

Changeling Press

Anne Kane



Stranded on Earth

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Liisa's passion is books, the kind they used to print when humanity still inhabited Earth. The only authentic collection in the galaxy is located in a museum housed on Old Earth. Needing a break from work, she comes to Union Station to indulge in an orgy of reading. Of course, she doesn't count on falling asleep in the library and missing the last flight off-planet before the winter season suspends interstellar traffic.

Jake is a sergeant in the Space Militia. He loses the draw this year and stays behind when Earth is evacuated for the winter. It's his job to make sure the mutant life forms spawned by the nuke wars don't break through the museum's barrier. He's resigned himself to a long, lonely winter fighting mutants and boredom.

When he discovers he's not alone on the frigid remnants of man's home world, he knows he should be a gentleman and keep his hands to himself, but spring is a long way off and Liisa's charms are hard to resist.

Chapter One

Liisa licked her lips and smiled at the tall, dark stranger standing naked before her. He stared at her unclothed body, slowly stroking the length of his impressive erection with one big, rough hand. Liisa placed one finger in her mouth, holding his gaze with her own. She released the finger with a seductive pop and ran it slowly down the man's chest, stopping to circle each nipple in an erotic caress. The stranger smiled approvingly, showing perfect white teeth. He reached for Liisa and wrapped her in his muscular arms. He had a strong, masculine grip, as dominant as any man she'd ever fantasized about.

His mouth twisted in an arrogant smile before he brought it down hard on hers, taking what he wanted while he roamed her body with knowing hands, touching, caressing, exploring.

"On your knees." His voice, low and commanding, sent shivers of lust racing through her.

Liisa obeyed, keeping her eyes on him. Strangely, she didn't question his right to give her orders. Her head was now level with the bobbing tip of his cock. Her sex creaming, she stared at the drop of pearly cum that glistened enticingly on the tip of his erection. She stretched her hand out toward the creamy droplet.

The man cupped the back of her head in one large hand while the other guided his cock to her lips. Liisa darted her tongue out to lick the smooth shaft, enjoying his salty male taste as she engulfed him with her mouth, sucking hard, her tongue tracing the smooth length. She whimpered in pleasure when the man fisted his hands in her long strawberry-blonde hair, groaning his arousal into the cool night air. Slowly at first, then faster, the stranger rolled his hips, thrusting into her mouth, forcing her to take

him ever deeper. No man had ever turned Liisa on this much. She cupped his taut balls in one hand, fondling the tight flesh.

"You're very good with your mouth." His voice growled and Liisa felt a surge of pride. Her pussy ached, wanting his cock deep inside.

"Down on all fours." He pulled out of her mouth and watched as she turned and braced herself on hands and knees, her legs spread wide for his use.

"Very nice." He slid his hand down the cleft of her ass and parted her swollen labia to slip one finger into her wildly creaming sex. "You're ready for me."

He dropped to his knees behind her, spreading her cheeks with his hands, readying her for his penetration. Liisa whimpered, her lust mounting as she waited for him to stuff his luscious prick into her.

A crashing sound penetrated her sleepy, lust-befuddled mind. *What the hell?*

Liisa felt herself being dragged out of the dream and back to the reality of the museum library. The yummy image of her phantom lover faded. She heard loud crashes, thuds and the odd muffled *whump* coming from the far end of the room. The upheaval sounded like a bar brawl without the conversation.

How inconsiderate. This was a library. Libraries should be quiet. All the records from that time period said so.

She'd come to Earth for a holiday, feeling burned out by the demands of her job as an interstellar marketing representative. Books were her hobby; the kind they used to print when humanity still inhabited the planet Earth. The only authentic books remaining were stored in the Earth museums -- far underground where the remnants of nuclear fallout couldn't penetrate.

An old underground transport nexus called Union Station housed this particular museum. Sealed off from the surface, the many tunnels and side rooms leading from the main station contained a fascinating collection of relics from four hundred years ago. Human descendants came from all over the galaxy to marvel at both the creative genius and incredible stupidity of their ancestors.

Liisa rose from the sofa where she'd fallen asleep. Grabbing her backpack off the table, she rummaged through it for her hairbrush and ran it through her sleep-tousled hair. She plaited the heavy mop into a braid that stopped just short of her waist and fastened it with the elastic she kept on her wrist. No wonder she only got lucky in her dreams, she thought wryly. Fortunately for her, she had a very active imagination and an impressive selection of toys.

She smiled and licked her lips as she remembered the stranger in her dream. Not a lot of real men could measure up to that one.

A loud crash followed by an odd strangled yelp, closer this time, reminded her why she was no longer in that particular dream. Stowing the hairbrush back in her bag, she went to find out who was making all the racket.

* * *

Jake pulled his sword out of the belly of the fallen mutant and wiped the gore on its tattered fur. He hated it when one of them managed to get through the barriers. He hated that he'd pulled the short straw this time and had to stay behind to protect the museum. He grabbed the mutant by the back of one of its three necks and started to drag the bleeding carcass out of the library. He'd been the only one to stay behind. It was up to him to dispose of the deceased vermin and clean up the gory mess.

"What in the name of all the heavens is that?"

The female voice bordered on hysterical. Jake dropped the creature and pivoted, bringing his sword hand up to face the new threat.

He blinked in confusion. No other human was supposed to be on Earth for the next four months, but if this was a mutant, he might consider changing sides.

The female facing him looked like a combination of every wet dream he'd had since puberty. She couldn't be much over five feet tall, but her figure made his mouth water. Her breasts were plump and full, her hips nicely rounded. Top those off with long red-blond hair and that pair of wide green eyes staring up at him, and he was so hard his combat pants felt two sizes too small.

He quickly mumbled his thanks to whatever god had dropped this delectable morsel in his path. Sheathing his sword, he stretched out to poke her in the stomach.

"Ouch!" The blonde jumped back out of arm's reach and rubbed her belly, an annoyed look replacing the horrified confusion on her face. "What the heck did you do that for?"

Jake grinned widely. "To see if you were real. No one else is supposed to be on this ball of mud until spring meltdown. I didn't realize they'd left me something to make the winter a little more enjoyable."

The woman stared at him, clearly wondering if he were insane. "What are you talking about? I came here on a weekender, along with a couple dozen other tourists. My transport out leaves at 0600, which is..." She lifted her arm to check the time on her com-unit, and stared at the read-out, disbelief written all over her face. "Two point five hours ago."

Jake grinned wider. "Yeah, about that. That one's gone. Next flight out is scheduled to leave..." he glanced down and pretended to consult his com-unit, "in about four months, three days and six hours."

Her jaw dropped open in shock. "They can't have just abandoned me. I can't stay here for four months! I have a job, a life, and things to do." She snapped her mouth shut and glared at him. "I want to speak to the person in charge."

Jake jumped gleefully to attention. He made a show of looking around as though there might be someone else lurking in the shadows of the library. He took in the dark wood paneling and the antique Persian carpeting. He carefully inspected the rows of books and even looked under the massive desk at the back of the room, all the while monitoring the woman.

She looked so cute when she was angry. He wondered what those eyes would look like glazed over with lust. He had all winter to find out. The gods must really love him.

He finished his perusal of the room and returned his cheerful gaze to the woman. She waited with her arms crossed, one foot tapping the floor impatiently. That red hair must be natural.

“Well?” she snapped.

“Guess that would have to be me.”

“You’re in charge?” By the way the woman eyed up the insignia on his shoulder, Jake could tell she didn’t believe him. “Are you sure?”

Jake didn’t blame her for doubting him. He knew he looked a little too rough to be the take-charge CEO type. “Oh, I’m positive,” he assured her. “Until you showed up, I was the only person on Earth, so I’d have to be in charge.”

The woman gave him a blank, shocked look and sank slowly down onto the sofa. “I don’t understand. Where is everyone? Why did they leave me behind?”

Her bottom lip quivered alarmingly.

Chapter Two

The man's annoying grin faltered a bit. He looked panic-stricken at the thought of dealing with a weeping woman. He dropped to his haunches so he could look directly into her eyes as he attempted to explain.

"The museum shuts down when the Earth's orbit takes it too far from the sun. From November through March, the nuclear winter is so cold it's hazardous for ships to attempt to land. Most of the garrison goes on leave then, but one of us has to stay behind. We need to make sure the mutant life forms spawned by the nuke wars don't break through the barriers and destroy the museum. I lost the draw this year, so I'm stuck here till spring."

He leaned forward to stroke one strong finger down her cheek. "They announced the departure of the last shuttle three times. You must have been sleeping like a log not to hear them. They don't keep track of who's on which transport so they wouldn't know you were still here."

Liisa shivered under his touch and worried her bottom lip with her teeth.

The man stared. He leaned forward slowly, his hesitation giving her plenty of time to object, to move. She didn't. She wasn't sure she could. His mouth covered hers with exquisite gentleness.

Shock held her immobile. Except in her dreams, gorgeous men did not just decide to lock lips with her. This had to be the most bizarre day of her life. She closed her eyes and let herself enjoy the feel of his warm masculine lips joining with hers. This close, she could smell his unique male scent, slightly sweaty from his exertions with the dead creature. A subtle hint of musk teased her senses.

She knew it was a bad idea but she didn't care; she ran her tongue across his lips. He tasted strong and male and aroused.

The stranger wrapped two big arms around her, bringing her in close to his muscular body. His kiss became aggressive, his tongue demanding entrance.

Liisa opened her mouth without hesitation and allowed him to delve deep, to explore every nook and cranny. He suckled on her tongue, nibbled small bites on her lip. His hands swept up to free her hair from its braid and let the strands slide between his fingers.

He let go of her lips and lifted his head so he looked directly into her eyes. "Guess we skipped introductions. My name's Jake. What's yours?"

"Liisa." Her usual vibrant personality had deserted her. She didn't think she could string a single coherent sentence together if her life depended on it.

"That's a pretty name." Jake stroked one hand through her hair while he used his other arm to keep her close against him. "Move over."

Liisa shifted obediently. She could get used to strange hunks ordering her around. Instead of sitting beside her, Jake scooped her up and laid her full length on the sofa. His big body stretched out over hers, blanketing her. She could feel the hard length of his erection pressed aggressively into her stomach.

"Are you always this bossy?" she asked, wriggling her hips under him.

"I'm a drill sergeant. Giving orders is what I do." He lowered his head to the hollow of her neck and inhaled. "You smell like flowers and sunny days topside of a planet."

"Does everyone do what you tell them?" Liisa ran one hand over his brawny arm, loving the hard male feel of him. Her few forays into intimacy hadn't been with anyone this, well, *male*.

"Mostly. It's safer that way."

Jake licked her neck, working his way over to her throat. Her pulse beat erratically under his questing tongue.

Liisa raised one eyebrow in query. "Safer? How so?"

"Well." Jake shifted his weight, setting one hand free to slide under her shirt and cup her breast. She felt his cock jerk against the sensitive skin of her midriff. "If another

one of those nuke-spawned creatures breaks in here, I'll have to kill it. I don't need to be worrying about you at the same time." He ran his thumb over her nipple and smiled when it stiffened under his assault. "You obey me. I protect you." He rolled the responsive nipple between his thumb and forefinger. "Looks like it's going to be one hell of a good winter."

Liisa knew she should be outraged at his macho assumption that she couldn't protect herself. This was the twenty-sixth century, for heaven's sake. The problem was she felt incredibly turned on, by both his caveman attitude and his very clever fingers. Time enough to assert her equality after she got what she wanted. And she wanted Jake, nice and hard, buried deep inside her.

Liisa dropped her hands to the hem of her shirt and pulled it up over her head to expose her breasts in their lacy prison. Jake's swift intake of breath rewarded her. Her gaze locked with his as he lowered his head to suck on one taut nipple through the sheer fabric of her bra. He licked and nipped, laving the sensitive little nub, tormenting it until Liisa writhed under him, lust quashing any attempt at thought. With a quick twist of his wrist, he ripped away the soggy scrap of lace covering her breasts and renewed his assault.

He shifted his weight and explored lower with his hands. He stroked and kneaded her stomach, her hips, and her thighs. He pulled her tights down to expose her mound, covered in a scrap of black lace, to his gaze. The thong quickly followed her bra to lay discarded on the floor.

He resumed his explorations. His fingers brushed against the responsive lips of her sex. Parting her labia, he slipped one long finger into her pussy.

Liisa whimpered in need and arched up in fervent invitation. She wanted him, needed him, inside her.

"Oh yeah. It's going to be a *really* good winter." He slid a second finger into her.

Liisa moaned and lifted her hips to thrust against his fingers as they stroked in and out of her eager, wet sex. If this turned out to be another dream, she hoped nothing would wake her. "That feels so good." She buried her face in the crook of his shoulder.

"Tell me you want this as bad as I do," Jake coaxed. "I need to hear you say it." His other hand continued to stroke her generous breasts.

Liisa tilted her face up to his. "I want you so bad!" she wailed. "I need to feel you deep inside me!"

"Yes!" Jake stood and quickly shed his clothes, discarding them on the floor in a tangled heap.

Eyeing up Jake's huge erection, she trembled. It looked so big, much bigger than anything she'd seen outside of her dreams. She wasn't sure she could even handle a cock that size. She jumped nervously when he dropped back down on the sofa beside her and rolled her under him so he towered aggressively over her, his heavily muscled torso supported by brawny forearms on either side of her.

He lowered his lips to tease along hers, gently coaxing her to open up. When she began kissing him back, he slid one hand up to fondle her breasts and she felt her nipples tighten to pebbled peaks under his attentive fingers. "Trust me," he murmured against her mouth. "I'm not going to hurt you."

Liisa relaxed as the combination of his low sexy voice and his expert caresses helped her to forget that most of her sexual experience was of the fantasy variety. She reached out boldly to run her hand down the shaft of his cock and gently cup his sac. "You're so big," she marveled.

"And you're so wet and tight," he growled with barely restrained lust. "Ready?"

"Oh yeah."

Jake lifted his body over hers to let his cock probe at the damp entrance to her swollen pussy. Liisa raised her hands to caress his chest, and thrust slowly, forcing the head of his massive shaft into her swollen sex.

"Oh gods! That feels incredible." Liisa closed her eyes and arched up, spreading her legs wider to accommodate him.

Jake forced himself through her slick, tight folds with slow deliberate thrusts until his taut balls were nestled tight against her ass. "Mmmmmmm," he murmured in

satisfaction. "You're so incredibly hot." He rolled his hips, putting pressure on her sensitive clit. "Like it when I do that?"

Liisa moaned in reply, bucking her hips under him in restless abandon. She dug her fingers into his shoulders, pleading with him in low urgent whimpers to fuck her.

Jake murmured his approval. He slid his big cock out slowly before he rammed back into her depths. Small mewling sounds escaped Liisa's lips as she arched and twisted under him. He increased the tempo and brought her to the edge of orgasm, then slowed the pace, skillfully building the tension while denying her the ultimate release.

When she started cresting yet again, he plunged into her with long, deep strokes that drove her higher than she'd ever been before.

"Come for me. *Now!*"

That incredibly male voice commanding her obedience drove Liisa over the edge. She climaxed hard, screaming her delight. Flashes of erotic heat sizzled along every nerve in her body.

Jake thrust fast and hard and she felt his seed spurt in hot, sharp bursts deep inside her as he came. Spent, they dropped to the sofa. Liisa snuggled in his arms and they both lay panting and sated.

Chapter Three

"I can't believe you're firing me!" Liisa fumed at the com-link. "That's not fair. I don't have a choice since there's no way off this planet for the next four months."

"You are on unauthorized leave in violation of your contract." The disembodied voice of her supervisor sounded bored. "Section 36.1 subsection 235 states an employee will be terminated without notice if they fail to return within three days of being verbally reprimanded for unauthorized leave. If you do not return within three days of this conversation your contract will be terminated." Liisa's temper flared higher as she detected the smug note in his voice. "This conversation is being recorded for quality control purposes and to provide a dated record of the delivery of reprimand. We wish you well in your future endeavors. Tekla out." A quiet buzzing sounded as the link went dead.

Liisa stared in horror at the now quiet com-link. "This is so not fair. He can't do that." She turned to Jake, feeling shaken and unsure of herself. "Can he?"

Jake shrugged and wrapped one beefy arm around her shoulders, drawing her in close to his side. "He certainly thinks he can. He sounds like a Class A asshole. You don't need him."

"But I do need my job. What am I going to do?"

"You can get another job. Smart girl like you should have your pick of jobs." Jake stroked his free hand down her arm in a soothing gesture.

Liisa tilted her face up to his as she realized he wasn't just trying to calm her down. He meant what he said. He thought she could just waltz back into the advertising world after disappearing for over four months and have job offers appear out of thin air. "It's not that easy."

"Have you ever tried?"

"Well, no," she admitted.

"Then maybe it is." He lowered his head to nuzzle her neck. "Besides, we have four months here before you even have to consider it. And it sounds like your old job is a done deal so there's not much point in worrying about it." He nibbled on her earlobe.

Liisa sighed. She hated to admit it, but he did make sense. "You're right. I guess I'm here for the duration. So what do you do here for entertainment in the winter?"

Jake grinned, his eyes dancing with mischief. "We have sex."

Liisa rolled her eyes. The man had a one-track mind. "What did you do when you were alone?"

"Had a lot less fun having sex," he admitted.

Liisa couldn't help herself, she laughed. "You're incorrigible!"

"Does that mean sexy?"

"No, it means annoying."

"How about I annoy you till you beg for mercy?" Jake waggled his eyebrows suggestively before his mouth took hers in a searing kiss. A long time passed before they came up for air.

Chapter Four

"No. And that's final." Jake snapped the book shut and held it out toward her. "We don't go outside the barriers. Ever."

"But..."

"No buts." Jake shook his head. "Rules say we stay within the barriers, so that's what we do."

Liisa grabbed the book and hugged it to her chest, glaring at his stubborn features. *Damn stupid male. What does he care if I'm going stir crazy cooped up here?*

She'd been reading up on the history of the area in some of the reference books and an article on The Royal Ontario Museum caught her eye. It looked fascinating and sat right on top of one of the museum tunnels. She'd been so excited when she'd rushed to ask Jake to take her there, she hadn't considered he'd say no.

* * *

Liisa checked her watch. Jake had been gone for half an hour. He should be well on his way to the far end of the museum by now. He ran his daily rounds like clockwork; a detail Liisa counted on when she'd planned this little escapade.

Grabbing the packsack she'd prepared earlier, she headed down the left arm of the tunnel system. She figured it would take half an hour to hike to the museum. She'd have lots of time to explore. She just needed to be back inside the barriers before Jake returned from his rounds. She grinned as she skipped along the abandoned tracks.

Disabling the barrier proved easier than she'd anticipated. She keyed in the code she'd located in the Admin manual and watched the web of intersecting lasers blink a few times before fading away to leave a gap big enough for her to waltz right through. *Maybe I should consider taking up espionage.* She giggled at the mental image of herself as a modern day Mata Hari.

* * *

Two hours later, she wished she'd never heard of The Royal Ontario Museum. The ancient building was huge, full of rooms and corridors that led from one dusty pile of artifacts to the next. At first, she'd been captivated and wandered from station to station in awe. The trouble started when she decided it was time to head home. She'd gone down so many corridors and walked through so many rooms, she had no idea where the exit was.

Thud!

Liisa jumped and stared in horror at the direction the sound had come from. There was no one else here. It had to be mutants.

She clamped a hand over her mouth to hold back a scream. Why hadn't she listened to Jake? He'd warned her. He told her not to go outside the barrier.

The sounds got steadily closer and louder, echoing eerily along the vaulted ceilings. Liisa looked around wildly for somewhere to hide. *Behind the pillar? Under the pile of medieval clothing? Behind the pile of bones!*

She ran to crouch behind the pile of huge bones. She wondered fleetingly if they were remnants of one of the fabled dinosaurs of Earth's early years, or a mutant of more recent times.

Thump, thump! Thump, thump! Those were definitely footsteps and they were coming this way. She clenched her jaw to stop her teeth from chattering.

"Liisa, get your butt out here! Now!"

She knew that voice. "Jake?" Liisa peered cautiously out from her hiding spot.

"Yes, Jake." He pivoted at the sound of her voice and stalked over to haul her roughly to her feet. "You're damn lucky it's me and not some hungry mutant looking for an afternoon snack. What part of 'no' didn't you understand?"

Liisa's temper, already frayed, snapped. She was hot and she was tired and she was scared. She needed some TLC, not a lecture. Stretching out to her full five foot two, she shook his hand off her shoulder and glared up into his face. "The part where you

give orders and expect me to follow them like one of your brainless recruits." She stomped her foot. "I don't need you. I can think for myself."

"Really." Jake crossed his arms, his eyes narrowing dangerously as he stared down at her. "And you thought disabling the barrier and risking your pretty little neck was a good idea... why?"

"I wanted to see the museum and you wouldn't bring me." Liisa struggled to keep the anger in her voice but she had to admit he did have a point. In hindsight, this had been a really stupid idea.

Jake shook his head in disgust. "We can discuss it when we're safely back in the museum." He looked around the shadowy perimeter of the museum. "I, for one, don't plan on being anything's dinner tonight. Let's go."

Liisa didn't move.

He raised one eyebrow. "Problem?"

Liisa stared at the floor and scuffed the toe of one foot through the layers of dust. "I don't know which way to go."

"What?"

"I'm lost."

He gave a short bark of laughter. "You're lost?"

"Yes. And it's not funny."

"Well, in that case allow me to help." Before she realized what he intended, Jake scooped her up and tossed her over his shoulder.

Chapter Five

"Hey!" Liisa started to squirm.

Jake brought one big hand down to deliver a warning slap on her butt. "Quit wriggling. You're heavy enough as it is." He ignored Liisa's gasp of protest. She didn't weigh enough to slow him down but he had no intention of telling her that. When he'd realized where she'd gone, he'd been frantic. The barrier served a purpose and so did the rules. It was past time she learned who was the sergeant here.

With Liisa dangling awkwardly over his shoulder, he made his way back to the museum entrance and coded the barrier into place. The laser array shimmered into view and he grunted in satisfaction. They were safe. Liisa lifted her head and squirmed in an attempt to escape, but he wasn't about to let her off this easy.

"Behave yourself." He shifted her to get a better grip. "You've given me enough trouble for today."

Resuming his ground-covering lope, he headed for the living quarters. She owed him and he knew exactly how he wanted to be paid. He slowed at the entrance to the library. Stopping behind one of the strategically placed overstuffed sofas, he lowered her over the well-padded back.

"That was a damn fool stupid thing to do." Jake stripped off his ammo belt and dropped it to the floor. "I don't hand out orders just to hear myself talk." He stripped off his jacket and shirt. "So long as we're here you will do as I say." He kicked off his boots and pants and dropped them onto the growing pile. "You got that?"

Liisa straightened up and wheeled around. She took in his naked body and her eyes widened. She swallowed hard. "You can't just throw out orders and expect me to obey."

Jake wasn't interested in arguing or in her notions of democracy. He caught her arm and dragged her hard up against him. "I can and you will." He dropped his head to devour her lips. "You scared the hell out of me with that crazy stunt."

He could see by the mutinous set of her mouth that she didn't intend to give in. He didn't care. Talking was the last thing on his agenda tonight and he doubted she'd have enough energy left to argue by the time he finished with her.

Scooping her up, he tossed her onto the sofa and pounced on top of her, his larger frame pressing her into the plush cushions.

Sliding his hand between them, he cupped one full breast through the thin material of her shirt. With a low growl, he reclaimed her mouth, sliding his tongue between her lips to take possession, sweeping and swirling, aggressively plundered her sweetness.

Liisa moaned and opened wide for his invasion. Eyes closed, she arched her back, pressing her breasts upward into his hands.

Jake nibbled his way along her lips and down her neck, nipping and licking as he went. When her shirt got in his way, he fisted one hand in the offending material and ripped the garment from her body. *Damn, she looks good enough to eat.*

He dropped his head, and engulfed one breast with his mouth, tasting the slight sheen of sweat. He scored his teeth across the tender nipple and smiled darkly when he felt her jump in response.

He teased the other mound with his hand, kneading and stroking, pinching the nipple lightly while he used his mouth to coax the first to a stiff point.

Liisa whimpered, bucking and arching under him. Her hands gripped his shoulders, the nails digging in to pull him closer. She wrapped one leg around his thigh, using the leverage to grind her hips against him.

"I'm sorry I scared you," she whispered.

"Not as sorry as you're going to be." He lifted himself off her long enough to grasp her tights and pull them down over her hips. Lifting his head to catch her gaze, he trailed his hand down, stopping briefly to toy with her navel before moving lower.

He could feel her quiver in anticipation, desire darkening her beautiful eyes as her nerves danced under his questing fingers. *Good.*

He parted the lips of her pussy and slipped one finger inside, stroking deep.

Liisa gasped and rolled her hips.

He loved the way her body responded to his attentions. He flicked his thumb across her clit while stroking his finger in and out. Throwing one arm across her belly to hold her still, he lowered his head to swipe his tongue across her opening. He inhaled and the musky smell of her arousal filled him.

Liisa moaned, jerking erratically under his restraining arm, mindlessly seeking relief.

He slipped a second finger into her, feeling a rush of warm liquid as her slick channel stretched to accommodate him. He swooped his head down to engulf her with his mouth, suckling hard while he jabbed his tongue in and out.

Liisa gasped and dropped her hands to his head, her fingers raking through his hair as she squirmed under his onslaught.

He renewed his efforts, driving her higher and higher until she stiffened, screaming his name while the muscles of her tight channel clamped hard around his fingers.

Jake lifted his head and waited for her to open her eyes. His cock rose rock-hard from its tangled nest of curls and he took it in hand, stroking slowly along the length.

Liisa's eyes flickered open slowly, still clouded with passion.

He grinned. "Now it's my turn." He reached down and pulled her into a sitting position on his lap, legs spread wide to either side of him. He thrust upward and let his cock rub along her moist cleft.

"Tell me what you want, baby." He held her gaze with his own, his cock teasing her clit.

"You." Her voice, low and passionate, sent waves of heat pooling in his groin.

He shook his head. "Not good enough. What do you want me to do?"

Liisa's gaze, clouded with lust, dropped to his cock. "I want you inside me. Deep. I want you to ride me so hard I'll be sore for days." She lifted her head and looked at him.

"Now that's what I wanted to hear." Holding her hips steady, Jake drove his aching cock into her slick channel, burying himself to the balls.

"Oh gods, Jaaaaakkkke." Liisa bucked under the sudden entry, her long silky hair swinging wildly over her face.

Jake pulled her close and buried his face in the soft strands. He didn't want to think about what he'd have done if she'd gotten herself hurt. He rolled his hips, driving his shaft deeper into her velvet heat. Slowly at first, then faster he began to thrust into her, driving deep and then withdrawing almost completely, over and over, varying the speed and shifting the angle just enough to drive her crazy with lust.

Liisa moaned and writhed, and the sight of her riding his cock so eagerly almost drove him over the edge. With a supreme effort, he managed to get his libido under control. He withdrew from her dripping pussy long enough to spread her full length on the sofa. Lowering himself between her thighs, he devoured her mouth as he slowly sunk his cock back into her welcoming core. He kept the rhythm slow, letting his passion build. He pistoned in and out of her, feeling her excitement build right alongside his.

The muscles in her slick passage started to spasm, gripping his shaft and the incredibly erotic sensation drove him over the edge. He took the scream from her lips while they came together and the world blew apart in an incredible rainbow of feelings.

Chapter Six

"Keep your guard up." Jake whacked her forearm with his practice sword. "The mutants won't be as gentle as I am."

Liisa winced. "This is gentle?"

"You're not gushing blood," Jake pointed out, while he circled her slowly.

"Neither are you. Yet."

When Jake decided to teach her to defend herself, Liisa hadn't realized he meant hand-to-hand combat with ancient weapons like swords. She knew her ill-fated foray to The Royal Ontario Museum had prompted this. She'd watched the surveillance vids over the last two months and knew there were some bizarre life forms out beyond the barriers. Most of them had mutated so much since the nuke wars you couldn't guess what the original form might have been. Multiple heads and numerous appendages seemed to sprout at will. One thing the mutants all had in common seemed to be a vicious tendency to attack anything that moved. It amazed her they hadn't killed each other off by now, but then their second common factor was sex. She'd never seen such horny creatures. If it moved and had an orifice, a mutant would screw it.

When Jake told her she needed to learn to defend herself, she'd pictured herself standing back with a laser, artfully zapping the bad thingies from behind one of those handy columns of concrete that seemed to be everywhere. No blood, no guts spilled out, no mussing up her hair, and definitely no bruises.

Jake landed another blow on her arm in exactly the same spot, grinning widely as she jumped. It was the last straw. "That hurt!" Liisa dropped all attempts at defense, swinging the heavy practice sword clumsily in front of her. She landed a couple of blows before Jake cracked his sword down hard on hers. The blow reverberated up the

wood, numbing her arm. She lost her grip on the weapon and it clattered to the floor, sliding out of reach.

Her forward momentum caused her to tumble right into Jake's waiting arms. Not ready to play nice just yet, Liisa kicked out, catching his unguarded shin with her heel. Jake grunted in pain and shifted his weight. Liisa punched and kicked and twisted in an attempt to get loose, managing a few good hits before Jake caught both of her wrists in one big hand and drew them up over her head.

"And now the mutant gets to eat you," he commented dryly. "Rule number one: never let them catch you without your weapon."

"Why can't we just laser them or use a blaster beam?" Liisa complained. "It would be a whole lot easier. You must have real weapons down here somewhere."

"Real weapons have real ammunition." Jake relaxed his hold on her wrists and let her drop her hands to her side. "In enclosed spaces like these tunnels if you don't hit your target with the first shot, you get ricochets. Even a blaster beam will deflect off smooth walls. It's counter-productive if you shoot yourself instead of the mutants. The Militia high-ups are also a little paranoid about the bad guys getting hold of any kind of technology so we do it the very old-fashioned way. It's not so hard once you get the hang of it. Everything has a weakness. You need to find that weakness and exploit it."

"With sticks and stones," Liisa grouched, rubbing her wrists where Jake had held them.

"Swords and poles," Jake corrected her. "Stones are too heavy to lug around, even for someone as big and macho as I am."

Liisa tried to suppress an amused grin. He certainly didn't have an ego problem. "Okay, so if you're so macho, why do I need to learn to fight? I can just hide behind you."

Jake frowned. "Mostly that's true. You only fight as a last resort, but what if one of those things manages to take me out? I need to know you can hang in till help arrives in the spring." He ran one finger gently down the curve of her cheek. "*Be prepared*. It's an old Earth motto."

Liisa was touched. They'd only known each other a couple of months yet he worried about her. It was a strange feeling but one she could get used to.

"Well, okay then." Liisa reached down and picked up the practice sword. "*En garde*." She held the sword awkwardly in both hands. The darn thing weighed a ton. "Are the real swords this heavy?"

"As a matter of fact, no." Jake brought his own sword up into a defensive position. "The theory is you learn with these and when you get a real one your arm will be stronger because of all the practice with these."

"We could just leave a bunch of these out for the mutants and let them bash each other silly."

Jake chuckled. "Not a bad idea, but who do you suppose is going to volunteer to show the mutants how to use them?"

"How about my ex-boss?" she offered. "I would love to see him chomped by one of those mutants."

Jake raised one eyebrow and grinned at her. "Bloodthirsty little thing, aren't you."

"Yup. You might want to remember that if you ever decide to piss me off."

Jake lunged in from the side, catching her off guard. With a quick twist of his wrist he flipped his sword upward under the shaft of hers and flicked it out of her hands. "Rule number two -- never let *anything* distract you during a fight."

Liisa stuck her tongue out as she retrieved her sword. "You military types sure are fond of your rules."

Jake stepped back to let her get into position. "They keep us alive," he pointed out. "Personally, I find that to be a good thing."

Liisa held the sword loosely in one hand. Undoing the front of her shirt, she held it open, her generous breasts barely restrained. "It's really hot in here." She glanced around, fanning the shirtfront to create a breeze. "Can we turn the heat down?"

If Jake heard the question, he didn't respond. His gaze rested on the edge of her shirt where the globes of her breasts spilled out, rising and falling with each breath. He

licked his lips. Liisa swayed toward him, arching her back slightly to give him a better view.

When the blow landed on his arm, he yelped and jumped backward, almost landing on his ass. He'd been so intent on the peep show Liisa provided, he hadn't seen her swing the sword up into position.

"Rule number two, remember that one?" Liisa grinned, pleased at the success of her little ploy.

Jake growled in mock menace, and dropped his weapon. He stalked toward her, every muscle in his splendid body tense. "Rule number three." He bared his teeth in a menacing display. "Don't annoy the nasty sergeant."

Liisa squealed in mock alarm and turned to flee down the nearest tunnel.

Chapter Seven

Liisa risked a glance behind her to see how close Jake had gotten. When she realized how quickly he'd closed the gap between them, she reconsidered her options. His longer legs were an advantage in the straight runs down the tunnels. He leered evilly at her as he loped along in her wake, licking his lips in a show of anticipation.

Turning her attention back ahead of her, Liisa spotted a side tunnel. Maybe she could lose him if she used the maze of short tunnels up ahead. She sprinted toward the junction, wishing she'd spent more time studying the maps of this underground maze, but then, she'd never imagined she'd be stuck here for months on end.

When she got to the corner, she dodged around it quickly in the hopes of slowing down Jake's pursuit when he could no longer see her.

A horrible stench wafted from the depths of the darkness ahead and she skidded to a halt, her stomach churning. The hair on the back of her neck rose in instinctive alarm and she fearfully began to edge toward the light of the main tunnel. She couldn't see anything in the murky darkness, but her senses screamed she wasn't alone. She didn't want to see what had caused that awful smell.

After a few steps, she whirled and ran in the direction she'd come from. Turning the corner to the main tunnel, she threw herself into Jake's arms, almost bowling him over. Startled, Jake enveloped her in his brawny arms and held her protectively against him. "What's the matter? Is there something down there?"

Liisa trembled against his reassuring bulk. "Yes. No. I don't know." She pushed a wayward strand of hair out of her face. "The smell is *awful* and I felt something watching me."

Frowning, Jake reversed directions, dragged her along with him as he jogged in the direction they'd come from. "Shit! We left the weapons at the practice zone."

"I'm sorry. This is all my fault." Liisa gasped as she struggled to keep up with his long-legged strides. "I shouldn't have run away. I was just playing around."

"It's not your fault. I'm the big bad sergeant here. I know better than to be caught without my weapon." He took the time to look down at her. "Rule number one, remember?"

He let go of her hand when they reached the practice area. "I'm sending you back to the command centre. You'll be safe there while I go check out that tunnel. We don't need another mutant running loose in here."

"No way." Liisa shook her head emphatically. "I know I panicked, but there's no way I'm letting you go alone. I couldn't bear it if you got hurt. I'm going with you."

Jake's chin took on that stubborn tilt Liisa had learned to recognize. "No. You're not." He captured her face in one big hand and tilted it upward so he could place a breathtakingly gentle kiss on her lips. "You are the most wonderful thing that's ever happened to me and there is no way I'm going to let you put yourself in danger. Now be a good girl and go wait for me in the command centre. When I get back, we have things to discuss. Like our future. Together."

Giving her a firm shove in the direction of the command booth, Jake grabbed his weapons from the rack where he'd stowed them when he'd started Liisa's lesson. Throwing her one last smoldering look over his shoulder, he turned and loped back down the tunnel.

Liisa picked up her discarded practice sword and headed up to the command booth, too shocked by Jake's emotional outburst to protest. He'd never given her any reason to believe they were anything but casual lovers, trapped together for a few months and making the best of the situation.

She entered the control booth, letting the door shut behind her with a loud thump, and propped the sword against the wall in the corner. As she sank into Jake's favorite chair, she turned on the monitors so she could track him. His musky male scent clung to the old leather chair and she marveled at how much her love life had changed since she'd been stranded on Earth.

Romance was the last thing she'd been looking for when she came here. She'd been aware since her painfully lonely teen years that men weren't interested in short, busty redheads. Grade school had been awkward and high school just plain hell.

Jake had changed all that. When they were together she felt happy, loved, cherished even. She sometimes wondered how she'd manage to survive without Jake to laugh with, fight with, and make love to. She didn't want to think about what would happen next month when the Earth thawed and interstellar traffic resumed. The thought of returning to the empty competitive world of advertising depressed her.

Her first inkling of danger was the smell. It took three precious seconds for her brain to kick into gear and realize where she'd smelled that noxious mix of sulfur and rotting meat before.

In the tunnel!

Liisa swung the chair around and found herself face to face with the ugliest creature she'd ever seen. Green scales covered it from the tips of all three heads to the bottom of its seven feet. The monster stood six feet tall on three of its hind legs and advanced into the control room in a series of awkward hops. Each misshapen head had two eyes close together, and a mouth full of very pointy teeth that snapped and chattered unnervingly. Running sores covered large patches of its body, the source of the gag-inducing stench.

Scrambling out of the chair, Liisa looked around wildly for something to use to defend herself.

Rule number one -- never let them catch you without your weapon.

The practice sword! Liisa ran to grab the weapon and hefted it up in front of her. She swung around to face the mutant. Still poised in front of the door, it effectively blocked the only escape route. Liisa took a deep breath, willing herself to be calm. She doubted she could kill the thing with a wooden practice sword. She needed to get it to move away from the door. If she got out of the room, she could lock the mutant in and wait for Jake.

Her eyes narrowed on the slaving creature. Jake! How did the mutant get past him? Had it hurt him? Was he okay?

"If you've hurt Jake, I'll kill you myself, and I'll make damn sure it hurts," she promised the creature. She started to circle; weaving the wooden sword in front of her, imitating the moves Jake had shown her. Adrenaline and fear combined to give her the strength she'd lacked in practice. The creature seemed clumsy and awkward as it tried to follow her movements. It responded to what she did seconds late, and it kept shaking and weaving its heads as if it were confused.

Despite its six eyes, the mutant had trouble seeing her, Liisa realized. It lived in the dark tunnels beyond the barrier. It wouldn't be able to focus well in the light.

Everything has its weakness. Find it and exploit it.

Okay, the thing couldn't see well in the light. It used either scent or sound to track her. She doubted it could scent her through the awful smell it projected, so it must be using sound. She picked up a coffee mug from the ledge beside her and tossed it across the room. The cup hit the far wall and shattered with a loud crash. The mutant dropped to all seven feet and shuffled in the direction of the sound, its three ungainly heads weaving awkwardly on humped shoulders.

She was right. It couldn't see her. She quietly glided around behind the mutant, weighing her options. She could slip out of the room and wait for Jake, assuming he wasn't lying injured or killed by the thing in the tunnel. Or she could attack the creature from behind and hope to disable or kill it with the heavy practice sword.

Common sense dictated retreat, but Liisa didn't feel like being sensible. She felt royally pissed off. She'd finally found herself a wonderful man who cared about her and this nuke-spawned nightmare had probably harmed him.

She wanted the monster dead. Raising the sword above her head with both hands, she let out a blood-curdling scream and charged the mutant from behind. "It's not fair!" She brought the sword down with all her strength on the back of one of the heads. "I love him!" She whacked another of the heads. "I really love him." She

chopped at the third head, ducking under a wildly swinging forefoot. "I think he loves me too, and we deserve to be happy!"

Screaming incoherently, she hacked and chopped repeatedly at the mutant, avoiding the flailing limbs as the creature tried to defend itself. Adrenaline surged through her, giving her the strength she needed. Anger mixed with the tears flowing down her face.

The mutant stumbled and fell beneath the onslaught, unable to get in a single blow through Liisa's manic attack. Still she kept swinging the sword, chopping and hacking and sobbing as she slashed at the now dead and unrecognizable carcass.

"Whoa, honey. It's dead." Jake encircled her from behind with strong arms. "Give me the sword. It's okay. You can stop now."

"Jake?" The weapon dropped from Liisa's numb fingers, clattering unnoticed to the floor. She turned in his arms, burying her face in his shoulder, inhaling his beloved scent. "I thought you were dead. I thought it killed you." She sniffled, swiping the back of her hand across her face. "I thought I'd lost you."

"Never." Jake nuzzled the top of her head. "I'm not that easy to get rid of." He brushed his lips gently across her forehead. "It must have circled around behind us when I brought you back." He shook his head, eyeing up the carcass on the floor. "I can't believe you killed a mutant all by yourself."

"I thought it hurt you," Liisa admitted. "I wasn't really thinking. I just wanted it dead."

Jake shook his head ruefully and looked down at the gory mess on the floor. "It's certainly dead now." He held her out at arm's length to examine her critically. "You're not hurt?"

"No." Liisa held her arms out to her sides and turned around slowly to show him.

With a heavy sigh, Jake let her go. "I guess I'd better get rid of the remains." He eyed up the carcass. "How about you go have a shower and I'll meet you in the lounge after I deal with your friend?"

Liisa smiled. *He's alive.* That's all that really mattered. "Sure thing." She turned to leave, and then paused. "Jake?"

"Yeah?"

"Don't be long."

A slow, sexy grin spread across his face. "Yes, ma'am." He touched a hand to his forehead in a mock salute.

Chapter Eight

Liisa hummed happily to herself. The warm spray from the shower nozzle caressed her naked skin and she closed her eyes and imagined Jake's big, rough hands touching her, running up and down her body, driving her crazy like only he could.

Her eyes opened when Jake stepped into the shower with her, his hard soldier's body gloriously naked.

"Hey you." A soft smile curved her lips as she stared into the face of her lover.

"Hey yourself." Jake pulled her into the circle of his muscular arms, drawing her against him with exquisite tenderness. He closed his eyes and buried his face in her hair, inhaling deeply.

Liisa relaxed, enjoying the feel of his eager cock pressing its hard length against her. Making love in the shower was one of the many things she'd learned to enjoy during her winter on Earth.

She reached behind Jake and took the bar of soap from the shelf. Handing it to him, she turned, presenting him with her naked back. "You owe me. I washed your back this morning."

"Yes." Jake's sexy drawl sent a shiver of lustful anticipation racing through her. "You did me quite well, as I recall."

She could hear him rubbing the soap in those big hands of his, working up a nice lather.

"Lean on the wall with your arms above your head and spread your legs." He breathed the words into her ear, his voice sinfully sexy. Liisa complied, not bothering to hide her eagerness.

Jake hesitated for a few deliciously erotic seconds before he began to massage her back with his soapy hands. He kneaded the tight muscles of her shoulders first, taking his time to work each muscle separately. He was so very good with those hands.

Liisa closed her eyes and sighed happily.

Jake moved his hands a little lower, massaging the soap over her shoulder blades with firm strokes. He stretched one hand around her torso to fondle her breasts, cupping their heavy weight and tweaking the responsive nipples while the other continued down her spine, massaging the fragrant bubbles over her with firm skill.

Gods, that felt so damn good!

Liisa arched her back, enjoying the feel of those big hands manipulating her flesh. She hadn't realized how edgy the fight with the mutant had left her.

Jake leaned forward. He ran his hand through her hair, drawing it away from her neck, and nibbled gently on her ear. "You are so beautiful." He drew her back against his hard frame, his heavy erection pressed into the cleft of her ass. "I can't believe I ever managed to live without you."

A tender smile teased the corner of Liisa's mouth. She'd had her share of dates, although she'd never been the most popular girl in the crowd. But she'd never had a man make her feel so beautiful, so special, so *cherished* as she felt with Jake.

She knew he feared she was just marking time until winter was over and she could leave. The truth was, she dreaded the approaching spring thaw, when interstellar traders would once again be able to land on Earth and she wouldn't have an excuse not to leave.

She turned within the circle of his arms and lifted her face to his, raising her arms to encircle his neck. "Kiss me." Her voice came out low, a seductive whisper.

He lowered his head to take her lips, his tongue thrusting eagerly into her mouth. His hand fisted in her hair, holding her still for his invasion.

Her heart beat with excitement, the blood pounding through her veins. Her focus narrowed to the feel of the warm water running over her naked body, the texture of his

skin rubbing against hers, the feel of his calloused hands. She kissed him back with passion, letting him know by her actions how much he meant to her.

Jake ran his hands down to cup her ass, kneading the generous flesh for a few seconds before he lifted her up so that she hung in midair, suspended above his rock-hard cock.

"Are you planning on making a habit of killing mutants?" he asked. "Because I'm not sure my heart can take it."

He lowered her slightly so that the head of his cock teased her slick entrance.

Liisa wrapped her legs around his hips and wiggled her bottom, attempting to impale herself on his rigid shaft. She wrinkled her nose, smiling mischievously. "Well, if you're not there to protect me..."

Jake growled and thrust upward, impaling her firmly on that delicious cock. "I see I'll just have to keep you tied to my side." Using one hand to steady her, he used the other to turn off the shower. Holding her firmly in place, he strode to the king-sized bed that dominated the room.

He lowered her so that she lay sprawled on her back, his cock still firmly planted in her pussy and her legs wrapped around his muscular butt. He knelt over the top of her and began to shaft her with long, slow strokes. His eyes, smoky with passion, never wavered from hers.

Liisa arched and squirmed under his attention, loving the feeling of having her sensitive channel so thoroughly stuffed. Jake leaned down to suck one taut nipple into his mouth, scoring the sensitive tip with his teeth.

"Like that, do you?"

Liisa gasped and nodded her head jerkily, incapable of coherent conversation.

"How about this?" Jake slid one hand down between them to tease her clit with the tip of a finger.

Liisa screamed, her climax surging through her, swamping her with wave after wave of pure erotic feeling.

Dimly, she could feel Jake's seed spurting deep inside her as she clamped down on him, milking every last drop.

When she finally drifted back to reality and could manage to talk without gasping for air, Liisa fixed her eyes on Jake. "So?"

"Hmm?" He caressed her ass lazily with one hand.

"You said we had things to discuss? Earlier, before the mutant interrupted us?" Liisa prompted. "Our future?"

Jake gave a dismissive shake of his head. "We did, but now we don't."

Liisa's eyebrows rose. "Really? And why would that be?"

"We were going to discuss our future, but now we're not." Jake dropped his mouth to hers, his tongue exploring gently but thoroughly. He raised his head, and ran a finger down the side of her cheek. "Discussion would imply you have a choice." His boyish grin caused a melting sensation in the area of her heart. "You don't. I love you and I'm not letting you go."

Liisa relaxed and ran her tongue down his chest, nipping playfully with sharp little teeth. "I don't have any say in this?" She flicked her tongue across one sensitive male nipple.

Jake's breath escaped in a hiss as the nipple puckered in response. "None at all," he admitted. "I intend to be absolutely ruthless."

"Well." Liisa worked her way back up to his mouth. "I can be pretty ruthless myself. Go ahead. Give it your best shot."

"Always." Jake bent down and kissed her gently on the mouth. "The best day of my life was the day I turned around and looked into those big green eyes of yours." He got off the bed and turned to kneel down beside her. "Now I'm down on my knees, just like in those old books you love. I feel like an idiot, but I'd be willing to do a lot worse for you. I'm not real good with words so you need to cut me some slack." He feathered tiny kisses across her face and down the side of her neck.

"I know I'm not good enough for you." He paused to nibble on her earlobe. "I don't have a highbrow education or lots of credits, but no one could love you as much as I do. You light up my world."

His beloved blue eyes stared into hers, all traces of mirth gone, replaced with love and longing. "I want you to stay with me forever. Bond with me."

Liisa traced his mouth with two fingers. "I guess I have to admit it." She withdrew her fingers and leaned forward to run her tongue across his lips teasingly. "I love you too."

"I know." He sounded so smugly male Liisa had to laugh. Life with Jake would never be boring.

Anne Kane

Anne Kane lives in the beautiful Okanagan Valley with a bouncy Jack Russell terrier, a cantankerous Himalayan cat, a geriatric guinea pig and too many fish to count. She has two handsome sons and three adorable grandchildren. By day, she's a respectable bean counter, but after hours her imagination soars and she writes romances that span the galaxy and encompass beings of all sizes, shapes and origins.

She first started telling stories to her little sister when they were toddlers, and she just can't seem to stop. In 2007, she decided it was time to get serious about her writing and see where it would lead.