood nymphs do when they're greeting their women. I grab them between their legs and squeeze. It's the way our males tell a female we're interested. Had you not been lying on your stomach, I would have greeted you in the same manner."

"And I would have knocked you back into next week. I can appreciate that greeting a woman in this way is what your people do, but for people not of your culture, it's insulting because it's not what they're used to."

"But I know no other way. I knew coming to this island was a big mistake, but it was either this or marry Swinla."

"What's wrong with Swinla?"

"She's been my betrothed since we were children, but I don't see her as anything more than a little sister. Yes, she is beautiful, but she doesn't make my heart beat faster. I want the real thing. My people mate for life, and I can't imagine being stuck with someone I only feel a mild love for, for the rest of my life."

"How does Swinla feel about you?"

"She loves me, at least she says so, but I need to find someone who isn't her. My brothers were able to choose their mates. Just because I am my father's heir why can I not choose my own?"

Trina had the sneaking suspicion that Morel was here more out of rebellion than anything else. "Have you given the relationship a chance?"

"Well... no, but I know it's not what I want."

"How do you know if you don't give it a chance?"

"I never thought about it to be honest, but it's just not fair," he pouted with a petulant expression on his blue face.

"Life isn't fair. Look, from what you're telling me, it doesn't seem like you're doing so well here on Chimera. Why not go back home and find if there can be

anything between you and Swinla, and then if things don't work out, you can come back to Chimera."

He paused for a moment as though thinking over the possibility. "Well, I guess that doesn't sound like a bad idea. My mother said the exact same thing, but..."

"Sometimes it's easier to take coming from an objective third party, right?"

"I suppose. Thank you, Trina. I appreciate the advice. I've been miserable since I've been here on this island anyway."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"How is your time on the island? Are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes, I am actually."

"I'm surprised to see you alone on the beach. A beautiful woman like yourself should have swarms of men around you."

"Thank you. Actually I've met three men. They're all very nice."

"Three men? And they're okay with sharing you?" he asked with evident disbelief.

"That's what they say. They're Manani."

"Oh, yes. I've heard of them. In that case, I had better go." He had a worried expression on his face.

"Leaving so soon? You don't have to go." She reached out for him, catching his wrist.

"I may not know everything about the Manani race, but I know how possessive males are. I'm sure you've been marked by them, and though I won't back down from a confrontation, I'm not in the mood to fight because I was seen talking to you."

Marked? What was he talking about? Trina frowned. "Umm, they can't tell me who I can talk to. They don't own me."

"But you've been marked, haven't you?"

"I don't even know what you mean."

Morel looked over her shoulder before abruptly standing up. "If I guess right, I see your three angry suitors coming this way. Pardon me if don't stick around. Thanks for talking to me, Trina."

Before her very eyes, he disappeared. What an odd man he was, but she supposed he was no worse than anyone else on Chimera. She turned around to see Roar, Bayoh, and Talh approach. Morel was right -- they didn't look happy.

The three of them hovered over her, with not too pleased expressions on their handsome faces. What were they so mad about? It was Roar who spoke first. "Who was that you were speaking to, Trina?"

She didn't like his tone one bit, but decided it was best not to get into an argument about it. "Morel. He's just a nice guy I met on the beach. We were only talking."

"I didn't particularly care for the way he was looking at you. Didn't you tell him you were already mated?" Bayoh asked.

"No. Why should I? We were just talking. What's the harm in that?"

Bayoh shook his head. "No harm to you of course, but much harm to him if he thinks he can make moves on our woman."

"I don't like to be discussed as though I'm a piece of meat. We've gone over this already and I'm not your possession, and if you guys are going to act like this every time I talk to someone, I would rather end this thing right now." She stood up to face them, her hands planted firmly on her hips.

"If you think you can end things just like that, you're sadly mistaken. You've been marked, which means you're ours, and this is something not up for discussion." Roar grabbed her arm, pulling her against him.

"Marked? What the hell are you talking about?"

"Don't you remember the first time we made love? We sprayed you with our love nectar," Talh explained.

Trina suddenly realized what they were talking about. The green fluid they'd sprayed on her was not semen. She should have suspected something was up when they rubbed it into her skin, but she'd been too damn horny at the time to think straight.

"So what? So you shot some green stuff on me. That means less than nothing to me. I am a woman with my own free will who has the right to pick and choose who she wants to be with."

Roar brought his face down to hers until their noses were almost touching. "But you see, that green stuff, as you so delicately put it, means everything to us. It means you're ours, and when you let us, you gave us your permission. We're bound for life now, and you can protest all you want, but it doesn't make you any less ours. When this week is over, you will come home with us."

"The hell I will. That's it. I'm not going to be treated as though I don't know my own mind. I don't want anything else to do with you three, do you hear me? Absolutely nothing."

"Do you think we're just going to let you walk away from us after what we've shared? Don't deny that you feel anything for us, because I see it whenever you look at us, touch us -- respond to us. You're so scared to admit you care for us, because of something a bunch of immature assholes have done to you. You've been waiting for an excuse to end this all week, haven't you?" Roar demanded.

She gasped. How did they know how she felt?

"Ah, I see the surprise on your face, but you still don't seem to get it. You belong to us and you always will. We know your feelings and your moods. We probably know what's in your heart better than you do. Don't think we didn't know you were treating this as a casual affair. We indulged you because you've had a bad time with love. This week we've done the things you've wanted to do to ease you into this relationship with us. You hold nothing back when we make love to you, but you want to put a wall between us. Well, we will not let you do so anymore."

When Roar finished with his speech, Trina could only look at them with wonder. "If you know how I feel, then how can you think I would want anything long term?"

This is not a game, this is my life we're talking about here. I thought by coming to this island I would be taking charge of my life again, but you guys just want to control me."

"We don't want to control you, and wouldn't dream of it. We just want to take care of you, and treat you in the way you deserve to be treated. You deserve the best of everything and we want to give it to you," Talh said, approaching her. He cupped the side of her face in his palm. As always, when any of them touched her, her body responded. Damn them for being able to do this to her traitorous body.

"If you knew what was best for me, then you'd know the best thing for me is to leave me alone. I can't deal with anything long term."

"Life is about taking risks. If you get hurt once, it doesn't mean the next person is out to hurt you," Bayoh reasoned.

What he said made sense, but her scarred heart made it difficult for her to believe them. It was a risk she didn't know if she had the courage to take.

"You guys talk a good game now. You tell me that you love me and want to take care of me, but then again, that's something all men say to get into a woman's pants. If I went back to you with Laiocan, how would I know that you wouldn't hurt me like the others?"

"You don't know, Trina, but that's what loving is all about. Loving is about trust. You will just have to trust that we will cherish and take care of you for the rest of your days. You're not the only one who's scared. We were worried about coming to Chimera and not finding our mate. We were worried we'd be stuck with a mate the three of us couldn't agree on. We were scared a human woman wouldn't be able to accept us for what we were, but we found you. We took a big risk to come here. Now we're asking you to take a risk in us. Let us love you." Roar kissed her gently on the lips.

Her eyes welled with tears. Dare she love them?

The image of Tim and Twan flashed in her mind. Love led to pain. "I can't. I'm sorry, but I just can't."

"I see. It distresses us to hear it though. I guess there's only one thing left to do," Roar said with a note of resignation in his voice.

Were they letting her go? Why did the thought bother her so much when she'd just pleaded they do exactly that? "What are you going to do?" she asked, swallowing the lump that had formed in her throat.

"We're just going to have to take the choice out of your hands," Talh answered.

Before she realized what they were talking about, Roar hauled her up in the air and threw her over his shoulder as though she were a sack of flour, before heading back to her bungalow.

Chapter Nine

Trina wiggled and squirmed, trying to break free of Roar's vise grip. "You can't do this to me!" she protested.

"It's funny you should say that because it's exactly what I'm doing. Now stop wiggling so much before I drop you." He brought his palm down on her bottom.

It didn't hurt, but it surprised her. She cried out in outrage. "You brute, put me down this instant!" She lifted her head to look at Bayoh and Talh who followed closely behind. By the amused looks on their faces, she could tell they would be no help. They actually seemed to enjoy seeing her like this.

She knew when they went to her bungalow what they would do, and her body began to shiver with the very thought of it, but the feminist inside her protested this display of Cro-Magnon male.

By the time they reached her bungalow, she was exhausted from struggling so hard. The moment her feet hit the ground she glared up at them. "That wasn't necessary, you know. I could have walked."

"But would you have let us walk with you? Besides, as I've already said, the choice is no longer yours. We're going to do what we want to do, and we want to make love to you. This time, you're going to take us all at once," Roar declared as he peeled off his swim trunks. Instead of taking her to the bedroom, they remained in the living room.

This was the moment she'd been anticipating since she'd started this affair with them. She wasn't sure about the mechanics, but knew they would find a way. Why did her body always seem to take over when she knew her mind should be in control? The thought of taking all three of those big cocks inside her at the same time filled her with fear and lust.

Bayoh and Talh followed suit, and as always, she stood amazed at the beauty of their bodies. Unable to help herself she reached out to the one closest to her, which happened to be Roar. She ran her hands over his sinewy chest. His nipples stiffened as her thumb brushed over them.

Trina leaned forward to run her tongue across one tiny disk. He tasted of musk, salt water, and something else she couldn't quite put her finger on, but she liked the taste of him. He groaned, grabbing her head against his chest, and she sucked the hard little peak into her mouth. "Do you like that?" she asked.

"You know I do, woman. I love it when you touch me," he groaned.

"But I bet you especially like it when I touch you here, don't you?" she said, feeling bold as her hand slid lower and grasped his cock in her fist.

He nodded, speechless.

She stroked his cock back and forth, knowing he enjoyed it, feeling high off of her feminine power. Knowing she could make this big strong man react to her this way aroused her as much as when they touched her. As she jerked his cock in her hand, her tongue continued to tease and lick his nipple. Trina transferred her attention to his other nipple.

Roar pulled away from her, his breathing ragged. "Woman, you are going to be the death of me."

Trina smiled at him. "I thought you liked it? Perhaps Talh would appreciate my touch." She turned to the tall redhead whose eyes flashed with untamed desire. She kissed the smooth expanse of his chest, drawing his scent deep within her nostrils, savoring his unique flavor. It was similar to Roar's but different. Touching their hard, lean bodies was becoming an addiction she couldn't quite get enough of.

She felt a strong pair of hands pull her back, making her protest. "I need you too, Trina. I need you badly," Bayoh whispered in her ear.

Bayoh stood behind her and began to undo the ties of her bikini. She could feel her breasts harden. They felt as though they wanted to burst from her top. He kissed the back of her neck, causing her to lean against him. His hand reached around to cup

her breasts, making them harder than they already were. She could feel the swell of his hard cock pressing against her bottom and Trina wanted him inside her in the worst way. His hands squeezed and caressed her flesh. "You have such soft, beautiful skin. I like the way my pale skin looks against your dark flesh. I also like the way you moan for me when I touch you like this," he whispered against her neck.

Her breath caught in her throat as Roar knelt down in front of her to slide her bikini bottoms down her thighs. She lifted her legs, one at a time, to step out of them. She looked down at Roar just in time to see him insert his long middle finger inside her slick folds. The finger grazed her clit before moving further down to slip into her channel.

"That feels wonderful," she sighed, rolling her head back and forth against Bayoh's shoulder.

Roar lifted one of her legs and placed it over his shoulder so that he could have better access to her sopping pussy. He slid another thick digit inside her, and the added stimulation created an urgent need within her so strong she didn't think her knees would support her for much longer.

Roar fucked her with his fingers, looking up occasionally as though trying to gauge her reaction. "Your pussy is so wet and fragrant. I don't think I can go a second longer without tasting it," he growled, parting her dewy folds with his free hand before leaning forward and placing his lips against her pussy.

She gasped as his teeth captured her clit. He nipped, nibbled, and teased before sucking it into his mouth. Between Roar suckling on her clit and Bayoh's hands on her breasts, Trina didn't know how much more pleasure she could take. It amazed her still that each time she was with them it always felt like the first time.

Talh didn't seem content to watch this time. "I want to taste those sweet lips of yours," he said, stepping closer, gently guiding her head toward him.

As his mouth came down to close over hers, Trina opened her mouth to welcome the invasion of his questing tongue. The kiss was slow and deep. He explored her

mouth, tasting every inch of it. The heat of passion was evident as the kiss became more forceful -- hungrier.

Trina opened her mouth wider, letting her tongue taste his, running it along his bottom lip. It was delicious, heady, and hot at the same time.

The three men seemed to know exactly where to touch, where to push, and where to stroke. They seemed to know how to make her moan, as though they had mastered her body, and she supposed they had.

As good as this felt, she wanted more. She needed to feel their cocks within her or she thought she'd expire with need. Trina was drowning in lust, needing to be filled, as only these three men knew how. She ripped her mouth away from Talh's. "Fuck me. I can't take this anymore."

Roar, who'd been eating her pussy in earnest, took his time lifting his head. He removed his fingers from her pussy. "I think I could stay between your thighs all day. I can't get enough of this sweet cunt juice." He stood up then and rubbed his juice-dampened fingers across her lips. Trina's lips parted at the insistent poking of those fingers. "See how good you taste. It's delicious, isn't it, darling?"

She sucked on his fingers. Trina had never tasted herself before but the taste wasn't unpleasant. The intimacy of the act was more of a turn-on than anything else, and she was turned on. Very turned on.

Before she could say anything else, Bayoh dragged her to the couch, pulling her onto his lap with her back against him. She knew then what was about to happen. Nerves took over and she began to shake.

"Don't be nervous, Trina. Remember we told you we'd never hurt you. We wouldn't begin to now, either. You'll have to trust us."

Trust.

There was that word again. Why couldn't they understand trust wasn't something that came easy to her anymore?

"Relax," Roar said as though he sensed her unease.

Bayoh pried her legs further apart and began to stroke her already soaking wet cunt. "That's it, Trina. Relax, baby. You're already so hot and wet for us. I can feel your heat without even touching you."

"Yes, I'm ready for you. Please don't tease me anymore. I don't think I can take it," she moaned.

He slid his finger lower to glide over the tight bud of her anus. "This isn't teasing, baby. You'd know it if I were teasing you. I enjoy touching your tight pussy and ass. You know what I'm going to do, baby?" he asked as his thumb continued to rub her asshole.

"What?" she said, almost unable to get the word out when she felt him insert his thumb into her butt.

"I'm going to fuck your ass. Will you like that? Will you like the feel of my thick cock slamming in your big round ass? Your ass was made for fucking and I think you're going to enjoy it as much as I will, won't you?"

His words of seduction sent shivers up her spine. She wiggled over his thumb, wishing he would stop talking and fuck her. "Fuck me," she begged.

"Oh, I'm going to. We all are." Another finger joined his thumb and Trina nearly blacked out from the pleasure of it.

Roar and Talh looked on with an expression of anxious anticipation on their faces, waiting to take their positions. She didn't know how, but during this past week, she'd developed a taste for being watched.

Bayoh continued to tease her ass with his fingers, until she begged him. "Please, give me your cock. Please! I can't take it anymore."

He chuckled, twisting and thrusting his fingers inside her ass. Her body shook with the warm sensation of lust coursing from her head to her toes. Bayoh slowly removed his fingers, causing her to gasp with the sudden emptiness she felt. "Anything for you, my love. You're so hot and ready for me I'll have no problem sliding my cock inside you."

"Hurry. Please." She moaned and lifted her bottom, ready for the entrance of his cock. When he slipped his thick rod past the tight ring of her ass, she sighed in relief as he filled her. The sensation was like none other. Trina began to move up and down on his cock, but he grasped her hip.

"Uh-uh, my greedy little vixen. Not yet," Bayoh halted her. He bent over and nipped her on the shoulder.

"Please," she begged.

"Oh, we will please you all right," Roar said, coming from the side of the room to stand before her, his stiff cock bobbed up and down with each slow deliberate step he took. He looked so beautiful standing there. Her mouth went dry. She couldn't wait to feel him deep inside her.

Roar positioned himself in front of her, straddling his knees over hers and Bayoh's. He grabbed his cock, teasing her clit with its head. Trina threw her head back and shouted, "Give it to me! I want every single inch of you."

Roar licked his lips with apparent anticipation. A fierce gleam of passion shimmered in his aqua eyes before he slipped his dick inside her wet pussy. She sighed with pleasure, feeling whole once again to have these two big cocks filling her. The only thing missing was Talh.

As though he sensed her need for him, he stepped forward. "Turn your head this way." Talh cupped her face in his hands before guiding her head to his cock. Her lips closed hungrily over him, hungry for his taste.

Her head bobbed back and forth over the length of him, his cock going deep inside her mouth. "Yes, that's it, Trina. Suck it, baby, just like that. Not too hard." He guided her head on his cock, thrusting his hips forward.

She moaned in delight as his long pole slid in and out of her mouth. The musky, bittersweet taste of it titillated her senses. The heavenly sensation of sucking his cock felt as good as being fucked in her pussy and ass. "Your mouth feels like heaven," Talh moaned, digging his fingers into her hair.

Trina could barely make out what he said to her because she was too caught up in the rapture of their three cocks moving within her, fucking her, claiming her, conquering her.

She felt as though this was meant to be -- being fucked so thoroughly by the three men she loved.

Loved?

Where did that come from? She couldn't love them in such a short amount of time. How was that possible? No, this was lust, and when this vacation was over they would go their separate ways. For now, she would just enjoy the deliciously delectable sensation of the moment and not think of later. She only wanted to think of the here and now, savoring every inch of their cocks as they thrust into each one of her hungry holes.

They screwed her with an almost synchronized rhythm and she knew this wasn't the first time they'd done it. The thought bothered her more than it should have, but it wasn't enough to stop her enjoying what was going on. The pleasure was mind-blowing.

As they fucked her, their hands caressed and fondled every inch of exposed skin they could get their hands on, leaving a fire in their wake. This was heaven, she thought, as sparks danced before her eyes signaling how close she was to reaching her peak.

Heat spread through her in pulsing waves. Trina's body was burning up with the heat the four of them generated, but it was the kind of heat that could only be doused by feeding this incredible lust.

When she came it was more earth shattering than it had ever been with them. Trina tore her mouth from Talh's dick and screamed out. "Oh God, yes!"

"That's it, baby, don't hold back," Roar murmured, thrusting forward with one last powerful thrust, his sweat-glistened body slamming against hers. She felt the powerful explosion of his seed shoot through her.

Bayoh lifted his hips up, thrusting into her tight bottom, until he shuddered beneath her. She could feel essence dripping from her pussy and ass to slide in a puddle beneath her.

Trina turned her head expectantly to Talh, wanting to taste him, to feel the salty, bittersweet essence of his desire slide down her throat. "I want to taste you." She looked up at the redhead pleadingly.

"And you shall have me," he said, placing his cock back in her mouth. She eagerly wrapped her lips around him once more to suck it. Mere seconds passed before she felt the explosion of his seed in her mouth. She tried to swallow as much of it as she could, but some still dripped down the side of her mouth.

She slurped greedily, sucking and licking him as though he were a particularly tasty lollipop, although in her opinion, this was far better than any lollipop she'd ever tasted.

Talh groaned loudly as he stroked her head. "Your mouth is magic, so soft, and wet, and made just for this purpose."

She looked up at him, giving him a wicked grin before turning her attention back to his cock. Trina didn't think she could get enough, but they apparently had other ideas.

She pouted when Talh pulled away from her. "We must clean you up."

"More," she whispered.

"You're greedy tonight," Roar chuckled as he pulled out his now semi-erect cock. "You have no need to worry, there will be more. Lots more." He stood up over her, and she could feel the cool breeze of the air conditioner hitting her exposed empty pussy.

When Bayoh slid out of her ass, she felt like crying. They might have been finished, but she could go another round. "Is that it?"

Roar pulled her up, taking her into his arms. "Is this the same woman who wanted to end things with us only a short while ago? Where did she go?" he asked, lifting a knowing brow at her.

"So I like to fuck. It doesn't make any difference, you know," she said, peeved at how easily they could make her body succumb to the pleasure they gave her.

"It makes all the difference. Do you respond to other men the way you do us? Do you beg for it afterwards? Can any other man satisfy you as thoroughly as we do?" Roar challenged.

She didn't answer because she couldn't. No one had ever made her react this way sexually before and she doubted anyone else could, but in the back of her mind she kept thinking about the pain of falling for someone only to be disappointed.

As they had made love to her she'd actually begun to believe that they cared for her. Yes, they screwed her voraciously, but there was something else too. The way they'd touched her had been so tender at times it made her want to cry.

It's just sex, she told herself, trying to silence her foolish heart. "No. Other men have never made me feel this way, but that means less than nothing. A good relationship is not all about sex. We can't have sex all the time."

"So what you're saying is that you will have sex with us, but that's it?" Roar asked with narrowed eyes.

"I've been saying it since we started this thing."

"Fine, we'll give you all the sex you want." Roar scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the shower. The stall was large enough for the four of them. They pushed her under the spray. Their hands caressed her, and her body went up in flames as it usually did, but something was different this time.

There was no finesse, no tenderness, just a demand for a response, any kind of response. When Roar pinched her nipple a little too roughly, she gasped. "Please, not so hard," she protested.

"This is what you wanted, Trina. This is just sex, and this is what 'just sex' feels like. You can't complain because we're giving you what you want." He smiled at her without humor.

She wanted to cry out and demand they do the things to her that they did before. There wasn't an inch of her body they did not grope. When they finished showering,

they took her back to the bed, where they fucked her, without the earlier tenderness. She soon realized the difference, and wanted to cry, but instead she gritted her teeth and took it.

Besides, her body was as responsive as ever to their touch even though it was different than before. They fucked her as though she were just some random woman they'd picked up on the street, but she refused to admit how much it hurt her inside.

With each stroke of their skillful cocks, they fucked her with a force that took her breath away, but this emotional rape didn't fill the need within her as the other times had.

They twisted and turned her body in different ways as though she were a rag doll, and she let them, because this was exactly what she'd asked for. They used her body until she cried out for mercy, and only then did they relent.

When they were through with her, instead of cuddling her like they usually did after sex, they all got up.

She felt like a whore, and she only had herself to blame.

Trina turned her face in the pillow, not able to meet their eyes. When she heard them leave the room, she started to cry.

* * *

Roar could hear Trina crying in the bedroom and it took every ounce of his self-control not to go back there and comfort her. He hated doing this to her, but she had to realize herself that she belonged to them. No amount of talking would convince her.

"I feel like a jerk," Bayoh echoed his thoughts.

"I do too, but I think this is what she needs. We know she's our true mate, but how good will a relationship between us be if she fights us along the way? It cuts me to hear her cry, but I know that if we go in there, we'll make love to her and comfort her and things will go back as they were. She'll continue to believe this is some fling, while we pour our hearts out to her. No, we deserve someone who will return our love, and if she doesn't realize it for herself, as much as the thought pains me, I would rather walk away," Talh finished on a fierce note.

"I don't know if I can walk away. When I'm not with her, I feel empty inside. Her smile, the way she looks at us, her laughter -- all these things make me glad I'm alive. When I go to sleep, I miss her," Roar sighed, raking his fingers through his hair. He turned to go into the room to comfort her. Each passing second, listening to her cry like her heart was breaking, tore him apart.

Bayoh and Talh grabbed his arms. "No. Don't you think we want to go in there and take her in our arms as well? This was your idea. We can't back down now. Love is a gamble, but hopefully luck will be on our side," Bayoh said, holding his arm in a firm grip.

Roar didn't need them to point out that this was his idea. He cursed himself now for even suggesting such a crazy thing. All he could think about now was going to her and assuring her everything was okay. "But this is a gamble we can't lose. What will we do without her? After having her, can either one of you even look at another woman and not feel cheated? I know I can't. Besides which, there may never be another chance for us to mate."

"This is a big risk for us all. I want to go to her as well, but do you want to go through the rest of your life with a mate who doesn't give us her heart? Someone who's too scared to take a chance on us? It hurts now, but in the long run, I think it would hurt a lot more," Bayoh reasoned.

Roar bowed his head in defeat. They were right. The decision was now in Trina's hands. Would she offer herself to them whole-heartedly or would she run away?

He'd never been more scared in his life.

Chapter Ten

Trina woke up the next morning with an awful headache. She must have cried herself to sleep. She didn't think she'd even cried like this when she caught Tim in bed with Twan.

As she turned her head over she saw a glass of water and two aspirin on the nightstand. So they did care. Her heart fluttered at the thought, but then she noticed something else beside the glass of water -- a note.

She didn't know why, but she was almost too scared to read it. Trina sat up and took the two aspirin and finished the contents of the water glass before turning back to the note. Her hands trembled as she reached for it. Her heart raced as she read the message.

Trina, you may be confused about what happened last night. As much as it pained us to do what we did to you, we could think of no other way to get the point across to you of how much we care. We have always made love to you with not just our bodies, but with our hearts. Last night, I'm sure you realized the difference.

We understand you've been hurt in the past, but not everything will be smooth in life. There will be people who will hurt you, but that's when you have to get back out there and live again, otherwise you let the people who've hurt you win. We love you with every fiber in our beings, but we also deserve someone who will return that love, so we will leave the decision up to you.

We are leaving Chimera tonight. Meet us at sunset on the beach at the spot where we first met. We'll be waiting. Otherwise you'll never see us again. Whatever you decide, your happiness is important to us, and we wish you the best in all your endeavors.

Love, Roar, Bayoh, and Talh

Trina dropped the letter. They were leaving? Just like that they would walk out of her life after all that talk about being life mates? So she'd been right. They'd already gotten bored with her. She just didn't think it would be so soon.

No. They hadn't abandoned her, but given her a choice, Trina reasoned with herself. She shuddered as she thought about the night before. It still hurt her to think of what had occurred. They'd made her feel cheap and used, but she had a better understanding of why they did it. Maybe it was the only way to get through to her thick skull, but did she dare give herself to them? Could she entrust her heart to these men she'd known for less than a week?

There was no one she'd felt so strongly for before. Not Tim, Kwan, Larry or any of the other losers she'd dealt with. What about the life she'd left behind? Could she walk away from it all?

What exactly do you have to go back to?

She had no job, her so-called best friend had betrayed her, and she didn't have any family. Trina was alone in the world, so why not take a chance on love? Why not run to the security they offered?

The inner struggle tore her apart. The thought of yet another heartbreak scared her so much she started to shake. Trina dragged herself out of bed and headed for the shower. She could still smell their scent on her, and her pussy twitched. She missed them.

After showering she went to the seaside grill to get some breakfast. Every time she looked up from her meal, she expected to see them, but didn't. All around her were happy couples laughing and mooning over each other. Unable to stand it any longer she left the restaurant.

On her way out, she bumped into Morel. "Trina. I'm glad to see you again. Where are your mates?"

"They... they're leaving tonight."

A frown marred his blue face. "Without you?"

"I don't know. Maybe." She shrugged.

"I don't understand. Didn't they mark you? If my understanding of the Manani is correct, once they mark a female as their own, they can't claim another woman, unless their mate dies."

They would walk away when they risked going unmated for a very long time, possibly for life? She also knew, from what they'd revealed to her earlier that week, that they could not retain their leadership positions among their people if they went unmated.

They were willing to take that chance on her?

The men she'd dealt with before would have taken what they wanted without a care for her feelings. The fact they risked so much touched her heart in a way she didn't think possible. They must love her an awful lot if they would give everything up for her.

"Umm, Morel, I have to go. Good luck again."

"Wait!" He halted her as she turned to leave.

"Yes?"

"I just wanted to thank you for talking to me yesterday. If we hadn't talked, I would probably still be here on the island feeling miserable. I leave tonight. Perhaps I will see your mates on the plane ride off the island."

"You're welcome. I hope everything works out for you."

"I hope so too. Goodbye, Miss Trina, and may all your dreams come true." He took her hand in his, squeezing it in a reassuring gesture before letting go.

There was that phrase again. If she took the chance maybe this time she could have her happily-ever-after. On the other hand, her dreams coming true could also turn into her worst nightmare.

Trina was torn.

* * *

"The sun has set. I don't think she's going to show up."

Bayoh sounded as dejected as Roar felt. The pain emanating from his friends was so strong he could almost touch it.

"I think you're right. We've been here for over an hour. That should have been plenty of time for her to show up." Talh sighed.

Roar had been so sure Trina would show. How could he have been so wrong? One of the things that had attracted him to her in the first place was the inner strength he'd sensed. He now saw that her heart was too crippled to love again.

"She's been marked, so we can choose no other mate. We will have to step down from our positions of course." Bayoh raked his hand through his dark hair. His tail drooped, switching back and forth in a half-hearted motion.

"I don't give a damn about our positions. It's Trina I want."

"I wasn't implying our positions were more important, Roar. I was just stating a fact. It tears me up inside to find the one woman I know I can't live without, only to find that I have to. I don't know about the two of you, but I don't know how I'll make it through the rest of my life without her. I suppose I can only pray my life won't be too long on this world, because without her, I feel like I have no reason to live."

Roar could see the glistening of tears in Bayoh's eyes, and wished he could offer words of comfort, but he too hurt. This hurt was so deep, he could barely breathe. "Let's go. Our plane will be leaving shortly, and I'm sure the car is waiting to take us to the airport."

The three of them began to walk away, from the beach, away from Chimera, and away from Trina.

They didn't walk more than a few feet when Roar could have sworn he heard someone call out his name. He turned around, with Bayoh and Talh following suit. They must have heard something as well.

Roar's breath caught in his throat as he saw a vision in white running toward them. "Roar, Bayoh, Talh. Please don't leave without me."

Trina dashed toward them laden with baggage. Tears streamed down her face.

Without hesitation, Roar ran toward her, hoping his eyes weren't playing tricks on him. Bayoh and Talh ran by his side, each of them as eager as he to reach the woman of their hearts.

Trina dropped her baggage and ran toward them.

When they were only a few feet away, she leapt into Roar's waiting arms, which he immediately wrapped around her waist, squeezing her tight. His mouth descended upon hers. The sweet taste of her, just as good as he remembered, sent shivers up his spine. Roar's cock stirred. He took his time exploring the warm, delicious cavern of her mouth. Roar loved her so much it literally hurt when she wasn't near.

Trina moaned, wrapping her arms around his neck. Roar could feel her soft breasts pressing against his chest. Her tongue thrust forward to meet his, tasting and savoring him.

The cool, floral scent of her perfume triggered an uncontrollable burst of lust in his loins. Roar wished he had time to lay her on the beach and fuck her senseless, until she never had the desire to be away from them again.

Roar had never been more scared in his life, but seeing her racing down the beach almost soothed the brief ache he'd felt. He didn't want to let her go, but knew his friends were just as anxious to hold her. When he pulled away from her, Roar brushed her cheek with the back of his palm to assure himself she was real. "Don't ever scare us like that again, or we will give you the spanking of your life."

Trina wrinkled her nose, a mischievous gleam in her dark eyes. "Is that a promise?"

"You saucy wench, come here." Bayoh gently pulled her back and turned her around to face him. Trina eagerly went into his arms. Roar watched as their tongues danced to the syncopated rhythm of the ocean waves. Bayoh ran his hands along the sides of her curvaceous body.

Trina pulled back and nuzzled Bayoh's neck. "I missed you so much."

"I missed you too, my lovely Trina. I thought we wouldn't see you again. I wished my life to be short, because without you in it, life wouldn't have been worth living." Bayoh brushed a tear from the corner of her eye.

"I'm sorry to cause you pain." Trina caressed Bayoh's stubble roughened cheek.

Talh stepped closer to Trina. "Do I not get a kiss?"

Trina disengaged herself from Bayoh's arms and turned to Talh. The redhead lifted her in his arms, his palms cupping her round bottom. She dug her fingers in Talh's fiery locks when their lips met.

Just watching Trina kiss his friend with such passion and love made Roar's cock so hard he could barely think. He couldn't wait to get her back to Laiocan.

Talh gave Trina a long, leisurely kiss. She pushed against his chest, laughter in her eyes. "Put me down."

Talh didn't look as though he wanted to, but did. Trina then pulled Roar and Bayoh closer to her so the three of them were within her embrace.

"You came," Roar sighed, feeling as though things were right in the world once again.

"I've been a fool. What you three told me earlier is true. Love is about trust, and life is about taking risks. Although I was scared to trust again or take this risk, I knew I'd be miserable without you guys. Living without your love was more than I could take. Thank you for taking a chance on this broken woman. Can you forgive me for putting us all through this?"

Roar knew he spoke for his friends when he said, "We could forgive you anything. We would never hurt you. When you're sick, we will be there to heal you. When you cry, we'll be there to dry your tears. When you are happy, we are happy with you. We love you, Trina Davis."

A tear slid down her lovely brown face. She was so beautiful it ached to look at her, and she was theirs. Forever.

"I love you, Roar, Bayoh, and Talh. Let's go home." Trina looked up, encompassing them all in her smile.

Roar's heart soared at how easily she'd used the word home. His eyes locked briefly with Bayoh's and then Talh. He could tell they were just as happy. They grabbed Trina's bags and headed toward the waiting limo.

The sun had set, ending their vacation on Chimera, but this wasn't an ending for them. This was only the beginning. Their dreams had come true.

Eve Vaughn

Eve Vaughn has enjoyed creating characters, and making up stories from an early age. As a child she was always getting into mischief, so when she lost her television privileges (which was often), writing was her outlet. Eve likes to read, bake, make crafts, travel, and spend time with her family. She lives in the Philadelphia area with her husband and pet turtle. She loves hearing from her fans, so feel free to contact her at EveVaughn@yahoo.com or join her yahoo group by sending an email to evevaughnsbooks-subscribe@yahoogroups.com.