



CELIA KYLE &
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*Fierce
Heat*

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Celia Kyle and Lizzie Lynn Lee

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Blurb

The Ritarian war brought Ferr and Isic together as lovers and their love has kept them together as bonded. Only one thing is missing. Genetically modified to be able to shift between human and Bengal tiger, both of them long for a female to bear them cubs. Except, once they meet Amaya, cubs are the last thing on their minds.

Amaya has only one thing on her mind; saving the animals of war-ravaged Earth. Tigers and lions and bears, oh my! She has them all in her conservatory on Septarian 9. When a Ritar bug threatens one of her "babies", she's thankful for the intervention of the gen mods, Isic and Ferr. But exactly how grateful is she?

Chapter One

His animal instinct told him to fuck. His logic advised him it was a bad idea. But since Isic Godfrey knew better about his bonded, Ferr Segur, he'd never pass a chance of a good fuck whenever possible, no matter how beat he was.

They had just landed in the Septarian 9 starport station a couple standard hours ago, refueling their Class E compact starship. During their FTL flight from the Tryrius-XI system, they had experienced some problems with their engine's thruster. Luckily, Ferr was able to modify some parts that allowed them to reach the nearest star system. Unluckily, Ferr had to tend the navigation system during the flight instead of relying on AI autopilot, meaning Isic hadn't been able to get his hands on his bonded for the past few days. After days of only watching the blurred dark sky with little else to do than fondle himself to completion, Isic had had enough of jacking off for a while and yearned for the real thing.

Now that he saw Ferr shirtless, clad only in his faded flight pants and bathed in perspiration, with a wrench in his hand, crouching under the intertwined pipes and cables fixing the engine's thruster, Isic couldn't help feeling aroused. Blood pulsed into his cock and his balls swelled against the zipper. Classy. He swore in silence and sat gingerly on his seat, his hand straying to his crotch. He subconsciously itched to stroke himself until he came. Isic swallowed hard, his heart pounding a furious beat. Fevered heat surged through his veins, warming his skin. He looked away, trying to take his mind from the delicious temptation. His gaze strayed to the viewport of the *Armorer's* engine chamber. Outside, the Alpha-Castura star system sun was bleeding red across the horizon, dotted with black specs of more than a dozen starships waiting to land in the starport.

The clang of Ferr hammering a nail to the thruster's pipe stole his attention. The engine core gave out a loud gurgle. Isic looked to his bonded, his long raven hair plastered against the glistening olive skin of his neck, his muscular biceps rippling as he jammed the wrench onto the V connection, trying to undo the fitting. His bonded stood over seven feet tall, towering over his own six-foot-seven-inch frame. Muscles bunched and bulged while Ferr toiled over the wretched pieces of metal. The fabric of his flight pants clung to his thick thighs; thighs that had cradled Isic so often before and not at all as of late.

It seemed Ferr wasn't going to finish his work anytime soon, and he didn't like being interrupted when he was busy with something. He could be quite cranky. Isic licked his lips, swallowing hard. His cock rebelled to the point he had no control anymore. Gods, he needed to fuck. Very, very badly.

"Are you ogling my ass again, Ice?"

"Uhm?" Isic startled. "Sorry, I was ogling your cock."

"Very funny."

Isic sat straighter. "Are you busy?" he ventured, praying he'd get lucky.

"What do you think?"

"Just a quickie. Or a longie. A blow even. Anything," he whimpered, staring at his bonded's cock, longing to be filled.

Ferr growled. The hammering continued. "Busy. Can't you see?"

"Five minutes tops. I'll do all the work. Just lay there or something."

"Quit bugging me."

Isic groaned. His cock throbbed with need. He was thinking of jacking off in the hygiene cap, but quickly dismissed the idea. He'd had enough handjobs for the past ten days. He wanted the real deal. He wanted Ferr, to taste his skin, savoring the flavor of his male dew. Kissing him and enjoying the intimacy. Isic's cock throbbed at the thought. His balls tightened to the point they hurt. He could feel he was leaking. His inner beast was restless, ready to pounce, ready to do anything... He rose from his seat, trudged to where Ferr was crouching, and stooped over him. "Need a hand?" Ferr only growled in answer. Isic sat next to him, slipping a hand to Ferr's groin, groping, touching what he craved.

"Fuck it, Ice. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"You go ahead fixing that thruster. I'm just going to help myself." Isic unclasped the buckle on Ferr's belt and yanked it open. His bonded cursed. Isic pulled Ferr's zipper down and sneaked his hand in to grab his cock. It twitched at the first hint of contact before hardening in Isic's hand. Isic tugged Ferr's cock out before his bonded could protest and quickly gave him a welcome lick. Ferr cursed again. Isic laved the tip of his cock and swallowed him down until the hard dick touched the back of his throat. He sucked, gently at first, and when Ferr didn't object to his initiation, he sucked him harder, trapping the hard shaft between the roof of his mouth and tongue. Ferr's cock quivered and swelled to his full girth, causing Isic to stretch his jaws to accommodate Ferr's generous size.

Isic arranged his breathing, suppressing his gag reflex, and continued taking Ferr deeply. His cock slid past the muscles of Isic's throat.

"Fuck, oh, fuck..." Ferr fidgeted, his objections no longer forthcoming.

Isic exhaled a deep breath from his nose while his mouth and throat massaged Ferr's rock-hard erection. He gave him one deeper, jealous suck before releasing it with a loud pop. The cock swayed in front of his face, pulsing with virility. Isic grabbed it and gave it several lazy strokes, turning to see his bonded's reaction. Ferr looked dazed for a moment, the wrench in his hand forgotten. His chest heaved and his temples beaded with perspiration. Isic swallowed his amusement in secret. No man could ever refuse his delightful offering once they sampled his oral skills. Long ago, Ferr had crowned him as the blowjob ruler of the galaxy. "Did I bug you?" Isic teased.

"Shut up." Ferr grabbed Isic's shoulders and pinned him to the floor. His movement was so fast and forceful, Isic barely had time to react. Seconds later, he found himself flat on his back, and his head thwacked against the hard surface of the steel flooring grid.

"Shit."

"No complaints." Ferr chastised him with a voice so low, it sounded like the growl of his inner tiger. "You asked for this."

"I want to fuck, not roughhouse across the deck."

Ferr replied with a thin smile. He wedged his thighs beside Isic's head, straddling him, and stroked his cock in front of Isic's face. "Is this what you want, Ice? I'm generous, aren't I?"

"Very fucking generous," Isic grumbled, his mouth watering.

Ferr dragged the tip of his cock on Isic's lips, teasing back. His cockhead was leaking, the pearly essence of his pre-cum glistening under a shot of the red ray of sunlight filtering through the *Armorer's* viewport. Isic subconsciously swallowed his

saliva. His own cock thrummed with fervent need, and the deep, longing throbs pulsed through his veins. He grabbed Ferr's cock and licked the tip as if it were his favorite candy.

Ferr hissed through clenched teeth, shoving his pants down. "Suck it deep."

Isic laved the tip, his tongue smacking as a burst of the salty-creamy taste of Ferr's pre-orgasmic elixir filled his mouth. Ferr shuddered from the impact, his breathing labored. He ran his calloused soldier's hand along Isic's face, tracing his features lovingly. His eyes blazed, lips peeling back as he barked his want. "Deeper."

He obliged, swallowing Ferr whole. He groped Ferr's balls, giving him gentle squeezes. Ferr groaned, loving the attention. He arched his back, fucking Isic's mouth in short, shy hummingbird thrusts. When Isic grew accustomed to the rhythm, Ferr's attention diverted to something else. Isic felt a hand run across his belly, fingers undoing the zip of his fly, and his cock twitched with excitement.

Isic abandoned his own exploration of Ferr and helped free his restless cock. The moment it lurched free of the confines of his flight suit, Isic gasped as Ferr grabbed and squeezed his shaft, stroking him with precision that would make any grown man cry with sweet abandon. The impact elicited an inferno within him. His balls tightened, heavy from the delicious torment. His heart drummed wildly like a tribal dance gone awry. Beastly feline purrs curled out of Isic's throat.

Ferr lunged forward, lowered his head and sucked Isic's cock in return. Isic jumped, his muscles tensing. His bonded's hot mouth enveloped his cock, singeing every nerve tip into a blazing fire of need, alive and greedy. Isic wanted to come at once, but he suppressed the urge. He didn't want to climax just yet. Isic craved more of Ferr. He wanted Ferr's cock inside him, plundering him with his beastly nature, shredding every strand of his sanity into a scintillating fire of ecstasy.

Isic bucked as Ferr increased his suckles. His heart hammered in his throat. His inner beast wanted to jump out of his skin. Isic's cock burgeoned with a need to come that was so powerful, he almost flashed out at once. He growled and spat Ferr's cock out of his mouth. "Fuck me," he gritted out, a plea of desperation.

Ferr ended his suckling with one long powerful suck that made Isic's soul want to burst in flames. Mischievousness flashed in Ferr's eyes. "Strip." Isic didn't need more encouragement. Breathlessly, he scrambled up and pulled his shirt off. Then his boots and flight pants. Ferr did the same. Isic shivered as he presented himself before his bonded, naked and vulnerable, his skin fevered with anticipation of what was to come. He could see the vapor of his breath exuded in clouds of fine mist as the engine room temperature dropped. He was so ready to fuck after long days of being deprived of his carnal needs.

"Come here."

Isic crawled to him. Ferr ambushed him with a hard kiss. A starving kind of kiss. Ferr's tongue plundered his mouth, tasting him. Spicy, orange cinnamon flavor swam in Isic's mouth. The kiss was sweet and indelibly pure of male hunger. Ferr had been deprived of his carnal need just like himself. Damn, why did he wait so long? But again, Ferr could be the hotheaded stubborn one. Isic let out one mournful cry when Ferr's hand skated across his hot, naked skin, finding his cock and squeezing him with jealous possession.

Isic jerked, part agony, part ecstasy from his ministrations. He let himself be mastered as Ferr wrestled him into the position he wanted, belly down, ass thrust upward, ready for

the taking...

*

Isic's scent, a Bengal in heat, almost made Ferr's senses go haywire. The alluring, thick perfume of a cat in need seemed to seep into his every pore, searing his own lust into overdrive. Ferr knew his bonded had been lusting for him since they left the Tryrius-XI. But the piece of garbage interstellar flying can they got hadn't allowed him the luxury of fucking leisurely during the flight of twenty star days. Well, you got what you paid for. The *Armorer* starship was the only one available. The heated confrontation between the Universal Alliance and the Ritarian Government had reached culmination point; everybody with money who didn't want to be caught in the middle of the conflict scrambled their way out from the Tryrius-XI system by any means of conveyance possible. And Ferr, praise to the Goddess, was relieved when they were able to get away from the desolate constellation of the universe alive.

A deep longing awakened in Ferr, jumping out almost in a visceral manner, knocking him out of his senses when he kissed Isic's lips. His thought, synchronized with clarity and the lucidity of his primitive instinct, couldn't help but be amused to have witnessed the cool, calculated Isic, the Prince of Ice, finally taking steps to seduce him. Isic had never been so extroverted about his sexual needs. Isic seduced; he threw baits and played them coyly, but he'd never being blatantly brazen like this before. Ferr didn't mind. He liked his lover frisky.

Ferr broke the kiss, groping him and positioning his bonded's body into the manner he desired. Isic purred like a contented cat, his light tanned skin feeling hot under his palms. *Beautiful creature*, Ferr thought, one of the most beautiful of their endangered breed. Most had died in the Ritar war. Only a few survived, and they were all males. His kin had a tendency to bond with their own, and Isic's cool composure and elegant beauty had compelled Ferr to pick him in the first place. And when they shared the first kiss, Ferr insisted that they forge their bond. Isic was his forever.

"How do you like your fuck, Ice?" Ferr asked, semi-mocking as he knew how Isic usually liked to be taken. "Hard fuck or a slow one?"

"Does it matter anyway? Just fuck me. I'm leaking already."

"Antsy, are we?"

Isic cursed, his voice rasping with unmistakable pent-up desire. "I swear to God, Bear, if you don't take me this instant—"

"You'll what? I call the shots this time. If you don't like it, you can finish yourself, Ice. There's plenty of lotion and skin flicks above the bunk. I bet you'll have fun with them."

Isic swore up a hurricane. Ferr chuckled. Isic looked so tempting when he was slightly agitated. He ran his hand across Isic's back and grabbed a handful of his bonded's long, golden hair. His musky scent filled his lungs when Ferr yanked Isic's head close to him. Isic's heat seared him alive. His scent was intoxicating. "Calm down, Ice, enjoy the ride."

Isic let out a happy moan when Ferr kissed the shell of his ear. Isic's perfect male body shivered with delight. Inspired by his lover's reaction, Ferr took a nibble on his earlobe, sucking him the way he had sucked his cock earlier, while his hand parted Isic's ass cheeks and brushed a thumb along his crevice. Isic tensed at the initiation, excited.

Ferr released his grip on Isic's hair and focused his attention on his prize. He made

Isic splay himself into the perfect angle for his taking. His bonded obeyed. Gently, he circled his finger on Isic's perineum, eddying, teasing only for the sheer pleasure of watching Isic grow impatient and try to manipulate him into touching him as he desired.

Isic writhed, trying to reprimand Ferr for his teasing by snatching his hand. Ferr snatched him first. With a lightning quick movement he pinned Isic's arm behind his back in a submissive hold. Isic crashed to the floor with a dull thud and he wasn't going anywhere until Ferr permitted it. Ferr had total control over him, just the way he liked it, as always.

"Damn it, Bear." Isic squirmed. The attempt to undo the hold was futile. Ferr was too strong.

"Be good, Ice. I'll get into it in a second. I want to play first. You don't mind, do you?"

"I fucking mind," Isic replied with vehemence. "I'm almost fucking bursting."

"Quit your whining." Ferr gave Isic a playful slap on the ass with his free hand. Isic flinched, but didn't complain. "You'll like this one."

Isic growled, but his growl turned into a whimper when Ferr spat on his puckered hole and gave him a lick. "Fuck." His body quivered with tremors as Ferr flicked his tongue around the delicate offering. Isic couldn't stand being teased there, but it didn't mean he wasn't enjoying it. Ferr groped Isic's cock and stroked it lazily as he swirled his tongue, dancing, pirouetting against the hot flesh of his bonded. Isic thrashed, ranting a series of curses. Ferr knew how much Isic hated and loved the thrilling impact of his teasing. The cock in his hand throbbed with imminent need. Hot, pulsing with virility.

"*Verdammt*." Isic wailed the same sweet song when he was at the precipice of his climax.

"Not yet. You're not coming until I tell you to."

Isic replied with a moan of anguish. The moan turned into a full-blown shout when Ferr plunged his tongue into his nether opening. Isic's sphincter tightened in response to the intrusion. Ferr's own cock buzzed with excitement.

"Please, Ferr. Don't torture me like this."

Ferr lifted his head, peeking in Isic's direction. His bonded's face was flushed red with lust, his icy blue eyes pleading. "You know better than to bother me while I'm busy. Now take your punishment like a man. You're a big boy."

Isic cursed again. He let out a lung-deflating shout when Ferr gave him a long lick from the balls up to his anus. Ferr let his cat tongue loose, and that sandpaper roughness on any sensitive part of the body would sure enough send any man screaming like a baby.

"Goddamn it!" Isic heaved. He might have been sobbing too, Ferr wasn't quite sure because of the tangled mass of those golden tresses.

Ferr let go of his hold on Isic's cock to stroke his own. He would have teased Isic a bit longer if he wasn't consumed with his own need. His cock throbbed. His heart pounded. He took his position and pressed the tip of his cock on Isic's anus. He pushed in. The tight morsel of delight tightened, refusing the entrance at first.

"Damn it." Ferr thrust in, almost with savagery until Isic's sphincter yielded against his relentless cock. He slipped in, not much, only two inches tops. He paused, savoring the sinful sensation, the way the rings of Isic's muscles squeezed against his cockhead. His shaft pulsed. Perfect. Blood rushed through him. Going solo was fun to appease the urge once in a while, but nothing beat the real deal.

Isic clawed the steel grate of the flooring as Ferr thrust in and out; a short, teasing fuck he knew would make Isic lose his mind. Isic growled, all the muscles under his skin flexed as he tried desperately to arch back, meeting Ferr's thrust to take him all the way in. When Ferr kept teasing him, Isic thrashed, trying to break his arm free from Ferr's submissive hold. Ferr had almost lost his grip, his control over his conquest. He quickly rectified the near loss by pinning Isic deeper and snatching a handful of Isic's hair. He lunged forward, driving his cock all the way in Isic's ass and yanking his lover's head to him.

Isic's head snapped backward, his rumble was inhuman. His irises had turned into feline yellow, the pupils narrowed into slits. Isic was agitated; he didn't want to play anymore.

Ferr sucked a lungful of air and whispered, "Just the way you like it, Ice. Deep." Ferr's cock throbbed in his depths, Isic's muscles rippled around his hard shaft, welcoming.

Isic only gasped, mumbling some incoherent splutters.

Ferr tightened his fist, silken-spun golden hair curled around his fingers. He yanked Isic's hair again as he pounded for the second time. Harsh. Rough. Unforgiving. His cock slammed back in balls-deep. Isic yelled, his eyes delirious with ecstasy.

"Just—" Pulled and slammed. "The way—" Again. "You like it."

Ferr lunged so hard, he knocked both of them to the floor. The moment he had Isic completely under his weight, Ferr wasted no time releasing both hands and grabbing his bonded's shoulders, bracing himself to rain a series of vicious fucks on him. He pulled and thrust, hammering Isic's asshole with hard, relentless, battering slams, with a force hard enough to bruise both of them and make them sore for days.

Ferr pinned Isic as the assault continued. He might lose part of his humanity as he fucked like a crazed man. The need to come was overwhelming. He quickened his speed. The sound of their flesh mating was obscene, accompanied by Isic's screams ripped from his raw throat. Their bodies glistened with pure desire. Skin to skin, limbs tangled and bodies locked together, rocking desperately as a forbidden symphony of their mating dance cadenced into the final overture.

"Just the way you like it." Ferr slammed. He surrendered to the pressure, losing control of everything in one blinding orgasm, searing him alive as his seed spurted so hard, part of him drained away.

The world darkened. His heart wanted to burst out of his chest. Ears rang. Ferr soared free. Oblivion was white. Pure as pleasure, as shades of ecstasy entrapped his soul for long agonizing seconds. It lulled him. Then Ferr came crashing down like a fallen angel.

He shook, semi-disbelieving he came so hard that every nerve tip in his system tingled pleasantly. He was dimly aware that Isic's sphincter had gripped his shaft tight as his bonded convulsed, shuddering in climax too. Ferr moaned, his cock feeling too tender for the onslaught. He shifted and uncoupled. His cock slid away, leaving a trail of his semen marking his bonded's skin like drops of precious pearls.

Ferr pulled Isic into his embrace, cleared the hair from his face, and gave him a deep, affectionate kiss. Isic was breathless when Ferr parted from his lips. "What do you think, Ice? Got what you want?"

Isic's eyes had turned to normal, his inner beast was content. "Not bad. Could use

some spanking though..."

"You're a greedy bastard."

Isic chuckled, but his eyes seemed far away.

"Something wrong?"

Isic let out a long-suffering breath. "I was thinking for the last several days..."

"You were thinking? I thought you were only busy jacking off in that pilot's chair."

"Fuck it. Will you hear me out?"

"Sorry. Shoot."

"With only a few of us left, we aren't going to last long. We need a mate, Ferr. A woman."

Ferr went quiet. He'd had the same thought since they decided to leave the war behind them. But Ferr was unsure. Their kin only bonded with fellow Bengals, and since the war had wiped clean every last one of the female Bengals' mods they knew of, Ferr was aware that they were an endangered species. He heard some of his kin took human females as their mates, siring her with their cubs. Ferr wasn't quite sure how that would work. Mating without a bond? The prospect sounded too preposterous.

"We need this, Ferr. Otherwise, our kin will end with us."

Ferr pondered the idea. "But who?"

Isic drifted into a momentary silence. "We'll find her. I bet there are plenty of good, strong women in Septarian 9 who will give us healthy cubs."

Ferr snorted. "If we don't scare them first." Back in the Tryrius-XI system, the gen mods were feared by non-genetically modified people. They were used as war machines by the Universal Alliance, and were discarded when they no longer served a purpose. The war ended and they were cast aside like planetary waste.

Isic patted Ferr's shoulder. "You leave that to me."

A chuckle escaped Ferr before he knew it. *Isic the seducer*. "I'd like to see you in action."

"Just watch. I'll get us a mate in no time."

Chapter Two

Amaya moaned and rolled over in her bunk, anxious to recapture the dream she'd been enjoying. She hugged her pillow close, relishing the feeling of being wrapped around something, though she'd prefer if it had been *someone*. Not that her prospects on Septarian 9 lent themselves to meeting that need anytime soon. She'd been through the gathering rooms on several occasions, and all that met her there was Vangali or his minions, ensuring that she didn't get any enjoyment out of her time in the Alpha-Castura system.

But she wouldn't leave. Not for anything or anyone. Considering the majority of Sept 9's inhabitants were wanderers, just passing through the star system, she wasn't looking too hard for a partner. Not with her babies needing her so.

"Citizen Chabert, breach on level seven, quadrant five."

Amaya rolled over and faced the door of her ten-foot by ten-foot domicile, rubbing sleep from her eyes. "Computer, repeat."

"Citizen—"

"Stop. Repeat alert."

"Breach on level seven, quadrant five."

Perfect; her Bengal, Solar, was getting rambunctious. Ever since his cubs had been born, he'd been like a tiger in heat trying to get at them and the mother. She was going to have to do some shuffling so that they weren't in direct line of sight of one another any longer.

"Citizen—"

"Got the alert, computer. Let security know I'm on my way and *not to* engage Solar this time around." She didn't have enough creds to have the idiots sym-paired again.

"Secondary alert. Adrenaline, heart rate and pain receptors rising in animal Z14 Alpha."

"Shit." She dashed from the bed naked and snatched her skin suit before pressing the slide panel to open the domicile door. Without a thought for her nakedness, she hit a full-out run, breasts and ass jiggling while her feet pounded the grids. She took a shortcut through arrivals, climbing the ladders that led to the next level.

Amaya darted around two gen mods as they disembarked. "Move," she barked and they parted for her. She didn't have time for niceties. Pain receptors, adrenaline, and heart rate all led to one thing: Solar was getting a hurting and she could only figure the tiger had wormed his way past the shields around his female and the cubs. For the moment, it seemed the female was kicking the male's ass.

"You go, girl." She wheezed, sliding around the next corner toward her section of Sept 9. This would be just another reason for her ex-asshole, Vangali, to try and take back this area of the starport.

She heard pounding feet behind her, but didn't bother checking to see who was following. Whoever it was had no more importance than a nano-fly at the moment. Her eyes and ears were for her babies only now. She had to get to them before permanent damage was done between them all. She'd worked so hard at repopulating the galaxy with Earth animals that she couldn't lose the litter now. She couldn't.

At the lift, she slapped her palm on the slide grid and waited half a second before the doors slid open. Jumping into the tube, she turned and hit her level. "Sorry!" she called to the striking gen mods barreling down the hallway behind her. "Emergency."

The doors slid shut when mere feet separated them. The second the doors closed, she fought with her skin suit, sliding the paper thin material over her body, covering the bits and pieces that the starport deemed inappropriate to display outside of the skin markets. She didn't give a damn what they deemed appropriate or inappropriate. She still owned fifty-one percent of the place, in theory. Well, her conservatory occupied fifty-one percent of the real estate area, but Vangali's father and family owned the operational rights, which meant Amaya still had to play along for appearance's sake.

Stupid appearances. She'd just as well go around naked. If someone didn't like it, they didn't have to look.

"Citiz—"

"Alert update," she ordered, tired of the cursed computer addressing her every time it had an update.

"Pain threshold is near breached."

Holy shit, but the fem was putting a hurting on her Solar.

The doors slid open silently to reveal level seven, and Amaya didn't waste any time slamming her hand down on the pad, she just ran at the shield full-tilt, calling out her auth code as she closed the distance between her and the two-thousand megawatts of energy that kept her beasts contained.

"Alpha Zulu Seven Twenty-Four Hike." Normally, she'd giggle at the Earth throwback code to American Football, but she was too worried at the moment.

She dashed down the twisting, turning syn-dirt path that led throughout the conservatory, making her way toward the screeching howling of Solar. The growls and hisses coming from down the path went straight to her gut; the deafening roar singed her nerves. Around the next bend, she froze.

A Ritar. In her conservatory.

The place wasn't locked down all star hours in a day, but it did require that only certain species be allowed onto the level. The carnivorous Ritarians were not allowed. Ever.

The bug-like creatures possessed a hard outer shell on their backs and easily rolled into impervious balls when under attack. Almost nothing could break through once they assumed the defensive pose. While eating though, they were vulnerable. At the moment, it looked as if the two-headed, pincer-possessing piece of dung was getting ready to make a meal of her favorite tiger.

She wasn't fucking having it.

"Computer, wrench." She opened her palm and waited for the computer to phase in her favorite ass-kicking piece of equipment. She sure as fuck wasn't going to stand by while some bug ate her friend. Hell no.

With a battle cry that would make any gen mod jealous, she ran and launched herself at the bug, swinging and bringing the wrench around so that it made contact with the bug's right head. It caved immediately, green goo emerging from the distorted remnants of the bug's face.

One head down, one to go.

The bug dropped her tiger to the ground and turned its good head toward her, six

eyes training on her at once. The feeling of being watched by so many eyes on one head was eerie, strange and disconcerting. She tossed the wrench from hand to hand, waiting and watching the bug, trying to anticipate its next move.

Solar jumped free, his right front paw bloody and torn yet still he tried to attack the creature, snipping and sniping at the bug's legs while Amaya kept the eyes and remaining mind busy. Its attention focused on her hands, the wrench, her body; its eyes flicking and jerking in different directions as if calculating the next move.

Still Solar bit and snarled, his teeth sinking into the spiny leg of the creature, attempting to dismember the bug leg by leg. He couldn't, wouldn't, ever be able to take it down that way, but she appreciated the effort and loved him even more for trying to protect her. She was taking the Ritar down or would die trying. It wouldn't demolish her place of hope. Not while she breathed.

It charged then, pincers out front, open and wide, ready to remove an arm or her head. She gripped the wrench tightly, ready to die, ready to kill. Ready.

Roars suddenly filled the level; two bodies, pushing her behind them, one tiger, one man. *The gen mods*. She'd glimpsed them on her flight across the arrivals level, and again when she'd jumped on the lift, but no part of her ever thought that they'd be coming to her rescue.

The man with midnight-black hair and olive skin gripped the pincers in his hands as if they didn't exert enough pressure to cut a hole in the hull of the starport. He held the Ritar at bay while the tiger, larger than her Solar, and much fiercer according to reports, ripped and shredded the abdomen of the bug. Green slime and goo poured from the wounds, covering the dirt-deck with its entrails. Good. She wanted to see it die for the pain it had inflicted on one of her babies.

Die, fucker. Yeah, she was a bloodthirsty wench.

Before long, the bug was nothing but a dripping, oozing pile of black and green, and the only one still fighting the Ritar was Solar; the tiger attempting to continue to kill the beast that had hurt him. She had to admit, she wanted to whack it with the wrench a time or ten herself.

Amaya gripped the heavy metal in her hand and took a step toward the corpse only to have the dark gen mod turn on her, golden fire burning in his eyes. "Stay," he growled, a green slime-covered finger pointing at her. "Stay." He eased his tone, his eyes slowly shifting from the golden glow of a Bengal to dark brown, almost black.

The tiger mod shifted before her, orange and black stripes giving way to pale skin, golden hair and bright, smiling blue eyes. She refused, absolutely refused, to look below his neck. Now was not the time to get aroused by the two gen mods who had just saved her life. Nuh-uh. Nope. Wasn't looking. Not even a pe—

She peeked. Totally. The blond was cut from head to toe as if a master sculptor of times of old had carved him from space rock and put him on display for all to see. Muscle after muscle after muscle met her gaze. And his cock... Oh, his soft cock was long at five inches—and thick, so she knew he'd fill her and then some when hard. Her pussy clenched and grew damp with desire at the thought of being filled by this Viking reincarnated.

Since she was peeking, she took a slow look at the dark man, the barbarian, the man who had stopped a Ritar with his bare hands to save her. He had his own layer of muscle beneath the flight suit. It stretched and moved with him as if it were painted on. What

drew her, though, was the haunted, tired look in his eyes, the scars on his face. This man had killed like this many times before and had probably been glad to see the end of the Ritar war, only to have to come to her rescue and relive the memories. She wondered if these two were a bonded pair or just friends. They worked so well together that she imagined them as bonded—a set, never to be broken.

"Th-thank you," she stuttered. She cursed inwardly; she never stuttered. She cleared her throat. "Thank you, both of you. Solar would thank you as well, but he doesn't do the whole 'talking' thing, being a tiger and all."

Well, duh. Open mouth, insert wrench.

The blond smiled. "He already did. Along with quite a few other requests, I might add. He's got a listening ear and didn't hesitate to give me a list of demands for you."

The barbarian glared at the Viking. "You're welcome." He jerked his head once. "I'm Ferr. My talkative friend is Isic."

"Amaya." She smiled at Ferr's gruff tone and the slight blush that tinged his cheeks. Cute. And here they were talking as if they hadn't all just participated in the death of another. "And what kind of demands does Solar have?" He could not have demands. She took good care of her babies. She did.

"He wants to be with his mate and children," Isic replied.

"He can't be with his mate and cubs." She turned to the tiger in question. "You can't be with your mate and cubs. You'll eat them." There. That settled that. "Now," she focused on Ferr, "what are we going to do with our dead friend?"

"He won't eat them. He loves them," Isic insisted.

She growled, unable to help it. "He will. The halo-books said so and—"

"He won't."

"Will."

"Won't."

"Children!" Ferr roared.

Wow. That was hot.

When all was quiet, Ferr turned the heat of his gaze on her. "He won't. He'll stay in his habitat with them, care for them, and love them. Let Solar in with his family."

"You're sure?" Because she wasn't.

"We're sure. We can speak to him telepathically and he was trying to protect them when the Ritar attacked. It actually went after his family's habitat first and he distracted it. He loves them with all his heart. He almost died protecting them. Give him this," Ferr assured her.

She nodded, unable to say no to this mountain of a man. "Okay." She focused on Solar. "But no more babies and funny business until she's healed." Solar hobbled down the path away from her. "I mean it, Mister!" When the tiger didn't turn back to her or acknowledge her presence any longer, she gave an order to the computer. "Computer, authorize access for Solar to his mate and cubs."

"Granted," the computer replied.

Amaya sighed and rubbed the back of her neck, the stress of the last few moments catching up on her.

"What's going on here? Security! Arrest these *anis*!"

Amaya spun to find herself staring into the eyes of her ex-lover and tyrant over Septarian 9. Vangali Strogan. "Belay that order!" she shouted above the grunts and

growls coming from behind her as security attempted to follow Vangali's order. Suddenly all was quiet. "How dare you," she growled at Vangali.

"Me? I come here to find you associating with vagrants—"

"Vagrants? These men saved Solar and me from this Ritar scum and you call them vagrants? Out! All of you!" She couldn't believe the size of the balls on this guy. Figuratively, of course, since Isic beat him in the cock and balls department by, like, a hundred.

"We will *not*. Arrest them," Vangali ordered again, and Amaya had had enough.

"Computer, phaser." She held out her hand, waiting for the weapon to appear.

"Citi—"

"Phaser or I'll dismantle you piece by piece." The phaser appeared in her hand and she spun on her heel, stunning the two security guards trying to subdue Isic and Ferr.

She turned to Vangali and took aim. "Take them and leave. You and your security have no jurisdiction here, Van, and you know it. I police mine as I always have. This wasn't murder, it was justice." She turned up the dial on her gun, ready to blow his brains all over the inner hull. Gladly. "Now. Leave."

"I won't leave you with this scum." He took a step forward and she countered, moving until they were chest to chest, the tip of her phaser resting beneath his chin.

"They're not scum, they're my mates. Now, leave or die. Your choice."

Vangali's face turned bright red, but he whirled around and stormed off, the stunned guards trailing behind him.

"Told you so," she heard Isic whisper.

She looked over her shoulder at the two men, one dark, one light. "What?"

"Nothing," they replied in unison.

*

Ferr followed behind the ebony beauty with chocolate-colored eyes, short black hair, and a body filled with curves from head to toe. She matched him and Isic in fire and life. Never in his dreams had he thought they would find a woman so quickly worthy to be their mate.

Her hips swayed, outlined by the skintight fabric of her suit. His first glimpse of her had been of her nude form pushing through the crowd as if she were a hot knife melting through syn-butter. The men, beings, and women alike parted for her as if she owned Septarian 9. She commanded them. They listened.

It made his cock hard.

By the time they had reached her destination, it had taken a few minutes for Isic to disable the computer's shielding. Amaya was the woman who would give them the most beautiful cubs in the galaxy. She just didn't know it yet.

Of course, the Ritar attacking her ended all thoughts of seduction and brought his fighting instincts, the ones he thought he'd be able to bury for the rest of his life, to the fore. Now he rode the killing high and all he wanted was to sink his cock into the wet heat of his bonded or his newly found mate. One or the other, or both. Neither was not an option. Lost in his thoughts, he almost walked right into the resurrected shield.

"Whoa there, big guy." Her touch scorched him, burning him from outside in. He froze, his cock throbbing in his flight suit.

"Ferr?" Isic, his bonded, sounded worried.

Want. Want now. He couldn't get past the wanting, the aching, the needing.

"Computer, disengage," Amaya ordered.

The shielding disappeared, a crackling of electricity singeing the air in its wake. Ferr walked through the doorway, brushing off the touch of the two people driving him crazy with lust; instead, he leaned against the bulkhead.

Amaya, his mate, approached him, eyes wary. "You okay?"

"He's riding the killing edge," Isic explained, approaching him. "Aren't you, baby?" Fingers stroking, touching, caressing and discovering him through the flight suit. He shuddered in response, his body screaming for release, for wanting and more.

"Wh-what does he need? A physio?"

Isic chuckled. "A good release and bed, pretty one."

Isic, ever the seducer, the flirt.

Ferr breathed in deep through his nose, scenting her arousal, her interest and her fear. "Not from you, beautiful. I believe Ice will accommodate me just as soon as your pretty head has gone. Unless you'd like to watch?"

He could sense more than see the heat in her cheeks. "Thank you, but..."

Ferr chuckled. "Tonight, then. Dinner. With us. To say thank you for saving your delectable hide. Yes?" She nibbled her lower lip and he wanted more than anything to taste her sweet mouth, suckle that lip, and discover the tastes she hid within. Finally, she nodded. "Good girl." He winked at her, smirking, cocky. Yeah, he could be an ass, but he knew she wanted it nearly as much as he and Isic did. "Now, run along before you get a show you're not ready for."

She squeaked and dashed for the lift, seeming anxious to get off the level. So different from the ferocious human that had taken on a Ritar on her own with only a wrench as a weapon. And she'd nearly succeeded.

The moment the doors closed, Ferr focused his attention on Isic. His love was riding the edge as well, but things always hit the Alpha of a bonded pair the hardest. It was common knowledge among the gen mods. Alphas then betas. Care then get cared for. "Knees. Now."

Isic dropped at the order, his hands stroking him through his flight suit, discovering the lines and wrinkles of his prick. This was Isic's favorite part of the sucking, so Ferr let him have his way. For the moment. He savored the gentle touches, the sweet discovery of his bonded's hands and fingers. Up and down they stroked through the skintight material, petting him as if he were an Earth puppy and not a gen mod built for destruction and killing. "Ice..." he warned, reaching the breaking point.

"Will you think of her while I suck you, Bear? Think of her sweet, bow-shaped mouth, her chocolate-colored skin and wide hips. She'll bear us fine cubs, Ferr. Fine, fine babes." He continued to stroke and fondle him through his pants. "It's okay if you do. I'll think of her delicate hands on me, tugging on my dick while I suck you."

Those talented fingers undid the button and zips of his flight pants. His cock sprung free as if reaching for his bonded's hands or mouth, pulsing with need. The truth was, he would be thinking of their dark-haired beauty while Isic sucked him, while he fucked that gifted mouth.

Then Isic was there, kissing the tip of his dick, tongue snaking out to lick the head of his cock, tasting and moaning over the bit of pre-cum that had escaped his prick while his bonded spoke those sin-filled words.

Ferr dropped his head back against the metal of the bulkhead and closed his eyes,

imagining two berry lips wrapping around the head of his prick. She would suckle and taste just as Isic did, discovering. Then wet heat surrounded him, licking and suckling his length from head to root, until the nose of his bonded was buried in his curls.

Ferr slid his fingers into Isic's hair, fisting the golden locks. "Suck me, baby." Sweet words for his imaginary sweet woman.

Isic moaned in response, sliding his mouth up and down Ferr's length, sucking and swirling his tongue, teasing and tempting him. Unbidden, his hips thrust toward Isic's mouth, his cock slipping past his lips, then the entrance to his throat. His bonded swallowed around him and it was Ferr's turn to moan and groan.

The climax he'd been waiting for built up in his balls, his sac drawing up tight and hard into his body. The tiny shards of electricity charged with pleasure danced along his nerves from head to toe, then back again. Isic rose and fell along his shaft in tandem with Ferr's thrusts. Ferr fucked the tender mouth of his lover, his life. Soon, oh so soon, it would be mouths instead of a single mouth. Pleasuring and pleasing him with abandon.

A warm, calloused hand slipped between his legs and cupped his hardened sac, rolling and teasing his balls with practiced ease. Then, a lone finger stroked his perineum, that sweet spot between his asshole and sac, and Ferr widened his stance in response, granting Isic greater access. Isic took advantage, circling Ferr's hole with a single dry finger before pushing it past his outer ring of muscles. The tight burn countered the rising climax, giving Ferr more time to enjoy the building sweet ache in his body.

His muscles were tensing and releasing on their own, acting and reacting to the pure unadulterated pleasure coursing through his veins. Again and again, his body clenched and released, tightening around Isic's invasion before pulling his finger in even further. He wanted, no, needed, more.

Then, and then and then... Isic stroked his prostate with the tip of that lone finger buried deep in his ass and Ferr thrust forward, anxious to spill his seed into the waiting mouth of his love. Harder and harder Isic pushed, and harder and harder Ferr thrust. Shifting back and forth and back and forth, edging closer to the edge, the precipice, the start and end of something beautiful and wonderful.

And then it hit like a starship crashing into the sun, his body, his seed, burst forth with light speed, a climax taking over where his mind had left off. "Amaya! Isic! Fuck, yes!" he screamed, the sound of his voice echoing off the metallic inner walls of Septarian 9.

Ferr's hips jerked of their own accord. Isic milked the last of Ferr's seed from his prick as the spasms subsided, his finger slowing the petting and stroking within as his bonded's breathing went back to normal.

Before long, Isic released him. Slipping his finger free of Ferr's hole, he rolled to his feet, his mouth pressing against Ferr's in a ferocious, feline kiss. "Mine," Isic growled.

"Always. Just sharing now, Ice." He cupped the other man's cheek, thumb drawing circles along his cheekbone. "Love another. Won't mean I love you less."

Isic purred, a rumbling coming from deep in his throat. "Cubs and boobies. Yay."

"I swear you're more like a cub than a man. But, yes, cubs and boobies." He hugged his bonded close, inhaling the combined scents of their sex lingering in the air. "Yay."

Chapter Three

Amaya didn't wait around to see if they would make good on their threat. She walked, actually she jogged, back to the lift and slapped her palm on the pad, waiting for it to arrive to take her away from temptation. All too soon, the door swished open and she stepped inside, thankful for the barrier between her and the men. They, with their hard bodies, good looks and pleading eyes, were all too enticing.

And then there were the shouts. Halfway down to the base level, she couldn't deny the name that was shouted during his completion. *Amaya*.

Her pussy clenched and pulsed, growing heavy and wet with desire at the thought of the men, of one of them, coming with her name on their lips. She rubbed her fingertips over her lower lip, a smile on her face. Any woman wanted to be found sexually attractive, but by two men? That was like winning the palladium at the inter-galactic games.

The lift slowed to a stop at base level and Amaya stepped off, brought up short by the sudden sounds surrounding her. Aliens, humans, gen mods and the like milled around the arrivals deck, checking baggage, making arrangements and black market trades that Vangali and his father, owners of most of Septarian 9, pretended not to know about.

She snorted. Right. She remembered what it had been like when she dated Vangali, when they had tried to take her part of the port as their own.

Head down, arms crossed in front of her chest, she navigated her way through the meandering bodies, breathing through her mouth to avoid inhaling the stench of so many packed into such a tiny space. She hated the arrivals level, but it was the quickest path between her quarters and the conservatory. Why her ancestors hadn't purchased their bits of Septarian 9 a little closer together, she didn't know. But a shorter walk after what she had been through would have been welcome.

Nearing the opposite end of the level, Amaya breathed a sigh of relief; her quarters and her own personal hygiene tube awaited moments away.

A beefy hand, thick with rings, gripped her biceps, and she yanked her arm away, startled by the touch. "What the—"

"This way." The hand was back in a moment, squeezing tighter, harder. "Now."

Amaya focused on her tormentor and sighed in resignation. No way was she getting out of this confrontation. "Bernie."

"Boss wants to see you."

Yeah, yeah. As if he hadn't seen enough of her already today. Bernie, Vangali's regular bruiser of choice, dragged her through the remaining bodies, into the tunnels. Damn, but Amaya hated the tunnels. She stuck to the more-used hallways and walkways rather than the maintenance shafts as transportation. Of course, Vangali, prince of Sept 9, liked doing his strong-arming in secret.

They wound this way and that, left, right, right, left and left again. Circles and snakes around and around until they arrived at their destination, a little-known shaft that housed a few minor couplings.

"Van." Curt and agitated, she was ready to be home.

"My Amaya. Good of you to come."

"Uh huh. Get to the point, Van. What do you want?"

"What I always want. Your part of the station ... you."

She held up one finger. "First, had me. Lost me with your asshole ways and underhanded tricks. Bastard." He'd said he loved her, wanted her and couldn't live without her. Truth was, he wanted her portion of the station so that he and his family owned all of Septarian 9 and didn't have to split the profits with her, and he couldn't live without controlling everything. "Two, you're a prick." She held up a second and third finger. "Three, got mates. Don't need you." Okay, total, total wishful thinking lie, but whatever. Hopefully, it would get Vangali off her case.

She spun on her heel, listening to the bruiser's quiet laughs as she made her way back through the underground tunnels. After the first time he had her brought down into the bowels of Sept 9, she'd resolved to learn all of the bi-ways and pathways around the entire station. A girl couldn't run around with god only knew what was lurking and not know how to escape.

Within a few minutes she was back on the right path to her quarters, Vangali forgotten and Ferr and Isic back on her mind. The hallway was quiet, empty, giving her time to work on getting out of her lie now that she'd gotten into it. Damn, damn, double damn.

Amaya got back to her quarters and placed her palm on the pad, waiting for it to grant her access. Within moments she was inside and stripping her clothes, anxious to get out of the skin suit and into the hygiene tube. Ritar goo still covered her from head to toe after she'd whacked off one of its heads. Now, she needed it gone, along with the memories of seeing one of her beloved babies in the clutches of that damn bug.

Stripped bare, breasts swinging free and thighs revealed and allowed to jiggle with each step, she made her way to the tube and stepped inside. Steam immediately enveloped her, coating her body in a fine mist of warm water that soothed rather than cleansed, but that would come soon enough. Her programmed cleansing routine was meant to relax her before cleaning her, giving her time to recover from her normal day of stress from working with the animals in her care.

Next came the nearly scorching hot water, washing away the guck and goo of the Ritar. Hygiene fluid helped get her clean and she stood beneath the spray, letting the pounding water soothe her sore muscles.

Amaya's thoughts inevitably retuned to Ferr and Isic, and how to explain her rapid firing mouth... A double beep, announcing a visitor at her door, sounded over the spraying water. "Computer, identify."

"Isic Godfrey and bonded, Ferr Segur."

Great, looks like now is the time for explanations.

The beeps sounded again and Amaya jumped from the shower, wrapping a towel around her voluptuous body to shield her from their prying eyes. She pressed the pad next to the door and waited while the computer responded to her order. Within seconds, the door silently slid open, revealing the men she couldn't get off her mind.

Isic whistled. "Damn, but you know how to start a party."

Her face heated. "Isic, Ferr. I'd invite you in, but..."

The men just smiled, shoulder to shoulder, filling up her doorway with their bodies and their presence. Ferr spoke next. "You could, though. We could show you unimaginable pleasure." He leaned closer, the top half of his body crossing the threshold.

Isic nudged him back. "No fair. Remember? Even all the way."

Ferr snorted. "The reason we're here is—"

"To make sure you're free this evening. We know you're our mate already, but we'd like the chance to get to know you, woo you."

Oh, no no no. "No, see, that was just a ploy to get Vangali to leave me alone. I'd heard—"

"That gen mod bondeds sometimes take females to mate," Isic finished.

"And we've decided that since you offered, we'd say yes," Ferr continued.

"No, not listening, fellas. It was a lie."

"Nope, we don't accept that. We didn't smell a lie." Ferr looked at Isic, eyebrow raised. "Did you smell a lie? I didn't smell a lie." They both turned back to her.

"I would have smelled it a mile away," Isic assured her.

Okay, honesty time. Sure, she'd love to be the center of attention of two hunky hot guys, but truthfully, she was scared shitless. "Listen, guys..."

Ferr placed a finger on her lips. "One evening. One evening of us catering to you and you enjoying our company. Just one. Give us a chance to prove that mating with us would be the smartest choice for you."

"I can't..."

Isic smiled. "You can. One night of being cared for by two men. At the end, if you don't want to see us ever again, no harm, no foul."

Could she? Should she? No, she probably shouldn't, but... "Yes."

"Excellent," they replied in unison, stepping apart, arms held out as if they expected her to go out *now*.

"Um... Clothes?" Because, half-naked would equal fully naked before long if she wasn't careful with these two charmers.

Ferr looked her up and down, and she shuddered in response, her body sensing what her eyes had been telling her all along ... they wanted her. "You're purrfect as you are."

Oh *galaxy*, he purred for her. An honest to galaxy purr that went straight from her head to her toes, and then settled somewhere in between like a long-lost lover. *Purr*. She licked her lips, her mouth suddenly dry. "I-I'll just change. Two micro-seconds and I'll be back."

Amaya stepped back, her hand flying to the pad before the men could invite themselves in. She had a feeling that if they crossed the threshold, there would be no going out for the night. And she had to at least play a little hard to get, right?

She took another step back away from the door, almost afraid they would do their best to break it down if they caught even a hint of her arousal in the air. Because she was aroused, everything within her screamed "take them," while her mind still couldn't figure out why they would want her.

She padded toward her closet, staring at herself in the mirror on the back of the door as she dropped her towel, trying hard to figure out what the two men saw in her. Sure, she was of average height at five feet ten inches. Nothing fantastic there. Her breasts were large at a 40D and her waist tapered before flaring out into wide hips. Her chocolate-tinged skin was creamy smooth and soft. Her black locks brushed the tops of her shoulders and the color nearly matched that of her eyes.

All in all, she didn't see anything that *would* catch the attention of two genetically modified super soldiers who also happened to be super-nova hot. There were women in

the galaxy that *paid* for a night with one gen mod; she couldn't even fathom how much they would spend to be with two. And yet, here she was, preparing for a date with men who wanted to "take her up on her offer."

Amaya kicked her towel aside with a growl and pressed the button that sent the closet door swooshing open to reveal her wardrobe. Her meager wardrobe. Six and a half days out of seven she spent working with the animals on her levels, not dressed to impress and go out for a night of ... something. Toward the back of the closet, scrunched between her very first skin suit and what was left of another that Solar had taken a liking to, was what she'd be wearing for the night. The only dress she owned. Originally, it had been purchased with Vangali in mind, but now she knew that Isic and Ferr would appreciate it much more.

She pulled the cream-colored dress from its previous home and fluffed the fabric, checking to see if it needed to be ironed. However, it was made of skin cloth, just like all of her other clothing. The moment she donned the garment it would warm and conform to her curves, eliminating any remaining wrinkles that storage had left behind.

Staring at the dress, if it even had enough fabric to be called clothing, she wondered if wearing it for them was such a good idea. It practically screamed, "Fuck me," in a thousand different languages... It was perfect.

Within moments, she slipped the dress on, the bodice straps tightening and conforming to her body, highlighting and lifting her breasts, showing an insane amount of cleavage. The bottom portion of the dress stopped two inches above her knees with slits on either side that exposed her thighs. The killer of the ensemble was the back of the dress—a magical crisscross of fabric that wove this way and that across her bare back, exposing without being exposed.

Dressed, she slipped on a pair of slim sandals and returned to her position in front of the door, ready to face her men. Potential men. Mates. Sort of.

"Computer, open." She didn't want them distracted by any movement her hand might have been making at the moment that she became visible to them.

Isic saw her first. "Fierce—"

"Heat." Ferr finished the curse for him.

Amaya stepped across the threshold, the door sliding shut behind her, the men tripping over themselves in an effort to give her space. "Gentlemen. I believe we have a date."

"No."

Isic pointed to Ferr. "He's right. No."

"No?" She raised her eyebrows, skeptical.

"No way," they replied in unison.

"Why?" Oh hell no, they didn't get her hot and bothered and all dressed up just to tell her no. Not without a good reason.

Isic, the suave one, answered her. "Because we'll spend half the night beating men away from you, and the other half in the brig because of all the fighting. Then who will keep the mongrels away?" He lifted her hand to his lips and brushed a soft, gentle kiss across her knuckles. "Can we convince you to pick something private? Still a date, with the three of us ... alone?"

Oh, she was picking up what he was putting down now. "You're good." She pulled her hand free. "I admit it, you're good. Alone? Ha! You just want to put the moves on me

now. After you said we'd get to know one another and this is the crap you pull?" She took a step back, her backside colliding with her quarter's door. "Compu—"

"Wait." Ferr, the silent, brooding one. "Forgive him." Ferr glared at Isic. "He can be an idiot. What," Ferr growled through gritted teeth at his bonded, "he was *trying* to say is that you are the most beautiful woman in the galaxy to us. More beautiful than a starship made of palladium. And we'd like to keep you to ourselves for the evening, especially in that dress, but the choice of venue is, as always, yours."

"If I changed the dress..."

"It would help." Ferr nodded.

"But if I don't..."

Ferr nodded again. "We'll take you wherever you would like to go, but we'll damage anyone who stares too long." He shrugged. "It can't be helped."

Isic nodded in agreement. "What he said."

She narrowed her eyes at the two gen mods, her gaze shifting from one to the other, trying to detect any lies that they were trying to pass off as truths. She couldn't find one.

"We could..."

"Do whatever you desire." Isic pulled her hand back into his grasp and Ferr did the same.

"Wonderful!" She pulled her hands free and zoomed around them, dashing for the lift that would take them to arrivals. "Come on!" She whirled around to face them when she got to the closed door. "I need my security detail if I'm going to make it there in one piece, right?" She giggled an honest-to-goodness giggle, and then placed her hand on the pad. "Computer, base level."

The gen mods' eyes widened and suddenly they were beside her, boxing her inside the lift, one in front and one behind. Their heat infused her, filling her from top to bottom, their scent overpowering her: earthy, musky and male. Her heart raced, anxious and nervous about what the night would bring to them all.

At the base level, arrivals, the men retained their positions while wading through the throng of people. Amazingly, having two gen mods as escorts got people moving out of her way pretty quick. She thought of keeping them just for their crowd control capabilities alone. Plus, they had taken down a Ritar, saving one of her babies, with their bare hands ... claws ... whatever.

On the other side of the base level, firmly ensconced in yet another lift, Amaya directed the computer once again. "Computer, level seven." Both men groaned. "What? You don't want to visit with the happy couple and my other babies?" She smiled and winked at Isic when he glanced down at her. He winked in reply.

Within seconds, the lift stopped and they disembarked, stepping toward the shield that held her babies within, and supposedly, the bad guys out. She granted them access with her palm print and followed them inside, kicking off her shoes the first moment she could.

"Come on, take 'em off. You'll just get dirt everywhere anyway, and this feels so much better..." She sank her toes into the syn-dirt and sighed as the dry cold seeped into her bones. *Nothing like synthetic dirt and sand between your toes. Unless it was Ferr's tongue...*

Both men looked at her dubiously, but did as they were told, leaning against trees to keep their balance while they undid their laces. In the meantime ... she had other ideas.

With a smile threatening to burst across her face, she took three steps away from the men and then glanced at them over her shoulder. "Catch me!"

Amaya took off running, her feet pounding in the dirt, growls left in her dust. She turned this way and that, darting along pathways and cutting through some of the underbrush. A hint of sizzle was all she needed to feel to know she came too close to one of the shields that kept the animals caged. She feigned left and then doubled back to go right.

A roar sounded through the entire level and she froze. The first was echoed by a second, and her feet were moving again, laughter on her lips. The men had shifted, anxious to chase and catch her. Now she knew just where to take a couple of Bengal tigers, gen mods or not. She often brought the cubs down to her favorite spot and now she'd show it to her men.

Heart pounding, legs pumping, pussy growing heavy with desire, wanting and needing, she took off toward the sounds that she always thought of as home, took off toward...

Roar!

She slid to a stop in the middle of the path, a tiger in front of her baring its fangs. Amaya whirled to run in the opposite direction, already recalculating her path when another larger tiger jumped in her way. One in front, one behind and only one way to deal with two men with the lust of the chase on their minds.

Moving with infinite care, she slipped her arms behind her head, fingers reaching for the ties of her dress. The moment the main tie slid free, the rest of the dress became slack on her, shifting and dancing in the breeze. Amaya looked over her shoulder at the tiger behind her, the smaller one, and almost giggled at the drooling beast with its tongue hanging out the side of its mouth. *Isic*. She winked and dropped the ties, the dress pooling at her feet.

"Oops." She stepped free of the garment, completely nude and eyes trained on the larger of the two tigers, Ferr. "I seem to have lost my dress." She tiptoed across the pathway, stepping on freshly downed foliage. "And I'm awfully cold." She crossed her arms over her breasts and rubbed her arms, feigning a chill that didn't exist. She crouched down onto her knees and nearly ruined her seduction by smiling at Isic's whimper. She leaned forward and rubbed her face along the tiger's snout, sinking her fingers into the fur at its neck. "Warm me?"

One moment she had her arms wrapped around a fierce tiger, and the next, an even fiercer man, hot and hard, was taking her to the ground.

"Amaya." Isic joined them, snuggling into her side the moment Ferr laid her down, his lips questing from beneath her ear and along her shoulder, his hard cock leaking against her hip.

"Ours. Say it." Ferr rubbed the head of his hard prick along her slit, tempting and teasing her.

"Don't tease, little one. The chase is riding him nearly as hard as you will be." Isic scraped her shoulder with his fang, and shudders of desire wracked her body.

"Yours," she assured them. It felt right; all along it had felt right and she wasn't going to deny them any longer. Friendship and true loving could come later, this was pure passion and she couldn't deny it for another moment.

Ferr captured her lips in a fierce, possessive kiss; the taste of him, woodlands, forests

and jungles overriding her entire being, conquering and taking over her from inside out. Her shoulder hurt and throbbed, Isic's mouth, teeth, sinking into the flesh, arousing and pushing her pleasure higher. Ferr's tongue danced and dueled with hers in a primitive come-and-get-me dance that they both seemed to know well. He seemed to be trying to absorb her very essence, drinking from her mouth as if he could take her into his very cells, and she wanted, no ached, to go, to become a part of him.

She licked and tasted every inch, centimeter, millimeter of his mouth, aching and searching for more of him—the beast and the man. She wanted it all, all that they could give and everything she could take from them. Never in her dreams had she believed she could be cherished and cared for in one simple kiss. Isic continued to lick and suckle the bite he'd gifted her with; the throb in her shoulder joining that of the one in her pussy, reminding her that they were together for more than just sweet kisses.

With tentative fingers, she stroked her own body, her fingers dancing over her skin until she came into contact with the head of Isic's cock against her hip. Still unsure, she encircled him and stroked once, getting the reaction she'd been hoping for.

Isic pulled his mouth from her shoulder and screamed. "Fierce heat! Mother galaxy! Amaya!"

With a giggle, she pulled away from Ferr's mouth and pumped Isic once again, her hand barely able to wrap around his thickness. She, Ferr, and Isic watched as she slid her hand up his shaft and then down again, sliding easily with the use of his pre-cum as lubricant.

Growling, Ferr gripped his own cock and slipped it up and down her slit, not penetrating or separating her lower lips. "Like to tease, kitten?"

She continued her pumping action, letting Isic take some of the control with his pumping hips while she rocked hers in time with Ferr's movements. They were a mass of rocking, rolling and sliding, shifting their bodies for maximum pleasure together on the syn-jungle floor.

The heat of Isic's mouth engulfed her nipple, and she arched against him, aching for more of the suckling heat of him, the talented way his tongue swirled and pressed her hardened nub against the roof of his mouth. He nibbled and bit her breast, bringing a tiny hint of pain with the pleasure, and the edge of ecstasy connected with the pure delight going on between her legs.

Ferr leaned back on his haunches and lifted her hips to the tops of his thighs, spreading her legs wide for his perusal, and she felt no embarrassment or shame. Thoughts of her exposing herself like this had brought the heat of shame to her face in the past. Now, it brought a different kind of heat; one of desire, wanting and aching for anything these men could give.

Isic switched to the other breast, and she stroked him with a twist the next time she brought her hand up, letting him know without words that she loved the attention he was giving her and she wanted more.

Ferr ran his fingertips along her slit, spreading her labia with tiny movements of his large fingers as if he were afraid of breaking her. It would have been sweet if it wasn't so damned annoying. "Ferr," she whined. "Touch me, fuck me."

He continued with his delicate perusal of her pussy. Upstroke, downstroke, upstroke, downstroke. Over and again, he slid the pads of his fingers, just barely breaching her outer labia, barely wetting his fingers with her abundant cream. She thrashed her head

from side to side, aching and wanting, shards of electricity shooting through her like the stars. She widened her legs further, opening and offering herself to him, and yet he wouldn't budge.

"Ferr, if you don't fuck me, Isic gets first dibs."

Isic released her breast with a pop. "Wha—"

Ferr gripped her hips with a bruising intensity. "Mine."

"No, both of yo—"

Isic shushed her. "No, he gets possessive sometimes. She's yours for now, Bear. Take her, though. Our kitten is getting restless."

Ferr grunted and instead of petting her with his fingers, he began petting her with his cock instead, stroking up and down, the head of his dick rubbing her clit so gently she thought she'd cry.

And then ... and then ... and then ... he was there, his cockhead pushing against her heat, spreading her pussy wide and filling her ... oh so good. Her cunt stretched and shifted around him, conforming to the head of his dick, his shaft, widening unfathomably further and further until she thought she'd split in two, and then she widened that much more. Ferr filled her unlike any other man, stretching her wide and long, making room for himself when there didn't seem to be any room left. She arched and took him further still.

Amaya dug her fingers into Isic's hair, depending on the pleasure he created to overpower the hint of pain his bonded had fashioned between her legs. She continued pumping and stroking him while Ferr pushed his way into her body. Again and again, he advanced then retreated, pushed and then pulled back like the ebb and flow of the waters on Earth of old.

"Ferr..." she called out to him, needing a connection with more than that of his cock going into her pussy. "Ferr..." She reached for him and he twined their fingers together, bending down to place a soft, sweet kiss to the back of her hand.

He continued to grip her hip with his other hand, holding her steady while he moved his cock in and out of her pussy with the quiet tenderness she'd now come to associate with the larger man. He was the silent warrior, while Isic was the seducer, and she couldn't figure out which she preferred. Then she realized she wouldn't have to choose. "Love me, fuck me, please," she begged, and they listened.

Isic fucked her hand, hips pistoning, dragging his cock in and out of the circle of her hand, while his mouth made love to her breasts. She held him steady, directing him this way and that while he discovered her body.

Ferr seated himself fully, his thumb coming to rest on her pubic bone, a mere centimeter from her clit. "Ferr," she whined again, rocking her hips and trying to force his hand.

He smirked at her, a wicked glint in his eye. He withdrew his dick, sliding easily through her stretched walls and then pressed forward, his thumb coming down and rubbing a tiny circle on her sensitized nubbin. She gasped and drew her legs wider, hoping to expose more of those delicate nerve endings that ached for his touch.

Again, he withdrew and advanced, rubbing the tiny little circles on her clit. Out and in, and circle and again. Out and in, and circle and again. Over and over, he repeated the process as if he were directing his platoon of fighters.

Amaya gave up caring about the whys or hows. She wanted to know when she'd come and scream their names. He continued his gentle, slow assault, speeding the process

slightly with each thrust.

Then he was pounding into her, his cock forcing its way into her cunt with unerring accuracy and speed; touching and stroking places that had never been touched by a man before, be he natural or gen mod. Closer and higher her pleasure flew like a starship heading for the sun; she ached to come apart in their arms. She wanted to fly with them, come with them, and then be put back together by them.

And then she was.

She was screaming and coming, her pussy clenching around Ferr's invasion, her body tensing and releasing, muscles spasming uncontrollably as pure unadulterated pleasure washed through her in wave after wave of ecstasy. Over and again, Ferr thrust in and out of her, working toward his own release while Isic did the same, and within seconds of her orgasm, they followed her, emptying their seed. Isic's cum sprayed across her lower belly, her name on his lips, while Ferr came deep within, his cock pulsing and throbbing, filling her with his seed, their future.

And it seemed ... right. Not scary or worrisome as having sex with Vangali had been, but pure and right, and wonderful and ... beautiful.

Ferr slumped over her, pinning Isic's head to her chest, which, of course, began a playful round of "who gets to sleep *on* Amaya" until she finally, laughing, pushed them both off. "You both stink of sex." They snorted. "And I don't know about you, but I don't plan on sleeping this way." She spun on her heels and darted through the jungle, searching for what she'd been hunting for before they'd been so wonderfully distracted.

Within fifteen steps, the jungle opened to reveal the large pool she'd had synthesized just after she'd acquired Solar, her precious tiger. She dashed across the pale sand to her favorite rock and leapt into the pool, anxious for the cool water to wash away the smells of the jungle and their sex. Though, with any luck, she'd be replacing those scents once again.

Amaya surfaced to find two very agitated tigers staring down at her from her rock, moments before they leapt into the water themselves, loud roars echoing their dives into the deep water.

She frolicked and played with them as she had with Solar so many times before, splashing and running through the shallow waters, tossing rocks into the deeper areas for them to bring back to her. People often forgot that gen mods were as much animal as they were man, and she was thankful that she had a place where they could be themselves, without the eyes of others watching them.

Before long, she grew tired and swam to the opposite end of the pool, heading straight for the hidden nook she'd had placed in the rock walls. A place ... just for her. Almost. At least, not tonight.

The tigers, her men, followed her and shifted once they had left the water. "Amaya," Isic reached for her, concern filling his voice, "thought we were having fun..."

She turned back to him. "We are, sweets. Just exhausted. Thought we could sleep. Just *sleep*. Here tonight." She continued along the path that led to her sanctuary. "It's big enough for us for the night, and we can talk more tomorrow."

She glanced over her shoulder to see Isic's face brighten. "Really?"

Ferr shook his head. "You shouldn't have said that. He loves sleepovers. I swear, he's more cub than man."

Chapter Four

Amaya woke up a few hours later to answer a nature call. She detangled from Isic's protective embrace and crawled toward the cave's opening. Ferr, who had slept beside her, was startled by her movement, his eyes flying open. "Shh." She gestured her hand so he wouldn't disturb Isic's sleep. "Bathroom. Be back quick," she whispered.

Ferr relaxed. Five minutes, he signaled. Or else, he added, mouthing inaudibly.

She rolled her eyes. Men. She dusted her hands and knees and tiptoed out. She could hear Isic's soft breathing faintly, and felt Ferr's hard gaze on her back. That barbarian, she mused, ever so alert. A cool breeze whispered around her as soon as she emerged from the cave's mouth. She drew a deep breath, relishing the unique scent of tropical foliage and the animals contained within the conservation. The artificial jungle was set in midnight mode, complete with a moon and stars plastered across the holo-sky dome. She trudged on the path to the stream, feeling free and silly in her birthday suit. After their initial sweaty frolic in the jungle, they went to her sanctuary and had another round until they all finally fell asleep from exhaustion. *Animals*, the thought flashed across her mind, bringing a delicious shiver within her. Her cheeks warmed. Both Ferr and Isic were fierce and demanding lovers, and she wasn't going to complain about it.

The water felt cold as she immersed her body in the shallow stream. She washed her skin, cleaning any remnants of their lovemaking. She shivered, thinking of Ferr and Isic's warmth that awaited her back in the cave. She felt giddy just thinking about it.

Just as Amaya was about to climb onto the embankment, she found herself surrounded by Vangali's minions. Four sets of pulsar rifles were aimed at her, indicating that they meant business. Vangali probably had ordered them not to take the usual crap from her. Well, this was new. She snorted. "What do you want?"

"Boss wants to see you," Bernie told her, his eyes feasting on her breasts before heading south.

"Don't feel like it." Amaya glared back at him. "Do you know what time it is?" The other three muscles ogled her breasts too. "Do you fucking mind?" One of them gave her a sheepish look.

"Sorry. Boss' order," Bernie persisted.

"Tomorrow. I'm tired and I need to go to sleep."

The pulsars cocked and the whirring noises of the assault weapons being turned onto high voltage buzzed around them. Amaya cursed. "Fine. I'll go. But I'm not going out naked. I need my clothes. They're in the cave."

Bernie pulled out an annoyed smile as if he knew she had company in there. "You're fine, Ms. Chabert. We need to get going soon."

"Not without clothes, you ass."

Bernie shot her a dark look. He motioned to one of his merry shitkickers to lend his coat. The man complied grumpily.

Amaya put on the black leather coat with an equal grumble. All Vangali's henchmen were dressed alike. Dark shades. Long, black leather coats. Dark clothes and steel-toed boots that would make nice imprints on people's asses if they dared to squeak defiance.

"Let's go," Bernie ordered. A swift wave of his pulsar rifle's muzzle told her he

wouldn't hesitate to use it if Amaya tried to run.

She shot him her most venomous look and trudged along with Bernie and his men toward the conservation exit gate. They took her through the tunnels again. She hated it. Panic slowly crept inside her. What would Vangali do to her? He'd always monitored her every move, and he'd seemed quite complacent when she didn't date much after him. Now that she had two gen mods as lovers, she was afraid Vangali would do something to harm them.

An unexpected chill crawled up her spine. Her blood froze at the very thought. Vangali would exact his revenge on Ferr and Isic. He wanted to kill them; that's why Bernie was taking her away from the conservation. Blood rushed through her head. Panic was rising. She couldn't let that happen. No. She wouldn't allow Vangali to hurt them.

The hard muzzle of the pulsar rifle jabbed her back when Amaya stopped abruptly. "Move," one of Bernie's musclemen barked.

"To hell with you..."

The weapons whirled. Bernie's eyes narrowed.

"I'm not going with you!"

Bernie's rifle flashed before her eyes and the world became dark.

*

Ferr smelled trouble. He couldn't fall asleep after Amaya left to do her womanly business. Something didn't feel right. His instinct, battle-trained and war-sharpened, told him so. He sat up and shook Isic's shoulder. "Wake up."

Isic jolted up at once. "Yeah?" He went to alert mode as soon as he saw Ferr's expression. "Where's Amaya?"

"She went to the stream. But hasn't returned."

"How long?"

"Five minutes."

Isic shifted into his Bengal form. *I'll find her.*

Ferr followed his bonded. *I'll go with you.* Ferr stiffened when his acute hearing picked up the sounds of thumping boots from a distance. Many of them. More than a dozen. The fur on his back prickled. *Trouble.*

His bonded's eyes caught him and confirmed. *Vangali.*

Son of a bitch.

Fucker, Isic swore.

Ferr stalked to the cave entrance. Isic followed behind. He turned to his bonded. *Find her while I get rid of these clowns.*

Isic pounced away in a flash. His movement was so fast, Ferr only saw the swish of his tail dart behind the underbrush.

Ferr crouched and jumped on a huge boulder, assessing his targets. His hearing sharpened tenfold in his tiger form. The intruders didn't bother to shield their presence, which meant they were hostile. He climbed down and waited for the assaulters to come.

Less than a minute later, the thundering boots reached the cave. He counted about eight men dressed in combat armor holding high-powered assault rifles, storming Amaya's sanctuary. By now, he had no doubt that Vangali had sent them to finish off him and Isic. He growled, his primal instinct taking over. Rage boiled in his head. He swished his tail and hurled himself forward, snatching the last of Vangali's hired muscle in tow. The man let out a surprised shout and tumbled. He fired blindly as Ferr's enormous paws

ripped through the man's chest armor and gutted his innards. The sound of the gunshots made his comrades aware of Ferr's presence. He knocked two more of them down amidst the showers of bullets.

Ferr lurched back into the underbrush to elude the attackers. The whirring bullets danced around him, obliterating the leaves, stalks, branches and everything else in their path.

"Fuck! Where'd it go?" one of the assaulters shouted.

"Medic! We need a fucking medic!"

"It killed Stan. Fucker!"

"Kill it. Kill it!"

One man let out a lung-deflating shriek and fired blindly toward where Ferr had disappeared. His shout was bordering on shock and madness. Ferr concluded that these men were amateurs. A real pro didn't go bananas in a situation like this. Ferr growled in amusement. He gambled, changing his tactic. He propelled back into the direction of the enemies and lunged at them.

They shouted in pain as Ferr severed his nearest target almost in half with his sharp, adamantium-enforced claws, genetically enhanced for close combat. He whirled and ripped two more men in one swish. The men fell, bodies twitching in their death throes.

Two more fuckers left. The shooting stopped as if they were charmed by his presence. Ferr let out a roar, letting them know he was in charge of the situation. Everything around them shook: the ground, the foliage. The air smelled of blood and carnage, and Ferr welcomed it with delight. It fueled his primal instinct, the reason for which his kin was solely made. It felt like home, a true calling.

His victims froze, eyes petrified in fear. "Shit, oh shit," one of them mumbled, half-praying. Ferr decided to grant him a quick death and save the other one for interrogation.

A scream ripped from the man's throat, but Ferr barely paid attention. His last victim staggered, clambering as if he was a zombie. He could have had a clean shot from where he was, but the sight of gore shocked him. *True amateur*, Ferr mused. Almost effortlessly, he put one paw on the man's chest and knocked him down to the ground. The man whimpered, and Ferr could swear the prick was pissing himself.

Ferr shifted, his hand on the man's throat. The combat armor didn't protect the wearer around his throat area. Ferr felt the blood pulsing frantically in the man's jugulars. He smelled fear. Too intoxicating. "Where did you take Amaya?"

The man's eyes almost popped out from their sockets. "I don't know what you mean."

Ferr roared. The man startled and whimpered. "Please, please don't kill me."

"I will if you don't tell me where you took my mate."

"I swear to God, I don't know. He only ordered us to come here and kill you, and..."

"Who is he? Vangali?"

"Yes, yes." The man was breaking down. Up close, he looked like he wasn't a man at all. A boy. A cub. Ferr ripped off the boy's combat helmet with his claws. His suspicion was confirmed. His victim had barely left his teenage years, and he was sobbing to boot. "We just boarded Sept 9 and Mr. Strogan offered us job. We needed the money and..."

Fuck. Rage boiled to culmination point. Ferr pounced away before the boy finished his sentence. He hated to cause unnecessary death. He'd seen too many deaths in the war before he tried to get away from it. Who did Vangali think he was, sending amateurs to kill two war-bred gen mods?

Ferr let out another mighty roar, venting his anger and frustration, before following Isic's scent trail.

*

Amaya's scent led him to the stream, then it faded. Isic thought she must have taken a bath in the river before she was kidnapped. Isic stopped and studied the co-mingled new scents. He smelled Amaya's signature scent and some new unfamiliar ones. Men. Leather and perspiration. He swished his tail in agitation and decided to follow the trail of the new scent. It brought him to the conservatory's exit and the main pathways.

There weren't many people strolling around at this hour, but they were all alarmed when they saw him. "Loose animal!" one of them shouted. "Call security!"

Isic didn't waste time waiting to see what would happen if he lingered too long. He bounded away following the scent trail. It led him into an underground tunnel system. He paused and sniffed the cold air wafting from the air duct grid panels. The scents were overwhelming. Millions of different smells of Sept 9 filled his senses. Human. Animals. Machinery. Sewage. *Fuck*. It seemed he had entered the space station air filtering system. Isic closed his eyes and concentrated. Amaya. Where could she be? Her scent was unique. He had marked her. Ferr too.

He opened his eyes when he got a hold on Amaya's scent again. It was faint but workable. Her scent had coalesced with the leather smell from her abductors. Isic followed.

Thirty feet into the main tunnel, he stopped as Amaya's scent got stronger. He smelled blood. *Her* blood. Anger surged through his veins. They *hurt* her. They hurt his mate. Isic subconsciously let out his claws, agitated. He saw blood splotches a few feet from where he was standing. It didn't take a genius to figure out what had happened. Amaya had fought and the abductors incapacitated her. From the way her blood dripped, one of them carried her on his shoulder after they knocked her unconscious.

Fuckers. Isic suppressed his urge to shout out his frustration. He didn't want to alarm his prey. He leapt and followed the blood trail. The scent was strong. He ran faster. Right tunnel. Left. Left. And right again. The trail stopped at the landing of a shaft. The place was obscured with holo-mirrors. At a glance, people wouldn't find anything there, but Isic easily sensed behind the projected illusion was a door leading to where they had his mate.

He swished his tail angrily. He could plow down the barrier and the entrance, but that would alarm Vangali's henchmen. He couldn't risk such an attempt yet. He must find another way.

Isic turned around and sniffed the air blowing from the air duct systems in the perimeter of the shaft's entrance. His ears straightened as he caught the scent of Amaya again. It wafted from one of the panel grids. Faint light emanated from it. He peeked in. He couldn't see clearly, but it looked like it was a supply room. Isic sniffed, tasting the stale air. His suspicion was confirmed. Amaya was in there.

He made his decision. His claws elongated as he pawed off the air duct panel grids. His adamantium claws ripped through the metal. The sound of shredding metal cut through the air. He roared. He couldn't help it. When he made a hole big enough for him to pass through, he jumped in. Isic crashed on a stack of polysyntheca crates, sending them scattering.

"Isic!" Amaya screamed, thrashing. She was tied on a chair, ankles and wrists bound

with leather cuffs. With a swish of his paw, the cuffs flew, torn to pieces. She writhed free, flailing, and then fell. The cuffs had restricted her blood circulation.

Isic quickly shifted into his human form and helped her up. She was confined in a storage room surrounded with crates filled with dehydrated food. No guards were in sight. Good. "Are you okay?"

"I should be the one asking you that." Amaya jumped onto his chest, hugging him. "I thought they'd hurt you. I was worried."

Isic wrapped his arms around her, drawing her closer, relieved. "I'm the one who was worried. Goddess, kitten, you're hurt." His heart sank as he saw Amaya wearing a flexi-bandage on her temple. "What have they done to you?"

"No biggies, just a little cut. Don't worry about me."

"Don't worry?" Isic's eyebrows shot high. "They hurt you. They have to pay for what they've done to you."

"Listen, Ice, I'm fine. We have to get out of here. Vangali is planning to kill my babies. I overheard him. He said he was going space them all out so he could take over level seven from me."

Isic made a disgusted noise. "Unspeakable."

"Where's Ferr?"

"Taking care of some business. Come on, let's go." Isic helped Amaya climb through the hole he'd created. He shifted back to his tiger form as soon as she was outside, and leapt. She wasted no time running through the tunnel.

They had only run a few hundred yards away when Vangali's henchmen noticed Amaya had escaped. They fired at them. She ran faster as Isic tried to shield her from stray bullets.

She skidded when they made an abrupt right turn and fell to the ground. Isic thought she had lost her balance, but one of the bullets had hit her thigh. She lay sprawled on the dirty floor tunnel, yelping in pain.

He roared. Isic bounded back to their attackers, lashing out in revenge. They fired at him, but the low caliber bullets couldn't hurt him when he was in his animal form. He knocked two of the men down in their moment of hesitation, and two more a heartbeat later. The fifth man reached for something from his belt as Isic pounced in his direction.

It was an acid grenade. The blinding explosion shook the tunnel. Isic was thrown against the wall before he could leap away. Amaya screamed. Moments passed before Isic could regain his coherent thoughts. Amaya was shaking his shoulders to wake him up, but he felt so weak. He had shifted back to his human form when he took a hit. His chest burned from the acid. The skin on his lower arm was scalded.

"Fuck," he croaked. "Don't touch me; you'll get the acid on your hands too."

"I don't care!" Amaya sobbed. "We have to get you to the medic facility."

Isic wanted to get up and walk, but the pain was too excruciating. If he'd got hit while he was in his human form, he wouldn't be alive, like the idiot who threw the grenade at him. He bit down the pain and forced himself to crawl. Faintly, he heard the thundering boots echoing in the tunnel. More of Vangali's men were coming. "Shit!"

Amaya staggered and seized his uninjured arm to help him stand up. They were coming closer. Isic trudged forward with Amaya's help. Each step was too agonizing to endure. He couldn't go faster. Amaya was in just as much pain, with blood streaming down her thigh. Just when he was about to shift back into his tiger form so he had his

powerful claws to defend them, the tunnel shook with the roar of another Bengal tiger.

Ferr.

From the other end of the tunnel, an enormous beast charged in their direction. It leapt past them and collided with Vangali's men. For the next several minutes, the tunnel was filled with the song of death.

*

They had hurt them; his bonded and his mate.

Ferr tried to control his rage, but goddamn it, it was so hard to do. After he'd finished off the rest of Vangali's hired muscle, he went to check Isic and Amaya's conditions. "Are you okay?"

"Don't mind us," Isic said, his voice raspy. "Find Vangali and finish him. He's about to space out all animals in level seven."

"You have to stop him," Amaya added.

Ferr faltered. He didn't want to leave the most important people in his life in this condition. They were hurt. Bad.

"Hurry. There's not much time left!" Isic barked. "We'll be fine."

Amaya touched his arm, her eyes full of hatred. "Kick his ass for me, Bear. Kill that son of a bitch. He must be in the launch deck on level seven if he wants to kill all my babies. Get him."

Ferr held his gaze on her for a few seconds. "I'll be back, you two."

*

In his tiger form, Ferr followed the scent of Amaya's animals, which led him into the sector's launch deck. He heard the scared hiss of Solar's cubs being mistreated. When he got in there, the entrance to the chamber had already been sealed. The sounds of angry and confused animals came from behind the thick metal walls.

Built like a grain silo, the ejection chamber was used to space out the refuse of the space station. Its massive structure stood in the center of the launch deck about sixty feet tall and twenty feet across. On the top, a skinny catwalk grid slashed across the mouth of the silo for the engineer to conduct a final inspection before the content was ejected into the cold, empty space. Amidst the cacophony of the animals' noise, he heard a man's voice on that catwalk. Vangali Strogan.

He roared, letting his presence be known, and shifted into his human form. "Vangali!"

A mocking sound echoed from above the silo. "Filthy *ani*. You aren't dead yet?"

"You've got to do better than sending amateurs to finish us off, fucker."

"Well, we've got to fix that."

Ferr saw a movement from above and the silver glint of the reflection from a high-powered rifle. A millisecond later, it vomited bullets in his direction. Ferr leapt and took cover behind the gigantic pipe. The spray of deadly rounds sang around him, hissing and hitting the pipe. "Your aim sucks, Vangali. You should stick to a pea shooter."

Vangali's laugh mocked him in return. "Maybe if you didn't play hide and seek like a coward, I could get a clear shot of you."

"Don't worry, I'll get to you soon!" Ferr shouted back. *And he would.* Ferr scanned his surroundings as the rifle spewed bullets. They ricocheted past him and hit everything around him.

Vangali's voice screeched above. He was pissed. "Show yourself, *ani*!"

"Why fucking not?" Ferr shifted into his tiger form, using the strength of his adamantium claws to climb between the ledges of the pipe. He hoisted himself into a massive air duct opening. Vangali's bullets chased him as he stormed into the ventilation system.

He followed his instincts and got a fix on his target's location. Ferr pawed off another air duct opening to get into the upper level of the silo. He crashed into a small corridor, wasting no time, leaping into the nearest staircase system and bounding above.

Vangali must have been expecting him. Ferr was greeted with more bullets when he blasted down the stairway door with his claws. He kept charging at him, not caring that some of the high-powered bullets were shredding his skin and fur. He knocked Vangali down next, flinging his treacherous rifle away from him. Vangali Strogan thrashed and stormed some curses. Ferr shifted into his human form and delivered a nasty sickening punch to his face as he taunted, "Next time, use a practice gun if you can't shoot like a man." Vangali's head snapped backward, and he wailed in anguish. Ferr stood, checking his own body to see if the bullets had hit any vital organs. They hadn't, but a couple bullets had burrowed into his flesh. The pain didn't bother him. He rode the killing edge.

Vangali scrambled away from him and staggered on the catwalk. His normally perfectly coifed black hair hung in waves around his face, his rat-like nose bleeding all over his pristine white skin. The rat had met the cat. Ferr stalked him with the gait of a predator, ready to finish his ultimate prey.

"P-please," Vangali begged, "don't kill me. I'll give you money, anything you want."

His plea brought a wave of repulsion to Ferr's stomach. Coward. He thought everybody could be bought with money. "You're truly a magnificent piece of shit, Vangali. You don't deserve mercy. In fact, death is still too good for you."

"What are you do..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Ferr yanked him off the catwalk and hoisted him across the railing bars. Vangali screamed in panic. He snatched one of the bars and held on to it. But gravity worked its magic and his body slumped down into the silo. Vangali screamed again when he realized he was hanging from the railing. Below, Solar and his kin waited for him with their feral growls.

"Don't kill me, please," Vangali cried. "Let me live and I'll give you anything. I swear!"

Ferr crouched. "I don't want anything from you, just payback for what you have done to my bonded and mate." He let out his tiger adamantium claws and slashed Vangali's hand that was still clutching the bar.

Vangali let out an ear-splitting shriek as he fell. The beasts' hungry roars deafened his scream afterward.

Justice had never sounded so delightful.

Chapter Five

Two weeks later

Isic showed up at her domicile fifteen minutes earlier than he'd promised. His eyes flashed mischievously as he dropped a large bundle on the table. Amaya didn't get a chance to ask any questions as Isic beat her to the punch by barking out an order. "Strip."

"Excuse me?" The independent part of her rebelled. She knew things between them had changed since that first day, but she hadn't grown accustomed to being ordered around. He cast a tight smile, his dominance unwavering. "Take your clothes off. We have a lot of work to do."

Amaya's cheeks flushed. She had spent more than two hours grooming herself to look sexy, with a new dress, makeup, and hairdo, and the last time she'd checked in the mirror, she looked spectacular. Did he think a fashion fairy just came, waving her wand and poof—this look just happened? Now he wanted her to take everything off? Men. She bit down her annoyance. "I thought we were going to the Moon Hall for dinner?"

"Tut, tut, wrong, kitten. We have a special party at Submit."

"What party? I thought we'd just have dinner and..." Her cheeks flushed hotter. Isic and Ferr had promised to take her out for an unforgettable night. Fabulous dinner. Hot, sweaty all-night sex. Damn, she had really been looking forward to the hot, sweaty sex part. They hadn't had a chance to be together after the incident.

She and Isic needed regeneration procedures after the Septarian authorities found them in the tunnel, and they were kept in the medical facility for a couple of days. With Vangali gone, the authorities seized his assets and took control over his estate until the whole thing could be sorted out legally. Ferr was questioned and cleared of any wrongdoing. When the dust finally settled, two weeks had passed. Amaya missed her men terribly.

Isic smiled, a secret kind of smile, his eyes flashing mischievously. "Now, now, we don't want to ruin the surprise, do we?"

"What surprise?" Amaya was curious, her annoyance forgotten.

"It won't be a surprise if I tell you, will it?" Isic rolled his eyes. He snatched her arm and tugged her into his embrace. He lowered his head and brushed his lips over hers. Amaya felt giddy already. She'd missed him and Ferr. It had been a long couple of weeks. Delicious shivers swept through her, causing her nipples to pout, hardening. Isic kissed her slowly as if he wanted to savor every delectable offering she had to offer. His tongue pried her mouth open, sweeping over her palate, kissing her thoroughly until she felt all bubbly from the inside. When they parted, Amaya was woozy. His kiss made her forget her own name for a second.

Isic chortled. "You look so damn scrumptious, kitten. Now, about this dress I want you to take off..." His movement was swift and deft, the black slinky gown she had purchased for this occasion was tugged loose and fell whispering to her feet.

The all-knowing, naughty smile on Isic's face went wider at the sight of Amaya's lacy brassiere and the matching lacy bikini panties. "To die for," he commented, running his hands over her curvaceous figure. "If this wasn't such a special occasion, I'd have you

leave this on. But for now..." He winked. "I need you to take this off."

"But why?"

Isic answered her with a kiss. "Just trust me."

If it wasn't for Isic, Amaya would have told her date to screw himself and forget all about it. She couldn't refuse Isic's request. Who could? He was one of those men who were gifted with a special charm to disarm a lady from her panties in record time.

Amaya unclasped her brassiere's hook, letting the expensive lingerie join her dress. Her panties came off next, leaving her naked. Her pussy clenched. Isic's gaze made her hot, searing her with a wicked thrill.

He licked his lip, almost impulsively like a cat with cream. "Delicious," he murmured, "just perfect. Stay still." Isic opened his box and took out a large silver can labeled "Chocolate Body Paint."

"You have got to be kidding me," Amaya blurted out.

"Nope." Isic also extracted a tapered brush from the box. "Got to make you all yummy and even more delicious."

She stammered. "But, I-I've never..."

"There's always a first time for everything, kitten. You'll like it. Come on." Isic tugged her closer, wanting her to step out from her puddle of clothes. "You can keep your stilettos on. Be still while I paint you up."

Amaya shifted from one foot to the other while Isic opened the can and inhaled the sweet, intoxicating scent of decadent chocolate. "God, I love this stuff." He dipped the brush into the dark confection before continuing, "I can live off chocolate for months."

She giggled. His confession was unheard of. A fierce Bengal gen mod who had an addiction to chocolate. "I thought you only ate meat."

"Ferr does. But I have a sweet tooth. Got my first taste when we were in Tryrius, wondering what I've been missing all these years. Now, stay still."

Amaya couldn't help flinching when the first stroke of the brush caressed her naked skin. Isic painted a circle on her nipple, covering her areola. The cold paste made her skin crawl, in a good way. She silently cursed. He'd made her horny already and all he'd done was play with a brush and melted chocolate.

Isic flashed another smile, watching her reaction. "Now the other one." A squeal halted in her throat when he painted her other nipple. "Perfect," he declared in satisfaction. "I definitely want to take the first lick of this later. To hell with Ferr."

His blatant claiming caused her to tremble. Her heart thundered in erratic beats as blood rushed through her veins. *Take the first lick. To hell with Ferr.* Amaya had sampled how treacherous Isic could be with his tongue. She bit her lower lip so she wouldn't grin. Secretly, she was looking forward to those licks.

The chocolate paint went hard after a few minutes. Isic watched her with sheer pride as if she was his masterpiece. "Now, your sweet pussy."

She almost choked. "What?"

"You heard me, kitten." Isic pulled up a nearby chair and motioned that she should put one leg on it. "Open up. I must paint you extra special down there."

Amaya did what he told her to do. Cold air brushed her over-heated pussy as she splayed her legs wide for him to do as he pleased. Isic kneeled and inspected her with a sex aficionado attention. He flicked her throbbing clit with the tip of his finger. She gasped. Another delicious tingle shot deep into the depths of her sex.

"Too wet," Isic decided, putting the brush and the chocolate can on the floor. "I must dry you first."

His idea of drying her was to put his mouth on her pussy, licking off her arousal juice with precision and expertise that only a feline kin could muster. Amaya just had to squeal. She seized a fistful of his hair and ground her pussy with the rhythm of his licks. Isic purred in delight, deepening his lick. The agile, rasping tongue caressed her sensitive folds, dancing and tickling her pussy lips. Rolling waves of pleasure began to build, her body going tense. Especially when Isic lashed her engorged clitoris with the tip of his tongue and sucked her deeply, trapping the tender flesh with his teeth and tongue.

The sensation was unbelievably good; Amaya was riding the surge of endorphins toward completion. Isic sensed what she was doing and abruptly tore his mouth away from her pussy. "I don't think so," he chastised. "Save it for later."

"No," she protested. "Please, just one?"

Isic laughed. "Ferr would kill me if I did that. He said your first climax would be his."

Amaya groaned in desperation. She was so close. "Ferr wouldn't mind."

"Oh, Ferr minds when he specifically instructed me, kitten." He took the brush and dipped it into the can. She stiffened when the brush loaded with chocolate danced on her pussy lips, replacing Isic's tongue and lips from just a few seconds earlier. The paint cooled off her sex almost instantly. It brought her temporary relief. Her sex contracted as the brush covered her entire sex with chocolate. Isic purred, sounding so proud of his handiwork. He waited a few minutes for the paint to dry, then he ordered her to turn around and bend over.

She proffered her ass to Isic. She shut her eyes as he parted her ass cheeks and brushed the chocolate goo onto her secret crevice. A gasp escaped from her throat as he brushed over her perineum. More delicious tingles surged through her sex, the momentary relief gone, the lust blazing.

Amaya felt dazed when Isic ordered her to turn around again. The chocolate paint was hardening, clenching her skin, and making her aware of the state of her arousal. It was a great effort to fend off the urge to swing her hand down to her pussy, to scratch off the paint and masturbate herself to completion.

Isic rose from the floor and kissed the tip of her nose. She could smell her own arousal on him. "Ready for the party?" She nodded in semi-delirium. "Great." Isic fished out a thin, long coat from the box and urged her to put it on.

"You're saying I must go out in public in just this body paint?" Amaya was scandalized. "You're out of your mind, mister."

"But you'll be wearing this coat. Nobody will notice. Promise."

For a moment, Isic looked more timidly adorable than what he really was. Ferr was right, sometimes Isic was more cub than a man. She still remembered how fierce he was when he had tried to free her from Vangali's trolls. Amaya feigned a long-suffering teenage sigh. "Fine."

"Yay. That's my girl."

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Her legs were shaky when she arrived at Ferr and Isic's rented quarters. Her heart thundered hard. The realization of what was to come made her feel giddy. Almost surreal. Isic hadn't given her any aphrodisiac that caused her arousal to hit the roof, but it felt like

he had. Then, it hit her. Cat pheromones. They had claimed her as their mate, and when they were aroused, her body responded to her men's call.

No shit.

She swallowed a lungful of air, trying to calm herself when Ferr opened the door. Amaya snorted, almost choking when she saw the black clothes Ferr was wearing. Dominant ensemble, head-to-toes swathed in soft black leather. He had let his long hair loose this time, like a curtain of black silk draping his broad shoulders. Whooa. True barbarian of the ancient times she used to read about in children's fable books.

"Told you she'd be impressed." Isic's voice tore her from her thoughts.

But that wasn't all. Her eyes widened when she saw the rented domicile had been transformed into a bondage workshop. Black velvet draperies framed the walls, and flickering candles, hundreds of them, occupied every available flat surface, practically screaming a fire hazard. "This *is* the surprise?" Amaya croaked.

"Ferr wanted something kinky for the claiming. We thought a bondage theme would be perfect."

She swallowed hard. "The claiming?"

"You know," Isic whispered, lowering his head until his lips brushed the shell of her ear, "when we both take you for the first time."

Amaya shivered. Her heart wanted to burst out from her chest. The prospect sounded so provocative. So thrilling. She should have expected this; after all, the three of them were bonding.

"Come." Ferr tugged her in. As soon as Isic stepped over the threshold, the automatic door slid closed. She stood trembling as Ferr undid the button of her coat. Her nipples ached and her pussy throbbed. She had never been this aroused in her entire life and she was having a hard time controlling herself. She was afraid she would jump on one of them, tear off their clothes and mount them at any moment. She stifled it, trying to curb her urges. Ferr must have noticed the lust in her eyes. He shot her a reserved smile, crooning, "Don't be shy, kitten. We love your fiery passion."

"Really?" Her voice sounded shaky.

"Definitely." Isic touched her shoulders, his fingers inching down her arms before he yanked her coat with such suddenness that she barely comprehended she was clad only in her chocolate body paint.

Ferr's eyes feasted on her near-naked state. "Nice," he said. "I love your work, Ice."

"She tastes even better than she looks."

"I bet she does." Ferr traced his fingertips on her fevered skin. Amaya restrained herself from squirming. His touches felt electric, jolting every nerve in her system and awakening her senses into a new shade of pleasure. "Now, fit her on the spreader."

Isic wrapped his arm around her waist and ushered her onto the bed. Amaya shuffled along. Her heart changed its beat from erratic to tribal dance gone awry, especially when Isic had her lie on her back. He cuffed all four limbs on the spreader, so open, vulnerable and helpless. She found out that not being in charge for once was actually pleasing.

Isic stooped over her head, upside down. His long, blond hair brushed her cheeks. "I bet you've never been tied before." She shook her head. "Do you trust us to give you pleasure?"

"And only pleasure," Ferr added.

Her answer came as a breathless sigh. "Yes."

Isic rewarded her with a peck on the lips. "Good girl."

Ferr sat on the edge of the bed and gave her a quick kiss too. Amaya's eyes widened when Ferr brandished a scarlet silk scarf in front of her. "Your piece de resistance."

"Wait," she protested. Amaya wasn't keen on the idea of being blindfolded. "Why do I need that?"

"So you can focus on what we're going to do to you. Trust us," Isic piped in.

"Only pleasure," Ferr finished, proceeding to blindfold her with it.

Her world turned red, cocooned by the scarlet silk scarf. She writhed as a reflex from being deprived of her sight. The bonds bit into her skin, anchoring her securely, leaving her splayed open to be used. And pleased.

Only pleasure.

Amaya sucked a lungful of air, watching her surroundings through her obstructed view. She saw two imposing figures looming over her. One of them crouched near her widespread thighs, his calloused hands touching her skin. Ferr. He lowered his head and his hot breath singed her flesh. His tongue followed. She bit down her moan, her body jerking impulsively at the very contact. Ferr licked from her inner thigh and upward, swirling his tongue lazily in small circles, laving her as if she was the most luscious treat a cat could get.

"Oh, God." Amaya panted. Her nipples hardened. Her pussy clenched in anticipation, swollen with desire. A maddening pleasure-ache stirred from the depths of her sex as Ferr's tongue inched closer and closer to her cunt. She heard him growl, beast-like, and seconds later, his tongue felt rough like sandpaper. She yowled. It felt tickly and strangely good at the same time. He seized both her hips, pushing her down to stay still. She still couldn't help squirming. Too sinfully good. All of a sudden, the air around her thinned and she couldn't breathe. Ferr's tongue was at her pussy, licking the chocolate paint. "Fuck!" she gasped.

Isic stooped near her head, chuckling. He was upside down from where she was lying. His chest filled her peripheral as she threw her head backward, crying from the way Ferr was licking her pussy lips with his cat tongue. "Kitten," Isic purred. His large hands cupped her breasts, squeezing and fondling them. His mouth found her nipple a heartbeat later.

Amaya jerked and let out another yowl. Isic ate her chocolate-covered nipple with delight. His tongue swirled, dancing on her hot, puckered skin. He nipped her with his teeth, followed by a gentle suction. She moaned. Her breasts were rolled and kneaded, making her nipples tingle with delight. Isic sucked her in cadence with her breathing. He savored her thoroughly so that before long she found herself clinging at the precipice of her climax.

Her sex tightened, quivering as Ferr parted her pussy lips and gave a nice, long lick directly onto her dripping heat. She exploded instantly. Fireworks burst before her eyes, her heart hammering in her throat. Her orgasm was exquisite. White and pure.

"How luscious," Ferr said from the juncture of her thighs.

She sobbed as her pussy clenched and pulsed, her belly tightening as a wave of warmth rolled down from her very center. She creamed, her hot nectar leaking.

Ferr noticed it and purred again. He collected her cream of lust and slid two fingers into her spasming channel. Amaya instinctively squeezed his intruding fingers, her hot, sticky passage enveloping him. "Goddess," Ferr exclaimed, sucking in a hard inhalation.

"You should see this, Ice. Kitten is so ready to be fucked."

Isic released her nipple and shifted to the direction of her pussy. Amaya couldn't see clearly, but she could feel Isic's hot breath on her belly. She heard him growl, low and throaty like a beast who just had spotted his prey. "Let me have a taste, Bear."

Ferr withdrew his fingers. A heartbeat later, Amaya heard Isic smack his tongue, purring like a horny kitty-cat. "I want to fuck her."

"I haven't finished eating her. There's more of the chocolate left."

"You can eat her while I fuck her. Don't fret. You already got your first dip. I haven't."

"Fine."

Her bonds were unclasped and her limbs were freed. Her first instinct after she was released was to yank off her blindfold. She wanted to see them—her mates. Ferr and Isic greeted her with a smile. She grabbed Isic's shirt and crushed her mouth on his. Isic kissed her back with the same ferocity. Her lungs threatened to explode when she finally tore her mouth from his. "Fuck me," she begged, feeling aching, needy with lust. She needed to be fucked. To be filled. Now.

"Hmm. Kitten is antsy," Isic said. Ferr laughed.

Amaya grabbed Isic's collar. "Fuck me, damn it."

"My pleasure, kitten. Let me get undressed, first." Isic started unbuttoning his shirt.

She growled because he wasn't fast enough. She tore the rest of the shirt from him.

"Hurry up."

Both Ferr and Isic laughed at her enthusiasm. Isic slid from the bed to shed the rest of his clothes. Ferr distracted her from waiting by plastering his mouth on her unsucked nipple. Amaya melted at once. "Oh, yes, deeper." As if her words acted like fuel to a flame, Ferr engulfed her breast with one jealous suck. Electrifying pleasure burst within her.

"Oh, God, yes." Amaya moved with the rhythm of his suckling. He flicked the tip of her nipple with his tongue, playfully eddying her center. More fire blazed, searing her alive. A soft groan curled out of her throat as she wrapped her fingers around Ferr's lush raven hair. "A little more," she pleaded in desperation. Her body had become greedy with the pleasure they were giving her.

Ferr didn't grant her wish this time. He popped her nipple out of his mouth. "Not yet. Isic's turn this time."

Isic pounced onto the bed and swooped her into his lap as if she weighed nothing. Amara squealed, surprised. She laughed when she caught Isic's mischievous smile. "My turn, yes?" She nodded furiously. Isic arranged her to sit on his pubis, lifting her legs and spreading her open. His cock was hard, pressing against her pussy lips. She snatched his magnificent erection and pumped him in a rapid motion. Isic groaned. "That's nice, kitten, but I need some lube first."

"Allow me." Ferr jumped in at the opportunity. He took Amaya's hand away from Isic's cock and replaced it with his own mouth. Isic's groan became louder. Amaya was fascinated by the display of their intimacy, watching the way Ferr's tongue swept on the eye of Isic's cock, teasing, tickling as if he knew just how his bonded liked to be treated. Isic's breath went ragged, making him shudder from head to toes.

"Suck me, no teasing," Isic whispered, his voice dark and husky.

Ferr rolled his eyes. "Greedy, both of you."

"So?" Isic purred. Amaya too.

Ferr clasped his hand on Isic's hard shaft, giving him a few lazy strokes before he plunged his mouth, swallowing Isic's cock to the hilt.

"Fuck." Isic groaned, his cock pulsing. His shaft turned red from pent-up lust, almost as flushed as his face when Amaya craned sideways to see his reaction. Isic ambushed her with a hard, starving kiss. His hands slid on her pussy, stroking her hard. Amaya squirmed, pleasure rippling from the center of her sex. One of his fingers sneaked in and fucked her with passion.

She tore her mouth from Isic, moaning. She ground her pussy on Isic's hand, riding him as if he was her instrument of pleasure. Her cunt contracted, a delicious spasm; she gushed lust elixir from the way Isic was finger-fucking her.

Isic noticed her state of her arousal. "Shit, Ferr. She's ready. Let me fuck her now."

Ferr released Isic's cock with a loud pop. Isic groaned from the impact. He withdrew his finger from her cunt and seized her hips, lifting her up a few inches and positioning her on his crotch. Amaya watched in shivering anticipation as Ferr took Isic's cock and pushed the tip to her opening. Isic's huge tip slid in, just a fraction, into her wet heat. She groaned impatiently, arching her back and pushing herself to take his whole erection.

Isic made a strangled noise in his throat, almost an agonized, wordless cry, as Amaya lowered herself down, spearing her vagina with his granite-hard cock. She almost felt dizzy from the sensation—too sweet for words, too good it had to be a sin. His cock spasmed in her depths, filling her full, so hot and thick, and he was hers forever. Hot flushes surged through her veins, making her want to scream with manic need.

"God, kitten, you're feeling so good." Isic lifted her legs up and urged her to lie on his chest. Amaya obeyed, her body burning with desire. She could feel Isic's naked body was also burning feverishly. He gyrated his hips, slamming his cock into her until his wiry thatch ground against her perineum.

Amaya mewled. Oh God. She was breathless, marveling at the sensation. The delicious, aching tingles rippled from the center of her sex. She squeezed his cock with her cunt muscles in response. Isic cursed, in a good way, from the impact. Seconds later, he retaliated by lashing her with a series of short, rapid thrusts.

She had to yell. The pleasure made her toes curl. But that wasn't all. The moment Isic started to fuck her like a crazed animal in heat, Ferr returned his attention to her cunt. She flinched when his tongue swept over her clitoris and labia, licking off the remnants of the chocolate paint. The rough, sandpaper tongue returned, stroking her overly sensitive cunt with the enthusiasm of a hungry animal. She heard him growl and purr as his tongue skittered on her engorged nubbin. It was too much. So much pleasure made her nerves shriek and her body quake.

Beneath her, Isic moaned the same song. She couldn't see exactly, but it seemed that Ferr had licked from Isic's balls up to her pouting clit. The friction, the roughness and the impact from it were sensational. She didn't know what she liked best—the way Isic was fucking her, or the way Ferr was licking her. Or both. The pleasure was so maddeningly good, she felt her body tense, preparing to explode.

With an inhuman growl, Ferr sucked her clit as Isic hammered his cock into her juicy cunt. She was a goner. She came with a shout as the world around her darkened.

Oblivion was sweet and immaculate.

When she crashed back into reality, she noticed both men had stopped what they

were doing. Isic's rock-hard erection inside her, galvanizing, hot and virile, throbbed to the same beat as her thundering heart. Isic writhed and slipped out. "No." She didn't want to lose him just yet. He felt too damn good.

"Patience, kitten," Ferr reassured her, his tone sounding amused. "It's only momentary."

She didn't quite grasp what he meant until she felt a finger brush her anus. She craned her neck forward to see what was being done to her. Ferr lubricated her nether orifice with the juice of her own cum. Her sphincter clenched when Ferr pushed a finger into her, denying his entry.

He chortled, but persisted. His finger slipped in, knuckle-deep until his palm pressed hard against her perineum. Oh, God. Amaya breathed out. It felt weird at first, having a strange object fucking her asshole as if it was her pussy. Not that she hadn't fantasized about it on one or two occasions, but experiencing it in real life was so different. The pressure was incredible. So lewd and nasty—and unbelievably good at the same time. Good was an inadequate word to describe it. Great. Mind-blowing. Especially when Ferr inserted a second finger into her anus, scissoring her, stretching open her passage to accommodate a bigger object. A train of thoughts flashed across her mind. Isic's cock or Ferr's? Who would take her first, deflowering the cherry of her ass? Amaya couldn't think straight. The pleasure had robbed her of coherent thoughts, leaving her clinging to her instinct.

Ferr withdrew his fingers just when Amaya was starting to get accustomed to his finger-ass fucking. She moaned her loss, only briefly, as Isic's huge tip nudged her anus next. "Oh my," she whimpered. Panic seized her. What if he didn't fit? Isic was big, well, Ferr was much bigger, but still, he was big. And to have a cock that size shoved into her ass...

Amaya shivered. She swallowed hard as Isic positioned his lubricated cock on her anus. He pushed and she almost yelled. Her sphincter was forced to grant him entry. He speared her without a shred of modesty, all that immaculate thick shaft filling her asshole. She gasped for air as a new sensation overwhelmed her senses. Pain and pleasure, hot and aching need co-mingled together. Isic's hard shaft had plowed up to the hilt, plundering her from the last strands of her sanity.

Her sphincter hiccupped around his enormous base, flexing, still protesting from the intrusion. Isic laughed. "Damn, Bear, kitten is divine. So fucking tight. Heavenly."

Ferr answered with a low growl. "My turn."

Her heart wanted to leap out from her rib cage when Ferr said that. *His turn. The claiming.* She felt so full with just Isic, but both? She spluttered deliriously, wanting to say, "Don't hurt me too badly," but the word that came out of her mouth was, "Please."

Ferr jumped in at her encouragement. He shed the rest of his dominant ensemble and put some lube on his cock. Amaya couldn't take her eyes away from his erection. She felt dizzy, her panic rising. *God, they're going to hurt me, split me to pieces.*

As if Ferr sensed her fear, he pressed a gentle kiss on her lips as he positioned himself at her cunt. She startled at his kiss. It was the first kiss on the lips he had given her since the incident. She'd missed him terribly. She opened her lips and snaked her tongue out, almost sinuously, sweeping his lower lip. Ferr kissed her in return, open-mouthed, slowly, as if they had all the time in the world. Spicy cinnamon flavor exploded in her mouth, laced with the aroma of her own musk and the taste of her arousal. He

sucked her bottom lip hard before parting. Amaya mewled for more. "Greedy, kitten. We don't want to keep Ice waiting, now do we?"

Isic groaned and nuzzled the shell of her ear. "If you keep me waiting any longer, I'm going to flash." The cock in her ass throbbed in agreement.

She sighed, but didn't have any grounds to complain. With Isic filling her ass full, her pussy felt neglected. It contracted and creamed when Ferr's smooth cockhead nudged her opening. He thrust in with one slow, languorous stroke. Amaya gasped for air, wailing, feeling so damn full. He plowed her down until he hit her cervix, until there was no more sweet, hard cock left unfucked. He throbbed just like Isic, hot and pulsating. Her pussy clenched desperately against the granite-hard shaft. New ecstasy swept her like a hurricane, leaving her breathless in its wake.

Amaya wrapped her arms around Ferr's neck as she tried to accustom herself to both of their luscious cocks. She had never felt so stuffed like this in her life. Ferr supported his weight by bracing one arm next to Isic's head, while he used his other hand to cup her cheek and brush stray hair from her face. He pulled and thrust. Isic followed suit. She couldn't help mewling again. "God," she mumbled, disbelieving the sensation she felt. Ferr and Isic moved in and out in synch; Ferr thrusting when Isic pulled. Before long, a jealous blinding lust consumed her in full force when her mates picked up their speed. Thrusts and pulls, over and over...

"Yes, fuck me, oh God, yes..." Amaya pleaded, enslaved by the ecstasy, her mewls and cries turning into throaty, whimpered sobs.

And they started to fuck her viciously, lashing her with slam upon slam of battering fucks. Tears streamed from her cheeks, all the nerves in her system screaming with ecstasy. Her crazed gasp was obscured with Ferr and Isic's growls. Their cocks felt like virgin fire, incinerating her with untainted pleasure. Her body tensed, muscles tightening as the waves of pleasure swept her into the final rapture.

Ferr's eyes turned yellow, shining cat-like when he whispered, "I love you." Without having to see Isic, Amaya knew that he was also experiencing the same thing. She panted, wanting to reply on his pledge, but her own climax beat her by a millisecond. She came so hard that she was dying again. *Le petit mort*. A little death. An orgasm so powerful she felt like she was a goner from this mortal world. Her ears rang. Her breath was cut from her lungs. Her vision blackened momentarily.

Pure ecstasy.

She panted. Her body quaked. Her pussy and anus clenched and milked their still rampaging cocks until they finally reached the final rapture. Isic came first, and Ferr followed a nanosecond later. Their bodies tensed as they pumped their seed into her orifices. Hot, fertile cream filled her full.

Amaya felt drained when the storm of ecstasy faded away, leaving her body weak like an empty shell. Her cunt and anus were still clenching and milking their spent cocks. Ferr rolled off her first, leaving Isic still embed deep within her. Ferr returned in moments with a warm cloth to wipe her rear entrance, stroking where she and Isic were still connected. She moaned disappointment when Isic slid free.

"Ice?"

"Hmm?" Isic seemed just as incoherent as her. Good bonding could do that, she guessed.

"Remember what we talked about? With boobies?"

Boobies? Maybe Ferr was a little jumbled from their lovemaking as well.

Ferr leaned over her, nuzzling her neck, his eyes seeming to be locked on Isic's face.
"And..."

"Cubs? Cubs! Boobies and cubs! Yay!"

Arms wrapped around her, squeezing her tight. "Does this—"

"Cubs and boobies! Yay!"

The End

About the Author:

Celia Kyle:

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn't know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you're asking yourself, "Who is this?" I am Cali, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of 2006. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She's worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn't even make it into one of her books by name! That damn kitten, Katie O'Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don't. I'd like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you must contact her, her website is at www.celiakyle.com or you can send an email to celia.kyle@gmail.com. But when I go hungry, I'll blame you all!

*

Lizzie Lynn Lee:

I write. I doodle. I play guitar. Not necessarily in that order. I'm an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, bookworm and a night owl, since most of my stories are done in the wee hours of the morning because of my caffeine-induced insomnia.

I'm a big South Park fan, and I'm fluent in Cartman speak and I'm working on mastering my Kennynese. Cookies and donuts are my main diet and I currently owe a fortune to the swear jar.

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