

BRIT BLAISE



OUT OF
SPACE

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BY

BRIT BLAISE

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OUT OF SPACE
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*One of life's greatest gifts is the people
who have the ability to touch us in ways that refreshes the
spirit and heals the soul. To Lori, thanks for the helping hands and
precious heart you share so willingly. Thanks for your unique
ability to tell me what I need to hear, when I need it most.*

CHAPTER 1

“This is a fucking frog ship! I can’t hitch a ride with you.”

“I thought you called yourself a scientist. You’re sounding like a pampered princess.” Ballas stared at the female interloper and gave her the universal galactic finger-sign, which, after centuries, still clearly communicated its message.

“Fuck you, too.”

“Lucky me, a nerdoid scientist with a potty mouth. Lady, you can turn your cute little ass around and walk straight back where you came from. At this point in my life, I can afford to be a little picky.” He couldn’t see her face, but her body would start wars, and his reaction to her visibly tented the front of his casual caftan. That alone should be enough to send her packing. He’d made a promise, however, to live the remainder of his miserable life taking advantage of every situation that came his way, so he knew he’d let her stay.

He also knew he would take flack when he’d accepted a cargo of

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frogs to Feptren, but from a Feptrenling? *Where's the justice in that? Shouldn't she be grateful?*

"Picky, my ass. You frog carriers are the lowest sort of species in the universe. If I had any other option, believe me, I'd jump at the chance and leave you to wallow in frog waste. As it is...you're it. You're my only option. Now, what security issues have you addressed?"

"What security issues? Lady, you're nuts. Trust me. No one would want this ship bad enough to fight for it. Besides, I haven't said you can stay. I don't know why it matters, but as luck would have it, this is my first time carrying frogs."

"Listen, buster, those fucking frogs are bad enough, I don't want to travel through space worrying about being hijacked, too."

"That's Commander Buster, to you, potty mouth. Such as she is, she's my ship and I want to get her to Feptren and back in one piece even more than you."

"Security?" She impatiently jerked at the fingertips of her gloves, removing one.

As she began to remove her outerwear and he'd finally get to see what she looked like, he became over-anxious. Ballas thought about telling her to leave her clothes on, but his cock stirred to remind him of how long he'd been without a woman. "No one has ever looked twice at my ship in the past. Why would anyone all of a sudden take an interest?"

"Because you're commanding a fucking frog ship now, why else? To the Feptrenlings, you're a hero. To everyone else, you'll be frog fodder if they get their hands on you. Someone will want to blow you out of space for the pure joy of it." She snickered, shrugged and removed her helmet, placing her gloves inside.

"Okay, lady—and I use that word loosely—you say that naughty word again and I'm going to have to wash your mouth out with soap."

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Nerdoid was an appropriate appellation for her, if you could disregard her foul mouth. Her hair was coated in a waterproof gel-pack. Her eyes were hidden with the Feptren equivalent to twenty-first century Earth spectacles with thick lenses. The trouble with Feptrenlings was they were even more clueless than Earthlings. Both were primitive species. “It must be hell coming from a planet like Feptren and looking like you do. You must never get laid. No wonder you have such a foul disposition.”

She widened her stance, leaned down and set her helmet between her feet. “The only hot dates you could get are with your right hand.”

Ballas imitated her stance with exaggerated flair, and upped her one by throwing his shoulders back. “Shows how little you know about me. I’m left-handed. Now that we’ve established we want each other, why don’t we just screw and get it over with?”

“The lack of proper facilities, deficient security and a smart ass commander who’s afraid to say fuck. This is priceless. Perfect. Is there any way we can work this out, and come to an understanding that’ll get me home safely?”

“I don’t think I have your respect. You don’t know me well enough to give me attitude.” Ballas crossed his arms. He’d really hoped for an uneventful flight. Wasn’t he due a break?

“I don’t know you at all, Commander Egan. I’m paying fifty-thousand credits for a ride. Respect will come if you manage to deliver me in one piece.”

“Fifty-thousand?” Ballas gulped and tried not to allow his surprise show on his face. He thought the contract was for five thousand. “No one calls me Commander Egan. If you insist on titles, make it Commander Ballas.” He took a deep breath. He’d wanted a break and this was the mother lode. He didn’t dare let her know he would have taken her for a fraction of the figure she mentioned. “I’ll need more than fifty-thousand if I have to put up with your potty mouth.”

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"Fifty-five thousand and not a credit more. You could buy two frogferries for that much. Not to mention the fortune you'll make with your frogs at a credit each. How many do you have?"

"I already have twenty thousand frogs stowed and twenty more on their way. As soon as all forty are secured, we're out of here."

"Forty thousand? You can't be serious. There's not enough room in this crate for a cargo of that magnitude. You'll have to stop at every crummy fueling station all the way, just to get this hunk of junk to make it."

"That's my problem. If you need to get there faster, all you have to do is wait for the next ride to come along. Of course, not many Earthlings will give you the time of space. You may have a long wait. Besides, my computations tell me we can make it with only three stops."

"Three?"

"Count on it."

"Then show me to my room."

"There's the rub, princess. I'm out of space. The frogs will be occupying every available inch of the ship, cargo and living area included. We'll share the command station and sleep in shifts when we aren't occupying our PODs. I figure the actual time we'll spend together should be no more than four earth days. Can you handle it?"

"Pulse-on-Demand modules? Don't tell me you still travel through hyperspace using suspended animation. Maybe *you* should pay *me*."

"Is that a yes or a no?"

"My superior, the high commander, insists I be back on Feptren before our moons are full. If you can do that, we have a deal."

Ballas punched the coordinates into his mainframe. They would make it, but it would be close.

"I'll double the credits if you get me there on time."

Ballas fought to keep his surprise from showing. He'd heard

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Feptrens had more money than common sense. With this windfall, he might stand a real chance of fulfilling his final wish. That many credits would buy a ship guaranteed to transport him to the outer reaches of space where no one had gone and returned to tell the tale.

He gave her a Turcillican salute. "Throw in a bottle of Feptrenian hooch and you have a deal. I'll get you there or kill us both trying."

"The entire universe wants our Litra. Why would *you* be any different?" Then she laughed a snide little snicker, which made her full breasts bounce invitingly.

She wasn't nice, she had foul mouth and she tended to be extremely bossy. Still, under her butter-colored leather jumpsuit, she had curves in all the right places and he wanted to see her naked.

"But none are brave enough to come to Feptren to get it. I suppose you deserve a bottle."

"I've never tried it. I heard it's an alternative to gammaseep treatments." Now why had he opened that can of dreglings? He was about to tell her he was joking when a stray bullfrog jumped into his hands.

She took a closer look at the frog, raised a delicate brow above her glasses and took a step back. "Why would you need gamma-charged? Is there anything you want to fucking tell me before we leave?"

"I don't need this. Stow your gear and see if you can do something about that rotten mouth of yours."

Then a curious thing happened. His cock grew harder than the granite reefs of Renitus. Harder than he'd ever known and twice as painful. Maybe this was how the end would come, with a stiff log and no place to put it. He gave his passenger a second look and wondered if she'd be game.

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"And you could stick it in me without...without it exploding?"

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"Could you show me?"

What the hell? Ballas had entered an alternative galaxy and he hadn't even started his ship. "Are you asking me to whack off in front of you? No wonder..."

"Don't say it. I'm sick of hearing the opinions Earth men have of us."

"You may not have noticed. I'm *half* Earthling. The other half, the dominant half, is pure Turillican."

She made a huffing sound. If she spit, he was going to throw her off his ship...and then whack off.

"That explains everything. How do I always manage to find 'em?"

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“Galactic delight stick,” he said, sitting the frog on the floor and swiping his hands, wet from frog piss, on the hem of his caftan. “Are we going to let it go to waste?”

Another delicate auburn brow peaked above her thick, tinted glasses. “Will fucking shut you up?”

“You got three minutes to spare?” He may as well tell her truthfully. It had been so long since he had achieved a proper boner, it would probably go off like a rocket at first touch.

“Good grief. I need to have my fucking head examined.”

CHAPTER 2

Sella wanted to laugh in Commander Ballas Egan's excruciatingly handsome face. If he only knew what the frogs did to her sex drive, he'd dump her in a fraction of a galactic second. The frogs had been brought to her planet for the last ten years in the hopes it would bring an end to the war between the sexes. The scientist in her wanted to test the effects of the frog secretions for a purely clinical result; the woman in her demanded it for carnal reasons.

Just as she garnered the gumption to tell him to kiss her ass, the large bullfrog jumped into her hands and peed on her, too. "Why do they have to do that?"

The right kind of gloves would have stopped the hormones from seeping into her pores. Sella wasn't wearing *any* gloves, never mind the *right* kind. The jolt the frog urine gave her nearly brought her to her knees. And a female Feptren didn't get a smidgen of the dose a male would get.

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She stepped forward to shove the bullfrog back into the Turillican's open grasp and stooped down to wipe her hands on his caftan like he had earlier.

He moaned and staggered backward.

"What's a little more frog piss? We're going to be drowning in it before we reach Feptren. I'm Sella, in case you wanted to have a name to scream while we..." She couldn't say the words. After the equivalent of almost thirty Earth years, she was going to have sex...for the *first* time. It was the right thing to do. Something she'd wanted desperately. It wasn't just the damned frogs making it so easy for her. *It isn't!*

"Sella," he repeated and shucked the caftan over his head in one easy pull.

He was a magnificent species, even for a Turillican, who were known across the galaxy for their beauty and virility. He had the golden coloring that spoke volumes of his elite lineage. His golden hair hung over bulging pectorals to his trim, muscularly defined waist. His pure amber eyes glowed as he watched her reaction to his invitation. His golden skin, what she could see of it from the waist up, made her fingers itch to touch him. If what she'd heard was true, he would have a deep golden cap on his engorged cock. *That* she wanted to see.

"You mind if I dim the lights?"

"A shy Turillican...isn't that an oxymoron? You don't need to dim the lights. I'll quit staring, I promise." She began to undress as the effect of the frog hormones escalated.

Three minutes?

She would pop in two.

Or less.

As she unzipped the front of her one-piece jumpsuit made of butter-soft calite leather, cool air hit her breasts. Commander Ballas stared even harder than she had at him.

"Are all the women on your planet built like you? If so, Feptren

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men are crazy and deserve to get their asses kicked from one galaxy to the next.”

“I’m not above kicking a little ass, but it’s not that kind of fight. At least not most of the time.” She peeled the jumpsuit down to her waist. Her nipples reached for him, so she had little choice: follow them. She plastered herself against his hard chest.

“Close your mouth,” she said and then thought better of it. “I take it back. In fact, feel free to use your mouth any way you want if it means you’ll hurry.”

Commander Ballas couldn’t get his mouth on her exposed nipples any faster if his life had depended upon it. His warm lips surrounded her areola and she saw stars.

“Please,” she begged.

“I aim to please.”

The commander moved from one breast to the other and she tried to wiggle her suit over her hips while pinned tightly against him. He got the clue and began to inch it down, while she tried to get her hands on him. She grabbed hold of his manhood, still encased under the cloth of his loose fitting pants. He didn’t feel like an Earthling. In fact, it seemed to her from the information she’d discovered as a scientist, he closely resembled her kinsmen in size and girth.

She gulped, suddenly unsure, but didn’t let go. She needed to get it out of his pants.

“Don’t do that. I can’t...just don’t.” He pulled away from her grasp and began to kiss her belly. “Your skin is really soft,” he whispered. “Almost creamy.”

“You talk too much.” Sella tried to figure a way to get him moving faster.

“And delicious. I think I’ve been missing out.” He laved her stomach while moving lower.

Oral sex was not a mystery to her. The women of her race practiced

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it daily among themselves. However, having a man perform an oral act on her body was a complete mystery. His appreciation for what he was doing as he worked his way to her pussy seemed genuine, but she wanted his cock buried inside her.

He took hold of her skin-tight pants working them downward. Then, he got stuck. "Damn!"

Sella bent to help, turning her backside to him for a second.

"Is that the Feptren version of a belly button? Hold still so I can get a closer look."

Exposing her naked backside to him made her jerk back so quickly she collided with his head. She reached a single hand back to cover her exposed ass button at the small of her back, while working the snaps of her boots. It occurred to her, she knew how to stop his embarrassing ogling. She grabbed for her gel cap and yanked it off. Her hair exploded out of the cap and fell over her like a thick shroud.

Her hair was her vanity. She'd only seen a handful of redheads on her planet and they were all men.

"Why would you hide hair like that under a damned gel cap? It's a crime against nature."

"It keeps the elements from destroying it." She stepped out of her boots. "Could you be a little faster? And maybe quit gabbing. It spoils the mood."

"The *mood*? There's no place to lie down. There's no way we'd both fit in a POD and be able to move."

The frog urine had her ready to beg. Again, the scientist in her reveled in glory of what could save her planet, but the woman in her was ready to kill him if he didn't hurry. She pushed him back toward the command center. While his chair wouldn't be the best way to begin her womanhood, it would do.

"Your pants." She removed her eyewear and blinked as her eyes adjusted to the light and pressure in the cabin. She didn't have time to

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worry about eye pressure. If she timed it just right—like now!—the breaching might not be so painful.

He bent to lower his loose-fitting pants and stepped out of them, still wearing his smooth leather boots. When he straightened, Sella couldn't believe what she saw. If she hadn't thrown her headgear out of reach, she'd have gladly put it back on to examine him. There it was, in all its heart-shaped glory—a Feptrenling cock. No doubt about it! The upside down, heart-shaped cap was pure Feptren—not to mention the size.

When did she ever get a break?

The urgency of her impending release told her to think about it later. Right now she needed him.

CHAPTER 3

Sella shoved Ballas backward into his chair.

Before he could even think twice, she pulled her hair up high into the air before she climbed on top of him, thrusting her bodacious tits straight into his line of sight. Ordinarily, a pushy woman would be a turn-off for him. Not this time and not just because of her dynamite looks. Ballas wondered if he'd get his cock inside her before he came.

She went up onto her knees on the arms of his chair and the touch-sensitive control panel lit up like the suns of Turill. "Get it in there now. I can't wait a second more."

Ballas brought his aching cock up to her wet core. She screamed, loudly enough to send the frogs into a croaking war, before she lowered her weight down onto him. She was so tight...too damned tight. Then she threw her head back, sending her hair flying. She looked him in the eyes and then smiled before she began to contract around him...squeezing his cock.

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Ballas froze.

Damn!

He wasn't going to last three seconds, never mind three minutes. The unyielding walls of her tight pussy took reason and sanity out of the equation. He hadn't even been able to pump into her a single time, but he started to ejaculate. However, she was so tight on him, like a natural cock-ring, stopping him from unloading.

"Yes!" Sella began a soft hum as she began to grind against him. "Oh, yes!"

"Move up and down on me," he begged while the woman contracted and gripped him even tighter in the throes of her release.

"I can't. You might..."

"Might? Of course, I will...if you'd just move. Please?"

She continued to rub tight against him as if she hadn't already taken her pleasure. "Don't say I didn't warn you." She lifted and came back down the length of him with twice the force as the first time. "Yes!"

Ballas had a death grip on the arms of his chair while she slid his cock in and out of her tight interior. Every time she pulled up, he started to come and each time she came back down, she stopped him. She did it over and over until he was writhing. The pleasure became so intense he saw asteroids streaking across his brain. His entire body thrummed to a pinnacle very near pain. If he didn't unload soon, he wasn't sure if he could survive it.

But what a way to go...

* * *

Sella stared at the unconscious commander. He *was* only unconscious, wasn't he? She reach for his carotid and a thin beat communicated he still lived. When she saw his Feptren cock, she knew she was taking a chance she might kill him, but by then her lust had control over her...or so she told herself.

The man evidently didn't know he had Feptren in his genes. From

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the length and girth of his tool, he might even be a half-breed. *If true, it could mean...* She held her breath as she lifted and withdrew from him. The warm, moist cabin air felt harsh against her sensitive folds. However, the breaching hadn't been nearly as painful as she'd imagined.

Sella lowered her feet to the floor and stared at his exposed cock, now limp and listing to the side. From her limited point of view, it appeared his ballocks were immense, so big they must make sitting uncomfortable, painful even. Could it be true? Sella needed to know. She *had* to know.

Lifting one of his legs to the side, she bent to get a closer view, only to see proof of her suspicions in a fraction of a moment. His swollen ballocks showed the telltale sign of Feptren eggs. She fondled him, testing to see how many were growing inside him. She counted at least twenty-eight before he began to rouse.

"What just happened?" he whispered as he opened his eyes.

"I think you may have had too much excitement. I've heard Earthlings are unpredictable and weak during the sex act. You've proved it's so, Commander."

He huffed and drew his dark golden brows into a single line. "It's been a while. I can do better."

His words excited her to the point she could hardly contain herself. She'd just guilted him into having sex with her again. Had he already deposited some of his eggs inside her? "I would hope so. Even a Feptren male can perform better than that."

"Give me a minute. We'll try again."

"I haven't slept for two days. I'll rest in the POD while you catch a second wind." Sella needed to lie down in case he'd given her eggs.

Feptren male eggs attached to a female uterus where they formed tuberous groups of as many as thirty eggs. Once fertilized, the eggs would begin to separate and grow on their own until they could survive

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in a breeding POD. In less than five months, Sella could be a mother! In her wildest dreams, she'd never imagined she'd find her destiny in a frog-ferry. And she had the equivalent of five Earth days to make certain she harvested every last egg in his ballocks. It was the only way to be certain.

* * *

Ballas tried to figure out what had happened to him. How long had he been unconscious?

Why?

Damn.

What if it happened again?

"Wait." A bullfrog jumping into his lap momentarily stopped him from rising. The damn creature pissed on him a second time. "Shit." He reached for his shirt to clean himself.

Sella glanced toward him just as his cock grew hard again. He wasn't sure how it happened, but he felt vindicated...somewhat. He'd never had complaints from a woman and it surprised him how much he wanted to prove his miserable performance had been a fluke.

"Maybe my nap can wait. Isn't there anywhere we can get more comfortable? I mean if you still have room for twenty thousand more frogs, you must have some extra space until they get here. You are half Earthling after all. They're known across the universe for their love of creature comforts."

When she smiled at him and tossed her glorious red hair, his cock throbbed. She had a smart mouth, but maybe he could get used to her wit. He'd make an effort if she freely gave her delicious body to him during their trip to Feptren.

Ballas stood to lower the bullfrog to the floor before reaching to his control screen. He tapped the inactivated, adjusta-airbed icon, bringing it from his private quarters to the command center in a matter of seconds. Once he had it positioned near where Sella stood, he activated

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it with a simple tap.

Sella gave a nod when the almost invisible airbed appeared next to her. "I'll pay whatever extra money required to keep the space for a bed frog-free for the duration of our journey."

"It would seem Feptrenlings like their comfort as well. What about my crew? You aren't going to get frisky with them watching, are you?"

"My request is based purely on lust...on sex on demand. If you insist on walking around with a hard cock all the way to Feptren, we may as well get some enjoyment out of it. Besides, do we really need a crew? The two of us can handle it."

Ballas couldn't believe his good fortune. More money than he'd dreamed of having and a sex-filled adventure to boot. It was only right his last days would finally be worth living. If he was really lucky before he died, maybe he'd even fall in love for the first time.

He always wondered if love was all that the ancient poets touted. It would be great to find out, if only for a day.

"Well?" she demanded impatiently and ran her hand over her bare breast, stopping to tweak her nipple. "Or are you afraid to have another feminine reaction? Your secret is safe with me."

And he actually thought he could fall in love with her?

That did it!

"Get on the bed. We'll see who passes out. There's five hours before the next shipment of frogs arrives. Let's see who's the first to call it quits. I promise it won't be me."

"Nor I." She jumped onto the bed and flung her legs wide for him. Her pink nether lips silently called to him. The bed floated higher as it automatically gauged her weight.

Ballas crawled onto the bed from the bottom, positioning himself over top of her, with his cock in his hand. The frogs started croaking twice as loud. His cock had just grown another inch if the tightness of his skin was any indication. He wanted to take a second to enjoy her

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body with his mouth, but he needed to bury himself inside her more.

Sella reached down to help guide him to her sex and then moaned as he plunged inside her. At least she didn't scream again. That was probably why he'd lost control the first time. Or maybe it had something to do with the malignant mass growing between his legs. The doctors had given him a choice. Cut them off...or die in less than a month. If he was going to die...what better way to go?

* * *

From the burn on her skin, Sella guessed Ballas hadn't done such a good job of cleaning the frog urine off the front of himself. No wonder he'd gotten hard again right away. The effects of the frog waste still clinging to him sent Sella reeling. She could only imagine what it did to Ballas. Male Feptrenlings were ten times more susceptible than the female of the species.

"I don't know what's wrong with me. I normally last...shit."

"Give it to me."

"This isn't supposed to be happening," he moaned.

Sella tried to stay still while he pumped into her over and over again. This time, as his release came, she could feel the eggs he deposited inside her. Poor Ballas fainted a second time, but the sound of his breathing in her ear assured her he hadn't died from the thick and fruitful emission.

She hadn't even considered her own satisfaction when it hit her like an asteroid from the Greglon galaxy. She exploded into a thousand tingling pieces of ecstasy. The aftershocks came in waves, almost as intense as the first.

Sella lay pinned underneath his dead weight while the adjust-airbed undulated with her. She floated on a cloud of pleasure and if all went well...she'd do it over and over again.

CHAPTER 4

Sella searched the ship for sheets and found a single, satiny blanket folded neatly in a cupboard in the commander's personal quarters. She had a plan. She could temporarily impair his olfactory system so he couldn't detect the stench of frog urine. Once Sella soaked the blanket with it and then allowed it to dry, he'd never know.

Her sister Draina had once tried the ploy and almost succeeded. Draina's prey had already scheduled to terminate his eggs and had already taken the drastic step of sterilization before she'd discovered it.

In the past thirty years of Feptren history, only one man had impregnated a woman and lived—Sella's father. For the last century, the men of Sella's planet had chosen to become eunuchs rather than risk death to procreate. Sella's father and mother had produced over three hundred offspring, but they'd proved to be the last born to the planet.

Somehow, the Feptrens had managed to keep their secret from the

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universe. But, unless something happened soon, they'd be discovered. Their planet would be ripe for a hostile takeover.

"What are you smiling about?" the commander grouched when he awakened about an hour later. "Where the hell did you get that?"

Sella gave the partially folded satin dangling over her arm a snap. "I thought maybe you'd want to be covered during your nap."

"I wasn't napping."

"What were you doing then?"

"Fuck."

"Yes, you certainly did."

"I guess I blew my second chance. Here I thought this trip would be...I don't know, maybe—"

"Before you get all sentimental on me, I'll let you in on a secret." Sella gave him a smile. "You may have passed out, but you gave me the best sex I ever had. Both times. I've got nothing to complain about."

His amber eyes widened. "I'm the best you've ever had?"

"Without a doubt."

He took on an air of confidence and started to rise.

"Wait." Sella knew she sounded a little too desperate. It wouldn't be good to let him know the restoration of a civilization might be beginning on his ship...or would it? She swept the blanket over his naked body and watched it take immediate effect.

"Whoa. How did that happen?"

Sella boldly stared where the blanket now tented high into the air at his groin. "Is that for me?"

For a second it seemed as if he didn't want to go for a third time. "I don't think my ego can handle a third time unconscious. The pleasure was so intense I saw stars and then nothing. I guess that makes you the best sex I've ever had, too. I just wish it lasted longer...shit! This isn't good!"

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Sella jerked the blanket off him, tossing it to the floor. For a second, the size of his cock made her gawk. Maybe she'd overdosed him. Now how could she get under him as fast as possible without appearing too needy? The poor man looked ready to explode like the lava pits of Mount Cellon. The heart-shaped cap of his cock seemed to throb with the beating of his heart.

She'd heard stories of such things before the history of her ancestors had changed drastically. This had to be her imagination. No way could the commander of a frog carrier be her soul mate...no matter how handsome he may be.

"What is it about you? You only have to come near and I grow hard. Not just hard, I become like an untried youth. Even now, I'm feel like I'm about to explode even though I know it's impossible."

Sella crawled onto the air-bed and it shimmered lower with her added weight. He moved to his side, facing her as she threw a leg over his hip and thrust her sex toward him. His great cock ran along her stomach instead of where she would have it. She raised her leg higher and pulled back to take him in her hand. The softness of his velvet skin, stretched taut over the thick girth of him, gave her pause. She lingered for a moment to enjoy touching him before guiding him to her core. If only she could take her time to enjoy him, but she didn't dare risk losing a moment's advantage.

He moved his cock into her slowly, all the while pulling on her leg to gain leverage. Once fully seated, he moved her leg off his thigh. With her legs together, the fit was so tight she knew he couldn't move. He trembled as he wrapped his arms around her.

Her skin ignited everywhere his touched hers. The hormones from the sheet melded them together like nuclear fusion. She went from a normal Feptren female reaction to a splendid male specimen to the brink of orgasm in a fraction of a second. The explosion ripped through her like a tsunami. The waves of ultimate pleasure continued to crash

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inside her.

Ballas pulled her leg back to his waist and began to move in and out with the waves. Each time he pumped into her, her orgasm ratcheted higher. Unlike their first two matings, this time he was giving her his cock over and over again in long, hard strokes. This time *he* was taking the lead.

Sella peaked and exploded a second time. Stars burned through her brain, white hot in intensity...

* * *

Ballas awakened still seated deeply inside Sella's tight pussy. He pulled back to look into her face. Had she fallen asleep or passed out the same as he? He could only hope it was the latter. Despite the humiliation of epic proportions to his male ego because of losing consciousness each time, he wanted to fuck her again...had no choice really. Something had changed. He pulled out and slid back inside her. The extraordinary pressure to come fast and hard had receded. Now he could ease in and out with near normal pleasure. She moaned as he continued to ease the length of his cock in and out.

"That feels incredible." Her words were more air than sound. "Don't stop."

Sella began to move with him, welcoming him deeper inside her tight heat. "Incredible." Each thrust brought a sublime rush, but, for the first time, Ballas didn't worry he'd come too soon. He had control and he intended to use it. He wanted to bring her to orgasm and enjoy every second.

Ballas turned on the air-bed until he was underneath her. She sat upright, bringing her legs up to straddle him as he continued to push up and pull back. The air-bed worked well, allowing him freedom to move.

Sella threw her head back and moaned. The sound worked like an aphrodisiac to escalate the pleasure. It had been so long since he'd

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experienced anything like this...really, if he was honest, he'd never had anything this good...and still held control of the razor-thin line of ecstasy.

When the walls of Sella's unyielding sex began to clutch and release, he still was able to hold back, but barely. Just as his confidence soared, an anomaly occurred that shocked his senses. The act became more emotional than physical. His connection to her became more otherworldly than real, as if preordained by a higher power. His soul fused with hers. He couldn't distinguish her parts from his as they bonded into one entity in a split second.

Nothing would ever be the same.

It humbled him.

It pissed him off.

"I've been waiting all my life for you." As the words left his mouth, he could feel the mother lode about to rip through him.

The doctors had told him the end would come fast and hard. The sweltering pain and bliss hit him harder than...

CHAPTER 5

Sella awakened to the sound of a shrill alarm. She pushed the dead weight of Ballas' inert body off her bottom half and looked around the command center. A small flashing light on a panel to her left caught her eye.

"It's the second shipment of frogs."

Sella turned to see Ballas awake and trying to rise from the bed...unsuccessfully.

"Will they leave the frogs in the cargo bay or load them onboard for you?"

"My crew is part of the delivery."

"Aah, your crew." Sella had been waiting to talk about his crew. She didn't want anyone else on board. She didn't want anyone interfering with the sex she intended to have at will. "This ship could easily be handled by two of us."

"My brothers may take exception to being stranded if that's what

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you had in mind.”

That’s exactly what she had in mind. “Brothers? There are more like you?”

Ballas huffed. “Not like me. Sardan and Cepon make me look frail. I may be the eldest, the first of seven sons, but I’m definitely the runt of the Egen family litter.”

“This I have to see.”

“Not looking like that, you’re not. Get dressed before they tire of waiting and tear the door off to come aboard.”

Sella didn’t argue. She didn’t care for the thought of them ogling her any more than Ballas evidently did. She understood her reasoning, but why did Ballas care? Her heart lurched in her chest as his words came back to her. *I’ve been waiting all my life for you.*

Their final coupling had gone beyond physical. The turbulence it had created in her heart and mind was unprecedented and difficult to assess. Hopefully, it was only an anomaly, nothing to deter her from her ultimate goal.

While Sella dressed, Ballas managed to revive and shrug into his clothing before unlocking the cargo hatch to allow two strapping, young specimens to come through the door one at a time. Dallas hadn’t exaggerated. They were immense in stature. Once again, Sella’s suspicions about their parentage seemed to be confirmed.

Neither noticed her standing in the corner. “What have we here? Did we catch you napping?” one of them said.

Sella drew back behind the stack of crates holding frogs. *Damn!* They’d forgotten to deactivate the bed.

“Looks like we interrupted you.” The other brother held up one of her boots. “Your condition must’ve improved.”

Sella stepped from behind the crates and extended her hand for her boot. “Your condition?”

Ballas first frowned at his brother and then her.

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“You didn’t tell her? I thought sex aggravated it. I’m Sardan, by the way.” One of the blonde giants handed her boot to her. “And you’re our guest?”

“I’m cargo. Nothing more.” Sella took her boot and balanced on one foot to slip it on.

“Aah, the scientist. You don’t look the part,” the other brother said and winked at his brother.

“And you must be Cepon.”

He made an exaggerated bow. “And you aren’t what we expected. Ballas failed to mention you were beautiful. He must be afraid of some healthy competition.”

Ballas growled. “Keep it professional.”

“She’s a professional?”

Ballas lunged for his brother, who only managed to avoid a fist by smashing into a stack of crates. When one of the celluloid boxes splintered under his weight, the action sent frogs jumping into the air. In a fraction of a second it became chaos in the command room.

The last thing Sella wanted to do was touch frogs with an audience to witness her intense sexual reaction. She needn’t have worried. The three brothers were too busy trying to contain the frogs to care about anything she did or didn’t do.

“What the hell?” Sardan exclaimed after catching two of the frogs.

“You, too?” Cepon moaned and dropped the frogs he held in each hand. “What’s happening?”

Ballas was white and trembling. “We’re having an allergic reaction to the frogs. I felt it earlier and thought it was only Sella. Just throw the loose frogs out the hatch. I don’t have anything to hold them. The crates are all full.”

“Are you sure this won’t kill us?”

Sella looked at the protrusion at the front of both Cepon and Sardan’s loose-fitting pants and tried not to react visibly. “Let me catch

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them. It doesn't affect me as badly."

All three men shoved frogs in her direction at once, Ballas and Sardan with their hands, while Cepon nudged one with his feet.

Once Sella removed all the loose frogs from the ship, she couldn't avoid an explanation. "Please be careful not to destroy any more crates. Planet Feptren is depending on them. It's a matter of national security."

"And here we only thought Feptrens loved to eat frog legs. Does our peculiar reaction have anything to do with what you use them for?"

"How could you three have grown up on Earth and not have come into contact with a frog?" Sella didn't want to tell them the truth. Did she have a choice?

Ballas rubbed his hands along the side of his caftan. "We were raised on the planet Turill. I told you we are half Turillican."

"You told me that *you* were half Turillican. I had no idea you had brothers. I don't know about them, but you aren't Turillican. Your blonde coloring may have fooled you, but you are at least part Feptren."

"You're crazy." Ballas looked as if he wanted to sock her.

"No way."

Sella listened patiently to the continued denials of all three brothers. This couldn't be easy on them. "Feptren men have heart-shaped caps on their cocks. I know of no other species who can make this claim. I don't know about your brothers, but Ballas, you definitely have a Feptren cock. No doubt about it."

Ballas sighed. "Our mother was Feptren? Why would she hide it from us?"

Sella's heart hurt for him. Why did she have to be the one to reveal the truth to him? "It makes sense to me. Feptrens aren't popular across the galaxy. If she had golden coloring, she may have been one of the Chemiles. They were never happy living among the arrogant racist Pimiles, who are dark.

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“With my red hair and pale skin, I’ve taken a similar path as the Chemiles in the eyes of the Pimiles. My mother was half Chemile.”

“Our mother wouldn’t do that,” one of Ballas’ brothers insisted.

Ballas shook his head. “I don’t know. It’s possible. I seem to remember she never liked to talk about her life before she met our father. Maybe we just assumed...”

Cepon pushed Sardan aside and move threateningly close to Sella. “Why would we believe you? How can you be certain Turillican cocks aren’t—” Cepon turned red and stopped speaking.

“I’m not an authority and I’ve never seen a Turillican cock, but they are reported to be bright gold when...ah...stimulated.”

Ballas placed his hand on Cepon’s arm. “I can’t believe we’re standing here having a conversation about cocks. Woman, I may have had sex with you, but that doesn’t necessarily mean I trust you know what you’re talking about.”

Sella could feel her temper rising.

“But, in your defense, you’re the one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever seen,” Sardan said. “Sorry, Ballas—no offense.”

“None taken. She *is* beautiful. She’s also deceptive and conniving, it would appear.”

Sella retreated a step. His words hurt. “I’m sorry if you think I took advantage of you. I didn’t hear you complaining at the time. In fact, if I remember correctly, you said it was the best sex you’ve ever had.”

“True. I’m not denying it. I do, however, feel used.”

One of his brothers started to laugh and Ballas shot him a glare.

Sella didn’t want have this conversation in front of Ballas’ brothers. “It’s not as if I have much experience. You were my first time.”

Ballas blinked. “Why didn’t you say something?”

Neither brother appeared amused at this point. Cepon’s hands balled into fists as he turned to face Ballas. “And to think I felt sorry for you. She was a virgin and you didn’t even know?”

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Sardan put his hand on Cepen to restrain him. "I have a solution. Maybe you two should consider getting married."

"Married?" Sella squeaked.

CHAPTER 6

“There’s still time to call it off,” Sella whispered.

“Not and get you to Feptren by the time of your full moons.”

“I don’t think it really matters any longer. Besides, I haven’t been completely honest with you.”

Nothing she said or did surprised him. Why was that? Ordinarily, he’d want to know every detail about a woman he’d had sex with. A man couldn’t be too careful these days. However, since his days were already numbered, nothing seemed to matter any more. “Do you plan to be honest before you say ‘I do’?”

“It wasn’t my idea to get married.”

“I don’t understand why it appeals to me, but it does. But all you have to do is say the word and I’ll get my brothers to back off this crazy idea.”

“You really know how to sweep a girl off her feet.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

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“Can I stop you?”

“Why did you agree with my brothers that we should get married? You didn’t seem to hesitate.”

“Here’s the thing. When we first had sex, I didn’t know I’d be impregnated. I just wanted to have sex for the first time. Now there are the babies to consider.”

Ballas knees grew weak, but somehow he managed to stay upright. “Babies?”

“The ones I’m carrying.”

“Not just one?”

“Feptren women can easily carry up to thirty babies since we don’t carry them for long.”

“And I thought there was nothing you could say or do to shock me? Shows how clueless I am.” The anger Ballas fought so hard to control came bubbling to the surface. He’d thought nothing could hurt worse than learning he only had weeks to live. He was dead wrong. Learning he would die when he had something to live for hurt worse than anything he’d ever experienced.

“You had the easy part. I’m the one who has to carry the gang for at least three months before they continue developing in birthing pods until they’re ready to join the Feptren race.”

“Five months until they are born? And this news is supposed to make me happy?”

“Maybe I told you too soon. You need time to get used to the idea of being a father. I should’ve waited to tell you.”

“Waited for what? And to think I wanted to fall in love. I’m not ready for this.”

“I didn’t plan this. I had no idea when I walked on this ship, I’d meet my destiny.”

“Doesn’t that beat all? What if I can’t be the husband or father I want to be?”

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"This isn't about you or me. This is about babies. Lots of wonderful babies."

"Wonderful for you maybe. Too bad you didn't think about what this would mean for me. I'll marry you. I'll give you my name if that means anything on the planet Feptren, but you stay the hell away from me. No talking...don't even look my way."

"Aren't you overreacting?"

"You have no idea." Ballas turned toward the command center and tried to appear interested in calculations.

He hadn't seen this coming. He'd thought he'd had everything figured out. He'd deliver the shipment to Feptren, collect his fortune and use his share to buy a ship that would carry him into the far reaches of unexplored space. He wanted to end his life seeing what no man had seen. That dream was over. His money would have to go to care for babies he'd never get to see. He could feel his throat constricting and his eyes began to sting.

Tears?

Just wonderful!

He didn't cry when the doctor told him he only had a few weeks to live if he didn't consent to removing the tumor and his manhood in the process. Would there still be time to have the operation after delivering the frogs? What kind of father would he make as half a man? Would a neutered father be better than no father at all? He had a lot to think about.

* * *

Sella sat with her back to the wall. If she didn't find a way to harvest the rest of the eggs within the next four hours, her body would reject them when implanted. She had a twenty-four hour window and no more. She wished she could be satisfied with what he'd already given her, but she wasn't. She wanted them all, as many as he had to give.

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“Why aren’t you and Ballas celebrating your nuptials?”

Sella looked over her shoulder to see Cepon. “Ballas wants nothing to do with me.”

“Our mother said this would happen.”

“Your mother? What does she have to do with this?”

“More than you might think. When you told us you believed our mother could be Feptren and we started piecing the puzzle together, this whole thing adds up to a set-up. Everything she always told us started to make sense.”

“None of this is making any sense to me.”

“Tell me how you came to be on Earth at the same time Ballas planned on traveling to Feptren.”

“Are you saying it wasn’t a coincidence?”

“Our relationship with our mother has never been normal. From the time we were little, she insisted she needed to leave us. She needed to find a way to save us... find a cure. Then Ballas got... then Ballas... well, that’s for him to tell you. Anyway, we grew up believing we have some sort of congenital illness. We figured we’d all be dead before we celebrated our thirty-fifth birthdays. She’s somewhere trying to find a cure for whatever this thing is.”

Sella had a good idea where the conversation was headed. “When I was a little girl, before I grew up to learn about the Feptren curse, I thought I’d find my soul mate, fall deeply in love and live happily-ever-after. What you are describing is nothing new to me. I learned about it when I was only ten.”

“Our mother left us a way to contact her. None of us ever did. We all came to believe she didn’t really care. Now, we need to hear about this Feptren curse. If we’re Feptren, we have every right to know. Maybe then you and Ballas will be able to work things out.”

“I need a couple of hours alone with Ballas. I realize that’s a lot to ask in the middle of deep space without an extra inch of room.”

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“You might be surprised.”

Sella watched his handsome face brighten with a smile and his golden eyes, so like Ballas', twinkled. “Sardan and I made sure you'd have room to celebrate your marriage. We left some of the frogs behind. You and Ballas will have just enough space to open the adjusted in his private quarters. We'll get him there and you'll have to take it from there. Work your frog magic.”

“I don't think that's a good idea...I mean using the frogs. I think that's what has him so mad at me.”

“Time to get Ballas and Cepon out of the PODs. You go get ready.”

Sella squeezed down the narrow aisle filled with crates of frogs toward Ballas' quarters. She opened the door to find the bed just inside the door with crates below where it hovered. The satin blanket she'd soaked in frog urine was draped over the bottom.

“I thought you agreed to leave me the hell alone until I was ready to talk to you?”

Sella turned to see Ballas coming up the aisle behind her. He hadn't spotted the bed yet. “Was that intended to be part of our vows?”

“What the hell?” He'd seen the bed.

Sella reached toward the blanket, her ace in the hole. “I want to make love with you. We can do this the easy way or the hard way, but I need to make it happen.”

He looked at the blanket. “Meaning you could give me a dose of frog urine and then have your way with me. Why talk about it? All you would have to do is toss that blanket on me. Right?”

“I'd like you to do it of your own free will. Just once.”

“Since you're susceptible to the frogs, too, have you even once made love to me because you wanted me?”

“Trust me, my first time with you, I really wanted you. I wanted what you could give me, but I enjoyed every second. I still need what you can give me. I also want *you*. I want to be married. You've given

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me back the dream I had when I was ten.”

“I’m not anyone’s happily-ever-after.”

Sella sighed. He was going to reject her. She could always use the blanket. She sighed again. “I don’t want to do this by force. Even if it means I’m not the one to end the Feptren curse.”

“You and this Feptren curse. I think that’s the one thing in this galaxy you really care about.”

“That was true. Not any more it seems. Go on. Tell your brother it didn’t work.”

“I can’t believe you’re giving up so easily.”

“Being with you has shown me a couple of things. First, love changes everything. And second, since you have brothers, there’s still a chance for Feptren. Sardan and Cepon have already agreed to help me.”

His amber eyes widened before his brows drew tight into a frown of displeasure. “My brothers wouldn’t dare touch my wife.”

Ballas’ obvious jealousy made her feel giddy inside. “Not me, silly. I have two hundred and twenty-three sisters for them to choose from. They both agreed to their own private harems. They said the rest of your brothers might consider it also. You don’t have that option since you married me. None of my sisters would risk my ire.”

Ballas smiled widely. “Did I tell you I was unlucky? I manage to hook up with the one woman who can keep me from having my own private harem.”

Sella needed to be completely truthful with him. “We aren’t really married according to Feptren law. You can still cast me aside to join your brothers if you choose.”

“My heart has already chosen you. There’s nothing I can do about that...like it or not.”

His words caused goosebumps to run along her spine. When he reached for her, she nearly jumped out of her skin. He pulled her gently into his arms, lowered his head and touched his mouth to hers. His lips

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ignited her passion. Need for him, so strong it had a taste, strong and bold, rose in her. Flooded with need and emotions all jumbled together, she burrowed against his lips like a newborn seeking sustenance. She started trembling deep in her soul.

“Let me help you with this,” he said after pulling away from her. Only when he began to pull at her shirt did she understand what he wanted from her. It was as if his kisses had drugged her. She lifted her arms as he pulled the garment over her head. It took longer to pull the volumes of her hair free.

Ballas wrapped a length in his hand. “It pains me greatly to think of never touching your beautiful mane again. I never want anyone to see you in the throes of passion surrounded by this cloud of red hair flying in all directions. Can you promise me that?”

Sella would promise him anything. She didn’t have the frog waste urging her on, but it didn’t seem to matter. She wanted him so badly it pained her. “Can you promise to always love me despite our bad beginning?”

Ballas pulled back to stare at her, suddenly serious, almost morose. “I promise to love you until the day I die.” His mouth captured hers in a bruising kiss.

Sella mentally and physically surrendered to him, giving him unspoken consent to do what he would with her. Even though he may not know, she loved him. Nothing in her life could have prepared her for how liberating it was. She smiled in places she didn’t know she could. Her heart soared with hope and elation.

Ballas stepped out of his sandals and removed his pants. His cock thrust proudly into the air between them. The heart-shaped head pulsated in obvious beats. He took her fingers and placed them on his chest. The beats were in sync, matching without a doubt.

Sella couldn’t believe it. “It’s true. You are my true love, my soul mate. The Gods of the Universe have blessed us.”

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“This gives new meaning to giving my heart to the one I love. It’s beating harder. This has never happened before.”

Sella wrapped her hand around his beating cock. The symbolic act wasn’t lost on her. The stories passed down by the wise women came to mind. If this was true, then would everything she’d heard be as accurate?

“We are in for an experience of a lifetime. I need to feel this beating inside me. It’s the key to bliss beyond belief.”

Sella scurried to finish undressing. She couldn’t wait. “Hurry.”

“You want to hurry?”

“If all I’ve heard is true, we’re about to have an orgasm that can last hours. The record is almost three. I want the chance to beat it.”

“Am I in trouble?”

Sella didn’t expect that question. It gave her pause. *Was he?* He was only half Feptren. Didn’t that make him different...safe? “I’m afraid you may decide to never touch me again. You deserve to know. The men of our planet are afraid to make love with women because some have died. They’d rather become eunuchs than take a chance.”

“They get their balls cut off?”

“We haven’t found a way to control the production of eggs. Every way we tried has produced sterility. For years it had been the popular choice for avoiding a painful death.”

“You mean all Feptren men get this massive growth in their ball sac? It isn’t something abnormal?”

“Haven’t you noticed how much smaller your balls are now? You’ve already given me many of the eggs you held.”

“You mean I’m not dying?”

“I can’t be certain. It’s always supposed to be safe when you deposit your eggs in your soul mate. So far you’ve only passed out, nothing more. You can still choose to be neutered if you’re afraid.”

“No way in hell. If I have to go, I can’t think of a better way to go.

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When the doc gave me the option of cutting them off or biting the big one, I opted to go out in a big way. I wanted to cruise the galaxy until I ran out of space.”

Sella had finally found him...the man she'd never thought to find. “Are you ready to meet your destiny?” She laid back and spread her legs wide.

“I’ve never been more ready in my life.”

Sella gripped both sides of the bed and watched in silence as he guided his throbbing cock toward her. When the beating member touched her nether lips, a curious thing happened. She experienced a tapping deep inside to match. As he moved inside her, she began to come. Not an explosion, but the pleasure was intense nevertheless. It flowed in waves, crashing and receding, over and over.

Then the beat of his cock became a hammer as she felt him come, and she looked into his golden eyes. They glowed as he pumped into her. A spiral of pleasure traveled along her spine and spread through her taking her to her highest point and still she came. Hot tears of joy poured out of the corners of her eyes.

It was true.

It was all true.

She had a soul mate. She'd found him.

CHAPTER 7

“Is she going to live? She hasn’t so much as blinked the entire trip. Or at least since you two...”

Ballas checked her vitals for the umpteenth time in the past hour. “Her stats are perfect. Nothing out of the ordinary. If anything was wrong, we’d know.”

“Just to be on the safe side, I issued a communication for someone to meet us when we land...someone with medical knowledge.”

“Buckle up. We’re going in and we’re low on fuel,” Cepon called out from the command center.

Sardan pulled Ballas away from the POD where Sella lay like Sleeping Beauty. Only this beauty had a mane of red hair surrounding her. Her plump lips were poised in a sweet half grin. He’d taken a lot of ribbing about that smile. Truth be told, he liked to believe he’d put it there because he hadn’t stopped grinning either.

He’d scoffed at Sella’s belief in soul mates. Not any more. Making

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love to her for almost three hours straight in a continual state of orgasmic bliss had convinced him. And if that wasn't enough, the missing growth between his legs validated it. He had returned to normal. If Sella knew what she was talking about, he would soon be a father many times over and live to see his progeny.

Now he could live a normal life...if you called having a couple dozen children at a time normal. Sella assured him a second batch would take at least four or five years to mature into eggs. Who knew a man could carry the eggs? Or that so many could come at once?

"Are we there yet?"

Ballas looked to Sella's POD. She was awake and smiling widely.

"We have someone coming to check you out."

"The High Commander is probably waiting to board the second we land. She's like a second mother to me. Be nice. She's used to having her own way."

"Is your ruling class a birthright?"

"Our High Commander is an elected position. She's won by a landslide the last two elections. She's been our leader for seven years now. No one has done more to ensure an end to the war of the sexes. She discovered how frogs affect us and is working closely to implement their use."

"There's Mom." Ballas heard Cepon say after they landed.

Ballas turned away from Sella. "What are you talking about?"

"I could swear I just saw our mother heading for the hatch."

The sound of air as the craft depressurized heralded the door opening. The first person to board was, indeed, his mother. This had to be the strangest week he'd ever experienced. He didn't have a clue why she was on Feptren, but he was glad to share the news of his marriage with her.

"My sons. I knew you could do it."

Sardan stepped forward. "I'd like to say we helped, but these two

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love birds made it easy.”

Cepon growled. “I wouldn’t say it was easy. These damnable frogs made me uncomfortable the entire trip.”

One of the young women accompanying their mother onboard stared blatantly at Cepon. “Should I care for him now, mistress?”

“There’ll be time for that later. Right now we need to see to Sella.”

Ballas watched his mother approach his wife with open arms. For a second, it angered him to think Sella had tricked him, but from the look on Sella’s face, he could tell she didn’t know.

“You’re Ballas’ mother?”

“And now I’m yours also, according to my sons. I’m pleased to have you join our family, such as it is. I hear you may already be in the family way. I’ve brought my own doctor to give you a check-up before we move you. Ballas, you come with me and allow the doctor time alone with your wife.”

His wife. It surprised Ballas how much he like hearing those words. “Fine with me. I think you have some explaining to do.”

* * *

Sella tolerated the doctor’s probing with more patience than she would ordinarily show.

“You’re out of space. I count thirty-three babies. That ties the record set by your mother. The whole world will be watching your progress. Of course, you share this honor with your sister Theron. She has been expecting almost a week longer than you.”

“The ten were successful then? No one believed they had a chance.” Sella’s ten oldest sisters had decided to take their fates into their own capable hands and search the universe for men who could possibly have eggs like Feptrenling males.

“Two of the ten have found their mates. High Commander was right. There are more half-breed Feptren males in the universe than we first imagined. If all of your sisters find mates, we have a chance to

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multiply and become the mighty world we once were.”

“And the High Commander has found the successor she wished for. She always told me a male would one day hold the highest authority. He’d become an example to all the male population of Feptren.”

“Ballas,” the doctor agreed.

“Yes, Ballas. He has what it takes. If we’re finished here, you’re keeping me from my husband.”

EPILOGUE

Five months later

“I thought having thirty-three babies would mean I’d never have a moment to spare. Instead, I have to make an appointment to see them. It seems all of Feptren considers them theirs.”

Sella smiled at her husband and patted his hand consolingly. “There’s a wonderful bonus to having such popular babies. We can be alone.”

“For all the good *that* does us,” he grouched.

“I had a checkup with the doctor today.”

“Does that mean what I think it means?”

“It means I can finally make love to my husband if you’d like.”

“If I’d like? If I have to hear one more time how the women on Feptren give better oral sex than I do...I was ready to ask for a lesson.”

Sella laughed. “It could be arranged.”

OUT OF SPACE

“Never mind. I’ll try harder.”

Sella reached for the front of his jeans. “The only thing I want harder is your cock inside me, fucking me until I’m out of space.”

“Wife, your mouth. Besides, we’ve both been out of space since we met. My ship was out of space while filled with frogs, my balls were out of space when filled with eggs, and you were out of space when filled with our babies.”

“It’s our destiny,” Sella said. “Just make certain there’s always room in your heart for me.”

“My heart will never be out of space.”

BRIT BLAISE

Brit Blaise lives and writes in hot and steamy Phoenix, Arizona, where she owns a mountainside home among the Saguaro cacti, rattlesnakes, smoldering temperatures and lots of real cowboys. She has a husband, three children and two Labradors. Brit loves the history and adventure of the sunny southwest even if she doesn't love the heat (that kind anyway).

Brit started seriously writing in 2002. Her first contemporary comedy was a finalist in the 2002 Realizing the Dream Contest by Phoenix Desert Rose and since then she's added to her list of achievements.

She enjoys writing and reading above all else, but her hobbies include needlework, quilting, gardening and arena football. Go Phoenix Rattlers! She likes to hear from readers; you can visit her website at www.Britblaise.com.

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