

Loose Id

# MASTERING CHAOS

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# Mastering Chaos

Michelle Marquis

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## Dedication

*To all those who like things a little rough.*

## Chapter One

*Cold.*

Tessa Fagan woke up on her side with a throbbing headache and a dull pain in her shoulders. As she lay there, she took mental inventory of all her limbs and decided nothing was broken. At least nothing *hurt* bad enough to be broken. *Maybe that's a good sign.* Then she tried to move her arms and realized she couldn't. *Scratch that good sign.*

Fighting off draining fatigue, she forced herself to open her eyes. Gooseflesh rose up on her arms, making her shudder. *What a freezing metal floor. What did they do, hook cooling coils up to the ground to preserve their victims?* She blinked and took a deep, calming breath. As the world around her came into focus, she made out a steel bulkhead a few inches from her face. It was dark gray and didn't remind her of anything familiar. The heavy baritone of men's voices sounded from somewhere not too far off but she couldn't understand what they were saying. It took her a minute to realize that they weren't speaking English. *Oh shit, this is very bad.*

She strained her hearing and soon realized what they were speaking was definitely *not* English. Even though she didn't know the language well enough to speak it, it sounded a lot like Kirillian. She sure hoped she was wrong because being captured by Kirillian slavers was

the last thing in the galaxy she wanted. Tessa blinked several times to clear her vision. *Please God, let me be wrong.*

Ever since humans began traveling the galaxy there had been endless problems with slavers. They were notorious for overpowering smaller vessels and either killing off or taking the crew captive. Needless to say, women were high on the list of wanted slaves. Earth didn't have the intergalactic muscle to hunt down the slavers or stage any kind of rescue for the captured, so suffice it to say that if you were taken prisoner, you were going to spend the rest of your life as some man's blow-up doll.

She tried to twist her body away from the bulkhead but when she moved, her arms screamed in pain. She guessed she must have been tied up for a long time. *Where the hell am I? I can't remember a thing.* Taking several deep breaths, she forced herself not to give in to the alarm that was slowly wriggling through her thoughts.

After what seemed like hours, she heard heavy footfalls. They had the long stride and weight of men and a new fear filled her heart. The steps stopped directly behind her and large powerful hands gripped her arms and lifted her to a kneeling position. She looked up and stared at her captor.

The man that stood over her was *huge* and somehow, from archived data in the back of her mind, she knew what race he was. That tiny kernel of information did nothing to soothe her mounting terror. *That looks an awful lot like a Kirillian uniform. Oh crap, they must be slavers. I am in such huge trouble. But how the hell did I end up with Kirillian slavers?* Then, like a horrible nightmare only partially remembered, flashes of memory came back. Explosions, alarms, crew members running for the escape pods. Trying to recall all of it only gave her a hammering headache.

The man crouched down next to her, his leather boots creaking under the strain. He smelled like fresh sweat and black leather and it triggered a memory of her younger years and the long, hard nights of rough sex with her then-boyfriend, Alex. An ancient and forgotten flame of lust flickered to life within her.

The man's long black hair was thick and wavy and framed the hard planes of his rugged face. Like a black velvet curtain, it hung loose around his shoulders and back. His face was very manly, boasting a cruel mix of danger and seduction. His features were strong and masculine: muscled jaw, noble nose, and the blackest eyes Tessa had ever seen.

"Do you know where you are, Captain?" he asked. His voice was deep and so commanding it bounced off the metal walls and echoed around her for a moment.

"No," she replied looking him right in the eyes.

He smiled, revealing sharp upper and lower canines. "My name is Commander Chaos Battle. You are on board *The Scarlet Queen* bound for the planet of Kirillia. Your Earth ship has been destroyed, your commander is dead, and all the rest of the human passengers and crew are either dead too or have been taken prisoner. You will all be sold in the slave markets once we arrive." He narrowed his eyes at her.

Tessa didn't give him the satisfaction of a dramatic response and simply said, "I see." *This is just great. In a few short hours I've gone from a captain to a commodity.*

It was all coming back now but only in more disjointed pieces. She closed her eyes and could see the narrow fluorescent-lit halls of the military transport she had hitched a ride home on from Sector One. She'd just been heading to her berthing to take a nap before arrival when it happened. The attack came so fast none of the sensors even picked up the presence of another ship, let alone a Kirillian Destroyer. Even now, a prisoner in this strange foreign place, she could hear the explosions and smell the smoke. Tessa opened her eyes and blinked to clear the horrible memory.

The Kirillian was still next to her, watching her like a she was a captured animal. She must be the highest-ranking officer left alive or he probably wouldn't have bothered addressing her at all. She glanced up and met his frosty black gaze, making sure to maintain heavy eye contact. She was pretty sure staring at him would irritate the piss out of him.

Kirillians didn't like to feel challenged. "Do you think an unprovoked attack on an Earth military vessel is just going to go unnoticed?"

Chaos shrugged. "We have no treaty with your planet and therefore we will do as we please. Besides, your feeble military is no threat to our superior technology."

"Technology that your race has stolen from everyone else," she shot back.

He glared at her. "Enough of this. I have no interest in debating our cultural differences with a slave."

"Well, you may as well not waste your time trying to make me a slave. There is no way I'm obeying the orders of some half-wit thief who happens to call himself a commander."

Instead of being angry, Chaos appeared delighted by her defiance. He let out a low, menacing laugh that sent gooseflesh up her arms. He grabbed her elbow and pulled her to her feet sending shockwaves of pain through her shoulder. Tessa cried out and heard the other men chuckle. Chaos grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back. It didn't hurt, but it enraged her that he had full command of her head. He leaned in close to her face. "You will do as you are told, Captain," he said, smiling wickedly. "Or I *will* punish you."

Tessa didn't have a plan for escape but she needed to keep her cool if she was going to get through this. Surely she could outsmart these apes. First she needed to try to have her arms unbound. "You're very brave in front of the other kids while I'm restrained," she said. "Unless you're afraid I may like it."

His men laughed, and without hesitation he unlocked the cuffs holding her hands behind her back. She grimaced as her arms flew forward and agony rushed into her shoulder joints. It took several minutes for the tingling to stop in her hands. Chaos waited patiently while she worked her arms around to loosen them up.

He towered over her and grinned. "Now what, Captain?"

"Now," Tessa said glaring at him. "I kick your hulking Kirillian ass." Moving a few feet away from him, she raised her fists in the ready position. If this big simian wanted to spar,

then she was sure going to give it to him. *He has no idea who he's dealing with. Bet you don't have a featherweight award in hand-to-hand combat, do you buddy?* Bouncing on the balls of her feet like a boxer, she looked for an opening and took it. Kicking her left leg high, she faked him out with roundhouse kick knowing he was ready for her attack. Chaos blocked the kick with his forearm but wasn't ready for the right cross she slammed into his wide jaw. The blow was hard enough to turn his face to the side and make him grunt. Tessa smiled and the gathered crowd roared and cheered her on.

"Come on, jerk," Tessa taunted. "Let's see what you've got." If she was going to be sold off to the slave markets on Kirillia, she damn sure wasn't going down without a fight.

Chaos slid his gaze up and down her body, grinning. "I don't want to hurt you, Captain. You're worth nothing if you can't perform your slave duties." He glared at her trying to read her next move. "And there will be a lot more demanding chores for you if you don't surrender."

"There aren't going to *be* any slave duties, because I'm going to kick your ass and the asses of any of the other monkey Kirillians who want to take me on."

"You're so confident," he said in a low, menacing tone. "It will be fun teaching you some humility."

Tessa beckoned him with one hand. "I'm waiting, but all I hear is talk."

Furrowing his brow, Chaos lunged at her but she sidestepped him easily and he stumbled forward off balance. Just to make her point, she gave him a nasty kick in the ribs. He grunted and whirled on her, but this time he was much faster and came within inches of grabbing her around the waist. Chaos was one hell of a big boy, and although he was slow, she had no doubt he could inflict a lot of damage if he caught her. What she needed was a weapon to even the playing field.

Scanning the men watching them, she spotted a soldier leaning against the wall with a large combat knife strapped to his hip. The top snap securing the handle was undone so pulling it from the sheath would be easy. All she had to do was get close enough.

Chaos advanced, cornering her between an open hatch and the bulkhead. "You're finished," he growled. "Give up and save yourself the humiliation of falling to my will."

His black eyes glowed in triumph. He looked so smug all she could think about was taking him down a notch. Licking his lips like she was a banquet, Chaos lunged for her again. She waited until he was so close she could smell the leather of his boots, then ducked under his powerful arms. Tucking her body into a ball, she rolled past him and stopped right in front of the soldier with the knife. Before anyone could figure out what she had planned, she grabbed the knife from the man's holster and turned to engage Chaos.

But the Kirillian commander was faster than he looked. Before she could get a good grip on the knife, he seized her wrist and wrenched the knife from her hand.

*Damn it!*

Tessa swung at him with her free fist and came close to landing a punch, but he moved back just in time. Gripping the knife in his meaty hand, he crouched low and came up with the blade, slicing the front of her uniform open. Tessa was sure he'd cut from groin to throat but she felt no pain. Her uniform, the shirt under it, and her bra fell open, freeing her breasts, but the skin beneath her clothes didn't have a scratch. Her cheeks burned.

She immediately moved her arms over her damaged clothes to hide her bare chest. Chaos's eyes sparkled with infernal lust. "Don't hide your body from me," he said in a voice thick with passion. He pulled her closer and grabbed the ruined clothes. Tessa did all she could to stop him, but he was just too strong. Shoving her against the wall, he tore her clothes from her body until all she had left was her underwear.

Frustrated, she slammed her fist into his belly but he didn't even flinch. It felt like she'd punched a brick wall. She shook her hand and hissed in pain. Glancing over his shoulder to the men watching, he said, "Leave us."

They all went out of the room, leaving her and Chaos alone. He fixed his dark gaze on her and she felt a block of ice fill her belly. Pinning her to the wall with his chest, he pushed his bulging erection against her mons and kicked her feet apart with his boots. Tessa squirmed as he shifted his hips and pushed his bulging groin against the front panel of her panties. He was so heavy against her chest she was forced to breathe in quick pants. Hot moisture pooled between her legs and she hated herself for becoming aroused by this hulking bully. Chaos leaned in close to her ear and whispered, "Now look what you've done to me, Captain. You've made me want to fuck the life out of you. I'm afraid you've left me no choice but to punish you for arousing me like this. Let's just see if you *do* like it."

## Chapter Two

Chaos dragged Tessa through the ship's passageway by the arm while most of the crew looked on. The ship's air-conditioning was cool on her skin and made hard pebbles of her nipples. *I would probably be more embarrassed if I wasn't so afraid of being killed*, she mused. Finally, after what seemed like forever, he hauled her into his bedroom and tossed her on the bed. The bed was large and round with two silver bedside tables on either side. A small glass of water sat on one of them. Directly opposite the bed was a cavernous open bathroom with a sunken bath, a glass shower, and rough, rocky tiles throughout. Anyone bathing would be easily seen from any spot in the room. The rest of his bedroom was enormous with large floor-to-ceiling windows all around. Outside was a large reddish planet and two smaller gray moons in its orbit. *That must be Kirillia*, she thought. *We're here already. I am so screwed.*

Tessa grabbed the glass on the nightstand, tossed the water out, and slammed it on the table edge. Several pieces broke off, leaving large jagged ones in their place. Now at least she had another weapon. Jumping to her feet on the mattress, she held the broken glass out and clinched her teeth. She beckoned him with her free hand. "Come on, handsome," she teased. "Come and get me."

Chaos shook his head and smiled. "You're no match for me, Captain. I thought we already established that. All you're doing is arousing me." Taking her invitation, he jumped up on the bed effortlessly, his weight unbalancing her. She struck out at him with the glass, but he tackled her around the waist and forced it from her grip. Chaos tossed the glass to the other side of the room, where it shattered against the wall. Tessa arched her back struggling to get him off her, but he kept her pinned until she stopped fighting. Then he lay on the bed next to her and grabbed her hand. He placed it over the swollen bulge in his pants. "Take it out," he commanded.

Tessa was sorely tempted to hurt him but instead she took her hand away and fought with him for a moment as he tried to put her hand back. With one of his huge hands, he pinned both her wrists behind her back. Tessa seethed. "I'm not playing with your dick, you son of a bitch!" she snarled.

Chuckling evilly, he took out some thick wrist manacles from one of the table drawers and roughly rolled her onto her stomach. He sat on her butt as he held her wrists behind her back. He was large and strong and Tessa found it impossible to stop him. Chaos leaned down close to her ear and said, "This is your last warning. Do as I tell you or I'll shove my cock up your sweet little ass."

A bolt of shock charged through her body, elevating her fear. She had no doubt he'd do it. If she was going to survive this brute, she was going to have to play along until she could find some way to escape. She wasn't anywhere near a virgin, so rape didn't scare her but forced sodomy -- that was another matter.

"Okay," she said, panicked. "Okay, you win. I'll do whatever you say."

Chaos hesitated for a moment as if he was thinking of sodomizing her anyway. Then he got off and let go of her wrists. She rubbed them, trying to will her racing heart to slow down. Tossing the manacles on the floor, he reclined on the bed next to her and placed his hands behind his head. Tessa reached out and unzipped his pants. Sliding her hand inside, she felt the thick, hard rod of his cock and pulled it out. It was the longest, thickest penis

she'd ever seen. Not only was it wide, but it had to be over twelve inches long. The helmet tip was wet with his arousal and she felt herself grow moist and slick.

"All right, what do you want me to do?" she asked flatly.

Chaos watched her with smoldering hunger. Those black eyes pierced her, dissected her, and scalded her with savage desire. Tessa had never seen such raw passion in any man. "I want you to lick it," he said in a deep, rumbling baritone. "I want you to lick my cock like it is candy."

At forty-five, Tessa was certainly no stranger to sex but this was different. This was somehow more crude and sensual, and definitely more dangerous. If Chaos decided she was boring, he'd probably turn her over to some of his buddies or even kill her. She had to make herself valuable. So fine -- if he wanted sex, then she'd give him everything she had.

Chaos relaxed, waiting for her to service him. She took his cock in her hands and ran her tongue along the thick veins that webbed their way along its length. Her tongue explored every inch, tracing lazy circles under the swollen head and teasing the tiny opening at the tip. Chaos uttered a raw animal moan from deep in his chest. Reaching down, he ran his fingers through her hair and massaged the base of her neck. A few tight muscles in her shoulders and neck relaxed.

Gliding her lips down his rod, she gently nuzzled her way around his large, heavy balls. Cupping them in her hands, she pulled one then the other into her mouth, massaging each in turn with her tongue. Each was quite a mouthful and Tessa's body responded by moistening her underwear. Chaos groaned, pumping his hips in a slow rhythm to match her mouth, and dipped his hands into her underwear. He tickled her damp pussy, arousing and awakening her, mumbling in his native tongue like a fever victim. Delight erupted from her center, burning away all her impotent rage.

Wanting to please him, Tessa wrapped her hand around the shaft of his cock as best she could and stroked it up and down. He grew harder and Tessa wondered what a monster cock

like that would feel like thrusting root-deep inside of her. A few images of him sweating on top of her as he labored to push that great dick into her pussy made her almost climax on the spot. She was glad he was too absorbed in his own lust to notice her honest attraction to him. She wanted to keep the upper hand if she could.

Tessa licked the tip of his cock tasting the salty masculine essence of his semen. "I'll bet you get all the girls with that big monster cock," she said, climbing up to tease his nipples with her tongue. "I wonder what it would feel like deep inside my pussy," she purred.

Chaos fixed those savage black eyes on her. They were cool and hard, betraying nothing of the emotions behind them. His face was tense -- carnal, but beyond that, impossible to read. She sure hoped she was playing this Kirillian right or there would be hell to pay. He pushed her back on the bed and climbed up over her.

He placed his beefy hands on her panties to strip them off but she beat him to it, peeling them off her hips and tossing them to the floor. Tessa closed her eyes and stretched her body under him. She opened her legs in welcome and was delighted by how hot she was. *Might as well lay back and enjoy the ride.*

Chaos paused. The Kirillian was obviously confused by her eagerness to fuck him. She opened her eyes and saw him fixated on the cesarean scar on her belly. He ran his fingertips over the raised horizontal scar.

"What kind of injury is this?" he asked.

"It's a scar from when I had my son. I had some problems during my pregnancy and the doctors had to cut him out of my womb," she said wondering if he'd lost interest in her now.

"Was your son on the ship with you?" Chaos asked.

Tessa smiled in spite of herself. *I don't think he has any concept of how old I am.* "No," she said. "He's a grown man and serves on a different ship." He traced the long scar and, try as she might, she had no idea what he was thinking. "Does it bother you?" she asked.

Chaos met her gaze and for the first time she thought she saw an opening in those hardened emotions. “No,” he said simply. “It surprised me. I would expect such an injury to have killed you.”

Tessa was about to repeat that it was a necessary surgery and not an injury but thankfully he seemed to have lost interest. Settling his massive body over hers, he pushed her legs as far apart as he could with his thighs and guided the head of his cock past her labia. Tessa relaxed as he worked the wide penis into her eager pussy. It slipped past her tender folds and filled her up, massaging her slick wall with its velvet texture. She leaned her head back and sighed, loving the way he felt inside her. Lifting her hips to help him drive deeper, she let herself enjoy the carnal sensations and wrapped her ankles around his muscular calves. Then he began working his enormous cock in and out. With her legs low, she could feel every stroke of him against her clit and the pleasure was perfect heaven. *It’s been much too long*, she thought as her body reveled in the hard pounding.

Tessa let herself go, running her hands down the thick knotted muscles of his back. He moaned in her ear, mumbling Kirillian to her, as lost in the ecstasy of her body as she was in his.

“Do you like the way my cock feels, Captain?” he growled in her ear. The deep baritone of his voice and the feel of him inside her were pushing her over the edge. She was so close, so very close.

“Yes,” she gasped, pushing her hips up to meet him. “You feel so good, Chaos,” she whispered closing her eyes in complete ecstasy. “More, give me more,” she whined. “I love the way you make me feel, fuck me harder...please.”

Fueled by her passion, Chaos drove harder into her. The bed creaked in complaint as he drove himself into a furious, lusty craze. The orgasm came over Tessa like a sudden tempest. It rose from her depths, fueled by the softer pleasure of her clit, and exploded in her pussy, sending shockwaves of lust all through her senses.

Suddenly, she couldn't get enough of him. Arching her back, Tessa let out a long series of moans that drove him to fuck her harder. He hammered his hips into her with delicious ferocity, driving her insane with need.

"Fuck me!" she screamed against his neck.

Chaos was a man possessed. With a mighty roar, he released his seed inside her, pumping out the last of his hunger until he was spent.

He collapsed next to her trying to catch his breath. "What is your name?" he asked after he'd recovered a little.

"Captain Tessa Fagan," she replied.

"Must I keep addressing you by your rank?" he asked, staring at the ceiling and running his hand over his chest hair.

"No," she said, amused. "You can just call me Tessa."

### Chapter Three

Chaos had experienced plenty of sex before but nothing like what he'd just had with Tessa. All the women he'd had in the past were terrified of him, whimpering through the sex until it was over, but not this woman. Granted, most the other women were slaves or captives, but then so was this one. But that hadn't stopped her from letting go of her fear and enjoying the steady pounding of his cock.

Tessa had even orgasmed; there was no denying it. He had felt it in the rippling muscles of her slick pussy.

He tried to think back on the last free women he'd been with and, although they acted as if they'd climaxed, he knew they hadn't. Chaos had to face the truth: every woman he'd slept with to this point had been afraid of him. They'd done everything he'd told them to do but never were pleased by him, and a lot of that was his fault. He savored the terror he instilled in them to the point where it had become a form of foreplay. Their submission was expected, a necessary milestone to his own selfish pleasure.

But Tessa hadn't just submitted, she'd participated, and he'd loved the power rush it gave him. He hated to admit it but she was the best lay he'd ever had. She'd made him aware of kinder feelings inside him that he had yet to understand.

Chaos got up off the bed and stared down at her as she dozed. He found her beautiful with her golden hair tossed carelessly across the pillow and the womanly curves of her generous breasts and hips. He wanted to spend hours ravishing her, exploring the hidden secrets of her flesh and listening to the lusty groan of her pleasure as he fucked her. Unfortunately, he had to get her to the dining room for the victory celebration.

“Tessa,” he said in a harsher tone than he’d intended. “Get up.”

Tessa opened her eyes and blinked at him. She hesitated a moment in defiance. “Why?”

Chaos clenched his jaw. “Because I’m telling you to,” he replied.

She watched him cautiously and got up off the bed. Her brow knitted in worry and he suppressed a grin. He liked keeping her off balance.

“What now?” she asked.

He moved into her space and she locked her gaze on him while showing him no fear. He found that especially interesting since most women were unnerved being naked and at his mercy. “You will address me as ‘Master,’” he said.

“Not likely,” she said calmly. “What do you want, *Chaos*?”

A new, consuming lust roared to life inside him. His balls tightened and his cock grew painfully hard. His reaction to her was especially annoying because he was still naked too and she could clearly see her effect on him. Irritated, he snatching Tessa by the arm, dragged her into the bathroom and turned on the shower. Chaos pushed her under the spray and moved in behind her, pushing her belly into the tiles. He crushed his body into hers, resting his erection against the crack of her butt.

She wriggled back against him, torturing him as the flesh of her ass rubbed against his dick. “Are you going to fuck me again?” she asked in a voice that was sweet like golden honey.

Chaos wanted to take control but found all he could think of was sheathing his cock in the center of her yielding, moist heat. She reached around and grabbed his right hand, placing it on her pussy. “Play with me,” she said softly.

Dipping his fingers into her pussy, he found the plump kernel of her clit and tickled it with his fingertips. Tessa’s body trembled as a pleasing whimper escaped her lips. She rocked her hips in his hand with such delicious fervor he thought he would climax just from the feel of her. He brought his fingers up to his lips and tasted her moisture. The scent of her was fresh and earthy like fertile soil in spring, and her flavor was pure nectar. Everything about her pushed him to the edge. He had to have her, *now*.

Kicking her legs apart, he ran the head of his cock into her and savored the velvet flesh as it caressed the sensitive tip. His hands ran down her wet flesh, pausing to massage her luxurious breasts and erect nipples. Chaos touched his lips to the back of her neck and kissed her. Her body tensed, and before he was aware of what she was doing, she had twisted around to face him. She stared up into his eyes and whispered his name like a prayer.

“*Chaos*,” she said as if she were testing it out. The water sprayed against her back, plastering her dark blonde hair to her face and shoulders. She blinked against the spray and licked a few droplets off her full lips.

“Chaos,” she repeated. “Kiss me.”

An avalanche of conflicting emotions collapsed inside him. He wanted her like no woman he’d ever known. He wanted more than just sex and submission. He wanted her to whisper his name again and again as he brought her to climax. Chaos tried to will his pounding heart to quiet down and touched his lips to hers.

Tessa kissed him back, moving her tongue into his mouth and stroking it along his. Her fingers ran into his hair and pulled it back from his face. Pure fire roared to life in his stomach and he let his passion loose to consume her. Chaos kissed her, unleashing the bonfire of need within him, and was delighted when she responded with the same raw

desire. They kissed like desperate lovers finally reunited after a long absence, and the ferocity of it added to his building confusion.

Finally, he broke the kiss and stood there breathing hard. His cock pulsed painfully, wanting and needing to be buried deep inside her sizzling tight pussy. Chaos grabbed his shaft and guided it past her fluid folds, driving it deep into her pussy. Tessa's eyes fluttered closed. She twisted against him and groaned, parting her lovely pink lips to mutter words that he was sure meant nothing. Three strokes later she climaxed, clawing at his back and grinding her hips into him like a mating beast. This woman was definitely different from all the others, and he loved it. His own orgasm came soon after her second and, for the first time in his life, he found he was truly satisfied.

## Chapter Four

That evening, Tessa accompanied Chaos to a celebration feast in the banquet room. “Why won’t you tell me where we’re going?” she asked as he escorted her down several long platinum passageways.

“We are going to a celebration,” he said.

“In honor of what?”

“To honor our conquest over your feeble race and the destruction of your ship,” he replied.

Tessa hated him all over again. *What an arrogant ass he is. I can’t wait for a chance to kick him in the balls.*

Walking down the hall, he draped a sheer floral robe over her naked flesh then bound her hands behind her back with a silk rope. Tessa hated surprises, and not knowing exactly what this *celebration* entailed classified as one in her book. She was half tempted to stand her ground and make him carry her the rest of the way, but she knew he would probably like that. She wasn’t afraid of what he had planned, but she wasn’t looking forward to it either. *Just stick to the plan*, she reminded herself, *and keep looking for a way to escape.*

They entered the room and every officer cast their gaze on Tessa. Chaos grinned, obviously proud of his war prize, and pushed her into the room first to show her off, which she found particularly obnoxious. She crept across the short blue carpet in her bare feet, making sure to meet the eye of every man staring at her. Even though she knew they wouldn't act on their feelings, she was sure it enraged many of them to have a slave act so haughty. *Well I've got news for you, monkey men. I am not this asshole's slave.*

The banquet room took up an entire upper deck of the Kirillian ship. The dining table stretched out almost as long as the room itself, and each place setting had a domed cover over the plate and a silver goblet. The scent of cooked meat and red wine filled the air around them, and Tessa found herself getting a little hungry.

She estimated there were about twelve senior officers in the room, including Chaos. They were all standing around the dining table, dressed in the same drab gray uniform with various military decorations, and all their attention was riveted on her. Lining the far wall were several bondage swings mounted to the ceiling. They were all made of black leather and had restraints for the occupant's wrists and legs. Several human women and some alien ones were strapped into the swings with their legs secured far apart. Each one was naked with her pussy exposed to whoever wanted to touch or fuck her. An excited thrill rushed through Tessa even though she pretended to be disgusted.

Tessa looked at Chaos trying to read him. *Maybe he's not as interested in me as I thought. I wonder if he's going to let these other men fuck me.*

Chaos didn't meet her gaze. He was distracted, surveying the room full of other Kirillian officers. The others were now standing around in small groups, talking and laughing and casting lusty looks at Tessa and the other bound women. Chaos pulled Tessa along, heading right for one of the empty swings.

Tessa stopped, standing her ground like a mule. "No way," she said staring at the swing before her.

Chaos tightened his grip on her arm and glanced down at her in annoyance. “*What?*” he asked in a tone that clearly conveyed he was shocked that she thought she had a choice in the matter.

“I’m not getting into one of those things,” she said defiantly.

Unlike earlier in the bedroom, Chaos didn’t hesitate. He stripped off her robe, reached into a holder on his belt, and pulled out a collapsible baton. With a swift flick of his wrist, the weapon hissed out to its full three-foot length. He brought her closer to the empty swing and let go of her arm. Unfastening her wrists from behind her back, he gestured to the swing and said, “Get in.”

Now everyone was openly watching them. The air itself seemed to crackle from the tension. Tessa felt tiny ribbons of fear swirl in her belly. “No,” she repeated.

Chaos struck her once on the buttocks with the baton. The sting was a quick shock and hurt so badly she had to bite her inner cheek not to cry out. Although he didn’t hit her as hard as he could have, he’d made his point. She looked up into his face and glared. “I don’t care what you do,” she said, hoping he didn’t catch the tremor in her voice. “I won’t get in.”

Chaos’s black eyes pierced her and a tiny grin played at the corners of his mouth. He grabbed a thick handful of her hair, pulled out a chair, and threw her over his lap. He rubbed the reddening welt on her skin then smacked her butt several times in quick succession. The blows beat out a steady rhythm and they *hurt*. Tessa’s cheeks burned in shame just as her pussy began to throb and moisten. *What the hell is wrong with me? How can this be turning me on?* All the soldiers in the room moved closer, watching her with clear arousal.

Finally Chaos pulled her off his lap and grabbed her under the jaw. He pulled her close to his face and licked the tears off her cheeks. “Get in the swing, Tessa,” he commanded. His voice had taken on an intense hard tone filled with untapped passion.

Tessa’s heart was a wild thing in her chest. She wanted him but hated him at the same time. She met his dark gaze and couldn’t bring herself to look away. Her lips parted to say

something rebellious but she let the impulse go. As much as she wanted to, this wasn't the place for a showdown. He wouldn't take her resistance in front of his officers without severe retaliation. She'd have her chance; all she had to do was be patient and wait for the right time. Seizing the swing's straps as slowly as she could, she climbed into it and looked away as Chaos bound her legs and wrists.

A handsome blond soldier with a nasty scar across the bridge of his nose came over and stared at her in admiration. "She's spirited," he said to Chaos. "How will you tame her without dousing her fire?"

Chaos smiled a private smile and touched her cheek. "With discipline and patience," he said. "She's a good woman. All she needs is a firm hand."

Tessa rolled her eyes and looked off. Discipline and patience indeed. *What am I, a pet?*

She watched with the other women in nervous anticipation as the men ate their meal, talking and laughing. As the banquet wore on, the officers became more and more aroused, losing interest in conversation in favor of staring at the women splayed out for their pleasure.

Chaos stood up and held up his goblet. All the officers stood up with him. "To the conquest of inferior races and the defilement of their women!" he roared.

All the men shouted their enthusiastic agreement.

"Now, gentlemen," Chaos said after the shouting had died down, "on to the debauchery!"

## Chapter Five

The Kirillian officers stalked up to the bound women with carnal fire in their eyes. Tessa pulled at her wrist restraints -- trying in vain to escape or exploit some weakness in the leather that would allow her to fight back, but there was none. Although many of the officers looked Tessa's way, it was Chaos who came up to her with black sin in his gaze. Closing his eyes as if she were a succulent desert, he buried his face between her legs, running his long tongue up through her labia and over her clit. A shiver of pleasure crept from her center and up her back to explode in her brain. Chaos delighted her, licking and nibbling on her pussy with a gentleness she would never have expected him capable of.

He moaned softly as he worked, caressing her inner thighs and teasing her folds to find and delight the secret places inside her. Tessa had never experienced such ecstasy. Every stroke of his tongue was a rebirth of passion long forgotten. The soft pleasure sounds of the other women filled her head too, sending her into a kind of delirium of sexual hunger. A woman to her right cried out as the bliss of orgasm overtook her, much to the delight of the man lapping eagerly at her sex.

Tessa's peak was building, creating a great tension that demanded to be fed. She tried to fight it off, not willing to give him the satisfaction of pleasuring her in front of an audience,

but he was relentless. Chaos continued on, blissfully patient, toying with her in a relaxed and unhurried way, pausing here and there to explore her pussy with his fingers. It was the most wonderful torture she had ever known.

Chaos unbuttoned his uniform and fastened his lips onto her tender clit, caressing it with the tip of his tongue. Then he moved one thick finger, then two into her slick channel. Tessa dug her nails into the leather straps that held her wrists and twisted her hips as best she could in the swing. The orgasm was coming like a tidal wave and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Her pussy throbbed as her clit grew plumper, finally erupting into several explosive waves of pleasure. She panted and bucked through a long and punishing climax, and then she slumped in the swing.

A few moments later, her wrists were unbound and she was gently lifted from the swing. Chaos placed her on the ground, positioning her on all fours. Tessa was slick with sweat and too exhausted to resist him.

His hot tongue touched her anus, lapping at it with the same enthusiasm he'd used on her sex. Then he withdrew and she heard him spit in his palm. Suddenly a new sensation took over. It was the hard steady pressure of his cock working its lusty way into her taut anal channel. Tessa lifted one hand and braced herself against the wall directly in front of her. Working himself in slowly, Chaos eased himself into her, working his thick length in and out until it moved with relative ease.

Tessa fully expected to hate it, but to her surprise it was a separate and distinct pleasure all its own. Every stroke of his cock kindled sparks of pleasure from her anal core as currents of bliss traveled up her spine. Overcome by the sensation, she heard a tiny groan escape her lips. Sweat on his chest rubbed on her back as he labored, making it slick.

"Tessa," Chaos said as he pressed his cheek into the flesh of her shoulder blade. "You are the most thrilling woman I've ever met," he groaned. "Every time I close my eyes I see your exquisite pale skin and beautiful plump body." Lost in his passion, he reached around and found the tender swollen nub of her clitoris. With a very light touch, he teased her,

bringing consuming desire to life again as he grew more sexually excited in her ass. His breath was coming harsher now, brushing on her skin in hot, lusty pants.

Suddenly, without warning, the prison she'd held her emotions in since her capture crumbled and she cried out in a mixture of longing and sorrow. *God help me but I love the way he makes me feel. Please don't let me be falling in love with him.* She screamed his name just as her orgasm tore through her. Unable to stay up any longer, Tessa collapsed beneath him just as the last of his thrusts emptied his seed into her.

Chaos pulled out and sat down next to her, gasping. He wrapped his arms around her but she fought him, angry at him for accessing a hidden part of her emotions she didn't want exposed.

"Get your paws off me!" she snarled.

Chaos let his hands slide off her flesh and rest at his sides. "What's wrong with you?"

Tessa glared at him and withdrew until her back was resting against the wall. "I wonder. What on earth could be wrong with me?" A few nearby officers gave them a curious glance.

Undeterred by her retreat, Chaos moved into her space and wrapped his arms around her shoulders. Pulling her against him, he squeezed her, burying his face in her neck. "Did I hurt you, Tessa?" he asked softly in her ear. "If I did, I'm sorry."

She pushed on him and turned her face away. "No," she replied. Then after he stubbornly refused to let her go, she said, "Get off me, damn it!"

Chaos released her, his black eyes a cauldron of smoking desire. "I have every right to touch you. I am your master, Tessa. You'd do well to remember that."

She let out a harsh laugh. There were only a few officers remaining in the room but she didn't care who overheard her. Most, she guessed, had taken their women off to use them as well. "You're not my master," she snapped. "I may be your prisoner at the moment, but you can't hold me forever. You have the nerve to ask me what's wrong like I should be grateful

for your sexual attention. But I have news for you, Chaos; you're not fooling me. I know you don't give a shit if I live or die. This little public display has made that abruptly clear. If you think for one minute that I'm just going to settle into this new life with no resistance then you are wretchedly mistaken. I'll do what you say for as long as you force me to and might as well take whatever pleasure I can, but you will never be anything to me but my jailer." Tessa stood up, grabbed her sheer robe, and slipped it on.

Chaos seized her, and she pulled away so abruptly he tore the fabric over her right breast. A tense moment passed between them as she deliberately covered the tear and fixed him with an arctic stare. "If you want me to follow you," she said in a slow, icy tone, "all you have to do is ask."

He towered over her, glaring, and she fully expected him to slap or punch her. But instead he dressed and said, "Come," and then stormed out of the room.

And so Tessa followed him.

## Chapter Six

Chaos brought Tessa back to his room and immediately went to his system workstation to check in with Governor Balshazar on the home planet. As he worked he watched her out of the corner of his eye. Trying to look busier than he was, he drafted a progress report for the government officials while trying to decipher what it was about Tessa that aroused him so much. She wasn't a traditionally pretty woman but she was quite attractive, with a proud curved nose, brown intelligent eyes, and full kissable lips. Her body was voluptuous with large breasts and rounded hips that drove him to the very edge of sanity.

But the most beautiful aspect of her was definitely her inner strength. Since becoming his slave, she'd never once shown fear or backed down from his punishments. She did what she had to do to survive and, as much as he loathed admitting the truth, she hated him. She was also dangerously clever, always watching him and the other officers, trying to learn their habits and weaknesses. She'd do exactly what Chaos wanted and say all the words he loved to hear until she found a means to escape him. But he was determined to stay vigilant and make sure that didn't happen.

Tessa stood by the large window and stared out at his home planet of Kirillia with her arms folded across her chest. She had wrapped the floral robe around her but he was sure it

did little to warm her naked body. A sudden sense of shame came over him and he decided to get her some clothes. Perhaps that would thaw her mood.

He sent an electronic message to the supply room with his best guess of her size then turned to watch her. "You're not as passionate as you were last night," he said. He wanted her to know he was aware she was appeasing him and it wasn't going to work.

She kept her back to him. "Perhaps seeing all those captive women bothered me more than I thought it would. Are they all slaves?"

For the first time in his life, Chaos almost felt guilty. *Almost*. "Yes. They are gifts for my men."

"Why did you keep me for yourself? Even though I know Kirillians live longer than humans, I'm obviously much older than you. Why not choose a younger captive?"

"The younger women don't arouse me like you," Chaos said. "You're...more interesting."

"How so?"

Chaos grinned. "You don't fear me."

"Oh," Tessa said, "I do fear you. I just don't show it."

"And I always get the feeling you're toying with me," he continued.

"Are you going to murder me when you're done with me?"

"I have no intention of killing you, and I don't plan to be finished with you for a while," he said. She was so cool and serene he was beginning to worry she might be thinking of suicide. He made a mental note to check the lock on his blaster case.

"But you *will* get bored with me sooner or later. I am a plaything after all." A stifling quiet filled the room. Then she added, "When you're done with me, then what? Will you sell me?"

Chaos had been with legions of women and had even been married once but this woman left him scrambling for the right thing to say. Her brutal honesty unnerved him. “I don’t know,” he said truthfully.

The buzzer on his door sounded and Chaos welcomed the interruption. He went and greeted the clerk who had brought a blue shirt, some loose pants, and a pair of brown soft-soled shoes. Chaos took them and brought them to the bed. He put them down as if they were offerings to an angry goddess. “I brought you a present,” he said, hoping this peace offering would lighten her spirit.

Tessa turned around and he read the pain on her face. Something inside him twisted into a hard knot. He wanted to make her happy but he truly didn’t know how.

She walked over and looked down at the clothes, her expression cool and distant. “What’s this?” she asked.

He stood there uncomfortably and shifted his weight from one foot to another. “I thought you might be cold.”

She stared at him and dropped her arms to her sides. “Dress me,” she said softly as she slipped the robe from her shoulders and let it drop to the floor.

Like a witch’s spell, he was immediately and painfully erect. All the power he’d had over her only a moment ago evaporated. He stared into those cunning brown eyes and hungered for her like an animal in heat. Chaos moved a few steps closer, feeling the need growing inside him with every step he took. His heavy boots thumped the floor, pounding two heavy rhythms of his heart.

Tessa stood there looking slightly bored, waiting. When he was only inches from her, her nipples grew erect and her scent grew stronger. Chaos thought he was going to lose his mind from lusting for her. He reached down to the bed and ran his hand over the fabric of the new clothes but didn’t pick them up.

A tiny grin played at the corner of her mouth. “Do you want to kiss me?”

Chaos swallowed and placed his palm against the side her face. He leaned down and was just about to touch his lips to hers when she turned her face to the side. He touched his mouth to her cheek instead. A low, dangerous growl rumbled up from his chest.

“Dress me and I’ll kiss you,” she said, looking amused at his building anger.

He nuzzled the side of her face. “Why should I dress you when I’ll only be taking it off again to fuck you?”

Tessa kept her gaze fixed to the wall. “Then you may kiss me here,” she said rubbing the tight nub of her left nipple.

Chaos enveloped her breast in his mouth and gently mauled it. His tongue circled her areola as his teeth nibbled on the delicate flesh. Tessa sighed and leaned her head back, embracing his head in her arms. Unable to dominate his lust, he wrapped his arms around her and squeezed her tight. Nuzzling her flesh, he ran torrid kisses over her throat and breasts, savoring the rich perfume of her arousal.

A loud beep sounded on his system, indicating the governor had returned his message. Chaos reluctantly stepped away from her and went over to read what it said. It was a welcome home -- which he expected, and orders to return to the planet surface immediately -- which he didn’t.

“What’s wrong?” Tessa asked, slipping on her new clothes. She must have guessed they wouldn’t have time for a long, hard fuck.

He glanced back at her and his balls started to hurt. What he wouldn’t give to be able to ignore this message for a few hours, but the governor would have gotten a “read” confirmation. Sometimes being a commander had its disadvantages.

“It appears the governor has a new job for me,” he said. “I can hardly wait.”

## Chapter Seven

The Kirillian space terminal resembled an equipment museum housing pieces from all over the galaxy. It would have been more impressive if she hadn't known that most of the technology was stolen. The Kirillians weren't as innovative as they were excellent pirates. Once they had mastered space travel, they'd roamed the stars from one galaxy to another, copying the technological advances of every culture they visited. *So much for Kirillian superiority*, she mused, *everything they have is ripped off from someone else*.

All along the wide glass halls were floating data screens from Earth, portable translators from Asguardia -- at the most unreasonable price of one hundred dollars an hour -- and everywhere you looked were alcove bars and sex shops, a special vice of the Kirillians themselves.

Tessa followed Chaos out into the drab, overcast day. The very air around them smelled like hydraulic fuel and sewage. She tried to breathe through her mouth so she could avoid the city smells. He reached out and took her hand in his. It was warm and a little moist. She suppressed a grin at his surprising show of affection. She wondered if he was nervous about bringing her to his home. She didn't mind his tenderness as much as she pretended she did.

As they waited for their transport, she took in all the soaring buildings lining the streets. Most had the same modern architecture, smooth metallic lines, and lots of silver and bronze-colored glass. In the sky at all different levels were shuttles of every shape and size rushing to their various destinations. One passed only a few feet from them and Tessa's hair blew back from her face from the exhaust. *I sure hope that stuff isn't toxic.*

Glancing off to her left she noticed several large steel posts fixed to the ground. Each one had slaves chained to it and above them was a digital sign with the description and price for each. Most of the slaves were female and human although Tessa knew not all of them were from Earth. They were thin and dirty, their vertebrae and ribs showing through their barely-there bikinis. Tessa's stomach tightened in anguish for their suffering. If only there was some way to help them. A rush of heat came over her and she shot Chaos a dirty look. He suddenly represented all that was wrong with this planet.

More slaves were brought out from the terminal and Tessa was sure some of them were familiar. After several moments studying them, she recognized a few. They were other human women from her destroyed ship. She moved closer to Chaos and asked, "Where are they taking those women?"

He glanced over to where she was pointing. "To the central brothel."

"Where's that?"

"About three miles from here. It's a dumping ground for prisoners," he said.

"I'm going to go talk to them," Tessa said, letting go of his hand.

Chaos stopped so abruptly she almost bumped into him. "No, you are not," he said angrily. "What the hell would you have to say to them anyway?"

Tessa squared her shoulders. "They were part of the crew on my home ship. I want to see how they're doing."

He folded his arms across his massive chest. "I wouldn't waste my time with them. You should be more concerned with yourself. May I remind you that you're a slave as well?"

“Oh that’s right. I keep forgetting that you think I’m your slave,” she said in a frosty tone.

“I don’t *think* you are, you *are* my slave, Tessa,” he said. His voice had taken on that parental tone she hated so much.

“No,” she replied. “I am *not*. If I’m anything, I’m your prisoner.”

A dark rage filled his face and he snatched her and dragged her down the terminal platform. A cold gust of wind whipped across her cheek, and the sky darkened with threatening rain. A shiny military transport was waiting for them by the curb and Chaos shoved her inside. He sat next to her with his jaw flexing as he clenched his teeth. He was so furious, she fully expected him to take her to the central brothel too.

But instead they pulled up at a large house just outside of what looked like a military base. Chaos pulled her out, dragged her along the stone pathway and into the mansion. Inside it was enormous, with a winding staircase and several pieces of art hanging on the wall. The furniture was plush and dark brown, reminding her of the Kirillian commander himself. Everything in the front room was distinctly masculine. But she also got the impression it had been decorated *for* him, not *by* him.

Without stopping, Chaos dragged her into a side room with every sinister device imaginable. All of them had straps, and there were several whips and crops attached to the wall. Chaos stripped off his uniform tunic and tossed it on a nearby leather chair.

“Get naked,” he commanded.

“No,” she spat back. Tessa scanned the room as her gut tightened in a fiery knot. It wasn’t that she was afraid of punishment; she feared he’d tie her up and leave her there. She wiped her sweating palms on her pants and spied the door. Ducking under him, she bolted for the exit. But Chaos must have been expecting her to run and, with two long strides, seized her by the wrist.

Pulling her tight against his body, he crossed the room and manhandled her over to a bondage chair. Chaos stripped her in seconds and pushed her down onto a lubricated fleshy phallus sticking up out of the seat. It penetrated her and, even though it didn't hurt, she cried out in surprise. Working with grim purpose, he attached all the straps to her arms and legs, saving a leather gag for last.

Tessa squirmed and a few sparks of pleasure shot up from her pussy. Then the leather gag was placed between her teeth and a blindfold was secured over her eyes. She sat there as the passion built in her pussy until she heard Chaos leave the room.

So many things passed through her mind as she waited for him to return. She wondered what he had planned next, and a quiet thrill filled her. Oddly, even though she was restrained here, she was losing her fear of him. If he'd wanted to really hurt her, he'd already had plenty of opportunities.

Sitting on the bondage chair, she became acutely aware of her heartbeat pounding in her chest and the growing lust building inside her. Images of Chaos pounding that huge cock into her made her shift in her chair as she became extremely wet.

After about ten minutes she heard the door open and heavy footsteps approach her. Chaos, naked now, removed her blindfold but not her gag. He unfastened her and lifted her off the bondage chair, and placed her on a faux fur recliner. The recliner was elevated in the hips so her pussy could be easily accessed. Tessa turned on her side and Chaos tied her, securing her legs as far apart as possible. Then his tongue touched her plump clit. The sensation made her jump. With unbridled enthusiasm he buried his scorching mouth into her, sucking and licking at her clitoris with savage glee. His tongue toyed with the tender nub, alternating between slow and fast strokes, driving her pleasure to delirious new heights until she was spellbound by her need for release.

Tessa's body rocked with one explosive orgasm after another. Chaos grabbed the shaft of his cock and slid it into her wet, clutching heat. Her muscles contracted around him as he pumped into her pussy with such riotous force he rocked the entire recliner. Harder and

harder he pumped, pausing to play with her anus, tickling the tight muscle around the small entrance with his fingertips. Then, with his cock still slick from her pussy, he rolled her onto her stomach and eased himself into her ass. With the same punishing rhythm he'd used on her sex, he started to fill her, stuffing her core with more delight than Tessa thought possible. Reaching around, his fingers found her yearning channel and tickled the tender folds. Both sensations together were a symphony of total bliss.

Finally, after he was spent, he pulled out, leaving Tessa deliciously sore and ashamed of how much she'd enjoyed his brutality. Oh sure, she'd been tied up during sex before by some of her old boyfriends, but it was always soft and tender and very escapable. This, however -- with its undercurrent of danger and savagery -- made being bound and helpless much more exciting.

Chaos unbound her and laughed as she stretched out on the recliner, exhausted. "Had enough or do you want me to spank that beautiful round ass again before I fuck it?"

Tessa lay on her belly, panting. God, she loved the way he made love to her. *So much naked male aggression -- yummy.* "Go ahead. I haven't tired of you yet," she said.

Chaos grabbed a crop off the wall and smacked it against her ass several times. Tessa closed her eyes, letting the sharp pain fan her desperate fire. Suddenly, she turned and stopped the crop in midswing. Chaos stared at her, confused.

Pushing his arm to the side, she planted her lips on his and kissed him with every ounce of lusty need within her. Opening her heart, she let the kiss roar out of her, riding the tide of passion that flowed from her hungry soul. She heard Chaos drop the crop to the floor.

Like a sudden electrical storm, he returned her kiss, teasing her mouth with a crackling desire of his own. Grabbing her jaw, he caressed his tongue against hers, viciously claiming her mouth with his own. His kisses were food for her soul, reviving and replenishing her, making her feel loved and wanted. Chaos pulled back and ran his fingers into her hair, playfully grabbing handfuls of it.

“How is it you can break me down in seconds? What kind of witch are you?”

Tessa ran her hand down his rough cheek. “The kind who cares for you.”

He smiled but there was no warmth in it. “What cunning lies you’re capable of, my beautiful Tessa.”

“They’re not lies,” she said softly.

“Then prove what you’re saying to me,” he said as his excitement fell away from him like discarded armor. “Show me that your feelings are true.”

Tessa let a tiny smile play at the corner of her mouth. He was hers; she had him. “Kiss me again and I will.”

Chaos leaned down and lightly touched his lips to hers. It was almost as if he were afraid to find out the truth, terrified he’d be lost to her womanly charms. But Tessa wasn’t about to let him off the hook. She needed him to believe she cared for him or, at least not completely disbelieve it. Parting her lips, she let her tongue move out and gently tickled his. He moaned into her mouth and pushed his lips harder into hers, devouring her.

*Oh yeah, you big monkey, Tessa thought with delight as he wrapped those massive arms around her. I may have feelings for you but I’m going to find a way to escape this enslavement. I am no man’s mindless plaything. At least escaping you will be a lot easier now that you’ve let your guard down. All I have to do is wait.*

## Chapter Eight

The morning sun was just streaming in through the window. Outside, the world was still asleep, waiting for the first buzz of day to begin. The video monitor across from the bed that fed a constant stream of news to the house was silent, its screen black and still. Even the servants hadn't started their morning duties.

Chaos hugged Tessa's body a little closer and couldn't think of anyplace he'd rather be. She lay on her side with her back against his belly, her long blonde hair splashed across his chest. As the light grew better, he could make out the thick ribbons of gold that mixed so well with the light brown in her hair. Her skin was the color of honey and just as sweet to taste. Nuzzling the back of her neck he remembered the words she'd said to him.

*The kind who cares for you.*

It was a lie of course, but a very clever one. He wanted it to be true so much he'd almost convinced himself it was. But there was much more to her confession than her undying devotion. She was playing with him, testing him, making him second-guess everything she did and said.

More painful still was his very real love for her. He was lost from the first time he'd set eyes on her. She had the strength of a goddess, and the sex drive of a cathouse whore. What man wouldn't fall madly in love with a woman like that?

His first marriage had been for money and position. It never occurred to him to marry out of love. But in time, he'd developed affection for his wife, Kim, and they'd had a good life together. Then the pregnancy came and everything changed. From the first week Kim had had problems. She was at the doctor every day with this complication or that, and things got so bad that the specialists were telling her to abort and try again. But Kim couldn't bring herself to do it and, in the end, it cost her life. He thought back to the scar on Tessa's belly and wondered if she too had experienced problems from the start. There was a connection there. Perhaps the gods were trying to teach him something.

"Tessa," he said softly in her ear, "where is your son now?"

She rolled over to face him smiling lazily. "I told you. He's a grown man. He serves on an Earth exploration ship in another sector."

He traced tiny circles around her breasts. "Was your pregnancy a difficult one?"

"Not until the end," she replied, studying him curiously. "Why?"

"My wife died in childbirth," he said. "I remembered your scar. I was just wondering if your pregnancy was as difficult as hers." He wasn't exactly sure how to say it, so he just told her about Kim as simply as he could. It was funny how those simple words didn't even touch the real loss he felt.

Her eyes swept his face. "I'm very sorry about your wife, Chaos."

He shrugged. "Don't be. It was a very long time ago."

"How old are you?" she asked after a brief pause.

"Thirty. How old are you?"

Tessa grinned. "I'm forty-five."

"Is that old for a human?"

She laughed. "Well, it's no spring chicken, I'll tell you that. I like to call it just under middle age. I could still have children but the desire for them has been spent."

Chaos smiled for the first time in a long time. "I could have them or not. It's all the same to me." A quiet moment passed between them. Chaos interlaced his fingers with hers. "Why did you tell me you loved me?"

"What makes you think I don't?"

"I'm a seasoned military man. I can smell deception a mile away. Why are you saying things like that to me?"

"I would think it's obvious. I like to test your reactions just like you like to test mine. Besides, I do feel something for you. I'm just not sure what it is yet. Probably just lust."

"You know I'll never give you your freedom," he said.

"Then you'll be forced to kill or sell me."

"That won't be necessary," he said. "You'll come around."

Tessa pulled her hand away and wriggled out of his arms. She sat up on the edge of the bed her lips moving into a grim line. "No, Chaos. I won't come around. You're a great fuck and I really like you despite your bullying, but I want my freedom. Before my capture I had a life, a career that I'd worked damn hard for, and now it's all gone. All I am now is a trophy, a slave, and a plaything. I'll never be happy that way. Once the orgasms are over, I'm back to being miserable."

"So what are you proposing to do?"

"Anything I have to. I've got nothing but time." Tessa got up off the bed and went into the bathroom. She closed the door a little and he heard the shower turn on.

He hated when she physically distanced herself from him. It made him feel empty and alone. Maybe he could get her status changed from slave to freewoman. He didn't know; he'd never done it before. He decided to not to mention it to her this early. She'd only be disappointed if he couldn't manage it.

As she showered, he got up and dressed in his dark gray uniform. Normally he would have showered too but he decided to do it after his morning workout. He wanted her scent to linger on him just a little longer.

He walked downstairs and stalked up to the head housekeeper. "Cook the lady a fine breakfast and give her some money to go shopping. That ought to make her happy for a while."

The housekeeper bowed her head and busied herself making Tessa's meal. With a final glance around, Chaos left the house, confident all was taken care of.

## Chapter Nine

Tessa came out of the shower to find Chaos gone. The housekeeper, a skinny, weathered-looking woman, gave her some money and told her Chaos had left for the gym and work. Tessa could do as she pleased as long as she was back by late afternoon. She thanked her, took the money, and after breakfast, figured out how to call for a transport to take her into the city.

As she waited in front of the house for the transport to arrive, she racked her brain thinking of an escape plan. *There's got to be a way off this rock. All I need is enough money. But then I have another problem. No one is going to take a human woman off Kirillia unless I have some identification, and Chaos has all that hidden somewhere. There are so many slaves here, I'm sure someone has tried that escape plan before. I guess I'll just have to steal a weapon and shoot my way off. Chaos is bound to have weapons in his home. Maybe I'll look around while he's at work and see if I can find something.*

The transport descended from overhead, its engines whining under the strain of a vertical descent. Tessa stepped back a few feet and watched as the transport came to a stop right in front of her. *Impressive.*

She jumped in and was surprised to see there was no driver, only a computerized console up front. The seats were covered in torn vinyl, and graffiti was etched into the yellow door paint.

“Where to?” a mechanized voice asked.

“The central brothel,” she said.

She expected some kind of reaction, like “Are you crazy?” or “Does your master know you’re going there?” but instead she got nothing. All she heard was the steady click of the meter as they accelerated and the taxi rejoined the flow traffic above.

\* \* \* \* \*

The central brothel was housed in a sickeningly tall building in the center of the city. It reminded her of a modern version of the Empire State Building back home. The transport pulled up to a floating bridge on the top level that led to the main entrance. All the Kirillian buildings were like that; every entrance was accessed not from below on street level, but high on the top levels of the buildings. The bridge had no guardrails to prevent someone from stepping off to their death and Tessa tried to avoid looking down as she stepped off. After she paid for her trip, she walked across the bridge as quickly as she could.

Once safe inside, she paused for a moment to take in the main lobby. *What a creepy, hellish place this is*, she thought. The lobby was decorated with graphic erotic paintings depicting various sex acts, naked statues, and had the words CENTRAL BROTHEL in neon lights over a curtained doorway. Off to her left was a smaller neon sign with an arrow pointing to a padded leather door. It read, SHE MALES AND OTHER.

Tessa approached the main entrance, pulled back the curtain, and tugged at the handle. The door opened and the choking scent of incense stung her nose. It was a heavy, smoky smell that was obviously masking the underlying scent of stale sweat and body odor.

A large Kirillian male in a body harness and nothing else came forward. “What is your pleasure, ma’am?” he asked. *I’m in luck; he thinks I’m Kirillian*. Tessa wasn’t too surprised

he'd mistaken her for one of them, but she'd been hoping for a break like this. Except for the Kirillian's superior size, many of them could easily pass for human and vice versa.

Tessa decided the safest thing to do was play the part. "I'm in the mood for human women today, I think," she said, letting her gaze sweep the room. She feigned the haughty boredom she had seen Chaos display.

The Kirillian didn't seem suspicious. "Right this way," he said. He brought her into a small red room with worn shag carpet and padded brown furniture. About twelve human women sat on cushioned benches along the walls, looking tired and jaded. None of them looked up at her.

The Kirillian male left and closed the door behind him. Tessa moved to the center of the room. In many ways she was grateful for Chaos's interest in her. If it weren't for him, she wouldn't be here right now. As she surveyed the women, she realized that she recognized most of them, if not from the banquet hall then from her old ship taken by the Kirillians. "Does anyone recognize me?"

Two of the women looked up. A third started to sob. "I do. You were on the ship with me before the Kirillians took us prisoner," someone said. Suddenly they all rushed forward and hugged her like she was the last hope they had in the world. That was when Tessa knew she had to help them. It would probably cost her her own life, but she couldn't just leave them here to be used like appliances.

She hugged as many as she could. Then, when everyone had calmed down, she said, "I have a plan to help you. More than likely it'll end up getting us all killed, but it's the best I can come up with. If any of you don't want to join with me, I'll understand. But know this before you agree too soon, you cannot be recaptured by the Kirillians once we start this because they will torture you to death. Do you all understand?"

They all nodded and no one asked to leave.

"Okay," Tessa began. "This is the plan..."

## Chapter Ten

Chaos paced the dining room as the afternoon melted into evening, wondering where Tessa could be. He didn't want to face the very real possibility that she'd run off. But there it was -- the unaddressed white elephant in the room -- and he'd given her the money to survive on her own for a few days at least. He felt like such a fool. Could he really have been so blinded by his feelings that he'd misread her? The thought that she felt nothing for him tortured him. *Why did I let her go?*

He stopped and pulled a chair out from the dining table. Chaos sat down and ran his fingers through his hair. Obsessing over this woman was madness and yet he simply couldn't stop. Closing his eyes for a moment he could all but smell the floral scent of her hair and the sweet perfume of her skin. A raging lust kindled to life inside him. He had to get her back.

The housekeeper rushed in and touched his shoulder. "She's back, my lord," she whispered in his ear.

Chaos got up from the chair so fast he knocked it over. He rushed into the main hall and he stopped when he saw her closing the front door. She looked radiant; her blonde hair was tousled casually around her shoulders and her dark brown eyes were hard and strong

like fine wood. She held two small bags in her right hand. The day out seemed to have done her good. She blinked at him questioningly with those long, pretty lashes.

“Where have you been?” he growled, balling his hands into fists.

She shrugged. “I was out sightseeing. Isn’t that why you left me money?”

“*Where* did you go?” he demanded.

“Different shops in the city. I couldn’t tell you where exactly because I don’t read Kirillian,” she said with a sarcastic bite. She approached him and touched his cheek. “Were you worried I ran off with another slaver?”

Chaos pulled his head back from her touch. “I will not tolerate you disobeying me,” he said. He was trying to stay angry but he was losing. The sight of her back home was such a relief his rage was melting away by the minute.

Tessa eyed him up and down then moved past him. She was cool, arrogant, and driving him crazy. He followed after her as she went up the stairs to his bedroom.

“What’s for dinner?” she asked, tossing her purchases on the bed.

“My cock,” he barked, collapsing into a wingchair as he watched her change into some loose-fitting pants and a sleeping shirt.

“No, dear,” Tessa said, smiling, “that’s for dessert.” She sauntered over to him and climbed into his lap. Tracing his lips with her fingertips, she said, “Please don’t be mad at me. I’m sorry I was late. It won’t happen again.”

He kissed her full lips and his heart was undone. “I lied,” he said. “I was worried.”

“I know,” she whispered, dragging kisses over his cheek and jaw.

Chaos let his anger burn out like a fire deprived of fuel. *What was there to be mad about? She had come back, hadn’t she?* His thick hands moved over her back, then he slipped them under her shirt to caress her flesh. As he touched her and enjoyed her kisses, the dark emotions in his soul -- those that enjoyed subjugating and torturing slaves -- made him suddenly ashamed. Loving Tessa was changing him, improving him, and filling his heart

with dazzling light. She aroused and delighted him in ways no other woman had even come close, and he never wanted it to end. In a short period of time she had become an essential part of his life, and every relationship before her, including his marriage, were suddenly meaningless.

With trembling fingers, he peeled her pants and underwear off, finding the yielding liquid center of her sex. With a carnal sigh, she straddled his hips, grabbing his cock and guiding it into her. His rod was engulfed in delicious heat, and he held her hips still so he could savor her. The polished muscles of her pussy contracted around him and seemed hungry for the feeding to begin.

Tessa smiled and leaned her head back. She let out a long, primal moan. "I guess you did miss me," she whispered.

"I was only concerned for your safety," he countered. "Some parts of the city can be dangerous for a woman alone."

In response, she kissed him. It was a kiss full of emotion and desire and shook him to his very core. Finally he couldn't hold himself any longer. Lifting her off him but keeping his cock deep inside her, he carried her to the bed. He eased her down like she was made of fine crystal and moved up over her.

Then he devoured her.

He took her like a starving man eats a banquet, pounding his lust into her yielding flesh to the music of her frantic cries. Her climax was a shuddering mass of explosive passion that he just couldn't get enough of, and when he too peaked, he experienced a bliss he thought was only possible in his dreams.

## Chapter Eleven

When Chaos left the next morning he didn't leave Tessa any more money. But he didn't tell her she couldn't go out either. It didn't matter anyway, she reminded herself. After she left today she wouldn't be back. It wasn't that she didn't have feelings for Chaos; she did. But she was not going to live as a slave. No way, no how. To her, a life under someone's thumb was unimaginable. Besides, the women in the central brothel were counting on her and she couldn't just leave them. No matter how this rebellion played out, she had to try to escape.

Tessa began a meticulous search of the house for the key to the blaster cabinets. She didn't know a whole lot about Kirillian technology but she did remember how to fire a blaster. Tessa only hoped that the damn things powered up properly. Going into his walk-in closet, she searched every pocket of every uniform and civilian jacket. Next, she went through each drawer and cabinet until she found a small ring box in the back of a bathroom cabinet. She took it down and examined it.

It was a white box covered in blue crushed velvet. She opened it and inside were two wedding rings and a small key. Tessa thought back to his story about his dead wife and for just a moment, she felt sorry for him. Her resolve to escape slipped a bit, and a deep pain

filled her heart but she worked hard to keep it down. If she let her emotions get away from her, she'd never have the will to go through with her plan. She let her mind tumble into the future, a slave at the will and under the complete control of Chaos with no life or rights of her own. Images of the banquet hall rushed back to her and that was enough to make up her mind.

She pocketed the key and returned the box to its hiding place. After calling for a transport, she rushed to the closet and emptied the shopping bags she'd brought in yesterday. Creeping down the stairs, Tessa was careful that the housekeeper didn't spot her as she slipped into the weapons room. Tossing the bags on the floor, she approached one of the cabinets and tried the knob. It was locked as she expected and she slipped the key in and popped it open.

Behind her the door banged open against the opposite wall.

Tessa whirled around and Chaos was standing there, his face a mask of quiet rage. Reaching for the baton on his hip, he snatched it and, with a snap of his wrist, it flicked open. With a metallic hiss, it expanded to its full length.

Tessa's heart leaped in her chest and panic exploded in her mind. She reached into the case and grabbed one of the blasters. Whirling around, she hit the Power button and pointed it at him. The blue ready light came to life on the muzzle.

Chaos closed the distance between them, stopping only a foot away. His eyes were black pools of death and destruction. "Do it," he barked in a voice filled with pain. "Shoot me."

"I don't want to. Back off and let me leave!"

"I will *not*. You want to be free of me so bad, you do the deed."

"Chaos, please --"

"Please what?" he said, his voice dripping with venom. "Please let you escape to do who knows what? You'll have to kill me because I'll never let you go."

Tears of frustration and rage filled her eyes. The last thing she wanted to do was hurt him. He reached for the muzzle but she stepped back and glared at him. "Don't! I *will* shoot you."

He gave her an evil grin. "I know you will, Tessa," he said advancing on her. "But I don't care. I'd rather be dead than live my life without you."

Tessa had never been so terrified in her life. She wasn't afraid of what he'd do if he got hold of her; she was afraid she'd be forced to shoot him. But despite her threat, he kept coming. Tessa glanced down at the blaster and flipped the switch to "Daze."

Chaos reached for the blaster again with his free hand and Tessa pulled the trigger. A round pulse of light exploded from the muzzle and moved over Chaos's body. For a second his body was enveloped in electric blue light, and then it stopped. He jolted once as if someone had hit him with a big stick; then he stiffened and fell to the ground.

Every muscle in Tessa's body was tight with terror as she approached him. She knelt down next to him and placed the back of her hand against his mouth and let out a sigh of relief. *Thank God, he was still breathing.* His eyes fluttered and he opened them. They swirled with black, impotent fury. He'd be fine. She had to go. She grabbed her bag and began throwing as many blasters into it as she could and raced for the door just as Chaos was getting to his feet. *Please let the transport be there.*

Tessa tore through the house, pushing past the startled housekeeper. She came out into the street and was relieved to see the transport right in front. She threw herself and bags into the seat and slammed her hand onto the button that closed the doors. Chaos was right on her tail, racing outside to stop her, but he was too late.

"Where to?" the transport system asked in its bland tone.

"The central brothel and make it fast!"

The transport pulled away just as Chaos reached its side. “I’ll find you, Tessa!” he shouted in her wake. His large hands balled into tight fists. “No matter what it takes, I’ll find you!”

## Chapter Twelve

Chaos raced back into the house and immediately went to his computer terminal. Using his military clearance, he accessed the newest transport logs and zeroed in on his area. Sure enough, he found Tessa's fare leaving the house only ten minutes ago. Leaning back in his chair, he set a tracker on the cab's ID number. Then he flagged the cab to notify him when it reached its destination. Satisfied, he got up to get a drink. In just a few minutes he'd know where she'd gone and be able to go and get her.

He went into the kitchen and grabbed a beer out of the fridge. He popped the top and stared out the window, replaying the events that had just taken place in his mind. It hurt to know that Tessa *could* shoot him with a blaster, even if the weapon was set to Daze. Chaos had to face the truth: she couldn't live as a slave.

What she didn't know was he'd been working with the central command to change her status. Unfortunately, though, these kinds of requests took time. But even if he was successful, what then? Did she plan to leave him and find a way back to Earth once he gave her freedom? He wanted so much to reach out to her, to make her understand how deeply he felt for her, but every time he tried the words never came out right. He always found himself falling back on force and intimidation, neither of which impressed Tessa. There was little

doubt he needed a real relationship to smooth out his rough edges. What he wouldn't give to redo his actions when he'd confronted her only a short time ago.

Hearing his computer beep, Chaos raced over to see her final destination. He sat at his terminal and, with a few keystrokes, came up with a location. She had disembarked at the central brothel in the city center. *What a puzzling choice*, he thought. Well, at least she'd be easy to find.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moment Chaos arrived at the brothel he knew something was wrong. Usually there was someone in the main lobby but today it was empty and all the doors were locked. He knocked on the main door and waited.

"What?" a harsh woman's voice said through the heavy wooden door.

"I'm a customer," he said. "I want in."

"We're shut down until further notice," she replied. He heard her walking away, her heels clicking on the tile floor.

Chaos scrambled to think of what to say to get in there. "Wait. I'm here to see Tessa," he said.

The footsteps stopped. Then they rushed back toward the door, and it was flung open. A tall, spindly alien woman stood before him with one of his blasters pointed at his head. Her pale orange eyes sparkled with rage. "What do you want her for?"

"Just tell her Chaos is here. She knows me well."

The woman licked thin lips. She seemed to be unable to decide what to do. Finally she said, "Down on your knees. Put your hands behind your back."

Chaos did as she demanded. The woman crept around behind him and cuffed his hands. Then she helped him to his feet and pushed him inside, keeping her gun trained on him.

Chaos hadn't been to the central brothel for a long time but he was still surprised he didn't recognize anything. Most of the decoration had changed from harsh blacks and reds to more soothing colors of light yellow and soft browns. But the workers looked as worn and unhappy as they were before. The only difference now was that they were armed.

He was brought into a large common room with huge floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the foggy city. Tessa was there along with a few other women, showing one of the ragtag humans the workings of a blaster. Everyone looked up at him as he approached.

"Chaos," Tessa said as he was forced onto his knees. "What are you doing here?"

"Trying to bring you home," he said. His voice carried a hint of sorrow.

"My home is back on Earth," she said icily. "That's the only place I'm going. You're not welcome here."

"Well, I'm not leaving so you'll have to kill me," he said, glaring at the alien woman as she touched the blaster's muzzle to his head. "What the hell are *you* doing here, anyway?"

"I've come to help my fellow humans get off this shitty planet. We'd all rather be dead than sex slaves, so we're going to demand a shuttle to the nearest Earth ship and safe passage."

"And if the government refuses?"

"Then we'll have to think of a way to persuade them," she said, placing her hands on her hips. "At least now that you're here we have a hostage. You're an officer. Surely you must be worth something."

Chaos scowled. "I'm not. They'll let you kill every hostage you take before they'll let you go. This is not the way to go about this."

"I'm afraid it was the only option we had at the time."

The alien woman smiled wickedly. "In the meantime, why don't we give you a little taste of what you Kirillians have been dishing out? Maybe we can teach this big, nasty brute some manners."

Tessa came over and crouched by Chaos. She placed her hand under his chin and smiled. “I think that’s a wonderful idea. I think he might even enjoy it.”

## Chapter Thirteen

Chaos had been bound to the bed in pleasure room five for a long time when Tessa finally came in. Although he was still dressed in his uniform, his wrists and ankles were bound with thick leather straps to each bedpost. It was uncomfortable but strangely arousing.

Tessa's movements were all subtle sexuality and patient grace. His body burned with lust at the sight of her. Dragging her fingers up his body, she paused long enough to strip her clothes off until she was naked. His eyes feasted over her weighty, full breasts and the plump elegance of her flesh. Every inch of her was lush and sensual like the embodiment of spring itself. Wanting her was the sweetest carnal agony he'd every experienced. His balls ached with their need for release.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, yanking at his bindings.

She gave him an impish grin. "Negotiating the off-world transport of my fellow humans," she said. "Who would have thought you'd be so valuable? The Kirillian government was more than willing to meet our demands in return for your safe release."

A black pit of despair formed in his stomach. A deal with the Kirillian government wasn't worth the oath they gave her. Tessa could end up dead and be lost to him forever.

How could he go on with his life then? He simply didn't want to. "What about your own release? Didn't you discuss that?"

Tessa sauntered closer to the bed and ran her gaze up and down his body. Her eyes sparkled. "Of course I did. I'm part of the deal." Then, after a few moments studying him, she said, "I think I like you better this way."

His cock immediately filled, straining inside his dark gray pants. Chaos licked his lips. "What about me? What are you planning to do with me?"

"What about you?"

"Do I mean nothing at all to you? Could you just leave me here on Kirillia?" he asked.

"What else would you like me to do with you?"

"Well...it would be careless not to take a hostage. What if the government is planning a trick?" he said. "You should take me with you."

Tessa smiled and climbed up onto the bed next to him. She ran her lips lightly along the flesh of his cheek, inflaming his desire to a fever pitch. "If I take you with me," she said playfully, "a lot of things are going to change."

Chaos swallowed. His hunger was so consuming he would have promised her anything. As it stood, all he could do was whisper, "Like what?"

"Like no more talk about me being your slave," she said.

"Okay," he said softly, trying to kiss her. She pouted at him and moved her lips away. She ran her hand down his tunic, pausing at the last button and unfastened it. Taking her time, she started from the last button up, undoing each one until his uniform jacket hung open to reveal his bare chest underneath. Pulling it away from his nipples, she took each one into her mouth, rolling the tiny pebble in her teeth. Chaos groaned and arched his back. The pleasure was like an electric charge right to his dick. His lust was obvious and frantic, straining the fabric of his pants. Tessa gave him a sly, wicked smile.

She ran her hand over his aching bulge. “So passionate,” she said in a private voice. It was a sweet and sexy sound, like a girl whispering a secret to a friend.

His hunger stormed, rousing the swirling currents in his soul. Every part of him wanted to feast on her: his lips, his flesh, and his cock. Chaos strained against his restraints. “I want to watch you play with your pussy,” he said, his voice choked with excitement.

Tessa’s eyes gleamed with infernal mirth. She was a goddess and a witch, sent by the gods to torment him, and he found her intoxicating. Lust pulsed in his veins, becoming an opiate in his blood, his desire ravaging him as he whispered her name, “Tessa.” Her aroused scent enveloped him, filling his nostrils, exciting him so much his pulse pounded mercilessly in his temples. He pulled at the straps but they held strong. Was this love or total madness? He didn’t know. All he knew was he desired her more than any woman he had ever been with, and he knew he would never know another woman like this. He would do anything to be with her forever.

Anything.

Her long, slim fingers slid down her breasts, pausing at the nipples to pinch and pull them. Chaos was mesmerized by her bold sexuality, not willing to miss a moment of the show she was putting on for him. Her fingers spread out, caressing down the length of her torso, making their way to the trim patch of downy curls that covered her pussy. Then, as his gaze feasted on her every move, she dipped one, then two fingers into the plump folds of her sex. Leaning her head back she gasped, stroking herself with short, intimate movements. Then she removed her moist fingers and touched them to his lips.

He suckled them like sweet nectar, pulling them into his mouth and savoring the essence of her. He fought his restraints and snarled. “Goddamnit, let me go!”

“No,” Tessa said firmly. “I can’t take any chances that you might try to escape.”

Chaos lunged forward as far as he could, trying to claim her mouth. “Kiss me,” he said, barely recognizing his own voice. It was strained and desperate, just like he felt.

Tessa straddled his hips and placed her hands on his broad chest. She leaned down and lightly touched her lips to his, then pulled back. “Enough?”

No,” he whispered, “more.”

She kissed him again, this time letting her tongue explore the warmth of his mouth. He kissed her back with all the yearning in his spirit, until she leaned back, giggling.

He was frantic, crazed. “*Please, Tessa.*”

She looked down at him, her beautiful full breasts swaying with every movement she made. “Please what?” she asked coyly.

“Please fuck me,” he said.

“Please fuck me, *Mistress*,” she corrected.

This was it. He was broken. She had won and he was gloriously conquered. Had this been what his heart had always wanted from women? No, this had been what he’d always wanted from Tessa. Chaos parted his lips and let the words tumble out of his mouth like a rising white flag over a battlement wall. “Please fuck me, *Mistress*,” he whispered.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I don’t know if you deserve to be fucked, Chaos,” Tessa whispered.

Fighting his straps, Chaos groaned several times in frustration. The sound was primal and agonized as it filled the room with rich masculine sounds of desire.

Tessa rubbed the flat of her palm over the immense swell in Chaos’s pants. Then, straddling his hips, she unfastened the buttons and pulled his penis free. She wrapped her hand around the shaft and was delighted by its thickness. He groaned and leaned his head back, the veins in his neck bulging. She couldn’t quite touch her middle finger to the tip of her thumb. *Now that is one damn big cock.*

Liquid seeped from the swollen tip as she massaged his pulsing rod. Secreted in the most private part of her channel a yearning was born and she let it pilot her actions.

Manipulating the dark pink head, she glided it up and down her pussy. Her passion grew uncontrollable, guided by instinct alone, and before she knew what she was doing she slammed her sex down onto him over and over again, taking her pleasure without a thought to his.

Chaos pulled so hard on his restrains she was sure he was going to tear the posts from the headboard. His chest rose and fell with his labored breathing as he pumped his hips to match her rhythm. His black eyes locked onto hers, penetrating her, blazing with a wild hunger she needed to fulfill. Tessa ran her hands down the hair on his chest, her heart filled with desperate joy.

Wave upon wave cascaded over her, flooding every nerve ending in her pussy until she screamed out in a climax that was only rivaled by his own roar.

Tessa climbed off him, trembling as he watched her.

“Untie me,” he ordered.

“I’ve got to see what your government is up to first,” she said, dressing. “When I come back, I’ll let you up. I promise.”

## Chapter Fourteen

The video transmission was grainy but undeniably Kirillian in origin. “Your transport will arrive within the hour, Captain,” a severe, gray-haired government official said. Then he abruptly signed out.

Tessa shifted in her seat, smiling. *Just can't stand to have a woman -- a human no less -- get the upper hand.* It could be a trap, but she doubted it. A bunch of human sex slaves weren't really worth anything. For the tenth time, she thought about leaving Chaos behind, but she didn't think she had the heart to do it. There was something about him, not just his brutal sexiness but something else when he looked at her that she hadn't seen in a man's eyes for a long time.

Rhanya, a human slave of African descent, came up behind her and sighed at the monitor. “I can't believe we're finally going to get off this sick planet,” she said.

Tessa leaned back in her chair and grinned at her. “Don't count on anything until it happens,” she warned. “They've *said* they'll let us off world but we could still get screwed.”

“They won't screw us,” Rhanya said. “We have one of their commanders as hostage.”

“True enough,” Tessa said, feeling her gut tighten. *I should leave him behind*, she thought. *If I bring him, it’ll only mean trouble. They might try to rescue him and things could get messy.*

Tessa stood up and glanced at the other women. “Let me know when the transport arrives. I’m going to check on our hostage.” She left in the wake of spirited catcalls from the other women.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tessa stopped by a small cafeteria in the lobby of the main hall and helped herself to some food. Since they’d taken the building, no one had dared show up for work at the tiny shop, and Tessa and her accomplices had been helping themselves to whatever they could get access to. She grabbed two sandwiches, one for herself and one for Chaos. He hadn’t eaten since yesterday and she was sure he was starving.

Coming into the bedroom she untied Chaos and handed him the sandwich. He tore into the wrapping and wolfed down two huge bites before she’d even had one. His mouth full of food, he gestured to one of the bottles of water she’d also brought. She handed it to him and watched in fascination as he twisted off the top and gulped down half the bottle.

When he’d devoured his meal, he scowled at her and said, “It’s about time you fed me.”

Tessa chewed her sandwich slowly, admiring how ruggedly striking he was. He was the kind of man who grew more attractive the more you experienced him. Over the past few days he’d opened up to her more and she was starting to see the man he really was instead of the tough Kirillian officer he showed to the world. “Your government isn’t exactly accommodating all of our demands. They keep promising food but we have yet to get any. I wouldn’t eat it anyway. They would probably poison it.”

He nodded and leaned back against some pillows. “They would. Have they granted you a transport to an Earth vessel?”

“So they say. Do you think it’s a trap?”

“Have you told them you’re planning to keep me?” he asked.

Tessa tore off a generous piece of her meal and handed it to him. He took it gratefully. “I haven’t decided that I *am* going to keep you.”

He stopped chewing and stared at her. “The minute you let me go they’ll shoot you out of the sky.”

“I like it when you worry about me.”

Chaos stood up, swallowing the last of the sandwich. “*Damn* it, Tessa,” he said in between gulps of water, “this isn’t a joke!”

“Trust me, I’m taking our escape very seriously,” she said. “But I have a dilemma. If I take you onto an Earth ship with me, they’ll charge you with the destruction of my old ship. They’ll probably torture you to find out more about the Kirillians, like where their bases are and stuff like that. Even though you deserve it, I don’t want to see you hurt, Chaos.”

“I’m not concerned with whatever feeble punishments they have planned,” he said.

Tessa sat very still for a few moments. Perhaps she could strike a deal with the Earth ship’s captain in exchange for a pardon for Chaos. Although he was unconcerned about losing his military career, Tessa knew from reading up on them that the Kirillians were more like mercenaries than loyal soldiers. Kirillian governments were notoriously corrupt and the army was loyal to whoever was willing to pay them the most. Chaos could divulge every last known Kirillian outpost and, after a few years away, no one would remember his treachery. That’s how quickly and completely a government could turn over on this world.

No, Tessa’s biggest worry was how the humans on the ship were going to receive him. A signal beeped on her transmitter and she grabbed it off her hip. “Captain Fagan,” she said into the speaker.

“The Kirillians say the transport is here and waiting,” Rhanya replied.

“I’ll be right there,” Tessa said. She turned to Chaos. “I don’t want to tie you up anymore. Promise me you’ll behave.”

“What choice do I have? I’m *your* prisoner now, aren’t I?” he said, sulking and rubbing his wrists.

“All the more reason to give me trouble,” she said.

“I won’t.”

“Are you sure you want to come with me?”

He looked at her with those cunning black eyes. “There’s nothing in this life but you,” he said. “I want to be with you, wherever we end up.”

Tessa sighed and stood up. *How can I leave him behind when he says stuff like that to me?* “Okay. But I can’t guarantee this will be easy. Come on.”

## Chapter Fifteen

*I've got the transport but I also have four armed cruisers as escorts. How am I going to get rid of them?*

Tessa stared out the window at the cruisers, thinking and pulling at her bottom lip. Behind her, the other slaves were in an angry argument over whether or not to go at all. Chaos moved up alongside her and glared at the cruisers. Apparently he didn't like the look of them either. Then, without a word, he strode over to a corner and collapsed into a padded brown chair.

Rhanya stopped fighting with another slave long enough to shout, "How are we going to evade *four* cruisers, Tessa? They're going to shoot us out of the sky before we even get out of the atmosphere!"

Tessa continued to stare out the window as she tapped her fingernail on her bottom teeth. "Four cruisers," she muttered to herself.

"*What?*" Rhanya said, sounding annoyed that Tessa wasn't answering her.

Tessa turned to the others. "I don't know."

That didn't appear to be the answer Rhanya wanted to hear. "You don't *know?*" she shouted incredulously.

Tessa turned and fixed her gaze on Chaos. He'd been quiet as death throughout the drama, sitting in a corner with his boots up, sulking. Tessa glanced up at the group of humans. "Can you leave us for a moment?" she asked.

Everyone but Chaos stormed out of the room. Tessa came over to him and pulled up a metal chair from the café. She sat on it backward. "What do you think of our Kirillian escorts?"

Chaos met her gaze. "You already know what I think. Rhanya is right. They'll follow you out of the atmosphere and blow you to hell."

"Can we pilot past them?"

Chaos shrugged. "Maybe, but you'd need an experienced pilot for that and all you have are a bunch of slaves."

"But you're an experienced pilot," she countered.

He coughed out a laugh. "I haven't flown a transport like that since I was a rookie in the fleet."

"Are you saying you couldn't do it?" she asked, deliberately baiting him. If there was one thing Chaos had in spades, it was pride and vanity.

"Are you shitting me? I could pilot around those government morons with ease."

Tessa grinned and placed her hand over his. "Then prove it. Get us out of here."

Chaos looked uncommitted. "You're the leader of this ragtag bunch of humans. *You* do it."

"If I do, I'll leave you here," she said coolly. Chaos stared at her, his eyes as cold and black as space itself. He looked mad and maybe even a little hurt. She figured he was still coming to grips with his feelings for her, not an easy task for a man who considered love a weakness to be conquered. She decided to try a different tack. "I thought you wanted us to be together?"

His features softened. She had him. Chaos lowered his boots and leaned forward. He touched her lips with his fingers. He traced them, hungrily licking his own. "You know I do."

"Then do this for me -- do it for us. You don't care about your so-called Kirillian military career. I know in your heart you want to be free. Just think -- after I return these people to the *USS Firefly*, we can travel the galaxy together doing whatever we want. Just you and me."

"What will we do for money?"

"We'll be mercenaries or pirates, maybe even get into the freight business -- get some intergalactic contracts. We'll find something," she said. She was making things up as she went and he was buying it. But both of them knew before they could have a future together, he'd have to answer to the Earth government over the destruction of her old ship. He was risking imprisonment or death by leaving with her. Even though Earth was in dire need of Kirillian scouts and translators all over the galaxy, they might decide not to pardon him. But if Tessa could say he helped her and the others escape, that would definitely help his case.

Chaos nodded grimly. He leaned forward and kissed her with such tenderness it broke her heart. God, she hated manipulating him like this. "All right," he said. "Get the ones who are willing to go and let's get out of here. But make sure you tell them the risks they are taking."

Tessa got up and took his face in her hands. "Maybe I was wrong about you. Maybe you are a nice guy," she said.

He pushed his lips against hers, slipping his tongue deep into her mouth. He was so passionate he left her breathless. "Fuck that," he said. "I'm only doing this to get laid."

Tessa shook her head and smiled. "Like you have to do anything dangerous to get laid. You have more sex than anyone I know."

Chaos rubbed her butt. "Except maybe you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Chaos strapped himself into the pilot's seat and ran a check of all the systems. As he suspected, the government had given them barely enough fuel to make it out to the *Firefly*.

This apparent oversight was by design. The government was surely going to give chase and hoped they would run out of fuel before they reached the *Firefly*. Then, floating helplessly in space, they could be picked off easily enough. But Chaos knew the strategy well. It didn't matter; he could make what little they had last. He'd made due with less than this before.

He looked over his shoulder at Tessa. She was rushing around the cabin getting all the humans secured. She'd lost some weight since he'd first met her and he didn't like it. She was far sexier plump and round, and he loved the feel of her soft body beneath him when they made love. He made a mental note to fatten her up when their lives were more stable. When she was done getting everyone secure, she came over and strapped herself in next to him. Looking over at him, she beamed with joy, and she was the most beautiful woman he'd ever laid eyes on.

"This is going to be rough," he said. "Ready?"

"Wait," Tessa said. She unstrapped herself and planted a red-hot kiss on his lips. A throbbing erection filled the front of his pants. She broke the kiss and got back into her seat.

"What was that for?" he asked.

"That," she said with a mischievous smile, "was for luck."

## Chapter Sixteen

Chaos revved up the transport's engines and pushed the steering column down. The ship went into a sickening and terrifying plunge that plastered Tessa and the others to their seats. As the ground came up closer and closer, Tessa wondered if she'd made a terrible mistake trusting her life and the lives of the others to a man she barely knew.

They went down so fast Tessa was sure she was going to pass out from the intense cabin pressure. The building, which they had been alongside just a moment ago, whizzed past her window like the rushing landscape along a bullet train. All sound had suddenly ceased and she had the surreal feeling of being encased in cotton. But just as quickly as the plunge began, it reversed itself. The engines broke their silence and roared in protest as Chaos forced the ship into a terrifying ascent and suddenly she was weightless. The radio chattered with angry shouts from the Kirillian transports in pursuit as they struggled to keep up with Chaos's crazy maneuvers.

Somewhere behind her, one of the passengers started screaming. Tessa, not wanting Chaos to be distracted, turned around and shouted, "Shut the hell up!"

The screaming stopped.

From just above the transport's window Tessa could see where the sky ended and the darkness of space began. The feeling of being so close to freedom, *real* freedom, was overwhelming. She smiled, and a rush of total joy filled her.

She looked over at Chaos. His face was hard and sexy, confident of his ability to escape their pursuers. Tessa found him so erotic, her mind raced to thoughts of their hot lovemaking. In an instant, she wanted his mouth on hers, his hands roaming her body in that eager, hungry way. *He must feel something pretty strong for me*, she thought as he made another hard left turn, *because he's giving up his planet and career to help me escape*.

One of their escorts moved up alongside them and fired off a few warning rounds. Chaos snarled and twisted the wheel until they were within inches of ramming the other ship. Tessa gasped. At this speed, striking another ship was suicide.

The other pilot seemed to agree, dropping back to a safer distance. Chaos glared into the rear monitor. Then he slammed his fist into the red button for the rear supercharger. The ship screeched like a dying bird and a sudden sense of speed filled Tessa. She half expected the screaming to start again but after a few more moments of silence, she figured everyone was too frightened to utter a sound. She knew she was.

The transport began shaking like it was coming apart. The turbulence grew so bad some of the digital readouts went haywire. Numbers flashed across the readouts, changing every few seconds from zero to seven hundred, and back to zero again as the readouts malfunctioned. Tessa swallowed. "Chaos?" she said, hoping he knew what he was doing.

"We're just climbing up out of the atmosphere," he said, looking at her with amusement. "You're a captain. I thought you knew what that felt like."

Tessa was annoyed. "Well," she said sarcastically, "I can't recall ever leaving a planet quite like this."

He chuckled. "You probably weren't being chased off either."

She smiled despite her anxiety. "You have me there."

Chaos toggled through the external monitors, looking for their pursuers. He didn't see any other Kirillian transports following them. "Looks like we're clear." He handed her the radio. "You'd better contact the *Firefly* and tell them we're coming."

Tessa hesitated. She was really getting nervous thinking of what might happen to Chaos. *God I hope I'm not falling in love with this Kirillian ape.* "They'll probably arrest you on sight. Are you sure you're ready for that?" she asked.

He glanced at her and her heart twisted with worry. "You'll put in a good word for me, right?" he asked.

Glancing back in the cabin, she watched the others loosening their restraints. Everyone was talking and laughing. Gone was the feeling of doom they'd all had when they got on board. "I'm sure we all will," she said, unable to believe they were alive and free.

"Then I'll have to take my chances."

\* \* \* \* \*

Within hours they were on board the *USS Firefly* and, as Tessa had feared, Chaos was arrested on the spot. Luckily the captain was a guy Tessa had served with early in her career. His name was Ken Shift and he was a guy with a ready smile and a bad joke. He reassured her Chaos's arrest was just protocol. Her prerecorded testimony, along with that of the other former slaves, would ensure he'd get a pardon quickly. Relieved, Tessa and Ken spent the better part of twenty minutes talking and catching up until the subject drifted to her son Will. Then Ken suddenly became very serious.

"I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you, Tessa," he said.

"What is it?"

"This is going to be terrible to hear but..." he hesitated, growing slightly pale. "I guess it's best if I just come out with it. Your son, Lieutenant Will Fagan, was on a frigate bound for home when they encountered a meteor storm and had to make an emergency landing on

Ackron Nine. We've made several efforts to contact any survivors on the planet's surface but...nothing. The government listed them as 'missing in action and presumed dead' this morning. I'm very sorry."

Tessa sat there unable to absorb what Ken had just said to her. "I can't believe this. That's *it*? No one's willing to send a search party? Ackron Nine is notorious for radio interference. Maybe they just can't..."

Ken was already shaking his head. Tessa had to stop herself from slapping the shit out of him. "Resources are scarce enough. You know how it is down there. Sending a rescue party to Nine is like sending them to the death chambers. I'm so sorry, Tessa. I wish I had some better news for you."

Tessa frowned and rubbed her forehead to ward off a growing headache. She had to think of a way to rescue Will. Then another thought occurred to her. "What about the Kirillian, Chaos? Are they going to prosecute him?"

Ken's communicator beeped and he glanced at it. He took a moment to read the message then gave her a pitying smile. *Poor thing*, she could imagine him thinking. *Her boyfriend is all she has now*. "I forwarded your transmissions to the senate about his daring rescue of the human slaves from Kirillia and his defection. They were all in agreement," he said. "He just got his pardon."

Tessa wanted to be happy but she was just too numb. There had to be a way to rescue Will; there just had to be. "Thanks, Ken. I'll let him know."

## Chapter Seventeen

When Tessa arrived at the brig she found Chaos talking to his jailer and wolfing down a huge meal of steak and potatoes. At least, that's what it *looked* like he was eating. You never knew what the meat shipments really were on a space station, and if you were smart, you never asked. Chaos and the jailer were so relaxed with each other that his cell door stood open and the jailer sat on the steel bench next to his prisoner. She leaned in the doorway, watching the two men talking good-naturedly about which intergalactic fuel source was the best for short distance travel. Normally she would have joined in but she was still in shock over her recent news.

"Ready to go?" she asked Chaos, forcing herself to smile. "You've been pardoned. You're free."

He grunted his yes and came out of the cell. "Nice talking to you, Jim," Chaos said.

Jim stepped out of the cell and pulled the door closed behind him. He waved to them as they stepped into the passageway. Tessa could feel Chaos watching her. Finally he said, "What's wrong?"

Tessa forced down back tears. She turned to face him and leaned her back against the wall. “The captain just told me my son crashed on the prison planet of Ackron Nine. They’ve declared him dead and closed the file.”

“Is he dead?” Chaos asked.

Tessa’s throat tightened but she took a deep breath to calm herself. “I don’t know. No one knows for certain. Given the planet’s reputation...”

Chaos frowned, folding his arms across his thick chest. “Tons of people survive crashing on that planet. The atmosphere is so volatile that it’s almost considered a regular occurrence.”

“How do you know so much about it?” she asked, annoyed.

“There’s a large Kirillian base there. I was stationed there for three years.”

Tessa fell into a sullen silence. She was so consumed with a million different emotions all she could feel was sad and tired.

“Why don’t we go find him ourselves?” Chaos asked.

She shook her head, trying to digest what he was saying. “We’d need a ship to get there and equipment --”

“The Earth space station *Atlas* has a Kirillian cruiser in holding on suspicion of piracy. If we could convince them to let us use it, we could go to the planet posing as slavers. We could even get the Kirillians stationed there to help us. They’re always looking for things to do. They’d be happy to get a little action.”

The idea was so bizarre it just might work. For the first time, Tessa was actually hopeful. “At this point, I’d try anything. Let me talk to the captain and see what I can arrange.”

## Chapter Eighteen

The *USS Firefly* was more than happy to drop them off at the *Atlas* and even gave them some survival equipment to use on their mission. Nestled in a corner of their space station bedroom were small bags of powdered milk, dry rations, and a portable medicine kit. As Tessa waited for the okay to use the Kirillian cruiser *Vengeance* for their rescue mission, she got busy using the space station tapes to learn as much Kirillian as she could absorb. If she were going to pose as a slaver with Chaos, she'd better know what the other Kirillians were saying to her. Finally, after a long four days, she got her clearance to use the *Vengeance* for their rescue mission.

She bounded into the bedroom with a breakfast tray for Chaos, who was still asleep despite it being the equivalent of noon on Kirillia. She set the tray on the side table and shook his great bulk. He groaned and pulled her into a playful headlock, and then let her go. "You're in a good mood," he said, reaching for something that looked like bacon. "Did you get the news you wanted?"

"Yes, we're clear to take the shuttle and attempt a rescue. God," she said sadly, "I hope we can find him. They've been down there over two months."

"How is your Kirillian coming?" he asked in his native tongue.

“Very well, thank you, sir,” she replied in the best Kirillian she could manage.

Chaos chuckled. “Not bad,” he said, pulling his long hair back and securing it into a ponytail. He squeezed her body against his and held her for a moment. “As for your son, try not to get too far ahead,” he said. “Let’s just get to the planet surface safely and with the shuttle in one piece, and then we can focus on finding your son.”

Moving up next to the bed, she played with the hair on his chest as he munched on a piece of toast. “I’m very grateful to you for doing this for me and my family. You’ve given up so much already. I’m starting to feel guilty.”

“You are my family, Tessa. The only one I have since the death of my wife years ago. Whenever I’m with you, it feels *right*. I’d fly into the blackest holes in space to find you or someone you loved,” he said, rubbing the back of his neck.

Tessa stroked his cheek, her heart full of passion. She was falling in love with him and there just didn’t seem to be anyway out. But then the haunting thoughts of her son rushed back into her mind. She remembered reading him stories as a little boy and a lump rose in her throat. She would do anything and everything to save him. Even risk both their lives. And she had no doubt Chaos would support her; after all, he had just given up his career to be with her, and she was very grateful. How interesting that she’d misjudged his hardheaded determination and devotion to her.

“When are we going?” she asked when he’d finished eating.

“Do you have the launch code for the *Vengeance*?” he asked, pulling on a black T-shirt and jeans. “We’ll also need clearance to leave.”

“Yes,” she replied and handed him a digitally embossed card. “They gave me both this morning.” She paused. “They think we’re crazy.”

Chaos glanced at the card and stuffed it into his pocket. “I think we’re crazy too.” He grabbed a leather jacket and threw it over his enormous shoulders. “Everything packed up?”

Tessa nodded.

“Then let’s get going,” he said.

## Chapter Nineteen

Before departing for Ackron Nine, Chaos did a last-minute check on the *Vengeance* and Tessa went to the bridge to get the coordinates of exactly where her son and the others had crashed. Chaos finished quickly and came into the *Atlas* navigation center to join Tessa and a nav officer named Neil as they printed up a map of the planet for them. The location of the crash was clearly indicated by a red bull's-eye on the digital map.

As Chaos approached, he read the tiny frown lines around Tessa's mouth and was overcome with pity for her. Although he had no children of his own, he knew how it must feel to be terrified of losing one. He came up alongside her and put his arm around her shoulders as Neil illuminated the digital display. She briefly rested her head on his arm.

"The last strong signal we got from their escape pod was here," Neil said, pointing to a spot on the northwest quadrant. It was just a few yards north of the crash site.

Chaos squinted at it. "Isn't there a settlement of colonists near there?"

Neil looked at him, obviously impressed. "That's right, Chaos, there is. We're still getting occasional signals from the rescue pod but they're sporadic. That's not surprising since their power source is probably getting weak. We're hopeful that they sought refuge with the colonists."

Tessa scanned the area around the crash with her finger. This display rippled in response to her body heat. "There's no way to contact the colonists directly?"

"I'm afraid not," Neil said. "They're kind of a strange bunch. They like their solitude. They are very suspicious of the government and never wanted any communication equipment."

"Have you told her all the ins and outs of being a Kirillian woman on that planet?" the nav officer asked Chaos.

He glanced at Tessa. "Not yet. I was going to explain all that when we were under way."

Tessa glanced from one to the other. "Why? What is it I don't know?"

Neil grinned. "You know there are no other women down there stationed at that Kirillian base."

Tessa stared blankly. "So?"

Neil gave Chaos a "come on tell her" look. He took his arm off Tessa's shoulders and prepared himself for her anger. "Since you'll be posing as a Kirillian slaver, you'll be expected to act like one. That means it would be good manners to share your body with any man who wants you."

"I have to have sex with all of them?" Tessa asked in shock.

"No," Chaos said, obviously amused. "But you should *be extra nice* to the two top commanders there. We're not as hung up about sex as humans are. We share. It's simply considered common courtesy."

Tessa stared at him. "Won't you be jealous?"

Chaos smiled, feeling his cock stiffen in his pants. "Not too much. But I won't let them fuck you; that pussy is mine. I might be open to other things though. As long as I can watch."

## Chapter Twenty

The journey to Akron Nine wasn't a long one but Chaos had encouraged Tessa to rest anyway. He could handle the navigation without her, and she was going to need her wits about her on the dangerous planet. Once they'd settled into a flight plan, Chaos activated the automatic pilot and went to the back of the ship to join Tessa and get some sleep himself.

She was lying on top of the sheets in just a white T-shirt and blue panties. The sight of her brought a stunning array of erotic images into his head. He remembered her secured in a bondage swing at the Kirillian banquet feast with her beautiful, glistening pussy exposed for everyone to see. A savage charge of lust filled him and, as quietly as he could, he undressed and slipped into bed behind her as she lay facing the wall. She stirred and sighed but otherwise didn't move away from him.

Scooting his hips as close to hers as he could, he pressed his erection against the crack of her ass. The arousing scent of her skin and hair filled his nose. His hands ached to touch her, to stroke and explore. He reached out and gently placed his palm on her shoulder blade. Just that innocent contact with her warm body stoked his blazing hunger and soon his hands were roaming the landscape of her hips and belly with slow, tender strokes. He paused at the threshold of her underwear and toyed with the elastic. Then his fingertips grew bolder,

teasing the tender flesh just inside the fabric by rubbing back and forth. When she didn't move to resist him, he slid his hand down over the silken pelt of her pussy and beyond to the moist valley.

This time Tessa did stir. Responding to his teasing, she moved one leg back so he could access her clit. To prolong her agony he hesitated, petting her pubic hair in long, light strokes. She shifted and moaned.

A savage rush of want spilled into his mind and all he could think of was her tight heat embracing his cock. He pulled off her panties and T-shirt, then grabbing her by the hips he manhandled her up on the mattress so she could offer herself above him on all fours. Then he buried his mouth into her silky pink folds. Tessa cried out. Her hips trembled and her head fell forward, draping her face with those long, golden locks. As his tongue touched and teased her, he could taste the earthy sweetness of her lust. The essence of her tripped every primal switch in his mind and it was all he could do not to ravage her on the spot.

Pulling in deep breaths, he used his fingers and tongue to delight her, singling out the swollen bud of her clit to relentlessly tickle the tiny nub. Tessa pumped her hips into his eager mouth, trying to reach the climax he was deliberately denying her.

After several moments of frustration, she looked back at him with her hair tousled around her face and said, "Stop teasing me, damn it!"

Her anger sent his desire to a fever pitch. Mounting her from behind, he grabbed the shaft of his cock and teased her clit with the swollen tip. The feel of her was pure wet heat and just too damn much for him to bear. Teasing her so long was killing him as well, and suddenly he realized he just didn't have the strength to keep it up. With agonizing slowness, he eased himself into her inch by inch until she was gasping with delight. He loved the sound of her pleasure. It made him feel more like a man than any wars or military honors he'd ever received.

She was moaning louder now, digging her fingernails into the sheets like a woman possessed. Tiny tears opened up on the top sheet, showing a hint of the white linen underneath. "Oh yes, Chaos!" she cried. "I love that. More...faster...yes, that's it!" Her vaginal muscles clamped down on him, claiming his cock in a dizzying squeeze. He drove harder and deeper, enjoying the ecstasy he gave her. Her climaxes were wild, frantic things filled with delirious promises and humorous threats, and when she orgasmed for the third time, he finally let himself go too.

Tessa fell on the bed under him, her back covered in the decadent scent of their combined sweat. They made love like animals and he had found it -- like her -- irresistible. When they reached Ackron Nine, there would be other men wanting to take her but Chaos would never allow that. He'd have to find a way of letting Tessa please them without watching another man put his dick in his woman. She was his -- his alone to savor and enjoy. Chaos grinned at his possessiveness and lay down next to her, watching the slow rise and fall of her chest. He tried to match his own breathing to hers to feel closer to her, but then finally gave up and fell into a deep and satisfying sleep.

## Chapter Twenty-one

Tessa stepped off the ship onto the dusty top layer of Ackron Nine sand. She placed her hand over her eyes to shield them from the setting sun and scanned the desert all around them. *What a soulless, desolate place. Why the hell would anyone want to start a colony on a hot, crappy planet like this?* But then she reminded herself that if it hadn't been for the colonists, Will and his crew might not have made it this long. Rubbing the back of her neck, she stared down and shuffled the sand around with the toe of her boot. Under the loose top sand was hard-packed earth.

A few yards in the distance were large metal towers with chain link fences all around. They were water stations and held warning signs in several alien languages. The English line read: ANY UNAUTHORIZED PERSON TAMPERING WITH THIS FACILITY WILL BE VAPORIZED. *Nice*, Tessa thought. *Really nice*. To her right was a small dusty dome sticking up out of the sand. It was the only clue to the Kirillian underground base. Building a base beneath the surface not only helped with camouflage, but it kept the inside cooler without using too much energy.

Tessa took out her binoculars and scanned the horizon. The large white sun was even lower in the sky and long shadows began to cover the landscape. She swore under her

breath. *There goes any chance of getting to Will tonight.* She spotted the tops of a few crude buildings around the place where Will and his crew were supposed to be. *Wouldn't that figure that I finally get here and now I have to wait the whole night to see if my son is okay?*

She came over to Chaos, who had just finished unloading a few supplies. "I don't suppose it's a good idea to go there at night," she said.

Chaos opened a canteen and took a sip. He handed it to her. "I know you're anxious but it's just too dangerous at night. If he's survived here two months, I'm sure he'll be fine one more night."

Tessa played with the cap on the canteen. It wasn't the answer she wanted to hear but she knew he was right. She took the cap off and drank. The water went down her throat, washing away what felt like a thick film of dirt. "Okay," she said, thinking her voice didn't sound like her own. "One more night."

Two low-ranking Kirillian soldiers came over to the ship and greeted them. Both were tall and burly like Chaos but they looked much younger. The soldiers escorted them toward the bunker and Chaos instinctively fell in behind them. Tessa fell behind them too, following as they passed through the reinforced security locked doors and wound through the underground caves that ran throughout the Kirillian base. She didn't tell Chaos any more about being worried, but she was. Worried they wouldn't find her son, worried the Kirillians would peg her for a fake, worried about a million different things. Without turning around, Chaos reached behind him and grabbed her hand. The act made her feel a little better and she tried to be comforted by the fact that he would do everything in his power to help her.

Finally they reached what looked like a living room area. Inside there were two more Kirillians who looked to Tessa like officers. One was black with piercing blue eyes and a hard, chiseled face. The other was equally handsome, but he was white and blond. Chaos spoke to them in Kirillian for a few moments and, try as she might, Tessa had a hell of a time trying to catch what they were saying. She was fairly certain they'd complimented her in

some sexual way. Finally, they switched to English and Chaos came clean about her being human and why they were *really* there.

The black Kirillian stared at her for several moments. Then he said, "You're very brave to risk such a place as this to find your son."

Tessa's eyes burned but she held herself together. "Yeah," she managed. *As if there were ever a chance I wouldn't come because of the danger.* "What's your name?" she asked, changing the subject.

He touched his chest. "I am Slone, and this," he gestured to the blond, "is Devon."

She took a deep breath to keep her emotions under control. "Do you know if my son is okay?"

Slone smiled, flashing flawless white teeth. "Let's go contact him on the transmitter and see."

Tessa and Chaos followed him into a small computer room with several monitors scanning the planet's harsh landscape. Slone sat at a rolling black chair and typed in a bunch of commands in Kirillian. One of the screens flashed, and then displayed a small desert camp. There were many shelters made from the discarded metal of fallen ships and a few cloth tents. Suddenly, a woman's face came onto the screen. Her hair was a wild mane around her face and her eyes glowed with unchecked fury.

"What the hell do you vultures want?" she barked.

Slone depressed a button on his transmitter and said, "We are looking for Lieutenant Fagan. Is he still there with you?"

"What do you want him for?"

Slone chuckled and glanced at Tessa. "Tell him his mother is here to see him."

The woman disappeared and was soon replaced by Tessa's son. The sight of him alive overwhelmed her and she rushed to the screen. Tessa placed her hand over her mouth so she wouldn't cry out with joy.

“Mom?” he said squinting into the screen. “How did you get here?” Then he laughed and said, “Forget it! All I know is I’m sure glad to see you!”

“I’m so happy you’re all right!” Tessa said, willing her heartbeat to slow down. “How many survivors are there?”

“There’s about twenty of us.”

Tessa looked back at Chaos. “That’s too many for the ship, isn’t it?”

He walked up and shrugged. “We’ll just have to make two trips.”

“Where will you take them?” Slone asked.

“We could take them to the space station. There are all kinds of ships coming and going to Earth from there. They can get transport off the station themselves,” Tessa said.

Tessa leaned over Slone to the microphone. “Tell all your people to pack up their stuff. We’re coming to get you. Everyone is going home.”

## Chapter Twenty-two

Outside the huge white sun was starting to go down. It cast long, tired shadows over the desert floor and might have been beautiful if it wasn't for the stifling heat. Tessa leaned against a rock and watched Chaos make a few last-minute checks to the ship. He looked so stern and serious she could hardly believe that he could love anyone, let alone her. But so far he'd done everything for her, and her heart was full with gratitude. But love? Did she love this tough Kirillian who'd once thought to keep her as a slave? Yes, she thought she did.

He paused and squinted off at the horizon as he wiped his hands on a rag. "I guess we'll go get them at first light," he said mostly to himself.

Tessa touched his arm and he looked at her. His eyes were so black and warm they seemed to swallow her whole. "I know I said this before but I want you to know how grateful I am for all your help."

Chaos leaned against the hull of the ship. "I'd do anything and everything for you, Tessa. You know that."

She smiled and kissed him. "I believe that now." They shared a quiet moment watching the sun set. Then she said, "Your Kirillian buddies haven't said a word about sharing me with them. You think they're going to let it slide?"

He chuckled. "Not a chance. It would be rude of them to ask. They are waiting for you to offer. Of course everyone understands that rescuing your son is the first priority, but after that you do what you want to."

"You wouldn't be jealous if I play with them?" she asked, amused.

"Like I said, not as long as I can watch."

Tessa giggled. "I think you're looking forward to it."

Chaos took her face in his hands and stared into her eyes. "You are the most exciting woman I've ever known. I'd love to watch you being pleased by other men because I know your heart belongs to me." He placed his lips against hers and Tessa closed her eyes to enjoy the gentle kindness of his kiss. After half a lifetime of men, both good and bad, it was hard to accept this kind of devotion but she loved it.

"That's kind of romantic," she teased.

He looked thoughtful for a moment. "Are you planning to tell your son about us?"

Tessa twirled a lock of his black hair around her index finger thoughtfully. "I don't know," she confessed. "Part of me doesn't want to because it's none of his business. After all, I am a grown woman and I date who I want. I'm also not sure how he'll feel about you being a Kirillian. But another part wants to share my happiness with him. What do you think I should do?"

He hugged her tight against his chest as the sky grew darker. His scent was so wonderful, rich, masculine, and darkly sexual. "I think you should tell him the truth. That way, there are no surprises later."

"You're right...again," she said. Just don't start getting cocky."

"The temperature is dropping," he said, taking her by the hand. "Let's go inside until morning. Then we'll rescue your son and the others."

"How many can we take on the ship at one time?" Tessa asked, suddenly concerned.

"Ten," Chaos replied.

“Then we’ll have to leave half of them here while we get the others to the space station,” she said, rolling the prospect around in her head. “I sure hope there won’t be a riot to get on board. No one’s going to want to be the last to leave this hellhole.”

Chaos gave her a dangerous smile. “That’s why we’re taking the two Kirillians and plenty of blasters. I expect there will be some who won’t like having to wait for us to come back. These people will be hungry, sick, and scared. They’re liable to do anything.”

## Chapter Twenty-three

The crash site was only about an hour from the Kirillian base, and as Tessa had feared, everyone was anxious to get on board. Tessa let the Kirillians deal with the frazzled survivors as she pushed past the crowd to find her son. After a few minutes of searching, she found Will tending to a sick old man. She stopped and stared at him as if he was a wonderful dream. His dark blond hair was dusty and longer than she remembered, but there was no mistaking that strong jaw and handsome face.

“Will Fagan,” she called from a few feet away.

Her son looked up, annoyed. Then he spotted her and his features lit up. He was up in a flash and running toward her. They hugged for a long time. He pulled back and stared at her with disbelief. “How did you get here so fast?”

Tessa glanced back at Chaos helping the first ten passengers into the shuttle. “I had help,” she said.

Will followed her gaze to the black haired Kirillian. “What is he? Your new boyfriend?”

Tessa met his gaze. “You could say that, yes. We’re close.”

He shook his head and laughed. "I didn't think Kirillians were close to anything but money and treachery."

"I used to think that too but this one is different. Without him, I could never have gotten here. So be civil to him, okay?" Tessa said with a gentle smile.

Will grinned. "I'm so glad to get off this fucking planet, I'll play nice with anyone you say."

Tessa laughed and tousled his hair. "That's my boy."

\* \* \* \* \*

It took a little over a week to evacuate everyone to the space station. Tessa was sorry to leave Will but he was a big boy and had his own life to lead. After a tearful good-bye, Tessa returned with Chaos to the Kirillian base on Ackron Nine to thank them for all their help.

Tessa came off the shuttle and felt a sudden thrill that she would be entertaining three men at once. Slone and Devon came out to meet them as they landed. Both men looked glad to see them.

"We thought you'd be off to some new adventure," Slone said with a mischievous grin.

Tessa put her hands on her hips and felt Chaos move up behind her. "We will," she said. "But first we have a debt to repay." Chaos kissed then ran his tongue along the side of her mouth. He nuzzled her ear, tickling the flesh around it with his hot breath. He was eager to start and so was she. "Why don't we all go inside and get comfortable?" Tessa said.

## Chapter Twenty-four

After a small lunch of dried meat and fruit, Chaos, Tessa, and the other two retired to one of the large recreational rooms to relax. She sat in one of the reclining chairs and let out a huge sigh of relief. “Well,” she said happily, “at least that rescue is done.” She looked over and smiled at Chaos. “Thanks to you and your friends.”

Slone, who was seated by a large digital picture of Kirillia, laughed. “We were glad to do it. Anything beats sitting around here waiting for something to happen.” They all laughed.

Devon got up and approached Tessa, watching Chaos carefully. He knelt down by her chair and whispered, “Will you let us pleasure you?”

Tessa grinned over at Chaos, who was looking surlier than she expected. “It’s up to my master,” she said with a wink.

Chaos studied the two men with a deep frown. When he spoke, his voice had that deep commanding quality that made her stomach flutter. “You may both pleasure her, but no penetration. That delight is mine.”

Both men seemed happy with his answer. Devon ran his hand up Tessa’s arm so lightly he made the tiny hairs stand on end. Moving his mouth up by her ear, he kissed it and

caressed his lips along the line of her jaw. A wave of sensuous delight moved over her senses. Tessa closed her eyes, reveling in the gentle kindness of his touch. He unbuttoned her blouse, removing it and her bra, then moved his hand over the generous mounds of her breasts, caressing and kneading them, pinching the nipples to make them stiff. Tessa knew he was putting on a show for Slone and Chaos and the thought that the two men were watching her make her even more aroused.

Then Devon covered her right breast with his hot mouth. The sensation was delicious, his tongue teasing and rolling around her nipple as his mouth worked the soft flesh. Tessa's pussy thrilled, growing wetter by the moment. She let a soft moan escape her throat.

Chaos moved closer, gently pushing Devon away. Without uttering a word, he undressed her in front of the two men. Tessa didn't utter a word; she just let him, unable to believe how turned on she was. When she was naked, Chaos put her back into the recliner and nodded to Slone.

The handsome black man knelt between her legs and grinned. With an aggressive sexuality, he pushed his mouth into her moist center, rolling his tongue through her with such zeal, she was crying out in minutes. Slone had the perfect mixture of tenderness and enthusiasm, delighting her in ways that were never too hard or too soft. Occasionally he would pause from his work and rain kisses along her inner thighs and calves. Tessa reached two orgasms from his tongue alone.

Then Devon was back, with his erect cock in hand, gliding the swollen head along her breasts. Tessa reached out and cupped his balls, massaging until she felt them tighten as he neared release. Pulling his hips closer to her, she took his cock into her mouth and caressed the tip with her tongue. A moment later, Devon climaxed in her mouth with a triumphant roar as she eagerly swallowed his seed.

Slone stood up and began stroking the thick length of his beautiful penis as Chaos dropped his pants to his ankles and moved between her legs.

Tessa watched as Chaos held his huge cock in his hand, occasionally stroking it to ease the pressure in his balls. Thick veins webbed along the shaft with the strain of his want. Moving his muscular forearms behind her knees, he braced her legs back from her pussy and pushed. Tessa tossed her head back and cried out as ripples of breathtaking lust rushed through her. Somewhere in the background she heard Slone peak as he mumbled encouragement for Tessa to take Chaos completely into her pussy.

Chaos grunted, pushing himself in and out of her with quick, hard thrusts. Tessa reached down and touched the button of her clit, tickling it in time to his devastating thrusts. “*Chaos!*” she screamed as the pleasure overtook her. “*Fuck me...yes...harder, please.*”

Her orgasm was one of the most intense she’d ever had. It started small, and then rose to an intensity that made her buck uncontrollably. Her pleasure was enhanced by the ferocity of her lover’s passion as he too reached his peak.

Chaos pulled out, leaving her feeling good but empty. He kissed her, picked her up, and carried her off to someplace more private where he could have her all over again.

## Chapter Twenty-five

Tessa sat in the passenger's seat staring out at the vast array of stars that cluttered the black sky. They were headed back to the space station to return the Kirillian transport, and Tessa had to admit she was feeling a little nostalgic about it all. She'd enjoyed her adventures with Chaos. She had also fallen hopelessly in love with him. Who would have thought after all the struggles they'd gone through?

As if reading her mind, Chaos looked over at her from the pilot's seat and said, "Are you going back to your life as a captain?"

Tessa considered this possibility for a moment. So many things had changed. Now her career didn't seem quite so important. "Honestly, I hadn't given it much thought." She sighed. "I guess I should be thinking about it though. I mean, what are a man like you and a woman like me going to do for a living?"

Chaos laughed. "We do make a good team. Why not become private agents or bounty hunters?"

Tessa placed her hands behind her head and stared at the ceiling. "I kind of like the sound of that."

“We already have one successful mission under our belts,” Chaos said. “Perhaps the humans will give us others.”

A signal sounded from the console and Tessa hit the speaker switch. “Captain Fagan,” she said loud enough for the transmitter to pick up.

“This is Senator Simms. Just wanted to say what a great job you and Commander Battle did on that Ackron Nine rescue. Needless to say, everyone here at Earth Command is impressed.”

Tessa and Chaos exchanged glances. “Well, thank you, Senator, but frankly we were hoping for a new assignment.”

The senator laughed and it garbled the transmission for a second. “That’s great, because I was just about to offer you both one.”

“What is it?” Chaos asked.

“An Asguardian cult has hijacked a frigate in the Solarian System. Would you two like a crack at bringing them in?” the senator asked.

“Dead or alive?” Tessa asked, winking at Chaos. Earth Command never ordered anyone in dead. It just wasn’t their way. If you were that bad, they dealt with you once they got you before a judge.

The senator was silent. He obviously didn’t get her joke. Then he said, “We’d prefer them alive. We would hate the embarrassment of an intergalactic incident.”

Tessa looked at Chaos as he plotted their route. He nodded to her that they had enough fuel to get there. “We’re on our way. We’ll be in touch when we get to the system. Fagan out.” She clicked off the transmitter, feeling energized.

Chaos finished inputting the coordinates and fixed those black eyes on her. “We’ll probably have to go into cryo-sleep for a few days,” he said.

Tessa got up and took him by the hand. He stood too, towering over her, and she felt a happy thrill. “What’s your hurry? I can think of more interesting things to do for the next few days than sleep. Can’t you?”

Chaos ran his thick fingers through her hair and kissed her deeply. He broke the kiss and nuzzled her ear. “Of course I can, Mistress,” he rumbled.

 THE END 

## Michelle Marquis

Michelle Marquis is the romance pen name for Internet writer Michelle O'Neill. Michelle was born in Los Angeles, California but has called many cities her home. A lifetime fan of science fiction, erotic romance and horror, she decided one day to try her hand at fiction and never looked back.

Michelle is constantly writing and thinking up new stories to delight her readers. Some of her most recent books are *Mastering Chaos*, *Hungry Planet*, and *The Mission*. She has also authored a few short stories that have appeared on the Internet over the years. Michelle welcomes your comments and questions and will always answer your emails.

Check out her website at <http://www.michelle-oneill.com/> or feel free to send her an email at [michelleoneill@earthlink.net](mailto:michelleoneill@earthlink.net).