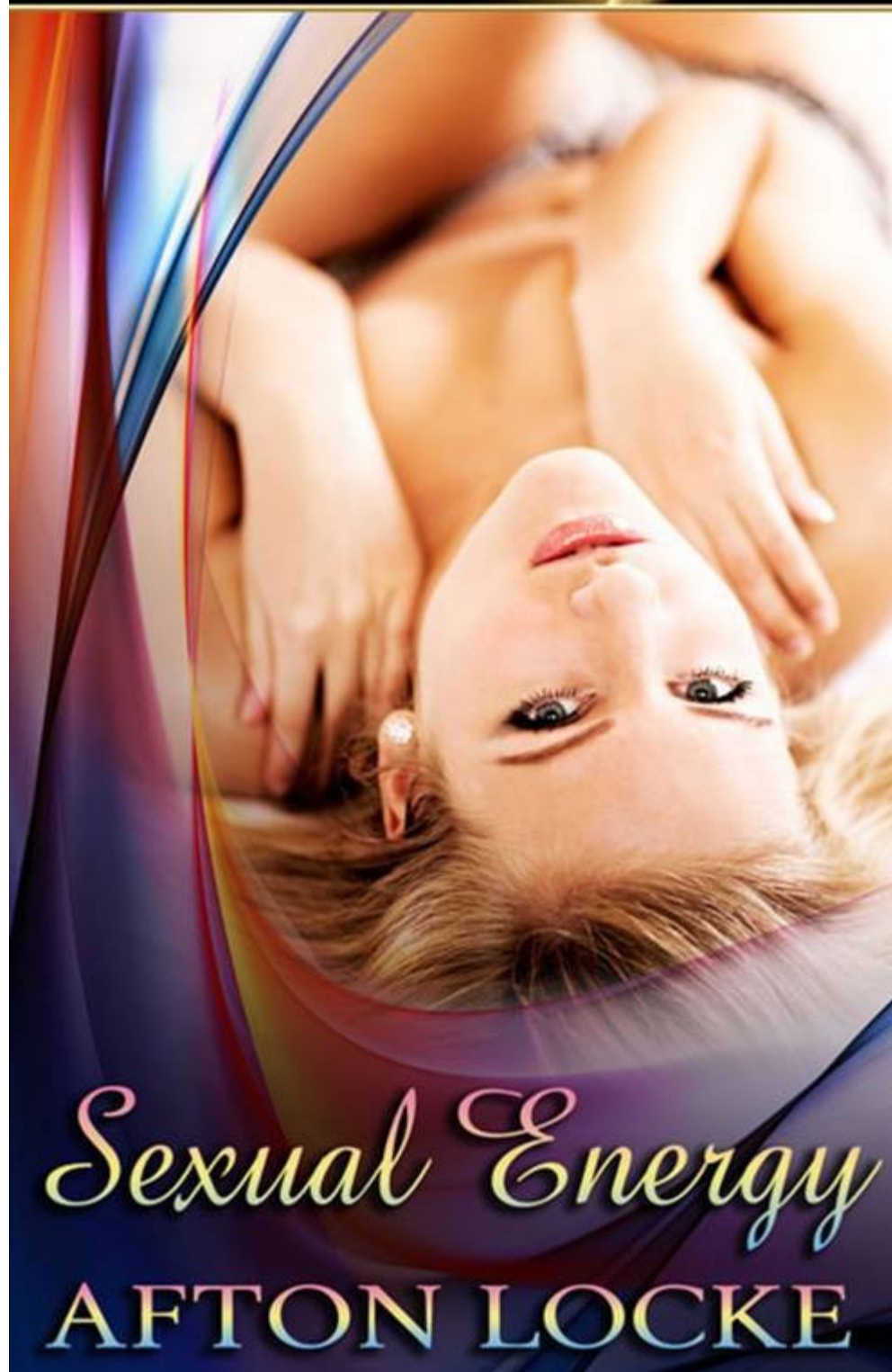


ELLORA'S CAVE **AEON**



Sexual Energy

Afton Locke

Planet Chromefield has always run on sexual energy, but due to a troubling affliction, all the men have lost their erections and all the women are insanely horny.

When Logan, a virile astronaut, crash lands on the planet, he must agree to perform an impossible test to get home again—a test which puts him in the bed of sexy Alysa, who wants more independence and creative sex, despite the planet's chauvinistic mores, and her fiancé Dean—whose secret desire could cost him everything.

Dazzled by his lust for them both, Logan agrees to give them his body. But the resulting three-way bond surpasses each of their sexual fantasies and thaws his solitary heart, which just might contain the key to saving the planet...if only they can convince him to stay.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Sexual Energy

ISBN 9781419922244

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Edited by Jaynie Ritchie

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication November 2009

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SEXUAL ENERGY

Afton Locke

Dedication

For all the authors I've met along the way. Thanks for answering my "newbie" questions, helping me get started and being so warm and supportive. You all are the best!

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Ben Wa: Ben Wa Novelty Corporation

NASA: The U.S. Government and its federal agency National Aeronautics and Space Administration

Chapter One

2230

Logan McKay came to as he slammed forward into the side of the instrument panel with what felt like too many Gs to count. His face stung where something had scratched it. He realized his seat restraints had come loose and his helmet visor had been knocked off as the spacecraft spun through the air like a top.

He was going to crash.

"Malfunction," the computer voice announced amid warning buzzers and flashing red lights. "Approaching Planet X's atmosphere. Point of entry too steep for safe landing. Landing stabilizers not functioning. Prepare for impact. Malfunction..."

It was not supposed to happen this way! The chemicals fed through his helmet to keep him in suspended animation were supposed to subside, waking him gradually before the ship approached Planet X's orbit.

His body needed time to adjust back to normal after a year of dormancy during his long space flight. Now his lungs burned and his muscles were so cramped he could barely move. A wave of vertigo almost made him pass out.

"Impact in ten seconds..." the calm, inhuman voice said.

Shit! He was going to die.

He was supposed to get into the planet's orbit, find the unmanned probe sent earlier and observe it, but this baby was going to land – right here, right now – without functioning stabilizers to counteract gravity.

Mustering every bit of strength he had, he lunged toward the window. Water. Maybe there was hope after all. The flight plan was shot to hell but when the emergency parachute thankfully deployed, the ship steadied its course and went from hurtling at breakneck speed to drifting with the gentleness of a feather.

With only a few seconds to spare, he braced himself for impact and forced himself to take the deep, even breaths he needed to restore oxygen. His body needed a hell of a lot more time to heal but he was conscious and that would have to be enough.

While the spaceship listed sideways, Logan wasted no time removing the rubber lifeboat from against the wall.

"Open door," he commanded. To his amazement it worked. He grabbed a water flask and provision bag.

Outside, he clicked the button to inflate the boat and started working the paddles. If only he'd had time to operate the computer to see why he'd come into the orbit too steep to lock into it.

But none of it mattered now, he thought as he removed his damaged helmet. He was alive and all he had was this little boat.

"Goodbye, *Boone*," he said as the ship he'd named after Daniel Boone finally went under water. Unfortunately the only means to signal Geo to rescue him was embedded in the ship and currently under water.

Was this really Planet X? he wondered as he rowed into the current. Everything looked just like Geo, the Earth colony planet he came from, with greenish-gray water and a small beach. He took a quick mental inventory of this planet's characteristics. The sun, gravity and oxygen levels felt like Geo's too. Judging by the temperature and foliage, it was summer here.

The only thing that didn't jive was the thin blue haze that followed his vision. His eyesight probably hadn't adjusted yet from dormancy.

He groaned. "Don't tell me I spent a year in space only to end up back where I started."

In no time at all he reached the shore. He pulled the flask of water from the boat and took a long drink as he gazed around. The place resembled any typical park in Geo with picnic tables, barbecue grills and even a small lifeguard stand. The only evidence of life was a couple of sparrows, pecking at food crumbs on the ground.

Logan shook his head. This had to be Geo. Geo-NASA was going to be pissed but it wasn't his fault. The stupid ship's autopilot was supposed to work right while he was in dormancy. But when he saw a wooden sign with symbols written on it he'd never seen the likes of before, he didn't know where the hell he was.

The sound of footsteps on firm sand broke him out of his thoughts. He put the cap back on his water flask and turned to see what it was. *It* turned out to be a hot blonde woman jogging the beach. A pink haze, similar to the blue one he kept seeing, trailed behind her and evaporated from her footprints like mist.

Now if he could just convince her that despite his bloody face and ripped spacesuit he wasn't a dangerous freak. He might be able to get some sorely needed help.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, stepping in front of her. He cleared his throat. His voice was so rusty it would be a miracle if she understood him. She'd probably pretend to ignore him anyway and jog right on by. Assuming the language translator was even working.

To his amazement, she stopped and ran in place as she looked him up and down. He didn't waste the opportunity to check her out either. Her short, blonde hair was spilling out of its ponytail. She wore tight, black running shorts that barely covered her shapely ass. Nipples poked against her pink sports halter like hard, round buttons. The rest of her was all pale, creamy skin bathed in a sheen of sweat.

For a minute, Logan almost forgot how crappy he felt. That infernal blue haze intensified then, hovering near his crotch. She didn't seem to notice at all. There had to be something wrong with his eyesight.

"Yes?" she finally said.

He held his hands palms up to convince her he meant no harm. "I need some help. Do you have a phone?"

"Do I have a *phone*?" she repeated, looking confused. "What is a *phone*?"

He reached into his helmet and operated his master translator unit that directed the implant in his ear to delay the English translation he heard. By also hearing what she originally said, he could tell if she spoke English or something completely foreign.

Say something, beautiful.

Instead, she stepped closer and touched his face. Even though it hurt, the contact sent blood rushing to his groin.

"You're bleeding," she said. "Come with me. You need medical attention."

The words coming out of her mouth definitely weren't English. Thank goodness for the translator.

Logan pressed his lips together. "I'm fine. I don't need to go to a hospital."

He knew he probably did but wasn't ready to turn himself over to public control until he had some answers. He was standing and breathing and knew he'd already passed the critical point of emerging from suspended animation. There could still be complications later but he'd cross that bridge when he got to it.

"I work at a small clinic," she said, examining his face. Her breath smelled like strawberry bubble gum. "It's very early, so no one will be there."

"Sounds great," he replied.

She reached out to clasp his hand. "I'm Alysa Barry."

"Logan McKay," he replied, shaking her hand. Her fingers were slender and warm. "Nice to meet you."

"My conveyer is over here."

Her what?

Abandoning the boat, he stuffed his rations into his helmet. Then he followed her to the parking lot and squinted at her silver-colored license plate, which matched the aerodynamic-looking sports car she must be referring to. The plate was filled with luminous patches that looked different depending on which way they were approached. They contained strange symbols similar to the ones found on the sign.

"Where are we?" he asked.

She pointed back at the beach. "That's Seminal Bay Park."

"And where's that?"

"You really don't know? Why not? Are you crazy?" She folded her arms and looked at him as if he were a lunatic she had second thoughts about letting into her car.

"I swear I'm sane and safe and won't hurt you. I'm not from this planet."

"I see," she said, not sounding convinced. "Get in."

He reached for the car door, wondering where the handle was. It slid open for him automatically. Where were the tires? he wondered. The thing was sitting right on the

ground. He got into the car, or whatever it was, and sat on the white passenger seat. The driver's seat was on the left. At least that was familiar.

"This is Chromefield," she said.

"Chromefield what?" he asked. "What's the name of this country?"

"Chromefield," Alysa repeated.

"And the name of the planet?" He raised a hand. "No, don't tell me. Chromefield?"

She nodded. "It makes things simpler that way."

"Interesting. Single cultures are very unusual," Logan remarked.

"Oh there are other nations and cultures," she replied, "but this is the biggest and the seat of power. Much of the planet is uninhabitable."

When she told him the physical size of the planet, it all started making sense. This place was a lot smaller than Geo. It was the estimated size of Planet X, in fact...

"Hey," he said, pointing to what resembled a cell phone resting in the center console, "that's a phone, a cell phone."

"No, it isn't. It's a voicer."

Conveyer? Voicer? Apparently the people here liked nouns ending in "er".

He watched as she touched a square object on the instrument panel with her finger. Within seconds, the car lifted off the ground at least a foot.

"That didn't take nearly as long as usual," she said, shooting him a girlish smile. "It must be your male energy."

"Must be," he murmured. *Energy*. She must be one of those New Age chicks.

Clouds of blue billowed up to the windows as she maneuvered the vehicle out of the parking lot and headed to a superhighway.

"What kind of fuel does this car use?" he asked. "I've never seen blue exhaust fumes." Hopefully it wasn't as toxic to breathe as it looked.

"The conveyer uses energy, like everything else."

The terrain was slightly hilly. Like any suburb back home, there was grass, deciduous trees and lots of asphalt. Even though the buildings varied in size, they were all covered in a similar, chrome-like finish. Where was the wood, brick and stone? Heck, where was the color?

Alysa whipped in and out of traffic with the skill of a racecar driver. Not to mention the speed. He didn't even want to know how fast they were going.

"Do you always drive this fast?" he asked her.

"Actually, no," she replied, biting her bottom lip. "You're making it faster."

He frowned. "Me? I'm not doing anything but sitting here."

Other cars emitted clouds of blue, which turned pink when they slowed down. Inside the car, a pink haze hovered on her side while blue confined itself to his. The colors were deepest near their sexual organs.

As if it weren't already hard enough to keep his gaze away from those clingy shorts of hers. At the way they indented slightly at her cleft and looked damp, as if she were aroused. The more he looked at her and thought about slipping his finger inside that tight fabric—to see just how wet it was—the bluer the air got. Inside his white spacesuit, he was rock-hard.

He waved to clear the blue haze it but it wouldn't go away.

"What is this stuff?" he asked.

"Energy."

"Well, how do I get rid of it? It's freaking me out."

She steered around a slow car. "Why would you want to get rid of your energy? Without it you'd be dead."

"This really isn't Geo, is it?" He wanted to be doubly sure before he got his hopes up.

She frowned again. "What is Geo?"

A cloud of blue nearly blinded him as exultation shot through his body. He just might have reached Planet X after all.

* * * * *

By the time they reached the clinic, Logan had learned a few things about the energy here. Apparently male and female energy ran everything from toasters to factories. Male energy was blue and female was pink.

"See?" Alysa pointed out as she parked the car. "Male energy runs the conveyer and female makes it stop. That's why having you in it made it faster."

"Then how can you drive by yourself?" he asked, frowning.

"Male and female energy is collective throughout the planet and gets drawn on when needed."

"Makes sense," he said, "I think. Does it ever run out?"

"Not as long as there are people living," she replied, looking down, "but things have been off lately. That's why I couldn't control the speed very well."

"Sounds dangerous." Though he had to admit it had been thrilling too. Like being in a movie. Hot woman plus fast car equals horny man.

As he followed her into a low, chrome-colored building, he couldn't stop looking at her. He'd never felt so horny and energetic in his life. Emerging from dormancy, his body was in overdrive, trying to wake everything up again. Soon he would crash and need to sleep. Hopefully he'd be able to find a safe place before that happened.

The examining room she took him to had dim lighting and white leather chairs. It hardly looked medicinal at all. Better suited for fucking, in fact.

"Isn't it strange we speak the same language?" she remarked as she gathered some typical examination instruments.

"Not really," Logan replied, explaining how the translator devices embedded in his ear and larynx translated what he heard and spoke. "Is this the only language spoken on the planet?"

"No but it's the predominant one."

She was cute when she frowned. *Stop looking at the woman's nipples, Logan.*

"How does your device work if you've never encountered our language before?" she asked.

"When my spaceship entered your planet's atmosphere, the master translator unit spread—" She would look really good spread out naked on one of those white chairs, he thought. "I mean, it analyzes the radio waves for language patterns."

She smiled, drawing attention to her full, kissable lips. "Well, I'm glad it works."

"So am I," he replied. He'd really feel lost in a place where he couldn't understand anyone.

Judging by her amused smile, he wasn't too sure she believed he was an alien but she must have decided to humor him and play along.

She held her gaze with his. "I think we could understand each other without words if we had to."

Definitely.

Next, she ordered him onto an examining table and checked all the routine stuff like blood pressure, body temperature and pulse rate.

"My vision is all right, isn't it?" he asked after she'd shone a light into his eyes.

"Perfectly fine," she said, smiling at him.

Examine my cock. Now! he felt like saying. It had been dormant way too long and needed a warm, lush pussy to resuscitate it.

Instead, she cleansed the cuts on his face, assuring him no stitches were needed. The air in the room was cool, hardening her nipples into bigger buttons under her halter. Doctors weren't supposed to have such tempting breasts. Shouldn't she be wearing a lab coat or something?

The more she touched him, the stiffer he got. Having sex with an alien wouldn't be very responsible but he wasn't exactly thinking with his brain right now. He was thinking about getting her on this table with him and finding out if she felt as good as she looked.

"Let's get this wet thing off," she said as she set about helping him remove his damaged spacesuit. Un-taping the biosensors and peeling off the multiple layers was such an endless process, they were both laughing by the time they were done.

Underneath, he had nothing on but a tee shirt and boxer shorts. After setting the damaged suit on a nearby chair with his helmet, she lifted up the hem of his shirt and ran her hands across his chest and down his stomach.

"I don't feel any hardness from internal injuries."

That's because you're not going down far enough, he wanted to say, but she looked lost in her medical world, muttering things to herself and treating him like a specimen.

"Oh my."

She must have just noticed his hard-on. "Sorry about that. It's from all the touching."

"Don't apologize," she said, her cheeks coloring. "These things can't be helped."

He closed his eyes and tried to think about something serious to make it go down. Boy, did he feel adolescent. So he thought about his spaceship and wondered when or if it would ever be discovered on the bottom of the bay. He was almost glad it had sunk. It would buy him some time before his arrival on this planet went public.

The touch of her fingers on his shaft popped his eyes open in a hurry. She was staring at it as if it were a crown jewel.

"Forgive me," she said, "but this is so extraordinary."

Extraordinary? How? he wondered. Hadn't she ever seen a naked man before? Did the men on this planet have really small ones? Not that he was gigantic but size was relative.

"I'm flattered," he replied. "Now tell me just how extraordinary it is."

She stared at him and blinked as if she'd finally realized he truly was from another planet.

"The men here are all impotent."

He sat up. "Are you serious?"

She nodded and he caught a glimmer of sadness in her warm brown eyes before she resumed her businesslike doctor persona.

"It's been that way for three months now."

"What's causing it?" he asked. He hoped whatever it was didn't affect him too. He could just see the headlines now. *One loss of manhood. One giant leap for mankind.*

She bit her bottom lip with even, white teeth. "Would you mind if I examined it? It might help us."

"By all means," he said generously.

This wasn't Planet X, he thought as he lay down and laced his fingers beneath his head. It was heaven. He watched as she touched every rigid inch of him with her warm, silky fingers. She gathered the seminal fluid pooling on the tip with a cotton swab and put it on a microscope slide. Her fingers traced the perimeter of his tightening balls and explored their texture. She even took his temperature there as if she were checking his fertility.

Finally she stopped. The examination must be over. He was more disappointed than an *Apollo 13* crew member who didn't get to walk on the moon.

"Would you mind providing blood and sperm samples?" she asked. "I know you need rest right now but it really would help us and the latter would discharge your energy."

"Discharge?" he asked. It sounded like an automotive repair.

"Yes, people need to discharge energy buildup every day by having an orgasm or doing physical exercise."

I'll take the orgasm. Or did these rules even apply to an outsider? "What happens if it's not discharged?"

She sighed as if she knew the feeling all too well. "Horniness to the point of extreme frustration and inability to concentrate or accomplish anything."

"Sure, I'll do it. Discharge me."

If he cooperated with these people, maybe they'd help him return to Geo. No, he couldn't think about that yet. The essentials such as food and shelter would have to come first.

She took his blood and, to his dismay, handed him a plastic cup.

"There you go. Would you like a magazine?"

He didn't take the cup. "Maybe later. I really am feeling run down."

She set the cup back on the supply cart. "Of course. It was thoughtless of me to make demands on you when you're not feeling well."

"Unless you could help me," he offered.

She eyed his crotch with uncertainty but the sudden cloud of pink haze made her answer more than clear. Apparently she was in need of some discharging herself. Then she looked toward the door as if wondering if someone might walk in.

"This isn't something I'd normally do but considering the circumstances..."

He guided her hand to his cock before she could change her mind. Her lips were pink and glossy. How he'd love to plunge himself into that mouth but he wasn't about to push his luck. A hand job would be just fine.

To his delight, she went to the counter and squeezed some fruity-smelling lubricant into her hand. The sticky sounds it made as she rubbed her palms together made him even harder. Fingers soft as butterfly wings landed on his turgid flesh and tightened.

Her grip was tight satin. This wasn't going to take long at all. Her long nails were squared off at the ends and covered in translucent, pink polish. She used both hands, stroking up and down while wringing him like a washcloth, gliding on the thick layer of lubricant.

"Does this work for you?" she asked.

Logan could barely muster the ability to talk. "Oh yeah. Just keep doing exactly what you're doing."

The more she stroked, the bluer the room became. Even his cock looked blue. The haze was all coming from his body. Energy, he thought with amusement. It looked as if there were enough of it in here to keep Vegas lit for a night.

He could hardly take his eyes off it but did glance at her face to see if she was enjoying this as much as he was. He saw so many things there. Fascination. Desire. Longing. But the sadness bothered him most of all.

"You look as if you're about to cry," he said gently. "If I'm that repulsive, I can finish the job myself."

She shook her head, chasing the rest of her hair out of its short ponytail. "That won't be necessary."

After that, her face showed no expression except concentration while she stroked him but she was emitting more pink haze. The sweet, sexual scent permeated the air as much as the color.

Logan had never in his wildest dreams imagined he'd get the best hand job of his life from an alien. An alien abduction and sexual examination conjured up scenes from budget sci-fi movies where little men with shiny suits, bulbous heads and large insect eyes inserted their long, cold fingers into various orifices while the terrified victim lay on an ice-cold metal slab. This alien had warm, soft hands and lush hips.

"That feels so good, Alysa. I'm close."

When she extended one hand to drag those beautiful nails across his balls—once, twice—he exploded. She must not have been expecting it. With one hand she cupped the cum pooling on his skin while she reached for the open container with the other.

Minutes later, he was cleaned up and his cum had been safely stored away for later analysis. He was soft now but knew it wouldn't take much to get him hard again. What this woman had just done to him had only left him wanting more. He wanted to strip off those clingy shorts, see her sweet-smelling pussy and explore it with finger, tongue and cock in no particular order.

He was supposed to be fulfilling his mission, exploring this planet, one of Earth's lost colonies, and figuring out how to get back to his own colony Geo to report on it. Instead, all he could think about was her. He hadn't wanted a woman this much since—

No, he refused to think about Tami.

"The clinic opens in an hour," she said, eying the clock on the wall. "I'm going to take you home where you can get the rest you need. You'll be safe there."

He raised his eyebrows. "Safe? Is this place dangerous?"

"I'm afraid so. Since you have the only hard cock on the planet, all the women will try to capture you."

That didn't sound so bad. He wouldn't mind having more of what he'd just gotten.

"What about the men?" he asked.

"They'll try to kill you."

Chapter Two

"You'll be safe here," Alysa told Logan as she let him into her house. "The kitchen is through there and fully stocked."

He nodded as he gazed around, looking intimidated by all the surveillance and security equipment. She wished she could give him a full tour but there was no time. The clinic opened soon and she needed to shower before she went to work.

"Nice TV," he said, pointing to the visualizer. "It's huge."

Another one of their word differences but she didn't have time to explain.

"You may watch it if you like. I'm going to take a quick shower and then the bathroom is all yours."

While he headed toward the kitchen, she raced to the bathroom and closed the door. No, she wouldn't lock it in case Logan became ill and needed her. Or maybe she just liked the idea of his walking in on her...

She stripped off her running shorts and top. She never wore panties while she jogged because they always seemed to ride up on her, but maybe she should have today. Her shorts were soaked with desire. Just pulling the fabric away made her cunt ache with unfulfilled longing.

All she could think about was Logan. His tousled, sandy brown hair, frank way of talking and easy smile. The mischievous glint in his blue eyes. Acres of golden muscle laid out on her examination table. And his cock, hard and slick in her grip. That's what she thought about most of all.

She turned on the water. While she waited for it to get hot, she dragged an impatient hand across her breasts. Her nipples were just as swollen as her cunt. A cloud of pink energy hovered around her hips, multiplied by the mirrors covering the walls and ceiling. It was so thick it was nearly opaque.

"Cut it out already," she said, looking down at her traitorous body. She still considered herself engaged, so the handsome stranger was off-limits.

This crazy affliction hadn't just made men's cocks soft. It had also made the women insanely horny. Trying to discharge her energy by jogging had been a waste of time. At least with Logan around.

I can't go to work like this. The telltale pink cloud would signal the patients and other doctors what was on her mind. Not exactly a boost to her credibility and career, which was already hard enough for a woman to achieve.

She had to climax before she went to work and it needed to be quick. If only she could take her time and do it right. Sighing in frustration, she reached into the wall

cabinet where she and Dean stored their bathroom sex toys, looking for something to get her off while she showered. Working women had to multitask, she supposed.

Her impatient fingers finally locked around her set of pleasure balls. She took them into the shower with her. Connected by a string, the two identical balls were chrome colored, and they heated up and turned pink when in contact with female energy. While the hot water soaked her hair and relaxed her scalp, she inserted the first ball, which was about the same size as the head of Logan's cock.

She closed her eyes, imagining it *was* his cock as it heated inside her. Her swollen entrance offered resistance but the wetness of her pussy lips offset it. The ball slipped past her vaginal muscle and nestled deep inside her pussy, almost making her come right then. After squeezing a dollop of shampoo into her hair, she inserted the second ball.

As she lathered her body and shampooed her hair, squirming under the torrent of water, the balls worked their magic. Every time she moved, they moved, building the heat inside her as if stoking a furnace.

Lost in the scent of mango shampoo, she thought about Dean and all the pleasure they'd had in this shower stall. No, that was too sad. Her thoughts drifted back to Logan and his hard, beautiful cock, glistening in the light at her clinic as she rubbed lubricant all over it.

She didn't have to stretch her imagination too much to imagine him fucking her. Right here in the shower. Maybe he'd force her up against the wall and take her from behind. Or maybe he'd sit on the bench seat, pull her onto his lap and make her ride him. All that hard flesh pounding into her, again and again, until they both came.

Barely coherent now from the hot balls filling her cunt, she rinsed the soap off her body and the shampoo out of her hair. Then she grabbed the tiny white string peeking out of her cleft and pulled, imagining Logan rocking her hard against the white plastic walls of the shower stall.

The first ball popped out, sending the walls of her pussy into a fiery clench as the orgasm descended on her. She had to cover her mouth with her other arm to stifle her moan as the second ball popped out. It came out hard, making her body feel as if it had pulled her inside out. The orgasm hammered her with full force, ending in what seemed many long minutes later, and finally subsiding in a series of small, erratic tremors.

Planets, she thought. If Logan could do this to her in her thoughts, what would it be like if he was actually in here with her?

After depositing the balls, which were now pearlescent pink from her energy, near the soap, she slipped into the plush pink robe hanging on a hook and dashed to her closet to put on pants and a shirt for work. Luckily the pink cloud hovering around her genitals had dissipated, replaced by the usual faint pink glow around her whole body.

"Logan?" she called as she headed to the front door, "I'm going to work now."

He entered the living room from the kitchen. "That was a quick shower."

That wasn't all that was quick, unfortunately. Was it her imagination or was he looking at her too intently? He probably figured he had every right since she'd rubbed his cock for him. Nevertheless, her body was beginning to respond to his gaze. If she didn't get away from him soon, she'd have another pink cloud to deal with.

"Did you find something to eat?" she asked. "I'll make dinner tonight."

"Sure. Thank you for all this," he said, leaning against the wall. His hands trembled as he rubbed them absently together. "I really needed a place to recover."

"Are you sure you're all right?" she asked.

"I'll just be hyper for a while until I crash from the suspended animation."

"Suspended animation?"

"It slows my heart rate, breathing and metabolism to a crawl while I travel in space so I can use a smaller ship with fewer supplies."

"I see," she said, nodding slowly.

What if he was making up that entire story about being from another planet? Was she about to turn a criminal loose in her house? Being an alien could explain why his cock was hard, unless he was an anomaly... Either way, she had to keep him around to research and either way, Dean would be furious at her for letting a man stay in their house without his permission.

Tough. She was tired of asking his permission for every little thing.

"I'll be home before my fiancé gets here. In the meantime, get some rest."

Logan's sandy-colored brows shot up. "Fiancé?" He held his hands up. "Whoa, maybe I should go someplace else."

She grabbed her purse from the couch. "Like I said, I'll be home before he is." And she hoped to Chromefield and back he wouldn't come home early. "Do not leave this house under any circumstances."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, eying one of the surveillance cameras.

After getting into her conveyer, she felt more like herself. She touched the starter. Nothing happened.

"Not now," she said with a groan. "I'm late."

The conveyer had responded to Logan's masculinity as much as she had. Now the planet's energy disturbance wreaked havoc with her driving again. Whereas men had trouble stopping and controlling cars, women could barely get the damn things to start or run.

"Start, you sorry tin-can piece of crap!"

It started and rose off the ground but refused to budge. Alysa ran a hand over her hair, which she had forgotten to dry. Logan's presence must have scrambled her brains. She *never* forgot to dry her hair.

Think like a man. "I have clients to see and semen to analyze. If you don't move now, I'm going to trade you in for a bicycle."

The conveyer trudged onto the freeway and managed to get up to speed with the others. Hopefully there had been enough male energy in her words to get her all the way to the clinic.

Now that her lust had been temporarily satisfied, her conscience needled her. She shouldn't have rubbed Logan's cock. That had been very unprofessional. She should've convinced him to produce the sperm sample himself. She'd just been so desperate to solve the affliction and save Chromefield's future.

But it wasn't just that and she knew it. She'd been dying to touch a hard shaft again. It had been so long. Still, she wouldn't have done it if Dean hadn't said those hateful words to her yesterday, destroying the world they'd built over years. That warm, loving world she so desperately needed.

"Damn you, Dean," she said, pounding the steering wheel with her fist. "You've ruined everything."

* * * * *

Logan headed to the bathroom to take a long, hot shower. His body was at such full throttle it was as if he were hurtling through space at the speed of light. Part of it was Alysa's fault for being so damn sexy.

This place was amazing. She and her fiancé must be loaded. It had a huge living room with ultramodern chrome and white furniture and a big sun porch. Everything in the kitchen, which included a carpeted dining area, was carefully labeled and stored in perfect order. *Somebody's anal*. He wasn't thrilled about being in some other guy's house but he was too grateful for safe shelter to be choosy.

He had a million questions for her but she'd left in such a hurry. Just as well. There would be time enough for that when he was more coherent. All he wanted to do now was shower and sleep. After that, he'd figure out how to get back home.

He opened the bathroom door. Geez. There were surveillance cameras in here too. Why were these people such security nuts? On the way in, he'd noticed the house was isolated and on a cliff overlooking a big lake. It had a high fence around it and a guarded gatehouse on the driveway. Alysa had told the guard she was taking one of her patients to the house to rest.

The bathroom was big enough to square dance in, and it was white like everything else. Didn't these people believe in color? He could never live in a white house. Slob that he was, it would become off-white in a matter of days, probably hours.

These people liked mirrors too, apparently. The bathroom was covered in them. For a joke, he stood in front of one and flexed his arm. Blue light hovered around him and then he figured out the reason for all the white, chrome and mirrors. It reflected the colored light from the energy.

Dual sinks with vanity lights and stacks of plush, white towels looked like something out of a classy hotel. He bet the toilet would wash his ass too but first he'd try the large shower.

Not willing to let his spacesuit and helmet out of his sight, he laid them in the corner. When he turned on the water, he expected something more high-tech than a faucet, but the similarity to Geo was comforting. *Damn, that water feels good.* It had been way too long since his body had been bathed.

About to reach for the soap, he noticed two chrome-colored balls lying beside the soap tray. He picked them up by the string, letting them dangle near his face. Ben Wa Balls? They were obviously Alysa's, emitting traces of her sweet, aroused scent. Had she used them just now in the shower? Had stroking his cock turned her on so much she'd had to use these?

The thought made him hard. Yes, she had. He was sure of it. So if she was so horny, why hadn't she called him in here? Probably because there was a fiancé. The thought of *that* nearly made him soft again. He didn't belong here. After he cleaned up and got some rest, he had to go. But where? His spaceship was on the bottom of the bay.

She was obviously trying to be faithful to her man and that made Logan want her all the more. Even in the clinic she'd looked away a lot while she pumped him with her hand. Another woman might have pulled him into the shower with her and gotten him to fuck her instead of using those balls. Especially since he had the only hard cock on the planet. A woman like Tami...

Pure lust drowned out his thoughts as mist rose in the shower from the hot water. Alysa's sweet purity was even sexier than her pouting pink mouth and her curvy little body. His hand went around his slick shaft and cupped it. If he didn't come again, he was going to explode. The mist turned a deep blue with his male energy.

As he stroked, he imagined it was her dainty white hand with those long, pink nails around him instead of his own. But after this he had to forget about her. There was no place for a woman in his life – especially one with a fiancé.

* * * * *

One day earlier

"Have fun, sweetheart," Dean said to Alysa as he kissed her on the cheek. While she jogged toward the playground, he headed toward one of Seminal Bay Park's ubiquitous benches. His security men, dressed in plain clothes today, followed at a distance.

"Mind if I sit?" he asked Ed Huff, his friend and fellow Planet Council member. Ed's own security people hovered nearby.

Ed grinned at him and scratched his thinning dark hair. "Like you have to ask. I swear, Dean, we sit on this bench so much on Sundays we ought to have our names engraved on it."

Dean sat down, careful not to nick his custom-made athletic shorts on the rough, wooden seat, and crossed one leg over his other knee. Sometimes their quiet time got interrupted by planet business but, regardless, they accomplished a lot of brainstorming here.

"Alysa loves to come to this park," Dean said. Something caught inside his chest when he turned to watch her playing ball in the sun with a group of kids. "She supposedly comes here to jog, but I think she really just wants to be around children."

Ed pointed at the group. "Looks like my Tommy and Heather are giving her a run for her money."

"What about us?" Dean asked. "Want to play racquetball and work off some of this energy?"

Ed winced as he stretched his arms out in front of him. "I'll pass. All the workouts I've been doing at the gym have nearly killed me. The young guys might find rock-hard abs a consolation for their limp cocks but I'm too old for this."

Dean crossed his arms, dragging his eyes away from his fiancée to a group of women playing volleyball. "Has Nathan announced his retirement yet?"

Ed just grunted, watching the volleyball game now too. "No, he's probably not going to give up being Council Chief until he drops dead."

One of them would fill his shoes, but who? Dean wondered.

"That women's club has been pretty vocal about getting a woman on the Council," Dean said. "It'll never happen though."

"I think if it does happen, *I'll* drop dead," Ed said with a sneer. "Don't tell me you still allow Alysa to go to those meetings?"

Dean shrugged. "It's important to her. Besides, what harm can it do? The women have no power and they know it."

Ed shook his head. "You give your woman way too much freedom. Sometimes it scares me, having a guy like you on the Council."

Dean diplomatically chose to let that remark go by. He and Ed had been friends since college. Now *it* hung between them like wet laundry. The affliction that had struck all the cocks on the planet. It had taken their slight differences and blown them into huge disagreements.

"You're lucky you had kids before," Dean said, changing the subject.

His friend narrowed his brown eyes. "Does Alysa want kids?"

Dean scrubbed his face with his hands. "Hell, yes. She wants the whole package. Marriage and family. I did too." He sighed. "Has there been any progress? Anything at all?"

Ed looked down at his hands and shook his head. "Nothing yet."

"Can't you do something?" Dean asked, holding his hand out. "After all, you're in charge of science and technology."

"We've got scientists working around the clock taking blood tests from different men and analyzing DNA. We're examining soil samples, air and water." He thumped his fist on the wooden bench. "In case you forgot, I'm in the same boat as you are. There's nothing a man values more than having a hard cock."

Dean took a steadying breath and leaned back against the bench, trying to relax and forget. The men watched the volleyball players. Breasts bouncing around under flimsy tops. Shapely ass cheeks peeking out from short shorts when they bent over.

"Is it my imagination or are the women dressing skimpier these days?"

Ed smirked. "I think you're right. It's as if they're trying to torture us."

Dean squirmed as the familiar dull ache snaked around his groin. The hell of it was, this affliction didn't take away desire. A man still got horny. The only thing missing was the hardness and the ability to come.

"So why are we sitting here torturing ourselves by watching them?" Ed asked.

Because it's less torture to watch them than Alysa.

"Holy cow! Do you see that?" Ed exclaimed, pointing to two women kissing and fondling each other's asses.

Dean had seen it all right and found it uncomfortably arousing.

"They shouldn't be acting that way in public," Ed exclaimed. "What a disgrace. Same-sex pairing is a violation of Chromefield morality, and in public, no less." He was so worked up he half stood in his seat while veins popped out on his neck.

He turned and looked at his security people. "Arrest those women for indecent exposure."

"Is that an order, sir?"

Dean's mouth went dry as he put a restraining hand on Ed's arm, urging him to sit back down. "Ed, get a hold of yourself. They're not hurting anyone, are they?"

His colleague expelled a big sigh of frustration as he turned to his guard. "At ease."

"I'm afraid we're going to be seeing a lot more of this," Ed replied. "Right now we can't give them anything more than they can give each other. Pretty soon they won't need us men at all."

Then the volleyball struck Dean's knee, interrupting their depressing dialogue and bringing their security men to alert attention.

A young woman with long hair ran over. "Give me the damn ball and be quick about it, mister."

Dean clenched his jaw as he lobbed the ball toward her. "How disrespectful," he complained to Ed after she ran off. "She obviously doesn't recognize who we are." Not surprising given their casual clothes.

Ed shook his head. "It doesn't matter. She can see we're men, can't she? In the past, that girl would have knelt before us and apologized, begging for our mercy."

"Things have definitely changed," Dean agreed. "Were the women taking over?"

"If the genders get any more mixed-up, our cocks could disappear completely. Here comes Alysa," Ed pointed out. "Her pink cloud is huge. She must be plenty horny."

Dean sighed, having no desire to get up from the bench. Playing in the park always made her horny and she had to be satisfied every day. What used to be a joy for him had now become a painful chore. One he didn't think he could do much longer.

It wasn't just the physical pain of frustrated desire. He wasn't afraid of a little pain. It was feeling like a failure.

"Don't tell me you still service her?" Ed scoffed. "Why put yourself through the humiliation? I make my wife take care of herself."

Because I love her, Dean felt like replying, but he wasn't sure love was enough anymore.

* * * * *

"Did you have fun in the park today?"

When Dean latched the bedroom door behind them, desire danced down Alysa's spine. Their role-play had begun.

"Oh yes."

"But not too much fun," he said, running his hands down her bare arms as he stood behind her.

The combination of air-conditioning and his light touch sent a tantalizing shiver through her.

"Oh no. I would never do that. What would you like me to wear today?"

"The red teddy."

As heat built in her abdomen, the white bedroom carpet became overlaid with the pink haze emanating from her body. The king-sized bed seemed to swallow the large space, begging for their writhing flesh.

Usually he wanted her to wear the pink teddy, but she didn't need this variation to tell her something was different today. Dean seemed more restrained than usual, as if he were upset about something. It wasn't just the extra rigidity in his posture or the edge to his usually controlled voice.

The uncertainty only stoked her passion as she wondered what he'd do and say next. She pulled the teddy out of the bureau drawer and peeled off her clothes in front of him while he watched. She did it slowly, the way he liked. By the time she slipped the satiny garment over her head, her nipples were already rock-hard and her cleft was creamy wet.

She loved this game they played—being completely obedient to his every whim. No matter how diligently she strived to do everything he instructed, he always found a flaw and had to punish her.

The flogger would come out and he'd dispatch the discipline with quiet dignity. Then he'd shower her with gentle kisses, apologizing for doing what he had to do and begging her to forget. After that, he'd lose complete control as he made love to her, thrashing around from one position to the next, shouting and fucking her until she was too exhausted to come one more time.

It wasn't quite the same these days. They had to use more toys to replace what was missing but that didn't matter to her. He still made her hot and completely satisfied.

"What?"

"You aren't listening to me," Dean said, nudging her jaw so she'd look at him. "I asked you to take off my shoes."

Do it yourself, she might have said outside of role-play.

"Right away," she said instead, jumping down to undo the laces of his sneakers.

"Your lack of attention warrants some punishment, don't you think?"

She looked up. In the past, he would have ordered her to suck his cock and she was thankful instinct hadn't prompted her to reach for his fly. That would have devastated him.

"Whatever you think is best," she murmured.

While he removed his shirt, she pulled back the heavy white bedspread so it wouldn't get messed up. Dean didn't like messes. Then she opened the trunk at the foot of the bed where they stored many of their goodies. She, like many horny women on the planet, was contributing to unprecedented sales of sex toys.

Without even being asked, she handed him the flogger. He bent her across the bed so her ass was exposed beneath the short hem of the teddy. She held her breath, waiting, while her pussy tightened in anticipation.

If he wasn't going to touch it, she needed to. But that would earn another punishment and Dean wasn't looking very generous today. She knew this was part of the punishment, leaving her frustrated. As he probably was.

"Don't even think about touching your cunt," he warned as if he could read her mind.

"I want you to touch it. Please," she begged. "It's aching now."

For now, he let the tendrils of the flogger whisper across her ass cheeks as his finger found her wet crease and pushed inside. She moaned her relief into the bedspread as the scent of her urgent arousal mixed with his expensive cologne.

"No talking," he ordered. "I don't want to hear a peep out of you."

She nodded and the whip came down with no warning. Remembering not to yell, she sucked in her breath just in time. Now he would kiss her and love her, making it all worth it.

Instead, she heard him rummaging through the toy chest. She kept her eyes closed, wondering which toy he would choose. Perhaps today he would save his tenderness until afterward. She heard the whir of a vibrator and the sticky sounds of lubricant. Not that she needed it. The flogger had made her so juicy her upper thighs were slick with her cream.

She pulled a pillow under her mouth and moaned into it as the vibrator pierced her cleft. He'd chosen the largest one. He stroked her wet clit while he worked the vibrator. Her body squeezed like a fist to grip the rubber shaft as the knobby surface slid back and forth, shooting tiny bolts of sensation through her pussy lips.

"Do you like that?" he asked.

"Oh yes."

"Then say it. Tell me how much you like having your pussy fucked this way."

"I love it. Fuck me with it, Dean. With all of it. Don't stop."

It didn't matter that it wasn't part of his body. He controlled it and it pleased her. That's all that counted.

"I will, you horny little minx," he whispered in her ear as he dragged a possessive hand down her back.

His dirty words made her ache even more. A drop of lubricant, her own cream or both trickled down her thigh. She loved feeling completely free and messy, but Dean swiped it away with his hand. Without warning, he turned the device on full speed and pumped it faster, rocking it from side to side at crazy angles and scraping the pulsing rubber nubs across her sensitized clit.

Any one of those actions would have made her come. All three combined nearly sent her to the roof. Forgetting her orders to be silent, she screamed as her hips bucked against the edge of the bed.

Eventually she stood up. Without the bed to lean on, she was almost too weak to stand. Dean handed her a towel to clean up. Why wasn't he kissing her? What they had just done would feel cheap if they didn't express their love now.

When she took his hand and pulled him to the bed, he hesitated but followed. He looked as if he were about to go to an execution.

"Dean, what's wrong with you today?" she asked, smoothing the thick, ebony hair from his forehead as they got into bed. He was as handsome as ever with his dark green eyes and serious, aristocratic features. She would never fall out of love with this man as long as she lived.

"Nothing. Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Of course I did," she said as she stroked the curly, dark hair on his chest, "but I know something's bothering you."

He sat up and rested his muscular forearms on his drawn-up knees. "It's the wedding, Alysa."

She sat up too, trying not to hear the alarm bells ringing in her head. "We can have a smaller one if you want. All that matters is us."

"No, you don't understand," he said, sounding hoarse. "There can't be a wedding."

"What?" She shivered inside the thin, red lace of her teddy.

"I can't marry you under these circumstances," he said, hanging his head.

"You mean the affliction?" She clasped his forearm as if that might keep him from running away. "I told you it doesn't matter to me."

"Well, it matters to me. I can't be a husband when I'm not even a whole man."

"But, Dean—"

With ravaged eyes, he looked at her. "I love you and that's why I can't keep letting you down like this. I can't do it to you anymore. Not to me. Not to us." His lips trembled as he took a ragged breath. "I know it's hard for you to understand now but I hope you will...in time and forgive me."

"Don't I have any say in this?" But she knew the answer. When Dean Harding's mind was made up about something, there was no use trying to change it. Men made the decisions on Chromefield.

But how dare he turn her life upside down like this without any warning whatsoever! To hell with him and good riddance, she thought as tears stung the backs of her eyes.

"Please don't do this to us, Dean." She would not let him see her cry, damn it, but as she squeezed his arm harder, tears ran hot tracks down her cheeks. "We love each other."

But he just bent to kiss her hand and stood up, putting his shirt back on. "I'm sorry it has to be this way but I have no other choice."

Mute, Alysa watched as he dressed while shock and nausea gathered in the pit of her stomach.

He avoided her gaze as he spoke again, in barely audible tones this time. "I plan to move out tomorrow. Later we can make arrangements to sell the house and split the proceeds."

Then he looked at her, his face almost as pale as the white carpet. "Alysa...I'm...so sorry."

She watched in disbelief as the door closed behind him, leaving the room devoid of male energy.

"A real man would stay and face our problems together instead of running away!" she shouted at the door. But it was too late. He was gone.

Damn the affliction. She threw one of the pillows across the room and buried her face into the other one.

Chapter Three

Dean set down his briefcase and flung his blazer over the back of a chair. He wanted to pack a suitcase before Alysa came home from work. Because if she looked at him again with those tear-filled brown eyes, he was going to lose his resolve.

He headed toward the master bedroom with brisk strides but stopped short near the bathroom. The shower was running. Damn. Alysa was here after all. Then where had she hidden her conveyer? After the trouble she'd been having with it from sparse male energy, had it finally stranded her?

The thought of his not being around to take care of her anymore made him bite down on the inside of his cheek. No, he'd decided to move out. She'd be better off without him.

He put his hand on the bathroom doorknob. *Why torture yourself?* But he couldn't resist getting one last look at her beautiful, nude body as she showered.

Watching her used to be one of his favorite pastimes and had motivated him to have so many mirrors installed in the bathroom. While he shaved and brushed his teeth, he got to watch trails of shampoo bubbles sluice down the upturned globes of her breasts then converge and drip down to her cunt. And sometimes, when she knew he was watching, she'd use the pleasure balls.

On one occasion she'd bent over, knowing exactly which way to turn to give him a full view in the mirrors. He'd gotten so turned-on by watching her rub her clit while tugging furiously at the string peeking out of her cunt, he'd actually come in the sink.

Even now he ached just thinking about it. He pulled on the levered doorhandle and stepped in quietly. The last thing he wanted was for her to know he was there, much less watching her. Tendrils of steam drifted through the air, slowing his breathing, making him feel damp and male. Her vague shadow moved behind the white shower curtain. But something just didn't seem right.

The air was tinged with...blue. *Blue? What the hell?* No wonder things seemed off. This room should be suffused with a gentle pink haze. And when she was aroused, it was a deep pink that was impossible to miss.

His own blue light had been pretty paltry lately, like a flashlight sorely in need of a battery. The light filling this bathroom was anything but dim. Hell, it had to be the deepest blue he'd ever seen.

What was going on? Unless Alysa had had some sort of impossible sex change, there was no explanation. His gaze flew to the ceiling mirror that gave him a full view into the top of the shower.

Planets! There was a strange man in his shower and if that wasn't bad enough, the guy was jerking off. In his shower! That certainly explained the blue light. A flash flood of adrenaline shot through Dean's limbs. He didn't know who the creep was but Dean was in no mood to ask questions. Right now he wanted to grab him by the neck and drag him out of the house, knocking him flat on his ass.

No easy feat, considering the guy's muscular build. He obviously worked out, just as Dean did. The rush of anger paused and stayed poised, keeping his teeth clenched and his muscles tight.

There might be a perfectly reasonable explanation for this guy's presence. Unfortunately the only one he could think of was that Alysa had found another man. Surely she wouldn't do something like that.

"Ahh."

Dean's jaw clenched even harder when the other man moaned his pleasure into the cascade of water bathing his body and cock. A very stiff cock. He watched, mesmerized, as the man's strong, cupped hand stroked the shaft, clamping the sensitive area just behind the head.

The irony of it was a kick to Dean's gut. His impotency was enough of a staggering blow. At least he was in the same boat with every guy on the planet, but to have some man rub his rock-hard member in his shower was too much to take. This proved not everyone on the planet had been affected by the affliction.

Even worse, he couldn't stop watching. The thrusts were shorter, harder and faster now. He was going to come soon. Dean's own body responded behind his fly. Even though his cock was useless, his balls tightened with the familiar ache of lust.

It reminded him of looking too long at another man at a health club locker room when he was a teen. His father had drilled into his head the strict societal rules of Chromefield where men only paired with women. After meeting Alysa, he'd never looked at a man again...until now.

His own breath came fast as he watched the stranger. *Stop watching, damn it. Get the hell out of here before he sees you.* But Dean couldn't move. He must be so deprived of having a stiff cock he was fascinated by someone else's.

The other man groaned a hoarse, male sound as a creamy jet of cum shot into his waiting hand. Dean's own balls tightened so much they hurt. Propelled by pain and anger, he finally left his vantage point at the sink and flung open the shower curtain.

"Who are you?" the guy asked, blinking soap out of his eyes.

"The owner of this house. Who the hell are you?"

"Logan McKay." He looked down at his nakedness while Dean stared at the walls and anything at all except for the semi-rigid member hanging between the other man's legs. "Nice to meet you." He shook Dean's hand, using the same one that had been wrapped around his cock just moments before.

Dean threw him a towel, which Logan thankfully dried off with quickly and wrapped around his waist.

"I'm Dean Harding. Alysa's fiancé."

Logan stepped out of the shower, combing his fingers through his wet, light brown hair. Even that was sexy. All the male energy pouring off this guy must be affecting his mind, Dean thought.

"Yeah, she told me about you," Logan replied.

Dean stood in front of the bathroom door with his arms crossed. "So how long have you been seeing her?"

"Excuse me?"

He took a steadying breath and clenched his jaw. "I'm asking how long have you been fucking my woman behind my back?"

Logan held his hands in front of him, palms out. "Look, man. I haven't done anything like that. She rescued me this morning, dressed my wounds at the clinic she works at and took me here to recuperate where I'd be safe."

Now that Dean had a chance to look him over he did notice some scratches and bruises on his torso. This so-called medical career of Alysa's had gone too far. Being a doctor was one thing. Treating their house like a makeshift overflow hospital was intolerable. *You're moving out, remember?*

He raised his chin. "So what happened to you? You don't look that badly injured to me."

"My spaceship sank into the bay this morning. I may look okay now but my body is going to crash soon because I just woke up from suspended animation. I need rest."

Dean adjusted his crossed arms. "What is this? Some kind of joke?"

"I'm from Geo, a colony of Earth. We're in the same galaxy, the Milky Way Galaxy."

"Geo? Earth? I've never heard of them and if you're referring to this galaxy, it's called the Chromefield Galaxy."

The man grinned. "Why am I not surprised? Anyway, my mission was to orbit this planet since it's a lost Earth colony but something must have gone wrong."

"And what would that be?" he asked with liberal sarcasm. *Where had Alysa found this nutcase?*

Logan shook his head, sending beads of water cascading down the heat-flushed skin of his broad shoulders. Dean had no idea why he was so tuned in to these little details.

"I can't be sure without checking the computer on my ship, but it's probably waterlogged. That is, if the crash didn't destroy it first," he replied. "I suspect I got sucked into your gravitational field."

In more ways than one. "But we look so similar," Dean insisted. "We speak the same language and breathe the same air. You're even taking a shower!"

Logan explained his translator device as he had to Alysa. Then he pointed to a dismal heap of fabric in the corner next to a helmet. "If you don't believe me, that's my spacesuit."

Dean picked up the heavy white suit gingerly, careful not to let the wet thing ruin his dry-clean-only pants. A flag with red and white stripes emblazoned the left sleeve. Entirely different from Chromefield's, which showed pink and blue circles to symbolize male and female energy.

"This doesn't prove anything," he said as a very grimy and malodorous tee shirt and pair of boxers slid out from the folds of the suit, "except very poor personal hygiene."

Logan's sudden lopsided grin untied something inside Dean, something that had been very tightly wound.

"That's because I wore those for a year while I was in suspended animation." He rubbed one arm with the other. "Speaking of which, I'm kind of freezing here. I'd be much obliged if you could lend me some clothes."

Dean did notice goose bumps and stifled the impulse to reach out and touch them.

"Of course," he replied. "We're about the same size. I'm sure there's something in my closet that'll fit you."

Dean didn't quite believe or trust this guy but Logan was a guest in his home and Dean Harding was not rude to his guests. His thoughts churned as he led the way to the master bedroom where just yesterday Alysa had climaxed against the bed and then cried when he'd broken up with her.

Alysa was not the type to screw a man she'd just met and she wasn't good at keeping secrets from him. No, this guy was just one of her rescued patients. He rifled his hand through his hanging clothes to turn off thoughts of her.

"You have some nice stuff," Logan said, his look of admiration lowering Dean's defenses even more. "And a lot of it."

No doubt he was impressed by the custom-tailored suits. No way in hell was he about to share those. In fact, the idea of another man wearing any of his clothes rubbed against his grain.

Dean's beeper went off, so he excused himself while he made a quick call.

"Where were we?" he asked when he returned to the closet. "Since you're going to sleep, how about sweatpants and a tee shirt?"

"Sweet," Logan replied with a yawn.

Dean selected his least favorite sweats and shirt and tossed them to his guest. "I guess you'll also need underwear," he added.

"Oh I don't wear underwear when I sleep."

"I see," Dean replied, breathing in sharply. "You can keep the pants then."

With no warning, Logan dropped his towel. Dean's mouth went dry so suddenly he nearly swallowed his tongue. Although Logan's organ was now flaccid, it still looked like a solid handful. Even worse, he caught Dean's stare.

"I, uh, heard about your condition," the other man said as he put on the clothes.

Dean's jaw clenched. "Alysa told you about my condition?"

"Yeah, that's got to be rough. I can't even imagine —"

"That's all right," Dean said, holding up a hand. "I don't want your pity. Our government is working very hard to find a solution."

"What caused it?"

"No one knows but you're obviously not affected. Maybe you can help us."

Logan adjusted his waistband, pulling it out and letting it snap. "Wait a minute. How did you know I'm not affected?" The lopsided grin was back. "You watched me in the shower, didn't you?"

Dean shuffled his feet. *Busted*. "Just long enough to see what you were doing."

"Sorry about that. When suspended animation ends, it causes a high before the crash. The high just made me really horny." He paused and shook his head as if he were dizzy and then went on. "As a rule, I don't jerk off in other people's showers."

"Just your own?" Dean asked dryly.

Logan grabbed for the dresser next to him and fell against it. "Not really. We astronauts don't spend much time at home."

"Are you all right?"

"I...need...to sleep. Now." Logan's bright and brash voice was now so slurred Dean could barely understand it. He sounded completely drunk.

"Sure. Not a problem. I'll show you where the guestroom is."

But Dean could see the stranger would never be able to make it there under his own steam. Not even if he leaned on Dean for support. While he tried to decide what to do, Logan decided for him by slumping to the floor, unconscious.

Where was Alysa when he needed her? What if this guy was really sick? He had no idea what to do. What if he died? He had enough problems to deal with already without having an unidentified man — or whatever he was — die in his house.

"Logan," he said, grabbing his chin and wiggling it back and forth. "Wake up."

A set of sleepy blue eyes opened halfway, glanced at him with no recognition or interest whatsoever and closed again. Dean had no choice. The guy was going to have to sleep here in the master bedroom. At least he was wearing clothes now. At least he was wearing clothes, period. Dean wasn't sure he could handle seeing the reminder of his own failings between Logan's legs again.

Grabbing him under the armpits, he lifted the big man to his feet. When Logan's legs immediately crumpled, Dean bent over, positioned his shoulders under the man's torso and carried him as if he were a fireman rescuing a victim. Dean was strong but

dragging this weight all the way down the hall to the guest room would be too much. Logan was going to stay right here. When he reached the bed, he heaved the man onto it face up.

Catching his breath, he stood and watched the sleeping, mysterious man. Logan's soft snoring filled the room. Holding Logan's body against his own had stirred something he couldn't begin to describe. Something dangerous. It was similar to the way Alysa's body made him feel. Too similar.

Much as Dean wanted to hate him for the threat he posed and his wild alien stories, he had a hard time because Logan looked so honest and wholesome. Even asleep the man was hot. He resembled the perfect representation of a man. Of male energy. The man he used to be.

The jealous part of Dean wanted to choke Logan. The other part wanted to climb up on that bed with him. Instead, he forced himself to look away and walk back to the closet where his luggage was stored. Logan had distracted him so much he barely remembered why he'd come here in the first place.

He was leaving Alysa. He needed to pack. No, he couldn't leave now. He closed the closet doors. As if drawn toward it like a magnet, he walked to the bed and gazed at Logan's body. With a trembling hand, he touched his bare arm. When Logan didn't wake, Dean snapped his fingers. The man was clearly in a very deep sleep.

Leave the room now! But something more powerful had taken him over. He'd just been presented with the perfect opportunity to finally answer an important question that had hounded him for most of his life—did he want men?

He hated doing this without Alysa's knowledge but he didn't dare expose this part of himself to her. And as a man, he was exempt from monogamy and allowed to sample other bodies. Not male bodies, unfortunately, but no one needed to know about this.

With a remote device, he turned off the surveillance cameras and returned to the bed. No one would see. No one would know. Not even Logan. Now he regretted loaning him such concealing clothes.

Standing by the bed, he touched the stranger's face, tracing the curve of his perfect bottom lip. It looked strong like the rest of him and Dean had to taste it. He bent over and put his mouth on Logan's, inhaling his breath as he traced that sexy lip with the tip of his tongue.

Dean jerked back when Logan inhaled deeply but he still looked asleep. This time Dean kissed with pressure, inserting his tongue into Logan's yielding mouth and tracing the even line of his top teeth. He noted with approval Logan had made use of the mouthwash in the bathroom.

Breathing deeply from fear and mounting lust, Dean stood back from the bed. Damn it. He did like men, especially this man. If his own cock worked, he'd be tempted to rip off his clothes and fuck Logan. Dean closed his eyes and tipped his head back as he finally gave in to the fantasies he'd never quite allowed to take over his mind. Of naked, sweaty, male flesh pressing against him, opening him, piercing him...

He knew it was time to walk away, now, before Logan woke up. He'd been lucky to have this opportunity and should be thankful for it. But it wasn't enough. Desire coursed through Dean's body like an unquenchable fire. His balls pressed against his pants, swollen and aching for release.

And there was so much of his blue energy in this room, he could barely see.

Unable to control himself, he approached the bed again and eased up the hem of Logan's tee shirt as far as it would go, exposing flat, tan nipples and yards of muscular flesh. Dean glided his hand over it, drinking and savoring it like water and food.

Bending over, he sucked a nipple into his mouth, sending a tendril of blue energy from Logan's body. His heart pounded, fearing discovery, as he trailed his fingers to the waistband of the man's sweatpants.

He had to see that gorgeous cock again. With one hand, he pulled the waistband open, exposing brown pubic hair and the enticing scent of male musk and clean soap. With his heart pounding double time, he plunged his other hand inside, caressing Logan's flaccid cock and the plump mounds of his balls. His palms tingled as the crinkled hairs teased his nerve endings.

When Logan grunted, he froze and stared at the man's face until he was certain he was still asleep. With his own balls aching so hard he could barely breathe, he palmed the heavy sac and stroked the cock that was beginning to harden and lengthen under his touch.

Again, he checked to make sure Logan was asleep. This was amazing. Never in his dreams had he imagined anything like this. Clouds of blue emanated from Logan's crotch and his cock was now fully erect. Dean ached to taste and suck that hard flesh but he didn't dare go that far. If Logan woke up, he'd never be able to come up with an excuse for what he was doing. Instead, Dean stroked the hard flesh, slick now with precum.

But he yanked his hand away when Logan moaned softly and flipped to the side, still asleep. The movement made his waistband snap back into place, hiding his hard, wet cock.

Enough. It couldn't go any further and he was thankful enough he'd had this opportunity. Or was he? Now that he knew for sure how much he liked men, he wouldn't be able to rest until he had one. Maybe it was a good thing he wasn't capable of having sex anymore...

With blue energy pouring off him in waves and his balls feeling electrified, he decided to go to his exercise room and do one hell of a workout. After that, he'd have a glass of wine while he waited for Alysa to come home.

They had a lot to talk about.

Chapter Four

Alysa kicked off her shoes as soon as she got home. It had been a long day at the clinic, analyzing Logan's blood and semen, which revealed he was a healthy, normal human male. She didn't need tests to figure that out. So why did he insist he was from another planet?

Her thoughts were evenly split between Logan's cock and Dean's breaking up with her. Speaking of her fiancé, where was he? His conveyer was here, ruining her plan to explain Logan's presence before they met.

Or maybe he'd changed his mind about leaving...

Even though the master bedroom was bathed in semidarkness, she could tell the man on the bed wasn't Dean. Her fiancé always slept on his side with his knees drawn up as if he wanted to be able to jump into battle at a moment's notice.

This had to be Logan but she'd meant to tell him to use the guest room. Dean would have a fit if he saw a strange man in their bed. But she couldn't help smiling at the sight of the "alien" sprawled out on his back, half lying on a pillow bolster while one arm hung off the bed. The tension in her neck eased a notch or two. He looked so inviting, part of her wanted to curl up with him.

Her stomach grumbled, reminding her she'd skipped lunch and distracting her from looking for Dean. She went to the kitchen to get dinner. If Dean were here, she'd have to cook a fancy meal. Lately he'd been an even bigger stickler about protein, thinking it might help his condition.

For the first time since she could remember, she asked herself what *she* wanted for dinner. Salad. With all the trimmings. After gathering the ingredients, she broke off a hunk of fresh wheat bread and munched on it.

She grimaced at the thin carpet of breadcrumbs she'd left on the white counter. Dean would complain until she cleaned it up. Unfortunately, the men of Chromefield had decided cooking and cleaning were women's work. With him gone, she could leave crumbs where she darn well pleased. Just for fun, she blew on them, scattering them into an even bigger mess.

She'd just set two tomatoes on the cutting board when Dean walked into the kitchen with slow, punctuated steps. His familiar power filled the kitchen.

"Dean." Her heart flew as she set down her knife. "I wondered where you were."

"I was out on the porch," he said as he set his empty wineglass on the counter. "Didn't you see my conveyer out front?"

"Well, yes, but I—"

"Were too busy having a tryst with your new lover?"

"I need to explain to you why Logan is here." She plucked off a piece of lettuce and chewed it. "But if you're moving out it hardly matters, does it?"

He stepped closer and planted a hand on the counter. "I'm not leaving yet. Not with him here. How long have you been seeing him?"

Despite his accusing words, his eyes were full of hurt little boy but she hated when he acted jealous.

"I rescued him this morning at the park since he was bleeding. He thinks he's an alien from another planet."

He nodded. "He told me the same thing and jabbered something about colonies. I can't believe you took a crazed stranger into our home."

"Well, I'm safe enough with the whole house under surveillance. He needed help and I don't really care if you like it or not," she said, putting her hands on her hips. "You gave up the right to be jealous when you broke up with me."

"I haven't seen this attitude in you before and I don't think I like it very much, Alysa," he said, fixing her with a frown.

"Well, I do like it," she shot back. "This is the real me, not the kitchen slave you want me to be."

"All right, calm down. You're not a slave, for planet's sake. He's handsome, isn't he?" Dean said next, sounding lighter.

Alysa sighed. "Yes, he's handsome. I noticed that."

She froze when he stepped closer, faced her and pressed his hands against the sides of her arms. Just as he always did when he tried to drive home a point, comfort her or was about to make love to her. An exhilarating shiver curled through her abdomen as she inhaled his aftershave and traces of red wine. How dare he touch her this way if he didn't mean it?

She didn't care about the handsome stranger sprawled out on their bed. All she wanted was Dean, forever.

"All those muscles, sexy tousled hair, strong ass... You're attracted to him, aren't you?" he asked in his honey-on-steel voice, the one that could soothe a thunderstorm to sleep and make her nipples hard at the same time.

She shrugged against his hands. "Not particularly." The cloud of pink she emitted gave her away.

"You don't have to lie to me, Alysa. I'm not jealous," he said, calmer. "I'm just curious."

If he wasn't jealous, then what was he? she wondered. Attracted?

"You want him too." The words tumbled out of her mouth before she could stop them. She'd always had this vague suspicion he was attracted to men but she'd never dared to confront him with it until now.

"Don't be ridiculous," he replied.

Which is exactly what she expected him to say. His sweaty hands on her arms and his uneven breathing told another story. One she wasn't sure she wanted to know after all.

"This is about you, sweetheart," he insisted. "Now tell me, have you fantasized about fucking him yet?"

She jerked sideways but he didn't let go of her.

"I know he's a normal man, Alysa. He told me."

The cloud of pink deepened and drifted around them, making it impossible to lie. Part of it was Dean's seductive power and his touch. Part of it was thinking about Logan, stroking his slippery cock. Imagining him fucking her in the shower while she'd pulled the pleasure balls out of her cunt.

"Which is exactly why he needs to stay here so I can research...him. I mean...it. I mean..."

And now that he'd brought the subject back to mind, she pictured both of them in the shower. Wet muscles encasing her in a moving curtain of flesh. Pulling her. Licking her. Until she came one time for each of them. Maybe more.

She jumped when his lips touched her earlobe. "You're thinking about sex right now, aren't you?"

"You know I am," she said, gasping in delight when his wet, hot tongue inserted itself into her ear. "You can see my energy."

"Tell me what you're thinking about," he crooned. "What is Logan doing to you?"

She bit down on her lip. Should she tell him? Would he be angry? His hand lifted the hem of her blouse to flutter against her midriff, sending tingly sensations all the way to her toes.

"Actually," she said while his thumb traced the rim of her navel, "I'm thinking about both of you."

He let go of her so abruptly she was sure she'd angered him.

"Really?" But he just grabbed her hips and lifted her onto the counter. The knife clattered to the floor. Next, he lifted the hem of her blouse above her breasts and let it lay there. Then he hooked his fingers under her bra cups, letting the lacy fabric caress her skin and nipples as it slid upward.

"Did you imagine this?" he asked, tasting one breast in a wet, openmouthed kiss.

"Dean," she said, covering her other breast with her hand, "Logan will see us."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" he said before sucking the other nipple into his mouth and flicking it with his tongue.

When he stood back, she looked down at her wet, erect nipples and tried to pull her shirt back down. But his hands stopped her.

"Take this ugly blouse off and put your apron on."

"It's not ugly. It's practical and modest for my work."

He pulled it over her head and took her bra off too. "Well, you're not at work now. I want to see your beautiful breasts bouncing free."

She did as he asked, skinning out of her pants after jumping off the counter and donning the apron made of thin lawn fabric. The front panel was so narrow her breasts bulged out at the sides and the skirt was so short she couldn't bend over.

"Panties too," Dean said, holding out his hand. They were so damp they clung to her but she did as he asked.

He lifted her back up on the counter and parted her legs slightly. She gasped when he slipped a finger into her moist folds. Pink light hovered around her as he stroked her clit and traced the length of each side of her crack before plunging his finger even deeper.

"I want you to imagine my finger is Logan's hard cock inside you."

Alysa was too weak from pleasure to argue. "Yes," she whimpered as she dropped her head back and closed her eyes. He curved his finger, activating her G-spot. The sound of his wet movements filled the kitchen.

"Do you feel it, sweetheart?" he asked. "Do you like being fucked on the kitchen counter?"

He tweaked her G-spot again and pinched one nipple through the thin apron fabric with his other hand.

"Yes. Oh yes."

"Do you like spreading your legs this way and having your pussy filled with hard cock?"

The sweet throbbing between her legs intensified. Images of Dean and Logan, naked and loving her, gave way to simpler, more primitive visions. One cock pounding into her mouth while another split her pussy. Then the first one easing into the tight hole in her rear. Something she'd never even experienced.

"Answer me," Dean demanded, rubbing harder.

"Yes. Oh Dean. I'm going to come soon."

To her shock and acute frustration, he stopped touching her. "Dean, please. Don't stop." She heard the raw desperation in her voice but didn't care as long as it got her what she needed.

He folded his arms and looked at her with a serious expression, his green eyes tinged with sadness. "Well, you just proved my point."

"What?" She rocked her hips on the counter, her pussy throbbing with the need to come.

"Nothing will satisfy you but a hard cock. You just proved why we can't marry."

"That's not true." She was nearly crying now with pent-up need and his cruel words. "You told me to think about those things. I was just obeying you."

"Now would you please cook us a real dinner," he said as he pushed one side of the apron bib out of the way and ran his tongue around her areola.

"I will but I need to come first. Please finish it."

Instead, he turned away from her and casually poured himself another glass of wine. Desperate, she reached for her cunt to finish the job herself.

"Oh no you don't," he said, grabbing her wrist. "You can only come with my permission."

"Damn it, Dean. I need to come. How am I supposed to cook dinner with all these pink clouds in the way?"

Surprising her yet again, he gently kissed her. Before he closed his eyes, she could see the pain in them. He was leaving her because he loved her and thought she'd be happier without him. If only she could convince him he did make her happy.

"You have a point there," he murmured, trailing tiny kisses from her lips to her cheek and back again.

She whimpered against his mouth as his finger eased back inside her cunt.

"Are you imagining—?" he began.

"I'm imagining you," she said. "Just you. Doing this."

And as the orgasm she craved finally materialized, exploding like a star of sweetness at her core, she did exactly that.

Logan couldn't believe what he was seeing. Alysa was perched on the kitchen counter, wearing something white that resembled a cross between lingerie and an apron. Dean had his hand between her legs, stroking her.

The hell of it was, Logan couldn't see her entire body. Just enough to make his rod steely hard inside the sweatpants Dean had given him. The top of her garment left her breasts mostly exposed but he wanted to see all of them, not just the dusky shadows of her nipples showing through the thin fabric.

And her cunt. He could hear it as Dean rubbed the juicy flesh and her musk was hard to miss. Not to mention the pink haze. But he needed to see it too. Because of the angle where he stood, her leg was in the way.

What the hell am I doing? Being a voyeur, that's what. He had never watched a couple fool around like this. The people on this planet sure were horny.

And Dean was hot too. Not that Logan liked the guy. He was an arrogant prick with his ass wound so tight he looked as if he might go supernova any minute. Still, the thought of Dean watching him masturbate in the shower turned him on as much as imagining Alysa play with her Ben Wa Balls. Had Dean seen him come?

Seeing him now reminded Logan of the hot dream he'd just had and made him realize Dean was the man who'd starred in it. Logan's balls and cock tingled even now from thinking about the sensuous touching and exploring that had seemed so real. It was as if Dean had wanted to memorize the texture of his flesh.

The real Dean looked straight as an arrow though. A dream was the closest to him he'd ever get.

Even sexier was the interaction between Alysa and Dean. He was obviously in charge but she didn't seem to mind a bit. As he continued to watch, Logan couldn't help grabbing his cock through the sweatpants fabric when she sobbed her climax out loud. He realized he wanted to watch her and Dean, naked and fucking. Hell, he wanted to join in too but they were in a relationship and both off-limits.

Logan finally decided to announce his presence. "Ahem."

"Oh no," Alysa said, snapping her pale thighs shut and covering her face with her hands. "I'm so embarrassed."

Dean fixed him with a narrowed, green-eyed stare. "Were you watching us, Logan?"

"No. No, of course not." Logan was so anxious to get the words out, his tongue tripped all over itself.

Dean walked over to clap one hand on his shoulder and pointed the other at Logan's still-stiff cock.

"A word of advice, my friend. On this planet, it's impossible to lie about anything having to do with sex."

Logan glanced down at the cloud of blue emanating from his gonads and nodded. Having Dean's hand near his cock, even though it only lasted a second, made his balls so tight they hurt. Suddenly, he wanted Dean to rub him until he came just as Alysa had at the clinic.

"Did you like what you saw?" Dean went on.

"Definitely," Logan replied. He wanted to see a whole lot more but he didn't dare say it since he'd overheard the jealous remarks about him.

"How did you sleep?" she asked him.

"I slept great," Logan said as he yawned and stretched, savoring the hot dream he'd had. At least his cock was starting to behave but it would never go completely down while Alysa wore that sexy apron.

"Would you care for a glass of wine, Logan?" Dean asked.

"I'd rather have a beer if you've got one."

"Alysa—" Dean said, gesturing toward the chrome-colored refrigerator.

Logan frowned as she went to it and brought him a beer from it. She even poured it into a glass for him.

"Thanks, but you don't have to fuss over me."

"She doesn't mind. It's a woman's job," Dean said, leaning against the counter and sipping his wine.

"I do mind having you tell me what to do," she said evenly. "I already know how to treat guests."

Logan drank his beer during the awkward silence. "I thought your job was at the clinic, Alysa."

"That's more of a hobby," Dean replied for her, watching her as she industriously disinfected the counter where she'd come just moments ago. "She doesn't have to work."

She glared at Dean then but didn't say anything.

"Make us something good for dinner, will you?" Dean told her. "Your passion worked up my appetite. I'm sure Logan here could use a good meal, too, after his ordeal."

"I sure could," Logan said, gulping down more beer. "But don't go to any trouble for me. I'd be happy with a pizza. Extra pepperoni."

"I've never heard of such a thing," Dean said.

After Logan explained what it was, he learned Chromefield had something similar called a cheese pie.

"Why don't we both cook dinner?" Alysa suggested to Dean.

"Because I'm no good at it," he insisted. "I'd just get in the way."

"All right," she said as she wiped up some dampness inside the refrigerator, "but if these appliances don't stop going on the fritz, nobody will be able to cook anything. We used to cook together."

"That was a long time ago and just a dating activity," Dean argued. "Cooking is woman's work now."

"Why don't you just hire a cook?" Logan asked. "I'm sure you could afford one."

"Cooking, like driving, is a very gender-energy-essential activity here," Alysa explained. "Unless we're disabled, we have to do our own as much as we can instead of hiring someone or using a robot. Otherwise the planet's collective energy will run low."

"We do have a robot for insignificant, non-gender activities like cleaning," Dean pointed out.

"Isn't housework considered women's work?" Logan asked, more confused than ever.

"It's maintenance," Dean replied. "Cooking is nurturing and sustains life."

"I have two big filets of salmon," she remarked as she rifled through the refrigerator, "but there are three of us."

"Salmon?" Dean asked. "That's it? Didn't you go to the market this week?"

She looked as if she might hit Dean over the head with a pan any minute.

"Yes, but we don't have time for a roast," she said, retrieving a large glass pan. "These two filets are big. If I cut them into slabs, I'm sure there will be enough here for all three of us."

"Just start cooking," Dean said, waving his hand dismissively.

Logan couldn't believe what he was hearing. This was even more extraordinary than seeing Alysa's legs spread on the counter. From what he'd observed so far, the technology on this planet looked pretty comparable to Geo's. But the gender roles were way retro. As if he'd gone from watching an X-rated movie to a 1950s family sitcom from Earth.

Maybe Dean wasn't going to get off his lazy ass to help cook dinner but Logan wasn't about to let this tired, sweet woman slave over an oven for him.

"What can I do to help?" he asked, draining the rest of his beer.

She looked at Dean pointedly. "See? Some men help."

"Be careful, Logan. If you do too much woman's work, you just might lose that hard cock of yours."

To Logan's surprise, Dean's expression was serious, not snide. "I'll risk it."

"You can chop the salad fixings while I marinate the salmon," she told him. Her voice was low but her brown eyes were soft with admiration.

Dean excused himself to go to the bathroom. On his way out, he turned on the track lights in the dining area, casting reflections against the glass table. The picture window showed lights winking around the waterfront view. Logan was getting much too spoiled by all this luxury.

He sliced the tomatoes, remembering his family had always pitched in together at mealtime. He chopped the end of the tomato he was holding with extra force, sending seeds and juice spilling across the cutting board. After the scandal, they'd all deserted him. No, he didn't need a family.

So why did standing side by side with Alysa, preparing a meal together, feel so damn good?

"Why do you let him treat you that way?" he couldn't resist asking her.

"What way?" she asked, looking puzzled. "He and I just disagree sometimes."

Logan was at a temporary loss for words as he put the tomato slices into the big wooden salad bowl and started on the cucumbers.

"You don't see anything wrong with it, do you?"

She shrugged, sending her breasts nearly spilling out of the sides of her apron. He stopped cutting until he recovered enough not to accidentally cut his finger off.

"Oh Dean can be bossy. Men are just that way and most are a lot worse. Sometimes I even like it."

Such as in the bedroom, Logan guessed.

"But you were so different with me earlier today," he pointed out, starting to chop again. "You took charge, taking care of me. Dazed as I was, it's exactly what I needed. You're even different now without him in the room."

Alysa didn't answer as she mixed marinade in a bowl and slathered it onto the pink, glistening slabs of salmon. From the rigid set of her lips, he could tell she wasn't as accepting of the woman's role here as she pretended to be.

"I can tell the clinic is very important to you," he went on. "Why do you let him minimize it like that?"

She looked at him seriously then. "It threatens him now but he'll get used to it. He knows how important it is to me, which is why he gave me his permission to do it."

Logan's knife paused mid-cut. "*Permission?*"

She set down the bowl of marinade. "Men make the decisions on Chromefield. I take it things are different on Geo."

"Very," he replied. "At least they are in my country. He had a feeling part of Alysa longed to be as free and independent as the women in his culture."

The next thing he knew, Alysa had wrapped her arms around him and planted a passionate, open-lipped kiss on his mouth. Her pink, glossy lips tasted as sweet and fruity as they looked.

"Thank you," she said.

"For what?" he replied. He could barely breathe, much less talk, with her thinly covered breasts mashed against his chest. The hard buttons of her nipples hit nerves in him connected directly to his cock, which seeped hot pre-cum into his sweatpants.

"Helping me cook."

She kissed him again, sliding her hot, wet little tongue all around his mouth while her lips engulfed his. Were her pussy lips this plump and slippery too? He groaned, too paralyzed with the desire to rip off that skimpy apron and fuck her on the kitchen counter to push her away as he knew he should.

But she was one step ahead of him, backing off and putting a hand over her mouth.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that," she said.

Logan exhaled the breath he'd been holding. "I'm not sorry but you're right. We shouldn't have." If Dean had walked in and caught them, he'd really regret it. "You're Dean's."

Alysa focused on the salmon again. "And women aren't allowed to cheat. Please don't tell him."

"I won't." He wiped his brow, which was as overheated as the rest of him. "Wait a minute. Do you mean men *are* allowed to cheat?"

She nodded. "Yes, but I don't think Dean ever has."

"That's a lousy double standard."

"Welcome to Chromefield. Dean does have a point though," she said, nudging him aside with her hip, away from the oven. "You men would probably starve without us."

He held up some cucumber slices he'd just cut. "Am I not cooking right now?"

"You're cutting, not cooking. Stand back. Your male energy is going to hinder the cooker."

He did as she asked and watched in fascination as she grabbed both sides of the oven, closed her eyes and grunted. This woman *was* horny, Logan thought. Now she was doing appliances. Then a blaze of pink, so bright it almost blinded him, shot out of her like a flame and engulfed the oven. After that, it put out heat he could feel and clicked as metal pieces inside it expanded.

"What the hell was that?"

"Cookers have gotten skewed lately. Instead of working properly with male-female energy, women make them too hot and men make them too cold.

"So single men—" he began.

"Eat a lot of cold food because it's easier than dealing with it." She glared at the refrigerator. "And some things just don't seem to want to work at all."

"Damn, it's too hot again," she said a moment later as smoke drifted from the oven. "The salmon's going to burn." When she looked at him thoughtfully, he wondered if she was going to attack him again. "I have an idea, Logan. Let's both work this thing. Come here."

He put his hands on the appliance like she did, and sure enough the smoke cleared and the temperature went down after a couple of minutes. He scratched his head, feeling dazed. While slicing the rest of the cucumber, he struggled to figure this all out. Dean sure was taking a long bathroom break but Logan was glad it gave him a chance to talk freely with Alysa.

And lust after her. When he walked to the dining area to admire the waterfront, he got a full view of her shapely ass instead as she bent over and slid the pan of salmon into the oven. He breathed in hard when the hem of her apron crept up to reveal the swell of her buttocks. But not quite far enough to get a glimpse of the pussy he wanted to see so badly.

His swelling cock put crazy thoughts into his head. Like taking one of those big cucumbers and sliding it in as far as it would go while she bent over the oven. He wasn't expecting her to turn around so quickly and stare at his crotch. She'd *wanted* him to stare at her ass.

What a tease. She knew darn well she belonged to Dean and was off-limits.

"Is that a cucumber in your pants, Logan, or are you just glad to see me?" she asked when he approached her.

He grinned and she giggled as he smacked her playfully on the ass. Not only was this woman hot, she also had a great personality. She was sensual, fun and caring. Everything a man could want, all wrapped up in a petite, very fuckable package. If she weren't engaged and he hadn't decided to be a loner, they might actually have the makings of a good relationship.

Dean was back. Logan could sense it even before he heard him.

"I see you two have been having fun without me." His voice was so controlled all the time it was hard for Logan to figure out if he was pissed or jovial.

"We're just cooking," Logan said, tossing the salad in the bowl.

"I can watch too, you know," Dean shot back.

Pissed, Logan decided. He was definitely pissed. Had he seen the kiss too?

"It didn't take you long, *alien*, to plant your hand on my woman's ass."

Chapter Five

"We were just joking around," Logan said.

Alysa nodded in agreement as she boiled water for the quick rice. But when she looked over her shoulder, Dean's jaw looked clenched tighter than a steel trap.

"You say you can't marry me but then you get jealous. You can't have it both ways, Dean," she said, clanging the lid on the rice pot a little harder than necessary.

Logan dished the salad into bowls. "Don't you get it, Alysa? He wanted to catch us fooling around. This was a test."

"That's ridiculous," Dean said as he pulled out a white dining chair and sat down.

"Can we at least eat in peace?" she pleaded.

She liked having them both in the kitchen with her. The smell of salmon filled the air along with their voices. And to think she'd been planning to eat a salad all by herself. This was so much better.

"I need to find *Boone*," Logan said after they'd munched salad for a while.

"Who's *Boone*?" she asked.

"My spaceship. I need to see what I can salvage. Now that I've had rest I'm ready to complete my mission."

Alysa kept one ear tuned to their conversation while she filled their three dinner plates, poured mint tea into three glasses and carried everything to the dining room table. *Three*. Lately Dean's difficulties left her wondering if she needed two plates or one. She definitely liked three.

"Your *mission*?" Dean asked, arching an eyebrow. "Excuse me," he said as his beeper went off.

"You still don't believe me, do you?" Logan asked Dean when he returned.

He speared a piece of salmon with his fork. "You seem like an honest guy but I'm not buying anything until I see that spaceship myself."

"I want to believe Logan," she told Dean. "Why don't you? What if we really are all from Earth colonies?"

"We have no proof," Dean insisted.

She realized she'd been pretty argumentative with Dean tonight, blurting out things she wouldn't have dreamed of saying even a week ago. It felt good too. She didn't think she could ever go back to being so submissive.

This was all Logan's fault. He took her seriously and helped her cook. She might have to resort to putting something in her mouth to keep her quiet. Such as his cock.

And she had no idea what had possessed her to kiss another man. Logan had a broad, sensual tongue she ached to feel on her cunt, something Dean refused do. The thought of saliva mixing with her hot cream as lips and tongue licked, sucked and pulled her swollen flesh made her squirm in her seat.

Logan chose that moment to lick salmon marinade off his finger, his tongue pointed like a sword. To Alysa, it resembled a wet, red cock. *Tongue-fuck me!* she wanted to scream as her pussy lips swelled between her tightly pressed thighs.

Dean sighed. "All right. Let's assume for now you're telling the truth. What is your mission, Logan?"

She could tell from the darkness of Dean's green eyes he was taking this very seriously. Even if Logan wasn't an alien, he was an unidentified stranger.

"Orbit this planet, find the unmanned, observational probe we sent earlier, make my own observations and return to Geo to report my findings," Logan stated.

"Unmanned probe?" Dean asked, scowling a deep groove into his handsome forehead.

"I take it you guys never found it?" Logan finally asked.

Dean shook his head. "No. If we had, we would have destroyed it."

Logan gulped hard while drinking his tea. "It's harmless," he claimed. "It just takes pictures and collects soil samples."

"Why did you come alone? Wouldn't there be a crew?" Alysa asked.

"We've never sent someone this far before so we needed to go light with a one-man ship."

Dean picked up his fork and examined it from different angles as if it were a foreign object. "If an alien explored your planet, would you consider it harmless?" His voice escalated as he talked. "Knowing it could lead to unauthorized immigration, if not being taken over or annihilated altogether?"

"Like I already told you," Logan said calmly. "We believe this is one of Earth's colonies like the one I'm from. Some sort of cosmic shift happened, sending your solar system farther away."

"Something did happen," Dean replied. "Part of our planet was damaged but there's no record of this being a colony."

She couldn't stop staring at Logan in fascination. "So we could all be from the same people? That would explain why your DNA is like ours."

"Or he has an overactive imagination," Dean commented.

Logan shoved his plate away even though there was still food on it. "What exactly do you do for a living anyway?" he asked Dean.

"I'm one of the three Planet Council members who run the planet."

Logan leaned back in his cantilevered chair. "Well, holy shit. I had no idea. You're almost royalty. Should I bow?"

Dean smiled then. "I won't stop you but it's not necessary."

"It explains the fancy house and all the security," Logan commented, "and your attitude."

For the next several minutes the two men compared their planets' governments and technology, particularly the countries of Chromefield and the Geo States. The sexy stranger looked relaxed again and she was glad to see he was eating the rest of his dinner so he could regain strength after his ordeal.

She wished he were a doctor so she could grill him about the medical field on his planet. Both planets seemed to be equally advanced but Chromefield didn't do space exploration.

"Well, this is great luck for me," Logan said, standing and stretching before he carried his plate to the sink. "You have the power and resources I need to complete my mission. Once I gather my data, you can help me rebuild my ship so I can go home."

Dean stood up too and grabbed the back of his chair. "I'm afraid your mission conflicts with our planetary security. It's we who are going to observe you."

"I see," Logan replied in a controlled monotone as he got up and walked out of the kitchen.

Alysa followed him. "Logan, where are you going?"

"I just need some air. Why won't this damn door open?" he asked as he jiggled the doorknob of the front door.

"Dean locked it," she said quietly.

He turned and frowned at her. "From the inside?"

She nodded. "It's biometrically secured with a pass code and retinal scans. Nobody goes in or out without Dean's permission."

She hated seeing how dismayed he looked. The warm camaraderie they'd shared while cooking had faded but part of her was glad he couldn't leave. As long as he was here, Dean wouldn't leave her.

Dean emerged from the kitchen and looked at the front door. "You're not permitted to leave. I'm just doing my job, you know."

"I know," Logan replied.

"Guys, I'm really tired," she told them as she walked to the visualizer, fatigue getting the best of her. "Let's forget about space missions for tonight and watch a movie."

"Come to the couch, Alysa," Dean said gently after he helped her load a sci-fi movie. As she rested her head on his shoulder, the world was almost right again...until Logan flopped into a nearby chair, looking awkward.

She patted the other side of the couch. "Come sit here, Logan. Beside me."

"Oh you know what they say about three being a crowd."

"It holds true on this planet too," Dean commented as he possessively draped an afghan around her.

"Tonight it's just right," she insisted. "Sit."

Dean didn't say another word as Logan accepted her invitation. Surrounded by warm male on both sides, Alysa let fatigue overtake her as she drifted into a deep, trusting sleep. Now the world felt really right.

* * * * *

The next morning, Logan was the first to wake up. Before he realized where he was, the feel of warm flesh cuddled against him cast his mind back to the past. To the tragedy...

He shook himself, sitting bolt upright as he took in his surroundings. Acres of expensive furniture and carpet so plush it felt knee-deep. Morning sun lighting up the thick glass slab of coffee table. Two strangers next to him on a huge white couch.

He thought he'd dreamed the previous day. The crashing spaceship and the sexy aliens couldn't have been real. When Alysa's fingers accidentally brushed his cock, he froze. Her afghan had gaped open, revealing a pleasing swell of breast.

Unfortunately Dean was right beside her. Otherwise known as the handsome, black-haired watchdog, control freak and all-round pain in the ass.

Logan's cock hardened against her hand. Was she really asleep? It would be so easy to reach over and flick her nipple with his thumb or finally slip a finger into that place between her legs he was more eager to explore than this planet.

He stood up and stretched. Cheating was off-limits. He had enough problems to deal with. Like getting home. He adjusted the afghan over Alysa's scantily clad body. There was no sense in torturing himself. Do aliens drink coffee? he wondered. He sure as hell hoped they had a coffeemaker he could figure out how to use and that it didn't have energy problems like everything else.

Dean and Alysa woke up too and blinked at him with bewilderment before recognition. Yesterday must have been pretty crazy for them too, Logan thought.

"I can't believe I slept out here in my clothes," Dean said, glaring down at his wrinkled shirt. "Good morning, Logan," he said with perfect politeness while Alysa went to make coffee.

"Right back at you," Logan replied, flashing him a friendly smile. If he could try to get along with this guy, just maybe he'd have a better chance of getting what he wanted.

Dean excused himself to clean up and when he opened the front door to get the paper, Logan checked out the lock, which looked complicated. Knowing he needed to be cooperative, he squelched a primitive urge to make a run for it.

What looked like a robot delivered a rolled-up newspaper. The smell of coffee brewing reminded him so much of Geo it was unbelievable. If he ever did manage to return home with his observations, he was afraid they wouldn't be very interesting.

"Oh my God," Dean said as he walked to the kitchen with the unrolled paper.

For the first time since Logan had met him, he looked completely rattled.

Alysa's eyebrows knitted together as she poured a cup of coffee and handed it to Dean. "What is it?"

Dean looked at Logan as he grabbed the cup and drank several swallows of it, black. "Your spaceship was spotted yesterday."

Logan yanked down a corner of the paper so he could read it too. "UFO crashes into Seminal Bay," he read. "Hey, that's me. I mean, *Boone*."

Dean shot him a serious look. "I'm sorry I doubted you."

Logan waved a hand. "Don't worry about it. I can't wait to see what kind of shape it's in. I'll dive down there myself if I have to."

Dean folded the paper in half and laid it on the dining table. "You're not going anywhere."

"Excuse me?" Logan asked as he poured his own coffee and dumped in half the cream from the pitcher followed by several heaping spoonfuls of sugar.

"Although the idea of letting you run loose in my house all day is a little scary," Dean commented as he glared at the mess Logan had made.

Alysa wiped it up, probably because Mr. Planet Council here hated messes. Apparently the guy controlled everything including her and now him.

Logan gulped the coffee too fast, burning his lip. "So you're going to keep me locked up in here all day?"

"Exactly," Dean replied, finishing his black coffee without a single drip mark on the side of his cup. "This is for your own protection too. Now that the news has leaked out, people are going to be out there hunting for aliens. With the affliction we've been under lately, I'm sure a lot of men will not be happy to see you."

Like him, Logan thought. "What if I escape?"

Dean shook his head. "Impossible. This place is built like a fortress. I'm a high-ranking official, remember?"

"We have lots of food and movies here," Alysa said.

"And you can use my exercise room at the end of the hall," Dean promised.

"A cushy prison is still a prison," Logan commented after Alysa left to take a shower, "but I'll try to cooperate as much as I can."

Dean's face softened and to Logan's surprise, the man put his hands on his shoulders. It took everything he had not to get hard as Dean's touch and subtle aftershave flooded his senses.

"Good," Dean said softly, "I have a planet to protect and you're under my authority right now. If you do cooperate with me, I swear I'll do everything in my power to give you what you want."

"Well, that makes me so happy I could just kiss you," Logan said.

Dean reached into his pocket for a remote and turned the surveillance camera off. "What's stopping you?"

Say what? Why wasn't Dean pushing him away? Instead, his green eyes glinted with amusement and...passion? Logan didn't stop to analyze. He just kissed. The man's lips were just as powerful as his personality. Logan dug his cock against Dean's pelvis, wanting to surrender and dominate at the same time. As he tasted the freshly shaved skin around Dean's mouth, he thrust his tongue inside. And froze. He'd kissed that mouth before.

Both men broke apart, panting and staring at each other as if they were both aliens, which they were—to each other. Blue energy shimmered in the air around them. Logan touched his own mouth as if it were injured and then pointed an accusing finger at Dean.

"It was you. Yesterday. I thought it was a dream."

Dean looked away as if trying to figure out how to deny it. "I thought you were asleep."

"What the hell was that?" Logan protested. "You had your hands all over my cock and balls." He got even harder now just thinking about it. "Why couldn't you wait until I was awake so I could enjoy it? So I could come."

And he needed to come now more than ever. The hot dream plus Alysa's kiss and seeing Dean rub her pussy on the kitchen counter had loaded his balls to the point of explosion. Did he need to discharge energy now like everyone else?

"Because it never should have happened," Dean said, rubbing his face. "I was just examining your penis because it's normal. I'm really not into men."

Logan folded his arms and guffawed. "Could've fooled me. Does Alysa know about this?"

Dean grabbed his forearm. "No! She must not know."

"Then why were you so uptight about my slapping her ass last night? No, don't tell me. You have a handy double standard that allows you to cheat but not her."

"It's not cheating," Dean said as he adjusted his collar. "As a man, I have the right to indulge my needs outside the pair bond. I love Alysa so much and am so busy with work I just never bothered fucking other women."

"So why the big secret?" Logan asked. "Or are men off-limits?"

The pale, stricken look on Dean's face answered his question. Logan rubbed his forehead. "You people have me so confused I don't know what in the hell to do."

The voicer rang and Dean answered after turning the surveillance back on. "Yes, Ed. I saw it. I'll be there shortly."

"Who was that?" Logan asked.

"One of the Planet Council members."

When Alysa came out, fully dressed, Logan thrust his hands into the pockets of his sweatpants so she wouldn't see his hard-on.

"Logan," Dean instructed, "just sit tight until we come home."

"The data module in the computer might have a chance."

Dean frowned with impatience. "What?"

"If I can't be there," Logan snapped, "at least listen to me. The guts of the module are so internal they may be completely ruined if your divers try to tear the ship into pieces before bringing it up."

"What's so important about this data module?"

"It contains the technology for warp speed space flight. I need it to get home."

"Unless your technology harnesses male-female energy, it probably won't go anywhere," Dean told him.

The coffee churned in Logan's stomach. "You've got to be kidding me." *What now? Think, Logan, think.* "Well, at least save the signaler so I can tell Geo I'm here. Maybe they can come rescue me."

Dean frowned. "I'm not sure we can allow that."

Logan shook his head as his hopes dissipated faster than the blue energy he'd just put out.

"At least save it. Please. You can decide later what to do with it."

"All right," Dean said, touching his shoulder. "We'll try."

After they left, Logan tried the front door, which was locked as tight as he'd expected. So far, both of these sexy aliens had kissed him, which he was supposed to keep secret, and had rubbed his cock. And their morality didn't jive with Geo's or his at all.

It was bad enough he wanted to fuck Alysa and lick every inch of her delectable body. But he wasn't prepared to find out how much Dean wanted him too. He imagined the man's hand on his cock, stroking him until he came this time.

No, Alysa too. Both of them taking turns, rubbing his aching cock and sucking it. Male and female moans of pleasure. Soft, glossy lips and firm, chiseled ones. Slender, silky fingers and broad, strong ones. Lips and fingers sliding in his slippery cum until his balls were empty as shells.

A sexy man and woman equaled double the temptation and distraction. He was afraid this situation could be just as explosive as his past affair with Tami, the one that had killed her husband...

Breathing in ragged gasps, Logan slipped his cock out of his pants and gripped it as he looked down at it.

"No," he told the rigid member. "I'm in charge here. Not you. You're just going to get me in a hell of a lot of trouble."

He walked to the living room window and glared out at the water below, realizing the surveillance cameras had probably just seen him talk to his cock. This damn security was inescapable.

He tested every door and window in the house and they were all locked. Even if he managed to escape the house, he still had to deal with the fence and security guard in the gatehouse. But things could be a lot worse, he thought. He could've died in space somewhere. He had food, shelter and sexy jailers. Most of all, Dean had the resources he needed to get back home. As an astronaut, he'd been trained for capture, of course, but it still got to him, bringing out a primitive rebellious streak he'd have to fight like hell to get what he wanted.

Finally he retreated to the guest room where the remains of his spacesuit lay in the corner, as much in limbo as he was. A robot came in to dust the furniture. Logan greeted it but it didn't answer. Eventually he'd get out the master translator unit and spend his time learning the language so he could wean himself off the translations. After that, he'd jerk off, check out the exercise room or both to discharge this energy.

He would get through this.

* * * * *

Dean made his way into an aircraft storage hangar belonging to Gal-X, the government's air and space organization, with his full security team in tow. Security was so tight now it took a while for even him to get in.

The spaceship had been brought here for analysis. It was smaller than he'd expected but it had nearly stopped his heart when he'd seen it being pulled from the water. He finally realized Logan had been telling the truth. It was amazing he'd even survived the crash.

On his way here, he'd seen the police keeping a mob of people at bay. The crowds were hungry for a glimpse of aliens. Even though they'd been told no life had been found, they didn't believe it.

The radios and visualizers discussed it constantly. Alysa had called him several times but he'd cut her off. Even mentioning Logan over the voicer could leak information Dean didn't want getting out.

Scientists now swarmed over the wreckage as if they were bees on a hive, taking pictures and gathering information while the biggest security team he'd seen in a while hovered around it.

He looked at his watch. Time to make some decisions about this wreckage and its implications. When he saw Ed's short form pushing past the workers, he raised his hand to get his attention.

"We're meeting here where things are happening instead of government headquarters," his fellow Council member told him.

The Council Chief was right behind him. Nathan Chandler was an older ex-military man, tall and conservative with closely cropped silver hair. As usual, he said very little.

"All right," Dean replied. "Let's find a quieter spot."

After their underlings hustled to put together tables and chairs for the meeting, Dean squirmed in his rusty, metal chair. He hated knowing more than they knew. He should confess Logan's presence in his house but couldn't quite bring himself to do it. Why were his instincts telling him to protect a man he barely knew?

Because Logan turned him on. Even now, he couldn't stop thinking about him. Part of him wanted to extend Logan's dream, tasting the taut flesh of his balls with his tongue. Taking that gorgeous, hard cock deep into his mouth as far as it would go. Until Logan shot warm, salty cum against the back of his throat.

Sweat broke out on Dean's forehead as a band of acute lust squeezed his balls. He sat up straighter, forcing out thoughts of what could never be while he focused on the crisis at hand.

Since Nathan was the Council Chief, he spoke first after putting on his reading glasses. "We have a serious problem." He paused for a rheumy cough. "Due to the remains of the UFO we've found, we have unmistakable evidence alien life has made contact with our planet."

Ed tapped his pen against the scarred table. "Which means we can suspect there is alien life running at large here as well."

I can vouch for that, Dean thought.

"As we've already discussed, this is a serious threat to planetary security that demands immediate action," Nathan added, looking at Ed.

Dean frowned. "I wish you had waited until I arrived. I have some ideas —"

"Save it," Ed said, cutting him off. "We've already got a plan."

Dean didn't care for the two of them collaborating without him one bit. Just because he treated Alysa better than the average Chromefield male would, he didn't always get respect.

Ed folded back a page of his legal pad, revealing a page full of scribbled notes, then a simpler page, which he tore out and put on the table in front of him. They resembled laws. The spaceship wasn't even dry yet and they were already making laws about Logan's fate.

"What are you proposing?" Dean asked, interlacing his fingers. Luckily the big fan someone had turned on kept him from sweating.

Ed pointed at his paper. "We're going to tighten security and alert the public to report anyone or anything that looks or acts suspicious. Any alien found is going to be incarcerated in our maximum-security detention center so we can do thorough questioning and examinations."

"And when those are completed?" Dean asked.

"Execution," Nathan declared.

Ed leaned back in his chair and folded his arms. "Since this ship has one seat, we assume there's only one alien, but we could become inundated with more landings. We need the option to execute them on sight."

"Don't you think that's a little drastic?" Dean asked, scraping the chair as he moved to face them better.

"Dean, I have a cock that's been dead for the past three months with no relief in sight. The men on our planet get brutally afflicted and then an alien shows up."

"So you believe there's a connection," Dean said slowly. He'd never even thought of that but didn't see how Logan could've possibly affected a whole planet before he'd crash-landed here.

"You're darned right I do. Ships may have already landed in our rugged, unpopulated areas, still undiscovered. They may have hovered in our atmosphere undetected doing who knows what to us for months."

Nathan just watched them talk, looking as if he didn't care what happened to the alien. Since he was old and infirm, he probably didn't need to use his cock anymore anyway. But the male underlings present watched the proceedings with wide eyes.

"Even if they did do it," Dean said, "we'd need their cooperation so they'll undo it. And if they didn't do it, maybe they can help us. We're not doing too well on our own here."

Ed glared at him with hard, small eyes. Dean barely recognized his old friend. He'd become someone else. A stranger he couldn't trust. Yet Logan, someone he'd only known for a day, almost felt like a friend. How absurd was that?

"So you don't agree with the bill?" Ed asked.

"No, I don't. This is premature and overblown. The people out there are in enough of a panic already without word of this getting out. You're going to have people grabbing their guns and shooting anybody they don't recognize."

"Then what do you suggest?" Ed asked.

"I think we should examine the wreckage, question them if we find them and go from there."

"Let's take the official vote," Nathan said. "The bill is to execute all aliens with or without cause. All in favor?"

"Aye." Ed and Nathan chorused.

"Opposed?" Nathan asked.

"Nay," Dean nearly yelled. But it didn't matter. He was outnumbered two to one.

Logan's life was in danger and for the first time ever, Dean had to choose between his job and his conscience.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Strike that vote from the record. We need to separate the issues instead of lumping them together."

The other two men just glared at him. It was hard to believe one or both of them usually voted on his side.

"The first vote will be for questioning," he proposed.

"And examinations," Nathan added.

"Fine. No killing unless we're attacked or invaded."

The first vote passed unanimously. Ed still insisted on execution at sight but Nathan slowly raised his hand with Dean's.

"We question the alien," the older man said, "and then we decide whether or not to kill him."

Dean released the breath he'd been holding. Logan didn't have an explicit death warrant hanging over his head anymore but he was far from safe.

Chapter Six

"How could you?" Alysa yelled after her conveyer door shut behind her.

Because of the increased security, the commute home had been so long it was already dark out. Dean had escorted her from work with his security people.

"How could I what?" He didn't even sound like her Dean. He sounded tired. Defeated.

She faced him on the driveway and put her hands on her hips. "How could the Council even consider passing a measure to kill Logan?"

"For Chromefield's sake, keep your voice down. I voted *against* that bill and got the Council to agree to questioning upon capture. Logan is still in danger though."

"Oh," she whispered as relief flooded through her. "I don't want him to die."

He peered into her eyes but didn't look angry. "You really care about him, don't you?"

She grabbed his hand and squeezed. "He's a good person, Dean. I can feel it."

"His presence is also keeping us together right now."

She knew better than to deny it but it wasn't just that. There was something very special about Logan McKay. It was as if he were meant to be here. To be part of their lives.

Dean touched her chin with a feather-soft caress. "I'll do everything I can to keep him safe. Now let's go in and see how he's doing."

Alysa's heart sped up as they entered the house. What if Logan had managed to escape or a crazed citizen had already killed him? Although she knew their excellent security would make that impossible, she still smiled in relief when she saw him sprawled across the couch, watching a movie. His feet were propped on the glass coffee table, which was covered in scattered sheets of newspaper, empty soda cans and candy wrappers.

"I see you made yourself at home," Dean said dryly as he set down his briefcase.

Logan glared at them, switched off the movie and nearly leapt off the couch. "It's about time you people got here. I've been caged up all day like an animal."

His eyes were wild, like those of a prisoner. Alysa's body responded to his pent-up energy. When he pulled at his tee shirt in frustration, she got a glimpse of taut belly with a trail of light brown hair leading into the waistband of his sweatpants.

She was tired of seeing him in that outfit. She wanted to see him in a suit. Or naked. Pink haze seeped into the air around her. *Oh no. Not now.* Even with all this terrible stress going on, her body still hungered for sex. She hadn't come today. That was the

problem. She would have to take a shower and satisfy herself with the pleasure balls before the men figured out what was on her mind.

"We extricated the spaceship," Dean told Logan as his pager went off.

"Oh I know all about it from watching the news," Logan replied, raking a hand through his tousled hair. "I also heard you all thought about annihilating me at first." He raised his hands above his head. "So let's not waste any time, Mr. Planet Council. Kill me."

"I voted against it and got it watered down," Dean told him, jaw clenched, "but your life *is* in danger."

"I'll risk it," Logan replied, still breathing heavily. "Just let me out of here for a while before I go crazy."

Dean placed his hand on Logan's shoulder and squeezed it gently, a gesture that demanded undivided attention. The men looked so intense it was as if they were about to strangle each other with their bare hands. Or make love. Blue energy swirled around them, which she realized could only mean one thing. They were attracted to each other.

So her instincts about Dean were correct. The idea made her burn with the slight sting of jealousy and tinge of lust. She was sure they wouldn't act on it but the two of them were so hot, especially right now. And yet so different as Dean's quiet voice sparred with Logan's brash one.

Part of her wanted to see them wrestle, rip each other's clothes to shreds and pull her into the fray. All tangled up in hard muscles and even harder, thrusting cock. Focusing on her, serving her in every way.

She really, really needed to come tonight before she lost her mind.

"The three of us are going out later tonight to the hangar," Dean said.

Logan cocked his head. "We are?"

Alysa was almost disappointed when she sensed Logan's anger dissipating.

Dean nodded. "I'm going to let you see the wreckage. It's heavily guarded but they'll allow you and Alysa in as my escorted guests."

"Awesome."

"I think the data module you told me about is intact but I don't know how to get to it," Dean added.

"I want to go now," Logan demanded.

Dean's pager went off again. "We have to wait until the traffic eases up and people calm down."

Logan eventually nodded. "Okay, but why are you helping me?"

Dean smiled for what was probably the first time all day. "Now who's being untrusting?" He took a deep breath. "I believe you can really help us."

"You and Alysa?" Logan asked, pointing at them.

"Yes, but not just us. The entire planet."

"So we help each other," Logan said cautiously.

"Something like that," Dean replied. "In fact, I've already thought of one way you can help the two of us tremendously."

Logan leaned against the back of the couch. "Shoot."

Dean looked at her before speaking. Uncertainty ran a teasing fingernail down her spine. He sure was acting strange tonight. What was he up to?

"I want you to have sex with Alysia."

"What?" Logan and Alysia demanded at the same time.

"Go into the kitchen and have some tea or something while I answer my calls. Then we can talk about it," Dean suggested.

Tea? Yes, she definitely needed tea. Or something. They should eat dinner but food was the last thing on her mind.

"No way," Logan said when Dean returned. He shook his head so hard it tangled his golden-brown hair even more.

Alysia's hands shook as she heated up some homemade soup. "Dean, you can't be serious about this."

"Sit down and hear me out, both of you," he told them.

As they obeyed, her gaze caught Logan's. It was accidental but seared her like molten metal. When he'd refused, she couldn't help wondering if she just wasn't his type. His steamy look said otherwise. He definitely wanted her.

She hated to admit it but she wanted him too. He reminded her of a big, warm teddy bear. His arms would feel so good around her, his cock so good inside... But no, she couldn't cheat on Dean, even though they couldn't have sex with each other.

"Alysia and I are having problems." Dean placed his hands flat on the dining table. "Basically, I can't marry her unless the affliction in my cock goes away."

"What does that have to do with me?" Logan asked.

"She swears my not being able to make love to her doesn't matter."

"It doesn't," she insisted.

Dean held up a hand to silence her. "I need to test her. If she still wants me after having sex with a man like you who can really satisfy her, then I'll marry her."

She stared at him with her jaw hanging slack.

"Alysia," Logan said, tapping her on the shoulder, "I think the soup is burning. Do you want me to —?"

"I'll get it," she said, jumping up to turn off the cooker and pour the three bowls of soup. Her hands still shook. If she could manage to carry the soup to the table without spilling it all, it would be a miracle.

"Why do you need to test me?" she demanded. "Why can't you believe my love?"

Dean got up and hugged her. "I do believe you. It's just I can't go into marriage always wondering if someday you're going to realize you'd rather be alone than with an inadequate man. Our love needs to be tested now, not after it's too late."

"Why would I want to be alone?" she asked, pulling at her short hair in exasperation.

"Your logic doesn't make sense, Dean," Logan pointed out. "Surely you're better than nothing."

"Thanks," Dean replied with a mixture of appreciation and sarcasm.

Shocking Alysa even more, Dean carried the soup bowls to the table for her.

"Are you attracted to Logan?" he asked her. "In other circumstances, wouldn't you enjoy having him fuck you?"

The steam drifting up from her bowl of soup heated her cheeks even more. She didn't dare look at Logan. "Yes."

"And what about you?" Dean asked Logan. "I know you're an alien and might be used to a different kind of woman, but isn't she the most fuckable, luscious thing you've ever seen?"

Logan dropped his spoon completely into the soup, handle and all. "Hell yes."

"Then what's the problem?" Dean asked them.

"Wouldn't you be jealous?" Alysa asked, trying on the idea in her mind as she would a new pair of panties. How would Logan fuck her? she wondered. Missionary or her on top? Did he moan during sex or was he quiet? Did he curse like Dean when he climaxed?

Dean shrugged. "Of course I would be but I'd deal with it. I'm just talking about doing it once, mind you. I'm not suggesting you two have an affair. That would definitely not be okay with me."

She couldn't believe any of this. A few months ago, the idea of another man looking at her, let alone fucking her, would put her fiancé in a mood black enough to tear a man's head off.

Obviously he had a rough day today and wasn't himself. He'd probably change his mind tomorrow or deny he'd even mentioned it.

Damn Dean anyway for putting her through this sweet torture. Her desire today was already stretched to the breaking point. Now a quick release by her own hand wasn't going to be good enough. Images of Logan's cock, pushing into her mouth and then easing between her open thighs, would torment her and leave her unsatisfied.

Her legs trembled and opened just from thinking about it. Logan had a muscular ass that promised hard, relentless thrusts sure to drive the head of his long cock deep into her pussy, to the roof of her cervix. Heat and moisture pooled in her cunt, her pussy lips longing to pull into a tight, slick circle for gripping and squeezing cock like a boa constrictor. She was ready, so ready, to be fucked again.

"I'm not doing it," Logan said as he fished out the spoon from the bottom of his bowl.

Dean's easygoing expression tensed, sharpening his features. "If you want my help with the signaler, you'll do this."

Logan stood up so quickly the whole table rocked, sloshing soup to the rims of everyone's bowls.

"Look, I know you like to order people around but you have no right to ask me to violate my principles. Sure, I'd love to fuck her. I'd like nothing better." As he continued, he emphasized each word. "But Alysa is your woman. Girlfriend, fiancée, wife, whatever. I don't take what doesn't belong to me."

Dean's eyes filled with admiration. "I'm giving you permission. That makes it all right."

Logan walked to the kitchen counter and leaned over it. "Don't ask me to do this. I'll help you any way I can. Anything but this."

Sensing there was a lot he wasn't telling them, Alysa left her seat and put a hand on his back. "Logan, are you all right?"

When he looked at her, her heart jumped but not with lust. His face was mottled dark red in several places and she could feel a light tremor running through his body, under her hand.

"Something happened to you," she whispered, rubbing her hand in circles on his back.

After turning around to look at her and then at Dean, his shoulders slumped. "I got involved with a married woman once. It ended badly. Very...badly."

"I'm sorry," she told him. She could tell there was still a lot he was holding back but she wasn't about to reopen old wounds by prying it out of him.

"He killed himself, Alysa," he whispered.

"Who? Who killed himself?"

"Rick. Tami's husband." He took a deep breath and wiped a hand slowly down his face. "She wouldn't leave him because he had money and I didn't. When he found out..."

Something cold balled up inside her stomach. "Oh Logan. I'm so sorry but it isn't the same at all. We have permission. You said yourself female monogamy is a double standard."

After Logan sat back down, they ate the rest of their soup. The dining area was eerily silent, the mysterious weight of Logan's past pressing around them. Alysa was thankful Dean wasn't pushing the issue but she could tell by his determined, restless movements that the subject was far from over.

Dean Harding always got what he wanted.

As she gathered the empty bowls and took them to the sink, she couldn't stop thinking about Dean's idea. The more she thought about it, the more she warmed to it. It wasn't just the lust. If she wanted to marry him, this was her only hope.

Logan's opinion about Chromefield's double standard also came to mind. If Dean was allowed to fuck anybody he wanted, why couldn't she? Somehow she had to convince Logan to do it.

Dean stood up and pushed his chair in. "I'm going to take a shower and I have to do some videoconferencing before we go to the hangar."

Logan stood up too, looking bored and restless.

"Come to the porch with me," Alysa said, taking his hand.

But his feet stayed rooted to the floor. "No thanks. You're trying to seduce me so I'll agree to Dean's crazy request."

With all her willpower, she struggled not to think of desire because seeing her pink energy haze would make him think just that.

"I just want to talk to you. Unless you'd rather watch a movie."

He groaned. "Uh-uh. I'm sick of movies."

"To the porch, then," she said, holding out her hand. "We could use some air."

Logan swallowed as he finally took Alysa's hand. These people were nuts and immoral. The next thing they'd ask for was a *ménage à trois*. Where had Dean gotten this insane idea? He must know Logan wanted to fuck Dean as badly as he did Alysa. Maybe that's why Dean was pushing him on her instead.

Well, he didn't have time for sex and he wasn't fucking either of them. He needed to get his spaceship signaler working again so he could contact Geo and try to return.

Once they were on the porch, he took a slow, easy breath. He wasn't quite outside the prison of the house but it was better than nothing. Like everything else, it was all white. The loamy scent of the lake below mixed with that of crushed grass as lights winked from a distance.

"Come sit with me," she said, guiding him to a glider.

When she snuggled next to him, he tried to ease away. She was tempting enough to look at, much less feel.

"You're wasting your time," he bit out. "I'll never agree to it."

But when she touched his arm in long, warm strokes, his cock went up like a flagpole. *Shit*.

"That's what I want to talk to you about," she said, leaning back to stare out at the water. "Dean is everything to me. I didn't have a very good life before I met him."

Something unhooked inside him, opening him to possibilities, to the fruity scent and warmth of the woman beside him.

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"He rescued me. I was living in a trailer with my mother and her latest boyfriend at the time. I would have done anything to get out."

Logan's heart lapsed into slow, elongated beats. "Not the typical happy family, I take it?"

She shook her head and pressed her finger between her nose and top lip.

"You don't have to say any more," he said, taking her hand. "I think I get it now. He really does love you, doesn't he?"

She nodded again and sniffed this time. "That's why he's going to leave me. Because he insists on his insane theory that I might be happier without him."

The longer he stayed here the more he realized Dean Harding was not the asshole he'd first assumed. From watching television though, he'd figured out most of the men on this planet were.

Something splashed out on the lake. "I wish there was another way," he said.

"So do I but there's not," she whispered as she leaned over to kiss him.

Her lips were soft as butterfly wings against his. And then firmer as her soft little tongue flicked inside his lips, making him groan. He knew he shouldn't have come out to this dim, secluded porch with her. Temptation was already proving stronger than he was as hot fluid leaked out of the tip of his penis.

With more willpower than he knew he had, he pulled out of her embrace. "We can't do this, Alysa."

"Don't you want me?"

The hurt in her voice cut him in half. "You know I do. I wish I could help you but I just can't."

She didn't listen to him. Instead, she yanked open the top two buttons of her blouse, grabbed his hand and placed it inside. The handful of lacy bra and firm breast made him groan again. He couldn't help seeking out a nipple and tweaking the firm point with his finger.

With an agonizing sigh, he stood up. "I'm going inside now."

She pulled him back down to the glider. "It's okay, Logan." He hated the bleakness in her voice. "I accept your decision."

"Well, good. Hey, maybe Dean's done with his shower now."

"Dean takes very long showers," she said, shaking her head. "He likes to be clean."

Logan looked at the water again but the sound of a fly unzipping sent his attention racing back to her. Yes, he'd heard correctly. She was unzipping her pants. Even in the dark, he could see murkiness in the air, a pink haze that looked gray in the low light. These people just never gave up, did they?

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked her.

"I have to discharge my energy every day. The affliction has made women hornier than ever."

Logan's cock lengthened at least an inch. What was he doing out here alone with an insanely horny woman?

"And lying here with you has made me very hot. I can't wait until Dean is done with his shower. I need to come now."

He held his hands up. "I'm sorry I can't help you there."

"I'm not asking you to," she snapped.

But he couldn't help watching as she slipped her hand into her pants and under the lacy waistband of her pale underwear. She moaned softly into the night air as her hand moved. Again, he heard the slickness of her arousal and smelled her heady musk just as he had when he'd walked in on Dean rubbing her on the kitchen counter.

Damn her for being engaged and so damn sexy. He had half a mind to fuck her senseless right here on this glider. Dean and honor be damned.

"You know you're killing me here," he said in a low voice. He sounded as if he were someone else.

"I didn't ask you to do a thing," she said innocently as her hand moved harder and faster. "And it won't take long either."

Logan was so horny he didn't think he could stand it. As if the tight skin of his cock might split down the middle like an overcooked hot dog. She had rubbed him before and made him come. But that was different. She was collecting a sperm sample. If he rubbed her cunt right now it would only be for the sake of pure pleasure. It would be wrong.

"Move your hand," he demanded, forgetting how to breathe.

She paused. "What?"

"If I don't see that pussy of yours right now I'm going to lose it."

With his heart thudding in heavy beats, he moved her hand away and peeled down her panties. He couldn't see much in the dim light, damn it. But it was enough. Pale skin and a tapered stripe of light hairs, which stopped just short of her wet clit. He was dying to turn the light on, rip her pants off and spread her legs so he could see all of it. But even this was too much.

"Do you like it?" she asked in a breathy, soft voice.

"Oh yeah. I like it a lot. It's beautiful just like the rest of you."

She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. "Then make it come, Logan. I need to come so badly."

He couldn't have said no if he wanted to. Her sticky, wet heat clung to his finger as he alternated between exploring the firm button of her clit and delving into the satiny channel below it.

But the slow exploration he wanted to do wasn't enough for her. She grabbed his hand, digging her nails into his flesh, pushing him to move harder. He could barely believe how hard she wanted him to rub.

"Aren't I hurting you?" he asked.

Her head lolled back. Speech seemed beyond her. "No. Harder, Logan. I'm so close. So close."

With his other hand, he resumed exploration of her breasts, peeling down the lacy cups of her bra. Teasing her nipples and then grasping one with thumb and forefinger, pinching it harder as her hips bucked faster against his hand.

Then pinching it just a little harder until she clenched his finger with her feverish pussy, convulsing into a powerful orgasm he ached to feel around his cock instead.

Afterward, she lay back, gasping for so long he started to worry about her.

"Are you all right, Alysa? Dean is probably looking for us by now."

She sat up and looked at him as if she barely recognized him. After she recovered, she kissed his cheek.

"You're welcome," he said.

"I'm so glad I was able to change your mind. You've made me so happy."

He frowned. "I haven't changed my mind about anything."

"Do you mean to tell me after that you still refuse to fuck me?"

He stood up. "Yes, I'm sorry but the answer is still no."

"Wait. I just had an idea," she said as she zipped her pants, fixed her bra and buttoned her shirt. "We don't have to do it at all. We'll make him think we did it."

"Just now?"

She shrugged. "Why not? We certainly smell like sex."

Her musk was everywhere. Years from now he was sure he'd never forget her unique scent. "We certainly do."

Saying he did it wasn't as bad as actually doing it because in his heart he knew he hadn't and Dean insisted on this stupid test.

"I'm going to go tell him now and take a shower."

After she left, he didn't waste a second reaching into his pants and releasing his agonized cock. All he had to do was replay the last several minutes in his mind while he used the sweet cream, which still clung to his fingers from Alysa's pussy, as lubricant. It didn't take long at all for him to erupt, shooting a torrent of cum into a nearby planter.

Hopefully Dean would believe their story because even though he'd lost control enough to finger Alysa's hot cunt, which was wrong, he was determined not to do anything worse. He still had absolutely no intention of fucking her.

Chapter Seven

At the Gal-X hangar, Dean pressed his head to the retinal scanner, slid his access card across the slot and waited for the guard inside to open the heavy, metal door. From the security team inside, he got guest badges for Alysa and Logan, who he said was his cousin, and then requested privacy and to be alerted if anyone new tried to enter.

If Ed caught him here in the middle of the night with Alysa and a strange man in tow, he'd have a lot of explaining to do.

"This way," he said, leading Logan and Alysa to the spaceship. The lighting was dimmer than before and the metal walls of the hangar building creaked in the breeze kicking up outside.

The more he watched them, the more sure he was they hadn't had sex. After getting fucked, Alysa always walked gingerly for a while afterward. He'd seen Logan's cock. It would definitely affect her walk.

She had come though. Her pink haze was nearly nonexistent now. When they'd told him they'd fucked, he hated the sharp stab of jealousy that had hit him. Until he realized they were probably lying. Her eyes were so easy to read.

Finally he'd gotten the truth out of them. Logan had rubbed her pussy on the porch and made her come. After that, he'd been driven to come himself. And what man wouldn't after rubbing her sweet, fevered flesh? Just the thought of them on the porch made his balls ache.

"And I'm completely fulfilled," she'd told him. "That proves I don't need a cock inside me to be satisfied."

But he wasn't convinced and wouldn't be until Logan had fucked her for real. And Dean intended to watch to make sure they really did it. It would also give him an excuse to see Logan's cock again.

"There it is," Dean said, pointing to the spotlighted wreckage.

Logan ran toward it as a little boy would toward his lost puppy. "Boone! This is it," he crowed. "This is my ship."

Dean stepped toward him in two quick strides and grabbed his arm hard. "Try to keep your voice down," he whispered. "If anybody here figures out who you really are, it could be a disaster."

"Sorry. I forgot myself."

Alysa pushed her way between them. "Look at it. It's like a crushed can. Oh Logan, how did you ever survive the crash?"

Dean didn't fail to notice the intimate gesture she made to Logan, smoothing hair back from his brow. *Damn it.* He just wanted her to fuck the alien, not fall in love with him.

"Just lucky, I guess," Logan replied as he bent over to examine it.

"Well, what do you think?" Dean asked. "Is the signaler at all salvageable?"

"None of it looks salvageable to me," Alysa said "I guess you're stuck here, Logan."

Dean put his arm around her and squeezed it tight. "Logan can't stay. He has a home to go to."

Logan got on his knees and poked his head into the wreckage. "Looks like the data module it's in is intact."

"That's good news," Dean said. "Do you know how to get it out of the module?"

Logan stood up and dusted himself off. "Not without some help. I just flew the thing. I didn't build it."

"You do know how to use the signaler, don't you?"

"I was meant to use it on board through the ship's main computer interface. I don't even know how or if it can work by itself."

"I could get you the help you need," Dean offered.

"But only if I fuck Alysa?" Logan asked, arching a brow.

Dean watched the play of shadow across Logan's broad jaw. The astronaut wasn't just handsome, he was smart too. He wanted to see Logan naked again as he was the day he'd found him in the shower. He wanted to watch Logan spread Alysa's pale thighs and impale her with his big cock.

Why was he thinking about this stuff now? Was it because the stakes were so high? Or was it the eerie darkness of the hangar? He rubbed the back of his neck. If he was going to negotiate effectively, he had to get these crazy, twisted thoughts out of his head.

"Can we make a deal?" Dean asked.

"If I agree," Logan said, "I have to trust you. What if you don't deliver?"

Dean looked down at the floor. "It's possible I may not be able to. I'm only one of three council members who run different parts of the planet. Nathan is in charge of defense and security. I handle infrastructure, education and the arts. The problem is Ed. He's in charge of medicine, science and technology, which means space is his domain."

"Then I guess I'll have to talk to him."

"You'll do no such thing," Dean bit out. "No one knows you exist and we're going to keep it that way as long as possible. I'll deal with Ed. I'm just warning you there are no guarantees."

He held out his hand. "You have my word I'll do everything in my power."

Logan put his hands in his pockets. "Why do you want this? If space isn't your domain, why do you care?"

"Because this planet is having major problems. I have a cock I can't use. It's time for us to expand our horizons. I think that's more important than funding cultural arts centers and patching potholes right now." He looked over at Alysa. Even in this dim light she was beautiful. "I also think Alysa could get too attached to you if you hang around here forever. We can't have that."

She inhaled as if she were going to say something but remained silent.

"I give you the only thing I have to give," Dean said, extending his hand again. "My word."

As if in slow motion, Logan's hand slipped out of his pocket and connected with his in a firm shake. The man's touch and words made his palm tingle.

"Okay. You fix my signaler and I'll fuck her just like you asked me to."

* * * * *

Alysa could barely concentrate the next day at work. Everybody kept talking about the alien spaceship and it was hard to keep a straight face when she knew Logan was locked inside their house.

On top of that, her boss told her she was doing a great job and strongly hinted she take on more patients. Dean barely allowed the hours she did now and she didn't want to jeopardize the marriage she'd always wanted.

And she was going to have sex. Tonight! The hard part would be pretending not to enjoy it too much. She would have to bite her hand to keep from moaning. Maybe she could even force herself not to come.

The thought of Logan pumping her with long, slow strokes and then fast, short ones made her shiver so hard she almost came in her pants. No, she wouldn't be able to suppress a climax.

Darn it. Now she had a pink cloud in front of her and her panties were wet. She hoped her next patient wasn't a man. No, it was longtime friend Lorna Horner, dressed in a low-cut banana-colored sundress with matching sandals.

"Girl, I hope you're not *that* glad to see me." She pointed at Alysa's pink cloud while she removed her sunglasses, revealing almond-shaped eyes as dark as her long hair.

Alysa realized what she meant and giggled as she shook her head. "I have a long way to go to catch up to you, Horny Horner," she said, using Lorna's high school nickname.

"Give it a year," Lorna said, flouncing into the guest chair and tossing down her small purse. "We'll probably be so horny we'll be fucking garden vegetables in addition to toys."

"Probably," Alysa replied, opening Lorna's patient folder. "Actually, I was thinking about—" She bit down on her tongue when she realized she was about to blurt out something about Logan. Damn her hormones for scrambling her good sense. She didn't

even want to imagine the certain disaster that would result if Lorna and the public at large found out about Logan.

"About Dean," she finished. "You know, the old days."

Lorna stared into the distance. "Ah yes, the old days. When men were men, cocks were hard and women were satisfied."

"So what are we seeing you for today?" Alysa asked.

Lorna crossed her legs and wound them tightly as if they were vines. "I think it's frozen shut."

"What? What froze shut?"

"You know," her patient said, pointing at her crotch. "*It*. I think it's shriveling up from lack of use. It's also time for my annual pap test."

Alysa rolled her eyes and threw her a paper gown from the supply shelf. "Then get up on the table and put this on. We'll see if we can't pry it open."

She loved this part of her job. Soothing her patients' worries and helping them live healthier lives. If only she could make Dean understand. She headed toward the door to let her friend undress in privacy but hesitated.

"Lorna? Remember that time you told me about the threesome you had? What was it like?"

"It was awesome. I had one cock in my pussy and another up my ass, pounding away. Before that, I had a cock in my mouth, hands on my breasts and a tongue on my clit. I actually think I reached nirvana." She frowned. "Why are you asking me about this now?"

Because she was remembering how she'd rubbed Logan's cock in this very room. But instead of having his efforts end up in a plastic cup he was going to shoot his hot, milky cum deep inside her tonight.

Alysa gripped the doorknob. "Just horny, I guess. If we can't have sex, we might as well talk about the good old days, right?"

Lorna kicked off her high-heeled designer sandals. "Hey, maybe the alien who supposedly landed has a really hard cock. Wouldn't that be great? I hope it shows up in my bed tonight and has the stamina to fuck me hard until dawn."

"Me too," Alysa murmured, hurtling through the door before her friend could see the truth written all over her face.

Because tonight there really would be an alien with a hard cock in her bed.

* * * * *

Logan nearly pounced on Dean and Alysa when they walked through the door that evening with a big box. Even the smell of cheese pie didn't lift his mood any. While confined all day, he'd decided Dean's lousy handshake was probably worthless.

"Being locked up in here like an animal is really getting to me," he complained to Dean while Alysa took the pie to the kitchen. "I'm an astronaut. I have to run to stay fit."

To Logan's surprise, Dean put his arm around him and the touch sent heat to his groin. "Relax. Tomorrow you're coming with me to Gal-X as my cousin."

"You're going to pass me off as your cousin?" Logan asked.

Dean nodded and took off his blazer. The mixture of male scent and subtle cologne made Logan's groin tighten even more. Tonight was the night he was going to fuck Alysa. It was too bad Dean didn't plan to participate.

After spreading her pussy open and fucking it, he wanted to part the cheeks of Dean's muscular ass, lube him with oil and plunge into his tight channel. He wanted to come inside both their bodies too many times to count.

"We have to conceal your true identity at all costs. Agreed?"

Logan nodded vigorously. "Hell yes. I'll do anything to get out of here."

"How did it go today?" Alysa asked Dean as she took off her flat sandals. Logan couldn't help noticing the pink polish on her delicate toes was the same shade as that on her fingernails. A cloud of pink emanated from her. She obviously hadn't forgotten what was on the agenda tonight.

The three of them grabbed slices of pie and ate them using paper towels as plates in the dining area. What a different scene this was than Alysa slaving over the oven to cook them a fancy meal. Maybe he was influencing the place.

"The hysteria has died down," Dean began, taking a big bite of pie. "We released a press statement that no evidence of alien life has been found and is assumed to have perished."

"What about the signaler?" Logan asked, chewing cheese at the same time.

"I'm working on it."

Logan squeezed his fingertips against his palm. "We made a deal."

Dean set his half-eaten slice of cheese pie down and pinned him with an intense, honest look. "I told you it wouldn't be easy." Then he leaned back in his chair and looked at them. "I believe it's time for the other part of our deal."

Logan's cock jumped to attention. It was time.

But Alysa blushed and looked at the floor. Maybe she'd changed her mind. That would relieve his mind but his cock would be damn frustrated. He'd thought about her all day. Just the idea of it tempted him to masturbate at least three times but he'd resisted, wanting to make sure he'd be virile enough for the big task.

He'd even justified the act a hundred different ways. Dean had given permission. It would just be one time. So why did he have so many doubts? Because passion refused to be controlled. It destroyed lives... No, he'd agreed to do this and he was going to do it. Logan McKay was a man of his word, just as he hoped Dean was.

"Uh, shouldn't we talk about safe sex?" Logan asked.

"Yes, we should," Dean said, shooting him a look of approval.

"I have a birth-control insert," Alysa said.

But when he asked about condoms, they gave him blank looks.

"Don't you have sexually transmitted diseases here?" he asked.

Alysa shook her head. "A person's energy is seated in the genitals, so they never malfunction."

"Except for the affliction, of course," Dean pointed out.

Logan hoped it wasn't contagious.

"Then we are all set," Dean said.

We? Was he going to join in?

"Aren't you going out to watch a movie or something?" Logan asked Dean after Alysa went to take a shower.

"No, I'm going to stay here and watch. How else will I have proof that you did it?"

Oh shit. This situation was weird enough without having the other man observe his every move. What if he couldn't perform? Even worse, what if he couldn't restrain himself from fucking Dean too?

* * * * *

Alysa stood in the master bedroom, shivering. The surveillance camera was shut off. Dean sat on the reclining chair with his feet propped up on the footrest as if he were about to watch a movie. Logan, dressed in his usual sweatpants and tee shirt, stood facing her with his hands fidgeting at his sides. Neither of them could manage to look at each other for more than a split second.

This had to be by far the craziest sex situation she'd ever experienced. And the most exciting. Clouds of pink practically poured out of her bathrobe. It had taken all her willpower not to play with the pleasure balls in the shower. She was so ready to come she was sure Logan wouldn't have to do much more than touch her.

"Are you cold?" Dean asked.

"No, just nervous," she replied. "Do you have to watch us?"

"Yes, sweetheart. I have to have proof. Just pretend I'm not here."

That would be impossible. She couldn't help thinking about all the glorious sex the two of them had had in this room.

Logan didn't belong here. He was a stranger. An alien. Yet in a weird way it was as if he did belong. As if he'd come into their lives for a reason.

She even stopped feeling horny for a moment as she envisioned the grand wedding she'd always wanted with Dean. Him standing at the altar in an impeccable gray suit with love in his eyes and a gold ring in his hand. The promise of the two of them forever.

If fucking this alien was the only way she could get it, then fuck him she would.

"I'm ready," she finally said. "What should I wear, Dean?"

"Hmm. How about your pink satin teddy? Put your robe over it and strip it off."

"What about shoes?" she asked. "The silver stilettos?"

"No," Dean replied as if they were discussing what to have for dinner, "they're too sophisticated. Put on the cute white ones with the buckles and bows."

Alysa realized she and Dean had automatically slipped into their Dominant/submissive role-play without even discussing it with each other—or Logan—beforehand.

She glanced at Logan again before heading to the closet to put on her outfit. The outline of his hard cock was visible against his sweatpants. In just moments, she would see it, touch it and feel it inside her. The thought sent juice flooding into her panties.

The closet had a folding door that gave her privacy to dress behind. The slide of pink satin across her skin as she put on the teddy hardened her nipples and raised goose bumps on her thighs. She shivered as the snaps in the garment's crotch nestled against her pussy and her hands shook as she buckled the glossy white shoes.

She was ready. Logan eased his waistband as he watched her walk out. No doubt his cock was getting even bigger. Blood thundered through her ears as she wondered what would happen next.

"You look incredibly sexy," he said hoarsely. But he still just stood there.

"Thank you." Out of habit, she looked to Dean for direction.

"Take the robe off, sweetheart. Let Logan see your sexy satin outfit."

His bedroom voice never failed to turn her on. She did as he asked, her feet wobbling in the wedge-shaped heels as the robe slid off the satin. Her rock-hard nipples beaded through the fabric, obvious for them both to see.

"Kiss her," he told Logan. "Touch her. Get a handful of all that satin."

So Dean was going to give them instructions after all. She loved it when he did that. Having Logan under his control too made it even hotter. She gasped when his wet, firm lips pressed into hers and his muscular arms curled around her back. He felt so solid yet so kind and sweet.

His breath and scent enveloped her with clean freshness—different from Dean. She didn't have time to think as Logan's broad hand slid across the bare skin of her back and stroked across her ass. The memory of his finger working her pussy on the porch flooded her thoughts.

Don't come yet, she told herself but couldn't help moaning again when Logan stroked the aching nub of her breast through the teddy.

"Lick it," Dean ordered, "through the satin."

Alysa's knees nearly buckled at the sensation of Logan's hot mouth and wet saliva through the thin fabric barrier. Without waiting for Dean's instructions, she shoved

down the spaghetti strap and bared her breast. Feeling Logan's tongue on her bare flesh was the most important thing in the world.

Dean made a *tsk* sound. "You didn't have permission to do that, Alysa. Logan, spank her."

She frowned. With Logan here, she wasn't so sure she wanted to wait for and obey Dean's every command. Her greedy body wanted to take pleasure wherever and whenever she found it. Spanking might be fun. Not to mention having her cunt licked. No, fucking came first.

Logan grinned. "I'd rather just fuck her but...okay."

Alysa's flesh tingled as he swatted her ass through the fabric.

"Very good," Dean said. He was breathing fast. Alysa had no idea if it was because he was angry, jealous or turned-on. "Put her on the bed on her back."

Logan lifted her and put her on the bed as if she weighed less than a feather.

"That's it," Dean continued. "Pull her other strap down so I can see both breasts."

She couldn't suppress a shudder as Logan eased her arms out of the straps and let the top of the teddy glide down to pool around her waist, revealing her breasts.

"Now spread her legs," Dean added, "and unsnap her garment down there so we can see her pussy."

Alysa shivered again as Logan's fingers accidentally brushed her swollen folds while fooling with the snaps. At last he pulled the scraps of fabric away, exposing her pussy to the air and making it even hungrier to receive his cock.

"Stand to the side," Dean told Logan. "I want to see that luscious cunt too."

Logan pushed the bottom part of the teddy up to her waist. The pieces that had snapped around her pussy were damp. His hot gaze traveled over her body.

"Can I touch it?" Logan asked Dean.

"By all means."

She moaned as Logan's hand caressed her inner thighs, across her belly and finally to the molten center where she needed him most.

"She's beautiful, isn't she?" Dean asked proudly.

"Oh yeah," Logan replied. "I want to stroke her beautiful pussy now, okay? It's so wet. So ready for me."

Alysa's clit throbbed harder by the second as an unendurable silence followed.

"Dean?" she finally yelled.

"What? Oh were you waiting for me?"

"Yes," Alysa and Logan replied at the same time.

He laughed then. He could be so sadistic sometimes. "Stroke her clit lightly first. She likes that."

Did she ever. Logan's finger teased, swirled and probed with exquisite torture. She needed more. Much more. Now. The bedsprings groaned as she moved, competing with her soft moans.

"Can he put his finger inside me now, Dean?" she gasped. "Because I can't take any more of this torture."

"No, that's enough teasing," their leader instructed. Even his breathing sounded affected. If he was half as turned on as she was, his balls were probably aching painfully by now. "Let's get to the main event. Fuck her, Logan. Do it now."

Her heart squeezed inside her chest as if it had received a gigantic bolt of electricity. Logan's wet fingers left her cunt and trailed down her thighs before he took off his clothes, revealing his hard member. Tonight it was all hers.

"Any particular position you prefer?" Logan asked Dean.

"Let's see. Something that will give me a good view so I can be sure you're really doing it. Alysa, get on your hands and knees."

She scrambled to obey, glad Dean hadn't chosen the missionary. That was their position where they kissed and looked at each other with love. Tonight was about lust and cocks, not love. Staring into Logan's eyes wouldn't feel right.

His hands gripping her hips definitely felt right. She spread her knees farther apart, making sure she was open enough to accommodate Logan's big organ. Both of them waited for Dean. Her knees began to ache.

"Dean?"

She hoped he hadn't changed his mind. Not now, when the head of Logan's cock was just inches from her drenched, expectant cavern. Maybe Dean was right. Maybe she couldn't live without a hard cock. This whole thing might backfire and prove they couldn't marry after all. Oh why had she agreed to this?

Maybe she should stop things before they went any further. Logan would be frustrated but she could give him a hand job again...

"Aghh!" But there was no time to think as Logan's cock slid deep into her pussy. She hadn't been expecting it. Dean must have given a hand signal.

Oh mercy. It was good. So. Incredibly. Good.

She'd forgotten how good. Luckily Logan stopped after the first stroke. In a way, Lorna was right. When the vagina wasn't used, it did tend to tighten up a little bit. Alysa needed this moment to let her channel stretch and accommodate his hard flesh.

"Fuck her," Dean said, his voice uncharacteristically frantic. "Faster. Harder. Make her scream when she comes."

She dug her nails into the bedspread as Logan tightened his grip on her hips and pounded his cock into her tingling pussy just as hard and fast as Dean ordered. The teddy bunched at her waist swayed with each stroke, caressing her belly with satin. His crisp pubic hairs scraped the sensitive skin of her ass while his balls smacked her clit.

The sweet ache of delight emanated from her core, spreading through her whole body. She angled her ass upward so Logan's thrusting shaft could brush against her swollen clit.

Oh yes. Just like that.

It felt so good she could barely remember to breathe. Being fucked again was like eating a feast after subsisting on bread and water. She hadn't realized how much she'd missed it. Her thighs were soaked from the hot juices dripping from her cunt. She was going to come soon and it was going to be huge. The more cock she got, the more she wanted. Her pussy was starved enough to pull in Logan's whole body.

She barely heard the squeak of the reclining chair but when she turned to look, the passion in her body shut off like a switch.

"Logan, stop. Dean's gone."

Chapter Eight

Logan slowed his thrusts. Alysa was talking but there was too much blood rushing through his ears to hear. She was incredible. Tight, unbelievably wet and wild, matching him stroke for stroke.

Her hips bucked everywhere—backward, forward and side to side. The view of her lovely ass in this position. All of her skin was satin, especially her pussy.

This was by far the best fuck he'd ever had.

"What?" he asked after she mumbled something else.

She didn't answer as she pulled away from him, leaving his swollen cock, still covered in her juices, to adjust to the cool air.

"Whoa, Alysa, where are you going?"

"Dean's gone," he finally understood her to say. "He must be upset."

"He'll be all right," Logan said, still breathing hard. "He gave us permission, remember?"

Frankly, he was glad to lose the "audience". He wasn't crazy about having his performance judged. But she was already off the bed.

"I have to go to him."

He stayed on his knees, looking down at his flagging organ. "Well, what am I supposed to do? You can't leave me like this."

She yanked off her teddy, put on a robe and left the room with no answer. Probably because he was acting like a selfish jerk with aching balls. Cursing to himself, he got off the bed and put on his sweatpants. He was sick of looking at these damn pants and they were getting a little too grungy, even for him. Dean had a whole closet full of clothes and all he could spare were these. The same way he let him "borrow" Alysa but didn't let him come.

His balls ached so badly he could barely stand. Why had he ever agreed to this stupid idea? Obviously, Dean was jealous and couldn't handle seeing someone else have sex with his woman. He should have thought of that before he came up with this crazy plan.

And Logan realized he should never have agreed to it. He should've learned his lesson from Tami and Rick.

Alysa and Dean talked down the hall in raised voices. He couldn't understand what they were saying and didn't want to. They were a couple and he didn't belong here. What was he supposed to do now? Jerk off to ease the pressure in his balls? Beg Dean not to change his mind about the signaler?

Oh crap. Now she was crying. With a long sigh, he squared his shoulders and headed down the hall to see what was wrong. If Dean was criticizing her for what she'd done, Logan had a few things to say to him.

They were standing in front of the bathroom. Logan couldn't even look at Alysa without his groin aching more.

"Do me a favor," he told Dean. "The next time you get any ideas like this, leave me out of it."

Dean's lips looked white and pinched. "I'm sorry," he replied. "I really thought I could handle it."

Logan ran a hand through his hair. "Okay, so should I go jerk off or what?" He shifted from leg to leg. "I've got to do something. Soon."

"So do I," Alysa said, smiling. She clutched Dean's arm against her side. "You started this. How should we finish it?"

Dean looked down at the floor for several agonizing seconds. "You're right. I did start it. I gave my word and have to see it through."

"Even if it hurts you?" Alysa asked, stroking his hand.

Dean nodded but looked as if he'd rather have a root canal.

Logan sighed again. He hated seeing them so miserable. *Don't get involved. Go jerk off in the shower and call it a day.*

"I have an idea," he began. "Why don't we finish it with you helping, Dean?"

Anger flashed in Dean's green eyes. "What the hell can I do without a cock?"

"Plenty," Logan argued, "You've got lips and hands and words. Most of all, you've got love between you." What had gotten into him? He sounded like a greeting card.

"I'm not sure I understand," Dean said, frowning.

Logan swallowed. "You can make love to her through me. Just think of me as your cock."

"That's a pretty unusual idea."

"I think it's a wonderful idea," Alysa said, squeezing Dean's hand.

"All right. I'm willing to try it." He touched his upper lip in concentration. "I'll have to figure out the best way to go about it."

"There's no time for that," Logan said, stripping off his pants.

Just thinking about burying himself back inside Alysa's cunt had made him hard again. To his surprise, Dean reached out and briefly grabbed his cock, almost like a handshake. The touch of Dean's hand made Logan doubly hard.

When they returned to the bedroom, Alysa dropped her robe over the leather recliner and approached the bed. Her pink light brought the soft, white surfaces of the room back to life. The thick drapes sealed them away from the rest of the world. Logan needed to hear her moans against the silence.

"Lie on your back, honey," Logan ordered before Dean could get in a word edgewise. He was running the show now. "Scoot your pretty ass all the way to the bottom of the bed as if you're about to get an examination."

"Okay," she agreed, sounding cheerful again.

"What should I do?" Dean asked.

Logan grinned. To have Mr. High-and-Mighty look to him for direction was priceless. He could think of several things he'd like Dean to do but this wasn't the time. Still, that touch on his cock had been encouraging...

"Undress first," Logan instructed. "Then get on the bed on your hands and knees and lean over her."

He watched as Dean removed his pants and shirt and hung them over the recliner on top of Alysa's robe. Logan wasn't expecting to see the guy wearing a royal blue thong. After Dean got into the specified position, Logan took a moment to admire his ass—two globes of powerfully molded muscle he'd love to conquer someday.

"Kiss me, Dean," Alysa said, her voice breathy with desire.

"Fondle her breasts too while you're at it," Logan said, turning his attention to her exposed cunt.

Her legs were drawn up and trembling as her feet clung to the edge of the bed. The interruption of their activities had cooled their bodies off but he was going to enjoy making them hot again.

The first time, he'd been so anxious to plunge his cock inside her pussy he hadn't taken the time to study it. He had time now. Some of the juices had dried and her lips looked furled and closed.

Moistening his finger with saliva, he traced her folds until they opened for him. She was so beautiful down there with a neat strip of blonde hairs and pale pink lips.

As Dean worked on her breasts, sucking sounds mixed with her soft moans. Or maybe she was moaning because Logan was easing his finger into her canal, pausing to flick her clit with his thumb. It didn't really matter which man gave the pleasure. Tonight they were one man.

"Are you ready for me?" Logan paused as he stroked his own cock to make sure it was hard and ready enough. "I mean, are you ready for *us* to fuck you now?"

"Yes," she cried out. "Now. Fuck me now. Both of you."

Logan slid a hand behind each of her knees and spread her thighs apart. Her cunt, now covered in juices again, opened for him.

"What do you think, Dean?" he asked. "Should I enter her hard and fast like last time or torture her slowly?"

Dean turned his head and grinned at him. "By all means torture her."

Alysa groaned when he nudged the tip of his penis to her entrance. She tried to buck forward but he held her legs fast behind her knees.

"Tell me what you're doing," Dean ordered. "I can't see it from here."

"I'm popping the head of my cock into her, in and out."

"Good."

"Please," she begged. "I can't take this anymore. I want more of that long cock. Just a little more. One more inch."

"All right," Dean spoke up as he reached back to stroke her swollen clit. "Give her a little more."

By the time Logan had worked his entire cock inside her, Alysa was a frustrated mass of movement, nearly flinging both men off the bed. Dean adjusted his position, lifting his ass higher as he thrust his body against her to the same beat as Logan's strokes.

Logan leaned his head back for a moment to relish Dean's sexual scent mixing with theirs and the sensation of Alysa's wet fire pulling him deeper and deeper. He was so close to coming. In a way, he liked this setup. He was just the cock, completely anonymous and detached. Just as he was during a space mission.

He couldn't resist using one hand to grab Dean's ass and pull aside the thin strip of thong fabric covering his anus. That looked so sexy. He wanted to do so much more but didn't want to ruin the moment by pushing things too far.

But Alysa's tight pussy blew away all common sense. Lust took over. Letting go of one of her legs, he swabbed his finger down the side of one pussy lip, which stretched with each thrust of his cock, until he'd gathered enough of her cream. With his finger hot and slippery with her juices, he nudged it against the opening of Dean's ass.

He pushed the blue fabric aside and rubbed around the puckered flesh, tentatively at first. The last thing he wanted to do was grind the scene to a halt. Not until he came, anyway. To his relief, Dean didn't complain or even look back. Logan probed farther, breaching the entrance, eliciting a moan from Dean.

Emboldened now, he eased his finger into the impossibly tight hole up to his first knuckle. Dean did look back then but thrust his ass, pulling Logan's finger deeper into his body. The victory tightened Logan's balls even more with the need to explode.

Blue light poured from both men. Logan was stroking so fast now his cock was a blur of movement. With the hand that still clutched Alysa behind the knee, he gradually pushed her leg back toward her body, deepening her slick channel even more for him. He finger-fucked Dean's ass at the same pace as his cock pummeled her pussy. This felt way too good to last...

"I'm coming," she gasped.

"So am I," Logan replied with a grunt when her first spasm squeezed his cock. As he released powerful jets of his seed deep inside her, he wiggled his finger, grinding it deep into Dean's ass.

The three of them moaned in chorus and disconnected from each other's bodies as they collapsed into a limp heap. Then Dean rolled over to his side and grabbed the blue fabric-covered pouch between his legs.

"You all right, man?" Logan asked.

Dean nodded. "The pain will pass. My balls hurt when I get really turned-on."

When he reached his hand inside the pouch to massage them, Logan fought the urge to help. "So did you enjoy what I did to you?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh did you do something to my underwear there at the end?" Dean asked. "I wasn't paying attention."

Like hell he wasn't, Logan thought. The way he'd moaned and jerked his hips said otherwise.

"No," Logan decided to reply, "it must have been accidental."

Dean's denial of their attraction was his problem but it was just as well. He might be free to have multiple partners but it was still wrong in Logan's book.

"Most importantly," Dean said to Alysa, cupping her chin, "how did *you* like it?"

She answered with a sweet, contented sigh. "I loved it. I mean, it was okay."

Just okay? Then Logan realized she was pretending not to enjoy it to spare Dean's feelings. He knew how badly she wanted to marry him. Could she really convince him she didn't need this? Because he couldn't. Now that he'd had a taste of her he wanted more. A hell of a lot more.

She's not yours.

"Do you still want to be with me?" Dean asked her. "Be honest."

"Yes. Yes. Yes," she said, burrowing into his arms. "You're the only man I'll ever want. You satisfy me completely. I love you so much."

Logan stood up and watched them kiss. The smell of sex still lingering in the air was a jangling wrong note in the tender scene. For a split second, he wanted to join them on the bed. Feel their warm flesh pressed to his. Feel their hearts beating against his after the explosive experience they'd just shared together.

No, that was much too dangerous. He was going to leave this planet. Had sworn he'd never get involved with anyone again. They were lucky to have what they had and probably didn't even realize it.

He looked at Dean then. *I may have the cock but you have so much more.*

Feeling ten times emptier than he did when he embarked on a long, solo space mission, he left them to go take a shower.

They didn't even look up when he walked out.

* * * * *

The next morning, Alysa was the first to wake up. Her body felt so good it was as if she were floating above the carpet instead of walking on it. Dean had slept with her all

night in a firm cuddle hold and she was pleasantly sore between her legs from last night's activities. She'd had it all. A hard cock deep in her cunt and Dean's love.

Things were so normal again between them it was as if the affliction had never happened. But it had happened, she thought as she dumped a scoop of fresh coffee into the coffeemaker. And things weren't normal at all. Logan had fucked her, not Dean. Last night had been a test, nothing more.

She stood by the machine as it started to percolate, toying with her empty coffee cup as she tried to halt the tide of hot thoughts about last night. Her panties would soon be soaked if she didn't. The test was far from over, she reminded herself. She had to convince Dean beyond a shadow of a doubt that she didn't need hard cocks.

Which meant she couldn't pay much attention to Logan. He would probably feel ignored. Well, it couldn't be helped. She watched the coffee pitcher fill with fresh brew and inhaled the aroma. Dean had to come first. She'd been waiting for their wedding too long.

Finally the coffee was ready to pour. If she cooked breakfast for both of them, neither would feel slighted. Under other circumstances, she'd like to show Logan her appreciation in other ways but eggs and bacon would have to do.

Logan padded into the kitchen barefoot and poured himself a cup of coffee, dumping lots of sugar and cream into it as usual. His hair was as tousled as a little boy's. Like a shy high school student with a crush, he barely looked at her as they exchanged morning greetings.

"Where's Dean?" he asked.

"Still sleeping," she replied as she laid raw strips of bacon on the skillet.

Logan gulped his coffee. "Isn't it unusual for him to sleep late? He strikes me as an early riser."

"Very unusual." She broke some eggs into a bowl and tossed them with a fork. "Help me run the cooker."

"This is kind of awkward, isn't it?" he asked after the bacon started to sizzle.

"It doesn't have to be," she said in her brightest doctor-patient voice.

Trying to deny what they'd done was distracting her from cooking. She hoped she didn't burn anything. All she could think about when she looked at his hands wrapped around the coffee cup was how they'd dug into her hips as he'd pounded into her.

He looked all sleepy and appealing this morning. She ached to hug him and kiss him while breakfast cooked. Maybe loosen her robe a little to see how fast she could make him hard again.

She poured the scrambled egg mixture into the skillet. When she looked up from the pan, she flushed when she realized he was looking at her.

"I just want you to know how incredible you were last night," he told her. "I'll never forget it."

It hit her then that they would never make love again. It hadn't been just sex for her. If Logan went back to Geo, she'd never see him again but she had a feeling they'd never forget this man.

She couldn't stop thinking about her suspicion he'd done something sexual to Dean last night too. It was hard to see what from her vantage point but Logan's hand seemed to be in the vicinity of Dean's buttocks.

He must have done it to make Dean feel included. Or was there attraction between the men as she'd been suspecting? She hadn't seen Dean so turned-on since before the affliction and it had made her more turned-on too. All three of them had moaned and writhed to the same rhythm.

"Something wrong?" Logan asked.

Alysa blinked as if coming to and noticed the bacon needed to be flipped. She had to know.

"Logan, what did you do to Dean last night?" she blurted out.

"I fingered his ass."

"Oh," she exclaimed, dropping the spatula. "I-I thought so."

Logan finished flipping the bacon for her. "You're upset. I'm sorry. I should've asked you first. You just made me lose control."

She touched his arm. "I'm not upset. Just...surprised. I've always had a feeling Dean was interested in men. Now I know."

"He won't admit it," Logan said, "but I don't want to hide anything from you. We kissed earlier too."

"I see," she said, looking at the counter.

The bacon smoked. She had to pull back her female energy so it wouldn't burn. Her dream of a happy marriage might go up in smoke too. How could Logan be so sexy and competition at the same time?

Logan rubbed her upper arms. "He begged me not to tell you. It'll never happen again. Forgive me? Please?"

It was hard to refuse that innocent little boy look he did so well.

She smiled. "Of course. I'm glad Dean has finally confronted his true desires. Maybe you're a test for both of us."

The sting of jealousy and excitement was back, so strong this time it almost reached her pussy. She had a lot to think about.

When Dean walked into the kitchen, Alysa scanned his face for jealousy but he looked serene. He threw a folded pair of jeans and a paisley button-down shirt to Logan.

"What's this?" Logan asked, catching the bundle.

"More clothes," Dean replied. "I figured now that we've shared Alysa it would be pretty silly not to share clothes too. Besides, I was getting sick of looking at that same pair of sweatpants."

"Not half as tired as I am of wearing them," Logan said with a grin. "Thanks. I'll go change."

After he left, Dean kissed Alysa on the cheek. "Breakfast smells great. How do you feel?"

"Sore," she blurted out.

She covered her mouth with her hand but he pulled it away. "It's okay. I'm not judging you."

"Yes, you are," she said, waving the spatula. "You're testing me. What else do I have to do to pass?"

He put his hands on the tops of her shoulders. "This is not a test, Alysa. Just answer me honestly. Now that you've had real sex again, do you still want to be with me?"

"Oh Dean," she said, looking deeply into his eyes, "you know I do. Do you still want to be with me?"

He frowned as if he couldn't understand why she'd asked. "Of course. The case is closed."

He let go of her shoulders but that wasn't the only thing that made her feel as if a weight had been lifted. Despite his illogical belief she'd be happier without him, Dean was staying.

* * * * *

After breakfast, Dean called Ed from the bedroom voicer and asked to meet him at the Gal-X hangar to talk about the spaceship. He had a feeling it was probably going to test their friendship to the breaking point.

Once he got to the hangar, his heart nearly gave out. There was nothing but empty floor where the craft used to be.

"Where's the ship?" he asked Ed.

"It's been moved to the Gal-X lab for dismantling and analysis."

An aircraft engine started up, rattling the walls and making it hard to hear, so they went outside to walk around the hangar.

Dean shoved his hands into his pockets, trying to look nonchalant. "I think we should first see if there's a communication device in there and try to signal the planet that ship came from."

"Whoa," Ed exclaimed, holding up a hand. "Why are you suddenly so interested in my business?"

Dean took his hands out of his pockets. "Ed, our cocks don't work anymore. There is something seriously wrong with this planet and it could get a lot worse, destroying everything. We might have to leave someday to survive."

But Ed just rolled his eyes. "Sounds like you've been watching too many sci-fi movies, Dean."

"Maybe, but since there seems to be other life out there, we have to try to research it and get help for our problem."

Especially if Chromefield really was a lost colony. Reconnecting with a sister colony, and possibly Earth itself, could hold the key to solving their dilemma. But for Logan's protection, he wasn't about to tell Ed all this. Yet.

By now, they'd circled the hangar once but kept going. Ed seemed to walk faster and faster, as if he wanted to escape Dean and this conversation.

"Why can't you stick to your highways and social benefits?" Ed asked.

Dean grabbed his arm to slow his stride. "This isn't a contest, Ed. We need to work together on this."

Ed shook off his hand. "I know what this is about. You want Nathan's spot as Council Chief."

"No, I don't," Dean argued. "Just being on the Council is good enough for me."

But Ed didn't look convinced and Dean understood why. Even though the three of them had an equal vote on many things, up to now they'd both coveted the prestigious title, increased responsibility and fiscal power of Nathan's position. Dean hardly understood himself why he no longer cared about it.

He stopped short. "I'm going to get involved in this with your cooperation or without it. Now who's in charge of the dismantling?"

Ed stopped too and sighed. "Jay Walters. Come to the lab Monday morning and you can meet him."

Unfortunately that was a whole two days away. Now that he'd gotten his talk with Ed out of the way, thoughts of last night filled his mind as he drove home.

Sharing Alysa had been the hardest thing he'd ever done and he would never have considered it if he hadn't been completely desperate. He had to know if they could possibly have a life together without traditional sex.

He still didn't know the answer to that, he realized as he merged onto the freeway. Alysa looked as if she'd thoroughly enjoyed having Logan's cock pounding into her pussy. He'd hoped she wouldn't have enjoyed it quite so much. But he could understand her enthusiasm. Logan was hot. Watching his powerful thrusts last night had stirred something in him too. He'd enjoyed it much more than he thought he would. It was as if the boundaries between their bodies had become blurred.

And Logan had played with his ass, hadn't he? It wasn't accidental either. He'd inserted his finger and fucked him with it. Why couldn't Dean admit it to the others and himself?

Because he liked it. Because he'd imagined Logan's cock in there instead. Not hard to do since Logan's finger had pounded him to the same rhythm his cock had stroked Alysa's slick-sounding pussy.

Dean gripped the steering wheel much harder than necessary. This affliction must be more powerful than he thought. Now he was obsessed with fantasies of sex with men. But it had to stop there. He'd had his experiment with a hot man. It was time to focus on him and Alysa again.

As he entered the secured perimeter around his home, he saw Alysa and Logan jogging around the house. For a moment, all he could do was stare at them. They were so damn good-looking and perfect together. Just as he and Alysa had been.

Now he understood Ed's panicked possessiveness over the space program. He was worried Dean might replace him. Dean now had the same feeling about Logan.

Dean's eyes went to Logan's crotch, hoping the man hadn't been stupid enough to flaunt his hard cock outdoors. Maybe that's why Alysa was jogging in an old tee shirt instead of her usual skimpy sports halter.

He had to get this alien off the planet. The sooner the better.

Chapter Nine

Dressed in one of Dean's suits, Logan eased into the U-shaped booth on one side of Alysa while Dean sat on the other. Dean's security people sat at the next booth.

"Nice place," Logan said. Low, rustic beams, log walls and a fireplace gave the steakhouse they'd taken him to a very earthy feeling. Almost enough to make him homesick for his planet.

Dean clasped Alysa's hand on the table as if it were a possession. "We come here every week."

Logan nodded and opened his large menu. "I figured you were a white tablecloth kind of guy."

A lobbyist stopped by to talk to Dean, who showed interested concern and graciously asked him to schedule an appointment. It was plain to see how serious Dean took his job. Having his ass fondled by another man clearly didn't fit into his public image.

"I hate this dress," Alysa complained as she looked down at her baggy, tan garment.

"We couldn't take any risks," Dean said, looking pointedly at Logan's crotch.

"Not to worry," Logan said dryly. "Everything is mellow and soft over here."

And as long as he kept his eyes off Alysa, his cock would stay that way. Even in that sack of a dress, she was hot enough to ignite the memories of their awesome fuck. Underneath it she had the most beautiful ass he'd ever seen and the tightest, juiciest cunt he'd ever had the pleasure to fuck. Was she wearing those pale pink panties tonight? Was she thinking about him now, making them wet?

Oh yeah. She's thinking about it. He could tell by the way she parted her lips and took a deep drink of water. Thank goodness for the tablecloth, Logan thought as he draped the edge to hide his burgeoning groin. A cloud of blue materialized around him. *Damn.* Luckily the lighting in here was dim.

"Are you all right, Logan?" Dean asked sharply.

"I will be," he replied. *Think about a rhinoceros or a pile of doo-doo. Anything but her!*

While a bored-looking busboy filled their water glasses and deposited a basket of bread on the table, Logan struggled to regain control over his body until the cloud finally dissipated.

Dean's jaw looked harder than concrete. He was obviously feeling a little jealousy but last night had been his idea and he'd had his fun too. If Logan had it to do over again, he would've refused to fuck Alysa and make Dean envious. Probably...

As they concentrated on eating bread, the thought that had been hovering around Logan's mind finally roosted there. What if he couldn't get off this planet? Where would he go? What would he do? He couldn't live with Alysa and Dean forever. He already felt like the proverbial third wheel. The signaler might not work and even if it did, there was no guarantee Geo could rescue him and take him home.

"What's wrong, Logan?" Alysa asked, bathing him in her warm, brown gaze. Why did she have to be so damn sweet? Fuckable was one thing. He could handle that. Lovable was a completely different ball game. She was the kind of girl who put her head on a guy's shoulder and loved him until death do us part.

It struck him then that there was no one at home he needed to get back to. No one he missed. No one who would miss him. He might even be a headline in the news by now. *Astronaut lost in space. Assumed dead.*

"Nothing."

Alysa loved sitting between two gorgeous, hunky men even though they weren't in the best of moods. Were they thinking about their group encounter as much as she was? Oh no. Her panties were getting wet. Luckily the waiter arrived to get their order, taking her mind temporarily off sex.

"Bring us a bottle of your best cabernet sauvignon," Dean said, grabbing all three menus. "Logan and I will have the king-cut porterhouse steaks and Alysa will have the filet mignon."

After the waiter left, Logan frowned at Dean. "What just happened here?"

Dean's shoulders raised in an elegant shrug. "I'm the host. I always order."

"I wanted chicken instead," Alysa said, but her thoughts had been too tangled in sex to tell the waiter fast enough.

"Chicken?" Dean exclaimed. "This is a steakhouse."

"Well, maybe I'm tired of steak. When are we going to try that new seafood place I keep asking you about?"

Dean frowned. "This restaurant is secure and fairly private. They know me here."

"So they'll get to know you there too," she insisted. "We're going next week."

"Men make the decisions, Alysa. If I decide we'll go, we'll go."

"Shouldn't it be a joint decision?" Logan asked. "What about compromising?"

Dean shifted uncomfortably and sighed. "All right. We'll go sometime."

She fixed Logan with a melted-candy smile. "See, Logan? You're a good influence on us. I like having the three of us here tonight. It feels...right."

Well, that was easy, she thought as the waiter brought the bottle of wine and poured for them. If she wanted things, apparently she just had to ask for them. And ever since she'd had sex with Logan, she felt like asking for lots of things. She wanted more. More control over her life, more career, more...sex.

Definitely more sex. In fact, she wished the three of them could do it right here in this booth. The leather seat would feel erotic against her bare skin, especially if it grew slick with her juices.

And she wanted to watch Logan fuck Dean, for real this time. The idea had seemed alien to her at first but she couldn't stop visualizing Logan groaning and sweating as he tried to force his big, luscious cock into Dean's tight channel. Just once, she wanted to see Dean submissive and humbled by uncontrollable desire.

Alysa fanned the edge of the tablecloth over her legs as betraying pink clouds of energy shimmered in the air around her crotch. Energy could be so inconvenient sometimes. If only she could plug her pussy to keep it all contained.

Dean looked down. "Planets, Alysa. Didn't you take care of your needs before we came out?"

"I wasn't horny then," she explained. "I thought I could handle it but sitting between the two of you is too much for me."

"You were probably distracted by work again. Don't you know by now to always climax before we go out in public?"

She set her wineglass down with a thump. "Stop talking to me as if I'm a child. I'm not going to put up with it anymore."

Dean glared at her in confusion, as if she were the alien. Logan just watched them, leaning back in his seat.

"What's gotten into you?" Dean asked her as he jabbed his knife into the butter dish and smeared some on his bread.

She had no idea but was pretty sure it was here to stay. The waiter dropped off their steaks quickly, as if he sensed the tension at the table. If he saw her pink cloud he didn't let on.

"And speaking of work," she said as she cut into her steak, "my boss wants me to take on more patients, which will require more hours."

"Out of the question," Dean replied, taking a bite.

"How am I supposed to be a good doctor without patients?" she yelled.

"She just wants to realize her potential," Logan cut in. "She has brains and compassion and she's a great doctor."

"Is there a problem over there?" one of Dean's security guards asked.

"For planet's sake, please keep your voice down," Dean said softly after he answered the guard. "We can discuss your grievances at home."

"You're just putting me off," she said, chewing the piece of steak she had no appetite for. "Things need to change, Dean."

He sighed and set down his fork. "You're throwing a lot at me all at once here. I'm accused of being overindulgent with you already."

"I want my hours," she insisted.

"Anything else?"

She smiled then. "No, that ought to do it. Except for one little problem. I need to come. Now."

Dean cut a perfectly square bite off his steak. "Then go to the ladies' room and please be discreet."

"I wasn't asking your permission," she told him. "I'm going to do it right here and I want you two to help."

That said, she pulled Logan's right hand under the table and into her lap and did the same with Dean's left.

"With both of you rubbing my cunt," she said, remembering to lower her voice, "I should be able to come very quickly."

Logan looked to Dean for permission.

Dean swallowed and nodded. "It'll probably be a lot quicker than arguing with her. Just make sure the tablecloth keeps everything...covered."

Alysa threw back her head as both their hands crept up her thighs under the hem of her ugly dress and caressed her pussy through wet panties.

"In," she muttered as her hips writhed on the leather seat, making it squeak. "Inside. Please."

Dean slid a finger around the leg opening of her panties, sending thrilling shivers through her swollen pussy lips. Logan went one step further and tugged her panties down. She hitched her dress up in back, needing to feel that smooth leather seat on her ass.

"Oh yes," she crooned. "That feels so good."

One of the security guards coughed.

"Decorum, Alysa," Dean reminded her.

"Sorry." But decorum was beyond her now as her dinner sat forgotten on her plate and ripples of pleasure danced down every bone of her body. Dean fucked her with his index finger while Logan tortured her wet, enlarged clit. The air filled with her aroused scent and pink energy.

"Is everything all right?" the waiter came by and asked, a tiny smile lurking on his lips.

"More than all right," Alysa managed to say without gasping.

"I'll pay on the way out," Dean said, flicking a dismissive gesture with his free hand.

Her orgasm ambushed her so suddenly she couldn't stop herself from crying out. Dean quickly shoved a piece of his bread into her mouth while her pussy clamped around the men's slick fingers.

"Lorna!" Alysa gulped the bread in her mouth and reached for her water as the aftershocks of her climax gripped her pussy walls. "Wh-what are you doing here?"

Dean's and Logan's faces looked just as flushed as hers probably did as they discreetly wet their napkins in their water glasses and cleaned their fingers. She desperately wanted to pull her underwear back on but couldn't do it without being obvious.

"I'm not going to stand here all night," the man with Lorna said as he walked away. "Get your ass to the table, woman."

"Is that your date?" Alysa asked. Maybe Dean wasn't so bad, she thought, compared to guys like that. Unfortunately the behavior of Lorna's date was becoming the norm for Chromefield men.

Her friend rolled her eyes. "If you can call it that. If I'm lucky, I'll get a goodnight kiss and maybe even a dildo job."

Dean introduced Logan as his cousin.

"Good looks run in the family, I see," she said as she squeezed his biceps, "but I guess you're in the same boat with all the other men around here. What a waste."

Alysa's heart nearly stopped when Lorna sniffed the air. "Hey, it smells like sex over here. Have you all been up to something?"

To Alysa's horror, Lorna bent over and ran her hand down the side of Logan's thigh.

"Nice suit," she commented. "It fits you like a glove."

"Lorna, get your ass over here now!" her date bellowed from a few tables away.

"Well, I'd better get back to my thrilling date. Thanks to your hot cousin here, I'm going to have a drenched pussy all night."

After she left, Dean and Alysa looked over at Logan who released a sigh.

"Were you hard?" she asked as she tugged her cold, damp panties back on. "Did she suspect anything?"

"I managed to keep it down halfway and my napkin covered the rest."

"That was a close one," Dean said, pushing away his plate. "I hope we can make it out of this restaurant without creating any more of a scene." Then he looked at both of them.

"What?" Logan asked.

"After tonight, it's clear to me the test I gave Alysa isn't enough to be sure she's truly ready to marry me."

"Another test?" Alysa asked as dread and excitement filled her at the same time.

Dean nodded. "I want you two to fuck each other one more time—without me there."

"Are you giving us permission?" Logan asked.

"That's right. Do it whenever the mood strikes you."

* * * * *

The next morning, Alysa mixed pancake batter, relieved Dean had already left to attend a meeting at Gal-X. Lately he was tenser than a steel cord. Her demands last night hadn't helped but it felt good to make them even if he'd probably never agree.

She poured batter onto the griddle and toyed with the spatula. Passing Dean's tests was all that mattered. She couldn't believe he was asking for a second one.

"Good morning, beautiful." Logan wore sweatpants with no shirt, his skin and hair damp from his shower. Suddenly, all thoughts of Dean fled her mind. Without asking, Logan applied his male energy to the cooker.

"About this second test," he said as he helped himself to a cup of coffee, "I'm not so sure it's a good idea. I don't want to go any further with someone I can't have."

"I know what you mean," she said as she lifted the edge of one pancake with her spatula to see if it was done, "I enjoyed it too much the first time but Dean is going to insist until we do it."

Logan nodded. "Okay. Later we'll go into the bedroom and...get it over with. Then he'll surely marry you."

She thought so too, so why wasn't she fantasizing about the wedding as she usually did? Why did having Logan in the kitchen with her feel so incredibly right? After flipping the pancakes, she cursed when one ended up half on top of another.

"I'm not distracting you, am I?" he asked, grinning.

Yes! "Have a seat at the table and I'll bring the food out."

Her face relaxed into a smile for the first time all morning. "Thanks for sticking up for me last night about the clinic. I'm sorry we argued in front of you like that."

Logan gathered silverware and plates. He knew the kitchen so well now it was almost as if he lived here. If only he did, she thought.

"I'm glad you spoke up," he told her. "Sometimes you just have to demand what you want."

"He's kind of jealous about us too," she added. "He's doing his best to hide it though."

"The sex was his idea," Logan reminded her.

"He knows that," she replied, "which is why he hasn't tried to tear your head off."

"Well, that's encouraging."

Alysa heated up some maple syrup but her panties were already sticky. Why wasn't Logan wearing a shirt? It was probably the same reason she'd donned her short, satin bathrobe instead of the long one she usually wore—they wanted to look sexy for each other.

As they sat down to eat in the dining area, she still couldn't shake the feeling of rightness. It must be the domestic scents of a cooked breakfast, she thought. He was so relaxed and easy to be with. And after breakfast, she wanted to take him to bed and...

"This is delicious," he said, saluting her with a forkful of pancake pieces drenched in syrup.

"Careful," she told him. "Dean will have a fit if we spill anything on this white carpet."

"Sorry. I wonder how his meeting is going?"

She poured more syrup on her plate. "I hate thinking about all that space stuff. It seems so empty. So black and scary."

"Sometimes it is." He looked at her then with such a heated look she put down her fork. But she didn't just see lust in his eyes. She saw loneliness. Logan was a very lonely man.

"You shouldn't stare at me that way until we do the test," she said softly.

He leaned back in his chair, hands laced behind his head, still looking at her. "Then you shouldn't be wearing that robe with your nipples poking out like that."

"What?" Her gaze flew to her chest and sure enough, her breasts were barely concealed by the thin fabric.

"And you should be wearing a shirt," she countered.

She drew one arm across her chest, hiding her nipples, but he got up and pulled her arm away. "Don't," he whispered.

She took a sharp breath and held it. "Logan, sit down and finish your breakfast. Please."

But he didn't obey. Instead, he walked over to her chair, knelt down on one knee and drew her against him, kissing and holding her like an ardent lover. She intended to resist.

But he felt so warm and affectionate. Before she could move out of his arms, she lost the battle. His damp, heated flesh penetrated the thin robe as his lips moved across hers. His tongue was sweet with syrup as it invaded her mouth. His fingers peeled away her robe, exposing her breasts.

She moaned when he took one nipple into his mouth and then the other.

"They taste good," he said, "but they'd taste even better with syrup on them."

To her surprise, he dipped his finger in the pool of syrup on her plate. His blue eyes held hers in a grip she couldn't escape as he smeared his syrup-covered finger across her bottom lip. He kissed the area then licked it, finally sucking every last bit of sweetness from her flesh.

"Logan," she cried, "stop it. We're in the middle of breakfast. We agreed to do this later in the bedroom."

He drew back her hair and kissed her ear with hot, sticky lips. "You don't really want me to stop. Do you?"

He hesitated, breathing warm breath into her ear as he gave her a chance to back out. Her heart nearly pounded through her chest wall as he slowly dragged the tip of his tongue around the shell of her ear.

All this warm, sticky, sweet syrup was blowing her defenses. If only she'd made omelets instead! Heated moisture flooded her panties. Dean was right. She enjoyed hard cock.

"We're going to do it right here, aren't we?"

He dipped his finger into more syrup on the plate and applied it to her nipples. "I think that's a given."

She forked her fingers through his damp, sandy-colored hair as he flicked his tongue through the sticky fluid on her breasts. Then moaned when, without warning, he sucked hard on a nipple.

Her hands traveled all over his chest and shoulders, hungry for the hard, heated feel of his body. Hungrier still for the fabric-covered ridge between his legs. Suddenly, she didn't give a damn about the test or the white carpet or anything at all but him.

"It's only fair if I get to do it too," she said as she poured more cooker-warmed syrup onto her plate and smeared it on his nipples. She licked and sucked them just as he'd done to her.

He leaned his head back, breathing hard. Then he grabbed her. She squealed when he plucked her off the chair and laid her on the floor. After removing her robe, he pulled off her damp, pink panties and flung them in the air. She thought they might have landed on the butter dish but no longer cared.

Because her legs were spread and Logan was holding the pitcher of syrup above her aching, exposed cunt.

"You wouldn't," she said, giggling. This was the first time she'd ever giggled while she was horny.

"Oh but I would," he said, grinning.

She watched the amber fluid pour from the spout and she hissed as it struck her tummy. It was warm but not too hot. She ached even more. He just gripped one of her thighs as he watched her reaction.

"Feel good?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"It feels better than good," she said, gasping. "What are you going to do now?"

"What do you want me to do?" he asked with frustrating calmness.

"I don't know," she said, waving her hands. "But do something. You started this."

"Don't worry," he said as he dragged an index finger through the sticky pool between her legs. "I'll finish it."

Which meant she'd feel his body sliding against hers through all that syrup. That thought alone sent her channel into a tiny, pre-orgasmic spasm. Barely able to breathe, she watched as he smeared the syrup all over her pussy, through the hairs, all around her clit and across the entire opening.

She bucked against his other hand as he slid two fingers deep inside her folds. The thick clouds of pink erupting from her left no doubt of her urgent need to come. The last thing she expected was for him to lower his head between her legs.

"Logan," she said, half sitting up, "wh-what are you going to do?"

"Go down on you. I want to find out how sweet you taste, okay?"

"Oh yes. Yes! I've wanted this for so long. I've thought about it since the day I kissed you and felt your big, strong tongue in my mouth. Should I just lie still?"

"You've never had it done?" Logan asked, resting on one elbow. "Not even by Dean?"

She shook her head, hating the anticipation spiraling through her abdomen as she lay back down.

"Have you ever gone down on him?"

She nodded then, never dreaming she'd be lying on the floor with her legs spread before a total stranger. A stranger who intended to put his mouth on her cunt and make her fantasy come true.

"I think you'll like this even better," he replied as his head descended once again. "Just spread your legs wide open for me. That's all you have to do."

Alysa dug her nails into the carpet when his hot tongue flicked across her clit. It was better than a kiss. Better than having her nipples licked. Her skin was most sensitive there. He broadened his tongue, lapping across her wet folds. Then he pointed it, inserting it inside. Oh how could she have missed out on this exquisite sensation her entire life?

He looked up at her, his face only inches above her belly. "Do you like it?"

"I do," she answered on a half whimper. "I really do."

That appeared to be the only encouragement he needed as he gripped her bent legs behind the knees and spread them wide as he'd done the night he'd fucked her. Her vulnerable, swollen flesh lay open to his full assault as he licked, sucked and worked his mouth against her. The scrape of shaved beard across her clit nearly undid her but she tried to hold off the inevitable orgasm that loomed on the horizon.

She wanted this to last...forever.

Her frantic fingers nearly dug the carpet raw as he eased a finger into her cavern and worked it in and out to the same rhythm as his tongue dancing with her clit. The combination of scratching and sliding sounds nearly drove her mad. When he pulled away, she sat up.

"What? Where are you going?" she demanded, sounding like a madwoman. "You can't stop."

Logan had a wicked grin on his face and something in his hand. *A pancake?* He tore it into bite-sized pieces and dipped them in syrup.

"No," she cried, "you can't possibly be about to do what I think you are."

But he ignored her objections, dropping the whole sticky mess on her belly. She never dreamed pancakes could feel so good as rivulets of warm syrup dripped down her sides in tune to the natural cream leaking from her pussy.

"The carpet is going to be ruined," she said, laughing. She never knew it was possible to be so amused and horny at the same time.

"To hell with the carpet," he replied. "This is the best breakfast I'm ever going to eat."

Her breath caught as he did just that, alternating between nibbling hunks of pancake from her waist and licking her pussy lips. Lapping up every crumb and her natural cream until she was needy again. When he sank his finger into her again, she couldn't hold back anymore. Her entire body clenched into deep spasms that left her gasping and arching her back off the floor.

"Are you satisfied, Alysa?" Logan asked as he traced a line of syrup across her belly.

"Oh yes," she said, sitting up.

But he pulled his very hard cock out of his pants and held it in his syrupy hand, slowly rubbing it back and forth. She couldn't take her eyes off it. With shaking fingers, she grabbed for the syrup pitcher and poured some on.

Even though she'd just come, heat built inside her all over again as she watched the syrup spread over his cock and listened to the sticky sounds it made as he rubbed it slowly down the rigid shaft. The sweet scent of syrup mingled with arousal.

"I hope you don't mind if I get satisfied too," he said, kneeling there with his pants around his knees and his cock in his hand.

She couldn't just sit there and watch him rub himself. She had to help. Had to touch it. Her fingers brushed the wet tip of him and traced circles to the edge of the crown. Her cunt flooded with dampness. She could still feel the syrup down there mixing with her own hot juices.

It wasn't enough. She had to taste the syrup on him so she caught an amber drop of it with her tongue right before it dripped off. Then she ran her tongue around the head where the syrup hid in the folds of his flesh. The harder she licked, the sweeter he tasted and the more she wanted his hardness inside her. She worked until his cock was clean.

"I want you inside me," she whispered.

"So do I, Alysa. There's nothing I'd like better than to fuck your syrupy, sticky body and sweet little cunt. Or we could get cleaned up first and do this in bed."

"No, now," she said on a sob. "I want you to fuck me now, Logan."

"Are you sure?" he asked, breathing hard. He squeezed his cock until the head turned deep red.

She nodded. "Dean was right. We have to do it when the mood strikes us."

He yanked off his pants then sat with his legs under him and pulled her onto his lap, facing him, easing her onto his hardness. Everything was sticky. Their lips, their hands and their bodies as she lowered her aching cunt onto his stiff member. They kissed and held each other as he took over the rhythm, pushing inside her sticky entrance, making her his for the moment.

What if Dean walked in right now? The thought of it made her even hotter. She wasn't herself. She was someone else as Logan eased her onto her knees and slid his rod deeper inside her body, making her tighter and wetter with each stroke. Until the sensation of hot semen spurting against her entrance made her gasp for breath as she was sucked, helpless, into the whirlpool of her second orgasm.

They collapsed into a sticky heap. For several long moments they just looked into each other's eyes. How different this was than the first time they'd had sex. That had been so impersonal, so full of Dean's presence. This was their little world the two of them had created.

As the heat in her body finally receded, she sat up and drew her knees to her chest. "Oh no."

He grabbed her arm. "What? What is it? Did I hurt you? Do you regret doing the test?"

She stared at him and the carpet as if she'd been absent for a while and had just reinhabited her body.

"No, but look at this mess," she said. "The carpet is ruined."

"No, it's not. If we clean it, it'll be good as new."

And now that she'd gotten through Dean's second test, she was one step closer to marrying him.

Chapter Ten

Logan was too distracted to eat the fancy dinner Alysa had prepared. He still pictured her sitting there in that slinky, sexy satin bathrobe with her nipples poking out, the nubs begging to be sucked. He was just a man.

Visions of her tight pussy, glistening with syrup, filled his head. This morning's fuck had been even more incredible than the first one with her. And being the first man to ever lick her was pretty unforgettable too.

"This is delicious, Alysa," Dean commented. "What's the occasion?"

She shrugged but didn't look at him. "It's been a while since I cooked a big meal."

"This wouldn't have anything to do with that wet carpet in there, would it?"

Her cheeks blushed scarlet. "I accidentally spilled a pitcher of syrup this morning at breakfast."

Dean chewed thoughtfully. "It doesn't look permanently damaged but it's not like you to be so clumsy."

She glanced at Logan and his own cheeks start to burn. Why didn't she just tell Dean about the test already? The carpet looked great and their energy had even revived the carpet-cleaning machine.

"Well, isn't anybody going to ask me about my meeting today?" Dean asked. "You two are acting strange. You're not even eating this delicious dinner."

"Did they extract the signaler yet?" Logan asked, relieved by the change of subject.

"Close. The latest status is that everything is dismantled. It took several days to photograph and catalog all the components and how they fit together," Dean replied, forking up some asparagus, "I met with Jay Walters, the astrophysicist who's going to work on the signaler, assuming we get final approval."

Logan nodded even though the lack of approval was bad news. All bets would probably be off once the confession was out. Maybe they should keep it to themselves and pretend it never happened.

"So what have you two been up to all day?" Dean asked after he'd finished eating. "Have you thought about when and where you'd like to do your second test?"

Logan finished eating too and stood up. "Uh, were we supposed to schedule it?"

"We already did it," Alysa blurted out.

"I suspected you two were up to something today," Dean said in the most controlled voice he could muster as he stood up.

"You're not angry, are you?" Alysa asked. "You did tell us to do it when the mood struck us."

"Why would I be angry? I gave you permission. I just didn't expect it to happen so soon."

"We didn't either," Logan replied. "One minute we were sitting there eating pancakes and the next the syrup got out of hand and —"

Dean put up his hand. "Spare me the specifics." He could picture only too well what they'd done. Had Logan licked syrup off her breasts? Had she sucked it off his cock? Or had they proceeded directly to the fucking part?

A horny, beautiful woman plus a handsome stranger added up to hot sex.

Maybe he *did* want to know a few specifics...

"You shouldn't have offered it if you didn't mean it," Logan accused.

"I have no regrets," Dean said quietly.

"I still want to marry you," she said, getting up to clutch his hands. "Please, after all this, tell me I passed."

She said she still wanted him so she'd passed the tests fair and square. But he couldn't look at her now without practically seeing Logan's fingerprints all over her body, the alien fucking her with his perfect, hard cock and reminding him of his masculine inadequacies.

And that magic finger slipping inside his ass. How could he and Alysa marry when they both had the hots for the same man? He'd never been so confused before.

Images of Alysa and Logan rolling around in syrup sent tendrils of heat into his balls. Maybe what bothered him most was that he hadn't been there with them. The secret of the unknown haunted him.

"Dean?" she prompted, squeezing his hands. "The test?"

"Yes, sweetheart, you've almost passed." He released her hands. "There's just one more thing."

"Anything. Just say it."

"I want you and Logan to show me what you did."

"You can't be serious," Logan said.

"I assure you I am." He scratched his face. "Syrup, was it? Alysa, heat up some more."

"We'll heat it up together," she said, leading him to the cooker. He was too excited now to argue with her about cooking.

"I'll clear the plates," Logan said as he scooped them up.

After the syrup was warm enough, Dean sat on a dining chair while Alysa put an old tablecloth over the carpet.

"No need to clean this carpet twice," she said.

"Now what?" Dean asked. "Did you have syrup all over your cock? Put some on there, Alysa."

Logan shook his head and slid the pan, which was resting on a trivet, across the table toward Dean. "No, I want you to put it on, Dean."

A fireball of lust shot to Dean's groin when the other man pulled off his clothes, revealing rock-hard cock pointing right at him. This felt right, he thought. He was part of things. Nevertheless, he was just observing so he chose to keep his clothes on. It was nice of Logan to include him in the action, but what if touching his cock revealed how much he wanted it?

"Alysa, will you please bring me a spoon?" Dean asked.

"No," Logan protested, stepping closer and holding out his organ as if it were a gift. Blue energy hovered around his plump balls, along with the musky scent of pheromones. "You're going to rub that syrup all over my cock with your bare hands."

Dean couldn't have refused if he wanted to. "Take your clothes off too, Alysa."

When she did, her sexual scent and pink energy mixed with Logan's. Her nipples were already hard. Dipping his index finger into the syrup and hoping no one noticed his hand shaking, he traced a precise line down the length of Logan's shaft.

"There. All done."

Logan laughed. "You've got to do better than that. Use your whole hand and make sure to cover the head so Alysa can lick it off."

"Yes, sir," he said as he dipped his hand into the pan. Warm, sticky fluid clung to his fingers. He shuddered from the messiness of it and the pleasure. Before he lost his nerve, he grabbed Logan's cock, smearing the viscous liquid all over. When he paid special attention to the head, Logan threw back his head and groaned as stronger pheromones and blue light filled the air.

Possessed now by something stronger than he was, Dean curled his fingers into a circle and pumped Logan's hard, sticky cock.

"That's it, Dean," Logan said. "Rub my cock. Your hand feels so good."

Dean couldn't believe he was doing this, much less with Logan and Alysa watching him. He could never deny his attraction to men now.

"You two are so hot together," she said as she dipped her fingers into the pan of syrup and smeared some on her nipples. When she took another handful and aimed it toward her cunt, Dean let go of Logan's organ and intercepted her hand.

"Allow me. I want to rub it all over your sweet pussy the way Logan did."

As he pasted syrup on her swollen folds and plunged his finger inside her tight, sticky heat with his other hand, he realized he'd never wanted to fuck her as badly as he did then.

"Are you going to lick me too," she asked, "like Logan did?"

He frowned. "I'm not sure what you mean."

"I licked syrup off her pussy," Logan said, slowly rubbing his own shaft now. "How come you never did it?"

Dean stopped touching Alysa and held his hands in midair since they were too dirty now to put on his lap.

"Men here just don't do that."

"Well, I want you to do it now," she said, tempting him by sliding her finger around her slick folds. "We need to recreate everything."

Her pussy did resemble a delectable candy treat but he just couldn't do it. He'd gone against Chromefield's mores enough already by rubbing syrup on a man's cock. If anyone ever saw that, his career would be history. Thank goodness they always turned the surveillance cameras off before having sex.

"I'm sorry, I can't," he finally said. "What else did you two do?"

"I sucked syrup off Logan's cock," she said.

Dean hated how disappointed she sounded from his refusal to lick her. It flattered him she'd wanted him to do it, even though Logan already had. Maybe the other man really couldn't satisfy her completely. There was hope for their marriage yet.

"Now that I'd like to see," Dean said. "Suck his cock, sweetheart."

She bent over to reach it. As the head of Logan's penis slid into her mouth, Dean felt it all the way down to his balls. He imagined each flick of her tongue on him instead.

"Back your ass over here," Dean told her, "so I can rub your cunt while you do that."

He worked his finger into her pussy from behind, watching her beautiful ass squirm in pleasure while Dean fucked her mouth. Logan's cock made a loud, wet popping sound as she took it out of her mouth.

"I'm going to come soon," she said, breathless.

"Me too," Logan said, even more breathless. "Dean, I want you to finish it."

"I'm not going to suck your cock either," Dean said, even though he was dying to. Applying syrup with his hand was one thing. Oral sex was quite another.

"Use your hand then," Logan suggested.

Dean used one hand to rub Alysa's cunt and the other, with syrup, to stroke Logan's shaft, which was harder and hotter than it had been before.

Both Alysa and Logan came at the same time. Dean almost felt as if he were coming himself as he watched Logan shoot cum on her beautiful face and open mouth while her pussy clamped around his hand. She extended her tongue, catching almost every drop.

"You look so beautiful that way," Dean whispered, "with Logan's semen all over you. Come here."

Cum and syrup clung to her bottom lip, which was dark and slightly swollen from being pounded by Logan's vigorous thrusting. He pulled her close for a kiss, tasting

sweet syrup and salty ejaculate. Something powerful took over him then as he kissed her lips and her face—a wild, starving man, licking and sucking the enticing flavors. The more cum and syrup he swallowed, the more he wanted.

He surrendered. Yes, he wanted men. Particularly this man and woman. He wanted to be fucked by both of them, over and over again. He could no longer deny it. But wanting and being able to have were two different things. This couldn't be.

Nearly upsetting the chair and pan of syrup, he stood up, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Are you all right?" Alysa asked.

"You asked for this," Logan pointed out. "I thought you wanted—"

"Damn you for waving your cock in my face and making me touch it," Dean blurted out as his eyes careened from one to the other. "Damn both of you. I can't—"

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I have to get out of here," he said, reeling toward the hall. "I'm going to work out now and I don't want to be disturbed," he said. "By the way, the marriage is off."

She went over and tugged his arm. "You don't mean that."

"I have no choice," he replied as he plucked off her hands and hurried away.

* * * * *

Alysa pulled her suitcase out of the closet and threw it on the floor. Dean and this home had been her world since he'd rescued her from trailer life. When Logan had arrived, he'd prevented their breakup. Now he was hastening it along. But she realized as long as Dean's cock didn't work, her relationship was doomed regardless.

Logan came in and pointed at her suitcase. "Whoa, are you moving out?"

She shrugged. "All I know is I need to get away from here tonight and think."

"Do you hear that?" Logan asked, indicating the din of clanging weights coming from the exercise room. "It sounds as if he's trying to kill himself in there."

"He does that when he's upset," she explained as she flicked away a tear with her finger.

She was upset too. Her dream of marriage was finally dead. So why wasn't she hurling herself to the floor in despair? Because she wasn't so sure she wanted marriage anymore. Not if it caused all this. What she really wanted was love.

Logan pulled her into a hug and pressed his face into her hair. "I'm so sorry I totally messed up your life and Dean's. I should never have come here."

"Don't say that."

He held both sides of her face. "But it's all my fault. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt you." He shook his head. "Damn it. I'm so confused. I want you and I want him just as much."

She stroked one of his hands as it lay on her cheek. "So am I, but you know what? Everything has changed. Things can never be the same now."

"I know," he said dismally.

"Maybe they needed to change. Maybe the reason Dean could never fully commit to me is because he can't accept the part of himself that likes men."

Logan nodded. "He acts more confused than I do."

"I think you should help him figure it out," she said as she let go of him to pack her suitcase.

"Meaning?"

"Make love to him."

"Did I just hear you right?" he asked, blinking rapidly.

"You two need to be alone to bond like you and I did," she explained. "He can't completely let go if I'm there. My leaving for a day or two will give you the privacy you need."

"Alysa, are you sure?" he asked slowly.

She tossed a couple pairs of panties into the suitcase. "Yes, he has to resolve this. Maybe you can get through to him."

"You're not jealous?"

"Of course I am," she said as she folded a pair of pants for work. "I'm also afraid you two will fall madly in love and leave me out in the cold. But I'd rather Dean be completely happy without me than be together if he doesn't really want me."

"Okay," Logan said, rubbing his chin, "but do you know what I like best? The three of us as we just were. It feels right."

Alysa closed the suitcase and hugged Logan. "It feels right to me too."

"I'll carry that to your car," he said lifting the suitcase.

And as she followed him out, she realized she was starting to fall in love with him. Not only was he a passionate, playful lover, he was honest and caring, always trying to make things better for everyone. They'd shared meals, household tasks, their bodies and today, their emotions. She had a feeling Logan didn't tell very many people about his past. The anguish and feelings in his eyes told her he cared about her too.

But she didn't dare tell him how she felt. Things were enough of a mess already and she just might have lost both men for good.

Chapter Eleven

The next evening, Alysa and Lorna, their arms loaded with bags of food, entered Pink Hall for a Pleasing Pink Club meeting.

"You're late," Matilda Hawkins, division president, said as she greeted them at the front door. As usual, she wore a hand-crocheted vest. "Too busy chasing after men, I'll bet." Her voice was gruff but her blue eyes twinkled under bushy gray eyebrows.

The hall, headquarters for the entire women's club, was big but cozy with glass-covered lamps hanging overhead and a long, oval conference table. Women congregated in small groups, talking and casting the room in a collective pink tinge.

The affliction was as evident as ever in bitchy, horny faces and complaints. Lorna was no exception. After spending the past night and day with her, Alysa was more than ready to go back home but she had no idea what she'd find there. Had Logan effectively seduced Dean? And if he had, did they want to be a couple without her, or would all three of them have to go their separate ways?

"We'll get started when the chocolate cake is done," Mattie said.

"Ah, chocolate," Lorna replied. "The next best substitute for sex."

Mattie shook her head. "I hope we can talk about something at this meeting besides sex."

Alysa agreed. Because of it, she might lose everything. She might not have any control over the affliction but she did over her own body. Having sex with Logan had been a mistake. Now Dean was jealous and so confused about his own desire for men he was a total mess.

If the women here had any idea she'd had a syrup-covered cock for breakfast yesterday, the older women would be disgusted and the younger ones would tear her hair out. Keeping Logan's manhood a secret from Lorna had been murder.

She dropped her container when a roar and flash of pink light emanated from the kitchen. She rushed to the cooker, where Mattie rubbed a big pink spot on her cheek.

"I'm giving up cooking," she exclaimed. "It's too dangerous."

Lorna removed a smoking, circular mass from the cooker. "I hope you ladies like your chocolate burnt."

After Alysa tended to Mattie's burn, the women filled their plates with food, sat down around a big conference table and exchanged greetings with women from the smaller club divisions via the teleconferencing equipment.

When Mattie called the meeting to order, Alysa gave an update on the Annual Fundraiser Gala but even the idea of dressing up and dancing failed to cheer her up.

"Next topic?" Mattie asked.

"Sex," Lorna blurted out, "or lack thereof."

"That's all we ever talk about," an older woman with a white pageboy haircut replied. "The affliction is not all bad, you know. My husband used to forbid me to go to these meetings along with a bunch of other things. Now I get to do whatever I want."

"That's because you're too old and dried up to have any use for a stiff cock, Doris," Lorna shot back, munching hard on a chip for emphasis. "I don't want freedom, damn it. I want to be fucked!"

After that, nearly every woman talked at once except Alysa, who was too busy thinking. Doris was right. After the affliction had struck, Dean had become a little more lenient about her work and at least he'd never been as restrictive as the other men. Although she missed the sex, she only liked him to be demanding in the bedroom.

Oh why did she have to choose between the two? Why couldn't she have independence *and* great sex?

"Shut up, all of you," Mattie bellowed. She took a bite of raw carrot and lowered her voice. "We have bigger problems right now. Our appliances are going haywire and our species can't reproduce normally."

"Leave it to the men to figure out," one woman said.

"Well, they haven't done a very good job," another added. "Besides, what can we do?"

"We've got women's intuition," Mattie replied. "To find the solution though, we have to be united. We have to want our men back just the way they were."

Lorna stirred the ice cubes in her drink around with a straw. "Let's take a vote."

"Yes, let's," Mattie said. "All those in favor of making Chromefield men manly again?"

"Aye," Lorna yelled, holding both arms up.

Why did Alysa's arm feel so heavy? Maybe because bringing home cheese pie was more fun than having Dean pressure her to cook gourmet meals all the time. What was she thinking? Of course she wanted Dean back the way he was. Slowly she raised her hand.

"Took you long enough," Lorna muttered as she jabbed a chip into the dip bowl.

"All those against?" Mattie prompted.

A woman in her late forties stood up. "I need to say something before we take a final vote. If you let your pussies rule your judgment, you're just as bad as the men were." When the young women complained, she held up her hand. "I may not be as young and horny as some of you but I hated how my husband got to screw all the women he wanted. At least now he's monogamous."

"It's a double standard," Alysa spoke up. Supportive murmurs reverberated around the room

So what about a threesome? she wondered. Could that be a committed monogamous relationship or was it cheating? She was dying to know the answer but didn't dare bring it up.

Once the results of the final vote were tabulated from all the different divisions in real time, it was a tie.

"So now what are we supposed to do?" someone asked over the speaker.

"We don't have any control over this affliction anyway," someone else complained. "All this voting may make us feel less helpless but it's a waste of time."

After that, the women broke into smaller groups to socialize. While Alysa watched luminescent pink clouds of energy drift under the lights, it hit her. This affliction wasn't all about men. It had something to do with the women of Chromefield too. But how? If the whole planet's scientific resources couldn't figure it out, how could she?

As the meeting wound down, she helped Lorna gather her food containers and tried to steel herself for the trip home. She'd do almost anything to go back to the way things were but she wouldn't give up being a doctor as she might have before Logan's arrival.

He'd changed her.

* * * * *

Dean gulped the rest of his sandwich as he walked toward his exercise room. It was a poor substitute for the dinners he was used to. There were traces of Alysa all over the bedroom when he looked in.

A bouquet of pink silk flowers on the bureau. Her sexy satin robe draped across a chair like warm skin. Even the scent of her perfume lingered. But the house looked starkly white without her pink energy. If she never came back, he might have to redecorate with bold colors and patterns to hide the emptiness.

He'd been avoiding Logan ever since she'd left and he was no closer to clearing his confusion than the horrifying moment when he'd licked syrup and Logan's cum off her face. He still loved her but how could they have a future now?

Like the rest of the house his exercise room was modern, spacious and equipped with top-of-the-line equipment. Logan was lifting dumbbells, looking as comfortable as could be. As if this were his home. The wall-to-wall mirrors multiplied his sexy physique too many times, as if one wasn't enough to turn him on.

Nobody used Dean's exercise room. Nobody. This was his masculine retreat. He didn't even allow Alysa in here. Now there was a total stranger getting his sweaty hands all over Dean's stuff. Just as he'd had his hands all over Alysa.

"Howdy," Logan said with his usual warm smile. People from his planet smiled too damn much, Dean thought. "This place is such a playground I'm never going to be satisfied with a health club again."

"I'm glad it suits you," Dean said stiffly.

"Do you need to use these barbells?" Logan asked.

"No, I use a heavier weight," Dean bit out as he did some quick stretching. At least he hoped he could. He couldn't handle it if Logan could lift more than him too. That would be too much.

"I can spot you if you want to lift the big stuff," Logan offered.

"Sure," Dean said, dabbing sweat off his forehead with a clean towel. "You might as well make yourself useful."

Dean lay on the weight bench covered in black leather. Logan took the weight out of its cradle and laid it into Dean's hands.

"I get it," Logan said. "You don't like having me in your domain."

"You're damn right I don't," Dean replied. "First you fuck my woman and now you're in here."

Logan took the weight out of Dean's hands and plopped it back into the cradle a little too hard.

"Easy," Dean said. "This equipment isn't cheap."

"If you recall, you gave me permission to use this room and to fuck her."

Dean got up and toweled off the bench. Without asking, Logan lay on it and held his hands out for the weight. Dean had half an urge to drop it onto his chest.

"Alysa's like a potato chip," Logan said, lifting the weight. "It's hard to stop at just one. A man can only handle so much temptation. I should never have agreed to your crazy idea in the first place."

"What's done is done," he finally said. "I think it was over with Alysa and me before you even got here. And don't lock your elbows."

Logan took a rest. "Does that mean you forgive me?"

Dean took a deep, thoughtful breath. "Forgiven, yes. Forgotten, no."

Logan did a few more reps in silence. The man was already in terrific shape, lifting the weight smooth as butter without even breaking a sweat. Muscles rippled under his golden skin like a finely tuned engine.

Dean's eyes wandered down to the man's waist and the semi-hard cock creating a swollen mound between his legs. His shorts gaped open, revealing a glimpse of red, firm balls. Dean experienced a painful twinge in his own groin and looked away.

"Like what you see?" Logan asked, handing Dean the weight to put back in its cradle.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You keep staring at my cock," Logan said, grinning.

This conversation was getting dangerous, he thought. *Time to turn off the surveillance camera.*

"I've done no such thing," Dean protested. "I'm not into men."

Logan got up and toweled off the bench. "Bullshit! Then explain to me why you undressed me while I was asleep, allowed me to finger-fuck your ass and licked my cum off Alysa's face after you rubbed my cock."

Dean took off his shirt, walked over to the supply cabinet and got out his bottle of golden therapeutic oil. "That was just curiosity. I'm over it now."

He touched Dean's arm. "If you're not sure, we could do all those things again. Right now."

When Dean turned around, Logan's shirt was off too and he had his hand over a very stiff bulge under his shorts. The outline of his cock was obvious and iridescent under the silky turquoise fabric. Clouds of blue hovered around his waist.

"That won't be necessary," Dean said as he squeezed some of the golden oil onto his palm and rubbed it over the sore muscles in his arms. It took more strength to tear his eyes away from that bulge than it had to lift the weights earlier.

"What is that?" Logan asked. "Massage oil?"

"Not exactly," Dean replied, trying unsuccessfully to apply some to his back. "It's a special oil that heats and soothes muscles. I use it after every workout."

"Can I try some?"

A wry grin crossed Dean's face. "Why not, Logan? You've already tried everything else around here."

"You just don't give up, do you?" Logan said, grabbing the bottle and squirting some into his hand. "I thought we called a truce."

Dean sighed. "You're right. I'm sorry."

A thrill shot through Dean's belly when he felt Logan's strong, oil-covered hands on his shoulders.

"I can reach your back much better than you can," Logan pointed out.

"That feels nice," Dean said, closing his eyes as the golden warmth of the oil worked deep into his tense muscles. The stress at home and work lately had affected him more than he'd thought.

"You know what your problem is, Dean? You're wound much too tight."

"Not if you keep doing that," Dean replied as Logan worked down his spine, digging into his lower back with broad strokes. With each touch, Dean sank deeper and deeper into a pool of relaxation. He snapped back to full alertness though, when Logan pulled his shorts down a little and kneaded his buttocks.

"Uh, that's not my back."

Logan's fingers stilled but he didn't remove them. "Do you want me to stop?"

No! When Logan pulled his exercise shorts halfway down his thighs and then his thong, Dean seized his hand. "Hey, nobody sees me without that on."

Logan shook off his grip and rubbed warm oil onto his flaccid cock. His hand was strong and gentle at the same time. Dean noticed a twinge again, this time deep in his balls.

"I already tried that," Dean said irritably. "The oil didn't solve my problem before and it won't now!"

Logan didn't say a word. Instead, he answered by pressing his bare, hard cock against Dean's buttock cheek. He must have pulled his own shorts down too. The oil made it slide across his skin and feel as hot as a poker. It was even sexier than syrup.

"Doesn't it feel good to have a stiff cock hanging between your legs?" Logan whispered as he slid his organ between Dean's thighs, massaging Dean's cock and balls.

Lost now, Dean grabbed Logan's cock and held it still. It *did* feel good. Too damn good. What the hell was happening to him? It was almost as if it were his own hard cock, rubbing against the sensitive flesh of his inner thigh.

Logan bucked against Dean's hand so that the oil-slick head slid in and out of his fingers. Next, Logan nestled his rod lengthwise between Dean's ass cheeks, sliding easily with oil.

"That feels nice," Dean managed to say. "But we've got to stop. I'm not capable of having sex with women. Nor with men. With nobody."

"You're wrong," Logan said as he replaced his cock with his finger, rubbing it up and down the groove between Dean's cheeks. "You can pleasure me."

Say no! Get out of here! But Dean couldn't seem to open his mouth and form words as Logan's questing finger found the tight bud between his cheeks and rubbed until it opened ever so slightly.

"Let go," Logan whispered near his ear as he cradled him from behind with one arm and worked magic with that slippery finger with the other. "Open up for me, Dean, like you did before. That's it."

Opening was the hardest thing Dean had ever done. It was as if his entire identity was all wrapped up in that little hole. Logan was right. He was wound too tight.

During the threesome, Dean could deny what Logan had done to him since they were so focused on Alysa but now it was just the two of them...doing this.

"Relax," Logan urged. "Tonight the weight of the world is off your shoulders."

Logan's chest was damp and hot against his back and Dean's body grew heavier and heavier as he allowed Logan's finger deeper inside his body.

"It's better than before," Dean said as his head rolled back. "I had no idea that could feel so good."

With Alysa, he was pressured to perform—even before the affliction—but this was different. Logan didn't need a performance. Dean could just lose himself in pleasure. He barely completed the thought when another finger pressed the spot between his balls and anus.

"You're torturing me," Dean muttered, barely sounding coherent. Then Logan's cock caressed him again, sliding between his cheeks, but it wasn't enough.

"I've wanted to fuck you since we met, Dean," Logan said, squirting more oil from the bottle. Dean couldn't see where he put it but the slippery sound of it made him feel as if the room had become a raging inferno.

"I don't know," Dean said. He wanted it yet he didn't. He could get thrown off the Council or worse.

"Will this help make up your mind?" Logan asked as he stroked Dean's opening with the slippery head of his cock.

"You're so big," Dean protested. "I don't see how that could feel good."

"Relax. Bend over and lean on the weight bench."

Without thinking, Dean obeyed. By now, his heart was punching his ribs like a relentless fist and his legs trembled. There was no going back now. His fingers dug into the rough-patterned surface of the leather bench as Logan's cock head pushed ever so slightly inside him.

"Logan, you're huge," Dean exclaimed. "It feels so...strange." And good.

The nutty scent of the oil blended with that of aroused male. Blue light from their male energy filled the room, turning the white ceiling and floor blue and creating dusky shapes in the mirrors.

"You're doing great," Logan said as he planted his hands on Dean's hips. His voice was halting, as if it took a big effort to speak. "Now ease your ass back onto my cock. I don't want to hurt you."

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Dean said. "If anyone ever found out—"

Logan bent low and whispered near his ear. "Don't worry. It'll just be our little secret."

Dean breathed hard and fast as he eased back a little farther, opening himself up to Logan's hardness. It was as if his whole body had unlocked like a briefcase and now Logan was filling every corner of him. He hadn't experienced this feeling of bonding with anyone except Alysa.

Dean eased himself back even more until about half of Logan's cock was inside. Logan's hands trembled on his hips. No doubt he was putting the man's self-control to the test.

Then Logan pulled out slowly, dragging Dean's flesh into a sweet frenzy. A mixture of a gasp and moan escaped his open mouth.

"Feel good?" Logan asked in his lazy, content voice.

"Damn good," Dean replied. "Fuck me, Logan. I want to feel every inch of your cock."

Dean braced himself as the slick, hard length pushed inside. He was almost getting used to it, stretching to accommodate the invasion. They finally settled into a rhythm,

accelerating like a racing conveyer until Dean was gripping the weight bench for dear life and feeling hotter than he'd possibly ever been in his life.

As the room filled with short, animalistic grunts of pleasure and the slapping of sweaty flesh, Dean's balls throbbed with pain and pleasure. Logan was rubbing his cock again while he fucked him and it was incredible. The combination of Logan's fingers squeezing around his shaft and that big slippery cock pounding into him was –

Holy planets.

His body trembled with the approach of a climax. But that couldn't possibly be.

"By the way," Logan said, slowing his rhythm a little. "Your cock is working just fine now."

"What?"

Only then did Dean look down. There, wrapped in Logan's hand was a stiff cock.

His!

Logan stopped moving but stayed inside him. He dropped his hand so Dean could touch his own organ. Dean's hand shook as he gripped himself.

He was hard!

Hard! Hard as a fucking rock!

"It works," he said, rubbing it in wonder. "I have a stiff cock. I'm a man again," he shouted out.

If Logan hadn't been buried inside him, Dean would've jumped up and down and danced around the room in joy. This couldn't be real. It had to be a dream.

"That's awesome," Logan said, kissing him behind the ear. "Can we finish this now?"

"By all means," Dean said. "Fuck me, Logan, with that magic cock of yours."

After a few long, dragging strokes that nearly crossed Dean's eyes inside his head, Logan sped up and pumped hard while Dean rubbed his own cock, reveling in the piece of him he thought had been lost forever.

All too soon, Logan pulled out with one last scrumptious stroke that sent Dean's balls squeezing into spasms. He pumped an overflowing pool of cum into his own hand while Logan's cum peppered his ass.

"Grab a towel," Dean said after he'd caught his breath. "I just shot out several months worth of cum here."

"Always the neat freak, eh, Dean?" Logan said, playfully swatting his ass. He handed Dean one towel while he cleaned up his buttocks with another. Thank goodness the room was well stocked with towels. Both men pulled their shorts back on.

"The weight bench will never be the same," Dean said, finally standing up. "But it was worth it. What the hell happened here?"

"A miracle?" Logan replied, looking pointedly at Dean's crotch, which was flaccid once again.

"Did I really get hard?" Dean asked.

Logan just grinned. "Come here."

Dean put his arms around Logan, which was almost stranger than having sex with him.

"You," Dean said, gripping both sides of Logan's face with his hands. "You made me a man again."

Logan leaned forward and engaged him in a tender kiss. They probably should have kissed before having sex, Dean realized, but it didn't matter now. They'd just shared something incredible.

He was a man again. And that changed everything.

Chapter Twelve

Alysa entered her dark, empty house. Where was everyone? When she heard shower water running, her thoughts drifted to visions of naked male bodies under the water.

Was it truly over?

The door to Dean's exercise room was slightly ajar. Strange. He usually kept it tightly closed, whether he was in or out. She nudged the door open a little wider and peeked inside.

"Dean?"

"Come here, Alysa." He held a towel with both hands and looked sweaty, as if he'd had a big workout.

"But you never allow me in this room," she protested, still standing in the doorway.

"I'm allowing you now. In fact, I'm ordering it. Come here."

Her heart sped up and her fingers tingled. Why was he acting so strange? This was the last thing she expected. She hoped he might be tender and forgiving or thought he might be cold and resolute. Not this.

"Okay," she said, stepping toward him gingerly as if she were walking on a field of land mines.

The room was filled with blue light, mixing with the faint cloud of pink emanating from her. Though she hated to admit it, Dean's strange behavior turned her on. The scent of male sweat and arousal lingered in the air along with his nutty-smelling oil. Heat gathered between her legs and built like a new fire.

Logan must have seduced him after all. All the signs pointed to it.

"What do you want?"

"You," he replied.

Stranger yet, he gazed at her with raw lust burning in his green eyes. He hadn't looked at her like that since before the affliction had struck. She almost wished Logan wasn't in the shower so she could ask him what was going on. Something had obviously happened in this room. Something big.

He grabbed her hand and yanked her until her body collided with his hard, damp one.

"Dean, what's going on?" she asked, frowning. "You're acting very strange. Did something happen in here with you and Logan?"

"Don't talk," he said, running his hand through her hair. His voice sounded unusually rough and primitive, almost a growl. Her scalp tingled with sensation.

"Let me go," she told him

Instead, he locked his arms around her and kissed her so hard she almost grew faint and saw stars. He smelled different today. Expensive cologne had been replaced by raw, male lust.

"You're wearing these ugly work clothes again," he complained as his hot hand cupped her ass through the khaki fabric of her pants. His touch sent hot juice dripping from her pussy to pool inside her panties.

"I could change," she offered.

"No time for that," he muttered against her neck while one hand undid her fly and pulled down her zipper. "I want you naked and on that bench. Now."

This was incredible. Lately any sexual activity had been a chore for him, done only to please her.

"We don't have to do this," she said, gasping as he yanked down her pants and then her damp panties. "We can say goodbye."

"And I told you to stop talking," he grumbled.

He pulled at her blouse, straining the buttons to the breaking point so she rushed to unbutton it herself.

"Take your bra off," he ordered. "I said I want you naked."

She did as he asked. By now, her nipples were rock-hard and her pussy was wet and swollen. The leather workout bench was damp and cool against her heated skin. The next thing she knew, Dean took off his shorts and stood over her with his hard cock sticking out. The smell of aroused male intensified a hundredfold.

Hard cock?

"Dean! Oh my God. Dean. You're hard! You're hard again." She was so excited her voice came out as high-pitched squeaks.

"That's right, sweetheart," he said, smiling now. "And I intend to fuck you with it. But first I want to feel your mouth on it."

"Oh yes, Dean," she said, sitting up. "This is wonderful."

He guided her head toward his stiff organ. "If I have to tell you to stop talking one more time, I'm going to spank you."

The thought of that little bit of pain mixed with pleasure made her cunt tighten and pulse with anticipation. Licking saliva onto her lips, she opened her mouth wide and made love to his cock with her tongue and mouth. His rod had never been so hard. Never tasted so good. This had to be a dream.

She took him deeper, feeling his thrusts against the back of her throat, and massaged his balls the way he liked. All too soon the wet, bone-hard flesh slid out of her mouth.

"Enough of that," he said, breathing hard. "Spread your legs wide, sweetheart, so I can finally fuck you again."

"Yes, Dean," she whimpered, lying down and letting her thighs go slack. "I've waited so long for this."

He positioned himself on top of her. Even the sensation of his damp, hot flesh covering hers nearly sent her into orgasm. Her clit still throbbed, ravenous for the hardness he offered.

"Are you ready, Alysa?" he asked. "I don't think I can be gentle. Not this time."

A thrilling twinge shot through her abdomen, tightening her pussy even more. "I don't care," she replied. "Fuck me as hard as you need to. I'm ready for you."

"You certainly are," he said as he inserted a finger into her swollen wetness.

The next thing she knew, his cock lunged into her and filled her to the hilt. The suddenness of it made her gasp with surprise.

"Oh Dean," she cried out as he thrust into her again and again. But he wouldn't let her talk, fucking her mouth with thrusts of his tongue to the same rhythm as his cock piercing her folds.

The ride he took her on was so hard and fast it was like flying in a conveyer with no brakes. She could barely catch her breath as the exercise bench squeaked, rattled and groaned against the friction of her wet skin. Her legs shook so much it was as if they might fly off. Logan was a distant memory now.

"Is it big enough, Alysa?" he asked, pounding her against the bench with his relentless thrusting.

"Yes," she moaned.

"Is it hard enough?"

"Yes, Dean. Oh yes."

"Nobody can fuck you like I can," he replied. "Right?"

She nodded. So that's what this was about. He was marking his claim on her because she'd had sex with Logan.

"You're the only one," she said, gasping as her climax approached. "Fuck me harder, Dean. I'm about to come."

He ground himself deep inside her, hitting her nerve endings with full force until she bucked against his heavy weight and screamed her release against his shoulder. While tremors still rocked her, he pulled out of her, leaned above her and rubbed the head of his cock, which glistened from her juicy cream. Within moments, semen poured down all over her damp skin like hot, pearly rain.

Cleaning up with towels, they sat on the bench, holding each other and shaking from what they'd just done.

"I'm so glad the affliction is gone," she said, touching the black, glossy locks of his damp hair in wonder. "But how did it happen?"

"I'm not sure," he said, looking away.

"Did it have something to do with Logan? Did something happen in here?" Now that they'd slaked their lust, she could think clearly again and just couldn't shake the feeling of Logan's presence in this room. She was sure they'd had sex.

"We just exercised. That's all," Dean insisted. "He taught me a new...workout technique."

He was lying. She could tell by the way he scratched his nose and avoided her gaze. Why couldn't he admit it?

The thought of the men being intimate made her sensitized pussy feel even wetter. What had they done? she wondered. Had Logan sucked his cock deep into his mouth just as she'd done? Or had they actually had intercourse? She was so happy to have Dean back she didn't care what it had taken to accomplish it.

"Workout technique, huh? Is that all?" she probed.

He frowned at her. "Yes, that's all. Now let's see if Logan is done in the shower so we can clean up."

She hadn't minded giving the men privacy to explore their desires but now she felt like Dean had after her private session with Logan—left out. She needed to know what they'd done and be made part of it.

"Wait, Dean," she said touching his face. "Now that you have your manhood back, are we back together again?"

He stood up and held out his hand. "Shower first. I can't talk about anything serious when I'm this dirty."

Soft or hard, he was still a stickler for cleanliness, she thought. Maybe getting him clean would give her some answers.

* * * * *

Logan had just thought about turning off the water when he heard the bathroom door open. His cock got hard all over again as he wondered if Dean wanted a rematch. He'd thought about Dean's tight ass the whole time he'd showered. He'd lusted after the man ever since they'd met but he never dreamed he'd actually get to fuck him.

Aside from the annoying imprisonment in this house, this planetary getaway had been a lot of fun. He'd gotten down and dirty with two hot aliens and there were no strings because he was hopefully leaving. As long as he could get home safely without evoking dangerous alien hysteria from the people, his experiences here would make nice memories during his future years of celibacy.

Whenever he got the need to jerk off, he could just eat some pancakes and remember how good Alysa's sweet, sticky pussy had tasted. Or he could rub some oil on himself and imagine sliding into Dean's tight heat.

Dean peeked around the shower curtain and Logan was shocked to see Alysa there too. He turned off the water, something he should've probably done at least fifteen minutes ago, and opened the curtain farther. Yep, Dean and Alysa were both standing

there as naked as he was. His half-stiff cock hardened the rest of the way and brushed his belly.

"Are you done in here?" Dean asked. "You've been showering quite a while."

"Sorry about using all the hot water," Logan replied.

"Don't worry about that," Alysa said, waving a hand. "My female energy will keep the water as hot as we need it."

Logan's cock ached from looking at them. Her pussy hairs looked damp and her labia wet and swollen. Her face was pink from being scratched by Dean's beard stubble. It wasn't too hard to guess what they'd just done. Dean had been reclaiming her with his hard cock.

Logan shook his head as if to yank himself out of his lusty trance. "Well, I'll just get out of your way."

"Stay," Alysa said. "This shower is big enough for all of us."

Logan looked to Dean and saw a mixed expression in his eyes. It was clear the man didn't want him there but desire and appreciation lurked in those green depths too. They stepped inside and Logan's cock felt hard enough to split open as he wondered what would happen next.

Dean turned the water back on and lathered himself heavily with soap.

"Thank you," she said, standing on tiptoes to kiss Logan lightly on the cheek.

"For what?" he asked, blinking water out of his eyes, even though her face said she knew what he'd done to Dean.

"For what you did. I know you had something to do with Dean's recovery."

Dean soaped Alysa's body, paying special attention to her extended nipples.

"Did you tell her?" Logan asked him. The other man shook his head ever so slightly.

"Tell me what?" she asked, running her fingers through the wet hairs above her pussy to clean them. Logan wished he could do that for her but didn't think Dean would appreciate it.

"Nothing, sweetheart," Dean said as he washed his cock. "Let's just get cleaned up."

Logan sat on the shower bench, not bothering to hide his erection. Even if they couldn't have a threesome in here, he was enjoying the show. He never knew wet flesh could look so sexy. Her dripping breasts begged to be licked. So did Dean's half-erect cock nestled in that nest of wet, black hair that originated as a dark line leading down from his navel.

"If you two did something sexual, I think I have a right to know," she insisted.

Logan sighed. "If you don't tell her, I will," he said.

Dean's fists tightened then released. "All right. Logan and I did do something but there's no need for you to hear all the gory details." He looked at him in challenge as he talked. "Because it will never happen again."

Both Dean's look and words stabbed at Logan like a sharp pin. *Asshole. Give a man incredible sex and his manhood back and this is the thanks I get.* To Logan's surprise, Alysa put her arms around Dean and started kissing him.

"I want to know exactly what you did," she said. "I'm getting very turned-on just thinking about it."

Tired of playing games, Logan stood up and moved behind Dean, pressing his erection against his ass cheeks. Even now, he wanted to plunge inside again. Dean's skin was slippery with water and soap as it had been from the oil. It would be even hotter with her watching.

"I took him from behind, Alysa," Logan told her as he reached for Dean's cock. It satisfied him to feel the organ harden immediately in his hand. Slowly he stroked down the wet shaft. "Then I just rubbed his cock while I fucked him. Like this. It got hard in my hand."

Dean pulled out of his grip. "You had no right to tell her all that."

"I'm glad you did," she said, pushing a button on the shower control. The water stopped and tiny droplets of steam hovered around them instead. Their pink and blue light infused the silver droplets with vibrant color.

"Why do you think I left the house for a while?"

Dean's brows drew together. "You planned it?" He looked at Logan. "I don't believe this. You both conspired to seduce me."

"You needed it and you know it," Logan said.

"I'd like to watch you both sometime," Alysa said as she tugged provocatively on her lower lip.

Dean had such a mutinous frown on his face it was pretty obvious that would never happen.

She sighed and put her hands on her hips. "Would you two stop arguing? Having you both in this shower with me is a fantasy come true."

"It is?" Logan asked, lazily stroking his cock.

"Yes," she went on, "I want both of you."

"I want both of you too," Logan added.

"This is sick," Dean said, flinging water droplets off his arms. "Come on, Alysa. Let's go dry off. I may have let you two have sex but that doesn't mean I'm going to allow it to happen again." He glared at Logan then. "I really appreciate what you did for me, Logan, but that was just a one time thing too."

"Okay with me," Logan said, crossing his arms. "You two are nothing to me but a couple of good fucks. Now that I've had you I'm more than ready to go home."

He hated the wounded look he saw in Alysa's brown eyes. He wished he could take the words back. They'd been for Dean, not her. The last thing he expected was to see her drop to her knees and take Dean's thick cock into her mouth.

"What are you doing, sweetheart?" Dean asked.

"I'm showing Logan who I belong to."

Dean's cock soon grew rigid again as it pushed between her lips. Logan's was plenty hard too as he watched them. She was pumping so hard her breasts shook. Not giving a damn what Dean would think, he wrapped himself behind her and held her breasts, teasing the firm, wet nipples and pinching them with his fingers.

Dean didn't seem to care about anything besides having his cock sucked. Logan knelt down, closing his eyes and taking deep breaths. He reached between her thighs from behind and dipped a finger into her soft cunt. It was drenched. From arousal or water, he wasn't sure.

She moaned as he buried his finger deeper and turned it in different angles to sharpen her pleasure. Then he reached for her erect clit, circling it while he lapped at her pussy folds with his tongue. All the while, her hips rocked against his face as she moaned her mounting pleasure around Dean's cock in her mouth. Logan used his tongue like a penis, tracing her labia and shooting in and out of her channel. If Dean objected to his licking Alysa, he didn't say so.

With his other hand he stroked his agonized cock, which nearly fried with the urgent need to come. But he didn't want his hand. He wanted to bury his organ inside something hot and wet again. No way had he ever been this horny before. He wanted to fuck both of them over and over while the other watched.

She released Dean's cock from her mouth with a wet popping sound. "I need to be fucked again," she whimpered, turning to take Logan's cock in her hand.

"No," Dean said. "This time he's going to watch me fuck you."

Logan moved out of the way while Dean lay down on the shower floor and got Alysa to straddle him. By now, everyone's skin was covered with beaded droplets of steam. Some pink, some blue and some purple where their sexual energy intermingled. Logan gripped his own cock with urgency. He'd much rather participate than watch but figured he owed it to Dean since Dean had had to watch him fuck Alysa before.

She cried out as she impaled herself on Dean's rod and her breasts bounced as she rode him. Slick, urgent sounds and the aroma of her cunt filled the shower stall, making Logan's balls ache. The head of his cock was so dark it was almost purple. He desperately needed to come but held out, hoping he still might get to participate somehow after Dean was satisfied.

On the shelf, next to Alysa's Ben Wa Balls, Logan found a dispenser of lubricant. He swirled a big dab of it over his cock head and went behind her. Without saying a word, he nudged her upper back so that she leaned over Dean's body instead of sitting upright.

Perfect. Now her beautiful ass was exposed to him again but this time he had something else in mind besides her dripping pussy. After squirting lubricant on his finger, he teased the rosette between her butt cheeks.

"Slow down a little," he urged her, "so this won't hurt."

"What's going on?" Dean asked.

"I need to know if her ass is as tight and hot as yours is," Logan said. "Do you have a problem with that?"

Dean hesitated. "After everything that's happened tonight, I guess I have no right to."

By now, Alysa had stopped moving but Dean's cock was still inside her to the hilt. His round balls pillowed her pussy as Logan slipped his finger with surprising ease inside her.

"Is this okay with you, Alysa?" Dean asked her.

She nodded and moaned at the same time. "I want to feel what you did, Dean."

"She opens up to me a lot easier than you did," Logan remarked. "Somehow I'm not surprised."

"Should I take my cock out of her?" Dean asked.

"Just for a moment."

Finally, Logan thought. They were all participating. One man wasn't watching the other fuck her and getting jealous. Now they were both making love to her beautiful body at the same time. It was right. Too right.

Within moments, Logan was fucking her tight channel with his lubricated finger and she was thrusting for more.

"You're ready," he said, lodging his cock head at her puckered opening.

Two amazing fucks in one night. Maybe he'd really died in space and gone to nirvana. This is incredible, he thought as he slid ever so gently and slowly into Alysa's body.

"It's so tight," she said in a high voice.

"It feels strange at first but it gets better," Dean reassured her. "Don't you dare hurt her, Logan."

Logan rolled his eyes. "I wouldn't dream of it. You stop me if it's too much," he told her as he fondled her curvy ass with his hands. He squeezed his eyes shut in ecstasy as his cock head breached the impossibly tight barrier and then slid deeper with ease. Her ass gripped him like a clenched fist. She was even tighter than Dean.

At this rate, he was going to come really, really soon.

"May I finish?" Dean asked. "I need to be inside her pussy again."

"Ready, Alysa?" Logan asked her. "I won't move until you get that cock back inside you."

Logan moved with her as she raised her hips up and slid Dean's organ inside her. Now both cocks were nestled inside her body.

"You set the pace, sweetheart," Dean said.

After an agonizing pause, she moved up and down on Dean's cock. It took Logan some experimenting to mesh with their rhythm. He hadn't exactly done this before. What finally worked best was grabbing her hips and sliding her on Dean's cock while he moved inside her ass.

Her deep, throaty moans told him he'd got it right.

"Faster," Dean said. "I'm about to come."

"Still doing okay?" Logan asked her.

"Yes. This feels so incredible. Having both of you inside me like this. I don't ever want it to end."

And suddenly, he lost control of the rhythm. The passion of the three of them had taken over and everyone moved automatically. Faster and faster as the colored light around them deepened and their breaths grew more ragged.

Until Alysa screamed her pleasure and clamped down on Logan's cock with her orgasm. Dean cursed something and bucked his hips but Logan was ahead of him, shooting cum deep inside her body. He'd meant to withdraw but wasn't able to in time.

Gently, both men pulled out of her. She lay flat on Dean and, without thinking, Logan half lay on top of her and half on the shower floor. Their arms flew around each other with as much urgency as their earlier lovemaking.

"That was so amazing," she said. "It was as if we were one person."

"I think I'm speechless," Dean said, sounding groggy. "After months of having no hard cock, this sure was a good way to celebrate."

They lay there in silence while more drops of mist formed on their skin. "Are you all right, Logan?" Dean asked. "Did we wear you out?"

"Yeah, I think you did. That was the best sex I ever had, bar none."

All Logan could think was how damn right it felt. It wasn't just the sex. It was them. It wouldn't have been the same with anybody else. It would have been just sex. This was something else. Something deeper. It was as if three of them had just bonded in a very profound way.

Damn it. He was falling for both of them. They'd both been so generous to give the other to him to explore desires and find fulfillment. Their love for each other was an inspiration, almost making him believe a guy like him could find love again, someday.

A draft drifted into the shower stall as his physical passion finally died down and cooled him off. Enough sex already. He'd had more than enough to last him the rest of his life. He was getting way too involved with these people.

He had to get off this planet before it got any deeper.

Chapter Thirteen

The next morning, Alysa stretched like a cat in the silky sheets. One side of her was covered with warm, hard muscle. And so was the other.

Huh?

Her eyes flew open. Dean was on her left and Logan was on her right. Then the previous night came rushing back to her. Never before had she ever experienced so much hot sex all at once. First the exercise room and then the shower. One wet cock had been deep inside her pussy while a lubricated one had slid balls-deep into her ass. Her pussy heated up faster than an overactive cooker just thinking about it.

Dean was himself again. The affliction was gone! Now they could live happily ever after and fuck happily ever after... She sat up with a start. What if she'd dreamed the whole thing? Surely, that fantastic, out-of-this-world sex couldn't have been real. Her hand drifted between Dean's legs to check.

It was semihard and hardened the rest of the way in her hand. It was real, not a dream.

"That's a nice way to wake up," Dean murmured around a yawn. Then his eyes flew open wide just as hers had. "So it's not a dream," he said. "I'm really me again." Then he frowned.

"What's the matter?" she whispered, not wanting to wake Logan.

"All that stuff really happened, didn't it?" Dean whispered back. "With Logan."

She nodded. "I don't regret it. Do you?"

His mouth worked but he couldn't seem to get any words out at first. "I-I don't know. It just can't happen again."

Logan yawned and stretched, nearly knocking Alysa in the head with his outstretched arm.

"Hey, you two," he said, his voice thick with sleep. "I woke up with wood this morning. What about you, Dean?"

"Affirmative," Dean answered proudly.

"Who wouldn't after sleeping with this sexy little kitten all night?" Logan asked, planting a big, sloppy kiss on her cheek. "Last night was pretty incredible, wasn't it? At first, I thought it was a dream."

"We both did," Alysa said.

"Alysa and I are both very grateful for what you did for us," Dean said as he rubbed his hand possessively up and down her thigh under the covers.

Logan leaned up on his elbow. "Yeah, I get it already. You don't ever want it to happen again. You two are a reunited couple and I'll soon be out of your lives."

"I'm glad we understand each other," Dean replied.

She smacked the comforter with her hand. "Wait a minute. Don't I have any say in this? I did participate last night."

"Alysa," Dean said, grasping her shoulder, "be sensible. What we did last night was fun but very kinky and animalistic, not everyday reality."

She sighed, blowing her bangs. "And planets forbid we should be anything but Chromefield's perfect mainstream-society couple. Well, I like waking up this way with both of you next to me. To hell with society."

"Just so we're clear," Logan said slowly, "I'm not allowed to touch her or you ever again. Is that right?"

"Yes," Dean replied.

"No!" Alysa yelled.

"What's gotten into you?" Dean asked. "You're my woman and I decide who touches you. I decide everything about your life."

"I see," she said, glaring at him. "Now that you're hard again, things are back to normal, meaning you get to order me around. Maybe I wish you were soft again."

He grabbed her hand and pressed it against his hard cock. "Take that back," he ordered. "You know you didn't mean it."

The feel of his hard organ, even covered by the thong fabric, stirred her desire like a ladle stirring a cauldron of hot soup. She wanted to yank off his thong, spread her legs and guide his stiffness inside her.

Instead, she reached over and grabbed Logan's bare cock with her other hand.

"Now as you both know, I need to come every day. Feeling your hard cocks in my hands is making me very hot so I want to come now."

She let go of them, pushed back the covers and pulled up her satin nightgown so the hard points of her nipples were exposed.

"Since you two can't seem to get along," she continued, "you're both going to watch me pleasure myself."

Slowly, to tease them both, she eased down her damp, satin panties and then fondled her breasts with one hand while she toyed with her swollen labia with the other.

Logan groaned first as he grabbed his cock and started rubbing it. "This is torture."

"Don't do this, Alysa," Dean said, removing his thong and stopping her thrusting hand. "Let me pleasure you."

"Not unless Logan can participate. You two can feel free to pleasure each other too. I don't mind."

"I thought we were all clear that ended last night," he said, his voice losing its calm control.

Alysa knew she was making Dean angry but couldn't seem to stop herself. Throughout the affliction, all she wanted was to have him back, exactly the way things were. Now she realized she didn't. She wanted this. The three of them.

But she didn't want to lose him either. So why couldn't she fight the urge to grab both their cocks and stroke them?

"Alysa," Dean said in a warning voice.

Why couldn't she stop herself from leaning over to lick and suck one cock briefly and then the other?

"Kneel by my head, both of you," she ordered as she removed her nightgown.

She scooped their pillows on top of her own to raise her head. First she took Dean's smooth, stout cock into her mouth, rubbing her cunt while she sucked. At least Dean had stopped fighting this. Passion must have taken over his judgment. For now.

After several minutes of that, she switched to Logan's cock and noticed his different scent. His organ was longer and not as stout but had a multifaceted surface of veins, hills and valleys. Logan's was a rugged countryside, Dean's like desert sand.

Her finger moved faster and faster, grinding her hungry flesh against her pubic bone as she tortured her clit. She was so close to coming she had to pull her hand away to hold it off. The orgasm perched, ready to explode at any moment.

She pulled Dean's hands, signaling him to lie down, and then straddled him when he obeyed. Then she thrust his cock into her cunt as if it were a hungry mouth gorging on food. As his thick length filled her, the climax rocked her, squeezing Dean's organ like a vise as she dug her fingers into the sheets and screamed.

"I want you to come too," she said as she continued to ride his cock. When Logan started getting out of bed, she held out her arm. "You're not going anywhere. You're next."

Logan grinned and knelt so she could reach his cock with her mouth. "Then keep it hard while I wait."

As soon as his length slid into her mouth, Dean bucked under her hips as he came. Logan's cock slid out of her mouth the same time Dean's slid out of her pussy, with a mixture of his cum and her cream clinging to the head. Logan lay down with his dark-red rod pointing in the air. She was close to coming again and he would finish it.

Without bothering to ask Dean for permission, she straddled Logan and reveled at the feel of a differently shaped cock inside her. She leaned forward, inhaling his scent and touching his skin as she fucked him slowly.

Within minutes, they were moving faster, flesh slapping against flesh until her orgasmic pussy squeezed down so hard she was afraid she'd hurt him. Instead, he kept rocking, dragging her climax out into several jagged peaks that made her yell until her throat was raw.

The three of them ended up on their backs, just as they had woken up.

"I can't believe what just happened," Dean complained. "Again."

Now that she'd come twice between the two men, thoughts of hot, frenzied sex ebbed and changed to work. If she'd taken on the extra patients like she'd wanted, she'd be on her way to the clinic already.

"Dean? At the steakhouse I told you I wanted to work more hours at the clinic but you put me off."

He blinked slowly as if focusing his thoughts away from sex too. "We've had a lot of distractions lately," he said, looking at Logan.

"I want the extra patients," she insisted.

"It sounds like you're telling me instead of asking me," he said calmly. "I don't think it's a good idea. I'm sorry, sweetheart, but the answer is no."

She folded her arms and stared at the ceiling. "You're right. I'm telling, not asking. I'm going to do it."

"Good for you," Logan said as he adjusted the pillow under his head.

"Stay out of this," Dean warned him.

"Okay," Logan replied, "but I like this new take-charge woman. She can take charge of my cock the way she did this morning anytime."

She turned to look at Dean. "If you can't handle our having sex with Logan, I respect that but we have to compromise. Being a doctor is very important to me." She paused to take a breath and quell the vague trembling that threatened to take over her body. "I'd like your approval and agreement to take on more patients, Dean, but I won't let you tell me what to do. The final decision is mine."

Dean pressed his lips into a thin line and exhaled hard through his nose. "All right. A *few* patients so we can see how it goes."

She kissed and thanked him. "Look," she said pointing at the light that hovered around them. "It's purple."

"I'll be damned," Logan said, blinking. "It is. And it's so even too. Usually our energy light looks like clouds or waves."

"How did it happen?" Dean asked. "I've never seen such pure purple light."

Alysa clapped her hands together. "Don't you get it? It's us. I think it means we're in perfect harmony."

"Well, I hate to break up this perfect harmony," Dean said, sounding unimpressed. "But Logan and I need to get to Gal-X to work on that signaler. Let's get cleaned up and the coffee started."

Alysa scrambled over Logan to reach the voicer on the dresser table. "In a minute. I forgot to call Lorna last night to let her know I'm okay."

She expected the men to go shower during the conversation but instead they pressed around her in a human sandwich. She fluttered her hand, urging them to go but they wouldn't.

"Dean and I worked things out," she told Lorna. When he reached around to pinch her nipple, she barely stifled a moan and turned it into a cough.

"I figured as much," Lorna said sleepily. "You sound very relaxed and satisfied."

"Dean gave me a massage," Alysa answered quickly.

"So what happened to get you back together? Did his cock get hard again?"

"What?" Alysa's hand went cold as she clutched the receiver, wondering how her friend could possibly know. When she realized it was a joke, she laughed, hoping it didn't sound forced.

"No, he just realized a hard cock isn't everything." She had to stifle another moan and cough again when Logan skimmed a finger across her damp pussy hairs and still-swollen clit.

"Thanks for being there for me," she said, trying to end the call before it became undeniably obvious she was in bed with two fully functioning men.

"No problem," Lorna replied. "You know, you should do something about that cough. You might be catching a cold."

Alysa blew out a big breath as she hung up. "You guys didn't make that very easy for me."

The men just laughed as they got up but she lingered a moment to admire the purple light.

* * * * *

Dean's mind cranked along like a machine while he drove Logan to Gal-X. Now that the thrill of getting his hard cock back had mellowed, a million questions presented themselves.

Mainly, how the hell had it happened? It was clear Logan had something to do with it but what, exactly? Having to depend on another person, a man no less, for every single erection would be a high price to pay, almost worse than having no erections at all.

"You're awfully quiet," Logan said. "Don't worry. I won't attack you."

"I'm trying to figure out the affliction. Are all the men cured now or just me?" He hoped all the men were so the planet would be saved.

"And if it's just you?" Logan asked. "Are you going to send me out like a stud dog to fuck all the men to cure them? Or are we just going to fuck enough women to keep them satisfied?"

Dean gulped. The idea of Logan having sex with anybody but him or Alysa made him nauseous for some reason. "Hopefully, it won't come to that," he replied.

Even sitting in a conveyer, the man was sexy. His legs were open casually as he sprawled back in the seat. Dean had made sure they both wore long blazers today, just in case they got hard unexpectedly and needed to hide their crotches.

Having the hot spear of Logan's cock inside his body had blown his mind, surpassing all his fantasies. And having Alysa be part of it all made it complete, the best of both worlds. It felt too good and right to never experience again, which was exactly why he couldn't.

"You and Alysa are putting me in a very uncomfortable spot," Logan said. "She wants to fuck me but you keep saying no. Yet you won't fuck me either."

"What we did wasn't normal or allowed here. I don't want to lose my job. Besides I'm—"

Logan held up his hand. "I respect your commitment to Alysa. If sex is off-limits now, okay. But so help me, if you tell me you're really straight again, I'll punch you in the face. You are not straight."

When Dean didn't answer, blue energy drifted inside the conveyer so he looked over at Logan, whose cock was out of his pants.

"What the hell are you doing?" he yelled. "Put that away."

"I'd love you to suck it sometime," Logan said as he stroked it like a pet. "I want to suck yours too."

"I'm warning you, Logan, stop it," Dean said as the conveyer accelerated too fast.

"Do you know what I'd really like?" Logan asked in a low, husky voice.

Dean struggled with the steering wheel. The conveyer was acting just as out of control as his own body.

"I want to put syrup on your cock next time and have you hammer it into my ass. Forceful and strong, just like you do everything. I'm no first-timer so I can handle a good, hard fuck, even from your big cock."

Blue energy poured out of Dean's own bone-hard crotch as he slammed on the brakes, finally bringing the conveyer under control.

"Fine," he yelled. "I'm not straight. I admit it. Just keep it to yourself."

"Yes, sir," Logan said, smiling as he forced his erect cock back into his pants.

Dean clenched his jaw again and kept driving. The hell of it was, he didn't just want Logan's body. He had feelings he couldn't describe. The man was irritating and exciting yet loyal and good all at the same time. He knew when to respect boundaries and when to push them.

If they could get to Gal-X without tearing each other's clothes off or strangling each other, it would be a miracle.

* * * * *

Gal-X resembled something out of a sci-fi movie, Logan thought. Gauges, monitors and displays blinked with all the colors of a holiday parade. Pieces of equipment even hung from the ceiling. Amidst beeping buzzers and general hubbub, employees swarmed everywhere.

Everyone stopped what they were doing to stare at Dean and his security team, who'd followed in a separate car since Dean insisted on doing his own driving. When a thin man with a brown ponytail approached them, Dean introduced him as Jay Walters, the astrophysicist in charge of extracting the signaler from the data module of the spaceship and getting it to work so they could signal the planet it came from.

"Dean tells me you have knowledge that can help us with the signaler," Jay said.

"I'll do my best," Logan replied. He fingered the official security badge Dean had pulled strings to get him, hoping Jay wouldn't question his real identity.

"Well, I'll let you two get started," Dean said. "After all, we want those aliens out there to help us cure that affliction, don't we, Jay?"

Jay didn't have to answer in words. The hangdog expression on his face said it all.

"Why do you think I'm putting in so many extra hours on this project?" he replied. "I've always thought aliens, if they exist, should be regarded as a valuable resource and not enemies to get all hysterical about."

So Dean *was* the only man cured, which meant Logan had done it. But how?

"You're very knowledgeable about this," Jay said, eyeing him with admiration through his round glasses once they were alone with the equipment. "Who do you work for?"

"I'm an independent contractor," Logan replied, feeling sweat collect on the back of his neck. Where the hell was Dean? He wished this guy would stop asking so many questions.

But his tension warred with the sweet languor in his limbs. He told himself it was just the afterglow of great sex but that couldn't explain it all. Waking up with Dean and Alysa this morning had been so right. Like he was home.

But Dean had made it clear he could never wake up with either of them again, which was okay with him. They were already in a relationship. He should've known better than to get in the middle of it. He rubbed the back of his neck briskly. This place wasn't home and it never would be.

The signaler, once extracted, resembled a box with a small monitor and entry buttons. Logan sweated more as he wondered exactly what the screen would reveal after the unit was powered up. After all, he hadn't programmed this thing. What if it spelled everything out, undeniably identifying him as an alien?

"It should be ready now," Jay said.

This was it, Logan thought. The moment he'd find out if Chromefield could communicate with Geo and possibly get him a ride home. Or if he'd be stuck on this

planet forever, rejected by the sexiest couple of people he'd ever met because there wasn't room for him in their lives.

Even though the casing was cracked from the crash, the screen blinked to life. It flickered several times before words appeared.

"Shit," Jay muttered. "It's in a foreign language."

"No problem," Logan replied. "I—" He stopped himself before it was too late. There was no way he could tell Jay he knew English without giving away his identity.

"There's probably a boot sequence needed to get started," Logan said slowly while his fingers hovered over the small keypad. "And we can figure it out as we go along. Language algorithms are one of my specialties." After fumbling with the buttons, he reached the data screen.

"I think we're in," he said. He pointed to each command button in turn, telling Jay what he "thought" it meant. They spent hours on it. Between his command of English and Jay's scientific knowledge, Logan made Jay confident he'd be able to get it to work.

Jay talked fast as he explained how he'd try different frequencies and then experiment with building up the complexity of messages sent.

"This is amazing," he said. "Do you realize what it means? We might be able to communicate with other life out there."

Logan realized all too well. He might really go home again. Then he remembered what Dean had told him about everything here running on energy.

"Jay, suppose we do communicate with these aliens and they manage to arrive here without wrecking. Do you think it's possible the ship could return to their planet? Possibly with one of us on it?"

"You want to try space travel, I take it?"

Logan nodded, his mouth dry.

The scientist adjusted his glasses. "It's hard to say since we've never had another technology on this planet before but it's doubtful. While in Chromefield's atmosphere, at least, it would probably need male and female energy." He pointed at the hulk of spaceship behind him. "That wasn't designed to use our energy."

Bad news, Logan thought. Because there was nothing left for him here. Nothing at all.

* * * * *

While the men worked on the spaceship, Dean headed for the restroom. He'd hoped the affliction had lifted for everyone at the same time and had nothing to do with Logan. Unfortunately Logan had everything to do with it.

He closed himself inside a stall. The damn spaceship could rot for all he cared. All he wanted was his old self back. Not a hard-on that depended on an alien.

He had to get hard on his own. Thankful no one else was around. He unzipped his pants and reached inside to stroke himself, willing his cock to get hard again. All he had to do was think about Alysa's lips around his shaft this morning. Or watching Logan pump into her ass in the shower. Just as Logan had done to him in the exercise room...

Damn. He'd tried *not* to think about Logan. Okay, he was hard. What did that prove? He was at the other end of a large building from the man and he could still get hard but that wasn't enough to prove he didn't need him.

Determined, he zipped his pants back up and buttoned his blazer closed to hide his erection. He told the men he was going out for a while and he drove for miles, watching the odometer climb. If only his damn security team didn't have to follow him wherever he went.

When he was thirty miles out of town, he stopped at a convenience store and headed to the restroom. He was so nervous he actually had to pee this time. Even though some idiot pounded on the door wanting to get in and the place was filthy, he blocked it all out as he concentrated on his cock.

This time thoughts weren't quite enough. He had to rub himself a little but that familiar full feeling swept over him as hot blood shot into his cock. He was thirty miles away from Logan McKay and could still get hard.

Which proved he didn't need him.

Now that he'd proven it, he surrendered to fantasies of Logan waving his cock around in the conveyer, asking Dean to suck it. As Dean spit on his cock for lubrication and rubbed it, he wondered what it would be like to have Logan's long organ claiming his mouth and breaching his throat. He'd already tasted Logan's cum. This time he wanted it to fill his mouth before he kissed Alysa. Just as his own cum shot into the open toilet.

Enough! That could never happen.

Thank goodness he could do it on his own now. If Logan had to be present every time he had sex, he was afraid he'd be tempted to have sex with him again. He couldn't wait to tell Alysa things could go back exactly as they were.

Chapter Fourteen

Alysa was just finishing up with one of her new patients, Mattie, when Dean barged in.

"I need to talk to you. Now."

She frowned and pointed toward the door. "Outside. Later. I'm with a patient."

After he left, she patted Mattie's freshly bandaged arm. "Change this dressing daily and stop using cookers. We can't have the president of our women's club burned to a crisp all the time, although you're not the only one."

Mattie shook her head. "I don't know what's happening to this planet. Things used to be so different in the old days. Men and women worked together. Everyone got along. Everything worked."

Alysa shook her head as she left the room. There was definitely something weird about energy lately. Dean met her in the hallway, shoved her into the nearby supply room and pinned her against the wall. After locking the door, he held her wrists against the wall too then launched a deep, wet kiss on her lips. Her rigid knees buckled when he assaulted her with his tongue.

"Dean, what are you doing?" she asked when she managed to get her mouth free. "It's the middle of the day."

"I want to celebrate. Cancel your appointments for the rest of the afternoon."

She watched his hand as it unbuttoned her blouse. "Celebrate what? I thought we did plenty of that last night and this morning."

"Yes, but I don't need Logan after all. Feel that," he ordered, grinding his hard crotch against hers while his finger slid underneath one of her bra cups and tweaked her nipple. "I did it all on my own."

Clouds of pink and blue wafted around them as her nipples hardened.

"That's terrific," she said, "but I can't abandon my patients. They need me."

He gripped her shoulders and bored into her eyes with his green, intense stare. "I need you. I need to fuck you without Logan anywhere around."

She folded her arms and spoke slowly. "I cannot take the afternoon off and you cannot order me around anymore."

He stared at her for a few moments, their eyes locked in a battle of wills. Finally, he dropped his hands. "Fine. If you can't get away, then we'll do it right here, right now in this room."

To prove his point, he unzipped his fly and thrust his bare cock at her. She swallowed. Her panties were as wet and slippery as a snowy pavement.

"For planet's sake, Dean, put that thing away. We'll get together tonight."

"No, not with Logan there. We need to do this alone. Just you and me." He stopped touching her. "Is that the problem, Alysa? Is Logan the only man who can turn you on now?"

She sighed and blew her bangs. "Of course not." Honestly, she thought. Give a man a hard cock and it took over his entire brain. "But the three of us together feels right. It's almost as if he's missing since he's not here in this room with us."

His erection and facial expression sagged. "Well, get used to it because he might be going home. He helped Jay figure out that data signaler at Gal-X so we can signal Geo now."

"That's great." The heat building between her legs cooled to ice. "He must be thrilled."

"He is," Dean replied. "Of course, I still have to convince the rest of the Council to allow communication with an alien planet."

"You shouldn't have any problem there. After all, you managed to talk them out of the death warrant."

Her hands went cold. She hoped they didn't approve it. For the first time in ages, she'd gotten enough sex and could fully concentrate on her job. Maybe she needed two men to satisfy her but she'd had a feeling there was more to it than sex.

"I have to go," she said, kissing him quickly while buttoning her blouse back up. "I have another appointment in ten minutes."

"That's all the time I need," he said as he grabbed her hips and spun her around to face the counter. Within seconds, he had her pants unfastened and down to her knees.

"Bend over," he whispered in her ear, "so I can see if your pussy is wet and ready for me."

There was no use arguing, she thought. Dean was determined to fuck her without Logan around and right now her cunt was hotter than Mattie's cooker.

He slid a finger inside her and followed it so quickly with his cock she gasped aloud before putting her hand over her mouth. She gripped the counter with sweating hands as he pounded into her hard and fast like sea waves. Voices traveled down the hall, making discovery a definite possibility, while the scent of her cream masked the smell of antiseptic and medicines.

When he squeezed her buttocks together to make her tunnel feel even tighter and rawer, she climaxed so hard she nearly bit her hand off trying to suppress a yell. After Dean pulled out of her, his hot cum pelted the inside of the nearby wastebasket.

"Perhaps you should have given me one of those sperm sample containers," he said, smiling.

She took a shaky breath and pulled up her pants. "Happy now?"

He nodded, fixing his own pants. "I got what I came for. So what's for dinner tonight?"

"I'll be home too late to cook," she replied. "I guess you'll have to do it."

He picked up one of the medicine bottles on the counter and shook it absently. "I don't cook, Alysa."

"You came in here and made demands on me," she argued. "I don't ask you for much."

"I'll try," he finally answered, "but don't make a habit of these late hours. We have a wedding to plan."

She loved the way he'd taken charge of her physically, she thought as she rushed to see her next patient. But she'd hated his caveman attitude afterward and was proud of herself for not putting up with it anymore.

And when had she stopped dreaming about her wedding? Maybe she could no longer visualize a future now without Logan in it.

"What can I do for—?" she recited as she walked into the exam room, hoping she could hide what she'd just done in the supply room. "Lorna? Back again so soon?"

Her friend crossed her legs and clapped her hands over her crotch. "Uh, I had a little mishap with one of my sex toys."

It was going to be a long day...

* * * * *

"Where's Alysa?" Logan asked Dean when they arrived at the house after a meeting at Gal-X. "Did you two have a fight?"

Dean glared at his watch. "She has to work late tonight."

"I'm starved," Logan said.

The tense meeting had drained him. Jay had gotten some test signals to work but the other Planet Council members were reluctant to approve signaling Geo. Dean finally convinced them they needed to expand their horizons to solve their problems.

"She told me to cook dinner."

"This I've got to see," Logan said, grinning.

Dean shook his head. "I don't know how to cook. I guess we'll have to order takeout or something."

"Why don't I cook it?" Logan suggested. "Maybe you think cooking is woman's work but I don't."

"Suit yourself but don't expect it to be easy," Dean said, shrugging out of his blazer. "You'll have to think female thoughts or the cooker won't get hot enough."

Logan found some ground beef in the refrigerator, washed his hands and formed patties. Dean showed him where the spices were and winced when Logan sprinkled a ton of them on the meat.

"That barely looks edible," Dean commented.

Logan just grinned. Dean's sexy voice reminded him of the night in the exercise room, making him hard. Yet it was strange to be alone with him in the kitchen, as if Alysa were a missing piece.

Dean sipped his cabernet sauvignon. "I'd like to score some points with Alysa. How about if we say I cooked these burgers?"

"Not a chance," Logan said, trying to ignore his stiff cock.

"I had no idea raw meat turned you on so much, McKay," Dean said, eying Logan's bulge.

Logan turned around. "It's not the meat." *It's you.* "I'll tell her whatever you want if we can all have sex together again."

"I don't think so," Dean said.

"Then why are you staring at my crotch like it's an appetizer? We could get each other hot, hard and ready and give Alysa the best dinner she's ever had when she gets home."

Desire flickered in Dean's green eyes before he turned away. If Logan hadn't seen that look, he would've proceeded with tackling the oven. Instead, he stepped closer to Dean and took the empty wineglass out of his hand.

"I know you want me," Logan whispered as he touched Dean's chin and kissed him softly on the lips. He smelled of aftershave and tasted like red wine.

Dean's mouth moved under Logan's. So did his hips as Logan pressed his erection against him but he turned away again. Blue light meandered through the kitchen, looking as restless as Logan felt inside. But just that brief taste of warm, damp mouth and its slight surrender made Logan's cock hot enough to sizzle all those burgers.

"So it's like that," Logan said. "I just thought I'd check because your words didn't tell me the same thing as your eyes and mouth." He reached out and traced a finger down Dean's rigid fly, fighting the urge to unzip it and taste what was inside when the man gasped. "Or your cock, for that matter."

"Alysa and I are back on track for marriage," Dean said. "We had a quickie at the clinic today."

"Good for you," Logan said glibly as he put the broiler pan of patties into the oven. Why was Dean telling him all this? If he couldn't participate, he really didn't want to know about it either.

"I had to make sure I could do it on my own," Dean explained. "You understand?"

Logan closed the oven door and glared at the infuriating black-haired man. "So now that you don't need me anymore, you're eager to see me shipped back to my own planet. Is that right?"

Dean put his hands on his hips. "I thought you wanted that too."

Ever since Logan had crash-landed in Seminal Bay, getting back to Geo was all he could think about. So why wasn't he jumping for joy about the signaler progress and

approval? Because he'd allowed himself to do the one thing he swore he never would — he'd gotten attached.

"Of course I do. Now will you kindly remove your male energy from the room so I have a better chance of getting this oven cooker hot enough?"

After Dean left, Logan gripped both sides of the oven. What the hell was he supposed to do? Talk to it? He didn't want Dean to hear him so hopefully sentimental thoughts would be enough.

Here goes. Why did Dean reject me? It's obvious he wants me as much as I want him. It's starting to feel like home here but they don't need me anymore. I'll be back riding spaceships for a living, seeing nothing but cold, black, empty space, hearing nothing but silence. With no one around to give a damn whether I live or die because even after all this, there's still no one to give a damn.

Logan got so caught up in his thoughts his eyes grew wet but his hands just got warmer and warmer. Downright hot, actually. The oven was hot! He even smelled sizzling hamburger. Had he really done it by himself?

When Alysa came home, one look into her soft, brown eyes dissolved all his tension.

She sniffed and smiled. "Do I smell dinner cooking?"

Dean came in. "Logan gets the credit."

"You promised you'd do it," she said, glaring at him.

Dean sighed. "I said I'd try. Look, Logan volunteered and he's doing a much better job than I could. Would you rather eat half-raw meat?"

She didn't answer as she took some potato salad out of the refrigerator.

"Logan," she said, peeking at the sizzling burgers, "however did you get the cooker this hot by yourself?"

"I thought like a woman," he told her.

She poked a finger to the middle of his chest. "Good for you. I didn't think a man could possibly get it so hot."

"I think there's a little male and female energy in all of us," Logan declared as he scooped her into a big hug that lifted her feet off the floor.

"But opposite-sex energy is collective throughout the planet, not in us," Alysa argued.

Logan shrugged. "Whatever."

"Tell her the good news," Dean prompted.

"The Council approved signaling Geo," Logan told her. "I might get to go home."

Her full lips trembled before they broke into a smile. "Oh Logan, that's wonderful."

And just as soon as the smile had come, it vanished. "Excuse me. I have to change clothes." Her shoes clattered across the floor as she rushed out of the kitchen.

Logan started to follow her. "Alysa —"

"Let her go," Dean said. "The sooner she gets used to your being gone, the better."

* * * * *

Alysa sat between her men on the couch, feeling secure and loved from the cuddly closeness. After dinner, they'd all donned bathrobes at her suggestion. *My men*. When had she started thinking of them that way? Well, she'd have to stop if Logan left.

"If you get to go home, we'll have a farewell party," she told Logan.

"Thanks," he replied with a gentle smile. "I guess I'll miss your wedding."

Dean toyed with her hair. "I guess you will but your family will be excited to see you again."

But Logan didn't answer at first. "Ever since the scandal, the closest thing to family I've ever come across is you two."

Dean frowned. "What scandal? Did I miss something?"

She watched the pained expression on both men's faces as Logan told Dean about his past indiscretion and resulting tragedy.

"I had no idea," Dean exclaimed, "and I practically forced you to have sex with Alysa..."

The backs of her eyes grew warm. "Well, my family isn't much better."

Dean's hand tightened around hers as if to warn her she shouldn't share her life story with someone who would leave their lives. But she needed to tell Logan how her mother never wanted her and the only father she'd ever known had only been in her life a brief time before being killed in a conveyer accident.

"Everyone I love always leaves me eventually," she concluded. *And now you too.*

"I'm really sorry, Alysa," Logan said, his usually booming voice in a near whisper as he squeezed her knee with his big, warm hand. "What about your family?" he asked Dean.

"There's not much to tell," Dean replied.

"They're just snooty," Alysa added, grinning.

"Hey, Logan, she's very ticklish," Dean said.

Alysa screamed as both men tickled her sides and then laughed so hard she couldn't stop. She smacked them both with a pillow and all three of them went still as she looked back and forth into their eyes, currents of emotion passing between them.

"I need to make love to both of you," she said, tugging the sashes of both their bathrobes.

"Alysa," Dean said in his warning voice, "we agreed."

"No," she said, emboldened by the strong emotions still circulating around them. "We're going to vote just like Planet Council. All those in favor, raise your hand."

"The ayes have it," she said triumphantly when she and Logan raised their hands.

"Just this once," Dean said grudgingly as he cocked a brow. "Are you running the show again?"

She wasted no time opening both men's bathrobes completely, revealing warm muscular chests and hot, stiff cocks.

"Just sit where you are," she whispered as clouds of pink anticipation rolled out of her.

Shucking off her bathrobe, she straddled Dean and took him all at once until his balls cushioned the opening of her cunt.

"Thank you," she whispered as his love filled her. She moved frantically, plunging his cock into her hard and fast as her fingers scratched through his hair. As if extracting every bit of love they had from his body into hers.

"Why are you crying, sweetheart?" he asked as he caressed her gyrating hips.

"Because I love you so much and I'm happy we're back together."

She kissed him, dismounted and went into Logan's lap, guiding his rugged-looking cock into her pussy, which was drenched from Dean's thrusts. Her hips moved slower now, tiring from her frantic movements as she wound her fingers through his tousled curls.

"Don't leave me, Logan," she whispered. "I—" *Love you*, her soul cried out. He'd gotten her back together with Dean and made her a new independent woman but there was no point telling him how she felt if he planned to leave her.

"Stay." She half sobbed the word several times in tune to each hard, heavy stroke.

"I'm sorry," he whispered back, "but you know I don't belong here...with you two."

"For planet's sake, at least kiss each other," she told the men.

But when Logan slid his tongue into Dean's mouth, Dean pulled back. Meanwhile, she drove Logan's cock deeper into her pussy until her orgasm squeezed him hard. Dismounting before he came, she licked and sucked her juices off his cock until he ejaculated into her mouth. While she swallowed, she rubbed the sticky head of Dean's cock.

"Dean, I want you to lick my pussy," she said.

"No. I agreed to have sex here but that's as far as it goes. And I still need to come, by the way."

She let go of his cock. "If you won't do it, Logan will."

"Why are you so obsessed with that particular act?" Dean asked.

Logan eased her onto her back on the couch. "Let's just show him how it's done."

She spread her legs so Dean could see everything. In the shower, he'd been too preoccupied having his cock sucked to pay attention to what Logan had done. Now his need to come made him a captive audience.

Alysa groaned when Logan speared her with his tongue. Her pussy flesh was already so wet and sensitized from fucking both cocks, the simple touch packed more power than lightning.

Propping pillows behind her back, she looked down as Logan spread her outer labia apart with his fingers and teased her swollen inner lips with his tongue. Then with a broader lick he swept the length of the whole opening.

"The tongue can pleasure her in several different ways," Logan told Dean. "I'm going to lick her clit now."

At the other end of the couch, Dean spit on his cock and rubbed it faster and faster as he watched. She hoped he'd change his mind and participate.

"Good idea," Logan said. "Even though Alysa is already incredibly wet, I'm going to drench her with saliva."

She gasped as the ball of hot liquid landed on her clit and dripped into her folds. He mixed up her juices with his, swirling them with his tongue and making her thighs convulse with pleasure. When he lifted his head, a string of creamy juice connected his glistening tongue with her body. The tempo of Dean's hot, wet strokes increased as he watched.

"Now I'm going to suck all this sweet stuff into my mouth," Logan pointed out.

Alysa's heart nearly stopped when Logan sucked her pussy lips between his and pulled. Then he suctioned her clit, making her yell out. A bone-crunching climax hovered around her whole body, ready to swallow her if Logan so much as breathed on her aching cunt. But she held it off with all her might so Dean could get the best show possible. So he would finally do it himself...

"And now," Logan said, wiping saliva and her cream from his chin, "for the grand finale, I'm going to tongue-fuck her."

At the first thrust, her control began to crumble. With the second it shattered like broken glass. At the third, she screamed, shooting wet cream into Logan's open, licking mouth.

Dean groaned and cursed as semen shot into his outstretched hand.

"I really enjoy having sex together," she said afterward. "Maybe we can do it more...until Logan leaves."

"Why not?" Logan added. "I understand you two are a couple and want to be alone sometimes too. It's not as if this is a commitment or anything."

"We'll see," Dean said.

"Clean me up and take me to bed, guys," she said. "I don't think I can move."

When they carried her into the bedroom, it seemed the most natural thing in the world. If only it could last.

Chapter Fifteen

Several days later, Dean brought home champagne and candles.

"What's all that?" Logan asked, pointing to the bag. He was sprawled on the couch, watching the visualizer. "Do I see a bottle of champagne?"

"I planned a romantic evening with Alysa. Where the hell is she, anyway?"

Logan shrugged. "Beats me. She's probably working late at the clinic again."

Dean stalked to the kitchen and dumped the bag on the counter. The champagne should chill but it didn't exactly matter now. He couldn't have a romantic evening without his partner.

Logan appeared and leaned on the doorframe. "You could always romance me instead."

"Don't test me right now."

Logan sauntered back to the living room. Half of Dean wanted to throw the vanilla-scented candles in the trash but they'd come from a nice store and had been expensive. As he stood there fuming, Alysa came home. In the kitchen she stopped short, took one look at his face and the bag of goodies, and slapped her forehead.

"Oh no. I forgot all about our romantic evening and now I'm too tired to do it justice."

"Obviously," he bit out. "Do you know how hard it is to clear my schedule?"

"Dean, I had to treat a child who fell out of a tree today."

He didn't touch her. He just faced the cabinets with his palms flat on the countertop.

"This clinic is really coming between us, Alysa."

"Only because you're letting it." She gestured toward the candles and champagne. "I'm sorry to ruin the evening you planned but it couldn't be helped. We'll do this tomorrow."

He curled his fingers into a ball and released them. "Just forget the whole thing. It was a stupid idea."

"Well, then how can I make it up to you?" she asked, touching his arm. "I'm too exhausted for sex but I could cook a simple dinner."

Logan poked his head in. "It sounds like you two need to be alone. I'm going out for a walk. A very long walk."

"I'm not hungry for dinner," Dean said, clasping her elbow and leading her toward the bedroom.

"Oh Dean. Can't we wait until tomorrow? I'm so tired."

"You've lost interest in me." His jaw tightened so hard he was afraid his teeth were going to break off.

"That's not true," she protested.

He trapped her against the hall wall, planting his hands on either side of her head. "Then why is it that now you have a wedding to plan and all the sex you could want, you want the clinic more than you do me?"

She blinked for a moment, as if trying to figure it out herself. "I don't know, Dean. I'm just not as horny lately. Maybe I'm so satisfied I'm finally able to address my other needs."

"Are you telling me I can't satisfy all your needs?"

She sighed, blowing her bangs. He could see how tired she was and knew he should stop. But he couldn't. He had to know where they stood and he had to know now.

"Of course you can," she said. "It's just that I need to feel capable too. Being a doctor is my calling. Why can't I have both you and a career?"

Good question, he thought. What was standing in his way? Male pride? Jealousy?

"Let's lie down for a while and relax," he said, kissing the side of her neck gently. "We're both much too stressed out right now."

She nodded. "I'd like that."

After they'd gone into the master bedroom and closed the door, they undressed down to their underwear and got into the big bed. Dean spooned her, draping his arm possessively across her belly. Her breathing slowed and deepened, signaling she was falling asleep. But he had something else besides sleep on his mind.

Pressed against her sweet, curved ass cheeks, his cock quickly hardened. He pulled his thong to the side so his bare flesh slid against the silky fabric of her thin panties.

"Mmm, Dean," she muttered into her pillow, "I just want to take a nap."

He answered by nudging the head of his cock between her legs and thrusting against her panties. At the same time, he slipped down her bra strap and teased her nipple. It was erect and awake even if she wasn't.

"Are you sure about that?" he whispered as he reached inside her panties and slid his finger between her furled lips. "You're wet and ready."

"All right but only if you do all the work."

Not the enthusiastic response he'd hoped for tonight, but as long as he could fuck her, the evening wouldn't be a total loss.

"Roll over on your back."

As soon as she did, he removed her bra and panties and threw them over the side of the bed. Normally, he'd fold them neatly but he had to act fast before Alysa fell completely asleep.

The nipples sat erect and dark pink on her breasts. He couldn't resist flicking them with his tongue. He spread her legs, exposing the damp folds of her pussy and couldn't help thinking about how expertly Logan had licked her. Just watching them had made him come hard.

What does she taste like? he wondered. How would her slick juices feel under his mouth? Could he make her moan louder than Logan? Maybe that was it. Maybe being "licked", as they called it, was the only thing that turned her on anymore. It might get her in the mood now.

No, he decided. They were going to have sex the way they always had. Without further ado, he mounted her and entered her, nestling his eager cock into her warm heat.

But something was missing. She wasn't as wet and hot as usual. It was as if she didn't care who fucked her. He didn't even bother asking her to play their usual Dominant/submissive game.

This all felt so wrong he was beginning to think he shouldn't have bothered. No, he'd never aborted a fuck and wasn't about to start now. He needed to come. She locked her arms around his neck but they were heavy and lifeless. The more he pumped and pumped into her, the more mechanical it became.

Then his cock slipped out. Once. Twice. He cursed each time, but the third time it happened he realized he was too soft to get it back in. He'd completely lost his erection. Pounding the covers with his fist, he got off Alysa and lay on his back beside her.

She closed her legs together. "Dean, is something wrong?"

"Oh you just now noticed that?" he asked.

"It's all right," she said, kissing his cheek. "We're both too tired and upset to do it tonight."

But it wasn't all right, his thoughts screamed inside his head. It wasn't all right at all. His cock was as soft as a skein of yarn.

The affliction was back.

He got up, threw on a robe and left her there to sleep. She apparently needed that more than sex. He just needed to get away from her. Logan was back, watching the visualizer in the living room.

Had the affliction really returned? Dean wondered. Or had he and Alysa just had an off session? It happened to the best of couples occasionally, he knew. He found himself observing Logan from the hall. He was sprawled across the couch. His tee shirt had ridden up, exposing a tan, furry belly. The sweat pants he wore were tight, not hiding the vague bulge in his pants.

His cock twitched to life. Well, at least it wasn't completely dead, he thought, looking down at his own crotch. Was that the problem? Did he only want men now? Dean swore he'd never touch Logan again but that had been when he thought he was cured. Apparently he wasn't cured at all.

He needed Logan again.

Logan looked up and turned down the volume of the TV with the remote. Alysa had removed his implanted translator devices a few days ago at the clinic since he'd finally learned Chromefield's language.

He'd been so preoccupied making sure he understood everything said on the program he was watching, Dean had snuck up on him. The man moved like a silent panther and something dangerous gleamed in his dark eyes. Suddenly, Logan felt like his prey.

"I thought you'd still be with Alysa," Logan said. "The visualizer wasn't too loud, was it?"

Dean shook his head. "I didn't even hear the visualizer."

Then why did he keep standing there? "Do you want something?" Logan finally asked.

"You."

Against Logan's will, all the blood in his body shot to his cock. Dean looked hungry and horny and Logan had ached to feel the pleasure of his body again. But the guy had rejected him flat. Only one thing could bring him crawling back like this.

"Your cock doesn't work anymore, does it?" he asked.

Dean's jaw twitched. "Alysa and I had an off night, that's all. She's tired from work."

Logan willed his own cock to behave as he turned the volume back up. "Sorry to hear it, man. Maybe you should take a cold shower."

"I don't want a cold shower," Dean said slowly as he took the remote and turned the TV back down. His smooth voice sounded torn in places, as if it had been shredded by nails. "I need to know if our magic still works."

Logan's fingers dug into the sofa cushions as he struggled to maintain control and fight off visions of him and Dean struggling, sweating and moving as one.

"Sorry, I'm not interested in being used as your stud service."

"Logan, please. I need you. I'll beg if I have to."

Logan flipped off the TV and stood. Imagining Dean on his knees begging made his cock rock-hard. Yeah, he was going to enjoy this and get a little revenge at the same time. Slowly, like a striptease artist, he peeled off his clothes until he stood before Dean completely nude.

"Get on your knees," he ordered Dean. Desire flickered in the other man's eyes as he complied. "Untie your robe so I can see you."

Logan's cock hardened even more at the sight of Dean's black-furred chest and swollen thong.

"You don't look as if you have a problem to me," he said, eyeing Dean's bulge.

"What do you want me to do now?"

"Take everything off."

Logan dropped his pants, stepped closer to the kneeling, naked man and gripped his cock, tracing it across Dean's cheek.

"Would you like me to suck your cock?" Dean asked.

"Yeah, I would. Tease the head first with your tongue."

Blue energy shot off Logan in waves as Dean's pink tongue flickered around the dark head of his swollen penis. Logan, still gripping himself, rubbed the head across Dean's cheek again. Blue-black razor stubble jolted every nerve ending in Logan's organ. When the wet, teasing tongue returned, he almost came.

But he fought the urge by biting down on his lip. He wanted this to last.

"That's enough teasing," Logan finally said. "I want you to suck it now. I want to feel your tight, wet mouth all over my cock."

Logan leaned his head back and groaned as Dean obeyed. This must be a dream, he thought. Dean would never submit like this and give him every pleasure he asked for. As long as Logan got to come before the dream ended, it was fine with him.

The texture of Dean's mouth differed from Alysa's. Deeper. Wetter. Rougher. Logan's balls were clenched so tightly it was as if someone had them in their fists. Squeezing harder and harder. Logan whimpered as Dean's front teeth scraped over the head of his cock.

"Deeper," Logan ordered. "I want to feel your throat."

To his surprise, Dean obeyed and Logan's cock slid even deeper into the slippery cavern of Dean's mouth.

"I-I'm going to come soon," Logan said, barely able to talk much less remain standing. "When I do, you're going to swallow every drop."

When Logan looked down, Dean nodded. He also had his own hard cock thrusting into his hand. Then Logan looked up, seeing something he hadn't expected.

Alysa stood in the distance, surrounded by a cloud of pink light. She looked just as turned-on as they were. Her robe was partially open. One hand pinched a hard nipple while the other rubbed the wet slit between her legs. Logan's cock twitched at the sight of it but this was about him and Dean. With his gaze, he told her to stay but come no closer. Dean's eyes were closed. He didn't even realize she was there.

Sounds of slippery flesh—Dean's saliva on his cock, Alysa's finger in her pussy and the pre-cum that lubricated Dean's cock—assaulted him from all directions, driving him even closer toward a killer orgasm.

"Get ready, Dean," he told him as the spasms started. "I'm coming."

And with a ripping groan, he emptied himself into Dean's hungry mouth.

"Swallow it," he gasped as he gripped his shaft and pumped it. "Every drop."

Dean moaned as he did exactly as Logan asked. He even licked every last drop off the head of Logan's organ. His lips were wet with cum as he continued to thrust into his hand.

"You taste so good, Logan."

Logan had enjoyed dominating Dean but now all he cared about was getting that beautiful cock into his mouth. He got on his knees, pushed Dean's hand away and locked his mouth around the throbbing flesh. He didn't bother teasing and licking. He sucked it hard, taking the rigid flesh deep into his mouth as Dean had done to him. Before long, the smooth head of Dean's cock butted against his throat. He sucked hard and deep, trying to cure Dean of whatever was wrong with him.

With no warning, Dean yelled out as a torrent of hot, salty cum pumped into Logan's throat. He struggled to swallow the steady stream. After he did, he hung his head, trying to catch his breath. As Dean had done to him, he licked every drop of cum from the smooth, pink cock until it glistened with nothing but his saliva.

They embraced as they knelt, Dean's hot tears peppered his shoulder.

"Thank you," Dean whispered.

"You're quite welcome," Logan said, grinning.

Then the other man gripped the sides of his face and looked into his eyes. "Why do I need you so much?"

"I don't know," Logan whispered back.

All he did know was it scared the hell out of him.

Alysa pinched down harder on her nipple. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. After her little catnap, she was refreshed and went to look for Dean to appease him by rubbing or sucking his cock for him. Apparently Logan had beat her to it.

When Dean had lost his erection during their lovemaking, she'd thought the affliction was back. Maybe that's why he'd gone to Logan. Did Logan turn him on more than she did? She hadn't felt jealous of Logan for a long time but couldn't help feeling that sting again as she watched the men, so absorbed with their passion for each other.

She rubbed her finger harder across her swollen clit when Logan came into Dean's mouth. Her pussy had never been this drenched before. The sight of Dean licking the cum off the purple head of Logan's cock made her so wet she had to wipe some of the excess dew onto her inner thighs and nipples just to get enough traction to rub herself.

The scent of everyone's pheromones filled the air. She rubbed her pussy even faster when Logan sucked Dean's cock. He buried the organ in his mouth like a famished man. As if Logan might swallow him whole. When Dean came, so did she, shuddering around her wet fingers. As soon as she moaned, the men looked in her direction.

"You guys didn't invite me to the party," she said sadly as she belted her robe and walked toward them.

"We're inviting you now," Logan said hoarsely.

"Were you watching us?" Dean asked, untying her robe and rubbing her skin from chest to thigh. "You're covered in juice. Planets, Alysa, you've never been this wet before."

"Seeing you guys really turned me on," she admitted. "But I guess I'm too late to join the fun."

"I don't think so," Logan said. "Sit on the couch and spread your legs."

Dropping her robe, she did as he asked.

"What the hell are you going to do?" Dean asked.

"Lick her pussy," Logan said. "You should try it. She's very tasty."

"He'll never do it," Alysa complained. "It's a lost cause."

"I never said never," Dean argued. "Maybe I just have to get used to the idea."

Logan moved out of the way. "Be my guest."

She squirmed against the couch cushions with her legs still spread while Dean just squatted in front of them, frowning.

"Well, somebody please do it before I go crazy," she complained.

Dean's hand trembled as he gripped her thigh. "Since this is so important to you, I'll try, but don't expect anything elaborate."

"Oh Dean. I love you. Thank you," she said, spreading her thighs wider.

The tentative flick of Dean's tongue on her clit nearly sent her into another climax.

"She is tasty," he said, licking his lips.

"Lick me, Dean," she said, grinding her head against the back of the couch. "I want to feel your mouth all over me."

His tongue touched her again, bolder this time, knifing across her sensitized, wet folds. Then he concentrated on licking every facet of her pussy. His clumsy explorations were almost hotter than Logan's expert ministrations. The more she moaned to encourage him, the harder he tried.

Her legs shook so hard it was as if she'd been swallowed by an earthquake as Dean did everything imaginable with his lips, teeth and tongue. He kissed, sucked, nibbled and prodded. As if scorching tongues of flames were licking, making her swollen, red and wet.

But when she looked down, both men's heads were between her legs. *Planets*. They were taking turns. Intense purple light engulfed them. She couldn't even discern individual pink or blue light anymore. Not that she was in any shape to discern anything but her approaching climax.

Then her whimpers turned into deep groans as someone's finger slid into her cunt and thrust. When yet another finger joined it, sliding deep and stretching her while those wicked tongues still licked, she fell straight into the flames and screamed her climax into the couch cushion.

After she recovered, she closed her weak, trembling legs and looked at Dean. "Was that so bad?"

He smiled. "No, it was great. I should have done it a long time ago."

"And do you still deny we make a great sexual team?"

Dean sighed. "I have to admit it's more fun with all three of us, especially when I interact with Logan too. I guess I should listen to you more often."

"Good," she replied, "because I want the three of us to have as much hot sex as possible."

Then Dean looked at Logan. "I don't know how you counteract the affliction but you do."

Logan stood up and picked up his pants. "We'd better not get too used to all this. I probably won't be around here forever."

Dean stood up too and clasped his shoulder. "I'm not so sure I want you to go now."

Logan glared at him with his jaw hanging slack. "I don't believe I'm hearing this. *Don't touch me. I don't like men. I do like men. I need you,*" he said, mimicking Dean. "You may own everybody, Dean Harding, but you don't own me. I'm taking a shower."

The tone of his voice said he didn't want company.

"Are you all right, Logan?" Alysa asked.

"Not really. I'm getting really tired of being used."

Chapter Sixteen

Logan did not speak to Dean on the way to Gal-X the next day. Dean supposed he couldn't blame him. He *had* used Logan. He'd pushed him away and then come crawling back only because he needed him.

He clenched the steering wheel harder to fight the erection sweeping over him as he thought about last night. He never thought he'd enjoy having someone tell him what to do but sucking Logan's cock on command had been one of his hottest experiences ever.

Not knowing what Logan would command next had kept his balls tight and achy. Logan's powerful mouth on his cock had driven him over the edge. The man's lips had been hard and brutally tight.

Not to mention licking Alysa. She tasted fabulous and it was a great way to satisfy her when his cock didn't work. How could he have been so pigheaded all this time, depriving her of something they both enjoyed just because society didn't condone it? To hell with society.

Should the three of them avoid each other since Logan might leave? Or should they enjoy each other as much as they could up until the last minute as Alysa wanted to do? Dean was pretty sure his cock would stop working after Logan left.

Damn it. Why couldn't he be cured? Why did he have to depend on someone else for his manhood?

"Any particular reason we're going to Gal-X since you're canceling the signaler communication?" Logan said as he stretched out his legs.

Dean clenched his jaw. His threat last night had been an idle one. Keeping Logan around for his own needs would be selfish and not in the planet's best interest. Besides, he'd almost rather give up sex altogether than have to depend on someone else for it.

"I never intended to cancel the communication," he said, "and I'm not going to keep you here if your people can give you a ride home."

"What about your cock?" Logan asked, eyeing his crotch.

Dean stopped the conveyer in the Gal-X parking lot and waved away the blue energy that had resulted from his steamy thoughts. "Much as I would like it to, the universe shouldn't revolve around my cock."

Logan squeezed his hand. "Thanks, man."

"Don't thank me yet," Dean replied as he turned the conveyer off. "I still might change my mind."

Because it wasn't just about his cock. He realized how much he and Alysa would miss Logan after he was gone. Logan lived in another solar system. Once he was gone, it would be forever.

* * * * *

Logan slid into a conference chair in the Gal-X meeting room as he, Dean, Jay and other Gal-X officials met to discuss the signaler. Thoughts of last night made it hard to concentrate. The potent mixture of arousal and desperation in Dean's eyes had crashed through his defenses. If Dean and Alysa wanted to have group sex up until his departure, that was okay with him but he refused to let Dean use him again to get hard.

"We've received a reply from the alien planet."

Jay's words sent a shot of adrenaline through Logan's heart and brought him one step closer to going home.

"Details, please," Dean said.

Jay consulted the printout in front of him. "The message we sent was 'Calling Geo. Testing. Do you read?'"

The word Geo, a result of Logan's work translating the signaler's command language, sounded strange and new on the astrophysicist's tongue.

"What did they say?" Logan asked, barely able to talk.

"Copy that. Who are you?" Jay replied. "Now we have to decide what to reply."

Several suggestions flew around the room such as "Have you lost a spaceship?" and "What was your mission in coming to this planet?"

"Let's tell them we found a ship we suspect is theirs," Logan said, "and that we're friendly and open to interplanetary travel." He barely paused to take a breath. "And that it's possible the crew from that crashed ship is presumed dead but might, in fact, be alive somewhere."

Dean shot him a warning look. "Whatever we decide has to be approved by Planet Council."

Logan asked if another ship would be able to land here and return to Geo, hoping for better news, but the scientist explained the same possibility of energy-technology incompatibility.

"If we instruct them to send a male and female crew and know when they'll arrive, we could probably get them landed safely. Taking off might be a different story."

A shiver passed through Logan when Jay then described everything that could go wrong on takeoff. What was the matter with him? He'd been to these types of meetings at NASA, usually sitting there with complete detachment as if the risks applied to someone else.

Now all he could think was what if he could never see Alysa's smile or sleep curled next to Dean again? He should never have stayed in their home. All the comforts and great sex had made him soft and spoiled. He may be physically ready to travel in space again but mentally he had a long way to go.

"How risky would takeoff be?" Dean asked. "Exactly?"

Jay refastened his ponytail. "Fifty percent survival rate, give or take."

Dean stared at Logan with stark shock and sorrow written all over his pale face. "Is that all?"

"I could keep researching takeoff options," Jay offered. "Maybe we can build a capsule and send someone into space just beyond our atmosphere where a craft from Geo can retrieve him."

"I think you'd better," Dean told him. "We can't send a message until we know more. The last thing we want is a bunch of aliens coming here and then dying when they try to return home."

"Research costs," Jay said, adjusting his glasses.

"Leave that to me," Dean replied.

* * * * *

"I want to talk to you," Dean said in his authoritative voice when he caught up with Logan in the vacant restroom after the meeting. It was a much different voice than the one that had begged him for pleasure last night.

"Fifty percent?" Dean demanded. "You didn't even bat an eye when he said that."

"That's because I wasn't surprised," Logan replied, drying his hands on his pants.

But the statement had still hit him like a ton of bricks. Somewhere along the line, his life had become worth more to him than fifty percent. By the ravaged look on Dean's face, it was worth more to him too.

"What do you have? Some kind of death wish?"

Logan just shrugged. "It's part of the job. That's why not too many people volunteer for extreme missions. We'll have to make sure Geo knows the risks if they decide to send another ship."

Dean's mouth worked as if he were about to say something but he ran his finger along the edge of the counter instead.

Logan put his hands in his pockets. "I suppose you've changed your mind about the whole thing?"

"I didn't say that," Dean muttered, "but I'm not going to solve the affliction at the cost of people's lives, especially yours."

Logan hated the part of himself that wanted the whole thing to be canceled.

Dean's eyes went from angry bits of green flint to soft grass. "If you do try to return home, Alysa will worry herself sick. You know that."

Logan's emotions overflowed so suddenly he had to turn his head so Dean wouldn't see his face. An image of Dean and Alysa gazing up at the sky, wondering where he was, damn near broke his heart. She would cry for him. He knew that.

To his surprise, Dean enclosed him in a fierce hug and ended it by kissing him briefly on the lips.

Shit. Logan loved them both. It had been building for a while but now it hit him full force in the chest. He'd cared for Alysa almost from the start. Her sweet, giving nature and vulnerable, warm eyes had melted the thick shell he'd built around himself a little more each day.

Dean had been tougher. In fact, he hadn't realized how the man really felt about him until today's meeting. His power was sexy but his integrity to always try to do the right thing was a rare treasure. Dean Harding might be a tight-ass sometimes but he cared about his planet and the people he loved with fierce loyalty.

The two of them had given him the best home he'd ever had. They'd opened their house, bodies and hearts to him. And when he left they would hurt, so would he. He'd been so sure he could just enjoy good sex and go his own way without a backward glance. How wrong he'd been.

He was more attached than fast-acting, indestructible glue.

"I know it'll be hard for her," Logan finally said. "That's why I think it would be best if I moved out of the house and spent my remaining time here at Gal-X."

* * * * *

"Alysa, you have to stop crying," Dean told her.

"Well, what do you expect?" she asked, sniffing as the three of them got into Dean's conveyer and headed to the Annual Fundraiser Gala with a security car following them. "You tell me Logan will probably die if he tries to go home and this is our last night together because he's moving out."

"Sit in the back with her and comfort her," Dean told Logan.

Logan's warm body next to hers made her want to cry even more. She held a finger under one eyelid to stanch her tears while Logan took her other hand and squeezed it. The sound of traffic made her feel as if she and Logan were in their own world. Dean was unusually quiet and he even turned on some soft jazz at low volume.

At least she didn't have to wear an ugly dress tonight. The men wore long suit jackets to hide any stray erections that might occur. She wore her favorite fancy dress. It was short and made of pink velvet with silver beading. Small consolation for her aching heart.

"Please, don't go," she whispered to Logan as she laid her head on his shoulder. In Dean's gray suit, he looked more handsome tonight than ever.

"It'll be easier this way," he whispered back.

"Why is it everyone I've ever cared about has left me?" she asked, staring at the silhouettes of lighted skyscrapers whizzing by.

His hand squeezed convulsively around hers. "Dean will stand by you this time."

She nodded, knowing he was right. Logan had brought them all closer and left a permanent influence on their lives. She sniffed again as she reached into her beaded evening bag for a tissue.

Don't cry. There would be plenty of time for that when the inky sky swallowed Logan and took him away forever.

She'd never be able to look around the house again and not see him there, helping her in the kitchen, sprawled across her bed, yawning and stretching as he dumped all that cream and sugar into his coffee. Not to mention all the fantastic lovemaking.

Most of all, he had opened Dean's heart and brought his hidden passions to fulfillment. Things she'd never been able to achieve by herself. It was time to tell him how she felt, even though he was leaving.

Alysa put her hand on Logan's shoulder and whispered in his ear, "I love you."

"I love you too," he said back as he kissed her on the temple. Then he looked at the back of Dean's seat. "Both of you."

But Dean didn't act as if he'd heard.

While Logan stroked her bare shoulder, clouds of pink drifted from beneath her short hem. "Oh no. I was so sad I forgot to climax today."

Logan groaned and touched his hard bulge. "I'd better take care of it. Pull your panties down."

"I'm not wearing any," she whispered, lifting the hem of her dress to show him her blonde pussy hair and the garters holding up her black stockings.

"Very nice," he replied as he stroked her bare thighs above the stockings.

"I'd better take care of you too," she said as she unzipped his fly and released his stiff organ.

While Logan slid one and then two fingers into her drenched cunt, she wrapped her hand around his cock and pumped.

Dean turned the music down. "What's going on back there? There's a lot of energy floating around in here and I smell sex."

"We got horny," Logan exclaimed. "Just keep driving. We'll take care of it."

"Like hell you will," Dean said over his shoulder. "Now you've got me rubbing my cock and I'm going to come all over my suit soon."

Alysa smiled at the image of Dean making a speech in sex-stained clothes. He took an exit, parked in a secluded lot and alerted the security team everything was okay. Thank goodness for tinted windows.

Her heart raced when he climbed into the backseat with them.

"We have no lubricant and intercourse will be too messy," he said, getting on his knees. "I guess you'll just have to suck my cock, Logan."

When Logan got on his knees to oblige, she hiked up her dress around her waist and contorted herself between them, half lying down so her mouth could reach Logan's cock. She left her stockings on so her body slid easily on the seat. Seeing both men's organs outside the flies of their elegant suits looked even sexier than if they'd been completely naked.

"We don't have much time," Dean said, "so do it hard and fast."

Dean groaned when Logan nearly swallowed his cock in one lunge. She did the same with Logan's while he teased her swollen clit and then fucked her with two fingers. Sounds of sucking and soft moans filled the conveyer, which rocked slightly with their frantic movements.

When Logan rubbed her faster, she came, squeezing his fingers with her pussy while her mouth clamped down on his cock. As if by chain reaction, that made him come, shooting his seed into her mouth. Not wanting to mess up her makeup, she swallowed every drop with her lips still sealed around the head.

Dean came next, ramming his hips against Logan's face. Alysa watched as Logan neatly swallowed everything the same way. She handed out cleansing wipes and used one herself.

"I love you guys so much," she said.

"We love you too," Dean said, still panting from what they'd done.

Logan wiped off his cock and zipped it back into his pants. "*I love you*, Dean."

She watched, waiting for Dean's answer as eagerly as Logan was. Dean's hand trembled as it traveled the length of Logan's jaw but then he went back to cleaning himself and looked at his watch.

"We're going to be late," he said.

When Logan's face recoiled as if slapped, she gave him a sympathetic smile as she refreshed her lipstick. She hoped he realized Dean's caress probably said everything he couldn't quite put into words.

Moments later, they were cleaned up and underway, as if their brief interlude of backseat lovemaking had never happened. When Dean pulled into the parking lot of the Chromefield Conference Center ten minutes later, she wanted to stay next to Logan forever so he wouldn't leave.

"Okay, you two," Dean said jovially as the rear door opened. "I hope you're both presentable for public display now."

"Don't worry. I am under control," Logan replied, helping Alysa out of the conveyer.

Another rush of heat raced between her legs as she noticed Logan's eyes nestled between the slit of her skirt and her black, silk stockings as she scrambled off the seat.

"Well," Logan amended, "maybe I'd better leave my jacket on tonight, just in case."

The conference center included a golf course, concert hall and luxurious hotel overlooking the bay. Occasional CCC chrome logos decorated the white façade. As soon as they walked through the ballroom entrance, flanked by the security team, flash cameras went off everywhere. Everything oozed luxury, from the brilliant chandeliers to the central fountain and thick, multicolored rugs.

Alysa let go of Logan's arm and just held onto Dean's, reminding herself Logan was just Dean's "cousin". They could not be a loving threesome in public.

"Wow," Logan exclaimed.

"These benefits have a lot of pomp and circumstance," Dean explained as he turned and waved at some people while nodding at others.

This was his element, she thought. Usually he had a grin on his face a mile wide but tonight his smile looked forced, as if he'd rather be somewhere else. Nathan and Ed were already seated on the dais.

"Welcome to Chromefield's Annual Fundraiser Gala," Dean began as he took his place at the podium. "The generosity of our people is what keeps this planet running. With your help in the past, we have cured diseases." Applause. "Built schools and roads." More applause. "But tonight we have a special mission."

The huge ballroom went silent as everyone listened to Dean's speech.

"Our men have been suffering from a strange and cruel affliction. I believe the answer to the continued health of our planet is communication with other planets. Part of the proceeds from tonight will go into our space research to find a cure."

After the room thundered with applause, Dean announced their upcoming marriage. Alysa blushed under the chandelier light as she navigated the short flight of steps in high heels to stand beside him.

"Without further ado, let's get to the real reason you all came," Dean concluded. "Feasting and dancing!"

She had lived for this moment for months but now her own smile was pasted on. It didn't feel right to be up here without Logan.

"Where's Logan?" she asked Dean as they stepped off the dais together.

"I'm sure he's around here somewhere," he replied, not sounding worried.

They meandered to the side buffet to eat hot and cold hors d'oeuvres but Alysa had no appetite. All she could think about was how this was their last night with Logan.

"Where were you?" she asked when he joined them.

"You missed my spectacular speech," Dean said, straightening his tie.

"That was yours and Alysa's moment, not mine," Logan claimed as he popped a meatball into his mouth, dripping red sauce onto the white tablecloth below.

Lorna appeared, wearing a nearly transparent turquoise gown. While the women kissed each other on the cheek, Logan choked on his meatball before turning back around.

"That's some dress," Alysa exclaimed. "Don't you have a jacket to wear over it?"

But Lorna just shimmied her hips. "Why bother? It's hot as hell in here and it's not as if I'm going to get attacked, not on this planet." She put her hand on Logan's arm. "Well, hello, gorgeous. I hope you save a dance for me."

Logan gulped. "Uh, I'll try," he said before he hurried to the end of the food line, away from her.

"I must not be his type," Lorna commented as she speared a small frankfurter with a toothpick and waved it in the air. "Do you realize this is the closest I'll get tonight to a stiff weenie?"

Alysa laughed for the first time all evening and Dean whisked her onto the floor for a waltz. Other couples joined them in neatly pressed suits and glittering gowns, their feet gliding effortlessly across the polished, hardwood floor. They'd done this so many times it was as natural as breathing.

She wished the three of them could dance together. Being a couple didn't even feel normal anymore. Were they the only people who had ever discovered the magic of three? Or would everyone think they were weird or sick?

When the song ended, Dean kissed her. She hoped Logan was right about Dean not leaving her. She could barely handle one man leaving, let alone both.

"Planets, it's hot in here," he complained, taking off his blazer. "Don't tell me the air conditioners are breaking down like everything else."

"Shouldn't you keep that on?" she asked.

"Don't worry," Dean replied. "Half the time my cock doesn't even get hard when I want it to. I'd better dance with some of the rich matrons now so they'll be more willing to part with their money."

She found Logan by the buffet, eating more meatballs and looking lonely. Funny, she'd never seen that expression on his face before. He always looked so easygoing and self-contained.

"Penny for your thoughts," she said as she ate a piece of cheese.

He grinned. "They say that here too, huh? I was just watching the two of you, getting an idea of what your lives were like before I came here. How they'll be after I'm gone."

"Please, don't," she said, putting up her hand. "I don't want to make a scene by crying again. And Dean does care about you. He just has a hard time talking about his feelings."

When the band started a new song with a slow, sensual beat, Logan held out his arm. "May I have this dance?"

Alysa realized dancing was like the sex, different between Dean and Logan but equally wonderful. Each man had his own unique way of moving and touching and pleasuring her. The sultry beat of the music chased all the sadness out of her mind. Instead, it made her horny again.

Their faces brushed in passing, their hips bumped and her breasts pressed against his chest. Halfway through the song, he took his blazer off and used it as a prop, sliding it around her shoulders as if it were a boa constrictor.

Clouds of pink heat emanated from under her skirt and she was aware of Logan's blue light joining it. All she could think of was the music, what they'd done in the car and how all three of them were going to make love tonight after this event.

It was as if Logan was already prepared for her as his hardness brushed by her hip. Oops, he was supposed to hide that, wasn't he? When she finally came to her senses, she grabbed his blazer and shoved it at him but it was too late.

Just as the song ended, Lorna's shriek split the air.

"Hard cock!" she shouted. "I see a hard cock and I'm going to be the first one to get it."

Alysa squealed and ducked out of the way as a flock of horny women nearly trampled her to get to Logan. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. Women converged on Logan's body and tore at his clothes like a bunch of hungry vultures. Before long, his pants were hanging around his knees and he was using both hands to protect his genitals. Some of the women even took off their clothes too.

"What the hell is going on here?" Dean yelled.

"They saw him get hard," she wailed. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have danced with him."

"Fuck me first," one woman shouted.

"No, me!" another yelled.

"Get him," a man shouted. "Kill that bastard before he fucks our women."

Alysa realized the sex-starved women weren't half as dangerous as the angry, jealous men.

Dean stood in front of Logan to protect him but even he was no match for an angry mob. "Nobody is going to kill anybody," he shouted. "Now calm down."

"He's right," another man said. "Let's just get to the bottom of it."

Relief washed over her when Ed pushed through the crowd with several large security guards in tow. Logan would be safe.

"Are you sure you saw a hard cock on this man?" Ed asked the women. Many shouts of affirmation followed.

"It was a nice bulge too," Lorna added. "A seven-incher at least."

"Take him, boys," Ed told the guards.

Dean's face went pale. "What are you going to do with him?"

"We're going to incarcerate him." Ed raised his voice. "Ladies and gentlemen, I believe we just found our missing alien."

Her chest ached as if her heart were being ripped out. She knew she had to say goodbye to Logan tonight but not this way.

"What are you going to do to him?" she yelled at Ed.

"A full examination, for starters."

"But that's not necessary. I—"

Dean put his hand over her mouth before she could say more. "He's already been examined," he said.

"Not with a scalpel," Ed shot back. "Maybe a full autopsy will finally reveal why the hell our cocks don't work anymore."

Alysa crumpled into Dean's arms as the guards took Logan away.

"Do something," she sobbed, her newfound independence and strength abandoning her.

"I will," he replied with a hoarse voice. "I just hope it'll be enough."

Chapter Seventeen

"Get in there, alien," one of the guards sneered as several of them shoved Logan into a small, solitary cell.

He'd already been punched in the face and even kicked in the balls. They'd done their own impromptu "exam" too. They'd pried his eyes open and even stuck something cold and uncomfortable up his ass. It was a far cry from Alysa's sexy examination on the day of his arrival. Dean's gray suit was long gone. Now he wore an orange jumpsuit.

"See you in the morning, alien." One of them kicked him again for good measure before slamming the door with a loud bang.

The cell didn't even have a bed. Just a hard, cold floor with a foul-smelling hole in it to relieve himself into. There was no window. No way to escape. And, hell, they just turned out the light. Now it was so dark he was essentially blind.

Feeling utterly beaten, he slid to the floor, drew his knees toward his chest and moaned in despair.

He'd give anything to be back in Alysa's and Dean's house again. It was a much better prison than this wretched place. On the way here, the guards had taunted him with lurid descriptions of what was going to be done to him tomorrow.

The guards told him examiners planned to cut his cock off and dissect it. It had already been kicked so much it probably didn't work anymore anyway. Then they were going to cut him open and examine his insides in great detail. Logan wondered if they'd be humane enough to euthanize him first but didn't count on it. Hopefully they were just trying to scare him and none of it was true.

He'd never get back to Geo now. One way or another, he was going to die right here on Chromefield. He hoped Dean cared about him enough to save him. If not, the only thing left to wish for was a quick and painless death.

* * * * *

"Where did you take him?" Dean yelled as he shoved Ed up against a conveyer in the conference center parking lot. "It's time I got some respect on this Council. I want some answers. Now."

Those who hadn't left after the dance ended abruptly lingered here to watch the action. Alysa had her hand pressed over her mouth ever since they'd taken Logan away. She bit into her palm, letting the physical pain distract her from her aching heart.

"He's in jail for the night," Ed said as he slid out of Dean's grip. "And you'd better watch it or we'll put you in there too."

"For what?" Dean shot back.

"Harboring an alien and passing him off as your cousin. I'd say that's worth at least ten to twenty years."

She cried out into her hand. Not Dean too. Losing one man was bad enough.

"Council meeting. Tomorrow morning," Ed said, still out of breath from his struggle with Dean. "We're going to decide what to do with the alien and you have a lot of explaining to do."

Nathan stood close to Ed. He didn't say much of anything but his stony expression said he was fully on Ed's side.

"Let's all go home and get some sleep," the older man said, "so we can make good decisions in the morning."

But Alysa could see their minds were already made up. Logan was going to die and they were in big trouble. She couldn't possibly sleep tonight and knew Dean wouldn't either. As she followed him to his conveyer, she pulled beads off her dress and threw them to the pavement.

"What are you doing?" Dean asked her.

"Destroying this horrible dress that aroused Logan and got him into trouble," she replied. "Because if I don't, it will always remind me of the night we lost him."

* * * * *

The house was dark and empty when Alysa and Dean got back. Signs of Logan's presence were everywhere. She picked up the sweatpants he'd thrown over the back of the couch. She held them to her cheek, inhaling his scent as tears ran down her face and more stray beads fell off her dress.

She wished Logan had returned to Geo instead. At least that way he'd have a better chance of staying alive. Then she gazed at the couch, visualizing the passion they'd all shared such a short time ago. How could things have changed so fast?

Dean took her in his arms and rubbed her back with repetitive, broad strokes. "Please don't cry," he said. "I'm going to do everything I can to save him."

"Don't you love him?" she blurted out.

His hand went still.

"I never would have believed it possible," he finally said, "but, yes, I do love him. He made me a whole person, both inside and out." He expelled a shaky sigh then that was so sudden and forceful it almost sounded like a sob. "I realized it at Gal-X when I found out how risky it would be for him to go home."

"Then why didn't you tell him?" she asked, wiping her wet cheeks with one hand.

"I don't know," he whispered. "I couldn't."

"What if he dies without knowing how you really feel?"

"Stop it," he said, squeezing her arms spasmodically. "He'll be fine. He has to be."

She wished she could believe it. "Will they put us in jail?"

"It's possible we could lose our jobs and our home," he replied as he took her hand. "Come on. Let's go lie down."

"You can't possibly be thinking about sex," she said. The very thought of it disgusted her now since it had endangered Logan's life.

He shook his head violently. "Planets, no. In fact, I don't care if my cock never works again."

"I don't care about sex anymore either," she replied as she followed him to bed where she planned to cling to the only man she had left, all night.

* * * * *

The next day, Dean stormed into the Planet Council conference room where Nathan and Ed were already seated at the marble-topped conference table. He usually felt a swell of pride when he entered this room and sat in the high-backed, white chairs fit for royalty but today he barely noticed any of it.

"You're late," Ed pointed out.

"I went to the jail but Logan's not there. Where is he? I need to see him."

"He's here in the secret security wing," Nathan said.

Dean took his usual seat, wishing they were meeting about something else. Anything else.

Nathan cleared his throat and shuffled his papers. That and the smell of coffee made this seem like any other day. As if the man Dean loved weren't really on the chopping block.

"Today," Nathan began, "we're going to decide the fate of the alien captured last night."

"His name is Logan," Dean bit out.

"That's irrelevant," Ed said. "To us, he's a valuable specimen we must carefully examine. I'm sure it'll be a lot more efficient and informative for researching our problem than your crazy space signaling, Dean, which is, of course, canceled now."

Dean clamped his lips shut so they could finish before he responded. Since the purpose of signaling was to compare, research and get help from the other planet in solving the affliction, he wasn't surprised they wanted to take the easier route. But if he and Alysa couldn't figure out how Logan was immune from the affliction or how it might be cured, how could they?

"We propose," Ed added, "to interview the alien extensively about every aspect of his life and planet, followed by physical and cognitive testing. Finally, we'll perform an autopsy." He rolled his pen on the table as if it were Logan's fate. "In a few days we'll have a full trial about your crime of harboring the alien and threatening planetary security."

Dean crossed his arms to hide his shaking hands. "I've never heard anything so preposterous in all my life. You're acting like barbarians."

"Shall we put the alien's fate to a vote right now?" Nathan asked.

"Wait a damn minute," Dean said, slapping the conference table. "Aren't we even going to discuss this first?"

"What's there to discuss?" Ed asked. "Dissecting that alien and comparing its physiology to ours is the best shot we have at figuring out what might be wrong with us and why our cocks don't work."

"Couldn't we learn more from him alive?" Dean pointed out. "If he spends time on this planet and develops the same problem we do, we'll know something in our environment is causing it."

Ed waved his arms. "It's more likely the alien released some sort of poison from his spaceship when he landed here. It's a plot to take over our planet. They'll screw our women and have children that are half alien. We can't let that happen."

Dean stared at his ex-friend as if he'd gone mad. "You really believe that, don't you? Hysteria has taken over your common sense."

Ed just snorted. "I think your common sense is what's in question here. That alien has done something to your mind, blinding you to how dangerous he really is."

Dean shook his head but couldn't help considering Ed's accusations. In the beginning he'd been just as suspicious but he'd bonded with Logan physically and emotionally. No, he'd never believe the sandy-haired, laid-back guy he'd let fuck him had an evil bone in his body. All Logan had ever wanted to do was go home, not hurt Chromefield. Unfortunately these men would never believe him.

"Enough discussion," Nathan declared, clearing his throat again. "All those in favor of the proposed examinations to the alien?"

"Wait, gentlemen. My —"

When both men looked at him, his throat went dry. He'd been about to tell them he could get hard again and Logan was the reason. But they wouldn't believe him unless he showed it to them and his cock was anything but hard right now. They'd also correctly suspect he'd participated in homosexual activity, which could get him into a lot of trouble.

Instead he got them to agree to do the examinations and autopsy on different days, which might buy him some time and even save Logan when they discovered his blood, semen and DNA were the same as everyone else's.

He ventured further. "I say we wait on the autopsy decision until we see the exam results," but the others insisted on approving it now.

His stomach flipped over when both men assented. When his turn came, he yelled, "Hell no."

"This meeting is adjourned," Nathan said. "Don't leave town, Dean. Your trial will be within the week."

Dean stood up. His knees shook so hard he nearly fell into the table. "If you're going to do this to him, at least let me see him first."

"I suppose there would be no harm in it," Nathan said. "I'll notify the guards in the high-security wing."

Dean glared at the other two men. "Just so you know, this isn't over. Not by a long shot."

He couldn't give up. Logan had to live, even if it wasn't on this planet, and Dean had an idea...

* * * * *

When a guard finally locked Dean temporarily in Logan's cell, he wasn't prepared to see his lover slumped against the wall, blinking in the bright fluorescent light. Light that illuminated a multitude of bruises. When Logan turned his swollen, beaten face toward him, his heart nearly stopped in its tracks.

"My God. What have they done to you?"

Not caring who might be watching them through the surveillance camera, Dean went over, knelt down and scooped Logan's injured body into his arms.

"I'm so sorry," he whispered into the matted, golden-brown hair. "I should have protected you better."

"Not your fault," Logan replied hoarsely.

Since Logan's lips were swollen and being observed kissing could cause problems, Dean refrained. As much as he wanted to hold Logan for a long time, Dean knew he had to go over the facts quickly.

"The Council voted against me this morning," he began, pacing around the small cell. The place was barely as big as a dog kennel and also smelled like one. "They plan to interrogate and examine you. And after that, they—" The lump in his throat choked off his words.

"Let me guess," Logan said, getting more of his voice back. "They plan to kill me."

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

Logan leaned his head back against the wall hard enough to make an audible sound but he didn't seem to feel it. "Then let them skip directly to the killing part," he said.

Dean sat down next to Logan on the cold floor. "I'm not giving up and I don't want you to either."

Logan looked at him, still blinking. One eye blinked less than the other because it was nearly swollen shut. "If the Council voted, what can you possibly do to change it?"

Dean took a deep breath. "There is one thing we could try but I'd need your cooperation."

"Anything."

Dean traced a pattern on the tiled floor. "The reason they're so paranoid is the affliction."

Logan nodded with understanding. "I see. You're going to tell them being around me combats it for you."

"We're going to show them too. Like this," he said as he opened Logan's fly and pulled out his limp organ. He was careful to place the nearby thin blanket around them so the surveillance cameras wouldn't pick up what they were doing.

"These are from Alysa," he said, pulling a pair of pink, satin panties out of his pocket. "She wishes she could be here and gave me permission to have my way with you."

Logan smiled and winced as he rubbed the fragrant garment across his injured face. Meanwhile, Dean kissed his cock and ran his tongue around the head, hoping to restore life to the beaten man.

Logan's face paled beneath its purplish bruises. "Couldn't you get into trouble for doing this in public?"

Dean had thought about it, all right. The things he and Logan had done were strictly prohibited by society. He would probably be shunned, kicked off the Council and maybe even arrested. In other words, he could lose everything he stood for and spent his whole life building.

"They're already going to put me on trial for harboring an alien. At this point, I don't have a hell of a lot to lose. I only wish I'd spoken up sooner."

Logan shook his head as if dazed. "Nobody has ever made this big a sacrifice for me before."

"Are you willing to do it?" Dean asked.

"Yeah, of course. I'm not ashamed of what I feel for you."

The lights flickered. Dean wondered if it was a signal from the guard that their time was almost up. He'd better wrap things up, just in case.

Throughout their conversation, Dean had sporadically licked and rubbed Logan's hardening cock. With each caress, he strove to pour all the tenderness and healing he possessed into his lover's body. He sped up now.

"Come for me, Logan."

The other man nodded and gasped in pleasure. "Even though I feel half dead, I'm sure you can make me do it."

Dean massaged Logan's balls as he sucked, remembering that long-ago day when he'd first dared to explore this man's body on his bed. His own hard cock begged for release but it would have to wait. Logan came so suddenly he coated half of Dean's face in sticky passion.

"You keep it ready for me," Dean told Logan as he licked his cock clean and tucked it back in his pants. "This beautiful hard cock of yours is going to be your salvation, not

your downfall." He cleaned up with toilet paper. "But it might not just be me. "They're going to want to do anything they can to break the affliction."

Logan glared at him. "Don't send me out as the planet stud to fix all the men's cocks. I'd rather die than be used like that."

Dean grabbed his shoulder. "Do you honestly think I'd let that happen to you? I just want to show them enough so they'll release you to me."

"I'm beginning to wish I'd never landed here."

"Don't say that," Dean whispered. "I'm not going to let anything happen to you."

But as Logan turned away from him and slumped into a ball, Dean realized he'd already given up.

"Hey," Dean said. Logan turned his head. "I love you."

Logan looked back at the floor. "I loved you too."

Hearing the past tense hit Dean even harder than seeing Logan's bruises.

"I know I'm saying it too late but I've felt it for quite a while now."

Logan nodded, his lips twitching in an effort to smile. Soon the door opened and the guard let Dean out. He'd once felt like the most powerful man on the planet. Now he was absolutely helpless.

And it had nothing to do with his soft cock.

Chapter Eighteen

Alysa pushed her way into Pink Hall. It was so crowded it looked as if every woman for miles must have gotten the word about the impromptu Pleasing Pink Club meeting she'd asked Mattie to call to plan how to deal with Logan's crisis.

"Planets, Alysa," Mattie exclaimed. "There's enough food here to feed the entire galaxy. Not that I'm complaining. I've given up using cookers after all those burns."

"It is a lot, isn't it? I cooked all day to distract myself." Logan's fate and getting furloughed from work, because the doctors were afraid she may have come into contact with alien diseases, had crashed her spirits.

After everyone got food and sat down, Mattie gave Alysa the floor. Lorna, who'd come over earlier to apologize for pointing out Logan's erection and getting him discovered, shot her a sympathetic smile. It had been a relief to forgive her and finally let her in on the secret of all the sex she'd been having.

At home earlier this evening, Dean had looked ill when he told her Logan hadn't been treated well and that the Council had voted to kill him. She passed on the news to the women, watching their faces grow paler at each word.

"What has our society come to?" Mattie exclaimed, dropping her fork. "The affliction must have made the Council hysterical."

"That's why we're here, ladies," Lorna said, holding up her glass of iced tea. "Are we going to let our cruel men destroy a man with a perfectly hard cock?"

"No, we'd much rather fuck it," a young blonde woman interjected. Several enthusiastic replies agreed with her.

"Dean says he has something planned for a Council meeting tomorrow morning," Alysa announced, "but he wouldn't tell me what."

Mattie rested her hands on the table. "That's well and good but we can't sit by like helpless women and count on it. We need our own plan."

"Let's march on the meeting," Lorna said.

"What do we do when we get there?" Mattie asked.

"Fuck the alien," a woman yelled. Soon, everybody was chanting it. The fervor of their voices made Alysa cringe. The thought of Logan having sex with other women put a dull ache in her chest but it was nothing compared to the searing pain from fearing his death. "Fuck the alien" was better than "kill the alien" but any mob could quickly get out of control.

"Ladies, please," Mattie said, banging her spoon on the table for attention. "That's not going to solve anything. It might make the men even madder and less rational than they already are."

"We could kidnap him," Lorna suggested. "Then fuck him."

"Now kidnapping just might work," Mattie replied. "We could keep him here."

Lorna gazed at their leader while she nibbled on a chip. "You know, Mattie, you're the most powerful woman of us all. You should be on the Planet Council."

Everyone clapped and voiced their support for the idea. Mattie's lined cheeks blushed pink.

"Thank you but for now I just want to solve this problem." She chewed thoughtfully on a carrot. "We'll wait in the parking lot. If Dean is not successful, we bust in. Alysa can be our contact point." She chewed some more. "And no sex until he's here and safe. I decide who he copulates with."

The response to that part of the proposal sounded less enthusiastic but the formal vote approved it. The women spent the rest of the evening eating while planning conveyer-pools and voicer communication for the next morning. Alysa wondered how anyone could eat under these circumstances but they didn't know or love Logan. To them, he was just a hard cock.

She pushed away her half-empty plate. Unfortunately, the odds of successfully kidnapping him from the Council tomorrow were about as low as solving the stupid affliction that had caused this mess. But they had to try. His life depended on it.

The men wanted to dissect and kill him to find the answer but even though she was a doctor, she knew the answer didn't lie in science. She'd known that the first day when her own examinations of him had turned out completely normal.

At the last meeting, Mattie had mentioned using women's intuition but how? she wondered as she took her dirty dishes to the sink. Which was right beside the cooker. As she ran her hand across the metal surface, a vision of Logan cooking so successfully flashed through her mind.

There's a little male and female energy in all of us, he'd said.

Alysa's heart raced. The answer was in there somewhere but she refused to get excited until it became clearer. Logan had female energy. He was considerate, helped out in the kitchen and even supported her career. She couldn't say the same things about Dean, especially before Logan had arrived and influenced their lives.

But if Logan had more female energy than the average Chromefield male, how could that make Dean's cock hard? Logic pointed to the opposite, male energy. Logan definitely emitted a healthy share of blue light.

Then she remembered the purple light that had appeared the last few times there had been sex in the house but where did that fit in, if at all?

She jumped when a hand touched her shoulder.

"Do you want some aspirin?" Mattie asked. "You're frowning as if you have a fierce headache."

"No, I'm just trying to solve the affliction with women's intuition like you suggested."

"Any luck?" The tone of her voice didn't sound optimistic.

When she shook her head, Lorna snapped her fingers. "Why not tell the men we did solve it? That'll give us leverage to get Mattie nominated for the Council."

Several women stared at her as if she'd lost her mind.

"Because we didn't," Alysa protested.

Lorna poked her with a raw carrot. "You're a doctor. We could brew a special tea and tell them we put something in it extracted from Logan's testicles."

"That doesn't sound ethical," Alysa said. But neither was killing Logan.

Mattie scratched her temple. "I'm actually liking this idea."

"Let's tell them we'll make their cocks a little bigger while we're at it to make up for the lost time," Lorna added. "That ought to get their attention."

"Desperate times call for desperate measures," Mattie said as she grabbed her microphone to announce the idea.

When the vote passed, Lorna clapped her hands and stomped her feet on the floor. "Women rock! Mattie, you just might get on the Council after all. The Pleasing Pink Club isn't going to be so pleasing anymore."

"Then why not change our name?" Alysa suggested. "How about the Power Pink Club?"

She hoped one of these crazy ideas worked so Logan would live. Meanwhile, she had to solve the affliction before it destroyed everything.

* * * * *

Before the Council meeting, Dean found Ed pouring a cup of coffee at the conference room sideboard. Without thinking, Dean punched Ed in the face, splattering coffee across the carpet.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Ed asked, clutching his injured cheek.

"That's nothing compared to what your men have already done to Logan."

Ed pointed a shaky finger at him. "You're already going on trial. Don't make me add assault charges."

Two guards led Logan to a chair and stood behind it after he sat down. Nathan took his seat at the head of the table and called the meeting to order.

"You may begin, Dean," he said. "Start by telling us why you insisted on calling this unplanned meeting."

Dean stood up, feeling his mouth dry to the consistency of paper. This was it. The moment he had to admit to the Council, and essentially the whole planet, that he'd shared unbridled passion with another man. An alien man, no less.

But the look Logan sent him from across the table made it all worth it. Even though one eye was still partially swelled shut, admiration and love were clearly visible in their blue depths.

"Gentlemen, if you're going to kill this man because he can get an erection, then you might as well kill me too."

Ed studied him with rapt concentration. "What are you saying, Dean? Your cock isn't afflicted anymore?"

Dean managed a small smile. "No, he cured me."

"Prove it," Ed said, leaning back in his chair and folding his arms.

Dean had expected this demand for proof. Unfortunately, his cock had other ideas. Although Logan was only sitting a few feet away, all the recent stress had made his organ as limp as an overcooked noodle.

Taking a deep breath, he walked to Logan's side of the table and asked the guards to stand back. Nathan nodded at them, allowing it. When Logan stood up, Dean hugged him and kissed his lips gently.

Ed and Nathan watched them so intently Dean swore he could feel their eyes boring holes into his flesh. Every instinct from his past screamed at him to sit down. Standing at the podium with Alysa during the charity gala was the image he'd always projected.

Not this. Not lusting after a beat-up man in an orange jumpsuit. Loving Logan in the privacy of his home was one thing. Going public in front of the Planet Council was quite another but Logan would surely die if he didn't.

Turning away from the others, Dean slid his hand across Logan's fly, stroking the hardness through the fabric. He needed to see Logan's cock so he unfastened his pants and stroked it slowly. A twinge of excitement shot through his balls but nothing else.

Logan's face was white under the purple bruises. When he reached for Dean's fly, Dean let him take his cock out too.

"Is this pathetic display supposed to impress us?" Ed said, sneering at the sight of Dean's limp organ.

Dean ignored him, struggling to concentrate on the sensual feel of Logan's calloused hand stroking his flesh. After several agonizing moments of that, Ed drummed his fingers on the table and Nathan had a coughing fit.

"You've really lost it, Dean," Ed declared. "We have better things to do than this."

Logan drew Dean close and whispered in his ear. "Come on, man. Don't let me down."

"I'm trying," Dean whispered back. Tears burned the back of his eyes. He'd never hated the affliction as much as he did at this moment. This wasn't about not feeling like a man. It was about being too helpless to save the life of the man he cared about.

"Do you remember the night by the couch when I made you suck my cock?" Logan asked. Dean nodded. "Relive it. Put yourself in that moment and pretend it's just you and me alone."

Dean nodded again, dropping to his knees.

"Suck my cock," Logan ordered out loud. "I want to feel your lips on me and come in your mouth."

Dean obeyed, planting his hands on Logan's hips and drawing his cock into his mouth. Even Logan's cock wasn't as hard as usual. The stress must be getting to him too, Dean thought as he tried to block everything else out.

As Logan's hard, wet flesh battered his mouth, Dean's balls tightened and his own cock finally came to life as blood shot to his groin. The aroma of male musk and blue light filled the air around them. Still sucking, he unzipped his fly so impatiently he jammed the zipper so he reached down and yanked it open the rest of the way. His custom-tailored pants were ruined but he couldn't have cared less.

Now that he'd put himself in the mood, it was hard to stop. He needed Logan's cum in his mouth again. It was as precious to him now as life itself. Instead, he pulled away and stood up straight, displaying his rigid shaft to Ed and Nathan. And showing Ed what he couldn't have was twice as satisfying as punching him earlier.

"Well, I'll be," Nathan declared, adjusting his glasses. "It's a boner, all right."

"I don't believe it," Ed said, standing up. "How is this possible?"

Dean put his cock back inside his fly and Logan did the same. "I don't know how he does it but he does. With him, I'm hard. Without him, I'm not," Dean said. "If he helped me, he can help others too. Now do you really want to kill someone with this kind of power?"

Nathan looked at Ed. "I believe we'd better rethink our strategy."

Ed crossed his arms and started pacing. "So in order to have hard cocks ourselves, we have to have sexual contact with him? That sucks."

"Literally," Dean said, managing a small grin. "Seriously though, we don't know exactly how he counteracts the affliction. It could be something unique to men from his planet."

"Then cure me too," Ed said, walking toward Logan and kneeling down.

Logan almost wished he were back in his cell. The last thing he wanted was this odious little man, the same one who had ordered his death, to suck him off. He didn't want anybody touching him except Dean and Alysa. Unfortunately he also wanted to live.

"Do it," Dean told him.

Logan pulled his cock back out of his pants and tried hard to imagine Dean was the one about to put his mouth on him. He still couldn't believe he had sacrificed his standing in the community to "come out" about their passion for each other, much less demonstrate it publicly. It just made Logan admire and love him even more.

Nathan adjusted his glasses again. "Ed, are you about to do what I think you are?"

"What can I say?" Ed said as he roughly grabbed Logan's cock. "I'm a desperate man."

Just before Logan closed his eyes, he noticed Dean turn away.

It was awful. Logan struggled to maintain an erection he could barely keep as Ed slurped and nipped him with his sharp teeth. Finally, the man stood up and batted at his own crotch.

"I don't believe this. I'm as soft as ever. Is this some kind of joke, Dean? Are you plotting to help the aliens take over?"

"I wouldn't joke about something as serious as this," Dean replied. "Believe me, I wish like hell everyone's cocks worked again."

Nathan cleared his throat. "You may put your penis away, Mr. McKay. I have no desire to test the affliction on my own organ. As long as I can pee out of it, that's all I care about at my age."

"Reverse the order to kill him," Dean demanded. "We'll vote on it right now."

Ed sat back down. "Why should we? So you can get your jollies off while the rest of us stay afflicted?"

"Because it's the only hope you've got," Dean insisted.

Logan sat down too and crossed his fingers as the vote took place. Dean and Nathan voted to save him. Ed objected at first but finally agreed. If Logan ever got access to clean water and soap again, the first thing he was going to do was scrub every trace of that worm off his shaft. To his amazement, they also agreed to cancel Dean's trial and let Logan go back home with him under his custody.

"Does Alysa know about what you two do together?" Ed asked.

"Yes," a female voice from the back corner of the room said. Everyone's gaze shot in that direction.

"Alysa, what are you doing here?" Dean asked.

The back door opened and an endless line of women crowded inside.

"What's going on?" Nathan asked, half standing in his seat.

An older woman with short hair stepped forward. Dressed in a sweater vest with sailboats on it, she resembled someone's comfortable grandma.

"We figured out how to solve the affliction," she declared.

Nathan eyed her skeptically. "Excellent. Let's hear it, Matilda."

"Oh no," she said, shaking her head. "We're not going to just hand it over like that. For starters, I want to be nominated for a seat on the Council when you retire. It's about time we had a woman in our head government. We women also demand the right to vote."

"That's preposterous," Ed said. "Only men are equipped to run the planet."

"Well, you didn't look too *equipped* while ago," Lorna spoke up, followed by a ripple of female laughter.

"And we're only going to cure one man at a time on a case-by-case basis," Mattie added.

"You're bluffing," Ed said, waving his hand.

Mattie shrugged and turned toward the door. "Oh well. If you're not interested, it's no skin off our noses."

"They don't look as if they're bluffing to me," Dean said.

"The Council will meet tomorrow," Nathan declared, standing up. "This meeting is adjourned." Then he looked at Dean. "You may take custody of your alien now but if he does anything harmful or illegal, you're fully responsible."

"Absolutely," Dean replied as his face split with a huge grin.

Pushing through the crowd of women, Dean, Logan and Alysa ran into a group hug.

"Look at you," Alysa cried, running her feather-soft hands across his face. "What did they do to you?"

Logan clutched her fingers and kissed them. "I'm okay now."

"Come on," Dean said, putting his arm around both of them. "Let's go home." Then he frowned at Alysa. "And you have some explaining to do."

Logan decided then and there that "home" was now his favorite word.

Chapter Nineteen

As soon as Dean and Alysa got Logan home, they engulfed him in a three-way hug.

"Easy. I have injuries," Logan said as he looked around the living room. "I never thought I'd be so glad to see this place again."

Dean squeezed his shoulder. "Welcome home, Logan."

Feeling Logan in her arms again reminded her how long it had been since she'd climaxed but he didn't look as if he were in any shape for sex.

"I can't believe what they did to you," she said. When she gently stroked his face and kissed the bruises on it, his eyes looked damp.

She took his hand and led him to the bathroom. "I need to treat your injuries." Helping someone made being furloughed easier to handle. "Then I'm going to fix you a nice meal."

"Good," he replied, wincing when she dabbed antiseptic on his face. "They practically starved me. But first I really need a cleansing shower. I've never felt so filthy in my life."

"You have some explaining to do," Dean told her while she prepared dinner. "Why in the hell did what looked like every woman on the planet show up at the Council meeting today?"

Alysa closed the cooker door, hoping the food wouldn't burn. "Because we couldn't sit by and let Logan die without doing something about it."

"I've never been crazy about the idea of you going to those meetings and having your head filled with resentment for men. Now that they talked you into marching on the Council without discussing it with me first, I really don't. Besides, I told you I had a plan."

She crossed her arms. "Yes, but since you didn't trust me enough to share it with me, I didn't share ours either. We women are tired of being treated like second-class citizens."

"We don't..." but he didn't finish as he poured himself a glass of wine. "So what's the big cure for the affliction?"

"You sound skeptical," she said as she made a pitcher of tea.

"Can you blame me? If the planet's top scientists can't figure it out—"

"Then how can a woman, right?" she asked.

He sipped some wine. "Look, it doesn't matter who solves the affliction just as long as it gets solved. Now how does the cure work?"

"I can't tell you. Mattie deserves a nomination to the Council and you know it. Please make sure that happens at the next Council meeting."

"I don't think I can do that. A woman has never been on the Council."

"Damn you—" She heard the bathroom door open. "Logan must be finished his shower."

Dean nodded and set his wineglass down. "We need to concentrate on him now."

The issue wasn't the affliction, she thought. Dean didn't think women were equal to men and probably never would. But she refused to let her dismay cloud the happiness of Logan's safe return.

After dinner, the three of them lingered in the hallway. Desire gleamed in both men's eyes but so much had happened it was as if they were all strangers again and had to start over.

Logan looked at Dean. "Do you still want me after all that mess at the Council?"

Dean grabbed Logan by the shoulders and looked into his eyes. "Of course I want you. I will always want you. Anytime. Anywhere."

Logan responded by kissing him. Watching them at the Council meeting had enthralled her so much she couldn't blink. Her panties had gotten so wet. The stakes of Logan's life just made the encounter more intense.

She needed to come now. It had been too long but what if Logan was too tired? When she kissed him, his hard bulge and passionate mouth dissolved that misconception in a hurry.

"Alysa, let's get this man in bed and fuck him already," Dean said.

As soon as the three of them took off their clothes and got on the bed, the voicer rang. When her boss told her to come to work tomorrow, everything was back to normal.

"Now where were we?" she whispered as she lay on top of Logan. The full-body contact of their bare skin sent her nerve endings into overdrive. His hard cock grazed her belly but she ignored it for a moment to caress his face.

"We missed you so much," she said, her voice hoarse with emotion. "I don't know what I'd have done if you'd died."

Logan locked his arms around her, squeezing her hard. "Well, let me prove to you just how alive I really am."

"Ahem," Dean said, clearing his throat. "Remember me?"

"Hell, yeah," Logan said, reaching up to stroke his face. "I want to make love with both of you at once again. Anybody have a problem with that?"

Alysa and Dean heartily said no at the same time. She lay on one side of Logan and Dean on the other. Both took turns lazily fondling his cock and balls.

"I want to enter you," Dean said, "the way you did me."

Logan grinned. "I thought you'd never ask. So that leaves my cock and Alysa both free. Hmm. What should I do with Alysa?"

Her cunt grew drenched just thinking of all the possibilities.

"Lie on your back," he told her "I want to fuck that sweet little pussy of yours while Dean works on my ass."

While Logan leaned over her, Dean took some lubricant out of the nightstand.

"Let me," she said.

She squeezed some of the warm, golden oil into her palm and rubbed it onto the smooth head of Dean's thick cock before lying on her back. Logan and Alysa stared into each other's eyes as his long shaft pushed agonizingly slowly into her swollen heat.

"You're tighter than ever," he told her.

"That's because it's been too long since I did this. Fuck me, Logan," she said, wriggling under his hips.

But he shook his head. "Not this time. This is about love so we're going to go nice and slow."

Once his length was fully inside her, he teased her nipples with light caresses of his wet tongue. His face drew up with surprise and then pleasure as Dean worked his finger into his bud. The flood of pheromones in the air from both men bathed her cunt with cream. After another slow stroke, Logan took a ragged breath.

"Enough finger," he told Dean. "Put that cock in me."

It was as if Logan's cock grew inside her when Dean slowly buried himself into Logan's channel. Alysa pinched her nipples as Logan filled her again and again. Then he kissed her, working his tongue between her lips as slowly as his cock thrust inside her drenched core.

He groaned every time Dean pulled out of him. She grew dizzy with the sounds of Dean rubbing Logan's back and the slick, firm thrusts into each other's bodies that made them all moan and pant in a harmonious chorus.

She had never felt so joined to other people in her life, as if they were all one. It was the sweetest lovemaking she'd ever experienced and especially poignant from the loss they'd almost faced. Her muscles grew tenser and tenser. She needed to come. The force of several days of separation was ready to rip out of her like a cannonball.

"Please," she said, gasping. "I need – Faster."

"You heard her," Logan said, turning his head. "Fuck me harder and faster so I can hammer Alysa's pussy until she comes."

The force of Dean's thrusts slammed Logan's body into hers, until the swollen head of his penis pounded against her cervix, stoking the orgasm building there.

"Planets," Dean said with a ragged voice. "You're so damn tight, Logan. I-I'm coming."

While Dean yelled out his climax, her pussy clamped around Logan's cock while spasm after spasm wrung her body as if it were a dishrag. The force of it bucked her hips and made her thrash her head side to side against the pillow.

For a moment, she swore it had blinded her. She was still twitching with spasms as Logan bellowed a deep groan and shot his hot seed into her with shallow, rapid-fire thrusts.

Afterward, they dismounted until they were lying next to each other again. The room was too still, a big contrast to their rapid breaths and pounding hearts. Alysa wanted to lie there with them forever, away from the rest of the cruel world.

Logan lay with the people he loved most by his side, marveling how he'd gone from the hell of imprisonment to this heaven so quickly. He was alive and home.

"I love you, both of you," he said. They answered in kind, squeezing his hands. "So when are you two going to set the wedding date?" he asked.

"I'd almost forgotten about it," Dean admitted.

Alysa popped up on one elbow, making her beautiful breasts bounce. "Why don't the three of us get married? It wouldn't feel right without Logan."

"I've never heard of such a thing," Dean said.

"So we'll be the first," she argued. "What do you think, Logan?"

His hand flew to his mouth and chin. "I-I don't know. It's a pretty wild idea." He loved lying in bed with them like this. Marriage was another story. "If you two get married, I don't mind hanging around."

Alysa lay back down again, all enthusiasm dying on her face.

"Logan has been through a lot," Dean said. "Let's all recover for a while before we tackle marriage." He winked at Logan. "Besides, I think I need to fuck him a few more times before I make up my mind."

She nodded. "Sure, that's fine. I don't mind if you two want some time alone once in a while."

"That still goes for any of us," Dean said, "but I'm really starting to like the number three."

"Me too," Logan admitted.

Thank goodness they'd dropped the subject of marriage. He wasn't ready and didn't know if he ever would be. He just wanted...this.

* * * * *

"Tell her we need proof," Ed said at the next Council meeting a few days later.

As Dean faced Ed across the conference table, it was hard to believe how surreal the last meeting had been with Logan's life on the line, public sex and the march of women.

Today seemed almost normal. Nathan wasn't coming until later because all the recent excitement had made him feel under the weather.

"There's no way Matilda Hawkins is getting nominated for a seat on this council without proof she can cure the affliction," Ed insisted.

"So if she does cure it, you'd consider having a woman aboard?" Dean asked.

"Why not?" Ed replied with a dry laugh. "We let you stay even though you're a kinky sex fiend."

Dean looked away. He'd put his Council seat and reputation on the line for Logan. Miraculously, he hadn't lost either because they'd brought the men a step closer to solving the affliction. Ed had broken the taboo too.

"She is qualified for the job," Dean said, wishing he'd admitted as much to Alysa.

"We men aren't doing so great," Ed admitted as he took his pen apart. "Maybe it's time for a change."

"What happened to us, Ed?"

The other man emitted a heavy sigh. "The affliction. Lust for power. Putting an alien's cock in my mouth was a real eye opener." He screwed the pen back together. "You've changed. The old Dean never would have dared to do what you did."

"Love changes people," Dean admitted. "Does this mean you respect me now?"

Ed nodded. "I really hated you when I found out your cock worked and mine didn't but hating isn't going to solve the problem." He rubbed his face. "I can't believe I almost executed an innocent person."

"From now on," Dean said, "let's put the planet and its people first and our egos and cocks last. What do you say?"

"Aye," Ed replied with a smile.

Nathan shuffled back to the table. "Did I miss anything important?"

Dean looked at Ed, deciding not to share their private conversation. "We need to pick a guinea pig male to test Matilda's cure for the affliction. If it's successful, she gets nominated for the Council."

All three voted in favor of it. There, Dean thought. He'd compromised, which should make Alysa happy. If the cure worked, she'd have what she wanted.

* * * * *

"Are you ready, Jay?" Mattie asked two days later in Pink Hall.

It was time for the big test of the fake affliction cure. Dean had chosen Jay Walters as a reward for working so hard on the signaler.

Alysa handed him a steaming mug of green goop consisting of various vegetables and spices.

"What exactly is this, Dr. Barry?" he asked.

She gulped despite having rehearsed the scientific explanation she knew he'd expect. "The alien's testicles contain a special enzyme conducive to erections. It's present in his semen."

Jay made a sour expression as he stared into the cup. "Must I drink it all?"

Alysa struggled to maintain a straight face as she nodded. "You should feel the effects in about ten minutes."

"Here goes," he said, gulping down the whole thing and thumping the empty mug on the table.

"I'm the official cock tester," Lorna told him. Her red bandeau halter did nothing to hide her nipples while hip-hugger jeans exposed her gold navel ring. She kissed him, smoothed her breasts against him, pulled his shirt loose from his waistband and ran her tongue across his flat belly.

"Oh that's nice," he said, shivering. "Shit. Now my balls hurt."

"That means it's working," she said as she bared one breast and pulled him by the ponytail so he'd bend down to lick her dark, extended nipple. Pink light hovered around her as she stroked her cleft through her tight pants. The scent of her insatiable hunger lingered in the air.

"I bet you can't wait to fuck me," she said, thrusting her tongue into his mouth.

Alysa's panties became moist just watching them.

Jay panted and backed up from Lorna. "You're killing me, woman."

"It's test time," Alysa said, looking at her watch.

Lorna wiggled her fingers. "Ta-da," she declared as she unzipped his fly.

A murmur of embarrassment rippled around the room as his limp organ flopped out. The enthusiasm never dimmed on her face as she stroked and stroked.

"Take another drink," Alysa told him.

It didn't work, of course. Neither did the third drink. When a fourth was suggested, Jay jerked his zipper back up and headed toward the door.

"I've had enough humiliation for one night. You women are all crazy. I can't believe I fell for this."

Mattie walked over to him holding out a plate of brownies. "Could you just tell the Council it worked so I can get nominated? You can have these brownies."

"Keep your damn brownies and your vile-tasting concoctions," Jay said. "I don't think a woman should be on the Council anyway."

Lorna crossed her arms. "If that's your attitude, then good riddance, softie."

Mattie sighed after he left. "Well, we knew it wouldn't work, but it would've been nice if he'd agreed to lie about it to cover up the humiliation he went through here."

Alysa sat down and put her head in her hands. "We knew there wasn't much chance of that. You'll never get nominated now." At least Dean had become open to

nominating her. Although it was contingent on a cure they didn't have, it was something.

"I really wanted to fuck him too," Lorna complained, "even though it wasn't possible and he acted like an ass."

Mattie clapped her hands. "Enough glumness, ladies. We've made a little progress with men's attitudes and the cure is still out there somewhere for us to find. In the meantime, sperm can be extracted from men so it's not as if the population is in any danger of dying out."

Alysa picked up the empty mug. The cure was close. She could almost taste it.

* * * * *

Alysa beat her hands against Logan's chest soon after he and Dean showed up at her clinic office. "How can you leave after everything that's happened between us? We almost lost you once already."

Dean had warned him she'd react this way. Catching her wrists and holding her close, Logan told her about the meeting they'd just had at Gal-X with Jay, who couldn't believe he'd been working with an alien all this time. Apparently he'd gotten so frustrated being teased by Lorna he kept working on the signaler project even after it was canceled.

"Jay has been researching male-female energy and is sure he can get spaceships to land and take off safely now," Dean added.

The lights flickered, distracting them all for a moment.

"That's been happening since last night," she said, looking up at the ceiling. "I'm seeing cases of more severe cooker burns too."

Logan kissed the tip of Alysa's nose. "I have to go home if I can, for the planet. To help Chromefield research and cure the affliction. Besides, you and Dean have your careers. I need a purpose too."

"You have lots of purposes," she insisted.

His sore cock twitched in his pants. Well, he did have at least one purpose. She'd practically milked him dry lately with one fabulous hand job and blow job after another to collect more sperm to analyze and compare to Dean's.

She glared at Dean. "How can you let him do this? I thought you loved him."

"I don't want him to go any more than you do but he has to, Alysa," Dean replied.

"I suppose you'll leave me too after he's gone."

"I'm not going anywhere," he said as he drew her away from Logan and into his own arms.

She pulled back. "Well, I don't believe you. All my life everyone I've ever cared about has left me. Get out, both of you."

Logan winced. Her reaction was worse than he'd expected. His mission didn't make him love her any less but she'd never understand. He just had an overwhelming need to get away that he couldn't quite explain.

"I have a better idea," Dean said, pulling both of them by the arm. "Let's take Logan to the clinic's supply room where I fucked you before. We'll show him such a good time he'll come back to us."

"Or maybe he'll never leave at all," Alysa said hopefully.

If sex would cheer her up, Logan was all for it. The three of them ended up inside a small room. Dean unfastened Logan's pants, shoved them down to his knees and ordered him to kneel on the floor. Logan's bare cock stood at erect attention as he wondered what would happen next.

"Where do you keep the lubricant?" Dean asked her.

"Top shelf."

Lubricant? It reminded him of the first day he'd arrived and received her magical hand job.

"Suck his cock, sweetheart," Dean told her.

She squatted and wasted no time wrapping her lush, tight lips around his shaft.

"Not too loud," Dean warned Logan when he groaned.

He knew exactly what the lubricant was for and stifled the urge to groan again when Dean's hot, biting mouth traveled across his ass cheeks. A second later, Dean wormed his slippery, lubed finger into Logan's anus, reminding him of when his big, smooth cock had slid inside him the day he returned home from prison.

While Dean pushed and probed his body, Alysa pulled and sucked on it. The farther the other man drove his finger inside him, the deeper he rooted his cock inside her warm, wet mouth.

"Come quickly, Logan," she told him. "We could get interrupted any second."

"Don't worry," he said as his heart hammered his ribs. "I'm almost there."

He backed against Dean's finger harder, wiggling his hips to increase the thrusting sensations. Alysa's tongue played with his cock head while she sucked him, bringing him even closer to release. But it was Dean's teeth, digging into the muscles of his ass, without breaking the skin that shot him over the edge.

Dean rocked his finger side to side while Logan filled her mouth with so much cum she almost choked. Logan's knees crumpled in weakness while his lovers held him tight from front and behind. How could he, in his right mind, ever want to leave this?

"Paging Dr. Barry."

Alysa jumped up as she cleaned her mouth with paper towels and washed her hands in the small sink. "Crap. That's my boss."

They cleaned up in record time and followed her to her office where a man, presumably her boss, looked as flushed and out of breath as they were.

"There's been a big pileup on the freeway," he said. "Lots of injuries and some of the victims will end up here."

She put her hand over her mouth. "Oh my God."

Dean's face paled. Highways were under his jurisdiction. "Do they have any idea what caused it?"

"The police think it's from an energy imbalance, making the conveyers stop and accelerate suddenly," her boss reported.

"It's the energy," Dean said. "It's gone haywire."

"Now do you see, Alysa?" Logan asked after the doctor rushed out, "why we have to contact Geo for help?"

She nodded slowly. "I don't want to but I think I do."

Chapter Twenty

"Dean's not going to like it," Alysa said.

Logan rubbed her tired feet while she ate in the dining area. She'd come home very late for the fourth straight night in a row and every part of her body hurt in one way or another. The constant power outages had made everything twice as hard.

"Dean's not going to like what?" He stood there in his bathrobe, his face looking as serious as chiseled stone.

"Alysa got promoted to full-time partner at the clinic," Logan announced.

Dean moved as if he'd just thawed loose from a block of ice as he eased into one of the chairs. Her shoulders slumped at the thought of their voicer conversations over the last few days, ending in arguments about her working late.

"You're going to — You mean you already accepted it without discussing it with me first?"

She pushed away the plate of salad Logan had made for her, her appetite suddenly gone. She was too tired for this.

"How could I not accept it? It's what I've always wanted."

Dean raised his chin. "What you always wanted used to be me."

"That hasn't changed," she insisted. "Why can't you just be happy for me?"

"Because I'll never see you."

"I'm going to go watch the visualizer," Logan said, "where it's safer."

"You've been working extra hours because of the highway crisis," she pointed out.

"That's different," he protested.

Alysa got up and took her empty plate to the kitchen. "No, it isn't. My job is not a hobby," she said over her shoulder. "It's a commitment."

The power went out so she lit the candle Logan had left on the counter.

Dean stood behind her with his hands on his hips. "What are you saying? That if it came down to a choice between work and me, you'd choose your job?"

She held on to the question as if it were a weighted ball. The old Alysa would have chosen Dean hands down but the highway accidents had earned her the full respect of her medical peers. She was a good doctor and needed to follow her calling.

Just as Logan needed to follow his, she realized. She had to stop opposing him just as Dean had to stop opposing her.

"Don't make me choose," she finally said.

"Believe me, I don't want to," Dean said, his voice especially low and quiet. "But if you accept that promotion our relationship won't work."

Her tired body came to life as her heart accelerated and the lights came back on.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Dean, because I'm not turning it down."

* * * * *

Logan flipped channel after channel with the remote. There was nothing good on and it was hard to concentrate anyway with Alysa and Dean arguing. He had enough on his own mind lately. If the next outbound signaler message was approved, it would be officially sent at a formal ceremony.

Even though he'd originally planned to stay at Gal-X to help toughen up for the possible trip home, he couldn't seem to break away from this house. He'd never experienced a bond so strong.

While the shower ran, Dean came out and flopped on to the couch, looking like a sullen kid.

"Is Alysa not in the mood tonight?" Logan asked.

Dean shook his head. "I didn't even try. She chose her promotion over me."

"Sorry, man," Logan said. "It's too bad you two can't compromise." He crossed his ankles on the coffee table. "Let me guess. You came out here for a little jump-start. What do you want me to do? Rub it? Suck it?"

The idea didn't make him feel used after what Dean had done for him at that fateful Council meeting.

"No, I'm not going to bother you with that this time," Dean said.

"Oh it's no bother," Logan replied, feeling his own cock swell to attention at the sight of Dean's furred chest where his robe gapped open. "I want to do it."

He put his hand on Dean's thigh, pushing under the hem of the robe until he got a handful of warm cock and balls. Impatient, he pulled Dean's robe open, revealing his soft cock. Logan wet his finger and ran it down the smooth, pink shaft. Nothing happened.

"I must be losing my touch," he said. Then he pulled down his sweatpants to reveal his own stiff organ, the tip glistening with pre-cum, and blue energy.

Dean rubbed it absently but nothing happened between his own legs. What was going on? Logan wondered. He could always get Dean hard. Logan ached to feel his mouth or tight, lubricated ass around his own cock but now wasn't the time.

"It's no use," Dean said, gently pushing Logan's hand away. "It feels completely dead. Just like the conveyers went haywire, I think the affliction has intensified."

All the more reason to return to Geo, Logan thought, before his own cock stopped working.

* * * * *

"I've solved the affliction," Alysa announced to Dean late one evening in the kitchen. They'd both put in a lot of long hours that day but she couldn't wait to share her astounding news.

"Is this another bogus concoction cooked up by the women's club?" he asked as he poured himself some wine.

He didn't even look at her. Things had been frosty between them since she'd chosen her career over him. Instead of being sad, she'd spent all her energy trying to solve the affliction. Although Jay Walters wasn't too thrilled with her either, she'd managed to get him to share his male-female energy research.

The rest was women's intuition. Images of Logan, the cooker, and purple light plus Mattie's stories of how well things had worked in the good old days led her to the one obvious conclusion. It was so simple it was almost stupid. How could they all have missed it for so long?

"The affliction happened because men and women stopped working together," she told him. "The cure is very simple. We have to work together again."

"That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," he replied. "There's no scientific basis in that solution."

She raised her chin. "Oh I have a whole folder of scientific data from Jay. It just needed women's intuition to draw the conclusion." She paced around the kitchen. "Allow me to explain. Although there are exceptions like my boss, so many men have become arrogant and tried to take over they've screwed up the natural balance of collective male-female energy on the planet. As a result, everything is failing, including cookers, conveyers and men's cocks. Women are also insanely horny and it's just getting worse. If this goes on, our whole planet could be compromised."

"Don't be melodramatic, Alysa."

"I'm not. Today our technology and men's cocks are affected. What if it spreads to other aspects of our health? Or our plants and weather?"

The power flickered as if to underscore her point.

Dean folded his arms. "Go on."

"Logan was the key," she explained. "When he arrived, our cooker worked perfectly because he cooked with me and supported my career. You submitted to him sexually and I even became less horny because I got to focus more on my job."

"Then why doesn't my cock work now?" he asked irritably. "Logan is still here."

She held up her finger. "Yes but you're also opposing my career more than ever. His presence isn't enough to counteract your excessive male energy anymore."

"It's very late. Let's stop this rambling and go to bed," he said waving his hands.

"No," she said, grabbing his arm, "we're going to prove it right now. The dishwasher hasn't worked in a week. We're going to operate it together."

"Fine." He glared at it as if he couldn't wait for it to prove her wrong.

One by one, they loaded dirty dishes, inserted the soap and operated the controls.

"Now put your hands on it and give it all the energy you've got," she said, doing the same.

The sight of him standing beside her, working together with her in the kitchen made her eyes burn unexpectedly with tears. Logan did things like this but she'd never dreamed Dean would. This was how things were supposed to be. A feeling of rightness blended with their energy, combining into vibrant purple. Within moments, the machine came to life, humming and washing as if it were brand new.

He scratched his forehead as he stared at the appliance. "Wow. It must be a coincidence." Then he rubbed his crotch. "So how come my cock still doesn't work?"

Alysa clasped her hands together in glee. Thank goodness this little test had worked. At least she had his attention now.

"Getting our dishwasher to work is just one small step of many we have to take. It's going to take a lot more to fix your cock, let alone the whole planet."

"So what's the next step?" he asked.

"Accept my career."

"You ask too much," he said quietly as he left the room.

* * * * *

Dean put loads of miles on his conveyer's odometer over the next few days with his security people following. He insisted on personally testing the roads to make sure no more severe energy imbalances would crop up again and cause accidents.

It also gave him time to think. His cock had been dead for days now. No matter how much he thought about the hot sex he'd shared with Alysa and Logan, it refused to get hard. He was convinced the affliction was going to destroy the whole planet as she had warned. The conveyer pileup proved there was more at stake now than cocks.

Sunset splashed across the horizon in beautiful shades of pink against the blue sky, one color battling against the other. It reminded him of Alysa's pink light.

He didn't care to marry a busy doctor but he wanted her to be happy. All he needed was to love her. Even if he couldn't have sex. Even if she didn't come home on time or cook gourmet dinners. He only wanted to love her—just the way she was.

He was tired of fighting over what was supposed to be male and what was supposed to be female. What if her theory about male-female energy was true? Could the solution really be as simple, and hard, as working together? For the sake of their future, and the planet's, he had to try.

When he looked up at the sky again, he noticed the pink and blue had merged into a rich shade of purple.

* * * * *

Alysa came home to the delicious scent of vegetable stew. She assumed Logan was cooking it even though he wasn't in the kitchen. Oddly enough, Dean stood beside the cooker and didn't even seem to notice his shirt was stained.

"There are going to be some changes around here," he announced.

She kicked off her shoes. "Don't start. I'm too tired for another fight."

When Logan came in, she thanked him for cooking dinner but he held up his hands. "I didn't do a thing except teach Dean."

Dean?

"I'm the one who's changing," he said, stirring the soup.

Her brow puckered with disbelief as she walked closer to him and stared at the cooker. "Dean, are you feeling all right?"

"I've never been better. It's not easy to change what's been ingrained by society about men's and women's roles but I'm going to do my best. For starters, I'm going to try to get Mattie nominated for the Council. I also accept your career but please discuss big decisions with me before you make them."

She rushed into his arms, stained shirt and all. "Oh Dean. Of course I will. I can't believe this. It's a dream come true."

"I love you very much, by the way," he added.

As she kissed him, the air around them filled with beautiful, purple light and when he placed her hand over his crotch, his cock came undeniably back to life.

"Oh Dean. You're hard again! My theory worked. The affliction is solved!"

"So it is," he said, looking down. "But you know what? It doesn't even matter. I don't need a stiff cock to feel like a man anymore."

Logan had stood at a respectful distance but now he hugged them both to his body. "I'm so happy you two have finally found peace."

"How long does this soup have to simmer?" Dean asked.

Alysa ran a spoon through it to check. "Oh at least an hour."

"What could we possibly do in one hour?" Logan asked as he stroked the curve of her ass.

Pink light flooded from her pussy, which simmered now along with the soup. "I can think of a few things."

"I for one would like to test Dean's cock," Logan said, rubbing Dean's fly, "just to make sure it's working properly."

"Yes. Yes," she said, frantically unbuttoning her shirt. "I want both of your cocks in me now. Right here in the kitchen."

They settled on the dining area carpet. Stripped and lubed, they lay on their sides. Logan faced Alysa, holding her top leg up a little for better access to her cunt. Behind her, Dean teased her rosette with his slippery finger.

"Enter me at the same time," she told them.

While Logan's cock slid into her pussy, Dean's pushed into her tight crevice. Once they were inside all the way, she moaned and panted as she adjusted to the sensation of being completely filled from the waist down.

"Are you all right, sweetheart?" Dean asked as he reached around and caressed her hardened nipple.

"I just had to get used to it," she said, nodding. "I love you both so much. I—" Words deserted her as the emotions of achieving harmony with Dean and Logan overwhelmed her.

Their hot, pulsating cocks rested inside her, waiting for her signal to move. Her pussy and anus stretched and squeezed, feasting on the slippery hardness.

"Move now," she told them, barely able to catch her breath. "Fuck me but do it together."

"Ready, set, go," Logan said, sliding out. When Dean did the same, the sense of loss was overwhelming. She clawed the carpet, desperate to be filled again.

"In," Dean said.

She threw back her head and moaned when their beautiful cocks invaded her again on tight, slick paths of torturous pleasure in perfect tandem. They filled her so fully and so hard, she ached with it. Her nipples swelled and ached too as she pulled on them.

"Out," Logan chanted.

"Faster," she managed to beg, half sobbing. They kept chanting, thrusting in and out so fast she half moaned and screamed continually, like a singer holding a very long note.

Dean came first, firing a chain reaction. She yelled just enough to catch her breath and yelled some more. Both cocks bathed her in hot cum inside, pulsing in tune to the spasmodic grip of her pussy walls. It was so strong she couldn't imagine how they'd ever escape her body.

Logan threw back his head. "You've never squeezed this hard before, Alysa. You're battering my cock."

They both pulled out at once, spent and limp. Alysa trembled in their arms, awed by the harmony and love they'd created. Now they just had to save the planet but what they'd just shared made anything seem possible.

* * * * *

"I've never seen so many people in once place," Logan declared.

Alysa hadn't either. They were seated in the huge Chromefield Conference Center where teleconferencing equipment broadcast this emergency citizen's meeting to the entire planet.

Dean stood before a podium, emblazoned with the CCC logo, with the rest of the Council.

"I'm thrilled to announce the affliction has a solution." The applause was so thunderous Dean had to wave his hands to get everyone to quiet down. "We've already tested it on a couple of men and it works."

"Yeah, Jay is a real happy camper these days," Logan said in her ear.

So was Lorna, Alysa thought. "Yay! Alysa solved the affliction. Hard cocks and fucking again for everyone," her friend had said, toasting her success at a recent Power Pink Club meeting.

"The male and female energy on this planet is out of balance," Dean said, looking up when the power flickered, "causing problems like the affliction and the traffic accidents. If we let it continue, the entire planet could eventually be destroyed."

"So how did we get into this mess?" one man yelled from the audience.

"It's been a gradual, insidious process," Dean told him. "We men have been so power hungry and inconsiderate in our relationships we've messed up the male-female energy balance."

"Fixing it is not going to be easy," he explained. "You men will have to change your attitudes about women. They are our equals and unless you fully accept that as I've done, you'll never have an erection again."

Dean pointed to the new planet flag beside him where pink and blue circles intersected to purple. "The goal is evenly blended purple light, meaning male and female energy is in perfect balance." The auditorium filled with enthusiastic cheering and clapping. "Now Nathan, our Council Chief, has an announcement."

Nathan cleared his throat. "It's been my pleasure to serve all of you for these many years. But frankly I'm old and tired and it's time for me to retire. At the upcoming election, you may vote for Council members Dean Harding or Ed Huff to replace me."

"Thank you but I'm not running," Dean said. "I'm happy where I am and I need the time to cook with my fiancée."

Alysa squeezed Logan's hand and grinned so hard her face almost split in half. The crowd congratulated Ed on his subsequent promotion to Council Chief and Nathan read a list of names of the nominees to fill Ed's seat.

"And the latest nominee is Matilda Hawkins." He cleared his throat again. "In addition, adult women are now qualified to vote."

"If you want to solve the affliction, men," Dean said, "I suggest you vote for Matilda." He smiled and looked down. "Women are also fond of oral sex. In fact, they like to be licked all over their bodies. Pancake syrup is very useful for that."

She yelled and clapped. They'd all come such a long way, especially her. She'd gone from being oppressed and wanting marriage at all costs to being an independent doctor loving two men. Chromefield was going to be just fine.

Epilogue

One month later, Chromefield had its first triad marriage. Seminal Bay Park was filled with music, guests and flowers as Logan joined hands with Alysa and Dean, the people he loved and had finally been able to commit to. Looking at Seminal Bay reminded him of the day he'd crash landed in it. Surely, he'd been destined to arrive here and meet these two incredible people.

After Alysa had solved the affliction, there wasn't much point in asking Geo for help. But since Dean was a man of his word he gave Logan the option of returning home if he still wanted to.

Logan dreamed about sending a distress message and having astronauts from Geo arrive to rescue him. All the launch days he'd ever experienced came to life so vividly in that dream. Alysa and Dean hugged him goodbye while they all fought off tears. He saw the launch pad, smelled the fuel, heard the crowd roaring in excitement and felt the suit techs encase him in his uniform.

He dreamed about sitting inside the spaceship while the numbers counted down, each one making him realize how wrong it would be to go home since his life was here. He had changed. The man with a rough past who'd tried to run away from it all on risky space missions was no more.

In the end, Jay had put away the signaler and sent no more messages, leaving Earth's lost colony still "lost", but Logan planned to spearhead Chromefield's first serious space program. Some citizens wanted to erect a statue in his honor—complete with its own erection—for helping Alysa solve the affliction but he refused. Instead, the planet manufactured purple chrome figurines of a man and woman holding hands, working together.

Meanwhile, Matilda Hawkins was elected to Planet Council. Most men voted for her. Although the sales of women's sex toys went down, pancake syrup went way up. In fact, Logan had a whole case of it at home.

Home. It was still Logan's favorite word, living deep in his heart and needing no translation.

About the Author

By day, Afton Locke is a logical programmer, but by night she swims in the mystical world of dreams. Intrigued by all things unexplained, like ghosts and karma, she delights in spinning dark, sensual stories that pull readers below the surface of everyday (and sometimes boring) life to the depths of forbidden fantasy.

What else would you expect from someone with her moon in the 12th house/Pisces and Neptune in the 8th house/Scorpio? She lives in the mountains with her husband, dog and spooky black cat.

Unlock your darkest fantasies with Afton Locke.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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