

Spaceport: Captured Rapture
Lexxie Couper

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Hello. I am Allied Planet Enforcer Raina Mynn. I don't believe in ghost stories, I don't believe in space dragons and I sure as shyte don't believe in destiny.

So why the hell am I getting all worked up over the lunatic on the moon's surface who sent me to sexual heaven with just one brutal, arrogant kiss? A lunatic in a gorgeous body with blazing eyes who tells me he's a dragon shifter and I am his to claim? A lunatic who makes me hotter than all the hells and wetter than the widest seas? A lunatic who believes I am his destiny and will stop at nothing to make me his?

Why do I feel like everything he's saying is true? And why won't my body stop craving his touch?

Dragon shifter? You're kidding, right? Right?

Shyte, I'm in so much trouble.

Prologue

Wyvernians: an ancient race of dragon shifters that once called Adana and its surrounding deep space home. Slaughtered by the Interplanetary Alliance Commission in an act of brutal genocide over three hundred years ago.

There is a legend that the ghost of the last Wyvernian haunts the surface of Adana's beta moon. A savage man capable of incinerating your soul with just a look. A dragon capable of incinerating you with just a thought.

Ha! Sounds like shyte to me.

Chapter One

I never knew what hit me. One moment I was skimming over the surface of Adana's beta moon, its dull red surface a blurred carpet below me -- the next I was flat on my back, wrists pinned to the powdery grit, legs spread, with a man pressing down on me. A cock that felt like a Tellaxion viper -- y'know the really big, thick ones they find in the Farthest Jungles -- rammed at the junction of my thighs, shoving me with a brutal force that should have pissed me off but instead made my pulse leap and my mouth turn dry.

I stared up at whoever the fuck held me down, and glared into eyes the color of an angry Earth sky. A lone female on a skimmer probably looked like an easy target, but for fuck's sake, I wore the uniform of an Allied Planet Enforcer. What type of idiot, no matter how desperate to claim a woman, jumped a cop? Especially one flying across a moon at almost twice safe propulsion speed with an Aglaian disruptor on her right hip?

"This kind," the hulking man who felt made of granite murmured, jerking my wrists together above my head. He locked them in one large fist and yanked my disruptor from its thigh harness before I could blink -- or digest the fact he'd answered a question I hadn't asked aloud.

His mouth crashed down on mine, claiming my lips as his property. I could feel the possession in the fierce and frightening way his tongue invaded my mouth, plunging and plundering. Merciless and savage. Taking what I was not giving. Well, what I was trying not to give.

Truth be known, I was getting aroused. More than aroused. If the man had reached between my spread, kicking legs right at that point, any point actually -- the point where his teeth nipped on my bottom lip and sent shards of wicked pain into my center was just a prime example -- he would have found the crotch of my uniform damp with musky pleasure. I'd been kissed many times by Raavelian alpha slaves, by Nil Raja master-pleasurers, but none kissed the way this... this... gods, this male kissed.

His mouth fucked mine. There was simply no other way to explain it. His mouth did to my mouth what a cock should do to a cunt. It delved deep, took everything and returned it all back tenfold. His tongue lashed at the inside of my mouth, whipped at the edges of my teeth, mated with a need so untamed I felt the building pressure low in the pit of my stomach. Gods, I was going to come! From a kiss! A kiss!

Once again, as if my attacker -- for what else could I call him -- heard the unspoken words, he dragged his lips from mine and scored a scalding line along my clenched jaw to my ear. He bit down on my earlobe before he dipped the tip of his tongue into the shell of my ear. Ribbons of exquisite sensations ripped down my neck, across my chest to my belly. My nipples pinched hard, pushing against the restrictive confines of my uniform, and I whimpered. *Who are you ?*

The thought hadn't finished forming in my mind when he pulled slightly away, not enough for me to see his face, but enough to feel the cool kiss of the moon's artificial atmosphere on my cheek. His free hand, the one that had sent my favorite disruptor flying who knows where off to the side, closed over my breast, and I gasped, reveling in the absolute rapture that spiraled through me from the brutal possession.

"I'm the one you've always dreamed of." His fingers pressed into the swell of my breast, and I

whimpered again. "The one you've always feared."

His cryptic words caressed my senses -- as soft as his cock was hard. Its savage, turgid length ground against my sex, trapped beneath a layer of thick, coarse leather but still capable of making my clit feel like it was on fire.

I had to get away.

No, you don't.

I was drowning in sensations I hadn't expected to be experiencing on a moon. In a sex-den, yes, after a session with a masseur, yes, but on the surface of Adana's least-important moon? A place more worthless than a Dollavera clone? While I was on recon?

"Your partner will be fine." The mysterious man stared at me with unreadable eyes, the hand on my breast squeezing with languid intent.

I glared at him, trying -- quite unsuccessfully -- to ignore the wet licks of tension unfurling in my pussy. I'd had enough of him knowing my thoughts. I had difficulty knowing my own thoughts sometimes, so it was bloody annoying having a complete stranger, no matter how arousing, do a better job of it than me. "Will you stop doing that!"

A very evil, very sexy grin pulled at lips I knew would send a poor, simple AP Enforcer to the Ninth Heaven. "No." I ground my teeth together, just as he ground his cock to my still wet sex again. "There is nothing you can do to stop what is to come, Raina Mynn."

The deep rumble of his voice made my pulse leap into frantic flight. That and the slow way he rolled his hips higher, letting me feel his long, solid, thick erection stroke from base to tip over my cunt. Gods, if that was to come, I was in danger.

"Not danger. It is your destiny."

Destiny.

The word sent a chill straight into my gut, and I stiffened. When a strange man grabs you on a dead asteroid, makes your body react in ways it shouldn't, sticks his tongue down your throat and his cock against your cunt, and then utters the word "destiny," you know you're in trouble.

Shyte! He was a zealot! *But who for? Which deity did he --*

"I worship no deity."

I bit back a sharp growl. For fuck's sake, he was finishing my thoughts now!

I stared up at him, too aware of the way his fingers ground my wrists together, too aware of the way his massive weight pinned me to the ground. Way too aware of the massive shaft between my thighs that seemed to be promising something I shouldn't want but did all the same. "Well then," I snarled, trying to shift my cunt away from his dick. "Who friggin' decided me being trapped under you was my destiny?"

"I did." His smile stretched wider, moving on from being sexy to fuckable. Yes, he had a fuckable smile. It was that horny. That still didn't mean I wasn't going to fight the bastard off. When it came to my sexual

partners, destiny didn't stand a look-in. I came. I fucked. I went. No foreordained spiritual nutjob was playing matchmaker with me. I liked my sex one way. No strings. No strings meant no pain. Well, not the kind of pain that afflicts the heart. Other kinds of pain... slapping of the ass cheeks kind of pain, biting of the nipples kind of pain... those kinds of pains were... *blyat* ! What the fuck was I going on about? Destiny. The weirdo had uttered the word destiny. I was out of there.

Now, if only I could make both the weirdo and my body listen.

Another chuckle rumbled low in his broad, muscled chest. The guy must have benchpressed R42s in his spare time. "I must admit..." He laughed, and my pussy squeezed tight at the sound. Gods, I was in trouble. "I didn't foresee how argumentative you were." He dragged the pad of his thumb over my nipple, and the annoying little nub of flesh puckered instantly into rock-hard appreciation. A gasp burst from my lips and before I could stop myself, I arched my back, thrusting my breasts upward.

He chuckled again, the sound sending vibrations through his body, making his cock jerk in little spasms against my spread and thoroughly wet sex. "This I did see." He teased my nipple again, the coarse material of my vest doing nothing to stop the sensations his arrogant touch created. "This I saw many, many times." He captured the traitorous, distended tip between thumb and forefinger and rolled it gently between the two. I gasped again, biting my bottom lip too late to stop the soft inhalation. Gods, had I thought I was going to come earlier? My sex felt ready to erupt. How could he do this to me?

I glared up at him, wishing him dead. And yet, at the same time, a blossom of something began to bloom in the pit of my belly. Something like...

"You are remembering." His voice sent a fresh wave of warm vibrations through my body. His smile -- still all too fuckable -- turned smug. "Your dreams. Your nightmares. The one you lust for, long for, yet the one you fear all the same."

His words stroked my senses, and an echo of images flashed through my mind: a man, this man, locking my wrists in io-cuffs, lifting them above my head until I stood naked before him, arms stretched high, breasts thrust forward, my juices dribbling down the insides of my thighs.

Cold terror stabbed straight into my gut, and I sucked in a sharp breath. The dream. One of many. Too many to number. Always the same man, always the same situation: me, captured. Bound. Fucked.

Every time I woke from it screaming. Every time I felt the ghost of my orgasm still shuddering in my cunt. My worst nightmare. My greatest fantasy. Forced submission.

I glared up at him and for the first time since he'd knocked me from my skimmer and threw away my weapon, truly struggled to escape him. I had to. If I didn't, every one of my dreams would become a reality. Of that I had little doubt. "Get. The fuck. Off. Me."

He pinched my nipple. Hard. "No."

Base pleasure surged into my core. I writhed beneath him, desperate to buck him free. All I achieved was to grind my pussy harder to his cock.

"As you want it to be," he whispered, his hand pressing my breast flat to my chest. He squeezed his fingers, and hot licks of pleasure shot deep into the center of my sex. "As I will do so for the rest of your life."

That was the last straw. His arrogance was going to drive me crazy -- or make me come. I whipped my legs up, locked them around his hips and slammed them back to the ground, taking him with them. It was enough to jerk him from my body. Enough to take him by surprise. I scrambled backward, kicking out with my right foot as I did so. My booted heel struck him in his jaw, and for a split second I swore blind his dark brown skin shimmered with pearlescent gold light. Those piercing gray eyes of his flashed brilliant green, and a hiss unlike any I'd heard from a humanoid tore from his throat. Before I could change my mind, I kicked him again. Square in the nose.

There was a crunch. There was blood, but I didn't give a rat's ass. With the phenomenal agility that had seen me finish top of my hand-to-hand combat class at the academy, I flipped myself onto my hands and knees and launched myself from the ground.

I ran across the craggy moon's surface at a dead sprint, my heart hammering, my sex still pulsing. My nipples ached, hard with lustful desire, but I shut out their insistent want. My body didn't have a fucking clue what it wanted. I had to get away.

Frantic, I scanned the desolate terrain around me. Where the fuck was my skimmer? The hover-cycle was programmed to come to a complete halt once connection with its rider was broken. The second the lunatic knocked me from its seat it should have ceased momentum, hovering motionless in the exact spot my ass left its bio-tuned seat.

A low growl behind me made my heart leap faster. *Blyat*, he was coming after me. I didn't risk looking over my shoulder. Where the flying fuck was my skimmer?

Bright light glinted off something metallic to my right and I changed direction, my heels skidding with chaotic traction in the coarse red grains beneath my feet. There it was.

Another growl flayed at my back. Closer. Louder. A shiver raced through me. My pussy pulsed. For a split second the insane urge to stop running surged through me. Stop running, turn and wait until my pursuer leapt upon me, slamming me to the ground to rip my clothes from my body and bury his shaft into my willing, sodden sex.

I stumbled. My sprint faltered. *What the fuck are you doing, Raina? Run! Get away!* The frantic scream sliced through my head and, my blood roaring in my ears, I burst forward. My skimmer was but five feet away. Five never-ending, gods-cursed feet. I ran. Four feet. Three. Two.

Fingers scraped my shoulder. Strong, determined fingers that would make me moan with capitulation.

Mine to fuck. Mine to claim. Mine to--

"Goddamn it, get out of my head!"

I heard a chuckle I swear sounded like "no," and then I reached my skimmer and slapped my palm against its steel seat. I flung myself into an insanely impressive cartwheel over its stationary balk and -- mid-arc -- snatched my io-disintegrator from its holster fixed to the skimmer's fuel tank.

My feet hit the ground in a cloud of choking red dust, blinding me for the split second it took me to spin around and face my attacker, my disintegrator already leveled on his hard, way-too-impressive chest.

Except he wasn't there.

“What the fuck?” I frowned, jerking my stare around the empty terrain. Not a sight of him. Not even a set of footprints in the moon’s coarse surface.

A tingle raced up my spine, and I gripped my disintegrator tighter. Where in all the holy hells did he go? *And why am I disappointed?*

“Enforcer Mynn, what the fuck are you doing? What’s your location? Your bio signs are telling me you’re dead!”

I jumped, the sound of my partner’s raspy growl startling me more than it should. Scowling, I smacked the com-link activator on my skimmer’s dash, scanning the miserable hole around me for any sign of my attacker as I did so. “Yeah, I’m here, Fraz,” I snarled. “Shut the fuck up.” An itch at the back of my neck made me spin, the sight of endless red emptiness making my stomach churn. *Blyat*, I needed to get a grip.

“Well, if you’ve finished fucking around out on the coldside,” Fraz grumbled through the com-link, and I could practically see his scaled, ugly face wrinkling with impatience, *“I’ve done the eastern sweep and want to get back to Adana. There’s no sign of life out here. I don’t know what the commander was thinking sending us out to this ass-end lump of rock in the first place.”*

I climbed astride my skimmer, not relaxing my grip on my disintegrator one iota. The second my ass connected with the hover-cycle’s seat the free-propulsion engine activated, sending a deep thrumming vibration into the damp junction of my spread thighs, and I gasped. Not at the sensation itself, but at the instant memory of my attacker -- *Torr. In your dreams, his name is Torr* -- it created.

Gods, Raina, get out of here now, before you go looking for the psycho zealot.

The thoroughly enticing and hideously unnerving thought spurred me into action, as did the persistent tingling up and down my spine that told me beyond doubt the man was watching me. I shoved my disintegrator into its holster, gunned the skimmer’s throttle and shot forward, flying across the moon’s dead surface as fast as the transport’s engineering would let me. The desolate red landscape turned to a desolate red blur. The dry, cool air blasted at my face, lashing through my hair in violent tugs that for some reason made me think of my attacker again.

Stop. Go back. I ground my teeth, denying my body’s wanton, traitorous command. There was no way in all the hells I was going back. No matter what my commander wanted, I was not stepping foot on this -- what did Fraz call it? -- ass-end lump of rock again.

My sex throbbed with angry regret, and I shifted on the skimmer, pressing the still pleasure-swollen folds of my pussy to its hard, cold seat. Shyte. Why was I still horny? What the fuck was wrong with me?

Destiny. Mine to fuck. Mine to claim. Mine to--

“No!” I slammed a mental door on the surreal memory as I squeezed even more speed out of my skimmer. “A whole friggin’ bag of no.”

I threw the transport into a tight right turn and headed for my rendezvous point with Fraz, crouching low behind the windshield, tense and alert. Ready to be pounced on again.

Ready to be taken and used and pleased again no matter how much I told myself I wasn’t.

Ready to be fucked and claimed. Wanting to be fucked and claimed.

Shyte, I was insane.

Chapter Two

Fraz took one look at me as I climbed off my skimmer, and he burst out laughing. A laughing Bo'aa was not a pretty sight. They are an ugly serpentine race of unsavory bastards with no lips, no eyelids, slitted nostrils and razor sharp teeth that look like they could tear the hide from a Tellaxion Mam'oth without breaking a sweat. Bo'aas didn't sweat. They made other species sweat.

It was a fairly well-known fact the IAC had spent considerable credits trying to wipe the entire Bo'aa race out of the galaxies. It was also a well-known fact they'd pissed off the Bo'aa race so much that if a Bo'aa came face-to-face with an IAC official, the official was sent back to the IAC Premier in a large collection of small containers. You didn't piss off a Bo'aa unless you wanted to end up dead and in pieces. As I said, the Bo'aa are unsavory, ugly bastards, and Fraz was a prime example of his species. What he was doing as an AP Enforcer, I didn't know, but I thanked the old gods every day he was on my side. That still didn't stop me being just a touch scared of him.

Of course, that didn't stop me throwing him a filthy look now. The last thing I needed was Fraz laughing at me. Geez, after everything I'd been through. "Shut the fuck up, Fraz," I sneered, letting him see my best menacing glare. I have a very good menacing glare. It comes in handy a lot.

Fraz, however, just laughed again, his slitted green eyes practically gleaming with mirth. "I don't know what you were doing out there, Mynn, but you look like you had an argument with the ground and came off second best."

I bared my teeth at him. Again, not a particularly wise thing to do. Bared teeth meant one of two things to a Bo'aa: you wanted to fight them or you wanted to fuck them. I didn't want to do either.

No, you want to fuck the lunatic weirdo from-- I shut the thought down with a sharp snarl and stormed away. It would take us approximately half an hour to get back up to 'Port Adana. I wanted a shower.

"Wait, wait, wait, wait." Fraz laughed behind me, and I turned to glare at him again. Did I mention he was ugly? And annoying? "You can't just walk away looking the way you do and not expect me to demand a report." A malicious grin pulled at his lipless mouth and his green eyes glinted. "Don't make me pull rank on you, Enforcer Mynn."

I rolled my eyes. You've got to be kidding me. "Rank? Friggin' alphabet, don't you mean. We graduated from the academy at the same time, from the same class, with the same scores. The only reason you received your bars before me is because your last name is M'x." I shoved my hands on my hips and glared at him some more. "What the hell kind of name is that for a Bo'aa anyway? M'x?"

Fraz chuckled, a smug sheen rippling over his brilliant orange scales. "The best kind. Now give me your report or I'll kick your ass all the way back to the spaceport."

Fraz beat me once in a training session of jijit'si. He had never let me live it down. One day soon I was going to have to do something about that, but not right now. Right now I wanted to get the smell of the dead moon off my skin. Right now I wanted to wash away every second I'd spent on its desolate surface. Especially the seconds spent pinned between it and the madman who declared me his destiny.

Torr.

A tight, squirming knot of heat suddenly filled the pit of my belly, and I groaned. Shyte, why did I have to go and think about that lunatic again?

Again? Had I really stopped? I bit back another groan. Fuck.

Fraz cocked his head, his eyes narrowing. "You want to tell me anything, partner?" His tongue flicked out, tasting the air, and I suppressed the urge to fidget. Tasting the air wasn't bullshit. Bo'aas have freaky senses. "Why do you smell like you've been having sex?"

Ah, shyte. "Yeah." I gave him a duh-are-you-stupid look. "I had sex. I found this all-male brothel out on the coldside and thought, shyte, I haven't had any for a while, may as well take the tension off while I'm out here."

Fraz flicked out his tongue again and then shook his head. "Nope. You definitely smell of sex. The air tastes of your musk, emanating from between your legs, and I can detect elevated levels of --"

My face burst into mortified heat, and I slammed my hands over my ears. "Oh, my God, Fraz!" I yelled, staring at him. "Shut up. That is wrong. Just plain wrong."

He grinned at me. "Just telling it like it is, partner. Whatever you were doing while off your skimmer, it wasn't AP work, and you were enjoying it."

I threw up my hands and turned away. "Get a life," I snarled at him over my shoulder as I stormed across our inter-planet skip's skimmer bay. "Better yet, get a new tongue. The one you have is faulty."

"Bo'aa tongue knows all, Raina Mynn," Fraz called out, and I ground my teeth not only at the elated mirth in his voice but also at the horrible, horrible truth in his words. The pit of my belly churned. My face felt hot. Shyte, my friggin' pulse pounded in my neck.

Enjoying it.

Yeah, Fraz was right. I had been enjoying it. Whoever my weirdo on Adana's beta moon was, whatever insane ideas he had about me being his destiny, what he'd been doing to me had felt goddamn wonderful. I may have fought the bastard off, but damn, shyte and *blyat*, I'd never experienced anything as intensely delicious as the dominating force of his lust. The arrogant power of his certainty.

The rightness of his touch.

I stumbled to a halt. Had I just thought that? My mouth went dry, and I ran my hands -- my trembling hands, shyte, what was wrong with me? -- up and down my arms.

No. I shook my head and continued through the skip, heading for my quarters and my shower cubicle. I was overworked and overtired. Fraz and I had been tracking an escaped spice dealer for the last two months. We'd had no down time. That's why I was thinking Tall-Dark-and-Delusional was the man of my most secretive fantasies. Our commander had sent us to Spaceport Adana on an insider source, and since we'd arrived, we'd done nothing but follow leads and dodge 'Port Security.

Passing ourselves off as salvagers meant Fraz and I fit right in with the spaceport's scum and villains, but something about us seemed to put Commander Kala Decoltéir on edge. I personally blamed Fraz. He'd picked a fight with the head bouncer at Haze, he'd insulted the little upstart reporter, Holly Barbersomething, he'd punched one of the Dollavera clones -- the angriest one, I think -- and kept kicking at the kitali. I have pointed out Bo'aas are unsavory bastards, haven't I?

If the man with the wide shoulders, impressive bulge and unsubtle propositioning skill had crash tackled me any other time I would have torn his arms from his body and shoved them so far up his backside he would have needed a flashlight to pick his nails. See? I could be unsavory too, when I needed to be.

Stomping into my quarters, I stripped off my clothes, pulled the band from my hair and stepped into my shower cubicle. Fraz could pilot the skip back to 'Port Adana on his own. That's what he got for laughing at me. Oh, and for making me embarrassed. I never, ever wanted to hear the words "your musk" come from his lipless mouth again. Eww.

I activated the hydro-stream and stood motionless under the icy water, letting it run over my body, my breasts, between my legs. It licked at me with cold thirst, and my nipples pinched tight, something about the wet caress making my heart thump harder.

I closed my eyes and pressed my hands flat to the sheet metal wall before me. The feel of the water running over the folds of my pussy, the button of my clit, drew a ragged breath from deep within my chest. I pressed my thighs together, and the gentle pressure on my clit sent a warm finger of pleasure into my core.

I whimpered, unable to stop my right hand from leaving the wall and slipping between my wet thighs.

Mine to fuck. Mine to claim. Mine to--

I slid the tip of my finger over my clit, hissing at the sharp and eager heat blossoming in my pussy at the contact.

"Oh." I pressed my finger harder to my clit and, before I knew what I was doing, an image of the man from the moon -- Torr -- filled my head.

My body reacted. Instantly and powerfully.

My pussy clamped shut, gripping a cock that wasn't there. My nipples pinched harder, so hard they ached, and I knew, deep down inside where my unspoken fantasies lay waiting for night, that the only cure for that ache was Torr's touch. His fingers, his lips, his tongue, his teeth.

I turned in the small cubicle, leaned against the icy metal wall and closed my left hand over my left breast. But it was his hand I felt. His hand I hungered for. Eyes closed, lips parted, my body hot and flushed despite the chilly temperature of the shower, I let my mind tell me it was Torr's hand massaging my breast. Torr's fingers rolling over my clit.

He sank his fingers deeper into my sex, and I moaned, grinding my clit against his exquisite invasion. He dipped in another finger, wriggling them both inside me, stroking the spot within that turned my ragged breath to shallow panting.

He pinched at my nipple, tweaked it, dragged his thumb over its distended tip, and I moaned again, thrusting my hips higher. Shyte. Why was I doing this?

Mine to fuck. Mine to claim. Mine to--

The memory of his thought pushed me higher. My pussy squeezed the fingers invading it. Fingers I knew were mine but wanted to be his.

Mine to fuck.

I plunged them into my wet heat. Wiggled them. Scissored them.

Mine to claim.

I squeezed my breast and tortured my nipple, letting my mind tell me it was his hand.

Mine to--

I rode my hand, mauled my breast, and cried out raw words that made no sense when I came, my orgasm as sharp and brutal as the empty longing I felt for a man I believed a lunatic.

* * *

I stormed through 'Port Adana. There's no other word for it, I'm afraid. I was pissed off, and my walk showed it. People leapt out of my way -- and by people I mean humanoids, insectoids, slitheroids, sentient-gaseous-mistoids and just about any other "oid" you can name. If a species existed in the known galaxies, at least one of its kind was here on Adana -- usually partaking in something insanely criminal and unsavory. Fraz fit right in.

Speaking of my partner, he strolled along beside me, baring his teeth at the fake Nil Raja whores that lined Blowjob Alley, letting everyone see the long Bo'aa blade he wore under his sleeveless jacket, and generally exuding all-round menace. People leapt out of Fraz's way too.

"You going to tell me yet?" He chuckled, eyeing off one particularly lush Nil Raja wannabe eyeing him back.

I refused to look at him. "No."

"Care to explain why you smelt more like sex after your shower, then?"

I suppressed the urge to scream. And the urge to punch Fraz's lights out. "Fuck off," I growled instead.

He laughed. People around us cowered away.

We continued making our way through the spaceport, heading for the bar, Haze. I needed a drink. God knows what Fraz needed, but I suspected it was another crack at the head bouncer. Sometimes I think

Fraz has a death wish.

The bar was crowded as usual, and as usual the crowd parted somewhat as Fraz pushed his way through it. He really did come in handy at times, especially when I wanted something fast -- like a shot of Caribbean Black Label Rum. Drink in hand, I turned and leant against the bar, running my gaze over the writhing mass crammed into the small space before me. Up on the stage a kitali belted out an Old Earth tune, swiveling her furry hips in such a provocative way that I almost wanted to blush.

Or fuck. I frowned. Now where the hell did that thought come from?

"The commander's going to be pissed," Fraz muttered in my left ear, and I jumped a little. "You can tell him the moon was a big fat waste of time. There was no sign of a spice deal going down."

No, it wasn't. Again, I frowned. What the hell was going on in my head? Hadn't I masturbated the lunatic from the moon out of my system back in the shower?

"What happened to rank?" I took a sip of my rum. Shyte, my hand was trembling. What the fuck was my hand doing trembling? Why the fuck was my hand trembling? Storm-cloud eyes flashed through my head, followed by a gripping tension in my sex. I bit back a curse and sculled my booze.

The liquor burned its way into my belly, and I turned back to the bar, indicating to the woman behind it I wanted another shot. I needed to get a grip. I couldn't do my job if I was constantly thinking about some maniac who kissed like a demon and --

My sex constricted in a powerful pulse, and I threw back my head and swallowed my second rum in one mouthful. *Blyat*, I was in trouble.

I think I've mentioned before I have a no-strings, no-pain rule when it comes to sex. There was a reason for this. At the tender age of six Old Earth months (maybe more, maybe less, no one really knew) I was found in a sex-den on the boundaries of AP space by a Nil Raja Otha.

I spent my youth being dumped from one crappy IAC orphanage to another, and in every one the stupid adolescent girl I was got her stupid adolescent heart broken. I'd latch myself onto the biggest, strongest boy there, longing for his strength and protection, craving the security I was sure I'd find in his arms. Inevitably, he'd convince me that security could be found between his legs, and there it was again, stupid little Raina Mynn used and abused and laughed about -- just a pathetic AP reject with no history, no planet and no clue.

I got a clue quickly. And yet here I was, getting all hot and horny over a nutjob lurking about on a dead moon on the very reaches of known space? Trouble.

I saw movement out of the corner of my eye and bit back a growl. The head bouncer -- a hulking great hunk of a man called Sabian Talano who seemed to exude menace -- had caught sight of us. Or more to the point, caught sight of Fraz. Round two was about to begin.

I pushed away from the bar before Talano reached us. "I'm outta here." I'm sure you're wondering why I didn't stay to watch my partner's back, but trust me, Fraz's back was fine -- and nasty. And poisonous. Safety tip? Don't chase after a Bo'aa unless you want lots of pain.

I flicked the bouncer a quick look, a tiny part of my mind wondering if Fraz had bitten off more than he could chew this time -- Talano looked positively lethal -- and high-tailed it out of Haze. I needed sleep.

The usual catcalls and promises of sexual heaven accompanied me as I walked back through Blowjob Alley. I tried to keep my stare front and center, but before I knew what I was doing I found myself studying the performances of the hookers, the pit of my belly flip-flopping, my pussy throbbing for the mouth and tongue I'd felt more than once in my dreams.

Dreams. Shyte. I couldn't sleep. If I slept, I'd only find myself being dominated again and again by the madman from the moon.

Stumbling to a halt, I scrunched up my face and dragged my hands through my hair. What was I going to do?

Confront him.

The way too alluring thought whispered through my head, and my pussy throbbed some more. I felt the crotch of my trousers grow damp, and bit back a growl. What the fuck was wrong with me? How could I be behaving like this? How could one man, one seriously fucked-up man, be affecting me so badly? I didn't care how freakin' sexy he was, how goddamn gorgeous and intense and powerful, he was not getting under my skin! I'd had enough.

Running my glare along the length of fake Nil Raja, cheap whores and pleasers in their individual booths, I found what I was looking for. Stomping up to the naked Irid'ii pro, I fixed him with a flat stare. "Do you do women?"

Brilliant violet eyes skimmed over me from head to toe and back again, and the Irid'ii's perfect lips curled into a wide smile. "For you, little one," he said, his voice deeper than thunder, "I do."

I swiped my credit chit, not even bothering to ask how much. If needed, I'd pass it off as a work expense. "Make it good," I snarled, stepping into the Irid'ii's open booth. "Bloody good."

The Irid'ii touched the tip of his tongue to teeth, a glint of light flickering in his eyes. "Trying to forget someone?"

I tore open my trousers, uncaring of the entirely exposed nature of the situation. "Shut up and make me come."

He chuckled, placing his hands on my hips as he lowered himself to his knees. "Yes, little one." He inched my trousers down, revealing my ass to all and sundry on Blowjob Alley. The cool artificial air chilled my flushed skin, and my nipples pinched into hard pebbles, rubbing against the hard rubber of my vest. "I will destroy the memory of this *seiti* you want to forget, so completely you will never think of him again."

Oh, God, if only that was possible. The grim thought sliced through my head a second before the Irid'ii parted my thighs with his hands and plunged his tongue into my folds.

And a second after that, all I could think about was the man on the moon between my legs, fucking me with his tongue.

Shyte, I was in trouble.

Chapter Three

My orgasm smashed through me about ten minutes later. I threw back my head, my blunt, no-nonsense nails digging into the padded side rail of the Irid'ii's station, and screamed. A name. I was pretty certain I didn't have to tell you what name, but let me give you a hint -- it wasn't "Fraz."

Fuck.

And then, just to throw even more insane shyte into the mix, the Irid'ii pulled away from my throbbing cunt and said, "You are Wyvernian!"

I looked at the man still kneeling at my feet, the ghost of my orgasm evaporating immediately. "I'm what?"

"Wyvernian." His violet eyes flickered with unnerving light. He rose to his feet and stared down into my face.

"What the fuck is a Wyvernian?" I snarled, yanking up my trousers. Something about the word made my gut tighten.

The Irid'ii didn't answer me. Instead, he said something even more ludicrous. "You are in your mating cycle."

I punched him. Smashed my fist against his chiseled jaw, to be precise. I don't know why, but when an Irid'ii pro has brought you to a screaming orgasm on a public thoroughfare, and then told you you're in a friggin' mating cycle, what else are you to do? Especially when my stomach twisted with each incomprehensible word. "I have no idea what you are talking about," I snarled (yes, I seemed to be snarling a lot, I realized that).

The Irid'ii smiled, rubbing at his jaw. "I'm sure you will." He lowered his head closer to mine. "If you're prepared to burn."

Now that made less sense than anything else he'd said. I glared at him one last time and turned away, my unexpected-name-screaching orgasm now just a distant memory.

Clearly I was screwed. Masturbating in the shower hadn't fixed my problem, oral sex with an Irid'ii pro hadn't fixed my problem, and now here I was, wondering what in all the hells a Wyvernian was and why a cheap hooker on a space station thought I was one.

The only options I had left as I saw it were to: (a) find an Ezelian Dream-Invader and pay him to remove the lunatic on the moon from my subconscious (risky and probably a little extreme); (b) find a real Nil Raja and blow my entire credit on sex so good I wouldn't even know who I was when it finished, let alone what a Wyvernian was, or who Torr was (tempting, but very, very expensive); (c) go back to the moon and kill Torr (again, tempting but not so painful on the credit balance); or (d) go back to the moon

and throw myself at Torr's feet, begging him to do to me everything he promised he would (fuck, that was even more tempting, but insane and stupid as well).

None of these options helped track down the spice dealer Fraz and I were meant to arrest, or told me why the Irid'ii pro reckoned I was in a mating cycle. Or why I would find the answer if I was prepared to burn. As I said, clearly screwed.

Think. Think. Think.

I turned my attention to the stream of pedestrians filling Blowjob Alley. "Excuse me," I said, stepping into the path of one particularly officious looking Antillan decked out in a medico's uniform. I gave her a friendly, apologetic smile. "Can you tell me what a Wyvernian is?"

The blood drained from the Antillan's face, and she gasped, spinning on her heel and hurrying back in the direction she'd just come from.

I cocked an eyebrow. Huh? Not the reaction I'd expected.

Stopping another passerby, this one dressed in a merchant's garb, I asked the same question.

Another gasp, this one accompanied by a strange flurry of his hand over his chest. If I didn't know any better I'd have thought the Maylarian had suddenly found religion. I watched him scurry away into the crowd, and I frowned. This was getting ridiculous.

Patience running thin, I whipped out my right hand and snatched the upper arm of the closest life form, jerking it before me.

The life form was one of the Dollavera clones. "Hey!" he protested, tugging at my grip. "Do you know who I am?"

I glared at him. "By the self-important mediocrity in your eyes, I'd say middle of the alphabet."

He blinked, a look of absolute indignation flashing across his face. There were twenty-six Dollaveras on 'Port Adana. One for every letter of the Old Earth alphabet. Each tried his best to set himself apart from his "brothers." To a cop's trained eye, each failed. From what I'd observed in my sixty-one days on the station, none of them liked the others and all thought they were better than their clones. This one, going by his rabid, righteous anger, more so than the others. "How dare y --"

I cut him off with a low growl. "Tell me what a Wyvernian is or I will throw you into the nearest sex-cubicle, chain you buck naked over a whipping stool with a rose in your mouth and inform the redheaded reporter from the *Observer* you have a secret you want to share with her."

His face went white, though from my promise or the word "Wyvernian" I wasn't sure. Didn't care either. As long as I got my answer.

His mouth worked silently for a few seconds, making him look like a drowning fish, and then he licked his lips and stammered something I was pretty damn certain I'd misheard.

"Say that again," I snapped, sinking my fingers into the underside of his arm.

"Dra-dra-dragon shifter," he spluttered, trying to escape my grip.

My eyebrows shot up my forehead and I stared at him. Dragon shifter? Surely he was kidding? Dragon shifters were a myth. A product of a mind gone mad from deep, deep space.

What, like the deep, deep space found around Adana?

I didn't like that. Didn't like the twisting knot in my gut either. Or the way my chest felt heavy and my breath grew tight.

Dragon shifter.

I shook my head, turning my gaping stare to a glowering glare. "Don't joke with me, Dollavera, or you'll find yourself floating in space without a helmet."

Dollavera shook his head, the color still not returning to his face. "No one on 'Port Adana would joke about the Wyvernians."

I narrowed my eyes. "So you're telling me dragon shifters exist."

He shook his head again, and I felt positive his eyeballs were going to bounce right out of their sockets. "No, no, no," he positively gushed. "The IAC destroyed them all over three centuries ago."

"So what's with the abject terror?"

He swallowed, his Adam's apple jerking up and down his throat. "The Wyvernians swore bloody vengeance for their genocide." His stare flicked nervously toward the thin stretch of hybrid-tempered glass running the length of the wall opposite Blowjob Alley. "There is a story Adana's second moon is haunted by the last of the Wyvernians."

I couldn't help myself, I burst out laughing. "Ghost stories? Everyone's been pissing their pants over a ghost story?"

Dollavera shook his head again, this time with such vehemence I felt my shoulder joint shudder. "Laugh all you want, but trust me when I say destroying the Wyvernians was the only good thing the IAC has done."

He tugged against my grip on his arm, eyes still nervous, agitated. I let him go. He ran away from me. I kid you not, he bolted, leaving me standing in the middle of the thoroughfare with a bemused smile playing on my lips.

I snorted. Dragon shifters. Ghosts. Shyte, what millennium was I living in? And yet the twisting knot in the pit of my belly was still there. Not just there, but tighter. Bigger. I dragged my hands through my hair and chewed on my lip. Ridiculous. The whole thing was ridiculous.

You are Wyvernian. If you're prepared to burn.

The Irid'ii's words came back to me and I spun on my heel. I needed more answers, and so far the male hooker had been the only one willing to give them to me.

Trouble was, the Irid'ii's booth now stood empty.

“*Blyat*.” Where the fuck had he gone?

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to--

Torr’s thoughts whispered through my head, each syllable tightening the knot in my belly further. My pussy began to throb and my pulse quickened. I curled my fingers into my palms, turning my hands into hard fists.

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to--

My stare slid to the viewing glass stretching high along the strip’s length, and I studied the small, red moon orbiting Adana.

Wyvernian. Prepared to burn. Mating cycle.

The lunatic who haunted my dreams, my waking thoughts, was on that moon. A lunatic weirdo who made me hornier than anyone else I’d ever met. An insane man I swore I would never go near again.

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to--

The knot in my belly twisted and my sex grew thick and heavy. Wet with a need I could not deny.

The ghost of the last Wyvernian...

I thought of Dollavera’s hurried statement and ground my teeth. Someone was messing with me, of that I had little doubt, but I needed answers. Whoever Torr was, whatever he was, he had those answers.

Mine to claim.

Wyvernian. Prepared to burn.

I stared at the small red moon and drew a deep breath, my pussy damp and chest tight. Something in me had been, *blyat*, I don’t know, awakened? Something I didn’t know was there until the second Torr’s lips had crushed mine. Something eager for an existence I couldn’t fathom.

Wyvernian.

I needed to know what that something was and why it was drawn to Torr. I needed to see him again.

The realization should have made me pissed. Instead, I felt a pulling sensation in the center of my being -- an eager insistence not only in my sex, but in my soul.

Shyte, I couldn’t believe I was saying this, I really couldn’t, but the second I accepted I was going back to the moon, every molecule in my body seemed to... seemed to... ah, fuck, every molecule in my body seemed to ignite with a smoldering heat. As if readying for the inferno to come -- and I knew then, even if I wasn’t prepared to burn, my body was.

Which really, really pissed me off.

Stupid bloody body.

* * *

I didn't alert Fraz to my plan. What would I say? "Heya, partner. I'm heading back to the moon, 'cause you were right. I really did have a sexual experience while off my skimmer, and now I can't get the lunatic who almost made me come with just a kiss outta my head, and some male hooker on Blowjob Alley tells me I'm an extinct dragon shifter in a mating cycle, and I think I need to find the lunatic again so I can burn up."

Yeah, like that would go down well.

I hurried about our rented apartment, shoving my various knives and weapons into their holsters and sheaths. My body and sex might be happy I was going back to the deranged weirdo, but I wasn't going in unarmed.

And the second he takes one look at you, the second he touches you, you're going to forget them all.

No, I wouldn't. I wasn't letting Torr touch me. Not until I had some answers.

Wait, wait, what in all the levels of hell was I saying? I wasn't letting the madman touch me, period. It was too dangerous.

Slinging my pack over my shoulder, I snatched Fraz's backup blade from under his pillow and left. I'd make amends to my partner later for taking his favorite weapon. I had a lunatic to interrogate.

A lunatic who wanted to claim me as his destiny.

Blyat, why did that thought make my sex fill with damp heat?

Chapter Four

I pushed my skimmer to its limits. I had no real idea where I would find Torr, but I figured where he crashed me to the ground was a good place to start. *Find Torr? You won't need to find Torr. He will find you.*

The pit of my belly tightened, the knot there so intricate I wondered if I would ever be free of it. I tried to muster up my previous, angry bravado -- shyte, I was a cop, for fuck's sake! What was I doing being apprehensive about an interrogation? But my angry bravado wasn't playing ball. My belly knotted some more and, just for fun, my pussy clenched. Oh man, I was in trouble.

The moon's surface blurred beneath me -- a dull, rusty-red carpet of coarse grit and rocks. Not the typical home of a dragon shapeshifter ghost, if I was to believe Dollavera clone letter whatever.

Wyvernian.

The name whispered through my head, and I squeezed the throttle of my skimmer, spurring it forward even faster. An itch began at the base of my spine. A hot itch I recognized all too well.

Torr had found me.

I resisted the urge to throttle back. In fact, if my skimmer was capable of sub-warp speeds, I would have knocked it up a notch. Something told me Torr would still be able to keep up. The knot in my gut twisted some more and, the heat between my thighs growing wetter, I fixed my stare hard on the horizon before me. I wanted him to come after me. I wanted him to hunt me.

I wanted him to --

Claim you. Fuck you. Possess you.

The thoughts exploded in my mind, a silent roar of incomparable command and power. I hissed in a sharp breath, fighting to keep control of my skimmer, and if I didn't know any better I would have sworn blind I was close to orgasming that very second. My knuckles popped as I banked to the left, my body screaming against the g-forces I was torturing it with.

The itch tickling the base of my spine spread. Up my back. My scalp prickled, the wild wind tugging on each strand of my hair doing nothing to lessen the sensation. My nipples pinched into hard tips.

Claim you.

The silent roar smashed into me, and I gasped, the throb between my thighs a constricting tension.

Fuck you.

My cunt squeezed tight. I gasped again.

Possess you.

My head swam as the orgasm I shouldn't have been experiencing rocked through my body. I sucked in another breath, the feel of my rubber vest against my hard nipples torturous bliss, the thrumming vibration of my skimmer between my legs blissful torture. I cried out once, the same name I'd cried with every release I'd experienced in my dreams, and was suddenly snatched from my transport. Lifted from its seat and carried straight up.

Fast. So fast, my swimming head spun.

And everything I saw turned to black.

* * *

Let me make this very clear. I'm not afraid of heights. I don't pass out under extreme Gs. Excessive speed does not worry me. What I hate, with a passion, is being trapped in the dark. Too many hours spent confined to IAC approved "timeout rooms" growing up, I guess. Too many hours punished for my "disrespectful insubordination and naughtiness" by those who ran the IAC orphanages. So when I opened my eyes and saw nothing but darkness, well, I kinda freaked out.

And in freaking out, I realized I was naked. And chained. Which of course made me freak out even more. "Let me the fuck go, you crazy grutt-fucking bastard!" I screeched, thrashing against the io-cuffed chains stretching my arms above my head and my legs wide. "Turn on the fucking lights and let me --"

The inky, suffocating darkness disappeared in an instant, replaced by a flickering yellow glow that should have hurt my light-deprived eyes. Should have.

Instead, my eyes adapted immediately, and I saw the bane of my existence -- naked from the waist up, leaning against a wall that looked like it was carved from granite, his muscled arms crossed over a chest that looked like it was carved from the same. Angry-sky gray eyes never left my face. "Are you ready to burn, *Rai'nia*?"

Apparently, and without prior discussion with me, my body had decided it was, because the moment his deep, rumbling voice caressed my ears, my heart leapt into frantic flight, my mouth went dry and my sex contracted with eager greed. "Let me go," I demanded through gritted teeth.

My captor chuckled and the arrogant sound made my already heavy sex weep. "I can smell your desire from here, Raina Mynn. It pools between your legs and wets your thighs." His nostrils flared, the only other movement he'd made since the warm yellow light replaced the dark. "It calls to my tongue. Whets my appetite for your heat."

I wanted to say something menacing, dangerous. Something so threatening Torr would flinch and realize how monumentally erroneous chaining me up was. Instead, all I could do was think about his tongue lapping at my sodden folds. A low moan sounded in my throat.

The corner of Torr's mouth curled into a crooked grin, and I moaned again. That grin was the definition of menacing and dangerous, and it made my heart thump hard and -- God, help me -- my pussy throb harder. "How did I get here?" I managed to croak. There seemed to be a swarm of butterflies attacking the knot in my belly.

Torr's grin stretched a little wider. "I brought you here."

"How?" I was asking lame questions, I knew. I should have been demanding he release me, but my head just didn't want to work.

"I lifted you from your transport."

I didn't want to ask how. For some reason, I suspected what Torr's answer would be.

One dark eyebrow cocked, and Torr's nostrils flared again. "Astute."

I ground my teeth. He was in my head again. Reading my thoughts. "Stop doing that."

He chuckled, unfolding his arms as he began to walk toward me. No, walk wasn't the correct word. Stalk? No, that wasn't right either. He moved toward me with such confident certainty and conviction, such obvious purpose and intent, every nerve ending in my body began to tingle.

"I cannot stop doing 'that,' Raina Mynn," he said, his stare locked on mine. "The second your flesh touched mine, our minds recognized each other." He stopped a mere inch before me and looked down into my face. "I can hear your very soul." He lifted his right hand and skimmed it down the length of my

torso, from the side of my left breast to the curve of my hip. "And you can hear mine."

I glared at him, determined to regain some ground. Hard when I was chained spread-eagle and as naked as the day I was born, I knew, but I'd never been a quitter. "I can't hear diddly-squat."

His answering laugh set my teeth on edge. And made my pulse quicken. "Oh, Rai'nia." He brushed the back of his knuckles against the side swell of my breasts, and I practically had to bite my lip to stop myself whimpering with pleasure. What the hell was wrong with me? "I know you have heard my soul. Your body tells me it is so."

He moved closer. So close his hard, broad chest brushed the tips of my nipples, and I sank my teeth into my lip again. Gods, even this barely-there contact made me want to moan.

He stared down into my face, his eyes unblinking, his massive body as still as a statue, and brushed his knuckles along the curve of my breast again.

Mine to claim.

The thought slammed through my head. Powerful and undeniable. Torr's thought. The same arousing, terrifying thought I'd been hearing since escaping him before. I gasped, my nipples pinching hard, and Torr's crooked grin disappeared. "Finish it," he said, his voice a low rumble of barely restrained hunger.

I shook my head. I wouldn't. If I did, it meant he was right, and if he was right, it meant I was --

"Finish it," he ordered on a growl.

I clenched my jaw, my sex throbbing, my heart pounding. "No."

He stepped closer again, destroying what infinitesimal space there'd been between us, pressing his body against mine with dominating conceit as he snaked his hand into my hair and grabbed a fistful. "Finish it, Rai'nia."

Wanton pleasure flowed through my body. My thighs grew wet with my juices; my breath became shallow, rapid. And still I refused to obey him. I couldn't. I was scared of what it would mean if I did. What it meant was that I could do what he commanded. "Fuck you."

His gray eyes shimmered with an iridescent green fire. "Oh, that will come later, *mychyre* ." He tugged harder on my hair, forcing my head back until I could look nowhere but up into his eyes. "Now," he whispered, his breath fanning my lips like the softest of kisses, "finish my thought."

Mine to claim.

"Mine to fuck."

The words fell from my lips. I couldn't stop them. And the second they did, Torr's eyes shimmered green fire again. "Mine to..."

He didn't finish. At least not aloud, and if he finished the statement in his head, I did not hear it. How could I, when his mouth crushed mine with such brutal ownership?

His tongue lashed at my lips, my teeth. Forced its entry into my mouth, and as before, my battle against

that invasion did not last long. It was as if every molecule in my body recognized every molecule in his. As if my complete surrender to this mysterious, arrogant, annoying man was a given, and subsequently the second his mouth claimed mine, all will to fight him vanished.

It made me furious. It made me wet and hot and friggin' horny. I squirmed, doing everything I could to fight him and myself. I couldn't surrender. I never surrendered. I wouldn't surrender. He'd chained me, for chrissake! Stripped me naked and chained me. Where the fuck were my blades? Shyte, where the fuck was Fraz's blade? My partner was going --

"He will not kill you." Torr's lips brushed mine, his hands knotted in my hair holding my head still. "You are mine. Your past life is no more."

The finality of the statement should have ignited my fury more, but all it did was make my cunt throb harder. Hard enough for me to squirm again and press my hips forward. *Blyat*, I wanted Torr to touch me there, between my legs. I wanted him to bury his fingers in my folds and stroke my cream-drenched walls until I --

"Scream." The single syllable was but a growled breath low in Torr's throat, but its meaning made me shiver. He assaulted my mouth again, his tongue exploring its depth with savage greed. He sucked at my bottom lip, bit it, sucked again. I whimpered, trying to pull away but thrusting my hips forward. His thick, hard cock ground against my belly, its frightening presence trapped by the leather of his trousers.

His fists tightened in my hair, and he jerked my head backward, bowing my neck. He dragged his mouth from my lips, scoring a path of wicked hunger down my chin to my throat. I moaned at the feel of his teeth scraping my skin -- a sensation I never thought I would crave. His wild power and absolute control of my body's responses frightened me, and I moaned again, desperate for his assault to continue even as I willed it to end.

"You will lose the fight, Rai'nia." Torr's statement was a whisper against my neck. He lifted his head and gazed into my eyes. "The end result has already been decided."

I bristled. His smug arrogance provoked me, despite the smoldering fire in my core his touch created. "The end result isn't decided until the fat lady has sung." I was pretty certain I had screwed up the Old Earth saying, but I didn't care. Torr was right. I was losing the fight, and I didn't want to be. I glared at him, doing my best to ignore the wanton ache between my spread thighs. "And why the fuck do you keep calling me Rai'nia?"

Torr chuckled, stroking the back of his knuckles along the line of my jaw. "It is your true name." His eyes shimmered that freaky and yet oh, way too sexy green light. "And soon you will know your true self."

"My true self is going to kick your ass when you let me out of these chains," I snarled, desperate to regain some of my former barb. "Y'know that, don't you?"

He chuckled again, a genuinely humored laugh that sent little licks of warm delight into my chest.

I froze, the blood draining from my face. Oh, no. This wasn't good. My breath caught in my throat. It was one thing to be aroused by the lunatic, it was another thing to start enjoying his company. No. This wasn't happening. This couldn't be happening.

With a gentleness I didn't think he possessed, Torr cupped my face in one strong hand and held my gaze

with his. "Your destiny is not a future to fear, Rai'nia."

I stood motionless, imprisoned by his presence as much as his chains. I didn't know how to react. He'd uttered the "D" word again, and I should be spitting chips and gnawing off my own arm to get free so I could beat the crap out of him. Yet, all I wanted to do was stare into his face and let the fire in my center spread through my body. The fire was spreading so quickly, so hungrily, I could feel the insides of my thighs grow wetter with liquid heat, branding my flesh with a pleasure beyond my understanding. Stirring that something deep within that petrified me to no end.

Wyvernian. Mating cycle. Prepared to burn.

The Irid'ii's words came to me, and I frowned, searching Torr's unreadable eyes for an answer I needed to know.

"What am I?" I whispered. "What are you?"

Torr skimmed his hands down over my shoulders, my back, my hips. "Are you prepared to burn, Raina Mynn?"

I stared up into his face. And, mouth dry, pulse pounding, my nipples so tight they hurt, my sex so heavy I felt on the cusp of climax, I nodded.

Torr's nostrils flared, and his gray eyes turned iridescent green. "Then burn."

Chapter Five

He dropped to his knees, his blunt nails raking down my hips and legs, scoring lines of pain so exquisite I threw back my head and cried out. His mouth closed over my pussy, his tongue plunging into my folds with aggressive force. I cried out again, bucking my hips forward, slamming my sex harder to his face.

He growled and sank his nails into the flesh of my butt cheeks, holding me still as he stabbed deeper into my cunt with his tongue. I groaned. I whimpered. I made stupid noises that I'd never made before, all the while trying to grind my sex to his mouth, wanting him to fill me with his tongue.

He refused, withdrawing slightly to part my folds with his fingers. Cool air streamed over my clit, and I gasped, gripping the chains holding my arms above my head. I needed an anchor, otherwise I would be lost to the pleasure consuming me.

Torr blew on my spread pussy again, his breath a soft caress that sent waves of delicious ripples through my body. I caught my bottom lip with my teeth and closed my eyes, tightening my grip on the chains when he returned his mouth to my sex and flicked his tongue over my clit.

"Yes," I gasped, bucking in his hold. "*Blyat*, yes!"

He worshipped the small knot of sensitive flesh, first with his tongue and then with his fingers, rubbing and pinching with gentle force as his mouth explored the flesh of my inner thighs. A low moan reverberated in my chest, and I rolled my head side to side, wanting to wrap my legs around his head and ride his mouth. The pressure in my core mounted. I was going to come soon, very soon.

“No, you won’t.” Torr stroked my thighs with his lips. “Not until I say you can.”

“Fuck you,” I panted. I knew my repertoire of biting comebacks was growing rather woeful, but in my defense, my head was fogged with pleasure.

He laughed, sliding his mouth back to my sex. “Didn’t I tell you that would come later?” He closed his lips over my folds and sucked. The unexpected pressure made me buck, and my pussy flooded with moisture. Torr lapped it up, his masterful tongue dipping into my folds, flicking at my clit. I panted some more, my breath shallow and rapid. “Oh,” I managed to say. “Oh, oh, oh.”

As inane as my words were, they did not lessen Torr’s lust. In fact, he grew more devoted to my pleasure, slipping two fingers into my pussy and wriggling them together as he suckled on the tiny nub of my clit. I cried out the word again, “Oh!” and rammed my hips forward. He was fucking me with his fingers and mouth, and I wanted to come. I wanted to fucking explode with rapture. I was so close to release, the soles of my feet burned and the base of my spine tingled.

I was going to come. I was going to --

He tore his head from between my thighs and stood, his green blazing stare locking on my eyes. He shook his head. “No.”

I gasped, wanting to cry. Wanting to shove my hands into my cunt and push myself the rest of the denied way. “Fuck you,” I snarled, glaring at him, my knuckles popping as I gripped the chains above my head. “Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you.”

Silent and unmoving, he studied me. If I’d had a gun I would have shot him right there. Until I saw the wild beat in his neck. And noticed the ragged deep breaths he pulled.

Something very close to elated bliss crashed through me. Torr, my captor, my torturer, my lunatic man on the moon, was as pushed to the brink as I.

I had done that to him. Chained. Imagine what I would do to him when released.

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. The thought was mine. Loud and clear. Torr’s nostrils flared, his iridescent green eyes blazing brighter. He’d heard it.

And then he stepped behind me. “Mine,” he whispered in my ear.

He snaked his hands over my belly, his fingertips teasing the curve of my pussy for a tantalizing moment before he slowly, slowly, worked his way up my rib cage to my breasts. He cupped each one in a firm hold, pinching my nipples between his knuckles.

I sucked in a sharp breath.

“Mine to control.”

He smoothed his hands from my breasts back down to my belly, skimming the hood of my pussy again. I bit back a groan of frustrated want, and he laughed a low, evil laugh that made me wetter still.

“Mine to torment.” He flattened his hands against the curve of my sex and jerked me back, slamming my ass to his rigid erection. “Mine to possess.”

He plunged one hand between my legs and speared a finger into my cunt. I cried out, bucking into his brutal penetration. His mouth found the back of my neck, his lips and teeth punishing my flesh with wicked sucks and nips. I clung to the chains and whimpered, riding his hand as the heat from his kisses permeated to my very soul.

The pressure in my sex mounted, and I did everything possible not to think about how fucking good I felt. How totally, utterly on fire. If Torr “heard” my rapture, if he knew how close I was to coming, who knew what he would do.

“This,” he whispered, withdrawing his fingers from between my legs as he rained a slow path of kisses down the line of my spine. A shudder of anticipation rocked through me, destroying the denied dismay his fingers’ absence caused in my sex. I squirmed, licking my dry lips as he massaged my butt with strong hands, gently parting my ass cheeks with each squeezing caress.

His lips continued down the length of my spine, and I gasped as they ended their journey on the puckered hole of my anus. He lingered there, his tongue stabbing with increasing pressure at its tight entry, sending jolts of liquid electricity into my core.

Shyte, it felt good. My eyes closed, and I heard a low keening sound vibrating up my chest. It grew louder every time Torr’s tongue touched me, until I was whimpering like an animal. And even then, I could not stop. The heat his mouth ignited in my body was spreading out of control, and my whimpers became growls.

“Yes, yes!” I ground out, sweat trickling down my temple. “Oh, *blyat*, yes!”

I could feel my orgasm building. Growing closer. Wilder. My sex squeezed at Torr’s thrusting fingers, taking him deeper. Wanting more. Wanting to be stretched to its limit by his rock-hard cock. “Please,” I begged, uncaring of my desperate tone. “Please.”

“Please what, Raina Mynn?” His breath kissed the flesh at the base of my spine. He drew a little circle with the tip of his tongue, his fingers in my pussy motionless even as he pressed the pad of his thumb to my sodden anus.

“Please...” I panted around the raw sensations taking over my very existence. “Please...”

He straightened. Slowly. His body unfurled from its kneeling position. He slid his body against mine as he rose to his feet, his lips charting the way. I felt his bare chest slide against my ass, followed by the hard planes of his abdomen. He kissed the back of my neck again, his hands smoothing up the column of my extended arms to my shackled wrists. I sucked in breath after breath until something stiff and hot and velvety smooth nudged the crevice between my ass cheeks. My breaths turned to growls of ecstasy.

He was naked. At some stage, while making love to my pussy with his tongue, he’d released his fly and his cock had sprung free. And now that cock pressed to my flesh, insistent and demanding.

"Please what, Rai'nia?" He slid his hands back down my arms until they came to rest on my breasts. He held me still as he rolled his hips, his shaft pushing at my backside, past my backside, until its bulbous head found the sopping folds of my sex. "Tell me." He shifted slightly and his cock parted my nether lips. "Tell me." *Oh, gods, tell me. Tell me, so I can sink into your heat and set you on fire. Tell me so we can become one and ...*

"Tell me." He growled against my neck, his hands cupping my breasts with tender care, his warmth, his sweat, becoming my own. He held me that way, not moving, barely penetrating me. Possessing me all the same. "Tell me."

I couldn't fight anymore. He was right. The end result had been decided the moment I returned to this moon. I was his. I closed my eyes, my pussy weeping to be filled. "Fuck me. Take me." I leaned back into his hard body and let him feel my total surrender. "Claim me."

He growled, and with one fluid thrust, impaled me with his swollen cock.

I screamed -- pain unlike any other burning the stretched lips of my sex, pleasure unlike any I'd known destroying the pain. "Oh God, Torr!" I cried, taking him all, taking him deep. "Yes, yes, yes!"

He pumped into me, long, fierce strokes that grew faster with each thrust. Fast, deep thrusts that grew stronger with each stroke.

Mine, mine... oh, by the gods and goddess, she is mine... mine to claim, mine to fuck, mine to...

The frenzied thought lashed through my head, so potent and feverish that I gasped. It was too much. I felt Torr's passion, his desire for me. Not just in his body so utterly possessing mine, but in his unbridled, unchecked thoughts. I lived it and, in that split second, saw my destiny. Saw my body claimed by Torr over and over again, saw him filling me, fucking me, mating with me. In this room, on the moon's surface, in the air above its desolate red expanse, in the very emptiness of space.

I saw massive wings spread from his wide back as he thrust into me mid-flight, his golden-scaled form massive and majestic and terrifying. I saw my wings fold around our long serpentine bodies as we both came with roaring fire.

Wyvernian.

I saw it. In a split second. And with that stunning, amazing, terrifying vision, my climax detonated in my core and I ignited. Burning with pleasure and destiny fulfilled.

A roar rent the air, and I felt Torr stiffen, every muscle in his body coiling to complete stillness before he pounded into my sex, his own orgasm stealing him of rhythm, turning each thrust into a wild stroke that pushed me higher, higher, higher, until I came again.

"Fuck!" I screamed, my pussy constricting, milking Torr of his seed with squeezing pulses.

"Mine!" he roared, the hands on my breasts growing as untamed as his penetrations. He punched his cock harder, harder into my center, pulling me down into each exquisite blow, his rhythm lost to his release.

And then we were both spent, and I hung from my shackled wrists, Torr's cock still sheathed in my sex, his cum trickling down my thighs. He closed his arms around me, holding me in an embrace I could only

ever describe as tender, his face buried in my neck. "Mine." He whispered the word on a shaky breath, followed by another breath I couldn't understand but heard in my head all the same. *Yours* .

I closed my eyes, my heart smashing against my breastbone like a sledgehammer. His. Mine.

Destiny.

Wyvernian.

I opened my eyes, staring at nothing. "Well, I guess that clears one thing up."

Torr's heart thumped against my back, and I felt his cock slip from my sex as he shifted slightly. "What does it clear up, *chyre* ?" he murmured, raising his hands to my wrists. I heard a soft chink and then the io-cuffs around them and my ankles dissipated.

I pulled in a deep breath and let it out in a long, wavering sigh, lowering my arms to my chest and massaging the blood back into my hands. "I'm as insane as you."

I spun, slamming the heels of my palms into his chest, right on the sternum. He staggered backward, eyes wide (and gray once more), his face shocked. Before the reality of what I was doing could stop me, I launched myself into a spinning back kick. My heel smashed into the exact same spot between his pecs, and in the point five seconds my stare was fixed on his face, I saw his smooth, brown flesh ripple golden light.

And then I was flung backward. I don't know how it happened. A blast of air, so goddamn hot I swear my eyeballs felt baked, hit me, and I careened backward, arms flailing, mouth open in stunned shock.

I slammed into the far wall, the one that looked like it was carved from solid granite. My shoulders smashed against it, followed by the back of my skull, my ass and my elbows -- and guess what, it was carved from solid granite. The room we were in was seemingly carved into rock.

I only had a surreal second to digest that irrational realization before Torr was on me, slamming his body into mine, pinning my wrists to said granite wall with his large, strong hands, nailing my hips to its immovable surface with his. "Insane?" He yanked my arms up the wall until my wrists were beside my head. His cock ground against my sex, and I choked back a groan. He was as stiff and hard and thick as ever. And as ever, my body was hot and wet and hungry for him.

"Insane," I snarled back, baring my teeth at him. I'd learned a thing or two from Fraz since becoming his partner. Trouble was, at this point in time I wasn't one hundred percent sure if I showed Torr my teeth because I wanted to kill him or fuck him. In all honesty, the answer was probably both. "Crazy as a cut snake."

Green fire flared in his enraged gray eyes. "Because you finally experienced true rapture, Rai'nia?" he asked, although something about his smooth, deep voice told me he knew it was a statement of truth. "Or because you finally discovered who you really are?"

"Ha," I barked, fighting against his crushing weight as much as I fought the urge to yield to it. "And what am I, Torr? A bloody big lizard? That flies? In space?" I curled my lip, letting him see the contempt I felt at the idea. "Do you see my wings?"

"I don't need to see them to know what you are, *chyre* . I can feel them." His nostrils flared and he

pressed his lower body harder to mine, driving one thick, muscled leg and then the other between my thighs. "I can feel *you* ." His raging hard-on pushed at my folds, and once again, I had to bite back a groan of traitorous pleasure. Shyte, I hated him.

Yeah. Hate. That's what I'm feeling right now.

"What do you need to believe, Raina Mynn?" He brought his head closer to mine, barely skimming my cheek, my temple, with his lips. I drew in a breath, and I'm ashamed to say it was a trembling one. How did the insane man do this to me?

I let out a sharp sigh and shook my head. My body still burned from the absolute rapture of our coupling and I --

Oh, who was I kidding? There's no way the word "coupling" even came close to describing what Torr and I had just done. But that still didn't excuse the lunacy of seeing myself as a giant, iridescent coppery-red dragon. I shook my head again, wishing I could see his face. All I could do was feel his body pressed to mine, his long, hard desire nudging my sex. Feel his warm breath on my neck. Smell his musky, somehow smoldering scent. Taste that scent on my lips and tongue. *Blyat* , I was in trouble. Four of my five senses were fighting on the side of the enemy.

"What is there to believe, Torr?" I tried to make the words sound harsh. "You would have me believe I am some mythical creature, a... a..."

"Wyvernian," he said, his smooth voice deeper than thunder. My sex constricted at the word and my heart rate doubled. He chuckled. "Dragon shapeshifter," he went on, his lips almost but not quite nibbling on the outer curve of my ear. "Sometimes called *volitilis everto* . Roughly translated: the winged destroyer."

"Some mythical creature," I continued through clenched teeth -- his lips had moved on to teasing the side of my neck and my body thought that was just fine and dandy -- "that the IAC destroyed centuries ago."

Torr stiffened, his lips stilling on my neck. He lifted his head and stared at me with unreadable eyes. "The IAC did butcher the Wyvernians. For no other reason than fear. Slaughtered every one but one small boy... and one tiny babe."

I blinked. Despite the fact I was still clinging to the surety there was no such thing as dragon shapeshifters, the empty pain in Torr's blunt statement made my chest squeeze.

"And that one small boy has waited," he whispered, the emptiness in his voice gone, replaced with the smug arrogance I'd come to expect from him. "Waited for that babe to find her way back to where she belongs."

"Kept prisoner in a cave on a lifeless moon?" I offered, trying to sound sarcastic.

Torr's lips played with a small, entirely too sexy crooked smile. "In my arms."

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to--

"So you're telling me I'm centuries old?" I swallowed, my pulse hammering in my neck, though whether my elevated heart rate was the result of Torr's statement or the thick dome of his cockhead pressing at

my clit, I will never know. "I'm scaly and massive and ancient?"

Yes, I knew how absurd the situation was. Two minutes earlier I'd tried to beat the crap out of him, and two minutes before that I'd been screaming in the throes of sexual rapture, but think about it from my point of view. My lover -- who may or may not be a friggin' flying space lizard -- had just told me I was really old. What would you have done?

Torr laughed, the same relaxed laugh that had so affected me earlier. It did the same thing now. Made me want to laugh with him. I don't need to explain how insane the situation was again.

"Do you want to know the real answer to your age, Rai'nia? Or are you just humoring the lunatic weirdo on the moon?" His eyes sparkled with mirth, and I swallowed the unexpected urge to blush.

"Shoot, lizard boy," I ordered instead, trying not to squirm beneath him. If I moved even an inch I would feel his cock part my folds, and no matter how much I wanted to be filled by that impressive organ again, I needed to keep my head clear. Not the easiest thing to do given our naked state and position.

He looked down into my face, his gray eyes intent. "I know you are but a child of twenty-five human years, Rai'nia. I can feel the years you have lived in your very soul, but those years have all been a lie."

I swallowed, my throat tight. "A lie?" I wanted to stop this conversation. I wanted to cease the surreal notion of discussing my age while buck naked and astride the most amazing lover I'd ever had and just lose myself in his body once more. But I couldn't. I needed to know. I really, really did.

Torr's nostrils flared. "Female Wyvernians always aged closely to that of an Old Earth human. They experience puberty and adolescence likewise."

A blush did spread through my cheeks just then, as the memory of my adolescence came back to me: tumultuous days hungering for affection in the cruel prisons of the IAC orphanages; nights craving the very man now staring into my eyes, craving his touch, his domination, his desire in dream after dream after dream. I licked my lips and swallowed the lump in my throat. Torr had been with me since I was a girl not even old enough to understand what I longed for the most. What did that mean?

It means everything you continue to deny, Rai'nia.

I closed my eyes at his unspoken answer to my unspoken question. Would I ever get used to this cerebral connection? What the shyte was I doing pondering that possibility anyway?

Torr waited, silent, as if letting me wrestle with my own confusion, and I wanted to punch him for his consideration. Or kiss him. Argh! Was nothing clear-cut and obvious anymore? I glared at him. "Keep going. Tell me about the wings and the scales and the gravity-defying stunts."

Mirth twinkled in his eyes again. "Don't you mean the gravity-defying fucks?"

"Get on with it, lunatic."

He chuckled, and I felt the vibrations all the way through his body into mine. We seemed to be sharing everything now. Thoughts, body fluids, laughter...

"Wyvernians can reproduce with other species, but their offspring will only ever be female."

Torr's unexpected statement made me frown. I went to part my lips, to tell him to quit with the cryptics and get on with it, but he shook his head and pulled me closer to his body. "The Wyvernian gene will wait, in slumber, until that female meets her Wyvernian mate. If that never eventuates, she will live the normal lifespan of whatever species her non-Wyvernian parent is and never transform into her dragon form." He paused, his expression pointed. "She may die not even knowing what she truly is."

"A flying lizard?" I narrowed my eyes, trying to look skeptical. Inside however, I was feeling all sorts of... things. Like my body, my soul was nodding to everything Torr said, even if my head was trying to tell me the whole thing was a load of shyte.

He chuckled, a knowing gleam in his eyes. He could tell what was going on in my head and heart, damn it. "A flying lizard."

"So, my mother -- whoever the fuck she was -- and her mother and her mother and her mother were all flying lizards?"

He studied me with an unwavering gaze. "And her mother and her mother, and without doing the math, her mother before that." His intense stare softened a little, and I mean a little. "Only when two life-bonded Wyvernians mate will a male offspring be produced."

I frowned again, the knot in my belly twisting. "So there's a distinct possibility there are thousands of latent female space dragons out there? And they don't even know it?"

Torr's stare didn't leave my face. "It is likely."

The thought unnerved me and made my chest tight. Or at least, I thought it did. It wasn't until Torr spoke again that I realized what "unnerving" and "tight" really meant.

"The female Wyvernian does not reach her transformative stage until she has been claimed." He paused -- for a heartbeat. "By her mate."

I stared up at him, unable to breathe. *Mate*? I mouthed the word, incapable of finding the air required to make sound. Mate? As in, what animals do?

"As in, what Wyvernians do," Torr answered, lowering his head closer to mine. "Bonded for life to their one true mate." His eyes shimmered green, and his nostrils flared again. "As in, what we have done, Rai'nia."

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to--

He crushed my mouth with his, and before I knew what I was doing, I was kissing him back.

I lifted my right leg and wrapped it around the back of his left thigh. The move spread my pussy, and with a single stroke, Torr entered me. His cock stretched me again, and I welcomed the pain. Reveled in it. He fucked me against the wall, his hands never lessening their punishing grip on my wrists, his mouth never easing its punishing assault on my lips, and I welcomed that new pain as well. Someone wiser than me once said there is a fine line between pain and pleasure and they were right. Torr's fierce ownership of my body hurt like hell, and made me hotter and wetter and more aroused than I'd ever been. I never wanted it to end. Ever.

Fyre's tooth, neither do I. Torr's voice slipped through my mind, smug, arrogant, dominating.

Vulnerable.

He filled me with his shaft, pumping its length deeper and deeper. I rode him hard, our bodies slick with sweat, our tongues mating with fierce abandon, and refused to think about anything except the way he made me feel. Pleasured. Desired. Wanted.

Needed.

He thrust into me over and over again, and at some stage his hands left my wrists and found my ass, squeezing each cheek as he took my weight. He carried me across the room and lowered me onto a wide, soft pallet, his cock still embedded in my sex, his mouth still possessing mine.

Soft, dense fur caressed my skin as I stretched out on the surface. The tickling sensation only added to the delicious bliss consuming my senses. I tangled my hands in Torr's hair as I locked my ankles at the base of his spine -- imprisoning him in my hold. Lifting my hips, I met him mid-thrust, moving with him to bring us both closer to release.

His hands raked my body -- insatiable in their need to explore every inch of my exposed flesh. He dragged his mouth from my lips and tasted my neck, my collarbones. I shivered, my nipples growing hard and erect. He moaned with appreciation and took one tight little tip into his mouth, suckling on it with greedy fervor. I moaned and arched my back, dragging my nails down to his ass.

"I have tasted your flesh for over a lifetime,*chyre* ." He groaned against my breast, stroking its curve with his fingertips. "I have been driven mad by my longing for you."

He moved his mouth to my other breast, taking its nipple between his teeth. Little shards of blissful pain radiated through me as he bit the nub of flesh, and I gasped, digging my nails into his butt.

He sucked hard, soft. Laving my flesh with his tongue, he branded it with his teeth. I writhed beneath him, feeling his cock grow thicker, longer inside my sex. The wild sensation made me whimper, and I pulled him harder into my cunt, slipping one hand between our bodies until I could cup his balls.

They were heavy and swollen, and when I gave them a soft tug Torr ground out a raw moan. "Oh, fuck, Rai'nia." He tortured my breast with his mouth, his thrusting penetrations growing faster. "It was never like this. Never so..."

Right. The thought finished in my head, and for the first time since we'd come together on the moon's surface, I recognized his fear.

Torr's power and strength was undeniable. But beneath the menace of the Wyvernian's rage and arrogance, beneath his absolute need for domination and control, his longing for me, for my place by his side and in his arms, ruled him. I was his destiny and he was mine, and he feared that above all else.

For if I was his to claim, did that not indeed make him mine as well? He was the last male of our kind and he'd found me. In all the universes, I had come to his, and in doing so, found him.

I squeezed his balls and thrust my hips upward, taking him deeper, deeper. Letting him fill me, possess me. Letting him consume me -- and he was correct. Even in my dreams, it had never felt this right. And that was frightening. And wonderful.

Mine not just to claim, to fuck, but mine to --

Love?

I cried out at the impossible notion, my orgasm detonating in my core, incinerating rational thought. Torr roared, and I felt his body shift, his muscles strain and flex and coil. Liquid heat flooded my sex, and through the rapturous surge of my climax, I heard him roar again.

I opened my eyes -- for a split second -- and witnessed the man fight the dragon he was. Fight the shift trying to transform him. The sight terrified me and elated me, and I came again.

I let the absolute perfection of our mating take me away and came one last time, Torr's name bursting from my lips.

Chapter Six

Y'know those corny Old Earth vids where the hero and the heroine have earth-shattering sex and then fall asleep in each other's arms? The kind the IAC deemed illegal and perverse sometime back around the 100s? I'd always thought they were sappy, gag-inducing shyte completely fabricated by the deluded mind of some fragile, needy female incapable of seeing life for what it really was -- cold, harsh and brutal. I was currently living one.

I don't actually know when I fell asleep wrapped in Torr's arms, his warm, hard, naked body pressed to mine, but at some stage after we both climaxed for about the tenth time, sleep claimed me. Blissful sleep filled with blissful dreams of surreal happiness and contentment. Dreams of making love time and again to the man holding me. Dreams of moving through the darkness of space with nothing but Torr and the beat of my wings to keep me company.

Good dreams. Dreams that felt more real than the life I'd spent living.

When I finally woke, the warm memory of those dreams lingering in my subconscious, I lay perfectly still and listened to Torr's soft snoring. I could feel his breath on the back of my neck; gentle, even exhalations that tickled the hairs at my nape and made my nipples pinch tight.

Lying in Torr's arms now, the feel of his body molded to mine on the soft, fur-covered sleeping pallet, the absolute sense of safety and contentment his presence awakened in me, was the single most wonderful experience of my life.

I had to get out of there.

Now.

I slipped from his embrace, ignoring the dismay turning my gut into a churning mess of knots, and moved away from the sleeping pallet on silent feet. I was very good at moving silently. My instructors at the

academy had noted the fact many times during my enforcer training, comparing me more than once to the preternatural stealth of my future partner. Fraz called me a freak, but something about the way he said it always made me kinda smile. I could move without sound and I was fast. Very fast. At this point in time, I'd never moved faster or with more stealth.

I crossed the small space of the carved-out room, a distant part of my mind telling me why I could move so quietly and so quickly. It all made sense now. Of course I could move faster than the wind and without a sound. I was Wyver --

I cut that thought dead and turned my attention to locating my clothes. They had to be here somewhere, otherwise I was heading back to 'Port Adana buck naked.

Behind me, Torr's soft snores continued. I resisted the urge to turn around -- just. I couldn't risk it. I couldn't stay here with him, and if I looked at him again I knew exactly what I would do. Sprint back to the pallet, climb onto its luxurious furs and kiss the man I never wanted to leave awake so we could continue our explorations of each other's bodies and begin adding to our orgasm total with climax number eleven.

Shyte, I had to get out of there.

My throat grew tight and, just as I was about to throw up my hands in frustration, I saw my clothes -- non-regulation combat pants, battle boots and heavy rubber vest -- folded and stacked neatly on a low bench to my right. I scurried across the short distance and snatched them up, tucking them under my arm before searching for my partner's favorite blade.

Time pressed down upon me. If I didn't get out of there soon, Torr would wake, and then, who knew what would happen.

You know. It's why you're wasting time looking for Fraz's knife. You want Torr to wake and find you. You want to stay with him.

I bit back a sharp sigh. Fraz would have to get himself a new blade. I couldn't risk it. I was a chickenshit coward, I know, but I couldn't deal with it all. Torr, his revelations, my destiny, shyte, my species! It was too much and I had to get away. I had to clear my head and digest the insanity of the last few hours, and I couldn't do that while in Torr's presence.

I scurried -- again -- across the room, hoping the narrow niche in the far wall was the way out. Beyond the recess was a long passageway carved into rock, a muted light at the end painting the walls faded red.

My heart skipped a beat, and I ground my teeth, staring at that light. It was the light of the moon's surface. All I had to do was run through the passageway, activate my skimmer's return-to-me system via the trigger I'd planted in the sole of my boot, climb astride and I was away.

Fifty yards and I was gone.

I turned and looked at Torr. Ran my gaze over his sleeping form. Burned the memory of his image into my mind, my soul.

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to--

I didn't want to know how that thought finished. It was too daunting. Too scary. I spun on my heel and

fled down the passageway. Away.

The first cowardly act of my life.

And despite spending the entire twenty minutes flinging across the moon's surface on my skimmer and the entire hour and a half return flight to 'Port Adana in the skip telling myself I'd done the right thing, I still felt like I'd just ripped my own heart from my chest.

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

* * *

"Where the fuck have you been?"

I jumped at Fraz's furious yell, banging the back of my head on the shower spout with enough force that black stars filled my vision. *Blyat*, that hurt.

Slamming my hand against the water flow regulator, I turned, glaring at my partner as I stepped -- dripping wet and entirely too naked -- from the shower cubicle. "Fucking," I snarled, snatching up a towel. I wrapped it around my torso and pushed past him, grabbing my clothes as I did so. Fifteen minutes standing under icy cold water and staring at the gray metal wall had done nothing to destroy the churning ache in my stomach and chest. Fifteen minutes spent trying to forget a man I knew I never could. Fifteen minutes trying to ignore the last word of a thought forever branded in my soul.

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to--

"Well, while you were getting laid," Fraz followed me from the tiny bathroom into the single room of our apartment, "I was doing some cop work."

I paused halfway through shoving one still damp leg into my combat trousers and gave him a sharp look over my wet shoulder. "You found our perp?"

Fraz smiled, and if my mind hadn't been so preoccupied with a certain bloody dragon shifter I would have flinched. Whatever my partner had been up to while I was screwing around -- both literally and figuratively -- he was proud of it. "Found him." He nodded, his slitted eyes glinting with malicious glee. "And if you hurry the fuck up and get dressed, we can nail him."

I yanked my trousers on and pulled on my vest. My heart started slamming in my chest. This was what I needed. Something to keep my stupid, preoccupied mind off Torr. "Details," I barked, grabbing my gutting blade from the end of my bunk and sliding it into its sheath at the base of my spine. It was the only one I had left after leaving the rest of my bladed arsenal -- as well as Fraz's backup blade -- back on Torr's moon. As soon as we had the spice dealer locked up, I'd have to go on a shopping spree.

Fraz smirked, a wholly unnerving expression from someone with such a nasty face. "Spied him in Haze last night. Just before that walking mountain Talano chucked him out. I followed him through Cunt Street until he stopped at the BDSM joint next to the gym." Fraz's smirk stretched wider, showing a frightening number of needle-sharp teeth. "It seems our spice dealer's got a taste for highly illegal Rellian anal probes."

I frowned, scraping my damp hair into a rather messy knot at the back of my head. "And?"

Fraz chuckled, throwing one of my boots at me. "And Your Pain Is My Pleasure is currently out of stock of highly illegal Rellian anal probes."

My own smirk pulled at my lips. "Let me guess? You just happened to know where to get your hands on one and offered to supply him with it." I pushed my left foot into my boot and caught the right as Fraz tossed it to me. "Aren't you a considerate little Bo'aa."

Fraz winked. "Just sticking to my species' stereotype. We are known for our sexual depravity, y'know."

I snorted, stomping both feet until they snuggled into each boot perfectly. "Never thought I'd be pleased by that fact until now."

"Ha." Fraz turned and walked to the door, grinning at me over his shoulder. "I know you want some."

"Every second of every day, partner," I told him, pulling my spare disruptor from my locker before following him to the door. My heart thumped. Action. Just what I needed. If I was lucky, the drug pusher would try something stupid, and I'd get to beat the shyte out of him. What better way to clear my head.

It took me a few seconds to realize Fraz stood by the open door, studying me. "What?"

He cocked his head to the side, his eyes narrow. "Are you okay?"

The Old Earth term sounded awkward coming from his lipless mouth, but that wasn't what made me want to fidget. Fraz was the closest thing I had to family, but I'd never once heard him sound worried for me. It was uncharacteristic and it made me angry. And reminded me with a big mental slap just how brilliantly I'd failed at putting Torr behind me. *Blyat*, so much for leaving it all on the moon. "I'm fine," I snapped, pushing past Fraz. "Let's get to work."

Fraz didn't look convinced but he let the topic drop. We strode through the spaceport, heading for the rendezvous point he'd arranged with our perp. The plan was simple: Fraz would offer the anal probe for a ludicrous fee. Our drug dealer would no doubt balk at his asking price. Fraz would call the deal off, and just as he turned away from the perp, I would appear, bitching to my "salvage partner" that he'd finished off the last of our spice. Trap set.

The second the dealer offered to pay for the Rellian anal probe with a trade of product, *bam*, we had him. Yes, it was entrapment, but the days of following the AP Enforcer codebook had long gone. When it came to scum like this bastard, there was no code. Whatever it took, that's what we did -- no matter how unsavory, dubious, or ethically questionable. It was why Fraz and I had been assigned to the case in the first place. We did what was necessary, and our commander looked the other way until the job was done. Wrong, maybe. Effective? Always.

By the time we'd crossed the spaceport to an isolated and disused wing on Level Eight, Fraz had put his game face on. I wondered for a brief moment if that face wasn't just a touch too criminally malicious, before dropping back behind him to take up my position in the shadows of the closest service corridor. It was the perfect location for a takedown, one we'd scouted out on day one after arriving on the spaceport. The spice dealer would not be able to see me until I came bursting onto the scene, pissed-off and showing all the signs of spice withdrawal.

Fraz continued down the passageway until he reached the viewing wall. The massive expanse of unbreakable hybrid-tempered glass presented a glorious view of the star-studded space surrounding 'Port Adana. It also made for a very safe backdrop for the "exchange." With no entry ports, vents or

internal systems, there was no way someone could take him by surprise from behind. Taking the perp by surprise from behind would be my job.

I watched my partner lean against the glass and cross his ankles, his hands shoved into the deep pockets of his trousers. He really was quite scary to look at, and something in my gut itched. Something felt...

"Why the *fr*'k did you pick this place," a surly voice griped, and I pressed myself hard to the wall behind me, keeping my hand on the butt of my disruptor.

Our spice dealer stormed past me, heading for Fraz. I studied his back, noting the plated armor jacket he wore. Obviously, being a lowlife, criminal git meant he was paranoid about getting stabbed in the back. I grinned, looking forward to proving that paranoia correct.

Fraz grinned as well, doing his best to look apologetic. "I like the view," I heard him answer. He shifted his position slightly, adjusting his hands in his pockets. I knew he was adjusting his grip on his small but ridiculously lethal de-atomizer pistol, but what would our perp think?

"Big *fr*'kn view of nothing," grumbled our crook with the anal probe fetish. I couldn't see his face, but something about his voice made my gut itch again. I ground my teeth. Damn it. Something just felt... "You got the device?"

I cocked an eyebrow, forcing my focus on the dealer's back. Device? Now that was one I'd never heard before.

Fraz pulled his left hand out of his pocket, holding up a long, thin object wrapped in soft black syntho-silk. "Right here."

The perp's spine stiffened, and I slid my fingers around the grip of my disruptor. "Lemme see it."

"Uh-uh." Fraz shook his head. "Gotta pay before you play."

I saw the perp's wide shoulders bunch, and his right hand moved to his right hip, his left hand a balled fist by his side. "Shoulda known this was going to be a pain in the ass. You *fr*'kn Bo'aas are all the same."

Fraz's eyes narrowed to slits, and I held my breath. This could go pear-shaped real quickly. "The only pain in the ass," Fraz stated, jiggling the long, black parcel in his grip, "will be yours when you cough up the credits."

I gritted my teeth. You had to give it to Fraz -- he had a certain charm.

The perp's hand moved closer to his hip, and I slowly slid my disruptor from its holster. "*Fr*'kn Bo'aas," I heard him mutter before his hand dipped into a concealed pocket.

I targeted my weapon directly on the back of his neck, right above the edge of his armored jacket. If he pulled a gun his head was going bye-bye.

He withdrew his hand, and I let out a silent breath. A credit chit. Shiny one. "How much?"

Fraz snorted, folding his arms across his wide chest, his orange scales shimmering with a contemptuous red sheen. "Two things, my good buddy. This isn't Level Four, credit chits not going to cut it, and the

price is eight seventy-five.”

The perp’s hand froze. In fact, his whole body seemed to suddenly snap into a statue. A fat-assed, scum bastard statue. “You’re fr’kn kidding?”

Fraz shook his head. “You want ultimate ass pleasure, you pay ultimate credit.” He uncrossed his ankles and leaned forward -- just a tad, as if sharing a secret. “You do know the thing’s illegal, don’t you?”

Our spice dealer snarled but he didn’t move, and I couldn’t help but smile. He wanted his anal probe bad. Time to reel him in.

Fraz shook his head again and pushed himself from the viewing wall, sliding the black syntho-silk-wrapped object back into his trousers. “Too slow, my good buddy. You don’t want it, someone else surely will.” He gave the perp a lipless smirk. “Especially one of this quality.”

That was my cue. I shoved my disruptor into its hidden holster and stormed forward, making my breath shallow and rapid as I did so. I smacked into the dealer’s shoulder, bounced off him a little, feigning complete ignorance of his existence as I locked my wide, wild-eyed stare on my partner. “You fucking selfish grutt!” I yelled, punching him square in the chest with my palm heels. “You fucking used the last of the spice!”

“*Blyat*, you dumb cunt!” Fraz snarled, shooting the dealer a harried look. “Shut your fucking mouth!”

I flung the perp an indifferent glance over my shoulder, letting my eyes fill with a desperate insanity. The scary thing was, I was drawing the wild emotion from a place deep in my soul I knew would rule me for the rest of my life. I was an addict, but spice wasn’t my hit. I turned back to Fraz, slapping my hands against his chest again, a dark part of me knowing my aggression was born from bleak frustration. *Damn you, Torr*. “That was our last stash, you grutt,” I whined. “I needed it. I need --”

Fraz struck me. Hard. With the back of his hand. Right on my cheekbone. I saw stars and fell to my knees, the coppery taste of blood sliding over my tongue. “I said, shut the fuck up.”

“Hey!” the perp burst out, and I hid my smile in my trembling hand. We had him. Hook, line and -- “I know you!” His voice rose an octave, and then from the corner of my eye, I saw his feet scramble back a step.

My heart slammed into my throat and I bit back a hiss. Not good. Not good. Shyte, this was not good.

“You’re the cunt Enforcer who took out Eop’s child slavery ra --”

Four things happened simultaneously. The memory of the Andovian’s violent arrest smashed through my head, Fraz pulled his de-atomizer, I leapt to my feet and the perp pulled a neutralizer from who knows where.

And everything did, as I feared, go pear-shaped.

The dealer shot Fraz in the chest. Just like that. In the space of half a heartbeat, the bastard shot Fraz. The stench of ozone burned my sinuses, and a split second later I saw my partner fall, his eyes wide with shock and pain. I yanked my disruptor from its holster and spun to face the perp, leveling my weapon slap-damn in the middle of his greasy forehead. “Drop it,” I snarled.

The spice dealer's neutralizer locked on my chest, and he grinned at me, yellow teeth glistening with saliva. "Not a chance, cunt."

"You've got two choices, dickhead." My aim on his forehead didn't waver. I could hear something wet and gurgly at my feet, and when I sucked in a quick breath the coppery stench of blood filled my nose. Fraz's blood. Fuck. Fury rolled through me. Thick, black fury that felt like flames of incinerating heat. Fraz was the closest thing I had to family and this scum-bastard criminal had just shot him. I was going to make him hurt. "Drop the neutralizer before I vaporize that ugly-as-shyte head of yours, or keep it aimed at me and find out what it's like to have your head explode in a puff of disintegrated matter."

The perp laughed, the sound snide and way too confident for my liking. I wanted to shoot Fraz a quick look but I didn't dare. The spice dealer with the anal sex fetish would squeeze his trigger the second I broke eye contact, and there was no way I wanted to die.

Not when I'd only just begun to live.

Mine to claim.

The disconnected thought whispered in the depths of my mind, and I gritted my teeth. When this was all done and over with, I was having a long conversation with Torr about staying out of my head. I may be his destiny, but...

I swallowed, the absurdity of the situation hitting me. I was staring down the barrel of a highly lethal, highly illegal weapon, wielded by a criminal with a highly violent track record, my partner shot and most likely dying at my feet, our arrest gone to hell in a friggin' handbasket and I was thinking of my lunatic man in the moon?

You're not just talking to Torr when this is done, y'know that, don't you? I bit back a sigh. No, when this was done, I wasn't just talking to Torr. I was throwing him on the nearest bed/bench/rock and making love to him like there was no tomorrow.

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to--

"Throw away your weapon, cunt," the perp snarled, his eyes a crazy mix of glee and rage. "Or I'll shoot you in the mouth and fuck your dying body as your brains dribble out of your head."

Oh, yeah. This bastard deserved to die. "Try it." I bared my teeth at him, and this time there was no doubt of the intent behind the action. I was going to kill him. In exactly five seconds.

Five, four, three, two...

"Shoot me and we all die, cunt." He jerked up his left hand. My stare snapped to what he held and my stomach dropped. Ah, fuck. No wonder his eyes were crazy.

A tiny red glow on the small metal ball he gripped told me the neuron detonator was active. With just a simple release of pressure he'd turn every living being within a two-mile radius into a brain-dead vegetable. Pretty much everyone on 'Port Adana. He gave me another one of those snide, smug laughs. "You don't think I was suspicious about the Bo'aa?"

He stepped closer to me, detonator held out as if it were the most wonderful present I could ever hope to receive. I stood my ground and glared at him. I had nowhere to go. Behind me was the viewing wall.

“No one trusts a Bo’aa unless they’re stupid,” he spat.

Another wave of black fury rolled through me. A wall of heat hotter than a furnace. The tips of my fingers tingled as if I’d plunged them into an open flame. “Stupid?” I cocked an eyebrow at him, not even remotely trying to hide my contempt. “Who’s holding the neuron detonator, dipshit?”

“I’d rather take out everyone on this hole of a spaceport, including myself, than spend the rest of my life in an AP prison.” He laughed again, taking another step closer. Close enough for the end of my disruptor to press against his forehead. Close enough for me to smell his breath. Uh, crazy-ass masturbating criminal and oral hygiene deficient. A winner all round. “So you’ve got two choices, cop,” he went on, lifting his neutralizer up to my face and tapping the tip of its barrel against my bottom lip. “Open up and say ahh, or turn everyone on this hunk of metal to --”

He stopped talking. His mouth fell open, his eyes grew wide, practically bulging from his head, and he staggered backward, gaping at something over my right shoulder.

Something beyond the unbreakable hybrid-tempered glass.

Something -- by the expression on his face -- absolutely terrifying.

Mine to claim.

I heard the thought before I felt the tingle in my limbs, the swelling throb in my sex.

An ear-piercing screech shattered the air. The viewing wall behind me rattled. The floor vibrated. I didn’t have to turn to see what was outside. My body -- no -- my heart and soul told me.

Torr. My Wyvernian had come for his mate.

“Gods, gods!” the perp gasped, backpedaling like crazy. “What is that? What is that?”

I zeroed my disruptor onto the point right between his eyes. “That,” I said quite calmly, “is my boyfriend.”

The perp squealed, his eyes bulged some more and, just to prove how completely fucking insane he was, he lifted his left arm, the one holding the brain-liquefying bomb, and swung it forward.

Shyte, he was going to throw the neuron detonator.

At this point I had to admit to not having a bloody clue what went on. I saw the spice dealer swing his arm, I saw the blood flow back into the tips of his fingers as he began to relax his grip on the small metal sphere. I saw the detonator’s tiny red glow flicker green, and then I heard one simple thought: *Mine to protect*.

It was *my* thought. And before I even knew what I was doing, let alone how, I drew all the molten, blazing fury burning through me into one thick spear of untouchable heat and sent it out, incinerating the neuron detonator to ash before the perp’s fingers released it.

Incinerating the perp’s hand at the same time.

The bastard screeched, the end of his left arm a scorched, blackened stump, and swung up his right arm, leveling his neutralizer directly on my chest. "Die, cu --"

His head exploded -- in a puff of disintegrated matter. "Ah, shut up, fucker." The barely audible croak came from my feet.

I started, jerking my stare down to the bleeding, wheezing lump of Bo'aa on the floor. "Take your bloody time, partner." I dropped to my knees beside Fraz. He looked bad. Real bad. And for a Bo'aa, that meant he looked positively hideous.

"Hey, I came back from the dead... to save your ass, Enforcer Mynn," he wheezed back, bright blue blood oozing from the corner of his mouth. I gave his chest a quick once-over, biting back a sob of joy at the sight of his hardly-worn armored-skin combat vest beneath his jacket. Bo'aas weren't known to be all that bright when it came to common sense, but then Fraz wasn't your typical Bo'aa. Well, most of the time.

He turned his gaze from me to the viewing wall behind him, and I followed his line of sight, for the first time letting myself look at the creature beyond its unbreakable glass. "That the guy..." he rasped, voice gurgly but growing stronger with each word, "...you been having all... that sex with?"

I studied the magnificent dragon gliding through the blackness of space, mesmerized by his beautiful golden-red scales, his massive translucent wings. Shyte, he really was glorious. I smiled, a warm steady pulse awakening between my thighs. "Yeah." I turned back to Fraz, giving him a grin. "It is."

He kinda chuckled, kinda coughed. "And that was you who... cremated... the brain-bomb?"

I nodded, my throat thick. Cremated. Good word.

He chuckled again, and I noticed with sheer relief the blood oozing from his mouth had turned to a trickle. "Always knew... you were... a freak."

I laughed. "Fuck you, Bo'aa."

He closed his eyes and snorted. "Every minute of every day, partner."

A kerfuffle to my left dragged my attention from Fraz, and I stiffened. Five pissed off looking people were running toward us down the dim passageway, one of their number 'Port Security Commander Decoltéir, another the walking mountain that was Haze's head bouncer, Sabian Talano.

An ear-piercing screech sent shuddering vibrations through the area, and as one, all five turned to the viewing wall. "Wyvernian!" Decoltéir gasped, her face running white. I looked at the dragon flying through the blackness beyond the glass. Felt his smoldering gaze stroke my soul.

Come.

I turned back to Fraz, chewing on my bottom lip. Shyte, how did I do this?

"You have to go," he said, and I realized he was doing it for me. "Before the shyte hits the fan." He flicked a look at the dragon. At my dragon. My destiny. "Or the flying lizard turns us all into extra crispy."

Throat tight, chest heavy, I gave Fraz a long if somewhat hurried look. "I owe you a Bo'aa blade."

He coughed and waved a dismissing hand. "I'll take it out of your skinny-assed hide later."

I smiled at him, my chest heavy. Damn, I was going to miss him. "Keep pissing 'em off, partner."

He gave me an evil, lipless grin. "Every minute."

I pushed myself to my feet in a fluid move and stroked my fingers against my right inner wrist. A soft prickling sensation raised the flesh there as my AP Enforcer ID tatt materialized. I stormed toward the five newcomers, flashing my wrist at Decoltéir. "AP Enforcer business," I snapped. "My partner's down. He's been shot by a wanted spice dealer." I flicked Fraz a quick look over my shoulder and, even from this distance, I'm positive I saw him chuckling. "I need to get my kit from our quarters."

Decoltéir blinked, and Talano cocked an eyebrow. Another screech outside made all of them, well, all of them but the walking mountain, jump. I took advantage of the distraction and pushed past them.

Come, Rai'nia.

I walked through the spaceport, heading for the docking bay. Past the fake Nil Rajas, past the Irid'ii pro, through the markets and hustle and bustle of the merchant levels -- my home for the last sixty-one days. I couldn't wait to leave.

With a swipe of my wrist I deactivated the lock to the private bay Fraz and I had paid a friggin' fortune to obtain, and crossed the threshold. There was a soft hiss as the door slid shut behind me. Then an even softer clunk as it locked again.

I didn't stop.

I crossed the bay. Passed the AP supplied skip. My stare locked on the large double outer airlock doors.

Come, Rai'nia. The thought caressed my existence.

Stopping at the control panel, I keyed in an AP override code. Being a cop came in handy sometimes. A dull alarm began to sound in the bay. A muted orange light flashed overhead.

I stepped backward from the panel and stripped my vest from my torso. My sex throbbed. My heart hammered.

Come, Rai'nia. Come.

I toed off my boots. Kicked them aside. Shoved my trousers down over my hips and ass. My flesh began to tingle. Heat. The very center of my existence began to smolder.

Come, mychyre. Come to me .

Naked as the day I was born who knows how long ago, I stood at the airlock doors, skin on fire, sex heavy, heart smashing against my breastbone.

Mine to claim. Mine to fuck. Mine to...

I smiled. I knew the ending to that thought now. I had no doubt and it didn't scare me at all. Love. Mine to love.

I was all for that.

"Alert," the mechanical voice of the docking bay sounded. *"Airlock doors opening in five seconds."*

Come, mychyre.

My pulse quickened. I took a deep breath, pulling 'Port Adana's stale artificial air into my lungs.

"Four."

I closed my eyes and let the heat raging through me grow hotter.

"Three."

Let it consume me. Change me.

"Two."

Transform me.

"One."

With a deafening clunk, the airlock doors opened and I was sucked into the empty vacuum of space.

Chapter Seven

Every molecule in my body cried out. Not in asphyxiated agony, but in rapturous joy. The smoldering fire within my soul erupted, engulfing me in an inferno of molten pleasure. I felt every cell of my human form un-be. I don't know how else to describe it. I could feel myself being uncreated and made again -- in the form of an immense dragon. It was surreal. It was beautiful. It was right. And it all happened in the space of two heartbeats.

Testing the density of the ether, I moved my wings and found the quantum energy surrounding Adana to be thick. I pushed my wings against it and flew, reveling in the sensation.

There was nothing in space, and I rode it. Glided through it. I beat my wings again, arcing upward, away from the spaceport.

I heard Torr's call before I saw him. My heart thumped and I quivered, right to the tip of my tail. Yep,

my tail.

Come to me, Rai'nia.

I did, moving through the vastness, away from 'Port Adana, seeking my mate.

The icy vacuum melted over my body, and I let out a cry of delight. If there was a way to encapsulate euphoria, this was it. Gods, there were no words -- there still are no words -- to describe the way I felt. And that feeling was only magnified by about a billion when I finally saw Torr's golden form waiting for me.

Claim me. I sent out the command.

The great dragon flew toward me, scales shimmering golden fire, wings beating with silent grace.

He swooped over me, caressing my neck with the length of his tail. A shiver of pleasure rippled down my spine, and I followed his path, arcing up beneath him until our bellies smoothed against each other and our tails entwined.

Mine. Torr's thought murmured through me.

Mine. I whispered my thought back.

A surge of something exquisitely pure and elemental speared into my chest and, with another cry that rumbled through my very heart, we separated. Our wings beat in perfect unison, flying up, up and away from each other in two perfect arcs before diving down. Down past the metal world that was Spaceport Adana. I caught a glimpse of six beings standing at the viewing wall, and then all I cared about was home.

I cut through the vacuum, Torr beside me, and felt the kiss of the moon's atmosphere. It rippled over my scales like hot ribbons, and then I was through it, gliding over the moon's red surface like I had another lifetime ago. Well, not exactly the same. Last time I was on a skimmer, this time...

A shiver of excitement shot through me and the reality of the situation really, really hit me. I was... I was...

Wyvernian.

Torr's voice whispered through my mind. I banked into a wide curve, the dry air streaming over my scales, and saw him standing on the moon's surface. A man once more.

My man.

I saw him grin. *Yours to claim. Yours to fuck.*

I thumped my wings, his entirely cheeky thought sending a tight, twisting thrill into the very center of my being. He was mine to claim. And I planned on fucking him for the rest of our lives.

I flew over his head and felt his fingertips run the length of my belly as I did so. The sensation of human flesh on my scales sent another tight twist into my core and, despite the rapture of being in Wyvernian form, there was another rapture I hungered for.

Torr's chuckle sounded in my head. *Then what are you doing flying about ?*

With another banking curve, I returned to him, landing on my clawed feet with -- I'm ashamed to admit -- far less grace than I'd hoped.

I heard Torr chuckle again, this time in my head and with my ears. "Remind me to always land after you, *chyre*."

I stretched out my neck and nudged him with my muzzle. *Shut the fuck up, lunatic* .

He laughed. "Good to see your feistiness hasn't been dampened by your transformation, Rai'nia." He smiled at me, and I saw the mirth leave his eyes, replaced by a heat I knew all too well, and felt all the way into my core. "My destiny," he murmured. "Mine to claim."

I thought of the next part of that mantra, and a shudder rocked through me. My cells and molecules turned to molten fire, and two heartbeats later, I stood before him. "Yours to fuck."

He stepped forward, sliding his hands over my hips, bringing me against his body with a gentle tug. "No." He smoothed his hands up my back, over my shoulders to cup my face. "Mine to love."

I closed my eyes and let out a long sigh, leaning into his hard, warm body. "Hmmm, I like the sound of that."

He chuckled, a low sound that vibrated into my soul. "So do I."

I opened my eyes and gazed at him, my heart hammering. "So, what happens now? Do we hunt down the IAC and barbecue them one by one? Or do we just fly about over the moon making mad dragon whoopie?" I tiptoed my fingers up his back, burying them into his hair. "In an attempt to repopulate the species."

He traced my bottom lip with the pad of his thumb, his gaze following the languid caress. "Both options are appealing, but I'm favoring toward one more than the other." He returned his gaze to my eyes and cocked an eyebrow. "At this point in time, at least."

I felt my lips curl into a slow, cheeky smile. "And that option would be?"

He lowered his head and brushed his lips over mine. "This one."

And as I opened my mouth to his kiss, a kiss that was gentle and soft and tender, a kiss that made the pit of my belly quiver and my throat tight, I remembered the first time Torr had kissed me on this very moon. A kiss of savage possession and fierce invasion. A kiss that had almost made me come there and then. A kiss of merciless domination.

With a low chuckle, Torr lifted his head from mine, his hands tangling in my hair to hold my gaze on him. "Oh, trust me, Raina Mynn." His eyes blazed with gray lust. "I'm going to show you no mercy at all and there is nothing you can do to stop what is to come."

I raked my hands up his back and sank my nails into his shoulders, pressing my thoroughly wet and throbbing sex to his thick, hot cock as I pushed him down onto his back on the moon's surface and straddled his hips. "That's just the way I want it, lunatic."

And in one fluid move I impaled myself on his shaft, and we both began to burn.

Epilogue

Wyvernians: an ancient race of dragon shifters that once called Adana and its surrounding deep space home. Slaughtered by the IAC in an act of brutal genocide over three hundred years ago.

Fraz M'x read the info-stream glowing on the small communal screen before him. He grinned and flexed his fingers. "Time to update the records."

Shooting a quick look over his shoulders to see if anyone was in close proximity, he activated the AP Enforcer ID chip embedded in his wrist. A slight tingle shot up his arm as the chip overrode 'Port Adana's database security system, and -- with a blink-and-you'd-miss-it flicker -- he was into the data network.

His fingers skipped over the onscreen keyboard, adding a small but in his opinion highly important footnote to the entry on Wyvernians. A chuckle rumbled up his throat as he checked his journalistic skills.

Wyvernians: an ancient race of dragon shifters that once called Adana and its surrounding deep space home. Slaughtered by the IAC in an act of brutal genocide over three hundred years ago.

All except for one lone male and one lone female, that is. And now those two have found each other, the IAC suits better watch their fat corrupt asses, 'cause nobody does vengeance like a dragon shifter.

Can you say "extra crispy"?

He nodded once and logged off. "For you, partner." He flicked the narrow strip of hybrid-tempered glass above his head a quick look, noting the emptiness in the vast space beyond with a wide smile. "And the flying lizard."

He turned and walked away. He had a mission to get to and a new partner to break in. Playtime was over. For now.

Lexxie Couper

Lexxie's not a deviant. She just has a deviant's imagination and a desire to entertain readers with her words. Add the two together and you get darkly erotic romances with a twist of horror, sci-fi and the paranormal.

When she's not submerged in the worlds she creates, Lexxie's life revolves around her family, a husband who thinks she's insane, a pony-sized mutt who thinks he's a lapdog, two yabbies hell-bent on destroying their tank and her daughters, who both utterly captured her heart and changed her life forever.

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