

WARRIORS' WENCHES

by Kate Hill

(Menage, Sci-Fi, M/M/F and M/F/M)

Glimpse into the bedrooms of three women who have a double dose of pleasure on the planet Shandra where every lady gets two guys.

Part One: Radiance

Radiance wondered if withholding sex was more of a self-punishment than a punishment to her men. Yesterday Darkrock and Strongsea had taken a political disagreement into the bedroom. Their lovemaking session had turned into a damn fighting match and Radiance had stormed out of the room. She'd had enough of their Shand warrior attitude. Their arguments weren't unusual, and after observing them for so long, Radiance at last understood the fine line between love and hate. She'd learned the best way to handle their arguments was to let them burn each other out. Then they'd be more understanding of and sometimes even affectionate with each other. Except last night she'd lost her temper too. They'd ruined the romantic evening she'd planned and this time she would get even if it killed her—and it just might. Could a person die from unfulfilled desire?

Sighing, she stared at the ceiling and tried to ignore the ache in her clit and the tingle in her nipples.

Maybe she'd made a mistake in trying to spite them by staying out of their bedroom. Most likely they'd already made up, argued and made up again three times over since last night. They were probably fucking each other right now. Licking, kissing and sucking while she sat here frustrated.

If not for her pride, she'd go to them.

Stop being weak, Radiance. You can last a couple of days without sex.

What were a few days without her men's deep, passionate kisses? How difficult would it be to stay here all the while knowing she could snuggle between Darkrock and Strongsea's hard, warm bodies?

Even now when she closed her eyes she felt Darkrock's firm, moist lips against hers and the tickle of his beard against her face. She felt the gentle sweep of Strongsea's hand over her belly and the light tug of his teeth on her nipple.

Radiance moaned and her stomach clenched. She swept her thumb over her nipple and pinched it. It felt good, but not nearly as good as when Strongsea or Darkrock teased it.

The automatic door slid open and she sat up quickly, her heart pounding.

Darkrock and Strongsea strode inside. Darkrock wore a towel around his lean waist. His dark hair hung wildly about his shoulders and down his back and his stormy gaze fixed on her. Strongsea wore a blue robe, loosely belted to reveal a portion of his powerful chest. His handsome face was smooth-shaven and his blond hair cropped close to his head.

"What do you want?" Radiance demanded. She at least had to make a pretense of being angry at them, though she felt like leaping into their arms.

"You," Darkrock stated. The automatic door closed behind them and he tugged off his towel and let it drop to the floor.

Radiance's heart skipped a beat at the sight of his gorgeous, athletic body. Dark hair dusted his chest and tapered down his flat belly. Radiance longed to stroke and kiss his stiffening cock. She wondered if she'd ever become so accustomed to her men that her body wouldn't respond to them. At this point she doubted it.

Darkrock reached the bed and sat beside her. Cupping the back of her head, he covered her mouth in a passionate kiss. Radiance reached up and wove her fingers through his thick, dark hair. His tongue slid between her lips and she moaned as he explored her mouth thoroughly.

It felt so good to be with them again, and she didn't even have to go to them. They'd come to *her*. Maybe they'd finally gotten the message that the bedroom was for two things only—sex and sleeping. No fighting allowed.

Strongsea joined them on the bed. He lifted her leg and kissed her ankle and calf. She opened her eyes and saw he'd discarded his robe. Damn he had a gorgeous body—so long and lean yet incredibly strong. He reminded her of pliable steel. His eyes closed as he kissed her leg. His thick, dark blond eyelashes quivered slightly and he groaned, such a deep, sexy sound.

While Strongsea covered both of her legs with kisses, Darkrock caressed her soft mound. His fingers teased her pussy, then her clit. The sensitive flesh pulsed and ached. Her desire built and her breath came in soft pants.

“Oh please,” she whispered.

“Did you miss us?” Darkrock asked.

“You know I did.”

“Then why are you so obstinate, human?” Darkrock demanded in that arrogant tone that drove her nuts.

Her anger sparked again and Radiance opened her eyes and pushed against his broad shoulders, but he wouldn’t move.

“Obstinate? All I ask is for you guys to call a truce in the bedroom. I want to be a wife, not a referee.”

Strongsea paused in kissing her kneecap and said, “She has a point.”

“Perhaps,” Darkrock admitted.

“Can’t you admit when someone else is right?” she snapped. “Honestly, Darkrock, you’re so—”

Before she finished, he covered her mouth in another deep kiss. It felt so good that she forgot about being angry. She slipped her arms around his neck and opened her mouth to his searching tongue.

When the kiss broke, Darkrock rolled her onto her stomach. He brushed her hair off her neck and touched his lips to her nape, then kissed her shoulders and back.

Strongsea covered her bottom with kisses. He gently nipped the spheres, then kissed them again while dipping his hand between her legs. His fingers slid into her pussy. Radiance wriggled. It felt so good to be touched all over by her gorgeous warriors.

“Did you miss me?” she murmured.

Darkrock grunted in what could have been an affirmation.

“Yes,” Strongsea said. “Of course we did.”

“Why else would we be here?” Darkrock said rather gruffly. “Silly girl.”

“It’s nice to hear,” she told them.

“I’d rather show you.” Darkrock rolled her onto her back again. Bracing a hand on either side of her head, he kissed her.

Ever-so-slowly he filled her with his cock, then he broke the kiss. They gazed at each other. The passion in his blue eyes made the moment even more intense. She caressed his bearded face. Clinging to his neck, she kissed him.

Darkrock thrust into her over and over. His slow, steady motions and deep kisses soon had her hovering on the edge of orgasm.

“Please,” she breathed against his lips. “I want you so much.”

He groaned and nuzzled her neck, then thrust faster and harder. The delicious friction hurled her into an intense climax. He came too, straining into her body.

While she still pulsed in ecstasy, Strongsea pushed Darkrock off of her and filled her with a long, slow thrust. Before she had a chance to fully recover, he pushed her toward another orgasm.

Panting and writhing beneath his sleek body, Radiance thought how foolish she’d been to try to stay away from them.

“Radiance, ah fuck,” Strongsea breathed, quickening his pace.

He kissed her mouth, thrusting his tongue between her lips. Radiance’s tongue danced with his and she clung to him. Her fingers bit into his hard shoulders and her legs wrapped around his lean waist.

A few more thrusts and she came in an orgasm so strong that she almost lost consciousness. Strongsea came too. Tearing his mouth from hers, he moaned and gasped her name.

When he finished, he rolled onto his back.

Her eyes closed and heartbeat slowing to normal, Radiance smiled. With Darkrock on one side and Strongsea on her other, she felt utterly content.

“Remember our sparring match earlier?” Darkrock asked drowsily.

“Yes,” Strongsea replied, his voice just as sleepy.

“I won.”

Radiance’s stomach tightened and she opened her eyes. *Oh no. Trouble again.*

Strongsea raised himself on his elbows. “The hell you did.”

Darkrock rolled onto his side and smirked. Glancing at Radiance he said, “I did win. As usual he doesn’t want to admit it.”

“Darkrock, you’re so full of—”

“Guys, guys, stop it!” Radiance snapped.

“I think we need a rematch,” Strongsea stated.

“Fine.” Darkrock stood. “Here and now.”

Strongsea must have sensed Radiance’s fury because he glanced at her then back to Darkrock and said, “I don’t think this is an appropriate time.”

Shrugging, Darkrock said, “All right. If you want to use that as an excuse.”

“I’m not making excuses.” Strongsea rose and stood eye-to-eye with Darkrock.

Radiance wasn’t sure who attacked first and she didn’t care. She yanked the blanket off the bed, wrapped it around her waist and strode out of the room. She’d spend the night in Darkrock’s chamber.

When they wore themselves out they could look for her, but this time no matter how they kissed and caressed her, she would not respond.

Not even when Strongsea stroked her thighs.

Or when Darkrock teased her nipples.

Or—

A smile tugged at her lips. Who was she kidding? Sparring matches always aroused her Shand warriors and when it came to making love with them, she couldn't help succumbing to human weakness.

The End

Note: Radiance, Darkrock and Strongsea are from *Naughty Nights: Enslaved*

Part Two: Finesse

Finesse liked to watch. Seeing her gorgeous Shand warriors tease each other turned her on almost as much as having them make love to her.

Blackstare stood naked in his chamber, his back to the wall. Scars covered the stern, smooth-scalped warrior from head to toe, but somehow they added to his appeal. Maybe Finesse had been among the Shand for too long, but when she looked at his scars, all she saw were marks of his strength and courage. His long, lean body aroused all sorts of naughty thoughts.

At the moment he probably had no idea how he affected her because he focused completely on the naked, dark-haired man in front of him.

Though not as tall or powerfully built as Blackstare, Rocksurf had a sleek, hard body. The well-defined muscles of his calves tightened and strained from where he squatted, his hand wrapped around Blackstare's thick cock as he sucked and lapped the bulging crown.

She love the way Rocksurf's chiseled lips worked over the ruddy head of Blackstare's cock. She sighed, her nipples tingling and clit throbbing. Heavens, she knew how good Blackstare tasted. She'd sucked him many times and imagined the pleasure Rocksurf felt right now, savoring Blackstare's velvety flesh over hardness and enjoying his deliciously musky scent.

Blackstare groaned. His piercing blue eyes slipped shut and he buried a hand in Rocksurf's dark hair. His hips thrust and his muscles tensed.

Finesse couldn't take much more. She tugged off her satin nightgown and tossed it onto a chair. She stretched out on the bed and slid her hand inside her panties. Still watching Blackstare and Rocksurf, she fondled herself.

Pleasure built and she moaned softly.

Blackstare's eyes opened partway. From where he stood, he had a perfect view of the bed. Seeing her masturbate, he opened his eyes fully and shoved Rocksurf away. The dark-haired warrior tumbled onto his backside and braced his hands against the floor. His thick erection rose in a salute to his lovers.

"What are you doing?" Blackstare demanded, his voice husky and his gaze still fixed on Finesse.

“You’re a smart guy. What does it look like?” she breathed, her fingertip lightly circling her swollen clit. Shand women weren’t supposed to be cheeky, but she was one-hundred percent human. She’d come to realize that despite their complaints about Earth women, her Shand warriors loved her independent nature. Her feistiness turned them on, even if it did cause problems sometimes.

“I didn’t tell you to play with yourself,” Blackstare stated and sat beside her. He tugged her panties down to her knees, then guided her hand away from her clit.

“But I’m turned-on,” she protested. “You guys are having all the fun. What am I supposed to do?”

“I expect you to do as you’re told,” Blackstare said. He loved taking control, especially in the bedroom. Usually she and Rocksurf enjoyed playing along, but sometimes Finesse simply wanted things to go *her* way. Like now.

Staring at him with her most passionate expression, she said, “I’m horny tonight, Blackstare.”

Rocksurf chuckled. “You’re horny every night.” He joined them on the bed and tugged Finesse’s panties the rest of the way down. He discarded the panties and spread her legs. His strong hands pinned her ankles to the mattress while Blackstare cupped her soft mound and kneaded it gently. He slid a long, slim finger into her soaked pussy and explored.

Finesse moaned and squirmed with pleasure, though it was a bit difficult to move with Rocksurf holding her legs. Blackstare’s thumb swept over her clit a few times, sending little ripples of pleasure through her.

Blackstare withdrew his finger from her pussy and used its wet tip to stroke her clit. Finesse gasped and arched. He continued rubbing, pushing her closer and closer to orgasm. When she hovered on the edge, he stopped.

Finesse’s eyes flew open and she stared at him, panting. “Please finish. Don’t leave me like—” Her words ceased when Blackstare stood and Rocksurf lifted her legs over his head and covered her clit with his mouth.

She moaned and tried to writhe, but Rocksurf’s hands on her buttocks held her steady. Blackstare sat beside her again. This time he cupped her breasts, kneading them while Rocksurf devoured her. Rocksurf’s tongue flicked her clit and Blackstare lightly pinched her stiff nipples. The sensations overwhelmed Finesse

and she came long and hard. Her back arched and every muscle in her body strained as her men continued teasing her. They drew out the very last bit of passion until she lay panting, quivering and thoroughly sated.

“Sorry guys,” she finally murmured, “but I’m going to need a few minutes to recover.”

“No worries,” Blackstare said. “We’ll keep each other occupied in the meantime.”

At the sound of a leather belt cracking, Finesse opened her eyes and glanced across the room. Rocksurf stood facing the wall, his hands braced against it and his cock rock-hard. Behind him, Blackstare stood, his cock stiff, a belt in his hand and a lustful grin on his lips. At the first strike of the belt across his taut ass, Rocksurf’s eyes closed and his back arched in pleasure-pain.

Finesse sighed and shook her head, but a smile tugged at her lips and her clit ached.

Blackstare struck again and Rocksurf moaned.

Boys will be boys.

The End

Note: Finesse, Blackstare and Rocksurf are from *Naughty Nights: Commanded*

Part Three: Passion

This chamber was so different from Passion's room on Earth. She missed having windows through which she could see the sky. Instead the walls of this underground sleeping quarters had landscapes painted on them. She didn't mind the dark oak furniture or the masculine atmosphere in the room, and she loved the magnificent warrior in her arms.

Red lay close to her, one long, sinewy leg draped over her. His blond head rested against her breasts. She caressed his temple and trailed her fingertip down his cheek to his strong jawline covered in the day's growth of stubble.

The peaceful look on his face and the rhythm of his breathing suggested he was asleep. When awake, he often looked stern. He tried to disguise his emotions, but in sleep he relaxed completely.

No wonder he was tired. He'd spent the past two weeks in a special training program with the sector's general army, which meant a lot of travel, not to mention intense exercise. As one of twenty Sha-driants—warrior priests—on the planet, he had skills many wished to learn.

He moaned softly and nuzzled her breasts, a slight smile tugging at his lips. He swept his hand up her ribs and gently rolled his thumb over her nipple. It tightened and strained and Passion drew a deep breath. It seemed he wasn't asleep after all.

His slanted blue eyes opened and he raised himself on his elbow. Gazing at her, he continued caressing her breasts.

"I'm glad to be home," he said.

"I'm glad you are too," she admitted. "I missed you."

He kissed her and Passion slid her arms around him. Everything about him turned her on. She loved his scent and his taste. She loved the texture and warmth of his skin and the weight of his body upon her. His stiffening cock pressed against her and she reached between their bodies to curl her fist around it.

Red groaned as she stroked him. He kissed her neck and used his tongue to tickle her ear.

"Let me taste you," she whispered, pushing against his chest.

His smile broadened and though her strength meant little to him, he allowed her to push him onto his back and guide his arms above his head. Drawing a deep breath, he slid his fingers through the carved headboard.

Passion knelt between his legs and grasped his cock. Her heartbeat quickened and she licked her lips. He had a gorgeous cock. She rolled her tongue over the head and tickled the underside, then she sucked.

As her mouth and hands teased him, Red thrust his hips slightly, as if trying to control his passion. His breathing grew ragged and by the tension in his body, she knew how much he was enjoying this. Arousing him turned her on as well. Her heart pounded and her clit ached. She squirmed a bit and moaned softly.

The chamber door slid open and she paused, lifting her head. Both she and Red glanced at his brother, Timber, who strode inside. The door closed behind him and he approached the bed, desire burning in his gorgeous blue eyes.

Timber, who was the sector leader, had dark hair and a thicker build than Red. Passion stared, fresh desire spilling over her, as he pulled off his shirt, revealing his broad, powerfully muscled chest.

These brothers were similar in some ways but very different in others. She loved them both more than she had ever imagined possible. As a native of Earth, having two magnificent men all to herself had been a fantasy. Now, on Shandra, it had become reality. Of course they had their share of problems, but she wouldn't trade her position for anything. Especially now.

"We didn't expect you home so early," Passion said.

"I can see that," Timber stated, his voice huskier than usual.

He kicked off his shoes and pulled off his trousers. The man had absolutely gorgeous legs. Long, well-muscled and lightly dusted with hair. Both brothers had nice, firm asses. Passion's nipples tightened and she sighed with pleasure.

"Don't let me interrupt," Timber said, a teasing look in his eyes.

Passion turned her attention back to Red's straining cock. She took the head between her lips and sucked, then tickled the underside with her tongue. He groaned and threaded his fingers through her hair.

While she sucked and licked, Timber joined them on the bed. Red spread his long legs even farther as Timber knelt behind Passion. His warm hands grasped her waist and he guided her to her hands and knees. Oh yes. She loved it when they fucked like this. All three giving and receiving pleasure.

Timber's fingers slid into her pussy and he practically growled with lust. "You're so fucking wet."

"I'm so fucking turned on," she breathed, then continued lapping Red's bulging cock head.

Timber slid his hand around to fondle her clit. He stroked and teased it until Passion hovered on the brink of orgasm. It was almost too much, having Timber fondle her while she lapped and sucked Red.

Then Timber grasped her hips and entered her slowly from behind. His thick, velvety cock filled her pussy and she mewled with pleasure. He pumped while she sucked and Red moaned.

Red came first. His body arched and hips thrust upward. Passion sucked him until her orgasm overcame her, then she turned away, both hands braced on the mattress and her bottom wiggling against Timber as she climaxed. Seconds later Timber came as well.

They collapsed onto the bed, Passion trapped between her men, but there was nowhere in the universe she'd rather be.

Yes sometimes she still missed Earth, but she wouldn't want to live there again. Not when she'd found near perfection on Shandra.

The End

Note: Passion, Red and Timber are from *Naughty Nights: Devoured*

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