

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

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Demonic
ATTRACTION

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Demonic Attraction

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DEMONIC ATTRACTION

Kim Knox

Chapter One

Anya Sigurdson stripped off her service suit and threw it over the console chair. She stretched, her tired joints popping. Moonlight silvered her naked skin and her gaze darted over the great curve of the moon the science platform orbited.

A wry smile tugged at her mouth and she scratched at her tangled hair. She was at the end of her—what, sixtieth?—day on the Alpha-Volantis monitoring station with another thirteen days to go before she could head back for a brief week in civilization. She maintained the base so the lab rats back on Earth could monitor the giant white star's monotonous activity. Lucky her.

"Almost over," she murmured, her voice echoing around the metal and shielded dome of her bedroom. "And I promise, I will spend a week on Theta-Scorpii's third planet being as depraved as humanly possible."

She snorted and rolled her neck, easing out the kink from her spine. The array had a blip, an error, something that had her supervisor and his pet scientists squawking at her from a hundred and twenty light years away. She'd spent six hours chasing *absolutely bloody nothing* through the platform's tight conduits. Anya let out a slow sigh. Yes, the pleasures of Theta-Scorpii-3 called to her aching body, where some hands other than her own would steal over her flesh to bring her pleasure.

Tension coiled in her belly and she groaned. Every part of her ached and she didn't have the energy to find relief. Her bed stretched out under the curve of the clear outer shields. She dropped onto the cool mattress, tugged at the sheet and rolled onto her stomach. The rasp of the bed sheet teased her hard, aching nipples. Anya cursed and crushed her eyes shut, fighting to sleep.

The Academy of Sciences insisted on solitary assignments to their platforms. The reason given was too many staff engaged in illicit relationships that interfered with the

performance of their duties. Anya snorted. Of course everyone knew it was the vindictive actions of the Academy's director. His partner had fucked his way through his platform's entire staff and the director hadn't taken it at all well. So everyone else now had to suffer.

She shifted over the sheets and the tension grew worse. Anya groaned and cupped her breast, her fingers pinching her nipple, hard. She sucked in a breath, the ache in her pussy deepening. "Thirteen days," she muttered. "Thirteen and I'll have a cock there." Her hand snaked between her legs, teasing, playing, trying to ease the empty ache. "Or a tongue." She swallowed. Shit. She could almost feel it. The lap of a hot, wet tongue sliding between the cleft of her ass, briefly teasing her hole before it sank, deep, *deep* inside her.

Her heart pounded, her flesh tight at the incredible sensation. The idea of a pointed, rasping tongue had her pushing back against it. It pulled free and pushed in again and again. Orgasm flickered low in her belly and she had to be crazy as the idea of sharpened fingers gripping her thighs and pulling her wide flashed through her. The twisting tongue plunged into her pussy as long and thick as a cock. But better. *So much better.*

Anya's breaths came in short bursts, orgasm so close she could almost taste it. Was she asleep, half awake, delusional? She didn't care. If exhaustion drove her to this, she would work herself to the bone.

She turned her head to watch her hips bucking. The sheet shifted over her ass as the imaginary tongue fucked her well and hard, the fierce grip of clawed hands keeping her wide open. Clawed? All right, that was different, but really, who cared? Because the fantasy worked and she was about to come and come hard —

The sheet caught on her knee. Anya didn't care, there was only the moon, always watching, to see her naked, writhing, and she had no problem with watching her ass as an imaginary tongue fucked —

Gone. The tongue, the hands vanished from her body as the sheet dropped to the metal floor.

Anya cursed and buried her face in her pillow, fisting it. She screamed her frustration into its softness. Was her subconscious tormenting her because she agreed to this assignment simply for the money? She was being punished for taking the title of engineer. After all, her specialties lay in the soft sciences, not engineering.

She dragged the sheet over her body and jammed the pillow over her head. Or was it the reflected light of the large moon? It always seemed to have her imagining things. The moon shone too bright into her domed bedroom—she snorted into the sheet—it almost felt as if the bloody thing *watched* her.

She froze.

There. Clawed fingers teasing over her thighs. Her heart pounded. *Was* this her imagination? She pushed her face from the pillow and turned to look over her shoulder...and the sense of hands on her skin faded away.

“All right, you don’t want me to look.” Anya laughed and hid her face against the pillow again. She was crazy. Certifiable. The isolation had driven her to bargaining with her subconscious. “Not looking. So in your own time, if you want to bring back the fingers, or *please*, that tongue, I promise, no peeking.”

Nothing. Anya held down a groan. She was better finding sleep—

Fingers gripped her thighs and pushed her wide open.

Anya swallowed, her heart jumping. No looking, no talking. All right, she could do that. And it couldn’t be her imagination. Something *breathed* against the wetness of her pussy and the unknown had her aching. The tongue teased her clit and her hips bucked. She bit down a yelp. Her fingers fisted the pillow and she clung to it as the tongue slid toward where she ached for it, easing through her wet, swollen flesh until it teased and curled its way into her pussy.

Anya bit the inside of her cheek to stop the escaping groan. New tension tightened in her belly and she pushed back, finding the clawed hands biting into the firm flesh of

her thighs. Whatever it was, it wanted to please and she had no intention of denying it. Not with Theta-Scorpii-3 so many days away.

Another tongue, *another* one, slid between the cleft of her ass and had her gasping. It teased her puckered hole and the coiling tension flared. More hands slid over her cheeks, separating her, giving the second tongue easy access to dip and play and dart into her ass.

Anya couldn't breathe. The hands and tongues touching her, filling her but with no sense of body, of arms, of faces should've filled her with terror. They didn't. They wanted her, wanted to be with her. The strange thoughts buzzed through her brain but scattered as the other tongue breached her ass.

Claws dug into her cheeks, pushing her hard into the mattress as the tongue drove deep. Stars danced behind her eyes. And then the twisting, hot tongues started to fuck her, taking up a steady, alternate rhythm that had her aching and ready and then—by all that was unholy—they took her together. Hard, deep, wet thrusts, faster, unrelenting, the fingers on her flesh biting, pinning her to the bed, taking her—

Orgasm tore through her flesh, heat and light surging, the tongues fucking her through it. Anya sucked in a slow breath, her body damp and trembling. Sated tiredness sat on her and a shit-eating grin pulled across her mouth. Others had speculated on the existence of pure-energy beings, but they'd never suggested they liked to have sex. Really incredible sex.

The tongues eased from her flesh, the fingers that had bitten into her ass and legs now caressing her damp skin. Anya hugged the pillow, careful not to glance behind her. She sighed and the slow strokes of unknown hands warmed her body into a heavy lassitude. The strong fingers, palms faded into nothingness over her sated flesh and Anya wanted to find deep, dreamless sleep.

However, something else pulled through her mind and had her twisting over the wide, cool mattress, trying to find the rest she craved. It wouldn't leave her, a strange

mixture of warm, male skin and something else, almost the scent of fire—no, not fire, the dry, gritty scent of coal.

The odd odor was new...and then a sound joined it.

Usually it was the incessant drone of her communications console dragging her half awake to the screen where her supervisor would frown at her and give a five-minute lecture on Academy standards. But this time it was a different sound, soft, pleasant, almost a tongue licking, a mouth, mouths suckling...

Her breath hitched. She still lay sprawled on her stomach, the mattress pressing warm against her skin...but lips, teeth, tongues started to suck, teased her breasts, drew them into hot mouths.

Anya let her head fall deep into the pillow, her hands threading through her tangled hair. She'd gone completely and utterly insane. That had to be the explanation for the teeth grazing her nipples and—she muffled a groan into the pillow—the hands stealing over her ribs, waist, hips. Aliens, *invisible* aliens, didn't exist. Not ones who happily sucked and fucked a lonely woman on a science platform.

Fresh need ran through her and she wanted more than the eager mouths on her breasts... She groaned as a tongue licked up her spine. Air shifted over her bare skin and the mattress dipped either side of her shoulders. A heavy cock pressed against her ass, the weight of warm, bare hips lying against her. It slid over her wetness, guided by a hand as knuckles skimmed her flesh.

Anya couldn't help herself, she lifted her hips and found sharp fingers holding her down. Her belly tightened and the ache in her pussy had her breath short. The blunt head of a warm, dry cock pushed at her flesh in a slow, unhurried tease. Centimeter by centimeter, its surprisingly rough skin fired a delicious friction deep into her pussy.

It pushed, pushed until a groan that wasn't hers, a deep, masculine one of satisfaction echoed over the metal walls of her bedroom. Anya crushed her eyes shut and her fingers fisted in her hair. Sensation bombarded her. Mouths, hands, sucking her, gripping her...and then the cock buried in her pulled back.

Anya bit the inside of her cheek to hold back the strangled groan that needed to escape her. What were these creatures? Why her? And why now? She had to think, but he pushed forward and all thought scattered. Fingers dug into her flesh, pinning her to the bed, eager for her to remain utterly still as the pace increased, each hard thrust a counterpoint to the teeth tugging at her aching nipples. Pleasure-pain surged in her flesh and she wanted nothing more than, whoever this was, to fuck her hard and fast and make her scream into her twisted pillow.

Grunts came with each thrust now, low, deep, male, the slap of flesh against flesh filling the room. Tension fired through her body and the close burn of orgasm threatened to tear through her. More hands held her, stroking over her damp skin, teasing her spine, her thighs. Impossibly, one slid down over her belly to tease her mons before two fingers sank *hard* against her clitoris.

Anya cried out, her voice lost in the softness of her pillow as her release burst over in a rippling fury of heat and searing light. Still he fucked her, faster, more erratic until somewhere in the haze the hips pushed hard, driving his cock deep. He shuddered and Anya *felt* his release.

Her body sagged and the mouths eased away with final tender kisses. The hands softened their harsh grip and a hot, lithe torso pressed against her back. A mouth brushed her ear and she shivered.

"Thank you, Anya." The lips curved into a smile and a pointed tongue traced the shell of her ear. "And don't worry, more of us will return to enjoy you."

"More?" She couldn't help the strangled question, and with it all trace of her...*lovers* faded away. Anya groaned and rolled onto her back. In the silvered light of the moon, her pale skin had darkened, reddened under their touch.

A tentative finger circled around her swollen, tender nipple and for a brief moment found wetness there. "They're real," she murmured, staring up to the intersecting metal beams supporting the dome. "Computer? What life forms are on this platform?"

"One human. Anya Sigurdson. Engineer, third class—"

"Thank you." She broke into the computer's dull voice. "In the past thirty minutes, have you monitored any other life forms?"

"No."

All right, the computer didn't recognize them as sentient. "How about strange energy readings?"

"Unknown energy readings were detected by the central aspect of the array."

Anya groaned and scrubbed her hand over her face. "The array. Shit." Anything picked out by the external sensors broadcast as raw data back to Earth. No doubt at some point before her morning officially began, her supervisor would be shouting her awake.

She found her crumpled bed sheet and curled around her pillow. Well, she had to pay somehow for two *serious* orgasms. She licked her lips and stretched her sated body before bringing her knees up to her chest. Anya closed her eyes, let out a slow breath, and tried not to think that she'd been promised more.

Chapter Two

The sharp scent of coal tasted gritty in her mouth, jumping her out of her light sleep. It was the only warning she had before rough, clawed hands began the slow, deliberate slide up her bare legs, parting them with easy strength. Anya kept her breathing even, willed herself to stillness on the soft sheets, not to resist the hidden touch.

Moonlight streamed over her wide bed, the silvered sheets shifting over the hands, hands she knew would vanish if she moved or threw back the sheets to reveal her tormentor.

Her heartbeat quickened as the rough palms rubbed over her knees, sharp-tipped thumbs already teasing her inner thighs. "Still. We need to focus." The deep, masculine voice pushed hot breath against her skin, the shape of a head, shoulders and a broad back rising from the sheet. "Good..."

Anya almost arched her spine at the satisfaction in his voice. She shouldn't allow this invasion, but the touch of this mysterious creature—she gasped at the rough palms easing over her ribs to cup her breasts—*creatures* brought a sudden and unexpected warmth to her isolated time on the Alpha-Voltanis outpost. Sharpened fingers rolled her nipples, sparking need down to her core.

The creature between her thighs teased the sensitive skin with his breath pulsing hot against her mons. His hands gripped her thighs, keeping her open to him. Anya fisted the sheets, fighting the need to plead with him and found clawed hands pushing at hers, forcing her to grip them instead of smooth material.

His tongue, pointed, hot, wet, edged the crease of her leg. Anya bit back a moan. She knew if she spoke, if she moved, then her...guests...vanished, the sheets, falling back to leave her aching and unsatisfied. The sense of the mattress, the sheets melted

away and the hard press of a lithe, muscled body against her spine ran fire beneath her skin. A long, hard cock pushed between her cheeks and the need to push back against it, to let its rough edges find a welcome home in her body, burned through her.

Anya squeezed her eyes shut, the tight coil of need low in her belly. The tongue between her legs eased over her mons, almost, *almost* finding her clitoris. Her short, rasped breaths filling the silence of the domed bedroom, mixed with the play of rough hands over her smooth skin and the lap of a teasing tongue.

And then he licked her and she crushed the hands holding hers, the sudden twist of the sharp fingers on her nipples firing light behind her eyes. Slow, exquisite laps of the clever tongue had her gasping as fingers teased and played against her puckered hole.

Fire licked under her skin and she ached not to come, not yet.

A surprisingly slick finger breached her, pushing in and pulling back, the resistance of her flesh to its touch rippling through her body. Another finger stretched her, working against the tightness of her hole, preparing her. Rough palms eased over her stomach, strong arms holding her to the hard, hot body beneath her.

"Let me in." The masculine growl against her ear ran a delicious shiver through her flesh.

The push and pull of the fingers died away and the hard cock, slick but rough-ridged, nudged against her hole. Anya's heart hammered, the still-licking tongue, the hands playing, tugging at her nipples and the hard body that held her firm had her dizzy, aching. The first push of the heavy cock forced a gasp and the need to writhe, to work him deeper, deeper into her ass.

"Let me in..."

A cock pushed against her teeth as she bit her lip. Without thought, Anya opened her mouth, her tongue teasing over the ridged head that tasted hot, dry and with the intoxicating hint of unknown spices.

The cock in her ass sank deeper and then pulled back and she took the one in her mouth, her neck arching to take him, to fill her, to want more. Her skin blazed, her

mind spiraling. She wanted them to fuck her, for the cock stroking in and out of her ass with a fast, delicious rhythm, for the tongue curling and lapping never to stop, never –

The pace of the cock fucking her mouth increased, matching the harder, insistent thrust of the cock pounding into her body. The tongue licked her, his hands digging hard into her thighs, keeping her wide open to him.

Erratic thrusts had her gasping and the threat of wild release coiled deep in her belly. She wanted them, wanted, needed them all to fuck her, to love her every night.

“Yes. We want you.” The growl against her ear, the press of firm, smooth lips almost had her bucking and a fierce orgasm rioted through her, blinding her, firing as the cock buried in her mouth found its own release, cool liquid spice flowing in a fast rush down her throat. The cock melted away and Anya sucked in her first full breath.

The body beneath her shuddered, hands digging deep as he buried himself hard, deep and then he came, his ragged breaths spiking aftershocks under her trembling skin. He too faded away, taking with him the hands that gripped hers.

The man between her legs pressed a kiss against her wet flesh. He trailed a string of teasing kisses down her damp thighs as the hands cupping her breasts eased back over her skin.

His head lifted and the smooth sheet formed moving lips, the growl of his voice rippling a delicious shiver. A brief, burning kiss touched her mouth and she tasted herself. “We want you too, Anya. All of us. Thank you for letting us love you, share you.”

The sheet dropped and she lay alone in the moonlit darkness, her body damp and sated. She caught her fingers in her tangled hair and blew out a hot breath. She kicked away the sheets, the silver light proving it wasn’t simply a vivid, wild dream. Handprints still burned against her breasts, her stomach, lips trailed down her legs and she knew if she turned herself to a mirror it would show a man’s lithe torso reddening her back.

Cool air washed over her and she shivered. Pulling at the sheet, she curled into it, the spiced scent of her visitors drifting with her. Their smell soothed her, and for a moment she wanted to curl up against their hot bodies and let sleep find her. She sighed. "You're depraved," she murmured. "You really are."

The soft beeping of the communications panel had her groaning. She let out a slew of curses. She wanted to sleep, not work, but with the arrival of her lovers, she knew this time was coming. Her bare feet dropped to the cool, metal floor and she tugged the sheet with her, wrapping it around her body and knotting it over her breasts.

The great curves of her room's windows filled the domed space with the light of the moon her platform orbited and the milky wash of thick starlight. The console ran beneath the windows and Anya dropped onto the low seat and pressed her palm to the ident. "Anya Sigurdson," she muttered, and couldn't hold back the hard yawn.

The screen flashed and she squinted against the sudden glare. "Anya." Her supervisor's sharp smile irked her, Stanton's smooth, perfect features belying his vindictive streak. "Did I wake you?"

She matched his smile with a smirk of her own. "I've taken to wearing a sheet to stave off the boredom." She straightened in her seat and scratched her shoulder. "Your scheduled check-in is three days from now. Did you start to miss me?"

"The lab rats have analyzed your recent results and are squealing about strange readings." Stanton looked to his right, his eyes narrowed. "Data's streaming from the array that indicates an event occurred only moments ago." Her supervisor narrowed dark eyes on her. "And you were asleep."

"An event?" Anya focused on keeping herself relaxed. She had no intention of sharing her experiences with Stanton. He was the one who'd stuck her out in the backend of space to monitor the massive white star for a bunch of slack-jawed academics. Ones who couldn't bring themselves to leave Earth's safe atmosphere. "What sort of event?"

“A bright flare of unknown energy, focused and they think coming from Alpha-Volantis-7’s largest moon.”

Anya glanced up to the long curve of the transparent shielding that formed the windows. The moon’s reflected light washed over her, soothing, and she pulled in a slow breath. Was that where her lovers came from? But her equipment had shown no signs of life on any of the white star’s planets and moons. “So,” she brought her attention back to the screen, “what do you want me to do?”

“Three of these flares have occurred over the past four hours. The lab rats can’t find a correlation yet, but they believe the next one will be in the next three hours.” Stanton’s mouth thinned. “Try and be awake for that event.”

Her supervisor cut the connection and a sharp burst of laughter broke from her. “Yes, I’ll try to stay awake, Stanton.” She stood and stretched her arms above her head, easing the ache of tired muscles, but unfortunately she was awake now. Unknotting the sheet, she threw it to the bed and padded into the small washing facility.

“Low lights,” she murmured, and a soft golden hue splashed over the metal walls, the sink and the clear, sealed shower cubicle. For her isolation, the Academy had allowed her the luxury of a water shower and she sighed as she palmed open the door. It sealed around her, ensuring no precious water vapor escaped. Jets splashed over her legs, belly, breasts, shoulders, hair and her hand edged the smooth wet walls to the alcove that held her soaps.

Lather ran in swift rivulets down her belly, the soft scent of almonds filling the warmed air. Anya sighed and turned her face to the rush of water above her head.

The sudden grip of hands at her ankles had her gasping and she spat water. “What the —”

The fingers tightened around her ankles and lips brushed her ear. “Silence.”

“They’re monitoring you.”

“We know.” His teeth nipped at her earlobe. “Now close your eyes and stay silent. We need to focus.”

Fingers gripped her wrists and lifted her arms above her head, and the bizarre sensation of being gripped by hands, stretching her, had a smile tugging at her mouth. Questions buzzed through her thoughts, but if she voiced them, her mysterious lovers would leave her, and she wasn't quite ready for that.

A mouth closed over her breast, a pointed tongue teasing, rolling her nipple, and she bit at her lip. Another mouth took her other breast and Anya crushed her eyes against the sharp sparks of need rippling through her body.

"Why are you doing this to me?" The thought ran clear in her mind.

"Ah, now you understand." A smile curved the mouth suckling her right breast. *"Voice, your movement, is so much effort. When we could be doing this..."*

Hands gripped her thighs and a nose and tongue nuzzled between the cheeks of her ass. The tongue's pointed tip teased her puckered hole and Anya let loose a string of silent expletives. Soft laughter rolled over her, prickling her skin, the rush of water stinging.

"Why me?" The question burned sudden, sharp, and her belly coiled tight with need at the licking tongue pressing hard between her cheeks. The pressure, the promise of that clever tongue had her empty and aching. She wanted more of them, filling her, fucking her.

"Your flesh is beautiful, succulent, rich. And you enjoy us."

"Who are you?"

"Energy. Unity. The Yalene."

Hands gripped her hips, and the press of male hips against hers and the slide of a thick cock over her pussy had her moaning. He pushed, pushed harder, sliding into her and a collective groan, hers, theirs, washed over her, rising above the splash of the water.

"What do you want from me?"

"To explore you, your energy. And especially to do this..."

The hard thrust of the cock had her gasping, the hands still gripping her wrists and ankles holding her firm. It broke into a bone-melting rhythm with the tongue stealing into her ass in hot, twisting curls.

"We want to hold you and fuck you, Anya." His voice had dropped and the low growl flickered fire under her skin. *"We claim you. You're ours."*

Anya fought to focus, to deny the spirals of need pulsing out from her belly, the need that had her breath short and her chest tight. The mouths on her breasts sucked and licked, their soft, satisfied growls firing through her. By everything unholy, they were driving her insane. *"Yours...?"* And she had to ask again. *"Why?"*

Hot laughter burned over her wet skin. *"We've never known a creature like you, so responsive, so willing to let us do anything, everything... You're addictive."* The hands tightened on her hips and the thrusts became faster, harder, the ridges on its length sparking through her blood, curling the need wanting to tear through her. *"Now silence and let us love you."*

Warm hands slid over her jaw and caught in the wild strands of her hair. Lips brushed hers in a slow exploration, a tongue teasing across her teeth. He deepened the kiss and Anya almost groaned. All of them had the most talented tongues... *"How many of you are there?"*

"As many as you need."

Anya's blood fired at the thought and the hands, the mouths teasing, playing with her body increased until every inch of her burned with someone's touch and still they fucked her, warm flesh pressing against her, surrounding her, invading her.

She met the wild kiss, the only way she could respond to the insanity overwhelming her body. There was no taste of warning coal, only exotic spice and heat, and he met her tongue, teeth, lips with a desperation that matched her own, strong hands cupping her head, holding her. The pressure low in her belly tightened, coiled and the ache to come, grew, deepened.

The cock pounded her, the tongue in her ass pushing in, deep, deep and then— Anya moaned—flicking—

Her world exploded in a violent wave of light and heat, too many hands and mouths driving her trembling body through it and onto another wild, surging release. She screamed into the mouth covering hers and felt the final judder of his hips, filling her, mixing with her. Slowly, slowly, she came to her senses, rough palms easing over her, soothing her, letting her hands fall to strong shoulders as the kiss slowed, softened and melted through her.

A hard body pressed to her breasts, her belly, another to her spine and the two men wrapped around her, warming her, nuzzling her mouth, her shoulders, neck. Anya sighed, sliding her hands over the lithe perfection of the man who kissed her.

"Would you like us again?"

The voices all sounded eerily similar. Already hard cocks pressed against her belly and backside. Anya, her eyes still tightly shut, bit at his lower lip. *"Really?"*

The man at her back, whose fingers teased down her spine and had fresh need curling low in her flesh, smiled against her shoulder. *"With us you are more resilient."* His fingers dipped between her cheeks, teasing over her hole made ready for him by a too-clever tongue.

Anya bucked, driving her hips against the other waiting cock, which slid through to her pussy in one easy thrust. She released a soundless cry and found her mouth filled with hot tongue. The second cock pushed at her hole, demanding entrance, fingers digging into her hips as he drove hard, deep into her resisting flesh.

The overwhelming fullness danced sparks behind her eyes, the mouth covering hers denying her air. And then they started to move in a perfect, unhurried rhythm that had her heart pounding and fire flaring in her blood. They were right. Too right. She needed them again. She was becoming almost as insatiable as they were.

Soft laughter warmed her damp skin and lips brushed her earlobe. *"If we could, we'd stay buried in you, fucking you, loving you, sucking you, licking you..."*

The growled words a loud, rasping hot breath over the shell of her ear had her chest tight and her body aching for more of them, for a harder, faster pace, for the orgasm that burned tighter, tighter...until it exploded, surging through her body in a blistering wave of joy. They came as one, grabbing at her, pulsing into her, low, satisfied groans searing aftershocks through her body. His mouth met her need, tangling with hers as she fought her way through the wildness.

It ebbed away and tender fingers brushed her cheek before, with a final soft kiss, the mouth left her. Her head fell forward onto a hard shoulder and she breathed in the now-familiar scent of their warm skin. They all smelled the same too, a hint of spices and the lush scent of great sex.

A fast, insistent beeping broke through ragged breathing and the soft splash of water.

"Your supervisor," murmured the man behind her, a smile in his voice. *"I think there's been another event."*

Chapter Three

Anya couldn't help the laugh that escaped her. "Damn, missed it. I was in the shower."

"*Thank you, Anya.*" Gentle hands lifted her head and placed a tender kiss on her forehead. "*We want you, need you.*"

"*Need me?*"

But they were fading, easing from her flesh as if they were never there. She willed her eyes open and found herself alone in her shower. Her gut tightened, missing the contact of how they'd held her, soothed her. She turned her face to the warm jets of water and quickly soaped her body clean. Her palms followed the paths rougher hands had taken and little quakes rippled through her flesh.

She smiled and rinsed her hair. Only a few hours and they had her as addicted to them as they seemed to be with her.

She stepped out of the shower, the door rushed shut behind her and she grabbed at towels. Wrapping them tight around her body and hair, she padded into her room. The alarm from the communications console had become more rapid, louder. Anya dried her palm against her hip and activated the device.

"Where the hell—?" Stanton glared at her. "You missed the event because you were *in the shower?*"

"You're wasted as an administrator. Your powers of deduction—"

"Anya." The fury lacing her name broke her words. He straightened in his seat and his expression slid into a more professional mask. "I'm sending a team in. Direct transport. Whatever this is, it's unpredictable and more than one engineer can monitor."

“What? Wait!”

But Stanton had already cut the connection, the long screen flashing black. Panic bubbled through her. More people meant it would be blatantly obvious that the events were beings screwing her – and quite thoroughly. The shallow thought also twisted that with more choice, her lovers would move on to more interesting flesh.

Warm hands gripped her shoulders and she yelped, hastily shutting her eyes.

“We came here for you, Anya. No one else.” Warm lips brushed her neck, lightly nipping at sensitive skin. A sigh had her shivering. *“We’d be insane to give you up.”*

“What’s your name? What can I call you?”

At her words, the hands faded from her skin, the voice distant as he said, *“Call us Damianos.”*

“Damianos.” Anya rolled the word around her tongue and found she liked it.

She willed herself away from the console. Stanton had sent a direct transport – or was about to – and that a small, ultra-high-speed craft held a team of three. Glancing at the time glowing against one of the consoles, she rubbed the towel over her head. 0500. The transport could dock in under four hours. She had to make herself and her platform look presentable. They weren’t packing her off because she was inefficient.

The full gleam of the moon shone into her circular bedroom, and for a moment she allowed its delicate beauty to wash over her. Damianos came from its gray-cratered surface and she would be damned if they dragged her from it.

* * * * *

Anya fiddled and then straightened the stubby collar of her gray service suit. Her fingers moved to the tight weave of her hair before she found control and fixed her hands behind her back. She stood at the clear doors to the curve of the docking bay, watching the slow, smooth maneuvering of the sleek transport into the waiting clamps. Her chest rose and fell in a steady rhythm, and she ignored the tight cramp of her gut.

“Computer, crew manifest.” Now they were practically in her front room, her platform had access to the transport’s data core.

“Nathan Croft, pilot. Doctor Thain Alder, physicist, and Doctor Keve Blayne, xenoarchaeologist.”

The last one caught her breath. They’d been no evidence of alien civilization in the Alpha-Volantis system. Did they now suspect life forms from the energy readings? Had the platform revealed evidence of them with her? Her checks before their arrival had been hurried, only surface level. Nothing had shown, but had her stupid computer system happily rattled off the data to Earth, revealing Damianos’ existence?

Anya forced herself to be calm and she would happily let the arriving crew think it was her two months of isolation that had her so jittery.

The final slow shunt of the transport into the clamps rippled though the platform and Anya shifted her feet to keep her balance. “Docking complete,” murmured the computer.

The clear doors slid back and chilled air prickled against her skin. A door formed in the smooth skin of the ship, flowing back against the hull to reveal a black interior. Anya stood at ease, wanting to give the impression of a calm and slightly bored platform engineer.

“Anya Sigurdson.” A tall, dark man with the flight insignia of a senior pilot strode toward her, meaty hand outstretched. “Nathan Croft.”

His hand, warm, hard, enveloped hers and the physical contact ran shivers under her skin. Croft’s gaze narrowed on her, but she met it with a polite smile. “You made good time, Mr Croft.”

He dropped her hand and glanced back to his ship. “I would’ve been here earlier, but my passengers wanted a little detour.”

“A detour?” Two men stepped down from the transport, both wearing the florid insignia of the Academy under the right shoulders of their black service suits. One man with dark golden hair twitched a smile, the other one darker with a stern face and sharp

green eyes fixed his gaze on her. Anya felt his look down to her toes and fought the need to step back, hide from him. Her gaze darted to the name below the insignia. Keve Blayne. Shit. He knew something.

Anya willed herself to speak. "Find anything interesting on your detour?"

"Me, not so much." Thain Alder held out his hand and a boyish smile curved his mouth. "Keve there," he nodded back to the man who hadn't moved out of the shadow of the transport, "may have just made his career."

"Really?" Anya strained over the word, stopping herself from cringing. "What did you find, Dr Blayne?" She dredged up the role of the put-upon lackey. "My supervisor's been vid-ing on the hour, wanting updates on the events."

Thain blinked. "More have occurred?"

"No." She rushed on. "Well, no I don't think so. I've yet to experience one."

"Stanton said you were in the shower."

Keve's slow, doubting drawl cut through her babble and forced a flush to rise into her cheeks. She swallowed and tried to deny the sudden and unexpected pebbling of her nipples. What the hell...? She reacted to him as quickly as she did to Damianos.

Her stomach hollowed. Was it them? She pulled in a steadying breath and caught no gritty taste of coal in her mouth. Damianos hadn't decided to put on a show for their guests. Anya turned on her heel, her cheeks flaming at the thought of so many invisible creatures fucking her in front of her colleagues.

She swallowed, her throat tight. "If you'll follow me, I'll show you to your quarters." She found control and flashed a smile back over her shoulder. "It's not the largest platform ever constructed, but there's just about room for us all." Keve's sharp eyes held her and worry skittered down her spine. She had to know what he thought he'd found and if she had a right to worry. "So, Dr Blayne, what did you find?"

He increased his pace to match hers. "On the moon?"

They followed the outer curve of the platform, shields stretching clear over them, giving a vast, open view of the moon they orbited and the deep blackness of space. Anya let her eyes drift over the rugged surface. "Is that where you went?"

"We skimmed the surface, testing for Thain's energies and found this." He swung around the bag strapped to his back and yanked open the clips. He pulled out a small silver pyramid, still gritty with gray moon dust. It sat on his palm, catching light from the glow bands pressed into the metal walls of the corridor. Tiny pictographs covered its surface. Keve held up a finger. A slight tremor shook it before he pressed the tip against its apex. The soft hum threaded through the drum of their boots against the metal floor, the tips of the pyramid hinged back and a swirl of glowing light gushed from its interior.

Anya blinked. "What is it?"

Keve pinched the hinges back into place, sealing the pyramid and the curve of the corridor seemed suddenly dull, lifeless. "From what I've been able to decipher, it's a repository."

"For what?"

A smile pulled at his mouth and Anya's stomach hollowed. "That's the question, isn't it?"

Fuck. Anya leaned over and peered at the pyramid, the tiny writing teasing her senses. "My guess? Very, *very* small aliens."

"Small?"

Her gaze flicked up to his and a dark shadow passed through his eyes. Anya shivered and increased her pace, pulling away from her sudden closeness to Keve. The man unnerved her. "Here we are," she declared, slapping her palm against the door plate. Metal doors clanked, grated and slid back into the walls. "Basic staff quarters." Anya took steps back away from the three men. "I'm sure you've all been on a platform before so...enjoy."

Anya strode away, feeling the stiffness in her back, her odd gait, and hoping they weren't watching her escape. Especially Keve Blayne. How the hell could he find that tiny pyramid on the vast expanse of a cratered moon, decipher some of it, and seem to...know...about Damianos?

She slammed her palm against her office door and strode inside. The clear door slid shut behind her. Anya flopped into her deep chair and for the first time in two months hated the fact that her workspace had completely transparent walls. The beauty of open space curved over one half, but the other half stood open to the interior of the platform. If she tilted her head to the left, the door to the staff quarters glared at her.

Irritated, Anya swung her chair away to stare at the curve of the moon.

The night before, she would've been overjoyed to have people—men—join her on her back-of-beyond science platform. But now they, and especially Keve, threatened her. She'd lied to her supervisor, hidden a new life form, hell, she'd had sex with several of them and that would make her a very interesting experiment to another set of lab rats back on Earth.

She shivered. No. That couldn't happen.

Focus on her work, pretend the men didn't exist. That had to be her plan. She'd realigned the array that morning as instructed, so she scrolled up her worksheet. Time for her to lose herself in the platform's biomass filtration chambers. Three extra breathers would be a strain. A smile pulled at her mouth. Nice place to hide out for the afternoon.

"Anya..."

Or not. She fixed a smile on her face and sat back into the padded comfort of her chair. Her gaze remained steady on the man standing in her open doorway, but her gut twisted. Something about him had alarms droning and she couldn't explain it. He was a tall, lean, she would even admit, very attractive man. Keve had been polite, professional and she had the uncomfortable feeling she was projecting her nervousness onto him.

She straightened and her smile eased into something more natural. "How can I help you, Dr. Blayne?"

"Keve." And the smooth, easy way he said his name had her crossing her legs.

Who the hell was this man? "Keve," she repeated.

"I've been sent on a mission," he said, his expression serious.

Anya's heart clenched before she caught the amused glint in his dark eyes. She fought down the urge to thump him. "Your mission?"

"Lunch." A smile twitched across his lush mouth. "Stanton had us dragged from our beds and thrown onto the transport with a mug of coffee and the promise of food here." He ran a hand over his dark hair. "And the others voted me as spokesman."

Her smile grew. Yes, she had to have imagined her earlier suspicion about the man. "Am I so terrifying?"

"Maybe?" He stepped back as she pushed herself to her feet and matched her pace as she walked back to the staff quarters. "Though maybe it's more the rumor getting back of our scrounging. Transports are supposed to arrive with supplies."

"You think I'll ruin your reputation? That other platforms will refuse docking?"

"All we have is our reputation..."

Anya bit back a smile and palmed open the door to the quarters. Too little sleep stretched her nerves and she was relieved to know Keve wasn't the danger she first thought. That had her grinning at Nathan and Thain as they looked up from storing their gear in the narrow lockers lining one wall of the cramped space. "Lunch?"

Thain let out a relieved breath and his tight shoulders dropped. They *had* been worried. The Academy gave her finite supplies, after all. "If it's not too much trouble?"

"That door through there," she said, pointing to the lighter panel behind them. "A small refectory."

Nathan palmed it and the door rolled back, the metal following the curve of the room. "After you, Anya," he said, standing back.

She led the way down the stairs into the circular room, bubbled in a clear shield. Tables bolted to the metal platform set into the floor. The small kitchen unit stretched out behind the stairs, leaving the view free of deep space and the shallow curve of the moon and its distant planet. Anya dialed up her usual spiced vegetable soup and waited while the tech hummed. Biomatter from her filtration chambers fed a fair proportion of her diet, but with three men on her orbiting platform, it would put a strain on her supplies and her air.

A soft beep and a hatch shot back. The bowl of steaming soup and soft bread filled the room with the warm scent of vegetables. Anya grabbed her tray and pushed herself onto the bench ringing the table. Breaking the bread, she dipped a piece into the thick soup.

"So you missed these events?" Thain sat next to her with one of the three choices of stew. He picked out a too-square lump of meat with a fork, examining it before he ate. He chewed thoughtfully and waved his fork at her. "I've never seen anything quite like it. The energy signatures, they seemed almost..." He blushed and looked back to his plate. Yes, if he voiced anything close to the truth, the Academy would probably have his doctorate. Crackpots could theorize energy-based life forms, but for a respected scientist to openly admit it... It could cost him his job. "They seemed very interesting."

Keve didn't seem to hold Thain's reservations. "This is a container for something living." He planted the pyramid in the center of the clear tabletop and sat to Anya's right. With a light press of his fingertip, the apex opened and a soft glow shrouded the peak.

Anya shifted on her bench. Through the rich scents of food, the distinctive and bitter taste of coal itched against her tongue. The scent connected the device to Damianos. Keve called it a repository. Did they need it to exist? Her stomach twisted and the bread tasted sour in her mouth as another thought hit her. Or was it their prison?

"Anya... Did we feel like felons to you?"

She almost choked and fought to chew the bread still in her mouth. *"Not fair."*

"We never promised to be fair. We promised to fuck you. Would now be good?"

"Anya?" Nathan's dark eyes narrowed on her and the flush deepened in her cheeks. He sounded genuinely concerned. "You all right?"

She chewed and swallowed, her gut tight at the thought of her lovers' hands sliding over her body and her being unable to resist them. She hadn't missed the smirk that came with Damianos' words. They might not be criminals, but they were evil. Silent male laughter skittered down her spine. "Went down the wrong way."

Anya focused on her soup, stirring her spoon through and over the thick chunks of vegetable. Her heart pounded and—damn them to whatever dimension of hell they called home—her pussy ached. "So..." She drew in a calming breath and kept her voice light. "What's the plan?" She glanced at Thain and forced herself to smile. "I stay out of your way and you sit on the array waiting for another event?"

"They're not regular. We've measured them at roughly every three hours. Though the last two came really close together."

Keve snorted. "You can't say it, Thain, but I can. They're life forms and they're trying to make contact with us through this array."

Nathan snorted and jabbed his fork at the xenoarchaeologist. "I've piloted for the Academy for ten years and I've seen weird phenomena." He smirked and stabbed his fork into layered pasta. "Far too much. But nothing that could have the director dropping me into an ice tube for serious mental reconditioning."

Keve shrugged and jabbed his knife against the silver pyramid. Metal clinked against metal and ran a shiver over her skin. "I've seen something like this before."

Anya blinked and spoke without thought. "You have?"

"A side panel with most of the words erased through time and weathering, but it matched this."

Thain chuckled. "He's been like this since the arm picked the pyramid out of that crater. The energy readings don't match, Keve." The physicist's head tilted and he focused on the small, glowing pyramid. "It is an incredible find though." He paused. "There's something about the quality of the light, the slow ripple of it down over the pictographs..." His voice trailed away before he snapped back, making Anya jump. A blush ran over his cheeks. "Sorry, it's almost addictive."

Nathan pinched at the bridge of his nose. "Yes," he murmured.

Anya looked between the two men, confused. The pyramid emitted a steady white light, no ripples, nothing interesting at all. She risked a glance back to Keve and found his expression strange, almost thoughtful. And there was that uneasy feeling back in her stomach. Keve wore too many masks. His eyes met hers and something wry lurked in their depths. Was he experimenting on his colleagues?

Anya snapped her attention back to her soup and the spoon in her hand. Eat her soup and carry on with her work. Keve Blayne could play whatever games he wanted with the men with whom he'd arrived...and leave her out of it.

"So you have your plan?" she said, breaking the sudden silence. Her spoon clattered into the empty bowl and she pushed herself away from the table to take her tray to the kitchen unit. "You see, I have my schedule to follow..."

Thain's dark eyes slid to her and her stomach hollowed. Something in him had changed. Nerves and heat warred within her. "Yes, we have our plan," he murmured.

"Ah, all right, good." Anya backed up the stairs, her hand running slick against the metal rail. Her life had spun out of control in a few short hours and she needed some semblance of order. She jabbed a thumb back up the stairs. "I'll be in the biomass filtration chambers if you need me."

With that, she turned and almost ran out of the refectory.

Chapter Four

Anya drew the oxygen-rich air deep into her lungs and let out a slow sigh. The first chamber, a large domed room deep in the interior of the platform, burst with plant life, the golden light of a new morning creeping over the curved blue ceiling. She ran her fingers over the soft leaves of the nearest plant. Small buds promised flowers in a few short days.

She focused and pushed through the first row of dense planting to the monitoring equipment buried in the wall. She palmed the plate, waiting for it to slide back. The soft hum of the revealed tech mixed with the rustle of vegetation and the whirr of insect life. Her practiced eye scanned the pulsing organic instrumentation. "Working well today," she murmured, pressing to move the plate back into place with a familiar hiss and clunk.

Her body jerked forward, thumping into the wall, and a half cry escaped her. A hard torso pressed against her back and a boot kicked her legs apart. "Wearing flesh. It's been a while." The soft voice sounded like Thain Alder...but underneath, Anya knew that hint of a growl and then she tasted it, the bitter burn of coal.

She twisted her head to look behind her and the physicist grinned at her, something confident, possessive and not like the man she'd left behind in the refectory. Well, not until that scorching final stare... "Damianos?"

"You wanted us to take you in front of them."

Heat scalded her cheeks. Yes, only Damianos would know that embarrassing thought. "I did not."

His hands slid over her breasts and pulled at the tabs securing her uniform. He slipped teasing fingers inside to circle her nipple.

Anya's forehead pressed against the smoothness of the wall, needing to deny the low pulse in her belly. "You can't do this. Just...wear...someone else." She moaned, but didn't fight him as he pulled the uniform over her shoulders, exposing her to the warm, damp air. "Is he...there...?"

"No." Warm lips pressed to her shoulder and he drew in a heavy breath. "You're ours, not his." The words tightened her pussy and she swallowed. Open-mouthed kisses chased over her skin and Anya wanted more, wanted them to fuck her again.

"This is insane," she murmured as Damianos used his borrowed hands to strip the rest of her uniform from her body. Fingers teased over her ribs, up to her shoulders until he gripped her arms, urging them up. His fingers ran over her skin until his hands flattened hers to the wall above her head. "Completely insane."

There was the soft click of opening buttons. His heavy cock nudged against her ass, and Anya drew in a sharp breath. "Do you want us to stop?" he asked

"Now *you're* the crazy one."

His laughter brushed hot against her neck, the smooth nap of his service suit soft against her bare skin. A slow hand slid over her hip, exploring, playing until his index finger dipped and teased her clitoris. She gasped and it pushed further. Anya felt Thain's smile against her skin. "You're so wet for us, so ready." His other hand slipped though the cleft of her ass and the press of his smooth cock, pushing hot against her pussy, had a hollow, needy ache coiling tight.

Thain groaned, Damianos' growl underlying it as he slid deep into her pussy, filling her. His free hand found her breast, cupping, tweaking an aching nipple, making her push back against him as the need for him to move rioted through her.

"Damianos..." Their name was almost a moan. And then he pulled back, and pushed hard into her, grunting at the effort. Her fingers curled tight against the smooth wall. She wanted nothing more than to feel them, feel all of them in the warm, damp air of the sealed chamber where she could scream her release and no one would –

"Thain, what the hell are you doing?"

Croft's sudden barked question froze her, but not the pounding of Thain's hips, the tight pinch of his fingers over her nipple, nor the fingertip that rasped against her clitoris. He had to stop but... The knowledge that Croft watched seared fire through her flesh. Damianos growled against her skin, the hard slap of his hips against her ass, his defiance had her hot and there, just...

Orgasm smashed into her. Anya bit at her lip to stop the scream that wanted to tear from her throat. Her head dropped and she crushed her eyes shut against the sudden wave of embarrassment. Now she had to face the fallout of being found naked with a man she'd only known for half an hour.

"Turn her."

Anya's stomach dropped. That didn't sound like... Thain pulled free of her body and with his hands steady on her hips, guided her trembling body to face the pilot.

Nathan Croft gave her a hard grin that matched the one she'd seen on Thain's face. His gaze slid over her nakedness and she didn't miss the excited gleam. "Did you enjoy the idea of being caught, Anya?"

Thain's hand at her hip caressed her skin, slipping to play below her navel. "Oh, she did," he murmured. "Almost milked me at the thought."

Croft's head tilted to one side and he looked behind her to the man whose hips absently pushed against hers, his still-hard cock slipping, sliding between the dampness of her ass. "We're still hard," he said. The pilot's dark eyes fixed on her and the need there had her empty pussy clenching. "And we need to eat her."

Nathan dropped to his knees and grabbed her thighs. His hot tongue licked her, curling to find her clitoris with an accuracy that had Anya fisting his silky hair. Behind her, Thain's cock, slick from her, pushed against her ass. Already fresh spirals of pleasure wound through her flesh. "You're going to kill me."

Thain's lips brushed her ear and the hot contact had her gasping. "That's the very last thing we want from you. Warm, living flesh, we ache for it, need it. Here, it sustains us."

"These men..." The pilot's teeth grazed her clitoris and the surge had her bucking against him, his fingers biting into her thighs. "Are you going to...keep...them?"

"Them?" Thain thrust deep and Anya cried out at the sudden fullness of him buried in her ass. He growled against her ear and pulled back slow, her body resisting him, and the new flare of orgasm thickened her flesh. She couldn't fight it, soon she would explode.

"No. But for now as we're buried so hard and deep," he twisted his hips and she moaned, "in your delicious flesh that we could fuck you forever. They'll do. Very nicely." The pounding of his hips met the rhythm of his words, met the rapid, sure tongue of the man on his knees before her. Their sounds, slaps, licks, satisfied groans, had the need in her growing tighter, tighter —

Croft ripped his mouth away, and before she knew what was happening, his tongue was in her mouth, her legs around his waist and his cock thrust hard, fast, pounding into her aching pussy. For a glorious moment they fucked her in unison, slamming deep into her willing flesh, the wild kiss tasting of her, them and someone unknown. She couldn't hold back. Couldn't —

Anya screamed and found the raw sound swallowed as the men took her, swept her into a fiery orgasm that blistered across her mind. Somewhere in the maelstrom, they found their own release and the kiss, their hands, their thrusts eased, softened into a luscious afterglow of touching and tasting that had Anya trembling as their mouths, tongues, fingers explored and caressed her in wonder.

The pilot's thumb wiped a tear from her cheek, his smile soft. He placed a gentle kiss on her mouth, his tongue tip teasing her upper lip. "Thank you," he murmured. "Wearing flesh with you is delightful."

Anya snorted a laugh. "That has to be one of the more bizarre things I've ever heard."

He slid from her pussy and Anya missed the close contact. Thain placed a kiss on her shoulder and eased free from her ass. Suddenly she felt exposed, empty, and didn't

know what to do with her hands. The physicist handed her her service suit and she struggled into it, her sweaty, sticky skin fighting the smooth fabric.

Thain smoothed his hands over her shoulders while the creature who lived in Croft ran slow fingers over the tabs securing her suit. More than once his fingers teased an aching nipple and she glared at him. "This is going to be awkward." She stood on her tiptoes and traced her tongue along his bottom lip, finding herself pulled into a soft kiss, his tongue, his lips tasting her, wanting to know her with a thoroughness that could so easily lead to yet more nakedness...

Anya pulled back and blew out a tight breath, ignoring the play of Thain's fingers over her mons. "He's bound to notice the taste of me on...you...him." Shit, this was confusing and the clever, relentless fingers of both men, mixing, playing between her thighs didn't help. Tight pulses of pleasure flashed under her skin as blunt fingertips circled and pressed through the thin fabric of her suit. Damn it, she should've been raw, aching, sated, but she wasn't.

"We share energy. As we need you, you need us. And to need us, you must enjoy full health," Croft murmured, his hand cupping her breast, a thumb teasing over a taut nipple. His mouth covered hers and the slow tease of his tongue, the play of fingers over her breasts, between her legs, all too quickly rushed a brief flare of release through her flesh.

Anya sagged against the hard body of the pilot, listening to the rapid thud of his heart. She pulled in a weary breath, mixing his warm scent with the familiar bitter coal of Damianos. "So glad you're not Keve."

Thain's palm stroked down her spine in slow, soothing caresses. "You don't like him?"

"He unnerves me." More than that, but she couldn't admit to her unexpected attraction, right there, right then. So she squeezed her thighs, twisting, trapping their fingers against her pussy and enjoying the little aftershocks with a quick gasp. A flush

ran under her cheeks. Damianos really was a bad influence. "And he knows about you...in a way. He found an artifact, a silver pyramid."

"Yes, his opening it allowed us to borrow these men." The pilot ran a hand up over her hip to cup her breast. It was obviously a favorite place for him and the easy, idle patterns he pressed into her flesh soothed her. "They won't remember any of this." A sharp grin pulled at his mouth. "We'll scrub them down before we give them back."

Anya laughed and shook her head. "You're incorrigible."

Thain squeezed her ass and she yelped. "We know."

Reluctantly she pulled away from the warmth of their bodies. She backed away from them, down the narrow aisle leading to the chamber door. "Have fun playing with your flesh."

"These men will never be as much fun as you." Croft's gaze ran down Thain's lithe body. He wrinkled his nose. "No, not even close."

Anya smirked at them. "You say the nicest things." The door to the chamber slid open behind her and she stepped back through it. It eased into place and with it shut, her body sagged. She let her forehead fall against the cool metal. Her palms pressed against it, her fingers stretching, the pull of them breaking her thoughts on the men, creatures, whatever in the chamber beyond. "I'm crazy, they're crazy," she murmured, but she didn't want to give up something so incredible. No one, *no one* had ever wanted her as much — nor as often — as Damianos.

A wry smile pulled at her mouth. And she had to move before they left the chamber, or she'd find herself stripped and sandwiched between them again.

Anya groaned against the sudden flare of heat in her flesh, the ache in her pussy. "Do your job, Engineer Sigurdson." She pushed herself away from the wall and followed the curve of the corridor to the second chamber. "They'll find you again soon enough." That thought had her grinning as she palmed open the next door.

* * * * *

Her rounds in the filtration chambers over, Anya headed back to her office. A short while and she would have to sit down and eat with the two men she'd left in the first chamber. A wry smile pulled at her mouth. That would be...odd.

She palmed her office door and ordered up water from her food unit. She'd taken the senior administrator's office and that brought her that rank's privileges. Taking the cold glass from the small shelf, she pressed it to her warm forehead and let out a slow sigh. "If I can't get to Theta-Scorpii-3, then its den of depravity comes to me."

The door to her office hissed open and Anya's heart jumped. She pulled in a breath, but no scent of coal burned against her tongue. So whoever it was wasn't there to screw her on her desk. Shame. She'd never had desk sex. Anya turned, fixing her professional smile in place. It dipped as she met Keve's sharp, green eyes.

He crossed the threshold and the door hissed shut behind him.

Anya took a sip from her glass, letting the cool water ease the tightness of her throat. She wouldn't fall into the trap of thinking she was projecting her suspicion onto him. "How can I help you, Keve?"

His gaze narrowed on her. "You won't stand in my way."

She frowned at him and pulled her chair around to sink into it. Anya needed an action to distract her from his unexpected statement. She stared into her glass, its moisture cool against her fingers. "My supervisor opened the platform to you." She took another sip before placing her glass on the clear surface of her desk. "I'm not in anyone's way."

"You know what I'm talking about." He dug into his pocket and pulled out a triangular piece of metal. Light cut across its worn surface and something about the quality of the metal looked familiar. "Five years ago I lost four days. No tech has been able to retrieve what happened to me. All I have is this," he held up the metal, turning it to catch the light. It glowed... A pyramid. It had formed a part of another repository. "And a reprieve."

Anya stared at him. "A reprieve?"

A muscle jumped in the man's jaw and he rubbed his thumb hard against the small piece of metal he held. "I'd been diagnosed with Arama-Marne's disease."

She couldn't help the wince. Rare, nasty and invariably fatal, it attacked the brain, turning it to pulp. But the disease acted fast. "This was five years ago? Once the symptoms start to show, isn't it...?"

"Weeks." Keve gave a sharp nod. "I should've been dead and unlamented a long time ago." She matched his wry smile. "I'm a medical marvel. My harvested antibodies have added years to the lives of others."

"But not a cure."

His lips thinned. "No. I have a projected six months. Maybe less. Others given my cure are already dead."

Her stomach cramped. Keve Blayne had been possessed, as Damianos had possessed Nathan and Thain. And, as they'd strengthened her, they'd given Keve life. "You think the pyramid you found on the surface will do the same thing?"

"Metallurgical tests prove the piece I have is the same, even if Thain's energy signatures differ. What's left of the writing is identical. I've hunted for years. And the...events...here were too similar to what I *can* remember." His chin lifted. "This is my only chance of living and you won't deny me it."

"Why would you think I'd deny you?"

Keve moved closer to her desk and Anya fought the need to shrink back to the soft, protective padding of her chair. His dark intensity pushed raw under her skin. "My missing time didn't only give me a reprieve from my illness. I also came away with a sense of others who've been touched by this thing." His green eyes narrowed. "And Anya, it's all over you."

"What is?"

"They are."

"They?"

Keve leaned forward, heavy palms planted against her desk. The metal in his hand clattered against the tough surface. "Look, you can dance around this all you want. Thain is here to chase phantom energy spikes and Nathan is our executive ride home." He paused and anger shifted in a dark shadow over his eyes. "I'm here because I want to live. Whoever—whatever—resides in that pyramid ordered me to open it in the presence of the others. I did. I thought..." He stared down, rubbing his thumb over the gleaming triangle of silver metal. "I thought that would be it, another five years of health. But my condition hasn't changed."

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "But weren't you worried that you could be putting Croft and Thain in danger?"

"I woke up naked and alone five years ago." Something else gleamed in his eyes, something that reminded her too much of the desire she'd witnessed in the two men she'd left not long before. "I hadn't *been* alone and I felt *very* sated. I'm sure my two colleagues will feel the same way."

Anya willed down the blush she knew wanted to stain her cheeks.

"But then you know what I'm talking about, don't you, Anya?" His head tilted and he pulled in a deep breath. His eyes darkened and something in his gaze had her nipples peaking. "You reek of sex."

She turned the subject away from such dangerous territory. "So what do you have to do now? Open the pyramid to me?"

"It's been opened close to you." Keve shrugged. "I'm still awaiting new orders."

"This is crazy," she muttered, and reached for her glass again. The water eased her tight throat. "Aliens don't live in little metal boxes."

"Think of it more like a gateway." He straightened. "So what are they?" His laugh was harsh, bitter. "And don't pretend you have no idea what I'm talking about. Stanton didn't hire you for your ability to lie, believe me."

Anya had to go with her gut...and her computer. "Computer, verify Keve Blayne's medical condition."

“Doctor Keve Blayne has entered a slowed fourth and final stage of Arama-Marne’s disease. This stage is marked by —”

“Thank you,” Keve broke in, his voice hard. “I don’t need my symptoms listed.”

She bit at her lip and took another quick sip. “I don’t know what they are, but they’re called the Yalene.” A small, embarrassed smile pulled at her mouth. “And, well, you know what they want from me.” Anya put the glass on the table. “So what do *you* want?”

Keve straightened and let out a slow breath. “I offer myself.”

She stared at him. “Offer yourself?”

“As I said, I thought the opening of the pyramid would begin my...possession. It wasn’t. I’ve been hunting for five years and now my time is running out.” A stain ran dark across his cheeks. “I want to live, Anya.”

Her heart tightened in her chest and she bit at her lip. His pain gripped her. Anya let out a tight breath. “It’s not up to me. Damianos...” Speaking their name forced a pause and with it came the first bitter taste of coal. She pressed her trembling fingers to her lips, suddenly nervous. Somehow it felt different. It wasn’t simply about her pleasure or Damianos’, it was Keve’s life.

“Anya?” His green eyes narrowed on her.

“Are you...you?”

Keve’s eyes darkened, he pulled in a deep breath and rolled his head from side to side. “Which ‘you’ do you want us to be?”

“Damianos?”

Keve smiled, something wicked and filled with charm. “In the flesh.”

“Funny.” She rubbed her thumb over her palm, pressing hard into her flesh. “Can you push back his disease?”

He stared at his hand, turning it over to examine the sun-browned skin. Flexing his fingers, he frowned. “Another of our kind has taken him before.” A brief smile lifted his

mouth and his voice softened. "Ah, Hadia. We never thought to experience them again." His fingertips rubbed together, the slight rasp the only sound in the silent office. "They enjoyed this body." He snorted. "Enjoyed him for days. But then that's Hadia, pushing everything to the extreme. The very first of us to break into his dimension."

Damianos' sudden seriousness gave her the first chance to question him. "Who are you?"

"Energy. Unity." The twitch of a smile eased the grave expression from his face and Anya's cheeks burned with the memory of where they'd last said those words. "We were a race living too long without pleasure. Hadia's solution was to find flesh." His eyes gleamed and the smile curving his mouth turned wicked. "Now here we are."

The familiar rush of need ran hot through her veins and her thighs squeezed as she tried to deny the growing ache. Seeing Damianos grinning at her from Keve's face unnerved her. She had to know that the man would get all he needed to survive his fatal disease. "And Keve will go into remission?"

"I could do more than that."

Anya blinked. "*Keve?*"

It was him. She knew it. The slight shift in the way he stood, the easing back of the wicked smile into something more restrained. Still, it had a promise that had her recrossing her legs in the hope of relieving some of her growing tension. It didn't work.

Keve's head tilted. "We have something of a proposition for you."

Her stomach hollowed and she couldn't ignore the increased beat of her heart. She wet her lips and Keve's gaze fixed on her mouth. Her voice became little more than a squeak. "Really?"

"I can feel Damianos," he murmured, "like a fine sheen under my skin. Their strength, their history." His gaze turned inward, his expression thoughtful. "They shared it all with me as they harnessed themselves to my flesh." Keve found her eyes again and desire warmed them. "And something about us, the mix of our biological energies makes it...pleasurable...for their kind to interact with us."

“Pleasurable?”

“Damianos wants you in *every* way.” A wry humor lit his face and Anya *knew* he was reviewing memories of her last few hours. Her cheeks burned, but the heat in his eyes increased. “And that is what they want to propose.” He walked around her desk, his gaze never leaving hers. Anya’s breath caught in her throat as he swiveled her chair around to face him. He gripped the armrests in tight hands and leaned over her. Anya pushed back into the soft padding. Her nipples peaked under her shirt and Keve’s gaze drifted down her body. “They live in me, are harnessing themselves to me right now and they want to continue to play with you.” He glanced away and drew in a deep breath before he looked back. A small smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. “To do that, you have to accept me.” The smile faded. “Please.”

Chapter Five

Anya ran her fingertips in a light touch over his knuckles and the sudden contact was electric. The attraction to Keve had stolen over her, surprised her. Was it a part of Damianos? They favored him so she did too? She watched her forefinger play down the curve of his thumb before she looked up at him. "Just you and me?"

"If you'd rather Damianos —"

Anya broke into his question. "How long will this go on? You, me," she couldn't help her smile, "them? For your time on the array? Will it carry on after my duty is up?" She blinked. "Can they leave here?"

"Damianos is bound to the pyramid. It stretched their energy to the limit reaching out to you from the moon's surface. But they found me," he gave short laugh, "or I found them and now there's the possibility of a permanent bond...if you agree."

"And that would cure you?"

For a moment he was silent. He straightened and stepped back from her, his body tense. "I don't want guilt or a sense of obligation to force you into this."

"It isn't." Anya pushed herself out of her chair. Nerves ate at her stomach and the sensation was unexpected. Something about having sex with Keve was important to get right and she couldn't explain why. So she undid the first three tabs on her service suit, her fingers delaying on the fourth. "Where are Croft and Thain?"

"Sleeping. Possession can be exhausting."

She smirked and more tabs came free. The smooth material dropped free from her shoulders and cool air brushed over her bared skin. "Then where would you like me, Dr Blayne?"

Keve blinked. "You want to go ahead?"

"No, I want to stand naked in my office." She laughed. "Has it been a while, Keve?" A shadow flickered through his gaze and Anya could've kicked herself. He'd spent his time searching for another pyramid, hunting down his chance to live. Had that been his prime focus above everything else? She ran her hand over her braided hair. That was her nervousness. Instinctively, she'd known how unsure he was. "Keve." She took his hand, gently squeezing his warm, dry palm. "You have Damianos' memories." She took a step closer, almost pressing up to his chest. His scent pulled into her lungs, warm, male skin with hints of cologne and the soft scent of soap. "You already know everything about me."

His fingers tightened around hers and for a moment she was certain Damianos flickered bright in his green eyes. Then Keve was back and a faint blush stained his cheeks. "Yes, yes I do." His finger brushed her jaw in a gentle caress, the contact rippling a quick shiver under her skin. "How you taste." Keve leaned in, teased the lightest kiss across her lips and she gasped. The kiss deepened, a slow, delicious tasting that curled all the way down to her toes. Damn, he had a clever tongue. He pulled back and his forehead rested against hers. The affectionate gesture tightened her chest. "Is exactly as I remember. That is...strange."

"Should we stay here?" Her voice sounded croaky and she swallowed, her heart still beating hard. Keve's mouth tempted her again, so close she burned to trace her tongue along his bottom lip. The man was unexpectedly addictive. "Or find my room?"

His firm lips curved into a smile and Anya found herself mirroring it. "You've never had sex on your desk. I think that should be rectified."

Anya didn't want to think how he knew, and let his warm hands slide down over her ribs, waist, to tighten against her hips. Kev turned her toward her desk. Her ass hit it and she grinned. "I work alone."

"Not today."

Anya laughed and gave in to temptation. Her mouth found his, losing herself in the softest kiss, teasing, tasting, enjoying him. She ran her fingers through the tangle of his

dark hair, drawing him closer. Keve eased her back onto the cold surface of the desk, his hands sliding down to her thighs. He parted them further, his thumbs pressing through the thin fabric to tease sensitized flesh...and then he pressed up against her.

"It's been a while," he murmured against her lips as his fingers found her suit and worked more tabs free. "I had to prioritize."

"Less talking, more getting naked."

"But you make a compelling argument."

He pushed down the fabric and she wriggled to help him pull it from her hips, legs, until it pooled to the floor. The clear surface of the desk pressed cold against her skin and she shivered as she grinned. "And you're still not naked."

He shucked off his shirt. Anya ran light fingers over the smooth perfection of his chest, playing with the lithe run of muscle. She felt the power of exploration, the first chance she'd had to touch, to trace over warm skin and not rush into a blinding surge of sensation. She pressed her lips to his collarbone, her tongue teasing along, tasting his skin. Anya closed her eyes. Salt-sweet with the bitter hint of coal sharpened on her tongue. She curled her tongue-tip around his nipple, her palms easing over his ribs so that she could snake her arms up the warmth of his spine.

Keve groaned, his arms wrapping around her as he buried his face against her neck. He pulled in a deep breath and crushed her to him. Anya grinned and tugged hard at his nipple. Keve growled. "You're not playing nice."

"Was I meant to?"

She felt his grin against her skin before he lifted his head. His mouth hovered over hers. "I think you've been very naughty."

Anya couldn't resist the need to tease her tongue over his lip again, drawing him into a kiss that washed down to her toes. She fisted her fingers in his hair as his mouth took her, stroking heat and desire deep into her flesh. Anya broke away with a gasp. "You're very good at that."

"I'm *very* single-minded."

A laugh escaped her and she ran her fingers down the cooled flesh of his spine to slide under the band of his trousers. She pushed at the thick material, easing them down. Her nails scraped over thick muscle and he twitched. "That's a good trait."

His fingers already tugged at her underwear. "I thought so too."

Keve's mouth found hers again as her panties dropped to the floor. He pushed forward and his cock brushed against her damp flesh. Anya groaned and he deepened the kiss. Damianos was assured, took control to please her, but Keve—Anya ran her palm the length of his spine—was deliciously human.

He gripped his cock and teased the head over her sensitive flesh, swallowing her soft moans. His skilful mouth already danced sparks behind eyes and she arched her spine, urging him to sink into her willing flesh. She wanted him. A slow exploration, a quick fuck, all of it. The sudden emotion, the need, surprised her, and she went with it, enjoying him, the first push of him into her flesh flaring a burst of bright release.

Anya pushed forward, taking him deeper. She grabbed his ass and he growled against her mouth. "This will end all too quickly."

She pulled in a quick breath, the slow shift of his hips spiraling need deep into her flesh. "Desk sex should be quick and hard."

"Is that the rule?"

Anya grinned at him. "Yes."

"Then I'd hate to disappoint." He wet his lips. "Put your hands on the edge of the desk. Grip it."

Anya lifted an eyebrow. "You're giving me orders now?"

Keve's eyes gleamed and she tightened her muscles around his cock, wanting him. He groaned and the rush of desire thickened in his gaze. "I'm waiting."

The dark promise in his voice had her heart pounding. She slid her hands around his hips, her nails teasing until her hands hit the cold surface of the desk. Her fingers

curled around the curved edge and she almost lost her balance as Keve arched her back. His palms hit the desk and he leaned over her. Anya breathed in his scent, savored the heat of his skin against hers. She liked Keve. So much more than she expected.

“Ready?” His smile turned wicked, playful, and the sudden push of his hips had her gasping.

She ached to kiss him, to lose herself in this taste. “More than ready.”

“Good.”

His hot hand pressed against her spine, supporting her before his mouth took hers in a slow, deep kiss that curled heat down to her toes. Her body shook and her fingers bit into the edge of the desk. Keve’s hips echoed his kiss, slow, deep thrusts that burned up from her pelvis. She hooked her calves around his thighs, wanting him faster, harder, more of him, all of him. Keve swallowed her increasing moans of need, rewarding her with deepened thrusts.

Tightened coils of need low in her belly had her meeting his hips, the soft slap of their flesh, the muted moans filling her office. Her tongue stoked hard against his, her teeth nipping at his lips. She ached to cling to him, for him to slam into her body and release the orgasm burning so close to the edge of her flesh she could almost taste it.

Keve growled and ripped his mouth from hers. He buried his face against her neck, his breath hot and rasping over her ear, sending tight shivers that brought her release —

“Come for me, Anya. Scream my name.”

The hot, dark words arched her spine and her release splintered over her mind in a breaking rush of heat, light and endless joy. Anya thought she cried out something that might have been his name, but the strangled word was unrecognizable.

Keve held her, his hips driving hard against hers. His teeth nipped at her earlobe, sharpening the flickers of release still coursing her flesh before he came with a low groan. He crushed her to him and let out a long sigh. Anya slid her arms around his damp skin, teasing down his spine and unable to deny the smile breaking across her mouth.

"Thank you."

Keve drew away and pulled up his trousers. He leaned in again to press a soft kiss against her lips. It tasted of him and the bitter hint of coal. Damianos. Keve had pushed them from her thoughts and she laughed. "Are you cured, Keve?"

His mouth stilled and he pulled back. Stroking her tangled hair from her face, his head tilted. "I feel...more alive than I have in a long time. But I think..." Keve's words fell away and a smile eased over his mouth, something sharp, wicked, and her heart jumped. Damianos. "You forgot us?" The smile deepened and suddenly Keve was gone. Completely. "Bad, Anya."

"Damianos..." The name came out on a little sigh and her reward was a sharp nip at her bottom lip. It stung. "Is Keve...?"

"We share this body." A fingertip ran over her mouth, teasing the still-stinging skin. "And Keve wanted us to share in the moment." The wicked smile grew again. "You enjoyed him?"

"Yes." She ran her fingers through her damp hair, staring at Keve and seeing only Damianos in his eyes, in the sharp twist of his mouth. The memory of Keve, of his incredible ability to kiss her until she forgot everything else swept over her and had her heart pounding.

She found a smile on his familiar face. "I can see that you did. Keve has talents you should explore further."

Anya blinked and tried to wrap her mind around her situation. "So...this is for keeps? You tie yourself to him...and then what?"

Damianos traced a slow finger along her jaw. "We have you. You're *ours*." He stepped back and retrieved her underwear, dropping them into her hand. "And we promise, with us, time and aging will no longer concern you."

Anya wriggled into her panties and found her crumpled service suit. Her life had become insane, it really had. "It's that simple?"

"Not simple." The sharp grin returned. "More...interesting."

Her eyes narrowed. "You're making me suspicious." Keve took her hand, and she realised it *was* him, not Damianos. "And can you say when you're going to swap?"

"Why?" Keve's fingers tightened around hers and pulled her toward the door. The clear panel parted with a soft hiss. "You can sense the difference immediately."

"Where are we going?"

"As Damianos said, this is about to get interesting."

Anya stopped, and tugged back on his hand. She pulled in a tight breath, her mouth thinning. "I want to know what's happening here, what's going to happen." She untensed her shoulders, letting them drop and her fingers flexed around his. "I'm obviously more than happy to go along with what you, they have planned, but I also like details."

"Details..." Keve drawled the word, soft, slow, and the small hairs rose on the back of her neck.

He could do that. Stir her with simple things, his voice, a look, that hint of a smile growing on his mouth. And Damianos had promised them endless unageing time... Suddenly the thought was appealing. "Yes, details would be nice."

"We will share you, now, always." Keve stepped closer to her and the light from the watching moon washed over his smooth features, silvered his dark hair. His fingers curled against her jaw. "Damianos needs us, through us they experience living, pleasure. And we get a chance to thoroughly enjoy that pleasure."

He brushed a light, tantalizing kiss over her lips and Anya sucked in a breath, denying her need to take his mouth and push Keve up hard against the curve of the wall. "And how will that work with me here and you on Earth?"

Keve's hand slid from her jaw, dropped lightly over her arm until he found the curve of her hip. He squeezed. "You have how many days left here?"

"Thirteen."

"Then Thain investigates the now-nonexistent energy readings and I drag out the time until your replacement shuttles in." His hand eased from her hip to caress her ass and drew her flush to his hard body. "And then you come back with us."

"I'm on rotation. I'd be back here —"

Keve kissed her and all thought dissolved. Her hands fisted in his shirt, heat and desire firing under her flesh. The cool wall impacted her spine and Keve pressed hard against her. "I need a new assistant." His lips burned over hers, his breath hot and sweet. Green eyes held her, darkened with need. "I reviewed your file. One of your qualifying subjects was anthropology. Good enough for a transfer within the Academy." With a sharp smile, he bit at her lip. "So our immediate plans are sorted."

Anya grinned and took his mouth, wanting to lose herself in another of his incredible kisses. He gripped her ass, grinding against her pubic bone and splinters of white heat flared. She was tempted, so tempted to strip him again, but she broke his kiss with a regretful sigh. If this was her new life, she'd start it right. Because it was a beginning. *Their* beginning. "We should try to practice private groping from now on."

Keve laughed and let out a long breath. "Yes, we should." He stepped back from her and held out his hand. Anya took it and curled her fingers into the heat of his palm. His green eyes sparked as he looked at her and she was certain a flash of Damianos burned there. Her belly tightened as Keve grinned. He tugged her forward. "Come on. Damianos is waiting for us."

About the Author

Kim lives on an ancient boundary line, once marked by a Neolithic burial tomb. The tomb's now a standing stone circle—thank the Georgians for that one—and stirs her mind with thoughts of history and ancient myths. She mixes the essence of the past into fantasy, along with the essential mix of magic and sex. She also writes science fiction romance, pushing out into the far future with effortlessly sexy men and the women who can't resist them.

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