



Midnyte Dupree

FINDING HER  
PLACE

Finding Her Place  
*by Midnyte Dupree*

**Resplendence Publishing, LLC**

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To my wonderful family. Thank you for letting me take the time away from you to write. I appreciate all your patience! I love you!

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## Chapter One

"You should be thrilled the war with the Inceptors is over, Cameron."

Cameron Cabot narrowed her eyes at her friend before she kicked the metal trashcan across the room with her heavy military boot. Her frustration had been mounting throughout the week, just waiting to explode. Her muscles were tight, her breathing coming in fast little bursts, and her palms felt moist. Spirit, what was wrong with her?

"Damn it! I know I should be happy, Simone, but fighting is all I've ever known. Dad and Mom were both fighters and as soon as I could, I joined the Junior Fighters in school."

Cameron paced her tiny office as the letter she'd been delivered a week ago dangled from her fingertips. Stupid blasted letter! She crumpled the paper into a tiny ball and continued to take her anger out on the defenseless parchment.

Simone stopped filing her nails and tsk'd at Cameron's uncharacteristic show of aggravation. Cameron knew she was allowing her emotions to break through her tightly built walls. But damn, what was she going to do now?

"What really has you in a tizzy, Cam? Is it the winning of the war, or the fact your boss told you to go off planet for a little R and R? You do need to recoup. You've been through hell and back." Simone dropped her feet from the desk and smiled brightly. "Maybe find someone who knows how to treat a woman for a change."

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Cameron growled. There was no way she was going to allow another man to touch her body. She'd constructed her barriers too well to let them fall now. It was bad enough her dreams were working against her. Lately, she had dreams of a touch, never seeing where the strong hands came from, only waking up sweating, her body fully aroused.

Simone, the only other person alive who truly understood Cameron, knew that she had lived for fighting. And after a few terrible relationships, Cameron had delved deeper into the military. It was tough having relationships and having to leave them behind when the battles started, only to return to see that they had moved on to other women—civilian women—while she was out protecting their planet. It hurt. Shutting down her emotions had been the easier path to take rather than going through another heartbreaking episode.

Simone was like a bright light in a world of darkness and war. She always managed to tell Cameron straight up how things were and, if the truth be told, Cameron lived vicariously through her best friend.

Cameron and Simone were like night and day, in looks and personality. Cameron had short, dark honey-brown hair, sun-darkened skin, and whiskey colored eyes that gave her an exotic look. Simone had long blond hair highlighted with gold, fair skin, and eyes the color of blue at dawn. Her friend would've never lasted a day out in the desert during the thick of the war, which was another reason why Cameron liked her. Simone felt like a connection to the civilian world.

"Stop looking at me like that, Simone. I'm pissed."



"No, I won't. Not until you admit your fear of being in the real world. With real people. Real ... men who might look at you like a woman and not their boss."

"I live in the real world. The fighting, the anger, the constant struggle to stay awake to make sure your partner stays alive. That is the real world. And men are there in full force." Cameron went around her desk and dropped in her chair making it squeak. Her head fell heavily in her hands.

"Fine then, the civilian world," Simone broke through her thoughts. "The Inceptors are gone, the war is over. No more fighting those icky, gooey, green monsters." Cameron heard the shudder in Simone's voice. "Now you have to talk, walk, and shop among your own kind. You are going to be forced to interact with the world, Cameron. Whether you like it or not. You need a relationship. Someone to take you away from the war!"

The full weight of her life finally came crashing in. She was alone, except for Simone, and thank God for her. Mom and Dad had died doing what they loved, and Cameron had thought she would die in the fight too.

*A relationship?* Not likely to happen.

"God, Simone. I wouldn't even know how to act around a man who wanted more from me than his next order." *Was that her voice sounding so whiny?* Fuck! She was worse off than she thought if she was about to breakdown in tears. Cameron kept her face in her hands as she struggled with her emotions.

She jumped when Simone laid her small hand on her shoulder in comfort.

"It will be fine, Cam. Take your boss' advice. Go off planet. Maybe to the planet spa. Let yourself be pampered, because Spirit above, you haven't done it for yourself."

"I'm not such a girly girl, Simone. Not like you."

"Give me your hand, Cam." She did and was truly shocked at the softness of Simone's. She wanted to pull away, but Simone held tight as she inspected her fingers. "Just what I thought. You have got to get a manicure and a hand massage. I don't know another woman that actually has a callus on her fingers. And there is nowhere in your contract that states you can't have nice hands."

Cameron pulled her fingers in and hid her hands in her lap. "I shoot a fucking gun for hours a day; of course I've got calluses."

"Well, you won't be doing that for much longer, so now is the best time for a manicure. Besides, I need a spa day too."

She couldn't believe her ears. Did Simone actually believe she was going to step into one of those fufu palaces? "Please Simone; I'm not the manicure type. Okay?"

"Fine, then decide on somewhere else to go. There's bound to be planets that cater to the lone female. You could go skiing in the snow nebula or mountain climbing on planet Everest—and if you want, my dear friend, I'll force myself to go with you."

Simone was acting as if she had just handed over the gold from planet Peru with her offer.

Cameron shook her head. "Let me think about it."

Simone grabbed the crumpled letter and began to work out the kinks. Once done, she skimmed through it.

Cameron wanted to cringe, because she knew what was going to come next.

"You have until tomorrow morning to figure it out!" Simone waved the offending parchment in the air.

If Cameron could set fire to the damn paper with her eyes, she would. How could she hate something so much? She knew if she left Venusia, her life would forever change, which it had done anyway with the war being won.

"Cameron! You have until morning to get off planet or your colonel will fine you! Ten thousand billets! My God, woman. How much do you make as a fighter?" Simone waved the question away. "Doesn't matter, because I'm not letting you waste billets. Choose a place or I will. I'm going home to pack. I'll meet you at your ship first thing in the morning."

Cameron's head swung quickly to look at her friend. "You don't get up before noon."

"Well, I will tomorrow. I'll be there. I can always sleep on the way to where ever it is we decide to go." Simone shot a wide smile and flipped her blond hair over her shoulder before she exited the office.

The woman was obnoxious, but Cameron couldn't stop the smile and the wave of emotion that went through her. She was glad Simone was going with her. No matter where they'd end up, it would be okay with Simone by her side.

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## **Chapter Two**

Looking out the cockpit window, Cameron glanced over to the other ships that were readying their flights. A couple of them were from her unit, but the remaining others were civilian as far she could tell. One dark ship stood out from the rest, its paint job glistening.

She wondered when the last time her ship had gotten a full detail.

A pair of muscled legs appeared on the dock. Then the muscled legs moved around until the male came into full view. He stood at the tip of the ship, wiping away the dust she could imagine settled on the dark paint. The dark civilian material covering his body hugged his frame and she angled her head so she could see the curvature of his ass. She wasn't used to ogling men, but if ever she was to ogle, then this fine specimen would be it.

Cameron couldn't keep her mind from wondering how his touch would feel on her naked flesh. Her breasts weren't small, but she didn't think they were overly large either. What did men really like in that area? She rubbed her hand over her mounds and down her abs to her hips. She felt the muscles in her legs and knew they could hold a man tightly in their grip.

She stared back at the man. Would she ever allow another male to get close to her now that the war was over? Not likely, but the thought was nice.

He looked over and his eyes instantly sought her out. She remembered she hadn't turned on the reflective glass yet and heat suffused her cheeks as he smiled and waved.

"Oh, my God!" She waved back quickly and then turned around, away from the glass. Damn men and damn her fanciful thoughts. She still had a lot to do before she could take off. Picking up a thick book, she flipped through her check logs, paying the handsome creature no more mind. Walking over to the preflight panel, she began flipping switches, hoping the heat would leave her face sometime soon.

"Hello? Helllloooooo? Cameron where the hell are you?" Simone's sing-song voice flitted through the corridor.

Thankful to have her mind diverted, Cameron turned to welcome her friend into her ship. "Hey Simone. Boy you look rough."

"Ha, ha. I had a little trouble waking up, but I'm here. Do you have any coffee beans? I need to give my body a jolt to wake up."

Cameron laughed, but was thrilled that she had made it. "Sure, press that button over there and the cup will come out for you. Hit it for me too."

Simone placed her bags down and went over to the machine. With a whoosh of air, a mug descended and steam rose from the inside. A second sound followed and Simone came over with the cups.

Cameron finished up, grabbed her coffee, and went back to the seats at the front of the ship. She looked out quickly,

but the hunk was gone. Thankfully. She wouldn't know how to explain the blush to Simone if he had been out there.

"Where are we going?" Simone covered her mouth in a wide yawn as she spoke.

Even though Simone looked like she just rolled out of bed, she was still gorgeous. Cameron couldn't imagine what she looked like compared to her friend. Shaking her head, she wouldn't let any thoughts like that come between their friendship. They were different and she'd leave it at that. Simone was beautiful and Cameron, well, Cameron was just Cameron. A fighter.

"I figured you would have a place already picked out for us." Cameron sat down in the pilot seat and buckled her five-star belt. The loud click sounded through the cockpit.

Simone buckled her belt and readied for the trip. "Actually, I've thought of the perfect place for you. Planet Andro. The place is secluded, but they have stores in small towns where I can shop and give you time to be alone to figure out what you want to do with your life." Simone wiggled her eyebrows.

"I've even heard the ratio male to female is like three to one."

"Oh please! You're awful."

"Nope, not awful, just horny. I've never understood your self-imposed seclusion, but I'm not going to pressure you or question you. You'll meet the right one soon enough."

Cameron somehow doubted that. At thirty, she didn't see much hope. "Fine. We'll go to Andro. Let's get going before my boss runs us down, wondering why we haven't left."

"Sure thing, Capt'n." Simone laughed and saluted.

Cameron rolled her eyes and put on her ear phones to talk to the tower. "Air five-zero-five-one ready to ascend," she called into the mike using her most commanding voice.

"Air five-zero-five-one, which direction will you ascend?" came the crackle through the earpiece.

"Towards Orion 90 degrees left, to planet Andro."

"Safe trip, Air five-zero-five-one. You may ascend."

With a flip of a switch and a touch of a button, Air five-zero-five-one slowly began to rise. This was the best part. Cameron loved the way the engines roared underneath her. It sent a tingle to her core—the place she didn't like to think about. This could be very arousing if she would allow it, but instead, she clamped down on those feelings and began watching the read outs for any possible problem. Soon, they were passing through the low-level moisture clouds.

As the ship continued to rise, they approached the distinctive barrier where the deep blue skies of Venusia gave way to the darkness of space.

"God, I just don't get to do this enough."

The soft whisper had Cameron looking over at Simone, who sat perched at the edge of her seat. With wide eyes, she watched the ship cross the barrier. Off to their left, the sun sparked over the horizon in a glorious display of gold and silver.

Cameron knew exactly what Simone was talking about. Going into space was beautiful, magical. "Yeah, I know what you mean. The last time I went off planet, it was a trip to the moon to gather some supplies. But even then, I can't recall the brilliance of the sun. Not like today."

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As they passed the moon, Cameron looked over at the view screen and saw the brown of Venusia slowly fading away behind them until there was nothing else except darkness and the occasional twinkle of a far off star.

Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.

Sighing, Cameron was starting to feel good about leaving her planet behind and taking a much needed vacation away from it all.

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## Chapter Three

Cameron set the ship on auto and laid her head back. Simone had quickly succumbed to sleep not long after they had passed the moon and entered deep space. With not much to see until they reached the outer limits of Andro, Cameron decided she would probably need to rest herself. Letting the low hum of the ship and the occasional beep sing her a lullaby, she drifted off.

The dream returned.

\* \* \* \*

*Cool wind swept across her naked skin as she lay on the soft material of a bed. Around her, the room glistened in a multitude of shades of green. A fresh scent filled her nose, making her think of fresh flowers, new grass, and clean rain. It had been so long since she had smelled a fresh plant ... or rain.*

*The bed creaked. A body lay at her side. His hand hovered over her breast before it moved down over her ribs, staying just an inch above her skin. She arched her back, making her flesh come into contact with the warm hand. The small touch sent a spark zinging inside her.*

*"Ah, yes. So responsive. Always so responsive."*

*Turning, Cameron looked to her companion, but his face was in shadow. The rest of his body was highlighted from the light coming off the walls. The dim glow flickered across his muscles, making shadows dance across his tawny skin.*

*"Yes," she whispered. "Touch me."*

*"As you wish." With just his hand upon her skin, she allowed this male to explore her. Closing her eyes, she zeroed in on the tips of his fingers as they outlined the muscles of her tight stomach, then down over her hips. Normally she would have felt embarrassed by this act, but this was just a dream and she wanted this to happen, to see where it might lead.*

*The bed dipped on her opposite side, making her open her eyes to see who had joined their party. Another person, this one larger and stronger than the other, lined up along her body, touching her everywhere down her left. His arm moved under her head as he inched ever closer.*

*"Mmm," she moaned.*

*Two men. What ever the reason her dream had conjured two such wonderful men, she didn't know, but she felt cherished as they each tentatively touched her skin, making her body come alive with each touch of their hands.*

*The one on her left kissed her neck, while the other began kissing her stomach. New feelings exploded inside, sending out little electrical currents, charging all those places left drained.*

*Cameron gave herself over to these two men, letting the emotions wash slowly through her, warming her from the tips of her toes to the top of her head. In her dreams, she was safe. She wouldn't leave them for a war only to return to see another woman had taken her place.*

*A mouth took possession of her lips, searching inside to caress and stroke her tongue. His hands cupped her breasts*

*while the other male massaged her thighs, working his thumbs ever closer to her mound. Her hips bucked, sending his hand closer to the spot that ached to be touched. Taking her invitation, he slipped a finger inside her folds, finding the tight bundle of nerves at the top. With a flick of a finger, her body convulsed as the pleasure washed over her.*

*A large hand covered hers where she had been grasping the blanket, holding on for dear life. "Ah yes. Damn, you are so ready. Touch me, love." Pulling her hand, he guided it to his erection. Smooth flesh met her palm as he wrapped her hand tightly around his shaft.*

*He guided her as she pumped up and down, feeling his body tighten beneath her touch. With his other hand, he worked his fingers inside her once again, sliding in and out, working her up into another release.*

*On her own, she reached down her body, found another hard cock and grasped it. His quick intake of breath made her smile.*

*With thick fingers inside her, she pumped the two men with her hands as their bodies began to shutter and shake. The power! Holding these two as they sought out their climax while also pleasuring her felt ... wonderful.*

*"Come, baby. Come for us now."*

*Hearing the commanding voice made her reach her peak faster. All together, their bodies shuttered. Warm fluid fell upon her hands as the two men groaned and growled. Her own release washed over her like a wave of fresh water. It felt wonderful, fantastic, and addictive.*

\* \* \* \*

Her eyes popped open. It took a moment for her to remember where she was as her body tightened with unspent desire. She felt the moisture seep between her legs and cursed. Loud screeches and high-pitched beeps began to sound throughout the cabin, waking Simone up from her nap as well.

"What the hell is that?"

With her dream temporarily forgotten, Cameron quickly went into captain mode. Suddenly, something crashed into the side of the ship accompanied by a loud explosion. The ship shook violently as sparks went flying out into space.

"What the hell is going on, Cameron?" Simone screamed over the ruckus of the bells and whistles.

"I don't know. Hang on!" Grabbing the hand held control; Cameron angled the ship down and accelerated. She quickly glanced to her left at the view screen and thought her eyes would pop out of her head. "Oh, my God! Simone, make sure you're buckled in tight."

The ship rocked and weaved. Cameron pushed another button while trying to maneuver. The shrilling noise stopped.

"What is going on, Cam?"

The ship pitched with another loud explosion. New alarms echoed in the cabin. She slammed her fist on the console, quieting them. "It appears we are under attack. So hang on and I'll get us out of this mess."

"We're under attack? What? Why? Oh, sweet Spirit!"

Cameron wished her friend didn't have to see this, or be apart of the ugliness in the universe. "Hey, look over there and tell me where we are located."

Simone leaned forward until she could see the readout telling them where they were. When she spoke again, Cameron could hear the tears she was trying to hold back. "We are in the Cyprus Void. We are way off course," Simone answered.

"Damn! Damn!" This wasn't good. Not good at all. If she wasn't careful, the black hole that occupied this space would suck them in and then they wouldn't have much to worry about after that. They'd be history.

But she wouldn't go down without making the bastards who attacked her pay.

Flipping a switch, she turned on her weapons. The Air five-zero-five-one had started out domestic, but with her military training, she had done a little bit of updating. The weapons were not military issued, but they would hopefully get the goons off her tail. They wouldn't expect the low impulse.

With a push of a button, the pulse radiated out. She didn't have time to watch the damage, but she was confident it hit the front of the attacking ship. That would slow them down some.

Then the Air rocked again and sparks flew up from the console in front of her.

"Mother fucker! Who do these bastards think they are?" Cameron yelled as she fanned the smoke away from her controls. Most of the lights were now out.

She wouldn't panic. This was not a time to get emotional. Withdrawing inside herself and going to her place of control, everything seemed to tunnel in around her until all she could see was the window and the small view screen at her left. She could keep an eye on the ship out of her peripheral vision. Thankfully, most of the controls that were out she didn't need right now.

Reaching over, she slid a lever upward to enhance the impulse weapon, giving it a little more juice. "Hold on, Simone. I'm going to emit another pulse, but it will rock the ship some."

She heard a small, "Okay."

Just as Cameron was about to hit the button to let the impulse rip, she heard the hum of another weapon heading for them. Looking at the screen, she jerked the control of the ship right to miss the missile. For a second, she thought it had missed, but on its tail was another that slammed right into their side, sending the ship spinning through space.

The black hole was close. If she could get close enough to it without succumbing to the gravitational pull, then maybe she could somehow send the other ship into the hole. Her fingers began to hurt, but she clutched tightly to the control stick. She had to try. It was their only way to get the attackers off their ass.

She looked to the little screen and saw the large mass of the pursuing ship. It was closing in on their position and in any minute, she knew they would fire off another weapon.

*Just a little closer, you bastard.*

She put her finger on the button to release the impulse, hoping beyond hope that the force of the discharging weapon wouldn't send her own ship careening into the black hole. She looked out her screen to judge the distance and for a second, was almost struck dumb by the brilliance of the massive collapsar. Like a whirling tornado, she could see its intense gravity pull in the space dust and other debris. The friction of the particles created rays of colorful light that swirled down into the singularity. She prayed she and Simone wouldn't be a part of it.

As the other ship fired their weapon, she watched carefully, pulling on the stick at the last moment, giving the black hole a new victim. Then immediately, she pushed down the button. The jarring from the impulse sent her ship sailing through space. Head over heels, Cameron fought to regain control. She heard Simone screaming and wanted to comfort her, but it would be the death of them both if she lost focus.

A bright light erupted. Cameron feared the black hole had gotten them, but then the force of the explosion from the other ship hit them, making her realize the impulse had destroyed their pursuers.

It had also knocked her ship for another loop.

Cameron fought with the stick in her hands. Sweat began to seep between her fingers and the control stick, making her fear she would lose her grip. The out-of-control spiraling was making her feel dizzy and she feared that Simone had long ago passed out—but she couldn't. Not yet.

In one of the turns, she spotted something through her window. They had passed what she thought might be a

barrier to a planet. *God, could she be so lucky?* She soon found out as the gravity of the planet pulled them faster towards the ground.

She let go of the controls and placed her hands on the armrests of her chair. There her thumb brushed across a button—one used for emergency landings. She didn't really think they would survive this, but she had to try everything.

Taking a deep breath, she pushed the button. Suddenly their chairs were engulfed into a bubble like object filled with thick air. It could cushion their fall and possibly keep them alive. Although she had no idea what height the safety device had been tested, she prayed it would be enough.

Nausea set in as the onslaught of twists and turns continued. Good thing she wouldn't be alive much longer. Being sick sucked.

"I'm sorry, Simone," was all she got out before her ship went crashing through the trees. She heard limbs break and scratch down the side, and then she was suddenly thrust forward at the impact. Something struck her head. She felt the ship stop moving before darkness completely consumed her.

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## **Chapter Four**

In the Cave of Arabia, the spirits of Methuse convened. The older spirits stood at the front, facing the younger spirits. Serene could see their gray transparent forms sway back and forth as they spoke to each other.

She knew they were discussing of the state of Methuse. There were no new children born to the Methusians in over twelve years. And they were worried.

The energy in the cave grew thick as Serene swayed back and forth on the slight breeze that flowed from the entrance. She longed to be out there among the sky and the people.

On a current of air that swept beneath her, a strange wave of energy wash over her, causing her to shiver if ever a ghost could shiver. The crystal strands of her hair clinked together as she turned around to face the opening. Something called to her. Like a hand was under her chin, she left the cave, following something unknown.

What could have pulled her away? The energy felt foreign and distressed. Something had happened.

Flying over the mountains, over the small village where the king resided, Serene headed further out into the forest where the green trees loomed below her like giants. She pushed on until she saw a trail of smoke coming up from the emerald canopy.

Curious, she drifted down to investigate. The energy was stronger here.

Methusian males hurried around the large ship that appeared to have crashed. All their energy signatures were familiar, but there was one that still remained different. She followed that tiny pull inside the ship. Knowing she shouldn't enter, she made her body invisible so the military couldn't see her as she ventured inside.

*Wow!* Her eyes grew wide as she took in the vast expanse of the ship. It was a virtual playground of gadgets and shiny objects. Buttons all around her head, and for a moment, Serene forgot her mission and wanted to push everything to see what would happen. What type of mischief could she create in here? There was so much possibility.

A deep voice tickled down her back and she looked over to see Galen talking with another man. The blond warrior was strong and held such power in his stance. He was one of the youngest in the group, but already he held authority over many of the men. They looked to him for guidance and assistance. Serene had watched him grow and with each sunrise, had fallen more and more in love with him.

She sighed.

While she lived in her existence, different, but paralleled to his, she longed for the day when she could join him, even though once she was born, she would never remember this life. She didn't care, because she knew they would be drawn together. It was her hope, her wish, and her dream.

The energy she had followed from the cave burst against her and she quickly remembered why she was there. Not to ogle over the handsome Galen, but to find the source of the unfamiliar energy.

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Leaving the main corridor, Serene traveled a little further into the ship and encountered what she thought was the main control room. Here the energy was strong. She swept into the room to check it out.

There, lying in front of one of the chairs, was a limp form. The woman's body glowed from her pain. Serene drifted down to her and sucked in a breath at the beauty of the female. The white light around the body pulsed with the woman's heartbeat. Serene smiled and bent down to rub her hand along the woman's cheek. It was so smooth and soft. She touched the woman's temple, just to see what sort of thoughts this being possessed.

Memories began to flood through Serene's mind. A childhood with a mother and father. All laughing and playing around together. Then someone standing in front of her parents and both of them holding each other with tears streaking their face. They turned to their child and pulled her into their embrace. Then the scene changed and the parents were wearing strange clothes and carrying big weapons. They all kissed and then each parent departed in a different vehicle, leaving their child behind.

Then the child had grown. A man held the woman in his arms, kissing her, and Serene felt how happy she was. But once again, the scene changed and the man was holding another woman and shaking his head. She felt a rip in her chest and quickly moved away from the memory.

Serene came to another vision, with a different male; it ended in almost the same fashion. She felt the emotional walls go up and knew the woman had shut her feelings away,

along with the hopes of ever having a family and someone to love her. The woman had put all of her time and effort into the war after that. But now the war was over. Serene knew the woman wanted to give love and family one more chance.

Serene left the woman's memories feeling sad. Cupping the female's cheek, she laid her small spirit form down over the woman body, nestling her head beneath the woman's chin and wrapping her arms around her. This woman would find love here. Reaching inside the woman's chest, Serene touched something wonderful and bright. Her spirit. It rejoiced at the touch and Serene left a little something of her own spirit behind. This woman wanted a family and Serene needed one too. This beautiful creature, although not from Methuse, would soon be her mommy.

Reluctantly, Serene pulled herself up and went in search of the military men. As far as medical stuff went, this woman was okay, she just needed rest.

Finding Galen again, Serene leaned into his ear and whispered. Instantly, his eyes glossed over in a hypnotic state. Normally, she never used her powers, but this was an emergency.

"Take the female to Commander Borella's quarters. She is not seriously injured, but leave her in his bed."

Galen nodded and then snapped out of the trance. He went straight to the control room where the woman was. Then she heard him holler out he had found something. Two women.

Shocked, Serene flew as fast as possible back into the room and noticed for the first time the other woman. She

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quickly revised her statement to Galen to only take the one back, but seek help for the other.

Feeling all would be right, Serene floated down to the limp form of the one she'd call mother and held her hand while the men prepared them to leave.

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## Chapter Five

Mars picked up his drink from the bar and took a long swallow. The elixir burned going down, but he knew it would soon tamp down his ever-growing anger at the king's words.

How could the man have ordered him to take a mate? Was he insane? He had plenty of time to decide when to mate, now just wasn't ideal for him.

Even as he thought that, he couldn't conjure up one reason why he shouldn't. If anything, excuses to *find* a mate poured through his mind. The planet was peaceful, the people were healthy, and it had been so long since he had held a female in his arms.

Shaking his head, Mars downed the drink and ordered another.

He felt a slap on his back as someone took the chair beside him. He didn't even look over, noting the familiar energy around his good friend, Dr. Noah Daymie.

"What has you in the cups, friend?"

Mars angled his eyes over to see Noah's jovial face. Noah's hair, although longer than he kept his, hung haphazardly over one blue eye. Noah was one of Mars' most loyal friends—probably his best friend.

"Well, I'm surprised you haven't heard, yet." Mars swayed on the chair and Noah grabbed his shoulders to keep him upright. Damn he must have drunk a lot.

"No, I don't guess I have," Noah offered. "Tell me what's wrong." Mars picked up his drink, but Noah pulled it out of his hand and placed it back on the bar. "Mars. Tell me."

Mars turned to his friend and laughed. "The king wants me to find a mate. Can you believe it?" He closed his eyes and let the effects of the drink take control for a moment. "But not only a mate, Noah. He wants me to choose another male for this union. The better chance of procreation, he says."

Mars felt the tension in Noah's fingers, but it didn't matter. He was too drunk to make him move his hand. Anyway, if Noah released him, he would probably fall onto the floor in a pool of disgrace.

"Mars, listen, we've got to get you out of here. If any of your men come in here seeing you in such a state, they will no longer respect you or your leadership."

Mars waved him away with flimsy hand. "You don't understand."

"Yes, I do. Now come on. You can tell me the rest of it when we get to your quarters." Noah pulled him from the chair and wrapped his arm around his shoulder, then led him out of the tavern.

Why couldn't the king have chosen Noah for this task? Noah wanted a family...

Noah.

Realization struck Mars. Noah would be the perfect partner for the female. He could show the female all the care and love she needed, while he just supplied the seed to help life form in her body. His mind swirled with possibilities while the drink made everything else swirl around him. Maybe he shouldn't

have downed that last drink so quickly. He fought to clear his mind.

His quarters were made up of a suite of rooms housed in the king's compound. Most of the men in the military lived within the walls. Noah did as well since he was the king's personal physician and had to remain close by.

Noah flipped a switch just inside the entrance and the light bathed the room in a soft glow. The sparse furniture greeted them like always, and Mars noticed for the first time how dull and drab his decor was. Maybe a woman could spice that up. Actually, he wondered if they would still live within the compound, or if she would want to live out among the people. The thought appealed to him, but he quickly pushed it out of his head. He wouldn't be weak for a female.

"Come on, Mars. Let's get you into bed. You can sleep this off and tomorrow, we'll try to fix any damage you may have done."

Kicking the door open, Noah steered Mars forward. A small light came on and both men stopped dead in their tracks. In the center of the huge bed, underneath the dark blanket, something rested.

Mars quickly sobered and grabbed his weapon at his side. With a little sway, he stepped in front of Noah. The man never carried any type of weapon. Leaning forward, Mars grabbed the blanket with two fingers and gently pulled the heavy material down.

Both men caught their breath and stood in total shock.

Before them, innocently asleep, was a female—the most gorgeous female Mars had ever seen. Her skin, a lightly



dusted rich brown, covered well-defined muscles that begged to be stroked and caressed. Her bare neck and shoulders looked delicate, but strong. The energy she radiated tickled his skin, seeping within his flesh like it belonged within him.

Mars's eyes kept traveling upward. Her face was so beautiful, it could stop time.

For a moment, it felt like it did.

Smooth, flawless skin greeted his hungry eyes. Her long dark lashes lay against her cheeks in a feather of delight. He envied those lashes lying next to her skin.

"Who do you think she is?" Noah whispered, bringing his attention back to the fact he was not alone.

"I'm not sure. Maybe the king left me a gift."

He heard Noah moan and saw out of the corner of his eye Noah's hungry look as he gazed at the female. For a moment, Mars wanted to tell him to leave, that this woman was his, but then he remembered he would have to share a female anyway—king's order.

He slapped Noah on the shoulder. "How about we try her out."

Noah snapped his head up. "What?"

"You heard me. Let's give this beauty some love. Unless of course, you don't want to be in this union."

"Um. No. No. I mean, yes I do. I do very much. You know how much I want a family."

"I only do this because I know you'll give her all she needs. I'm just not sure I can do that."

Mars looked back at the tempting vixen on the bed. Just seeing her there made his cock harden. The damn thing was

so stiff, the material it lay against rubbed against the head, sensitizing it.

He began to undress. Noah followed suit, shedding his own clothing.

Pulling the sheet back, Mars slipped into the cool bed and instantly felt the heat from this unknown female. Her energy seemed a little off, but he could've been misreading it due to the drink he had consumed earlier.

The bed dipped and Noah crawled in behind the woman. Just knowing he was going to share this woman with his friend heightened his own arousal. Damn, never the sight of two others like this had ever turned him on so much. Of course, he had shared women before, but he couldn't remember ever sharing one with Noah. His best friend.

Mars wondered at that for a minute, but then his gaze dropped to the woman and all thought fled. She was naked beneath the sheets. Her breasts rounded perfectly against her body and her stomach was tight and flat. Reaching out, he went to touch her cheek when her head turned to the side. Something dark caught his eye and he leaned in further. A bruise was forming on her skin just below her eye.

"Look at this, Noah," he pointed out.

Noah leaned over to take a look "It's a bruise. I wonder how she got that? The king surely wouldn't have used force to make her come here."

Noah said it more as a statement, knowing the king was not like that. He treasured every female on his planet.

Mars touched her shoulder and red sparks shot up. The current rushed through his fingertips and straight down to his

crotch, making it jump in welcome. Nothing like that had ever happened before to him. It wasn't an unpleasant sensation—it actually felt really good.

Noah touched her as well and Mars missed seeing if her skin reacted the same to him, but coloring in Noah's cheeks indicated that something had definitively happened. Since his friend didn't say anything about it, Mars kept the incident to himself too.

"Let's see if we can wake her up."

Mars nodded and they both shook one of her shoulders.

Nothing.

PAGEBREAK

## **Chapter Six**

Noah couldn't believe the sight before his eyes. His heart was pounding and his groin ached. When he woke up this morning, he never imagined he would be in bed with a female tonight.

A non-responsive female, but a female nonetheless.

"We're about to get some visitors, Mars, so make sure you're sober, okay?"

Mars nodded his head. "I'll be fine. Just do what you have to do."

Noah grabbed a communicator off the side table and called in to one of his assistants. They would bring the medical bag he needed and keep all this hush-hush.

As he relayed his needs, Noah looked up and caught Mars watching the woman on the bed. His eyes glowed and an expression that Noah had never seen before crossed his

friend's features. Already, Mars was connecting with the woman.

*Yeah, the tough commander thought he'd be able to keep his emotions at bay.*

Noticing Noah's stare, Mars carefully schooled his features and looked away. But he didn't fool Noah, though. He could tell the commander wanted this woman, whether for pure sexual release or for more, he wasn't sure, but it would be interesting to see how this all turned out.

With his medical kit on its way, Noah sat back down in the bed and gazed down the woman by his side. He wished he knew her name, or something more about her. Lifting her wrist, he sucked in a sharp breath when a blue spark shot from her skin to his fingertips. He thought the spark earlier had been just a fluke. He quickly took her pulse and did some other basic preliminary checks, but he'd need his equipment to examine her properly. With the bruise on her cheek, he worried she might have a concussion.

"Will she be okay, you think?"

Noah looked at Mars, noting the hint of concern tingeing his words. "Yes, she'll be fine. I don't think anything is broken, but with that bruise, I imagine she hit her head on something. Once my bag gets here, I'll be able to tell more."

Mars reached out to touch the woman. Time seemed to slow for a moment, and he waited to see if the same effect happened with Mars.

It did.

Instead of blue sparks, little red jolts of lightning burst forth and made slight popping noises in the air around them.

Mars pulled his hand back. "Wow! That's strange," he said, rubbing his fingers.

A small moan rose up from between them. She blinked once, then twice, before she narrowed her eyes to look at them.

Noah couldn't believe the darkness of her irises. Like a beautiful abyss that could swallow him up as he willingly went forth to his death. She could be his demise and her beauty would dull the pain.

She reached out to them. One hand rested on Noah's thigh and her other hand lightly scraped across Mars's chest.

Both men held their breath.

She smiled. Then her heavy eyes closed and didn't open up again. Her hands went limp and Noah felt a sense of loss.

The pounding on the door broke the sudden silence. Mars jumped from the bed along with Noah and pulled on loose shorts before heading to the front door, leaving the woman with her wonderful hands sleeping in the bedroom.

Gods, he wished he knew who she was and what happened to her. If someone had done this to her, that person wouldn't have to worry about living for long, because Noah guessed the commander would have him drawn up and quartered—and he would be right there to make sure it happened.

Opening the door, a smaller male figure with long hair stood with a bag in his hand. His dark green eyes looked at him expectantly. "Here you go, Sir. I tried to get here as quickly as possible."

Grabbing the kit, Noah nodded his head, "You did great. Thank you for rushing over."

"I hope everything's okay." The young man looked at Noah's state of undress and quirked a brow, but didn't say anything else. A smile brightened his face and he turned to leave.

Noah shook his head and closed the door. He hoped the boy would keep his mouth shut about this. He could only imagine what was going through his young mind.

Mars walked toward the bedroom. "Let's go make sure our beauty is okay."

He couldn't believe his friend was already trying to claim her. But what if Mars didn't want to keep her? This was his deal with the king, so it wouldn't be up to Noah who they mated with?

"What do you think of her, Mars?" Noah asked as he entered the room behind him.

They both turned to the sleeping woman.

"I don't know. She's very beautiful. I've never seen her before. I'm a little curious how and why she ended up in my bed, but I'm grateful she did."

Getting to work, Noah pulled a few items from the bag. As he laid an instrument on her chest that scanned her inner organs, he couldn't help noticing her body.

"She's got very defined muscles."

"Yes, I see. I don't know many females who work out on a regular basis. Most just stay home and do what they want. They believe since there are so few of them they, are a prize to the men," he laughed.

*Which of course, they were,* Noah thought.

He continued his examination. "This one doesn't appear to be that way. Her body is small too, not like the taller females around here. I wonder where the king found her."

Everything turned out good. Nothing broken.

Looking up, Noah caught Mars gazing with desire in his eyes at the beautiful woman. He didn't blame his friend one bit. Her skin was dark like desert sand, and in the brief glimpse he got of her abs indicated she took great care of her body.

"Why don't you lay down, Mars. Get some sleep. We'll take turns staying up and checking on her."

"Yeah, I never should have drunk so much. That won't ever happen again. Tomorrow we'll find out who this beauty is, and then set to work. I can see you want her and she'll do for me."

Noah put his instruments away. "What do you mean, she'll do for you? Look at her! Her skin *looks* like silk, her hair *feels* like silk, and damn it, those sparks of our energy speaks volumes." He laid the bag to the side of the bed and placed his hand on her arm. Sparks crackled.

Mars watched the light display and shook his head. "It doesn't matter. I'll do what the king desires. Nothing more. If you feel something for this woman already, then she's ours."

"Hell yeah, I feel it. My energy brushes against her and I feel it. Her breath leaves her body and crosses the expanse of space between us and I feel it. Gods, Mars. This feeling is crazy, but yes, I want her."

Mars looked away from his friend, pain and want evident on his face.

"Let's get comfortable and go to bed," Noah suggested.

Mars laughed then and adjusted his cock. "Yeah, it's going to be hard to rest with this tonight." He didn't do anything about it, just stripped off his shorts and crawled into the bed beside their woman.

Noah did the same, and before too long, he heard Mars's soft snores.

He was about to wake up the woman to check on her when something light colored dashed to the end of the bed.

*Curious.*

He leaned up and tried to look over to see what it was. If one of those damn ghosts had somehow gotten inside, he would ring its neck. If he could.

Just then, the little hand or paw, or whatever it was, reached over the edge of the bed and touched the woman's foot. Noah watched it as it softly caressed her through the cover. It was a loving gesture and Noah wondered if somehow the little creature was attached to the woman.

As he sat up more to get a better view, the ghost looked up with wide eyes and flew—no, floated—through the air and escaped under the door. All before he had a chance to take another breath.

The woman at his side moved, drawing his gaze back to her. Her hand reached out and touched Mars, who moved towards the hand. Noah felt a little ping of hurt that she hadn't reached out for him. But then, she opened her eyes.

"Oh, good. You're still here," she said in a sexy husky voice, reaching over to him with her other hand. "I love this dream. I don't think I want to wake up again."



Noah's side burned where she touched. Her finger slid across his skin in the most delicious path of torture. He shivered and she smiled.

"Do you know who you are?" he asked, not able to stand not knowing the name of the woman who made his body jerk to attention.

"Mm. Hm," she mumbled. Her fingers started making lazy circles and he felt his stomach spasm in response. He covered her hand with his and made her palm lay flat against his flesh.

He closed his eyes for the briefest of moments. "What's your name?"

"I'm so tired. I didn't think you could feel anything in a dream, but my body aches so bad..." Her voice trailed off and her fingers went lax.

She had fallen back to sleep.

He laid back down beside her with her hand still in his. He brought it up to his chest and held it tight against his heart.

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## **Chapter Seven**

Serene had watched as the commander and the doctor had taken care of her mother. She had chosen her father wisely, or rather fathers now.

She had watched the commander with his troops. He was sharp and commanding. That had worried her a little, but with Noah's easygoing attitude, she figured they would offset each other nicely. And with the added benefit of knowing her mother came from a loving family, Serene knew they could all be happy.

For so long, the older spirits had said the Methuse would die out and then the spirits would slowly fade away. They were resigned to accept that, but Serene wasn't. She had always garnered hope that someone with the right energy would come along for her and now she found her.

A striking woman with short brown hair and skin the most interesting shade of brown. Like she had been born in the sun and had absorbed its warm gift in her skin.

Outside the little complex, Serene smiled and spun around with her arms outstretched. Her family was inside there! Joy flooded her and she wanted to scream out into the night, but she couldn't.

Glancing around, she made sure no other spirit was near to witness her display. They would surely take it away if they knew.

The light from the moon cast a shadow against the building and she eased into it, clamping down on her

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excitement. For now, she would have to sit and wait for the perfect time to fill her mother with her gift of life.

\* \* \* \*

Cameron began to wake with a slow crawl into consciousness. Warmth surrounded her, tempting her back to sleep with welcome memories of her dreams, dreams of two handsome men who resembled gods of some sort. Their skin had felt so nice against her fingers. She smiled as she stretched, feeling the pull and ache of each tendon.

Sitting up, she looked around her the room. It wasn't familiar. It was sterile and cold. The furniture was bland in color and not very distinguishable. A bed, two tables, a closet, and small dresser were the only things in there. Nothing personal of any sort.

Looking down at the bed, she noticed two lumps at her side. Her heart began to pound in her chest as she carefully pulled the covers back and away from the bodies.

She sucked in a breath.

"Holy shit!"

She clamped her hand over her mouth, fearing to wake the unknown men. Memories began to assault her. She held her head between her hands and leaned forward into her lap.

The crash. She and Simone had been flying to Andro for a vacation. A rogue ship had shot them down. She thought she had killed them.

Maybe these men were with them.

She pulled the blankets further away from the men and, revealing the most well-cut bodies a woman could ever hope

to see. A sliver of remembrance flashed through her mind. Could it be these men reminded her of the men in her dream?

One had tawny skin and well defined muscles, and the other's skin was creamy white and not quite as muscular, but slim and athletic. Their bodies were nothing like she had ever seen on Venusia.

Feeling a breeze, age looked down and noticed her nakedness.

"What the hell?"

Cameron slapped both men on the chest as she drew the sheet higher on her body.

The muscled one quickly pulled out a laser weapon from under his pillow and pointed it dead at her face, just inches from her nose. The other sat up quickly and looked around before he pulled his glasses from the side table and slipped them on.

Damn the men!

Now they were awake, she could see their eyes. They had the most beautiful eyes too. The one with the darker skin had eyes the lightest green she had ever seen, and the one with the glasses had almost clear eyes, with just a hint of blue reflected inside them.

Cameron was enthralled. Her breath picked up. She wasn't so nervous about the weapon pointed at her, because if they had wanted to kill her, they had plenty of opportunity to do while she had slept. Remembering bits and pieces of the previous night, she blushed. They had cared for her and she had touched them. It had felt wonderful, thrilling, and something she realized she missed.

Cameron put her hands up to amuse the men, letting the blanket fall. "Um, hi. I'm Cameron Cabot. A fighter for the Venusia people. I don't know how I ended up here, in this bed, but ... Can you tell me where my friend is? Seems like we got separated."

The dark one spoke. "We have no idea where or who your friend is."

A sharp pain laced through her heart. What had happened to Simone?

"Who are you?" she asked.

The men looked at each other before one turned and introduced himself.

"I am Mars Borella, the commander of the military here on Methuse."

His voice was deep, and husky. She could admire a man that could command a room with his voice.

Fighting off a shiver, she tried to focus on his face instead of the rest of him. "Ooo, military. Very interesting."

"And I'm Noah Daymie, the leading doctor here and personal physician to the king."

A doctor and a commander. What type of heaven had she found?

"Okay ... What am I doing here?"

Mars finally lowered the weapon and placed it on the table beside the bed. Obviously, he didn't know her background and didn't feel like she was a threat. Little did he know how much of a threat she really was.

"You are here to see if we want you as our mate," Mars gestured to himself and to Noah, who wore a grin on his face

to rival a teenager. It was adorable, but she found the situation rather strange.

"Mate? I don't think so buddy."

She turned and slid off the end of the mattress, taking the sheet with her. As she pulled the sheet from the bed, and wrapped securely around herself, Cameron got a good look at the men's bodies. A really naked look which had her body heating and simmering.

Holy Spirit! These men were not only nicely built, but she couldn't ever remember cocks so straight, so long, and so thick. Her inner muscles tightened at the thought of these two men burying their bodies into her long-neglected core.

No. No. This wasn't the time for that.

Trying to keep her eyes on their faces, both men reclined on the back of the bed casually and with not a care about the other one. Were they lovers? The thought didn't repulse her, surprisingly. Instead, she found the image rather erotic and would rather like to see these two touching each other in the most intimate way.

Cameron had always had pretty much basic sex with her lovers, but these two men sitting all masculine-like made her feel as if they would do anything but standard position. Moisture began to seep from her body and she her squeeze her legs together. She wondered why she had put up those barriers. She needed to remind herself she was a woman also. One with needs and wants and—especially—desires. Desires, she had denied herself for far too long.

"Um. I need to talk to who's in charge. I really think there's been a mix up. I need to find my friend, see about my

ship, and let my people know what happened." Her mind was all over the place. Thinking about the men on the bed, thinking about her friend, thinking about her ship and the wreck. Her head started spinning and she swayed.

"We could do all that later. Why don't you come up here now with us." Noah patted the bed between himself and his partner. "You still need rest."

Narrowing her eyes at the mischievous look on his face, she found she did want to crawl in between them. Her legs even started to move in their direction. Using her vertigo as an excuse, Cameron slowly sat on the bed. "You two need to put on some clothes before I come any further."

Both men laughed, sending chills down her spine. What would happen if she crawled forward and opened up the sheet to invite both men in?

She didn't know them, didn't know where she was or what she was doing, but for some reason, these men made her want to abandon all common sense and forget the hurt from her past. As the men left the bed, rather seductively she might add, she moved up further in the middle and laid back.

Mars went to a dresser and Cameron couldn't help watching the move of his muscles down his back as he opened the drawer and pulled something out. When he bent over to pull up the thin material up, she felt her blood pressure rise and heat flood her cheeks. Looking away for a moment, she realized no place was safe. Her eyes grazed the smooth flesh of Noah's side as he also worked to cover his lower body.

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Both men crawled into bed beside her and she fought to breathe as the heat built up in that small space between. She forced herself not shiver in anticipation.

These emotions were not what a military woman should be feeling, especially one who had been hurt so badly before. Yes, she had always wanted a man to show her attention and make her the center of his world, but she never imagined it would happen. And now with two such powerful men ... Ack no!

"Um. You will take me to your king when we wake up?" she asked.

"Of course," Mars responded casually, then moved ever so slightly closer. The green of his eyes sparkled, reflecting the room's light. He looked devilish, and oh, how he tempted her.

"King Cerbeus should be interested to talk to you, I'm sure." Noah rolled on his side, bringing her attention to him.

Boy, was it really getting hot. Noah's smile quirked the side of his mouth as he brought his hand up to her naked shoulder. Cameron looked down at his touch and watched little sparks of blue dance across her skin.

"What ... what was that?" she whispered.

Noah leaned in further bringing his face mere inches away for hers. "Nothing, really. Just your energy and my energy ... meeting."

"Oh," she said, but from his look, she knew there was more to it, but she let it go for now. Too much to process already.



She felt Mars moving in closer behind her, but couldn't find the words to tell him to stop, or to even tell Noah that he was too close.

Mars touched her as well and tiny bolts of red lightning skittered across her arm. She couldn't hold back the shiver as the energy of the two men raced inside her body straight to her core. The tiny pulses touched her organs, made her skin pucker in goose flesh.

Cameron felt like she had landed on some enchanted planet where all her common sense went right out the window. She wanted to feel these two men beside her, on her, in her.

Soft lips touched her shoulder where, just moments ago, Noah had placed his hand. She closed her eyes. It felt so good to be wanted by a man.

His fingers slid in a slow glide down her arm. "It will be okay, Cameron. We'll get this all sorted out in the morning."

"Mmmhmm," was all she could reply. The bed became entirely too small as she felt the weight of each man at her side.

Noah continued to kiss her bare arm and Mars slid his hand into her hair, massaging her scalp with his fingers. He didn't talk much, but his strong fingers conveyed his want of her. With her head leaning back against the bed, she turned it to the side just as Mars leaned into take her lips.

Never before did she feel another's lips take complete control of her. Not only did his voice command attention, but his lips demanded it. And she gave in like she never had before. Cameron was caught up in a whirlwind. Actually, it felt

more like a black hole where these two men were the gravity pulling her further and further into their grasp.

Noah began kissing her neck with little nips and bites. Each flick of his tongue on her flesh made her moan into Mars' mouth. He accepted the sound and drank it in. Mars' hands began to ease up over the sheet covering her body until he lightly touched one breast before he cupped it fully in his hand. His forefinger and thumb tweaked the nipple hidden under the material, sending a hot jolt of heat straight between her legs.

The room warmed around her, but neither man sought to move the sheet from her body.

Mars continued to kiss her lips, her neck, and her naked shoulder, while Noah began messaging her thigh in small circles bringing, his fingers ever closer to her mound. Moans, hers and theirs, filled the room, acting like a catalyst to their desires.

What was she doing? She barely knew these men, and they talked of making her a mate.

That thought was like an ice cold rush of wind across her skin. Pushing them away, she took in a deep breath before she looked up into their eyes. When she did, the hot, burning flames there started the slow fire inside her again, but she tried to remain in control. Needed to remain in control.

"Okay, okay. Hold on a minute. Absolutely no more of that."

Touching her lips, she recalled Mars' kiss, and saw his eyes follow her fingers as she swiped them back and forth over the swollen flesh.

"Why not?" Noah asked from behind her.

She tuned to him. His once light eyes now bore a close resemblance to a raging storm. His cheek begged to be cupped and that look asked to be kissed away.

*No!*

Shaking her head, she pulled the sheet tighter around her body and looked to Mars, assuming he was the more dominant in the bunch. "Damn it, I don't know you guys. I don't know anything about you. I can't do this. You two can have the bed. Surely there is a place I can rest for the rest of the night."

He smiled, revealing even white teeth, accepting her show of his position. Yes, he was definitely more dominant. Power and sex oozed from his pores, filling her nostrils with a heady scent.

"No. You will sleep in this bed, with the two of us. We will not touch you and will obey your wish in this. But tomorrow, once the king has declared you are ours, then, Miss Cameron, you will be ours in every way imaginable."

This was like no war she had ever tried to fight. This man was the deadliest of deadly with his deep eyes, hard jaw, and a body that diffused any thought of rejecting him. Mars's words did strange things to her insides. Her heart thumped a little harder and her pulse beat a little faster. Damn her stupid body for turning against her in a time like this.

Noah was the same, except a little bit less domineering. His playful eyes and his smooth features completely indicated he was the less uptight one here, but he still held magnetism she couldn't seem to resist.

"Noah, do I have your word too?"

His lips cocked in that easy grin and settled back. "For now you do, but if you move your body against mine, then there isn't much I might be able to hold back from."

*Gulp.*

*Oh boy.*

She had a feeling neither one would go back on their word. And they would suffer for it, if their bodies were any indication of how much they wanted her.

No amount of training would ever be enough to prepare her for this.

The men beside her fell into a surprisingly easy sleep as she laid like a board in the middle hoping beyond hope she wouldn't accidentally touch either one.

It had to be close to morning. It had to be.

Spotting a small window in the corner, she tried to peek through the cover to see what the outside might look like. Pitch black was all she could make out. Her inner muscles clenched together, most likely pissed that she had passed on a night of romping sex. But it just wasn't meant to be. She had to get back home ... where it was safe.

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## Chapter Eight

As morning came, Noah and Mars left her sleeping in the bed. She had awakened to find them moving about as waves of delicious scents drifted into the room. Whatever it was, it smelled wonderful.

Cameron slipped from the bed.

Not having anything to wear, Cameron opened up a closet, getting a whiff of masculine scent. It smelled like Mars. Grabbing a shirt and a pair of pants and quickly putting them on, she slipped from the room, trying not to acknowledge how good being in his clothes felt.

Her throat closed and her heart picked up a beat as she watched both men move around the tiny kitchen. Mars stood over something she couldn't make out, looking down into a metal pan and stirring it. *What was it?* She had never seen anything like it before.

Walking up behind him, she jumped when she heard something sizzle and pop from within the metal container. She lightly touched Mars on the shoulder, but her attention was on the noise.

"What is that?" She pointed down just as it popped again, and a piece landed on her hand. It stung and she abruptly pulled her arm back.

Mars laughed and the sound made her body tighten.

Looking up, she noticed Noah had stopped what he was doing and had walked up beside them. His eyes danced with merriment also.

"What? What are you both smiling at?"

Then their eyes traveled down her body. She guessed her form of clothing was not what a woman on this planet would probably normally wear, but it seemed to arouse them all the same.

Noah came up and put his arm around her. "Mars is cooking breakfast."

Mars caught her gaze and she saw a spark of fire flash in his eyes as he noticed that she wore were his clothes.

Suddenly she felt uncomfortable.

"It will be done soon. Have a seat, then we'll go see the king." Mars turned around and worked at the food once again.

Cameron fought the urge to look over his shoulder and watch.

"Do your people not have processors for food?"

Noah placed an empty plate before her, then put two more down on the table. What was this? Their behavior was very odd. Her people never sat down specifically to eat a meal. They would program the desired nutrients and then the machine would produce a couple of small bricks, and the person would eat them as they went about their day.

"Yes, we have them, but a lot of us, especially the men, enjoy cooking for our mates. It is one of the things we look forward to once we join."

But she wasn't their mate. She didn't want to start that war again, so she kept her mouth shut. And besides, the smell did funny things to her mouth. It watered and her taste buds felt energized. The aroma made her want to test this out.

Mars turned with the food and began placing bits and pieces on her plate. The different colors were amazing. Each different piece was a wonderful combination of light and darkness. She didn't want to place the food in her mouth, she wanted to keep looking at it instead. And she did.

"Cameron, you must place the food into your mouth or your stomach will not get full." Looking at Mars, she heard the playful banter in his voice and found she smiled back at him. It was strange. During the night, he appeared rough, dangerous and so very dominant. Now he still held the same flare, but not quite as uptight.

Noah laughed at her side as he placed food on a metal device and put it in his mouth. His eyes closed and he let out the most primal moan. Cameron stopped breathing as she watched him chew slowly on the food. His jaw worked and the muscles danced, capturing her attention. Once again her mouth watered, but for an entirely different reason. She wanted to feel the muscles of Noah's jaw against her lips, against her tongue.

"Cameron. Cameron."

Mars's voice brought her back from her wayward thoughts. Spirit, she wanted to slap herself for acting like such a loon.

"You must taste it. It's very good." Mars leaned over and picked up her metal device, then lifted her hand and placed it within her fingers. He scooped up a piece of yellow food and with great balance lifted it to her lips.

Oh, God in heaven, this experience felt too much for her to handle, but there was no way she would deny herself.

Mars brought it to her lips and tapped her with its metal tines until she opened. Placing the food on her tongue, he slipped the metal out of her mouth.

Like an explosion of delight, the taste erupted on her tongue. Closing her eyes, the flavor danced across her taste buds as she chewed slowly. Very, very slowly.

"I think she likes it," she heard Noah say and his soft chuckled drifted in the air.

"Mmmmmmm. That is so good. What is this marvelous gift you have given me?" And why had her people not discovered this?

"It's called scrambled eggs and those dark slices there are bacon."

After that first bite, the rest of their time eating was in silence as they each shoveled food into their mouths. Noah and Mars had to stop her and told her she didn't want to eat too much of that particular kind of food, because the way Mars cooked it was not entirely healthy.

But Cameron couldn't believe something so good could be bad for you.

The men cleaned things up and not one of them mentioned her attire. She sighed, wondering what had happened to her own clothes, but figured this was better than nothing, although they would probably want her to stay naked.

She did find her boots however and slipped those on as sudden trepidation flooded her. She was going to visit a king of an unfamiliar planet. And she was going wearing clothes too baggy and ill-fitting.



Mars and Noah had both donned suits that fit their bodies like gloves, giving her every angle of their form, making her body tighten and tingle in need. She wanted these men. She was on vacation and although it wasn't turning out quite like she had planned, why couldn't she indulge in a little fun for herself? She would talk with the king and see if he would get her ship fixed, then find out where the hell Simone had gone off to and if she was alright.

As they left Mars's suite, she learned he lived inside a large structure. Multiple doors lined the bright hallway.

It was almost like the sun had risen right there in that space. The sunlight filtered in through a window at the end of the hall, but they turned the other direction and then lights illuminated their path. Beautiful lights, she noticed as she walked. The beams almost appeared magical as the filigrees arched outwards, blossoming into the light around them.

"I can't wait to see what the king can tell us about you. Maybe he'll be able to tell us where your friend is." Mars walked stiffly beside her as he spoke. His weapon belt hung at his side with his hand resting on the butt of his phazer, a gesture she found extremely arousing.

"Yes, I hope he can tell me if she is okay."

"I'm sure if anything was wrong with her, I would have been notified." Noah said as he adjusted his blue coat that hung loosely over his skintight suit. Cameron hated when he had put that thing on. She was robbed of his beautiful physique.

"Here we are," Mars said.

Now being in front of the door that would lead her into their King's chambers, she found her stomach twisted in knots

Mars turned to her and grabbed her hand in his. His flesh was hot against hers and she felt something rush from his palm into hers. It felt like some sort of energy, but she didn't pull away, instead finding the odd contact quite calming.

"Our king is King Cerbeus. He is the ruler of Methuse." Mars explained as he looked into her eyes. Then, leaning forward, he whispered into her ear, "Don't be worried." His breath skated across her spine and she fought to keep her knees from buckling. Damn, all this was just too strange.

Mars and Noah entered the room side by side, but Cameron walked a few steps behind them. The room took her breath away in its extravagance. Pews lined the aisle with multi-colored seats. All were empty. The walls depicted images of different fight scenes she felt could jump off the one-dimensional material and take place right in front of her.

She found herself walking towards one picture before Noah cleared his throat loudly bringing her back to the moment. She straightened and continued to walk. Yet, those images still called to her. The sharp colors were almost blinding in its effect. Never before had she thought her world was dull until this very moment. Greens, blues, golds, yellows, all the colors and more decorated the large room.

Mars and Noah stopped abruptly, making Cameron almost run into them. They parted and bowed slightly revealing her to a man seated high on a dais.

He was a short man from what she could tell, with gray eyes and sharp features. He held himself with grace and dignity as he eyed her up and down.

The king turned to Mars. "So this is the woman you would like as your mate?"

"Yes, sir, but the lady has other plans," Mars replied carefully.

The king rubbed his chin and his eyes bore into her.

She narrowed her own while she straightened her back.

"Yes, sir, I do. My friend and I crashed on your planet. I'm not sure how I ended up with the commander and the doctor, but they assumed you sent me to them for their mate."

"Hmm," the king said. His features didn't give away any of his thoughts. He leaned over and pulled out a book from the side of his chair and flipped through it.

"You are Fighter Cameron Cabot with Venusia then, I suspect? We have been wondering what happened to you. The men I sent to check out the crash couldn't recall seeing you at all."

"Yes, yes, that is me. I'm sorry to have crashed on your planet, but someone attacked my ship."

"Really?" The king leaned forward interested. "Tell me, more."

Both Mars and Noah watched and listened intently beside her as she explained.

"My friend and I were on our way to Andro for a vacation. The war on my planet was won and my commander insisted I take time away."

"Yes, I read that in this book. What happened to the other ship?"

Cameron cringed. The book the king held within his hands was her most private thoughts. Shit, this was not good. He would know how much she longed for a family and he might think pairing her with these two would be in her best interest.

"They fell into the black hole."

"Good, very good. Well since you are not a threat to my people, then we will help fix your ship and send you on your way. Good day men and lady."

The king started to rise, but Mars voice cut through the air stopping him in mid stride.

"No!"

King Cerbeus turned slowly. His eyes sparked with what Cameron thought might be anger. "No, Commander?. Why no?" King Cerbeus moved back into his chair.

"We want her to be our mate. Doctor Daymie and I want her. Her energy ... well, we just want her."

"What about her energy, Commander?"

Cameron looked back and forth from Mars to Noah and saw a knowing glance pass between them before Noah nodded his head.

Mars dropped his eyes and placed his hands behind his back. "Her energy and our energy mix."

The king's eyes grew wide. "Mix? You talk nonsense. That hasn't happened in many, many years."

"It's true," Noah confirmed.

"What does that mean?" Cameron whispered.

"Well then," the king continued. "With that bit of news, I will say this. Miss Cameron Cabot from the planet of Venusia, you will be under the tender care of Commander Borella and Doctor Daymie. They will see to your needs while you are here. Your ship will be fixed and, if at the coming of the meteor shower celebration you still wish to leave, then," and he looked pointedly at Mars and Noah, "we will let you go. However, we hope you will stay. Now good day. I have much to think about."

The king rose and moved swiftly to a door, and was gone.

Cameron had no idea what just happened. She had a feeling the king was up to more than he let on. Was she being forced to stay here and mate with these men or was he letting her go? And damn it! She forgot to ask about Simone.

Mars couldn't believe his luck. King Cerbeus has just given him time to make Cameron want to stay with them. Instead of ordering her to stay, which he knew would have been a disaster, the king has left it open ended in the hopes she would decide to stay on her own. But Mars still would have liked to see the king try to persuade her harder.

"What just happened here?" she asked.

Her voice, gods, her voice. Every time she spoke, it sent fire straight to his groin. When she had been asleep, he could handle it. But when she had awoke, set those dark eyes on his body and spoke for the first time, he didn't know how he managed to keep from pulling her down and burying his long-denied passion inside her.

He felt his cock harden and press against the tight material. He didn't care and actually hoped she would look

down and see his desire for her, but she didn't. Instead, she turned to Noah when he didn't immediately answer her.

"Noah, tell me what the king meant by all that."

Noah visibly swallowed a lump. "Well, I believe King Cerbeus has given us an opportunity to get to know you."

"What is this celebration he spoke of?"

Mars spoke up, "It's the time of year when the meteor shower makes an appearance across our night skies. Bright lights will flash through the night as they each fall into the black hole. It's a beautiful, colorful light display." *And also one when joinings were blessed.* He left that little information out, however.

They turned and headed back down the aisle as Mars told her more of the ceremony.

He watched as she listened intently, obviously intrigued by their world. He found he wanted to share more of it with her—and in many different ways.

Just as they were about to leave the king's chamber, a man stepped out from behind a door.

"Commander, doctor, the king wishes a private moment with you."

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## Chapter Nine

As the men were ushered away, Cameron found herself staring at the door where they had entered. Now alone, she felt their absence like a stinging cut along her skin. Something hollowed inside her. She couldn't explain it, but it felt like all of a sudden, the humming noise inside her had died down, not quite as agitated as before.

Cameron closed her eyes and took a deep breath. When she opened them again, she came face to face with the most unique creature she had ever seen.

"Whoa!" She jerked back and the little being, which appeared to float in front of her, swayed.

The being looked at her with the most amazing green eyes as it tilted its head this way and that way, studying her. They eyes were sweet, innocent. Then the being floated closer, wrapping itself around her waist. Cameron felt a sudden calm consume her as the little ghost looked up into her eyes.

Lights began to flash in the room making, Cameron jump.

\* \* \* \*

*Cameron was smiling and laughing at something. The wind rushed through her hair, which felt longer than what it is now. The leaves of the trees crackled in the distance and she looked around the field she was in. Green everywhere. Fresh and alive, the grass, the trees, the clouds, the beautiful sun in the sky, all appeared to hold life that Venusia never had.*

*A man stepped into her view. Mars held out his hand, grabbing her wrist, pulling her into his embrace. His lips descended upon hers, sweeping her into paradise she never thought existed.*

*Pulling away, Mars motioned to her left and Cameron turned to see Noah there looking down into the bundle in his arms. His eyes lit with joy and happiness. Cameron found herself more smiling and wanted to see what was making him so happy. Leaning forward she looked down; big green eyes gazed up at her with happiness. A tiny hand reached out to her.*

*Tentatively, Cameron lifted her hand to the baby and the child clasped onto her finger with a huge smile upon its face.*

*A child. Her child?*

*She somehow felt that it was.*

*Cameron felt a tear slide down her cheek as Mars, Noah and baby all stepped closer and hugged her. Their smiles, their laughter, all burned an image in her mind as they faded away.*

The little being wrapped around her waist blinked as Cameron came from her thoughts. Familiar eyes looked back at her. The child's eyes.

"How did you know?"

"I know your deepest desires," the being said in a tiny sweet voice.

The ghost floated higher and brushed her nonexistent lips across Cameron's cheek. She felt a flutter of air and a spark of electricity against her skin before the ghost turned and flew away.



Cameron's hand went to her cheek. This planet was the strangest thing she had ever encountered. She stared at the door where Mars and Noah had disappeared through. Maybe they could give her what she had always secretly wanted. A family.

But was she willing to stay here for all time?

\* \* \* \*

As Mars and Noah stepped from the room both men looked around to see where Cameron was. She was gone.

"Where is she?" Noah looked up one side of the hallway. Then Mars tapped him on the shoulder and pointed down to the other end.

Noah couldn't believe the sight she portrayed as the sun haloed her body. He felt jealous that it could get close to her and he was still being held at arms length.

Hopefully that would all change. The king had given both men time off to watch over Cameron and to win her heart. The celebration was a couple of weeks away, which gave them time to woo her.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" Noah asked Mars.

"I can't explain it, but yes. She's gorgeous. I didn't want to feel anything for her, but my energy will not let me deny it. She's our mate, Noah. How lucky are we?" Mars angled his eyes to Noah while a large wolfish grin crossed his lips.

"Pretty damn lucky if you ask me. To find a female, and not one from this planet, whose energy mixes with ours so well is a miracle. The king even said it has been many years since a new couple has experienced this mating of energy."

They began to walk slowly towards her. Noah instantly felt the brush of her energy along his skin. He tried to hold back a shudder of pleasure. The woman turned him on like no other and he couldn't wait to get his hands on her body.

"This has to be hard on her, Mars. We'll have to take it slow."

"No. I don't think so. She's a strong woman who has handled this craziness very well. I think she needs us to show her the attention she deserves. Like the king said, she's a warrior. A fighter. She expects things to come at her fast and without warning. She might surprise us."

Noah laughed. "Yeah, maybe she will."

"Have faith, good doctor. Miss Cameron Cabot will be ours before the celebration." Mars clapped Noah on the back, sporting another big grin.

They walked up behind Cameron and she spoke as if they had been standing behind her all along. "Your planet is the most beautiful thing I have ever experienced."

Noah felt proud of her compliment. His planet was beautiful.

"How different is it from yours?" he asked as they flanked her sides.

She turned and her eyes bore into him, her plump lips curved at the edges. Noah found he wanted to lean in and taste just that spot where bottom lip met and top lip in the corner.

Then her expression turned sad and she turned back to the window. "It's nothing like this. Where I'm from on Venusia, the planet is brown. The air is dry, the land is dry, and if we

want to visit any place that might resemble this one, we have to travel many miles in order to reach even a semi-moist climate. But there is nothing as beautiful and as bright as Methuse."

Mars spoke drawing attention to him. "Would you like to see more of it? Our planet?"

"Oh I would love to."

And the smile returned to her face making a wave of want wash through Noah. He saw the tight stance Mars was keeping and knew that the tough commander was feeling her effects as well.

How could they show her around and remain close to her without ravishing her beautiful form right there on the lush green grass of their planet?

Inwardly, Noah groaned as he followed the pair making their way out into the sun.

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## Chapter Ten

Hiding behind a tree, Serene watched the three individuals she would forever be bound to. Their combined energies radiated the first stages of want, of need, and the magnetic appeal each one felt. She found it odd that they all wanted to touch each other, but all three of them refused to allow themselves that simple pleasure.

They walked down the smooth road, Cameron in the middle of two towering men. Serene wanted to sigh at the thought of how that must feel. Cameron didn't give off any nervous energy, which was good. Maybe the little glimpse into her future helped her see that these men could bring her hearts desire and Serene's greatest wish.

Serene followed behind them a good distance away. She wanted to go up closer, but she knew how Noah and Mars didn't much like her kind. They didn't understand the spirits and the need they had to interact with the people of Methuse.

The threesome walked off the road and down a path. Noah was pointing out plants as Cameron looked on with rapt attention. Mars was touching her now around the waist. He had leaned in and whispered something that Serene couldn't hear, then the two of them erupted into laughter, making Noah frown. But then the doctor smiled as well.

Serene couldn't tear herself away, wanting to feel all their energies. It felt so comforting and calm. Like home.

"What are you doing?"

The deep voice startled her, making her squeak and seek the closest hiding space. Peaking around the corner of a large tree, one of the older spirits floated in front of her.

"Oh, sir. I'm sorry." Coming out from around the trunk, she stood before Bennet. His wave of power brushed across her translucent energy, making her shiver.

"Serene, why were you stalking about?"

Bennett, one of the oldest and most cynical of the spirits, crossed his arms over his chest and stared hard at her. Most likely probing her mind for her thoughts. She quickly tried to think of something else, but instantly she knew the damage had been done and he felt her connection to the woman.

"Oh Serene. How could you connect to a female? You know our rules. She must be what we are looking for. We can't just go around planting ourselves willy-nilly into females. Especially if they will not care for us once we are born."

Serene lowered her head. His words cut through her. Would they take Cameron away from her now? Already, she felt such a connection to the woman she almost anticipated each heartbeat.

"You know I must tell the others, right?"

She nodded her head. Of course, she knew. How could she have been so stupid to think she could be born and actually live in the same world as Galen?

"Come, little spirit. Let's get this over with."

Bennett turned and floated away. With one last look behind her at her family, or rather the family that should be hers, she felt her energy reach out to them before she too turned and left them behind.

\* \* \* \*

Cameron took in the astounding colors that made up Methuse. Green just wasn't green, but bright and vibrant, almost alive in itself. The men told her so much of their planet and she found with each word that she wanted to see and feel each item they described. Not only the items, but each man by her side also.

Mars and Noah both touched her often. Their fingers would dance lightly across her waist or touch her bare arm. Her body would come alive, sending little zings of heat straight to her core. She was stupid to think she could give up men. Now looking at these two fine specimens, why would she want to?

The image of Noah holding that precious baby while she and Mars looked on flashed in her mind. A family.

Could they really be her mates?

The day wore on and as the sun began to set, Cameron looked up into the sky. The black hole flashed its brilliance. It was far enough way for Methuse to orbit around. The planet was not in any real danger unless it slipped its orbit and tumbled closer. Then the black hole would gobble up the little planet.

"We should head back to the compound." Mars said. He looked around as if he was making sure no one was waiting to ambush them.

Cameron realized that since she had been on planet Methuse, it was almost like her military persona had disappeared. She not once thought of her safety, probably because the men beside her exuded such control, and not

once did she think about her gun. Now that she thought about it, she didn't miss its weight in her hand. She didn't miss the noise of its fire. No, for once in longer than she could remember, the war was not her focus. These two men had become what her mind yearned for.

As they walked away from the clearing where they had spent most of the day, Mars angled his eyes to her from the side. "You have taken this all remarkably well, Cameron."

"Yes, well I suppose. For once, I feel a peace inside me. Simone wouldn't believe I haven't thrown a fit yet.

"A fit," Noah remarked with a gleam in his eye. "Just what kind of fits do you throw?" His eyes sparkled and so did Mars's.

Cameron looked from one to the other and couldn't stop the smile on her lips as well. "Well, I've been known to make other fighters blush with my harsh language."

"Ahh," they both chuckled in unison.

These two men had broken down the walls that she carefully had built around herself in less than a day. And as she watched their faces soften into joy, she found her fingers itching to feel something hard, yet soft within her hold. Not her gun by any means. *Maybe a different kind of weapon, though.* That thought had her laughing, which the two men quickly took up. The three of them laughed as they crossed into the compound and up into Mars's room.

The door slammed closed, leaving them cut off from the rest of Methuse. The men were suddenly alert. Cameron could feel the tension, and it made her a little uncomfortable.

"Did the king mention anything about Simone while you were with him?"

Noah and Mars went about the room, putting their things down, then moved to the couch. Both men sat down, leaving just enough room between them for her. Did she dare sit down in the middle or should she take the safe route and sit in the chair?

She decided to stand for the moment until she got an answer.

Noah looked at Mars who nodded his head. "Yes, the king did mention Simone. She is safe and well. She had some injuries, but absolutely nothing you should be concerned about. Our people are taking very good care of her and when she is able, you can see her."

"Do you think she will be ready before the celebration the king told me about? I don't think I could leave without her."

Cameron couldn't believe she trusted these people already enough to not go crashing through doors to check on Simone. But for some reason, she did. She had a feeling that if anything bad was happening to her best friend, she would know. She would feel it.

"Your ship will be ready and Simone should be well enough if you decide to leave."

"Of course, I would want to leave."

"Come, Cameron, sit down." Mars patted the empty space.

Her heart pounded against her chest. She was scared! How in the world could these two unarmed men scare her so? No, she wouldn't run away from this. She was not a coward. Cameron Cabot would face this crazy attraction head on and



see just where it might lead. And when the celebration arrived, she would thank them for the fabulous time and get on her ship destined for Venusia.

Crossing to them, she sat down and instantly, like a small nuclear explosion, both of the men's energy brushed along her skin.

"Whoa!" She shot up from the couch.

"Come on, sit, Cameron."

"Not if you're going to electrocute me again," she laughed, rubbing at her arms.

Both men smiled. "It was just a small buildup of our energy. We've been brushing against each other all day, but you sitting down ignited that small jolt." Mars explained.

Small jolt, indeed. She couldn't believe she was doing it again, but Cameron sat down and this time, nothing happened.

Mars leaned in to her and she felt the warmth of his breath against her ear. "Did you enjoy our planet today, Cameron?"

Shivering, she swallowed the lump of nerves that formed in her throat. Her body was on fire, and the place in between her legs tingled, begging to be touched. But she clamped down on the need.

"Yes, I enjoyed it very much. I enjoyed it with the both of you. Mars you're so commanding. I know why your planet looks up to you for their military." If she wasn't mistaken, he puffed out his chest just a little.

He winked at her and leaned in and captured her lips in a quick peck. "Thank you," he whispered. The tiny whoosh of

air from his mouth was like a flick of a flame and she wanted more.

Noah touched her leg and her attention turned to him.

She smiled. "And you Noah. Not only are you an important doctor, but you know so much of your planet. It makes me wonder how much of Venusia I don't know about."

"You're very generous with your compliments. I imagine you made a fine warrior on your planet. Your legs are strong. Look at the muscles that the suit outlines." In slow motion, or what she imagined was slow motion, she saw his hand move over her leg. His fingers wrapped around her thigh and squeezed. The muscle he spoke of tightened and another muscle deep within her jerked as well releasing the tiniest bit of moisture between her legs. His hand kneaded her thigh before moving upward ever so slowly.

"You also have definition in your arms. Mars, feel the muscles in her arms. Do they feel as hard as they look?"

When she looked up away from Noah into Mars's eyes, she lost her breath. When his hand came down upon her arm where the suit stopped and bare skin was exposed, she let out the softest moan.

"Very good," Mars praised. "Hard, yet so soft."

Cameron lifted her head off the back of the couch, unsure when it had fallen back. "Simone always tells me I'm not feminine enough." As the words left her mouth, she wanted to quickly draw them back in. The men seized on the opportunity.

"Oh, you are definitely feminine enough," Noah whispered against her neck, nuzzling against the sensitive flesh.

What were they saying? What was she saying? No war could compare to the assault her body was now under. And nothing in her life felt better than this one moment. God, the feel of their hands. Mars's strong hands rubbed her arm back and forth with the occasional brush across the side of her breast.

Did she dare allow herself to enjoy Mars and Noah?

Yes, her body screamed. She found her mind saying yes as well, but...

This was only a vacation. Once her ship was fixed, she and Simone would leave this crazy planet, and she'd be left with nothing more than wonderful memories of the time she let her feminine self out to explore.

The tiny electric pulses danced across her skin, but she couldn't feel them anymore and her body wept with loneliness.

"You're thinking too hard, Cameron. Just let us help you feel what we can offer you," Mars said.

"Mmm," she murmured.

Mars chuckled at her response. Suddenly, both men picked up their assault. Cameron's head fell back as Noah kissed her neck. His fingers slid along the material across her chest and latched onto the zipper. Slowly, oh so slowly, the tiny zipper gave way as he pulled, the soft sound drifting into the room. Once the zipper was down to her waist, both men dipped their hands inside, clasping on her breasts.

She sucked in a breath. The warm flesh of their hands touching her skin made her nipples tingle and pucker. Her

sensory skills went into overload while the two men began to touch and explore.

Raising her hands, she placed them their chests and rubbed down. She hated the material barring their bodies from her touch.

Both men moaned, bringing a smile to her face. "Ahh, see I affect you both too." She breathed out heavily.

Mars kissed her ear, then growled as her hand dipped even lower and cupped his hard erection in her hand. She paid the same attention to Noah's hard body and slowly trailed her fingers lower and lower until his cock jerked underneath her palm. Both men felt large and she couldn't wait—God, it had been so long—to have them inside her.

The room temperature rose in degrees. Cameron felt a trickle of sweat slide down between her breasts, making her skin even more ultra sensitive. She moaned and arched into their awaiting hands as they each pulled at her nipples. Mars pulled hard and rough while Noah worked the other nipple between his forefinger and thumb, squeezing it then releasing it. The contradicting plays on her skin kept her mind consumed with lust. Her body roared with desire and passion. She didn't want to wait another minute now that she decided she wanted to feel their hard bodies slide along hers.

"Out of these, fellas. Please, you're making me burn up."

"Mmm, just the way I like it. What about you Mars?"

Mars smiled, then dropped his head until he pulled her aching nipple between his teeth and flicked it with his tongue.

Her body jerked. "Oh, God! Do that again!" she begged.

Finding Her Place  
*by Midnyte Dupree*

Mars chuckled and did so, sending a twin jolt of fire down her body.

Her hands squeezed their flesh, making both men suck in a breath, but neither man moved to take off their clothes.

This was almost like her dream. Both men heavy and erect in her palm. It felt so familiar and so right, but no, she wouldn't let her mind go any further than that. This was a vacation. One escape away from her harsh life. This was pleasure like she'd never known and she was going to savor each flick and lick of their tongues upon her body.

\* \* \* \*

Mars couldn't believe he was actually touching a female again. It had been so long since he had soft flesh between his lips. Cameron's skin was perfect and tasted fresh. The taste exploded along his tongue and he found he wanted more. Gods, so much more.

He pulled away, making her hand fall away from his cock. It swelled as if reaching out to find its salvation. He pulled the zipper down. The sound drew her attention. Her dark eyes darkened even more as she watched him peel his suit away. He worked the arms down and out, then pushed the material to his waist. He waited as her eyes lingered over his chest, then roamed down over his abdomen.

Noah paid attention to her breast and her now free hand played in his a hair. His cock jerked and pre-cum escaped. He pushed the rest of his suit over his hips and down his legs until he could step out of it, taking his boots off along with the material.

Her aroused scent flooded the room. Inhaling deeply, he tasted her arousal on the tiny buds of his tongue. Delicious. He couldn't wait to get a real taste of her juices for himself.

Grabbing his cock in his hand, he pumped it once, twice, and a third time as her eyes veraciously watched the play. He looked between her thighs and saw a dark patch begin to form. He cupped her mound and she closed her eyes as he gripped it in his palm. Cameron was wet and hot. He wanted to slide between her legs so bad.

Noah dropped down beside Cameron and let his hand glide between the material open at her torso. Her hips bucked in invitation. He must have did something to please her, because her grip tightened in his hair and she moaned.

Suddenly, she pushed him away. "Your turn, Noah. I want to see you now."

Mars knew she would watch Noah as she had watched him, and didn't want to take any attention away from his friend, wanting Noah to feel the heavy pull of her gaze as he too stripped for her.

Once Noah was done, Mars decided the couch just wouldn't be the right place for their first time. "Come. Let's take this to the bed."

Cameron just nodded and he could have sworn she blushed. The pink skin was such a turn on. He wondered if her body turned that enticing shade as well.

As Noah lifted off the couch to follow Mars and Cameron into the bedroom, he couldn't stop staring at the way her ass looked as she walked. The twin globes flexed and relaxed under his gaze. He was fascinated by her muscles and

couldn't wait to see her completely naked. Right now the top half of the suit hung around her hips, accentuating the inward curve of her waist. That suit would be the first thing gone in the bedroom.

His erection pulsed as he grabbed Cameron by the waist and pulled her back into his bare chest. Gods, the woman's skin felt like silk. He was amazed at how soft, yet how hard she felt against him.

"Mmm," he growled into her ear. She turned and bestowed a smile on him before leaning in and capturing his lips.

"Yes, mmmm." She opened her eyes, and they were glazed. Noah couldn't help feeling a little bit triumphant at putting it there.

Finally, they entered the room and Mars lay sprawled on the bed. The man's body was tight and his cock jutted out as he lay casually on his side waiting for them. Noah didn't feel any type of discomfort looking at Mars. It was just part of the experience.

When Cameron crawled across the large bed, her ass in the air, Noah reached out and smacked her covered flesh, sending a resounding pop through the air. Quickly she turned around. The flame in her eyes danced even more.

"What the hell was that for?" she teased, then wiggled her ass.

Noah couldn't believe she was actually giving into them. Did this mean she wanted them for her mate? Even rock hard and overwhelmed with the need to bury himself in some orifice of her body, he couldn't help the practical side from

rearing its ugly head. He needed to know what this meant to her.

Standing at the foot of the bed, he saw her lay next to Mars, who immediately began rubbing her exposed skin. Her breasts were not large, but perky, and her nipples were hard little pebbles begging for attention.

"Cameron?"

She looked up into his eyes. The smile on her face suddenly pierced into a straight line. "Yes, Noah? Why are you not joining us?"

Gods, he wanted to just throw caution to the wind, knowing they would win her over eventually, but he had to know what this moment meant to her.

"We want you as our mate, Cameron. By doing this, are you accepting us? What are your intentions?"

Mars huffed out a breath. "Damn it, man, do we have to analyze this? Get your ass in the bed."

"No, I need to know. I want to know what is at stake here."

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## Chapter Eleven

*What is at stake?*

Cameron had decided she wanted these two men and was willing to play along with them, thinking this wouldn't lead to much more—except maybe more sex. But now faced with the very real fact they wanted her as their mate, she remembered now why she had been placed in their room. Damn it all to hell.

"I can't stay here, Noah. I'm a military fighter for Venusia and I have to get back there. I'm only on vacation."

Noah's gaze turned dark and his stance grew rigid, but she couldn't help letting her eyes convey her sadness. There was more she would rather do than argue. Spending time in their arms, in their bed, with both men wrapped around her sounded better than dwelling on her departure.

"Noah. Come on. Let's not make this more than what it is."

Mars let his fingers slide over her wrist as he smiled.

"Noah, Cameron doesn't understand what females mean to our species. She doesn't know that our people have stopped procreating and that she could be one of a handful that could solve that."

*Solve it?* The image of the baby in Noah's arms resurfaced in her mind. A baby. A family. God, she missed that so much. She realized that she had tried to substitute that feeling with the military units she was in. But she hadn't realized until these two had started to touch her how much she missed the

intimate contact. The feeling of being lo ... No. She would not go there. Love would not play in this at all.

"Come on, Noah. Let's just enjoy this time we have together. My ship will be fixed and I'll be on my way far too soon."

She patted the bed beside her. No more thoughts of family, no thoughts of love. This was her vacation and her chance to feel the touch of another being again.

Noah lowered his head, then lifted it. A devilish smile now upon his lips and Cameron's heart sped up. His cock still hard, jutted out from his body. Moisture gathered at the junction of her thighs and she wanted to strip off the rest of her clothing.

And why wasn't she doing just that?

Mars's hands were rubbing her skin, brushing over her breasts, making them tingle and flush.

She caught Noah's eyes and held them as she slowly lifted her hips. Cameron touched Mars's hand for a second, encouraging his touch before she clasped the waistband of her suit and pushed it further and further down as she held her gaze with Noah.

Noah sucked in a breath as she revealed her bare mound to him. She had always liked the feel of her bare flesh next to material. Now seeing his eyes, she was proud that she kept it that way because obviously he liked it.

Mars groaned when he caught a glimpse of her as well. "You're perfect," he breathed out before rubbing her hip slowly, working closer and closer to her middle.

Noah stood at the end of the bed. Grabbing the material at her feet, he pulled her suit the rest of the way off. "I want her

sweet, wet pussy first, Mars." His demand sent a tiny thrill shooting like a rocket inside her. Noah, the doctor, was commanding the commander. Surprised at his outburst, Cameron checked to see Mars reaction.

"Of course," was all Mars said as he continued to touch and feel her. Then he lowered his head to her shoulder, nipping and kissing. Mars didn't seem the slightest bit put off. He took whatever she offered, which at this moment was anything he wanted.

Noah was soon at her side. No more questions danced in his eyes, but she knew something was still holding him back, but it wasn't something she wanted to talk about anymore. She just wanted to feel.

And feel she did.

The men worked like a finely organized team. Her body was strung so tight and so ready for release she feared that just one more touch would make her come like never before.

"Get on your hands and knees," Mars said.

As she adjusted, her breath caught when she saw him grab a hold of his cock and pumped back and forth. Once in position, she grabbed him and held him within her palm, making him gasp.

"Yes, gods, yes." Mars threw back his head as she worked her hand up and down, massaging his balls on her downward stroke. She pulled him a little forward and touched her tongue to his hard length. He jerked, but then pushed forward a little, making her take more of him in her mouth.

She felt hands around her waist. God, she never imagined how erotic it would feel as two men explored and coaxed her body higher and higher into their swirling desire.

Mars cupped her chin and rubbed her face back and forth as she swallowed him. The skin of his erection was soft, yet so hard. Her fingers curled around the base. Having him this way felt so good. She moaned. It was something she had forgotten she enjoyed.

Noah rubbed his smooth hands down her spine, the feeling slow and electric. Their combined energies had slowly grown within in the room until she felt like it was another living creature with them, but she knew no one else was there.

"Your skin, Cameron, is the most unique shade of brown I've ever seen." Then she felt something wet. He had bent down and he now ran his tongue down her spine. She arched into his mouth as she moaned around Mars's cock, which caused him to groan in return.

Her body felt almost overloaded by their touch, by each sensation they created. Mars was caressing her, gently encouraging her to take more and she did until she felt him touch the back of her throat. A drop of pre-cum touched her tongue on the outward glide. The taste exploded in her mouth. He tasted so good and she wanted more.

She pushed back and felt Noah's body. She wiggled her hips.

"Yes, yes. I won't neglect you sweetheart."

Noah didn't waste anymore time as he dipped his fingers inside her. Her body arched more and she cried out as the feeling of him entering her rushed from her core and swelled

throughout her body. It felt so good! The tingles, the fire, the heat, the touch—all of it built up her oncoming climax.

He dipped and played for a minute, getting her juices flowing, then removed his fingers, making Cameron search him out with her hips.

Something warm and smooth brushed against her. The head of his cock teased her opening until he pushed an inch or so inside. It had been a long time since her last encounter. Noah groaned as he moved back and forth inside her, slowly working his way in. When he was seated fully, his body tightened. He stopped and took in a deep breath.

"Gods, Cameron. You're so tight. I can feel you breathe within your walls," he strained as his hands gripped at her waist tightly.

When her body adjusted to him, he began to pump, creating friction within her. God, it felt so good. Each inward and outward pull teased her nerve endings more and more.

Cameron pumped Mars harder and faster in her mouth. His hands in her hair pulled and soothed. His groans of pleasure built her higher as she felt Noah at her back holding her hips. He began to pump harder and with each slide against her inner walls, she thought she would come and come and come again.

The air crackled and popped around her. Their combined scents drifted in the room, their soft moans and grunts fueled each one of them until finally, her body tensed. The orgasm ripped through her from her pussy all the way to the pumping cock in her mouth. She squeezed her lips around it, making Mars groan, but he didn't come. Noah gripped her hips and

roared as he released his seed inside her, coaxing her own orgasm into a crescendo. When he finished he slid away and Mars pulled from her mouth.

"What are you doing?" she asked Mars. He hadn't come and she hated to leave him wanting.

He bent down and brushed his lips across hers. "I want to feel you wrap around me as I slide in and out of you. I want to feel your muscles tighten in a climax that I coax."

His words heated her and she smiled.

He pulled her hips around and entered her, mixing their combined juices, making her slick for his intrusion. His thickness slid inside, stretching her a little more. She growled and gripped the blankets in her fists.

Mars began to pump furiously inside her. Each thrust restarted her forward climb to the top. She looked over and saw Noah stretched on the bed, his cock now flaccid as he watched them. Cameron never thought being observed would have any effect, but boy it did. She loved the way Noah's eyes darkened as Mars moved inside her.

She reached over and clasped her hand around his leg, holding on as she felt herself nearing the brink of another climax.

Mars's large hand stroked her back. Then he pulled her roughly against him as he let out his own cry, sending her over the edge.

Their pleasure spent, Mars pulled away, but not before he kissed her on the back. *Such a sweet gesture*, she thought. They both fell on the bed beside Noah, lying like that for a moment. Noah got up and came back with a towel. He

cleaned her up with care, then placed a kiss on the inside of her thigh before he crawled up the bed over her.

Just inches from her face, she looked into his eyes and saw something there. She was afraid he was going to ruin the moment, but instead, he leaned in and kissed her ever so gently. Something inside her softened. Maybe her heart, but she was too replete right now to think any further on it.

Noah moved away and drew the covers up over the three of them. Noah chose to sleep in front of her, pulling her arms close around him. They slept with her to Noah's back and Mars to hers. Mars draped his arm over her torso, making her smile.

"Just beautiful," he whispered.

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## Chapter Twelve

Serene listened while Bennett convened with the other spirits. They floated back and forth, agitated by his words and her action.

"What have you to say for yourself, young one?" The voice coming from the high spirit, Diati, was deep, making her shiver. Diati was one of the older spirits, and one known to all as a high spirit.

"I ... I ... I couldn't help myself, sir."

He blew out a breath and continued to pace with the other elder spirits.

Another elder spirit, Elisha, stopped and floated in front of Serene, her face soft just like her voice. "Serene, you know it would kill us if we lost you. If you are stillborn, young one, you will be lost to us forever."

Serene bowed her head as a wave of despair washed through her. "I know, but I felt that I must take this chance. Her energy is strong and powerful, and so magnetic, that I just couldn't stop from bonding with her."

As the elders talked amongst themselves, Serene got the strangest feeling. Something tingled inside her. It started at the base of her form where her legs should be, then slowly worked its way up. The room began to spin around her and she hovered now just a few inches above the floor.

The elders stopped and stared at her.

Elisha swept down to her. "Are you okay, Serene?"



When Serene looked up, she could barely see Elisha. Panic began to set in and she turned to look at all the other spirits. They just stared at her in dismay.

Diatl stepped forward and she thought she might have seen a smile on his face, but she wasn't sure. "Well, young one, we will soon see if your gamble has paid off. Good luck, Serene, and live a wonderful life."

He waved a hand in front of her face and mist rose up around her. Something pulled her this way and that way, not allowing her any chance of escape. Serene tried to wave the mist away, but with each wave of her hand it only grew denser. Then it appeared to grow tentacles that wrapped around her, starting from the bottom and moving up to her head. The mist swirled, the deepening gray pulsed in and then away from her face.

Serene screamed.

The others were gone now. Her world, her comfort ... now gone.

The heaviness of the fog pushed harder along her skin. Her breathing quickened as her voice died away and she was left screaming without sound. Blackness swept in around her.

\* \* \* \*

Cameron woke with something hard poking her in the back. It jerked then slid across her backside until it burrowed between her thighs. Mars leaned in and kissed her neck from behind while he pumped his cock slowly between her legs, never sinking inside her body. He was hard and warm, thick and smooth as he glided in and out, in and out.

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She reached her arm forward and pulled Noah closer to her front as she brushed her nipples against his back.

The war on Venusia seemed so long ago now. She felt cocooned in some dream world that she never would have allowed herself to want before. Closing her eyes, she let the warmth of their bodies seep into hers. Her energy and their energy suddenly collided together inside her. It heated up and tingled. It felt wonderful.

Cameron would have never realized her own energy in direct contact with someone else would create such a marvelous feeling. She couldn't wait to talk to Simone about this. Hopefully that would be soon.

Mars nuzzling her neck brought her thoughts back around to the moment before her. Her muscles ached from the passion they shared the night before, yet her body moistened, waiting for Mars to slip inside. With a quick adjustment, he slid inside her core inch by inch until he was completely within her. She moaned as his body rubbed against her walls.

Noah turned on his side to face her. His blue eyes twinkled and she couldn't help but smile. The small window above them let some of the sun in, bathing the room in a soft romantic glow.

Noah massaged her breasts, tugging on her nipples until she arched into his hands. They were soft, but as he touched her, the little sparks of his energy snapped and crackled on her skin. Mars pumped inside her until she felt a building climax rush through her body. Her hips pushed back, welcoming more of him as his hands held tight to her waist.

He moaned in her ear and whispered words she couldn't quite understand, but knew somehow he was complimenting her.

Cameron reached down and held onto Noah's erection, pumping him in the same rhythm her and Mars had created.

"God, you two know how to treat a woman."

Both men grunted and Noah pumped into her fist while he kissed her neck, her shoulders, her breasts. She felt like such a woman in their capable hands. What would a lifetime be like with them?

On that thought her climax crested and she cried out into the room with Mars joining her. His hot essence spilled inside her.

When she finally came down, Mars kissed her shoulder, then pulled out.

She had only a moment to think before Noah kissed her like a man starved. "My turn, my beauty. I dreamed of you all night wrapped around me. I woke wanting you several times."

As he spoke, his cock pushed against her opening and she found herself wanting, no, needing him to fill her. She didn't feel complete without it. Noah's words were sweet and the way he slid inside her made her feel like she was the only woman in his eyes.

Mars rubbed her back while Noah and she continued their climb upward. He brought her to another climax within moments, capturing her mouth as she cried out. His body tensed and he moaned as he too spilled himself inside her.

Noah pulled away and fell on his back. "You are some woman. You know that? I feel so honored to have..." he

stopped, but in her mind she continued his sentence. He was honored to have her as his mate.

Breaking the sudden tension, Cameron sat up. "Um, where can I shower and change?"

Mars pointed to a door across the room.

Slipping out of bed, Cameron almost felt like she should cover herself, but instead, she straightened her shoulders and walked away from them, knowing they both watched her with their greedy eyes. She smiled to herself.

You know, she could actually get used to this.

\* \* \* \*

When Cameron left the bathroom, she suddenly found herself in a whirlwind of activity. Mars and Noah were dressed. They quickly ushered her out of the compound and out into the sun. The streets were alive with different people, all of them eager to see her and speak to her.

The men greeted everyone interested and introduced her as their guest. Many of the older Methusians looked at her and winked. Almost like they knew already what had transpired between them.

Maybe there way some way these people did know.

Cameron felt herself blush. *This is nuts*. She pushed the thoughts away and plastered a smile on her face.

A plump elderly woman stood in front of her. She found out the woman's name was Helda and was one of the nosiest of the bunch. Cameron usually didn't tolerate such nonsense, but as a "guest," she felt she should appease the natives, and

truly it might not hurt to speak with someone that knew the ins and outs of the planet so well.

"So are you going to be here for the celebration?" Helda asked.

The boys stepped away from her, out of hearing. "I'm not sure, ma'am. I hope I'm able to get home soon."

"Yes, yes. I heard you crashed. You look fit, though, and healthy. Very healthy actually."

"The ship I was on had some advance equipment on it. My friend—"

"Oh you have a friend!" Helda pulled her hand up to her bosom and her eyes lit up with excitement.

"Yes, my friend Simone was with me and although I haven't had a chance to see her, the king assures me she is fine."

And just as Cameron hoped, Helda's features turned thoughtful, then she quickly popped back with excitement. "Oh! Does your friend happen to have blonde hair?"

"Yes! She does! Have you seen her?" Cameron couldn't believe it, she might actually find out something about Simone.

"I have seen her, yes, yes, I have. She is a beautiful creature. Her energy is strong like yours."

Cameron felt anxious. Could she shake the information from this woman?

"I believe I did see her. You have nothing to worry about. She's fine. A little more banged up than you, but she is getting excellent care. Yes, excellent care. Oh, I must go now, Miss Cabot. It was nice meeting you."

Then Helda was off, leaving Cameron confused and totally at a loss. But at least now she knew a little more about Simone.

"Are you ready to see more of Methuse, Cameron?" Noah asked.

She turned to see Noah and Mars standing close by. They both just took her breath away. She wanted to go into their arms and let them wrap her up, but she couldn't. She needed to keep a little distance between them.

"Yes, I would love to see more."

All day with them proved to be such a chore. Light brushes across her skin, deep voices, and the strangest feeling they showed her things she would need to remember.

They visited Mars's training camp and the soldiers straightened when they saw Mars. He saluted to them, then turned and winked at her.

Seeing those men with their rigid stance and full attention to their superior made her think about her own planet.

What was back there for her?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing. But it was comfortable.

"These men are training now under Commander Dean."

Dean straightened and saluted at her. Instinctively she saluted back. There was obviously a universal way to address your superiors. Dean's eyebrow cocked at her display, but he didn't address her obvious knowledge of protocol.

Cameron looked over the men in front of her and saw two ghostly beings playing with something. "Should they be doing that?" She pointed and both Mars and Noah turned to look.

"Damn it! Get away from there you little..." Mars' voice trailed away as he sprinted for the little creatures. They looked up suddenly and flew away, laughing. The objects they were playing with scattered across the ground.

"What are those things?"

Noah pushed his glasses up on his nose. A gesture she had come to realize he did when he was thinking.

"Well, they've been around forever, but lately, they've been acting out and we aren't sure why."

"Have you asked them?"

"Asked them? As in, talk to them?"

"Well yes, talk to them, ask them what they want." Cameron watched Mars cleaning up the mess on the ground and she could just imagine him cursing now. It made her smile.

How in the world had she already come to know their gestures? She didn't know, but she did. These two reminded her so much of her dreams. The dreams before she crashed and the one the little creature had conjured up.

"Cameron, you can't just walk up to these ghosts. They are very skittish, and mischievous as you can see."

"I had one talk to me."

Noah turned suddenly and grabbed her shoulders. She felt like a little girl about to get in trouble.

"You did? When?"

"I ... uh ... when we visited the king."

Mars walked up then and Noah told him quickly what she had said. His eyes grew big and his brows deepened. He

pulled her away from Noah and they went across the training field away from other ears.

"Tell us what it said, Cameron."

"Well, I'm not really sure. It wrapped itself around my body. I felt calm. Not scared at all. It acted like a child."

"Yes, they all appear to be immature."

"Then it touched my head, I saw these images—" She cut herself off. She couldn't tell them what she saw.

"What did you see? Did it say anything?" Noah asked. His eyes narrowed and his brows drew together in thought.

"I'm sorry I really don't remember. It just seemed sad. It didn't stay long and quickly flew away."

Noah pushed his glasses up again. "Have you seen it again?"

Cameron looked around, thinking maybe it had followed them.

Shaking her head, she said, "No, I haven't seen it since."

Just then she felt a little ping in her belly. A little flutter, but she passed it off. She had eaten unfamiliar food earlier and now maybe her stomach was acting up.

The guys didn't ask any more questions. Noah appeared preoccupied with her declaration and Mars's looked like he was in deep thought himself. Both men soon snapped out of their moods as soon as she promised she would tell them the instant the creature showed up again.

By the time the day was almost over, Cameron welcomed the night. She needed some rest, and hopefully the men wouldn't want to do anything tonight. Her stomach had felt funny all afternoon. She would have to ask the guys not to



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cook again for a while. Hopefully it wouldn't hurt their feelings.

When she entered the bedroom, the men had decided to stay out in the main room. She figured they would probably talk about her little creature among themselves. She too wished it would come back.

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## **Chapter Thirteen**

The days flew by as Noah and Mars rushed her from place to place. They had joined the king for a few meals, but Cameron hadn't eaten much, still feeling the flutter in her stomach. It was beginning to worry her. What if she had gotten some sickness on this planet? She thought she was up-to-date on all her immunizations, but one could never be too sure, especially staying in an unfamiliar place.

They had just come in from helping with the celebration preparations when Noah looked at her funny. "Cameron, are you okay. You look a little pale."

The last couple of days, her body temperature had risen and her sexual desire had skyrocketed. The men had enjoyed her sexual play and with each coming together, she fought the emotions that were building inside her. She had even slipped into the bathroom and cried a couple of times. It was nuts how she was reacting. Cameron Luanne Cabot did not cry. She was a trained military woman, who fought alongside men and could shoot a gun and hit her mark at 200 yards. She did not cry for any reason.

And yet, there she sat, more than once, and cried her eyes out.

It was the stress, it had to be. The crash, the ship, not being able to see her friend. It was just too much.

But how could she explain the growing sexual desire, the need to touch these men all the time? She couldn't, and even

now, looking at Noah's worried face, she wanted to capture his lips in a blinding kiss and carry him off to the bedroom.

His eyes darkened as if he knew what she was thinking, but instead he lifted a finger and brushed it down her cheek. "I'm worried about you. Let me take you to my clinic and just give you a check up."

"No, I'm fine. My ship will be ready tomorrow and I'll be going home. I'll see someone there."

At the mention of her leaving, Noah turned away. She reached out, wanting to touch him, to turn him back around and pull him close, but she didn't. Instead, she dropped her hand back to her side.

"Why are you leaving us?" His voice betrayed his anger.

"Oh, Noah. I have to. My place is not here."

Noah turned abruptly and captured her face within his hands. "It is here. Your place is here with us. With Mars and I. Why can't you see that? I know I'm not the only one feeling this between us."

"Noah, I told you from the beginning, I couldn't stay."

His grip tightened on her cheeks. "Don't leave us, Cameron, please."

His voice broke something inside her. Like glass shattering, she could hear in her mind the deafening break and fall of pieces. She couldn't stay. She couldn't.

"I can't stay, Noah."

"I love you, Cameron. We love you!"

His declaration was sharp and angry. It made her lungs cease to work as she tried to comprehend what he said. No one had ever said that to her before.

"Noah, I..."

"Damn it, Cameron!" Noah turned and stalked from the room.

"Noah!" she called out, but he didn't stop. He flung the door open and rushed from Mars's suite.

She couldn't hold back the dam any longer. Tears sprang in her eyes and she fell on the couch. Her stomach fluttered something fierce, sending a sharp pain throughout her body. She curled up on the couch and hoped when Mars returned from seeing the king, he would take her leaving better.

It had been fun. She learned a lot about herself during her stay here, but tomorrow, the day before the celebration, she would mount her ship with Simone and she would go home.

Funny how home didn't even sound appropriate now that she had stayed on Methuse. The last couple of nights were hot with Mars and Noah tending to her every desire, but the days were rough as she helped deliver the wood for the bonfire. She didn't slack just because she was considered their guest. No, she had enjoyed the exertion, except when her stomach would flutter and a twinge of pain would almost take her to her knees. But a good soldier worked through her pain, which she did.

Now, she almost regretted the extra load she had helped with today. And with Noah putting extra pressure on her, she felt emotionally strung out. God, her hands ached to feel him again. Would she get to see him again before she left?

The door opened and closed and Mars's energy brushed up against her body. She tried not to shiver, but she did anyway. Everyday it felt as if the both of them were gaining more and

more power over her. All the more reason to leave now, while she still could.

"Cameron?" Mars's voice drifted over to her softly. The couch dipped behind her and his arm came over her stomach. The little fluttering started again. As soon as she landed on Venusia, she was getting a full body check done.

"Cameron, you awake? I saw Noah leave. He looked angry." His strong hand brushed underneath the hair at the nape of her neck. He rubbed gently.

"Yeah, he's mad because I told him I was leaving tomorrow."

His hand stopped rubbing. "Let me tell you a little bit about Noah. He's a doctor because he wanted to figure out why our females have stopped procreating. He wants a family very much and he felt like with you, that might be possible."

He started rubbing her again. And she felt a tear start to gather at the corner of her eye as she looked at the back of the couch. "Why can't he find someone here to have a family with?"

"Well, our Noah is more of romantic. There is a story every child is told. And Noah believes in that."

"What's the story?" she asked and sniffled. Mars didn't comment at her lack of composure. Instead, he rubbed her back up and down along her spine. It felt so good. Especially down at the base where it felt really tight.

"The story goes when a Methusian male finds his soul mate, a spark will fire between them, showing their soul, their energy, recognizes the other."

Cameron tried to process that. A spark, they had created a spark.

Mars continued, "The story is just a myth because it has been ages since anyone has seen one. The old ones swear they have seen the spark, but no one else has reported such a thing in many, many years. Noah wants that, because he said his mother and father had it. He saw it once. I think he just saw their love and wants that for himself too. None of the females here have ever attracted him, so I think he may have given up on a family ... until you."

Cameron curled in tighter around herself. Love. She wanted love too. She wanted a family too, but ... no, she would have to return to Venusia. She was only on temporary leave.

"Cameron. I want you to stay too, but as a soldier, I understand your responsibilities. Your need to go back home."

Cameron turned and looked over her shoulder. Mars was looking down, away from her while he still rubbed her back.

Turning over, she grabbed his hand and brought it to her chest. "Mars, you two have been wonderful to me. I don't think I've felt so relaxed in all my life. It's a wonder I didn't try to start a fight with someone here just to see some action. But I found I didn't want that."

Mars chuckled. "Yes, well, I'm glad you didn't do that."

She covered his hand and felt the heat of his touch. It seeped inside her and she wished that Noah was there with them to complete the circle.

"Will he come back?"

Mars knew exactly who she spoke of and she was glad, because if she had to say his name, tears would definitely burst forth.

"I don't know." Mars bent down and gave her a kiss on the lips. Not a hoping-for-more kiss, just a sweet, I'm-here-if-you-need-me kiss.

"I have some news for you though. The king has informed me you can see Simone. She's waiting on the bottom floor in a suite."

At the news, Cameron sat up and pulled Mars by the collar. "What! She's here? Oh, my God, I have to see her."

"Wait, wait Cameron. I also informed the king you would be leaving tomorrow, so he wants you and Simone to spend your last night there. Then in the morning, you both will be escorted to your ship."

Her mind swirled, excitement raced through her veins. Simone was here. She was going to see her best friend. She didn't hear anything else.

Mars pulled her up. Together they walked out of the room and down the stairs.

\* \* \* \*

Cameron couldn't believe she was standing in front of the door where her friend was. As she reached forward to clasp the knob, Mars grabbed her hand and tugged her around to face him.

"Cameron Cabot, thank you for being a part of my life. The days with you have opened up something inside me I never thought was there." He rubbed his hand down the side of her

face and she closed her eyes letting the trail of heat dissipate slowly. "We will miss you very much."

Whoa! Was he saying good-bye, now?

"Mars?"

"Shhh. Take care, Cameron." He turned and walked away.

Completely struck dumb, Cameron watched him leave and knew she would never see him or Noah again.

The door opened a loud squeal grabbed her attention.

"CAMERON!"

Her beautiful blond friend leapt from the room straight into her arms.

"Oh, my Spirit, Cameron! How are you! God, it has seemed like forever hasn't it. Yes, it has. Look at you! Oh my! You haven't been taking it easy have you?"

Simone's cheerfulness flooded the room and soon Cameron found herself smiling, even though in her chest, she felt nothing. A hollow empty space. She rubbed at it as she watched Simone bounce around and talk.

"Is this not the most fabulous planet? I've only gotten see a little bit of it, but it's gorgeous. Can you believe the colors, and the men? Sheesh, if they're not a party waiting to happen."

Cameron noticed then, that Simone's head was patched up and the cover hid some of her hair on the left side. And she sported a huge yellow bruise down the side of her head.

"What the hell happened to you? Are you okay? Is that from the crash?"

As if just remembering, Simone got quiet and touched the spot on her scalp.



"Yeah. They tell me I was pretty touch and go for a while. But I had the most amazing experience. There was this spirit. I swear I think I was dead. He stayed with me the entire time I was out."

"What?" Cameron grabbed her friend by the shoulders. She was shocked a spirit had visited Simone too. "Tell me you're better now, right? And what did the spirit say or do?"

"Oh yeah, I'm fine, now, but you know, there for a while I didn't want to wake up, because I was worried I wouldn't see Nicolaus again."

"Nicolaus?"

"Yes, he was fantastic. He told me what was wrong with me and that I simply had to wake up. He wanted to see my blue eyes."

"Simone. Simone. Simone!" Finally her friend stopped looking dreamy and focused on her. "I had a similar experience. Well sort of. A spirit visited me too, but she showed me things."

"Ooo, like what?"

Cameron couldn't tell her. She brushed her question aside and focused on something else. "So you woke up and you're okay?"

"Oh yeah, the doctors fixed me up great. Said I was ready to go home ... if you were, they said. Why would you not be ready?"

"It's nothing." Cameron felt a twinge of pain in her chest. This was different than the pain in her stomach. The sooner she got off this planet, the better.

"Come on, you look like you need to sit down and frankly, I do too."

They talked late into the night. Simone told her more about Nicolaus and Cameron saw in her eyes the look of hope and happiness. All the things she had hoped for Simone.

Her own thoughts turned to Noah and Mars. She didn't tell Simone about them. Didn't want to bring up those memories. She thought she would be doing enough of that when she got home.

Instead, she just pulled her friend in close and hugged her tightly. "I'm so glad you're okay."

Simone got quiet, then her arms came around her waist. "Yes, I'm glad you're okay too. You look a little worn out though. Are you okay, Cameron?"

Simone pulled back and Cameron let her go. "I'm fine. But I was worried about you, because they wouldn't let me see you at all."

"Yeah, the doctors told me you had asked for me, but truthfully, I haven't been awake for long. They kept me pretty sedated until most of my injuries were healed and I was well enough to fly."

Cameron watched a cloud cross her friend's blue eyes. "Simone, what's wrong?"

"It's just ... well ... I'm going to miss Nicolaus. We got kind of close in my dreams and once I was awake, he stayed there with me and explained how I could see him."

Boy, Noah would have a field day asking Simone questions about the spirit.

The thought of her Noah sent a lead weight pummeling down to her belly. She'd never see him again. Or Mars. "We better get some rest if we plan on going home tomorrow."

Simone agreed then went into a room across from the main room they were in. Another stood at the left and Cameron assumed that would be her room.

With Simone quiet in her room, Cameron lay naked in the bed. She had gotten accustomed to doing that with the guys. Funny how fast your body can adapt to something.

The pain in her tummy pulsed and Cameron turned on her side, wrapping her hands around her stomach. If Mars was there, he would rub her back, knowing now just where her muscles were tight. And the heat of Noah at her front would ease the pain just like it had the last few days.

Sleep didn't come easily. Thoughts and images of Noah and Mars flittered through her mind. The sound of a child laughing and giggling echoed in the room. The field appeared once again and Cameron called out to someone. Her arms outstretched as if waiting. Mars approached and then Noah came up to them holding the little bundle of happiness.

Cameron woke with a start. Sweat glistened on her body and she pulled the blanket up higher. The room was lit from the sunlight pouring through the window. It was going to be a beautiful day, yet she wished it was raining and storming. Just like her mood. It might even have delayed her departure.

But things were set in motion now. Cameron just needed to face them.

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## Chapter Fourteen

Simone was quiet at her side as they made their way towards the hanger where her ship was housed. A note had been left under the door announcing everything was ready when they were.

With each step towards her ship, she found her feet dragging. The pain in her stomach increased considerably since she had woken up and it took all her strength and control not show it.

Few people waited for them at her ship. Noah and Mars both were nowhere to be found. Her chest twisted even more, adding the growing pain she already felt. Her stance remained rigid and her eyes sharp.

"Good morning, King of Methuse."

King Cerbeus bowed his head slightly. He looked far from his kingly role today. His suit hugged his old body, and yet he still portrayed a healthy sight.

"Good morning ladies. We hope you enjoyed your stay. We are very sad to see you go."

The king came forward and grabbed Cameron's hands in his. "Cameron Cabot, Fighter of Venusia, I hope you will return to a peaceful planet and let others know that we are a peaceful one as well."

Cameron bowed her head. "Yes, sir. We will. We have enjoyed our stay and hope that your celebration tomorrow will be all you hope for."

Cameron looked over the king's shoulders and off in the distance stood two figures. One with short hair, standing with feet shoulder length apart, and the other with longer hair wearing a long coat. Most likely blue.

Her heart stumbled as she watched them. Her throat closed up and the tears threatened to overflow.

"They will miss you deeply, Miss Cabot," the king whispered for her ears only.

All she could do was nod, turning her face away before anyone could see the lone tear slip down her cheek.

The platform to the inside of the ship was longer than she could ever remember. Her ship looked good and the smell inside was fresh. Nothing looked out of place, just as if she had landed the thing perfectly.

Cameron ran her hand along the corridor wall. Step by step, she approached the captain's station. The chairs were perfect. The console was perfect, everything looked ... perfect.

"Wow. This is amazing. I can't believe they were able to get this thing so perfect." Simone said, echoing Cameron's thoughts.

Her friend walked over to the food processor and punched a button. Out popped a cup with a steaming beverage inside. She lifted it to her lips then moaned. "Mmm, this is perfect too." She threw the cup away then went to her chair. "Are you nervous, Cameron?"

Her singsong voice lightened Cameron's mood. "Yeah, a little, but we'll be home before you know it. Let's get situated."

As the seat clips clicked into place, Cameron pushed a few buttons and the ship rocked with the start of the engine. Outside, she could see the green trees and the beautiful, and knew deep down she was going to miss the place terribly.

People gathered and it looked like everyone had come out in full force. She searched the crowd, hoping she would get one more glimpse of Mars and Noah, but all she found were Helda's sad eyes. The woman was waving wildly, holding something up to her nose.

Cameron had gotten to know the woman and her husband while they worked on preparations for the celebration. The couple loved deeply and dearly, yet they had no children.

Shaking her head, Cameron engaged the throttle and the ship took off slowly at first. Then, as it broke through the atmosphere, she didn't hold back. She engaged full throttle, shooting she and Simone back into their chairs.

The swirl of the black hole loomed before them.

Nothing was standing in their way now. Nothing except the gapping hole she now felt in her heart. "Simone, go to the med unit and make sure everything is still okay with you? I don't want you to pass out if the force or anything is too much."

"I will if you will. You're not looking so hot, Cameron."

"Yeah, what the hell. You go first and let me know when you're done."

Simone unbuckled and left. It would be a few minutes until Simone came back. In the precious moments alone, Cameron couldn't stop the sob that escaped. The tears fell freely, faster than she could mop up. Damn them for making her feel like

this. Not one of her lovers before had ever cracked her barriers. Not the way those two did. Mars and Noah had touched her in ways she'd never imagined, made her want what she could not have.

*Why?* A little voice in her head said. Why couldn't she have those dreams?

Finally, the sobs slowed and she had just rubbed the moisture from her eyes when Simone popped into the room. Cameron didn't look at her, but engaged the autopilot.

"Everything okay?" Cameron hoped her voice sounded good.

Simone didn't notice anything. "Yes, I'm good to go. Your turn."

And without a fight, Cameron went to the med unit.

After slipping into the unit completely naked, she let her body relax and her mind wander the vast expanse of space, not letting it touch on any specific memory or picture.

Heat moved slowly over her body. When it reached her breasts, they puckered as if waiting for Mars or Noah to take them in their mouth. The heat traveled down her torso and Cameron couldn't stop thinking the heat was from hands caressing her flesh, getting her ready for their invasion.

When the heat crossed her naked mound, she couldn't stop the moan leaving her mouth. Her body was on fire and not from the scan, but from need. She needed to feel their hands on her, to touch her where she ached; she wanted their lips on her skin, on her neck, and between her legs.

A full fantasy had emerged in her mind. Cameron let her hands roam her body until she felt the dampness between her

thighs. She parted the folds just as Noah would have and touched her clit. The little bud was swollen and sensitive. Her knees almost buckled and she knew her heart rate had kicked up, but she didn't care. She was feeling good.

She flicked the bundle of nerves back and forth while she searched for her entrance with the other hand. The heat from the scan slowly moved over her skin again, fueling her own fire.

Back and forth, in and out, the building climax was growing with each flick.

*Yes, yes, almost there!*

"Noah! Mars!" she whispered loudly just as the wave crested and her body exploded into tiny little sparks.

The med unit dinged and the heat instantly dissipated.

Cameron felt even more at a loss now.

She left the unit without bothering to look at the results.

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## Chapter Fifteen

Hours passed and Simone slept most of the way. Cameron thanked the Spirit that Simone had wound up okay. She would have died if anything had happened to her friend.

Looking out the window, she could finally see Venusia. The planet before her was brown and dull. Nothing like Methuse, so alive and vibrant.

The brown grew bigger and bigger until Cameron felt the shake of the ship when it passed through the atmosphere.

She radioed her captain, who was relieved to hear her voice because she had not checked in. Once he heard her story, he asked her to download all the ships information, just in case the people on Methuse decided to send along a little present.

When she docked her ship, all she could think about was getting home and resting. She was beyond tired. The pain in her gut had grown worse since she left the planet and with each passing second, she thought she might throw up. But she would never allow herself to do that. No one must see her weakness.

Simone kissed her good-bye on the cheek and Cameron noticed how her eyes did not glow with excitement or joy. She looked ... sad.

"I'll call you later," Simone said and walked out of the ship without another look back.

Cameron made quick work of locking down her ship. The trip home was brutal, but finally, when she crossed the

threshold of her small home, she almost collapsed right there on the floor.

She made it across the room and looked at the picture of her mother and father on her mantel. They held her close to their side as they all smiled at the camera. It was a still photo she had especially drawn up after their death.

A family. God, she missed Noah and Mars.

Her stomach fluttered and, Spirit help her, she couldn't hold it back any longer. Cameron raced for the bathroom and threw up.

She expelled everything she had eaten, which wasn't much.

The room began to spin, but she forced herself to get up. Her head pounded. The noise grew louder and louder until she held her ears, thinking her brain was about to explode. She realized then that someone was pounding at her door.

She cleaned up as fast as she could and raced to answer it.

Cameron had just pulled the door open a fraction when her captain pushed it the rest of the way open.

"Fighter Cabot!" he barked, his voice deep and sharp.

"Yes, sir!" she announced, fighting with the ever-present vertigo. She must stay upright, she must.

"Why didn't you tell me? Did you really expect me to let you work and train in your condition?"

What? What was he talking about? "Sir? I don't understand."

"Fighter Cabot, we are a close-knit military. We believe our purpose is for the good of the people. We protect them so they may have good and happy lives, correct?"

"Yes sir."

"Then you should have told me immediately. I would have understood. There is no one more deserving of a life than you."

"Sir, I'm not sure what you're talking about."

"Oh, well, you don't want me to know?" Her captain paced back and forth in the room.

She was thoroughly confused now. "Captain, if you tell me what you're talking about, we can clear this up."

"Your child, fighter Cabot!"

"My WHAT?"

"You cannot hide these things for long. You know as well I do how long our gestation is. You will not be able to train. I refuse to allow it. I assume you didn't want to stay with the father since you are back here, but if you change your mind, I'll release you. You, Fighter Cabot, have served this military well."

"Sir, I assure you I am not pregnant."

"Well then, did you not step into the med unit on your ship?"

"I did, but so did Simone."

"Yes, Simone. Quite banged up she is, but they did a wonderful job fixing her up. But you—*you*—are indeed pregnant, my dear."

Suddenly, everything made sense. The flutters, the pain, the need for sex. They were all things a Venusian felt when she was with child. The flutter was the egg taking root, the pain was an indicator to rest. Her changing hormones also

made it quicker for her body to arouse so the bond between the parents grew stronger.

Parents! Oh shit! This child didn't have just two parents, but three.

Cameron sat down hard on the chair. Everything came crashing down on her and she couldn't think. All she knew was that she had to get back to Methuse.

She bolted out of the chair "Sir? You said I could go back, right?" She was so out of character she grabbed her captain by the shoulders.

"Um ... yes, Cabot. I did. If you want release, all you have to do is ask. I just assumed you didn't want to stay with the man."

"Men, sir. Men! Noah and Mars of Methuse!" Excitement laced her words filling the room with her joy. Her heart pounded in her chest and her nerves felt pumped with caffeine. She had to get to them. If she left now, she might just make the end of the celebration. "Oh thank you sir! Thank you! I'll send all the information you need from me when I get there."

"Um, yes, please do, Fighter Cabot. I'll just go and make sure your, uh, ship is ready."

The captain left and Cameron flew around the small living unit gathering just a few things, the picture of her parents included. Then she rushed to her room, grabbed a bag and piled a few things in. She could get the rest of what she needed on Methuse and, by the looks of things, she wouldn't be able to fit into her own clothes soon anyway.

She turned out her lights and opened the door. There stood Simone tear stains running down her cheeks.

"Cameron, you have to take me back. I know he is just a spirit, but I can't stand to be away from him," she sobbed.

Cameron noticed then that Simone had brought a bag of her own. She grabbed her sobbing friend and shook her slightly. "Simone, I'm going back too. I'm pregnant!"

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## Chapter Sixteen

The ship landed with a small thud. Cameron had notified Methuse she was coming in, this time for a landing.

The darkness had just started to settle across the land and she knew she had just missed having to maneuver through the meteor shower. The very shower she would be joined with Mars and Noah under.

When she had spoken with the king, he was so excited to hear from her, and overjoyed that Simone had decided to stay as well. Simone would be able to stay in the bottom rooms of the compound and she was thrilled about it.

Cameron couldn't get off the ship fast enough. She couldn't wait to see Noah and Mars and tell them the wonderful news.

The king had informed her that, to be joined, she would have to do it under the meteor shower that night. She had gotten little rest from the excitement, but she had tried to settle down once she knew the signs that had enough.

As the platform slid out, Cameron descended in a rush. The people cheered and she could see the bonfire roaring in the background. It was beautiful.

Home. The feeling sent a wave of warmth through her.

"Miss Cabot, we are very excited to have you here again. This time for good."

The king bowed slightly and Cameron bowed her head as well. Then she jerked it up and looked around. Her eyes fell on every face in the crowd. Some old, some young, some fat,

some thin, dark eyes, light eyes, but not the eyes she wanted to see.

Her heart stopped as she turned back to the king. "Did you tell them I was coming back?"

The king just looked at her. His eyes showed nothing, but he did not smile.

"They don't want me as their mate anymore, do they?"

King Cerbeus pierced his lips tightly together.

Noise sounded in the crowd. People talking loudly. Probably talking about how much of a disgrace she was.

"Cameron! Cameron!"

Duel voices cut through the night. She looked up over the people who now had made an open path. There in the shadow of the trees, two figures stood. One with short hair and wide stance, one with longer hair and a blue coat.

Tears sprang to her eyes and this time she let them fall.

Dropping her bag, she took off running like the hounds of hell were on her heels, and it was right, because she was running to her salvation. Cameron ran straight into the arms of her men.

They kissed her, enveloping her in their large arms.

"Cameron, Cameron!" they spoke together.

Cameron Cabot had finally found her place. In the arms of Noah Daymie and Mars Borella.

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## **Epilogue**

Cameron wrapped her legs tightly around Mars's waist while Noah straddled her head. Noah's cocked pumped in and out of her mouth while Mars sank deeply between her legs. Both men felt so good inside her, she would never get enough of them.

"Oh yes," Noah moaned as she grabbed his sac and massaged him while tightening her lips around his cock. She loved to make him squirm. And while she did that, she squeezed her muscles surrounding Mars' cock, making him grip her hips harder.

The men surrounded her with their love. The room was full of it. The scents, the sounds, the crackle of their energy, all signs they had found soul mates in each other.

Mars lifted her hips, making his angle deeper. He stroked her spot, building her climax. She tasted the sweet pre-cum from Noah and knew they were all close. With one last tightening of her muscles and one more squeeze for Noah, they all fell over the ledge together.

Lying spent on the bed, they had just snuggled in together when a soft mewling noise made Cameron pop her head up.

"Noah, it's your turn to get the baby."

"Gladly." With a spring in his step and wide grin on his face, Noah stepped into his clothes and rushed for the nursery.

Mars pulled Cameron close and nuzzled her neck. She was so happy. Nothing could make her happier.



Finding Her Place  
*by Midnyte Dupree*

Noah came into the room with the little bundle. He crawled up on the bed and held the baby out for them to look at.

Crystal eyes peered out of the blanket and looked at all three of them. A smile, which Cameron guessed was only gas, appeared on the infants face. Cameron recalled those eyes and those features. A special little spirit had helped to guide her home.

The End

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## About the Author

*K.L. Bjork, also writing as Midnyte Dupree, is a full time telecommunications analyst, a wife and a mother of two small children. She started reading romance in 2003 and when all her favorite authors were in between books she decided to do some writing on her own. That is when she discovered the joy of creating characters and building worlds full of magic. Christine Feehan was the first author in romance that she read and instantly fell in love with the Carpathians, soon following Feehan she discovered Sherrilyn Kenyon and the Dark Hunters. She anticipates each book coming out, but now understands why it takes so long between stories.*

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In 2007, Colt MacKenzie is tormented by demons of a troubled past and a failing writing career. He fears he has written his last bestselling horror novel until he discovers the The Cult of Teach and a tantalizing nymph wandering the shore on his way to Ocracoke Village. Fascinated by the history of The Cult that surrounds the Legend of Blackbeard's Chalice, he seeks to learn more about these modern-day pirates, and hopefully write a best-seller using the premise. He'd planned on riding this ride solo until the strange little waif on the back of his Harley touches him in ways his demons hadn't let anyone touch in a long, long time....

Author Note: Victoria and Jeremiah Porter are two of Jack and Claire Porter's children (from THE CURSE).

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