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TEMPTATION UNVEILED

Dimi of the Seven Moons

Jenika Snow



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Dimi of the Seven Moons 2

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EROTIC ROMANCE



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TEMPTATION UNVEILED

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Regarding Ebook Piracy

Dear Readers,

I would like to thank each and every one of you for purchasing this story through Bookstrand.com, and I would like to thank you in advance for not sharing a copy of it. There is an ongoing problem with e-book piracy, and I just wanted to say a few words about it.

A lot of time and effort goes into creating a story, and when e-books are distributed illegally, it makes it more difficult for the parties involved in creating that story to produce more. My stories are not just my dream, they are also my livelihood.

So once again, thank you for purchasing this ebook legally and for not participating in e-book piracy.

With deep gratitude,

Jenika Snow

DEDICATION

I would like to thank everyone who helped bring this book to life. Without everyone from Siren Publishing who worked so diligently to make this book what it is, it wouldn't be a reality. I also want to thank the readers, because without you guys reading my stories, I wouldn't have any desire to write more. Thank you!

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Dimi of the Seven Moons 2

JENIKA SNOW

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Preface

It is a world unlike ours but similar in so many ways. It is a different dimension between our world and the world known as Dimi of the Seven Moons.

They are known as the ZorZacks, a tribe of giant warriors that are led by their king, Demariak and his queen Mena. With insatiable appetites for hunting and passion, they are not to be challenged. Once they claim what's theirs, there is nothing that can take it away. Be prepared to be claimed, possessed, and know unspeakable passion, because once they have what they seek, they will never let it go.

This is their world, their rules.

Prologue

The sun beat down through the trees, making everything the rays touched warm. Sweat soaked him like a second skin, a glistening sheen that shone under the hot sun. Keirak kept his eyes down as he sharpened his blade with a large stone. He wiped his brow with his forearm and glanced up at the busy village before him. The villagers of *KayKow*, his home, went through their daily activities, not missing a beat. The females carried intricately woven baskets on their sides, laughing and talking amongst themselves. The males stuck together in tight-knit groups talking about past hunting stories and superior kills they made throughout their lives.

Being but thirteen, Keirak was still considered a child amongst his tribe, but that didn't stop him from practicing his fighting and stances in the jungle. Sometimes, he talked one of the other boys into fighting against him, but mainly, he fought with the trees. Their bark making perfect targets in which he could train. He dreamed of becoming a great warrior, claiming his prized female, and being able to fight with the other fierce *KayKow* males. He would be a male of worth, a male his mother could be proud of.

His father died a brave warrior when he was a small child, but still, he would make his father proud as well. He cleared his head of idle thoughts and brought his eyes back down to the blade that shined with sharpness. He prepared it for his mother, making it sharp enough for her to cut through any beasts' hide like she was cutting through water.

"What have you there, my son?"

He looked up and shielded his eyes from the blinding light of the sun. His mother stepped to the side, blocking the sun with her body and smiling down at him. Her hair was pulled up, making a few of her blondish gray curls cascade down around her face. Her eyes sparkled with motherly love as she continued to smile at him. "I am sharpening this blade for you, Mother. It will have the sharpest blade in all of the *KayKow* tribe." He stood, his body towering over his petite mother. He wiped the blade on his hide encased thigh and handed it to her.

"Why, my son, you please me to no end. How did I end up with such a loving boy?" She ran her palm down his cheek and took the offered blade. "You are right, this is a marvelous blade." She put the blade in her basket and whispered, "I don't doubt this is the grandest blade in all of the tribe, everyone will be most jealous of me." She kissed him on the cheek and walked away to join the other females.

Everything suddenly became eerily silent, his tribe members becoming still as statues. The wind ceased its movement through the trees, and the wildlife of the jungle seemed to stand still. Giant males swarmed out of every inch of the jungle, their war cries reaching his ears as they held their swords high. He watched, not knowing what to do as *KayKow* warriors rushed females and young out of the way. Intruders started slashing everything and anything they could reach.

Eyes wide, Keirak wanted to rush out and fight like a male of worth, but he was frozen in place, not able to do anything other than watch like a coward. The intruders' swords went through the bodies of the males he had grown up with...his brethren. He watched in horror as they fell, their life source seeping from their bodies and coating the ground. The females' screams pierced every inch of the village, and the *KayKow* warriors war cries boomed through the air. His brethren were a fierce bunch, but too many invaders continued to come out of the jungle. The rogues snatched females off the ground and threw them over their beefy shoulders, their lust clearly reflected in their faces as they fondled the terrified women.

Snapping out of his daze, Keirak looked frantically around for his mother. He spotted her with group of females and was about to sprint toward her when a hand gripped his shoulder and spun him around forcefully. The man in front of him stared down at him with the blackest, coldest eyes Keirak had ever seen. Scars riddled the strangers face, and he wore a hard smirk. He spoke, but Keirak didn't understand the language.

Female cries sounded behind him, but he could do no more than stand there immobilized with fear. The stranger grinned and turned him around so he watched in horror at the circle of females that sobbed, his mother lying on the ground in front of them. He couldn't hold back the roar that broke through his throat. "Mother!" Hot tears slipped down his cheeks, but he didn't try to stop them. His mother lay on the floor, her crumbled body bloody. He had never wept before, but today, for the first time in his life, he cried because his mother lay dead on the filthy ground. The strangers took the younger females and extinguished the older ones, the ones they deemed worthless.

He tore his eyes from his mother's body, that image bound to give him nightmares for the rest of his life. Blood coated everything, so much that it created a thick pool on the dirt ground. Bodies were scattered everywhere, people he grew up with, people he loved. Baskets with fruit were strewn on the ground, their contents spilled over and crushed in the stampede of fighting. He was turned around but didn't bother looking into the scarred strangers face, didn't bother to stop himself from weeping like a child instead of the warrior he wanted to be for his mother.

"You understand me?"

The stranger spoke in the language of Keirak's tribe with a voice so cruel and heartless it sent chills down his spine. Keirak nodded his head and looked into the soulless black eyes of his mother's murderer. The scarred one may not have done the actual slaying, but he was the

leader and therefore the killer in Keirak's eyes. The scarred one shrugged his bulky shoulders and smiled.

"Everyone you know is dead now. I should kill you, too, but I think it will be more painful if I spare your worthless hide. Remember my face young one and forever know the pain I have inflicted upon you and yours." He turned and laughed, and all of his men joined in as their leader spoke the cruel and heartless words.

Keirak felt anger and fury build inside of him until it soon consumed his very being. His fear and sadness were pushed to the side, the burning inside of him reaching a boiling point and threatening to explode. With all of his might, he lifted his arm and swung at the demon before him. Before his fist made contact, he was shoved to the ground so hard he felt his breath leave him in a whoosh. He lay on his belly in the dirt, his breath causing the dust to puff around him in clouds. All around him, the deep laughs of the demon men rang through his ears.

"Not big enough nor strong enough to even save your own people, yet you think to strike me?"

More booming laughter sounded behind him as he was kicked in the ribs, the pain shooting through him like knives. As much as his damaged ribs hurt, it didn't compare to the pain he felt in his chest—in his heart. He watched from the ground, not able to move as the demon men looted his village and took the young females. They disappeared into the forest without even a backward glance. He stayed on the ground for hours, his soul and body broken...the only remaining member of the *KayKow* tribe.

Chapter One

Dimi of the Seven Moons, present day

Sitting up in bed, Keirak pressed a hand to his thundering heart and tried to slow his ragged breathing. He often woke like this, sweat dripping from his body, fear and anger coursing through him. He dreamed of his past, relived the nightmare haunting him since he was a boy. He breathed out deeply and ran a hand through his hair, mussing the short locks up even more. Throwing the beast hide off, he padded naked over to the natural waterfall, which served as his bathing chamber.

The alcove held a small, ten foot tall natural heated waterfall and was always the first place he went when he woke from the nightmare. He stepped under the warm water and placed both palms on the smoothed stone. He hung his head and closed his eyes as the hot water cascaded across his skin. He tried to push away the anger and fear that still coursed through him. There was only one thing, only one person that calmed him completely with just a thought...Kitty.

* * * *

Lying in a bed topped with fluffy silken pillows and soft animal hides, Kitty stared at the intricately carved ceiling. It had been a year since she and Mena arrived on this world called *Dimi of the Seven Moons*. She could still remember the day they found the strange portal in their backyard and ended up going through it, only to find themselves in another dimension. After being caught by huge muscled

men and taken to their home inside a mountain, they found out how much their lives were about to change.

The world she now lived on was a different dimension on Earth, a world so different and primitive, it was like she traveled back in time. It had taken her a long time to accept that this was her new home. The men were giant warriors who were double her size and always seemed to have fierce expression on their faces. Every time she thought about the mess she dragged Mena into, grief consumed her.

At first, she was bombarded with many emotions from anger, to fear, to frustration, to grief, but in the end, she had come to grips with her situation. It wasn't easy, but what choice did she have?

She still remembered in vivid detail the time she tried to escape. Mena had almost died, something Kitty would have to live with for the rest of her life. She would never attempt anything like that again.

She sat up in bed and looked around her chamber, as everyone in this world called it. It would never look like her old room, with the matching star bedspread and curtains that opened to look out over their small neighborhood. She had gotten used to it though. She missed her computer and phone, even Jell-O and french fries, all the things she used to take for granted, the everyday little things. The walls were bare of materialistic decorations. The only thing covering them was the intricate design carved on every single wall in the mountain fortress.

A light knock sounded on the door and she smiled. "Come in." The door opened and Mena walked in, the little girl on her hip smiling and cooing.

"Hi." Mena said as she set the little girl on the floor. Kitty smiled as Nea waddled over to her. Kitty scooped up the little girl and kissed her on the head.

"Well, hello, my sweet." Kitty looked over at Mena who stood by the door, one hand on her swollen belly.

Mena had ended up falling in love with the ZorZack tribe leader and King, Demariak. After Mena had almost lost her life, she found

out she carried his child and that ZorZack pregnancies were very different from the ones on Earth. It was hard for her and Mena to grasp that fact, but as her belly grew bigger and faster than it should have for the pregnancies they were used to, they became fast believers. So, after a few months, Mena had given birth to their daughter, Nea, and was pregnant again.

Nea squirmed on her lap, wanting to get to the ground so she could find something to get into. Kitty set her on the ground, her black ringlets bouncing as she crawled around the room. "Sit down. Your feet must be killing you."

"Uh, you have no idea. She runs me ragged, and it doesn't help that I'm carrying around this watermelon." Mena sat on the bed and let herself fall back, letting out a blissful sigh.

She was due to have her and Demariak's second child in a month, and looked every bit of it. She came by everyday, and Kitty suspected it was because Mena worried about her. She would have every right to be in the beginning, but now things were different. Kitty accepted this place as her home because, frankly, what other option did she have? She wasn't about to leave her best friend or the child she loved, and well, there was one other thing that made her want to stay...Keirak. She didn't like to think about how he had somehow wormed his way into her heart, and she really didn't want to look too deeply into the feelings he stirred within her.

They spoke about what was new in the tribe, and Kitty let herself smile as she listened to the stories about the men and women she now called friends.

"So, how are things going with you?"

Kitty hesitated for a second, and Mena's face became a mask of worry. She pulled herself up and stared at Kitty, concern etched all over her face. Kitty held up a hand, stopping any and all questions that were about to come from Mena. "I'm fine. You ask me that every time I see you, but really, I should be asking you that question." The memories of Mena lying in Demariak's arms came crashing back,

guilt curling itself around Kitty's heart. She told Mena she was fine, but in all reality, she felt overwhelming guilt for putting Mena in danger.

"Did I ever tell you what a bad liar you are? Why can't you talk to me? We used to talk all the time."

Kitty looked down at their conjoined hands and then back at Mena. She hated lying to her best friend, but she didn't want to talk about the past. She already thought about that horrible night everyday, talking about it would just make it worse. She was just about to brush Mena's question away when she saw the deep sorrow on her friend's soft features. "Hey, what's wrong with you?"

"I just wish you would open up to me, tell me what you're thinking."

"I just don't like to talk about it."

"About what?"

"You know what I'm talking about." She saw confusion on Mena's face before it turned into a scowl.

"I thought we talked about this Kitty. Why do you beat yourself up about what happened?"

"Because! It was my fault that you almost died."

"How can it be your fault when I chose to go with you?"

Mena's warm hand rested atop hers, all of her love and friendship pouring through that slight touch but doing nothing to wash away the guilt that Kitty still harbored. "My guilt over what happened will never go away, ever. If it was the other way around, would you not feel responsible?" Mena cast her eyes down, not voicing her answer to the question. "That's what I thought."

"Listen, you're right. I would feel awful, but it's been a year, Kitty. I didn't die, and it wasn't your fault. I hate to see you suffering. It breaks my heart." Mena stood and picked up Nea, sitting back down on the bed and holding the baby in her lap. "Can we just forget about what happened and start living for today? We can't change the past, so what's the point of dwelling on it?"

Kitty smiled, but it was just for show. She would never be able to forget about it or move on. It wasn't just because it had happened to Mena, although that made it all that worse. If she had put anyone's life in danger she would have felt the same. Kitty kept her smile plastered on, thankful when a knock sounded at the door, the previous conversation temporarily forgotten as Mena set Nea on the ground and got up to answer it.

"It's just Demariak. He wants to have a romantic dinner before he goes out hunting." As soon as Mena opened the door, Demariak wrapped her in a powerful embrace. "*Valla*, how I've missed you. Hello, Kitty."

She gave a little wave before turning her head as the two of them became caught up in an intimate embrace. She got off the bed and picked up Nea, who managed to find a drawer to get into. As soon as the baby saw her father, she cooed and held her chubby, little hands out to him.

Saying goodbye to the trio, Kitty lay back on her bed, feeling lonelier than she had ever felt. Kitty got up, quickly undressing and made her way to the waterfall alcove. She wanted to wash up before heading to the garden chamber to meet with Keirak for their daily language lesson. Since being with the ZorZack tribe, she had spent a lot of time with Keirak.

She was thankful her hands didn't shake anymore every time she felt or saw something that reminded her of home, or smelled something that sparked a memory of her former life. It was the little things that she missed—the food, her vanilla scented shampoo, even her simple flannel pajamas. She had changed since the beginning, but whether that was for the good or the bad, she still didn't quite know. It was hard at first, trying to get comfortable with everything and everyone. She felt safe with Keirak, felt safe knowing he offered her his strong and silent support.

She shook her head of her absent-minded thoughts and finished washing up. She slipped on one of her gowns—a *non-transparent*

gown. She refused to wear the transparent dresses the women of the tribe wore, and when Keirak found out, his face had broken into a full grin. She remembered that day so clearly it still surprised her.

She had wrapped an animal hide around her as she kicked the pile of transparent dresses toward Keirak. She had screamed and yelled at him, knowing he couldn't understand her but not giving a damn. She admitted to acting like a child, stomping her foot and breathing out her nose, but she was so furious. He stared at her for a suspended moment, looking between her and the pile of material at his feet before his lips slowly lifted up. That just pissed her off. She cursed him out of her room, surprised when he actually listened. The next day he had stopped by her room and handed her a box full of dresses—non-transparent dress to be precise. After that, she and Keirak spent every day together. She started teaching him English, and he started teaching her the ZorZack language.

She looked at herself in the polished metal hanging by the waterfall that served as a mirror. The majority of the dresses Keirak gave her were shades of blue, and she had wondered if it had anything to do with her eye color. She stepped out of her room and headed toward the garden where she and Keirak always did their language lessons. Her heart pounded the same frantic beat it always did when she was going to meet him.

She walked through the stone hallways, her blurry reflection walking next to her on the polished walls. She turned the corner and made her way toward the entrance of the garden, her favorite place in the whole mountain. Her heart pounded hard against her ribs in anticipation. Her hand landed on the door, and she gently pushed it open, the soft glow of the candles washing over her.

She stood in the opening and looked at Keirak's huge, muscled body hunched over a piece of paper. She walked in and gently shut the door behind her, the wood making a soft click as it closed. His head snapped up, and their eyes met and held. She swallowed at his intense green stare and walked toward him. "Hello Keirak." Before

she could pull the seat out to sit down, he had it pulled out for her. “Thank you.” She stared at him, her feelings growing for him each and every day. It scared her a little, feeling the things she felt when she really didn’t want to. It was easier for her to pretend in this world, to not get connected with people who would only make it seem final.

“You are welcome. How are you?”

His English was very good, so good that it amazed her that he had picked up on it so fast. His accent was deep and thick, which made her tingle in all the right places. Kitty on the other hand had a much harder time with his language, and could only say the bare minimum. “Fine, thank you. What are you reading?” She craned her neck at the thick parchment paper in front of him, and her breath caught. He slid the paper across the table to her. She sat back in her seat, staring with wide eyes at what was in front of her.

She ran her fingers over the picture, a drawing so lifelike it looked like a photo. Everything was drawn in black except for her eyes, which were colored bright blue. In the picture, she had a small smile on her lips and looked off to the side. She looked at Keirak. He stared at her so intently she became a little unnerved. “Did you draw this?” The words came out on a breath, the last one catching as she watched him.

“You don’t like it?”

She swallowed and looked down at the picture again, running her fingers across the textured paper. “I love it.” She whispered the words and glanced up at him.

“I couldn’t get you out of my mind, so the other night, I drew it.”

She cleared her throat. “Thank you. It’s beautiful, but I can’t accept it.” She didn’t want to feel the things she felt, the strong emotions that coursed through her.

“Why not?” His voice hardened slightly, and she worried she had offended him.

“Because, if I accept this, it would mean everything is final.” If she let herself feel something for Keirak, then it would be over, her

future here would be sealed, and she didn't know if she could accept that. She might be accustomed to living here, but the idea of permanency seemed too hard to grasp. She set the drawing aside and smiled at him. "So, where did we leave off?" His lime green gaze stayed on her for a while before he nodded and looked down.

"I was teaching you common phrases used by the tribe." He slid a thick piece of parchment across the table.

She turned it around and stared at the unusual symbols and letters that she had become familiar with. "Why am I having such a hard time learning this and you already speak English fluently?"

He shrugged. "My tribe was good with languages." He turned his head to the side, his jaw clenching as if he hadn't meant to say what he just said.

"You mean the ZorZack tribe?"

He stayed quiet, his head still cast to the side. "No."

She sat back in her seat and stared at him in confusion. "What do you mean?" He sighed and leaned back against his seat, his eyes capturing hers and holding them. Over the past year, they really hadn't spoken about personal issues.

"Before I joined the ZorZacks, my native tribe was called the *KayKows*. We lived over the *Boccie* Mountains and across the *Zella* Sea."

"Was?" His body tensed slightly, and she immediately regretted asking him.

"My native tribe is no more. Another tribe ambushed us and slaughtered the males and elderly females before taking the younger females with them."

She gasped and covered her mouth with her hand, fighting back tears of sorrow that threatened to spill. "I-I'm so terribly sorry." The fact that he had went through something so horrifying broke her heart, but the fact that he shared it with her warmed her with gratitude. She reached across the table and placed her hand on top of his much larger one. He stiffened at her touch, and she instantly withdrew her hand,

wondering if her actions had offended him. “I’m sorry.” The fact that he seemed to not like her touch felt like a kick in the gut. His jaw was clenched as he watched her, pierced her with his gaze that seemed electrified and heated. It made her positively shiver with awareness.

Chapter Two

Keirak's body stiffened as Kitty's warm hand settle atop his. His heart pounded fiercely in his chest, and his blood heated under his skin. Her touch felt so right, so good, that he knew he would never get enough of it. Her hand was gone as quickly as it had arrived and he instantly missed her warmth. Ever since he'd laid eyes on her, he couldn't get her out of his mind. He pictured them together, limbs moving as one as he pushed into her soft body and brought them both a pleasure he knew would be incredible.

Since she had arrived a year ago, he hadn't been able to relieve himself with another female. Just thinking about it made his cock go flaccid with distaste. It confused him at first, not knowing how to feel about the emotions she conjured inside of him. Every minute he was near her made him care about her that much more, made his need to protect and cherish her that much more intense

He knew he had to have her, that no other would do. As he stared at her beautiful, soft face, he pictured them together, their life as one and the children they would have. He knew he didn't just want her to sate his lust. No, he wanted her for the rest of his life. His hands shook to touch her, to run his finger along her soft face, smooth away the frown that seemed to mar her beautiful features regularly.

He shouldn't have the thoughts that he had, but they were unavoidable. Females like Kitty needed a gentle male, not one that killed without remorse, not one that had a past that haunted them and woke them with nightmares.

Until she came along, he didn't have any emotions. He was an empty shell of a male that found a quick release with a willing female.

Scars riddled him physically as well as emotionally. He wanted her with a passion he had never felt before, but he knew he had nothing to give her except a haunted past.

He watched as her lovely golden hair fell across her shoulder, her delicate fingers brushing the silken strands back to reveal her slender, creamy neck. He could just picture those golden strands brushing across her breasts and flowing over her nipples that would be hard from his mouth. His cock swelled beneath his leathers, and he shifted uncomfortably in his seat. He felt like a vile monster for thinking such thoughts about her, but he couldn't seem to help himself.

He shouldn't have even given her the picture, but he wanted to give her something that showed his affection, even if it was a small slip of paper. An impulse had urged him to present it to her as an offering, a gift of his affection. He ran his eyes over her body, the image enough to fuel his desires. She wore one of the dresses he brought her, the fabric fitting her body like a second skin and molding to her assets perfectly. He had been elated when she refused to wear the traditional dresses the ZorZack females wore. Truth be told, he would have preferred her to be covered from head to toe in a *Kalla* monster hide.

Before she came along, he preferred his females naked and spread before him, but now things were much different. He wanted to be sweet with her, wanted to be *different* for her. His eyes went down to her supple breasts, two perfect round globes that pressed against her gown. He picked out the dresses from one of the many merchants within the tribes mountain village, choosing the blue hues that matched her eyes.

"So, where should we start?"

He snapped his eyes up, his mind immediately thinking of illicit things of *where* they could start. He pictured her on her belly, her ass up in the air, her pussy wet and waiting for his cock. He shook his head, his leathers starting to grow tighter at the image of her spread

out for him. He was thankful her attention was on the parchment with his tribe's language on it, her eyebrows knitted together in confusion.

He cleared his throat and looked at the parchment, thankful he wouldn't have to rise and show his desire that was hard and clearly evident. "These are the most common phrases. I thought we would go over them again since you seemed to have a hard time with them the last time." The most gorgeous shade of pink started to cover her cheeks. Her head went down and he assumed she was ashamed of the fact that she had a hard time with the tribe's language. "Kitty." He reached across the table and placed his finger under her small chin. He lifted her head and their eyes locked. "Do not worry. This language is far from what you are used to. It will take time to learn, but you will catch on, of that I have no doubt."

She didn't say anything, but the way her eyes held his made his cock harder. He hurriedly sat back, brought the parchment closer to him and turned it at an angle. He started at the top and spoke each phrase slowly and clearly. "Tu ma kallena vanya." He looked at her and smiled. "Do you remember what this one means?" She looked at the parchment and knitted her eyebrows together again in thought. He wanted to run his fingers over her brow and smooth away the worry, but he gritted his teeth against the need. Her eyes snapped to his and lit up as a smile crossed her face.

"How are you today?"

"Very good, *fallina*." He immediately closed his mouth and regretted what he just said, hoping she didn't question the phrase he just used. "What about this one?" He quickly pointed to the next phrase, changing the subject and hoping she would notice. Thankfully, she either didn't hear what he said or didn't care. He was relieved she hadn't caught his slip and was annoyed with himself for being so careless.

"Matahka linnatu vunnati." She rubbed her forehead and leaned back against her seat. "I always seem to have trouble with this one. Oh, who am I kidding, I have trouble with all of them." He chuckled

lightly, knowing the situation wasn't funny, but not able to help himself.

* * * *

Kitty left the garden room after going over the phrases for two hours. She had a headache from all the concentration, and as much as she wanted to learn the language, she needed a break. She walked slowly back to her room, the same way each and every day. The walls of her new home were so familiar to her, yet so foreign in the same sense. She could see Mena and Nea standing by her bedroom door before she even reached it. "Why are you waiting out here? You know you can just walk in." She scooped up Nea and gave the squirming baby a kiss on the cheek. "Hello sweetie, can you say 'Hi auntie Kitty?'" The little girl squealed and wrapped her chubby, little arms around Kitty before giving her a wet kiss on the chin.

"We just got here and when you didn't answer I assumed you weren't there or that you might be...busy."

Kitty rolled her eyes and opened the door. She walked over to the bed and set the little girl on top of it. "You've got to be kidding."

"Well, it's just that I've noticed how much time you and Keirak are spending with each other, and well, I thought maybe there might be sparks flying."

"Um, that's a no. Keirak and I are just helping each other. I teach him English, and he teaches me the ZorZack language. Although, I have to say I'm really not teaching him anything. The man has picked up on English quicker than I have ever seen." She was not about to tell Mena the feelings that blossomed inside of her for Keirak. That would just end up in a whole lot of speculation, and she didn't want to deal with that. She turned her head and focused her gaze on something else, clasping her hands together as they began to shake.

"Really? Huh. Well, maybe he's just one of those people that can speak five different languages."

“Maybe.” She mumbled the word absently and looked down at Nea, who was making herself comfortable on the silk pillows. The little girl brought her thumb into her mouth and started sucking as her eyes started to close.

“Oh, thank goodness. She has been a little hellion today. She even threw food all over the floor. She needs a nice, long nap.”

Kitty smiled and ran her fingers through Nea’s black ringlets. “So what brings you by, again?”

“I wondered if you wanted to help make journey bags with me and the other women. I meant to ask you when I was by earlier, but it slipped my mind”

“Journey bags?”

“Demariak told me he and some of the other warriors are going out to hunt for food and other supplies. I guess the women make these journey bags that have all sorts of necessities in them.”

“Oh. Who’s going?”

“Well, Demariak for sure, Draydon, Icezak, and Keirak. I’m not sure if there are more going or not. Demariak said they are long overdue for a trip, and the food is dwindling pretty fast.”

She made sure not to let her disappointment show at the thought of Keirak leaving for who knew how long. “Oh, Keirak’s going? I wonder why he didn’t tell me.”

“Demariak just decided on the mission today and hasn’t gotten around to telling everyone. He plans on having a meeting later on tonight. Why do you care?” Mena’s face broke into a knowing smile. “I knew it! You like him, don’t you?”

“Don’t be ridiculous, I’m just wondering. Who am I supposed to practice the language with?”

“I’m sure there are plenty of other warriors or even females in the tribe who would help you.”

“I don’t think so. Keirak and I have this...understanding. It would be weird to start all over with someone else.”

“If you say so.” Mena looked at her with a skeptical eye and walked over to Nea. She scooped the sleeping baby into her arms and gave her a soft kiss on the forehead.

“When are they making these bag things anyway?”

“Tonight after supper. You don’t have to help if you don’t want to.”

Kitty nodded and watched as Mena adjusted the little girl so she fit comfortably around her swollen belly.

“I just wanted to pass the word along. I’m going to take off and put Nea to bed. If you decide you want to help out, let me know.”

She sat on her bed and watched Mena leave, the door shutting without a sound. She stared at the closed door. She reached under the hem of her dress and pulled out the rolled parchment she had hidden there. She unrolled it out on the bed and stared at the drawing of herself. She had told Keirak she couldn’t accept it, but how could she *not* accept something Keirak had given her? She had grabbed it when they were leaving, when his back was to her. She was letting her emotions get the better of her. As much as she wanted to keep her distance, it was getting harder and harder. She rolled the parchment up and placed it under her pillow. She lay down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling, her thoughts instantly going to Keirak.

* * * *

Keirak stood under the waterfall in his bathroom and let the warm water wash down his naked body. Even though he had taken a shower earlier, he needed to cool down the desire that consumed him. It had been hours since he saw Kitty, but his body wouldn’t listen to reason, and his cock still pulsed hard. He let his hand grip his erection as he started to stroke himself. It had become a nightly ritual, him bringing himself off as he thought of Kitty. He pumped his shaft at a steady pace, taking his time as he pictured what she would look like nude.

He imagined her under the waterfall, her glorious form slick and glistening from the water, the droplets sliding down her body and leaving no part of her untouched. He picked up a faster rhythm and leaned against the rock wall. Her hands ran over her breasts, her nipples hard despite the warm water cascading over her. His orgasm came on quickly, which was not unusual when he thought of her.

He threw his head back and groaned as his seed shot out and landed on the stone wall. He let go of his still hard flesh and hung his head. He breathed deeply, his arousal still raging despite his climax. It was always like this, his body never sated no matter how many times he got off. He wanted one thing—one female, and he wouldn't be sated until he finally claimed her. He quickly rinsed, dried himself off, and sat on the edge of his bed. A knock sounded on his door moments later, and he opened it, bowing his head as Demariak stood on the other side.

“Be at ease.”

Keirak stepped aside and let his leader in.

“I just wanted to inform you of the upcoming mission we will be going on. The tribe's supplies are running scarce, and we need to restock.”

They spoke for several more minutes, Demariak giving him the journey details as well as how long they would be gone. This journey was good for Kitty as well as himself. Maybe he could get her out of his head while on his journey.

Chapter Three

Kitty helped the other females clear off the tables in the gathering chamber. The warriors went off into the connecting room to speak of the upcoming mission. Normally, the females would pleasure the males after their meals, but tonight, they would be making the journey bags so everything else was put on hold. They cleared everything away, and Kitty watched the older females of the tribe come in with baskets full of supplies. Supper had been uneventful, the normal minus all of the sex and blowjobs. She was used to the orgies, as strange as that was to say, it had become an every day sight.

She had eaten next to Mena, across from Keirak, who tried to not make it obvious that he watched her, but then again, she wouldn't have known that if she hadn't been staring at him. Normally, she would just ignore him, but lately, with her growing feelings, it got harder and harder to ignore his strong presence. She sat on the cool stone floor in a circle with all of the females. She watched in interest as they started to collect pieces of animal hide along with a needle and thick thread. They weaved the needle and thread through the animal hide, the end result being a heavy duty backpack.

"Teetaka vu moohhnie kata?"

Kitty grabbed an animal hide and started to weave the thread through the thick skin. It was harder than it looked, the animal hide so thick you had to practically stab the needle through it.

"She's talking to you Kit."

Kitty looked over at Mena who chuckled to herself as she sewed two pieces of animal hide together. Kitty turned her attention to the olive skinned woman who had spoken. She never really spoke to any

of the females of the tribe, little waves and smiles here and there, but mainly she kept to herself. She looked over at Sashaunna, her long black hair and deep amber colored eyes making her beautiful and exotic looking. "Who I'm making it for?" She looked over at Mena and dropped her gaze down at her half made bag.

"Yeah. The women are making a journey bag for one of the males. I'm making Demariak's, and Sashaunna wants to know who you're making yours for."

"Tatttuka vammuna thennala, Icezak."

"She says she's making hers for Icezak."

Kitty looked from Mena to Sashaunna. She envied Mena for how quickly she picked up on the ZorZack language. Kitty seemed to be the only one who was truly an outsider. "Well, I don't know."

"You should make one for Keirak."

She looked over at the fair skinned female called Ashta.

"You can deny it all you want, but everyone can see how the two of you look at each other. I personally think Keirak would be appreciative if you made something for him." Mena spoke without looking up, her full attention on the bag she made.

Kitty ran her hand over the smooth skin of the hide, Keirak's face flashing through her mind. What was the point of hiding her feelings when everyone around her could see them clear as day? She didn't look back up or speak, just finished stitching the hide together. She gazed up when she felt the light touch at her shoulder. Ashta stared at her, her big, pale blue eyes filled with amusement.

"I think he will love it." Ashta dropped her head as she spoke softly, a smile playing on her bow like lips.

* * * *

After an hour of making the bags, Kitty headed to the greenhouse. Over the past year, she routinely went there and tended to the flowers. It really wasn't much work, just taking water from the fountain in the

center of the room and watering the plants with it. It was the only room that actually had a view outside, a small opening at the top of the ceiling that let the sun light in. Tucking the journey bag under her arm that she planned to give Keirak, she turned the last corner and made her way through the opening and into the greenhouse.

Tending to the flowers reminded her of when she used to do it back home. At first, it had brought tears to her eyes. After she finished, she made herself comfortable in one of the chairs that had been carved out of a thick tree trunk. She looked at the ceiling, the seven moons shining high above with stars scattered around them. She sat there for a while, just staring at the inky black sky and the blue glow of the moons. She was about to go back to her room when she heard loud and steady footsteps approaching. She looked at the doorway, her heart racing as Keirak walked in.

He was oblivious to her presence as he held a silver glass vase and went toward the flowers. She sat quietly, not moving as he made his way around the flowers, picking the most beautiful and exotic ones. She smiled as he smelled each one before putting them in the vase. It surprised her that he didn't know she was there. She had learned over her time spent with them that the ZorZacks senses were far more advanced than a human. She could tell his concentration was on other things, his mind focused only on the task at hand. After he left, she sat there, her mind churning as to why he would want a vase full of flowers.

She left the garden room and walked through the cold stone hallways and back to her room, her thoughts on Keirak. As she rounded the corner that led to her room, she stopped dead in her tracks at what she saw. On the ground, in front of her door, was a vase filled with flowers. The same vase and the same flowers she had seen Keirak picking just a short time ago. She looked around, hoping to see him, disappointment filling her when she realized she was alone. She walked slowly toward her door and picked up the vase, bringing the

flowers to her nose to inhale their sweet scent. She smiled as she turned around again.

Silence and emptiness greeted her. She opened the door and walked inside, setting the flowers on the table by her bed. As she followed her nightly routine, her gaze continually strayed to Keirak's gift. Who was she kidding? Everyone could clearly see the feelings she tried to deny. She climbed onto her bed, lying on her side so that she could see the flowers. Tomorrow, she decided. Tomorrow she would tell Keirak exactly how she felt. She just hoped she didn't live to regret it.

* * * *

When she woke the following morning, the flowers were the first thing that caught her eyes. She performed her morning ritual and had one plan in mind—find Keirak and tell him her feelings before he left for his journey. She slipped on a light blue dress that held a silvery iridescent glow. She left her hair down, the blond waves long enough that they touched her hips. She looked at herself one last time in the polished metal before heading toward the door, gripping the handle, and taking a deep breath. She opened it, her eyes growing big at who stood on the other side. Keirak stared at her, his huge, leather clad legs braced apart, his chest bare and stunning. She swallowed at the sight of him, determined not to lose her nerve.

"Hi. What are you doing here?" He watched her with half-lidded eyes, his muscles bulging and flexing beneath his golden skin. His platinum blond hair was disheveled—a really good look on him. The sharp edges of a tattoo peeked through the top of his leather pants, and she idly wondered where the rest went...wondered what the rest looked like. She cleared her throat, realizing he hadn't answered her question. "I'm sorry, I'm being rude. Do you want to come in?" She had never invited him into her room, but things were different now.

"I must leave for a journey with the other warriors."

“I know, Mena told me. When will you have to leave?”

“At sunset.”

“So soon?” Even though she knew he had to leave, actually hearing it out loud seemed to make it that much harder. “I have something for you.” She turned to grab the journey bag she made and went back to the door. His brows bunched together in confusion as she presented him with the cloth-enclosed journey bag. He stared at it for several seconds, his eyes going from the bag to her. She lifted it up, his big hands encasing hers before sliding it out. Her heart started to race where their skin touched, an electrical charge that shot straight between her legs and had her clenching her thighs together. She stepped back and watched him, hoping he would like what she made for him, but bracing herself if he didn’t.

Confusion still covered his features when he pulled the cloth back and stared at the bag. He didn’t say anything for a long time, and she grew uncomfortable at the silence. “I’m not very good at putting things together, so if you don’t like it, that’s okay.” She was embarrassed that he didn’t like it—at least that’s what she took his silence as. She glanced up at him and gasped as his body came forward and crowded hers. He was so close she could smell the purely male scent that enveloped him...it intoxicated her. She craned her head back, his smooth, tawny chest in her view, the need to run her hands over the firm skin almost overpowering her. “What are you doing?” She stuttered the words as she took an involuntary step back and looked into his neon green stare.

“You made me a journey bag?”

“Yes. The women were sitting around, and they said I should make one for someone, so I made one for you. If you don’t like it I understand.” Excitement and a touch of anxiety coursed through her as she stared at him. Her eyes went wide as his big hand gently caressed her face and his lips slanted over hers.

His tongue ran along the seam of her lips, teasing and tantalizing her. She opened her mouth more in shock than anything else, but as

soon as his tongue moved along hers, she was lost in pleasure. He kept one hand on her cheek as the other one slid down to her hip. He gripped her side, bringing her body flush with his, the hard bulge of his erection pressing erotically against her belly.

Their tongues moved together in an intimate caress, the sensual glide making her wet and needy. She moved her hands tentatively to his chest, his growl of approval fueling her arousal and giving her the courage she needed. She ran her hands over the smooth skin, the muscles tight and hard and filled with so much power.

She slid her hands up to his shoulders and wrapped them around his neck, pulling his mouth closer. He walked her backward until the back of her legs hit the edge of the bed. She sat down, their mouths never breaking as he moved with her. She spread her legs to accommodate his large frame and groaned when he pushed his erection against her pussy.

Her heart rate picked up as he started a slow grind against her vagina, his cock moving against her clit and sending electrical currents all the way through her. His shaft was big and thick as it pressed against her slit. He broke their kiss and moved down to her neck, biting gently and then licking the pleasure-pain away.

“I have wanted you from the moment I saw you.”

His whispered words sent shock waves through her vagina, and it clenched as if trying to grip what it really wanted. She was surprised by his admission. “You have?” He pulled his head back and framed her face with his hands, his green stare intense, yet caring. A slow, sensual smile played across his lips, and he brought his mouth down to hers for a slow kiss.

“I have, so very, very much.”

She smiled against his lips and closed her eyes. “I want you, too. I didn’t want to, I fought it, but in the end, I can’t deny my feelings for you any longer. I wanted to find you before you left to tell you.”

He pulled back and sat on his haunches and stared at her. “You did?”

She nodded and gasped as he pushed her back on the bed, his body covering her as his mouth took possession of her lips. He stroked her hair, his mouth trailing kissing down the side of her neck and over her collar bone. He moved his mouth over the top of her breast, his hot air caressing her skin even through the fabric of her gown. She wanted his mouth there so badly it hurt.

His lips hovered precariously close to her stiff nipple, and she knew she should be embarrassed by the way it stabbed through the material. All she would have to do was arch her spine, just a little bit, and her nipple would rub against his lips. A warm gush of wetness slid out of her body at the illicit thought. He growled deeply, the sound vibrating straight through her and tingling all of her erogenous zones.

“I can smell the sweet nectar that spills from you. I want to lap it up before I stab my cock deep inside of you.”

She breathed heavily, every word he spoke bringing her desire so high she didn’t know if it would ever come down. He gripped the hem of her dress and slid it up and over her head. He tossed it on the ground, staring down at her and causing her to shiver in delight. He moved down her body, his hands rubbing over every inch of her exposed skin in the process. He gripped her calves, staring up at her as he gently pulled them open.

He settled between her thighs, his body so big it dwarfed hers and made her feel petite and feminine. Her clit tingled with every breath he took, the current of air gently wafting over the engorged bead. His hands smoothed over her thighs, getting closer and closer to what really ached. His big hands framed her pussy, his thumbs gently pulling her labia’s apart and blowing hot air over her saturated folds.

“You are so beautiful.”

She dropped her head on the bed and closed her eyes as his tongue swirled around her opening. She felt his tongue flatten out as he dragged it up to her clit, sucking the pulsating bead into his mouth as he moaned. The vibrations had her arching her back in pleasure. She

opened her eyes and looked down at him, the very sight of what he was doing an aphrodisiac.

He took his thumb and forefinger and framed her clit, pulling her lips apart so that the nub stood out alone. He stopped sucking and looked into her eyes, never breaking contact as he dipped his head back down and twirled his tongue around it. Her mouth fell open as intense pleasure pulsated through her, bringing her climax to the brink of explosion.

She felt his finger probe at her pussy hole, and she lifted her hips up in hopes of it sliding inside of her. In the next instant, he covered her clit with his hot mouth, his tongue swirling and lapping at it as his finger slid into her gently. Her orgasm slammed through her so forcefully she couldn't catch her breath. He didn't let up his ministrations as he teased her now clenching pussy and sucked harder. She screamed out her release, spearing her hands through her hair and trying desperately to suck in air.

She squeezed her eyes shut tightly, letting the after pleasure burn of her climax wash through her as he gave her clit one last lick before pulling away. She opened her eyes, feeling sleepy and sated. Her orgasm only seemed to intensify her arousal, and she spread her legs wider, hoping he'd take the hint. She could see how hard he was, could see how much he wanted her, but he didn't move.

After a minute of silence, she pulled herself up, suddenly feeling very shy. His eyes were downcast, his fists clenching and unclenching at his sides as he ground his teeth. "Keirak? Is everything okay?" She reached her hand out and tentatively touched his arm. He flinched in response and she immediately withdrew it, confusion and hurt resonating within her. "What's wrong? Don't you want this? I know I do."

"We need to stop."

What? Could she have heard him right? He actually wanted to stop? He actually *could* stop? He moved and sat on the edge of the bed, resting his massive forearms on his thighs and breathing out

deeply. “We don’t have to. I want this, I want you, Keirak.” She didn’t move any closer as she rested her back against the wall. He was strong and muscular everywhere, the tendons and sinew evident even in his back. She dropped her eyes and stared at the dark ink of his tattoo that snaked from beneath his pants.

She absently lifted her arm and ran her fingers over the dark lines. He stiffened again beneath her touch, and she dropped her hand. Could she have been so wrong about how he felt? Did he not feel the same for her? Was she not experienced enough? Too human? The questions bouncing in her mind brought her down, but she didn’t let it show. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to.”

“Don’t ever apologize to me, *fallina*. It’s not you, it’s me.”

She snorted, actually snorted at his *cliché* comment. She leaned back and stared at the ceiling. He looked over his shoulder at her, his brows knitted in clear confusion. “Sorry, it’s just that guys say that exact statement where I’m from when they are trying to let a girl down easy.” He turned his big body all the way around, his expression almost sad as he stared at her.

“You don’t truly believe that do you?”

“I don’t know what to believe anymore. Listen, just forget I said anything.” She felt like an ass, a complete and total ass. She dropped her head, “Maybe you should g...” The last word left on a gasp as he pulled her down the bed and covered her body with his once again in a matter of seconds. He stared down at her, his eyes roaming over her face as his hand played with a strand of her hair.

“I love you so much my heart aches. I tried to keep my distance—thought it would be best, but I can’t deny my feelings. I am rough and scarred, Kitty, a hardened warrior that doesn’t deserve you. I want to be soft and gentle with you, the kind of male you deserve, but I fear I won’t be able to accomplish that. Look at how I just acted with you, ravished your body so selfishly.”

She stared at him with an open mouth, not even knowing how to go explain that he certainly *did* ravish her body, but she liked it—a

lot. He had spoken softly, so gentle and caring, the complete opposite of the persona he displayed—or tried to display. His eyes continued to move over her face, as if imprinting every dip and hollow. She certainly hadn't expected that from him, but as his words played over and over in her mind, she had the strong need to say it back. "I love you, too."

A look of relief crossed his features and she leaned up and pressed her lips to his. The kiss was soft, almost tentative in its nature. "I want you as you are. I want the strong, hard warrior that I see now. What I want, what I need is *you*, Keirak, just as you are." He rolled onto his back and brought her across his chest. She rested her head over his heart, the strong and steady beat sending soothing waves through her. "I wanted to keep my distance, too, thought it would be better in the end if I did, but the heart knows what it truly needs, and what I truly need is you."

* * * *

They stayed like that, in a comfortable silence, her atop his chest as he ran his hands over her back. Her eyes started to grow heavy, the rhythmic beat of his heart a steady lullaby.

"I must leave, *fallina*. I have to prepare for the journey, but will you meet me before I go?"

"Of course. Where, when?" Her words were soft and sleepy, her eyes half-lidded as she dragged her fingers lightly over his chest.

"We will meet at the main tunnel, just before sunset tonight."

She sat up, her legs spreading as she straddled his hips and looked down at him. His hands gripped her waist as he thrust his hips up. His cock pressed along her slit, and she swallowed at his length and girth. "How long will you be gone?" She inhaled as he pushed up again, his hardness hitting her clit and making her wet in a matter of seconds.

"I have wanted to do that for the past year."

His voice was deep and filled with arousal, his hands gripping and releasing her hips in rhythm to his thrusting. “Don’t distract me.” She moaned as he set a steady rhythm. His cock pushed against her labia and caused a delicious sensation to bloom within her.

“You feel so good on top of me.”

She closed her eyes when his hands skated across her breasts, his palms rasping over her nipples and making them bead in wanton pleasure. “That makes me...” She didn’t finish her words, couldn’t finish them as his hands continued to move across her nipple.

“That makes you feel what?” He growled deeply, the sound filled with arousal that matched hers.

“It makes me wet.” She opened her eyes, her face heating at what she’d just said. She never spoke this way and it was embarrassing. “It feels so good.”

“Not nearly as good as it feels for me, my love.”

His hands moved up to the sides of her neck and brought her down for another intimate kiss. He broke the kiss, their heavy breathing mingling as they caught their breath. “Your nectar smells like the blooming after a rainfall, it’s intoxicating.”

He kissed her on the lips, nothing deep or penetrating, just a sweet kiss that left her frustrated. “You have to go, don’t you?”

“I do. I shall only be gone for a few weeks, although it will feel like eternity.”

“Where will you guys go?” She pulled back and rolled off of him, knowing that if she didn’t they would never leave the room.

“Our supplies are running low. We must also go to several other tribes and trade goods with them.”

“I wish you didn’t have to go.” She sat on the edge of the bed and felt his hand run down her back.

“I wish I didn’t have to either, but I am second in command and must.”

They said their goodbyes, Keirak holding the journey bag as they kissed one last time. He started to leave but stopped and turned

around. “Thank you for this.” He gestured to the journey bag and smiled. He took her hand and kissed it, bringing it to rest over his heart as he stared at her for a suspended second before he let it go.

She shut the door and leaned back against it, her emotions swirling wildly inside of her.

Chapter Four

Kitty stood in a straight line with the other females as she looked at the warriors across from them. Each one looked as if they were ready to do battle, weapons hanging off of their leathers and fierce expressions covering their faces. She stood directly across from Keirak, his eyes never leaving her face as Demariak spoke about the plans for the mission.

Right before everyone had lined up, Keirak had given her back the journey bag. She was confused to the why of it but didn't question him as everyone took their place. The room grew silent as Sashaunna walked up to Icezak, dropped her head, and held the journey bag out to him. She spoke in the ZorZack language and stepped back in line after he took the bag.

Each woman did this to a warrior until the only couple left was Kitty and Keirak. She knew everyone watched intently, which amplified the awkwardness of the whole situation. She may have been living here for a year, but for a good portion of that time she had done everything in her power to avoid anything that related to this world. Now, she wished she had taken a stronger interest in their culture so she didn't look like such a fool.

Her heart beat rapidly as she stared at Keirak. His green stare was intense and knowing, as if he understood exactly how uncomfortable this was for her. She stepped forward until they stood only a foot apart. Electricity and desire sparked between them, a connection that they both shared and she couldn't even begin to explain. She tore her eyes away from him and looked at the ground. She heard him swallow and offered the bag to him. One of his hands landed on top of hers,

the other below it so that the warmth from his touch covered her completely.

“Thank you, *fallina*.”

None of the other warriors had spoken when they received their bags, and she looked up to stare at him. His head was downcast slightly, his eyes half-lidded so that all she could see were two neon green slits. It was like they were the only two people in the whole room.

“What does that mean?”

He stared at her, a small smile covering his full lips. “I will tell you once I have returned.” He leaned in close to her ear and whispered, “I will tell you when I am buried so deep inside of you we are one.”

Her eyes grew wide at his illicit words, and she quickly looked around. The females and warriors were in intimate embraces, some of them moving toward the shadowed crevasses. Their hands moved over each other’s body, telling of exactly what they would be doing in those corners.

She looked back into his face, her pussy going instantly wet and her nipples stabbing through her dress. He growled low in his throat and gripped her arm, all but dragging her toward one of those darkened, secluded areas. As they made their way toward the shadows, she could hear panting and moaning as the warriors and their partners “relieved” their tension before the mission.

“What are you doing?”

He didn’t say anything as he walked behind a large rock that was cloaked in shadows and pressed her against the wall. He brought his body flush against hers, and she gasped in delight. He placed his large hand behind her head and brought his mouth down to hers. He kissed her with such a fierce passion that it left her breathless. She stood there, body tense, as he ran his tongue over her lips, tempting her to open them. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth as she moaned.

His tongue speared in and stroked over hers, his hands smoothing behind her and pressing against her lower back. He slowly moved toward her ass, cupping each cheek and bringing her groin flush against his erection. Moisture slipped out of her vagina as the hard length of him pressed against her belly. Her nipples rubbed against his hard, smooth chest, the feeling causing goose bumps to form over her flesh. She broke the kiss and breathed out, their mouths mere inches apart.

“What are you doing?” He buried his face in her neck and she felt his tongue lick up the side. She shivered and gripped his shoulders, her nails pressing into his flesh as a growl erupted from his throat. He brought his hands up to cup her breasts, his thumbs rasping over her engorged nipples until they were rock hard.

“What I’ve been craving all day.”

His touch started off soft and gentle, but soon became frantic and passion filled. His lips slanted over hers again, his hand running over every inch of her body, leaving nothing untouched. She opened her legs wider, his large body moving in closer, his cock pressing more firmly into her. His hand moved between their bodies—the warmth of his skin already seeping into her. He moved it lower to the spot where she wanted him most. He cupped her vagina and pressed his thumb against her clit, the slight pressure edging her closer to climax.

She didn’t want him to stop, actually wanted to see how much more he could give. She gasped when his fingers ran up and down her slit, the material of the dress pressing into her and causing an incredible friction against her sensitive lips. Her gown was saturated from her juices, his fingers still moving ruthlessly against her flesh and bringing her closer to the brink of climax.

He dropped to his knees, hiking her dress up and lifting one of her legs over his shoulder. He stared up at her, not moving, not breathing, as if he was waiting for her to give permission. At her nod, he licked and sucked at her folds, his finger moving to strum her clit and bringing her closer and closer to what she wanted...needed.

She gripped the rock behind her, leaning her head back and closing her eyes as she breathed in deeply. She looked down again, Keirak's head hidden under her dress, the sounds of wet sucking filling her ears. She opened her mouth on a silent scream as his fingers slid into her vagina. She was so close, so...close.

She moaned loudly, her climax starting at her toes and traveling through her body so quickly she didn't have the strength to stay upright. Before her rubbery legs gave out, Keirak was in front of her, his body pressed against hers as his mouth covered her lips. She tasted herself on his tongue, a flavor that lit up her senses and had them both groaning. She wanted to give him the kind of pleasure he gave her, wanted him to know how good he made her feel.

She dropped to her knees, looking up at the startled expression that crossed his face. She didn't speak or wait for his permission, just started to unlace his leathers and pull them apart. She reached in, pulling out his huge cock, his flesh so hot and hard it had her swallowing in appreciation. She held his erection in her hand, her eyes widening at how truly big he was. His shaft was smooth and flawless, the head swollen and red, the slit already seeping pre-cum and making her mouth water.

"Kitty?"

He spoke her name on a groan, and it gave her the courage she needed. She ran her tongue over the slit, moaning at the salty, male taste he provided. She wrapped her tongue around the engorged head, running her tongue over the crown and back to the slit where she gently pushed against it. She slid her mouth down on him, opening her throat and taking a little bit more of him inside her mouth. Her hand gripped the middle of his erection and gently stroked it. He was so thick she couldn't touch her fingers as she gripped his cock tighter and picked up a faster motion. Soon, she was moving her head up and down, her saliva giving her the needed lubrication to make the ride smooth.

His hands framed her head, his hips slightly thrusting in and out of her mouth as he groaned and moaned above her. She couldn't get very much of his cock into her mouth, but the erotic noises he was making gave her the encouragement she needed to keep going. Salty male essence seeped continuously out of his slit, and she knew he was close. In the next instant, he tried to pull away but she held onto him tight. She bobbed her head faster on his cock, knowing he was about to go off.

He groaned loudly, and she moaned against his shaft, finally tasting his thick cum slide down her throat. It continued to pulse out of him, filling her mouth, filling her senses. He gripped her hair, the slight sting the action caused giving her pleasure and making her pussy seep. When his orgasm finally let up, he pulled away and helped her off the ground. He cradled her body close to his and whispering words in his language to her.

"I love you, *fallina*. I'm going to miss you."

She smiled against his chest, knowing that she was already too deep into this to turn away unscathed. "I love you, too. I wish you didn't have to go."

"Me too."

Chapter Five

Keirak and the other warriors marched through the heavy foliage of the jungle, the branches and leaves slapping against their leather clad bodies as the noise bounced off the trees. The closest village was a day's hike away—a small tribe known as the *Monna He*. They visited this particular tribe countless times throughout the years, exchanging goods and weapons and resting their weary bodies. The *Monna Hes* were a gentle and peaceful tribe but strong allies nonetheless.

Keirak and the other warriors had been walking for hours, many of the males telling stories of their latest female conquests. The stories were ritual during these trips, many of his brethren sharing the same female, many picking up pointers for when they returned and needed to be sated. They were excited to visit the *Monna He*—their females slender with fire red hair and ample breasts. The men were built the same way, more toned, but slender nonetheless. They also carried the distinctive fire colored hair, and so that is how their tribe's name, *Monna He*—fire people—came to be.

They were about five hours from the small tribe, the atmosphere and the creatures of the jungle silent as they trekked forward. He wished the beasts of the jungle would come out. He wanted a fight, a good brawl that would work off some of the testosterone that fueled his arousal. His dick was still pressed tightly against his leathers, an uncomfortable feeling when trying to walk through the thick foliage.

"I can't wait to bury my cock deep inside of Eyessa." Icezak slapped Keirak on the back, a wide smile covering his face as he walked toward the front of the group.

“I thought you and Sashaunna had a thing going on?” Drayden’s voice boomed through the night.

Icezak shrugged his broad shoulders as he slashed his *Fidorina* blade through the branches. The blade was three feet long and sharpened to a deadly point, perfect for the thick leaves and branches the forest produced. The moon shone off the metal as it peeked from the thick covering of trees above them. Keirak looked back at Drayden who wore that ever present hard set. There was something under his persona though, something that hinted to why he cared about Icezak and Sashaunna.

“We are not mated so I am free to do as I wish. She’s a good fuck though.”

“So you use her for your amusement only?”

Icezak stopped and turned around, anger sparking in his blue eyes. “You know better than that. If anyone would be using a female for their amusement it would be you.”

A fight was brewing, but just as the two stepped close to each other, Demariak stepped in between them, not saying a word, a fierce look on his face. They knew better than to go against their leader, and so the fight ceased. Keirak looked at Drayden, confused as to why he would care.

Drayden was a fine warrior, their most ruthless when it came to the hunt, but he always kept his distance. Of course, he took females to bed, but Keirak heard the females speak of how unemotional he was. He finished with them almost as soon as he started. Even after the females knew this, they still flocked toward him, the power he emitted like a drug they needed. They started walking again, their pace picking up as tension coated the air.

“Who have you left in charge of the tribe, my lord?” Demariak didn’t turn around as he too sliced through branches, grunting with the effort.

“Rhyson. It will give him a chance to prove himself, although I have left Adriak and Merak to watch over him.”

Surprise filtered through Keirak as he wondered why Demariak had chosen him to look after the tribe given. Rhyson thought more with his dick than his brain. Whenever anyone wondered about Rhyson's whereabouts, all they needed to do was see which female was missing, or *females* in most cases. All the warriors had "healthy" appetites when it came to bedding females, but Rhyson far surpassed all of them.

"Maybe a little bit of power will make him somewhat responsible."

Keirak highly doubted it.

* * * *

It had been two days and, already, Kitty was miserable. She hadn't realized how much she would miss Keirak. She walked to the hot springs, a cave with several heated, natural pools and a waterfall. It was nice and relaxing, and she hoped the warm water might control some of the lust that brewed inside her. Before she even rounded the corner to enter the cave, she heard low male and female groans. She stopped and turned around, not even about to go in there when it was obvious what was going on. She ran right into a thick chest, gasping as she stumbled back. "I'm sorry." She looked into a face that held nothing but amusement.

"I'm not."

She gripped her towel—really just a strip of cloth—in her hands tightly and looked around. She knew this man, not very well, but his reputation was notorious in the tribe.

"I don't think we've properly met." He took hold of her hand and brought it to his lips, laying a gentle kiss on her skin. "I'm Rhyson."

"I know." She swallowed again, trying to look around his massive body and thinking of how to leave without seeming rude. He was a huge man, not as tall as Keirak, but definitely packing a lot of muscle. It also didn't help that he had a giant serpent tattooed on his body.

The monster wrapped its fearsome body around the entire length of one of his arms, the head and dagger like teeth ending on the opposite shoulder. The beast's eyes were silver and stared right at her, the mercury colored orbs almost glowing in their intensity.

"Really? Tell me, are they all good?"

Many of the men and women in the tribe spoke English, not the best, but enough that they could communicate. Rhyson spoke it fluently, with only the slightest accent laced in his deep voice.

"Was what all good?" She took her hand from his grasp and took a step back. He smiled slowly.

"What you have heard about me."

"I don't think you want to know."

His laugh was low and deep, his eyes never leaving her face. "I can't believe I haven't seen more of you around. A shame really."

His eyes roamed over her body and that was when she remembered the leather bathing suit she had on. The women of the tribe swam nude, no surprise there, but she didn't follow in their footsteps. So, with Mena's help, she had crafted what resembled a bathing suit out of animal hide. It wasn't anything fancy, but covered her parts so she didn't feel like an exhibitionist. She tightened her 'towel' around her body and glared at him. "Is there anything in particular I can help you with?"

"Hmmm...I can think of many things I need your *help* with."

She laughed at how ridiculous he sounded. He truly was trying to seduce her. "I'm sorry, but I'm taken."

"Are you?" He did another slow sweep of her body with his eyes.

"Yes, I am. I'm also rude, a recluse, and very unattainable. You picked the wrong woman to charm."

"Ah, so you admit I'm charming?"

A wide smile covered his face, and she couldn't help but smile. "Absolutely not, but don't you have a young girl to corrupt or something?"

“I only go after the fine aged females. The younger ones are much to wild for my taste.”

She found that very hard to believe but didn't bother saying anything more. Female giggles and deep male laughs sounded behind her, and she looked over her shoulder. She recognized the men, Merak and Adriak, and the lone woman sandwiched between them, Talliya. The woman looked worn out, her long blond hair soaked and pasted to her curvy nude body. The twins held her up, their hands running over every part of her flesh that they could reach.

Even though Kitty was used to this kind of behavior from the ZorZacks, it didn't mean she enjoyed watching it. Everywhere she looked, every corner she turned, seemed to have grinding bodies doing some kind of sexual act. She wasn't a prude by any means, but she wasn't into watching porno all the time. She didn't miss how Rhyson eyed Talliya, and she was thankful for small favors that he became distracted. She took the opportunity to slip by him, but not before he grabbed her hand, stopping her dead in her tracks.

“Leaving so soon? I thought we could take a dip together.”

“No, thank you.”

“Are you sure? We can get to know each other better?”

She shook her head and pulled her arm away.

“If you knew what was good for you, you'd leave her be.” Merak walked up to Rhyson, their feet inches apart as they stared at each other. The room suddenly filled with tension, and Kitty looked between the two of them.

“Maybe you should worry about your own female.”

“She isn't your female, Rhyson.”

“And she's yours?”

Merak turned her way and stared at her, his burnt amber eyes holding her gaze intently. “She's neither one of ours. She's claimed by Keirak. If you paid more attention, instead of burying your cock in any available female, you would have known that.”

She took a step back as she noticed Rhyson's fist clenching and his jaw tensing. Merak had a smirk on his face, but his body was coiled tight, ready for whatever happened.

"I see no mark, no metal adorning her. When I see some kind of proof, then I will keep my distance. Until then, all is fair." He turned and looked at Kitty, a slow smile spreading across his face before he stormed past Merak, shoulder slamming into his as he made his way to the hot springs.

The silence was deafening, just a lot of breathing and testosterone that filled the small tunnel. "Well." She cleared her throat but didn't know what else to say.

"If he bothers you again, tell me." Merak turned and looked down at her, his face a mask of fury that she knew wasn't directed toward her. "It is better if I diffuse this right away. If Keirak finds out about this, Rhyson will regret it. I have my honor to uphold and promised Demariak I would look after things. Rhyson is a strong warrior but wild."

He turned and walked away with his brother and Talliya, leaving Kitty standing there alone, not knowing what had just happened.

Chapter Six

Keirak sat around a large fire getting drunk off the juice of a *Koolna* plant. He took another swig from the blown glass jar, the potent liquid hot like the flames that burned in front of him. Icezak sat next to him, Eyessa in his lap, her red hair the same color as the fire. She sat there, completely nude, but so did every female that was around. He watched Icezak suck her deep red nipples into his mouth, her moans loud and ringing through the air. Keirak was horny. Not because he watched Icezak tease and fondle the female, but because he constantly thought of Kitty.

He closed his eyes as he drank deeply from the jar—the liquid making him feel intoxicated. He pictured Kitty in his mind, her soft and supple body beneath his, her perfectly rounded breasts in his mouth. His cock strained against his leathers, and he shifted uncomfortably. *This is hell.* He opened his eyes and looked over at Drayden who also had a female straddled across his lap. Her back was toward Keirak and her ass was spread wide. Her pussy was soaking wet and glistened off the fire light. Drayden's hands moved to grip both globes of her ass, moving in and sliding two fingers inside of her.

Keirak looked away, disgusted with himself for even looking. Before Kitty had come into his life, he fucked two, sometimes three women a day, but now, he couldn't even stomach the idea of another woman. His already hard cock grew stiffer as he watched his fellow warriors tease the women, and he felt disgusted by his body's reaction. He threw his head back and downed the last of the liquid, the *Koolna* juice settling in his belly and starting a slow burn. He was

about to get up and grab another bottle when a hand ran across his shoulder and stopped him.

“It has been too long.”

He didn’t need to look behind him to know who spoke. Iteena sat beside him, a full bottle of *Koolna* juice in her hand and a smile on her face. He knew her well, fucked her every time he had visited her village, but even thinking about that now had him feeling ashamed.

She was attractive, her breasts huge mounds that swayed and bounced with every step and her pussy shaved bare for all to see. As he looked at her, she didn’t spark any kind of lust inside of him. She handed him the bottle and sat next to him, leaning back on her hands so that her breasts were displayed.

“I’ve missed you, *leano*.”

He hated it when she called him that, a stupid endearment that made his teeth gnash together. “Have you?” He took another sip, his attention of the dancing flames in front of him.

“I have.”

Her whispered words were right next to his ear, and he pulled away, shaking his head. “Not this time. Iteena I have a female.”

“Did she travel with you? I do not see any females of your tribe. I won’t tell if you won’t.”

She was trying to seduce him, but Kitty filled his every thought, made every emotion he had so much more powerful. Iteena seemed insubstantial compared to her. “I am sure Icezak or Draydon—or both—will be happy to fuck you.”

“I have no doubts about that. I actually plan on that later, but I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind since the last time you visited.”

He didn’t bother responding, just watched the fire. He heard her sigh before she ran her hand across his back and walked away. She gave up much easier than he expected, and he was thankful.

He finished off the second bottle just as more and more female moans sounded all around him. He scrubbed a hand across his face

and made his way toward his sleeping chamber. He passed Demariak's hut, his leader's deep, even breathing letting him know his king already slept. His hut was on the other side of the camp, away from everyone else which is why he requested it. He didn't want to hear the heavy panting, the moaning, or the screams that would last all night.

He was drunk, completely and utterly drunk, and he didn't care. His senses were dulled and fatigue weighed heavily on him. He hoped his cock would give up on tormenting him for the night. He stumbled into his hut and made his way over to the pallet in the corner. He let himself fall onto it, the plush stuffing under the animal hide breaking his fall. He lay on his back, staring at the straw and hardened clay ceiling, his beauty's face flashing through his mind. He closed his eyes, welcoming the alcohol-induced sleep that swept through him.

* * * *

Keirak opened his eyes, the edges of his chamber hazy, as if a veil were all around him. He stared into Kitty's ecstasy filled face as she stared down at him, her wet pussy sliding over his leg as she straddled him. He knew it was a dream, but he had no plans on waking anytime soon. She ran her hands over him and murmured her encouragements. Even though he knew this was a dream, it felt weird, *she* felt weird.

He rubbed his eyes, gently pushing her away and sitting up. He felt so dizzy and discombobulated. Her hands smoothed over his back, her lips pressing against his shoulder, her tongue sliding along his jaw. He turned his head and stared at Kitty, her hair flashing from blond to red and back to blond again. He squeezed his eyes shut. He felt her move onto his lap, the smell of her wet sex filling his senses.

Her mouth slanted over his, her tongue sliding along the seam of his lips and causing him to snap his eyes open. She didn't taste or smell like Kitty. He moved her off of him and shook his head. He

closed his eyes again, his head pounding fiercely as he ran a hand across his face.

“What’s wrong, *leano*?”

He snapped his eyes open and looked to the side, Iteena’s naked body and red hair filling all of his senses. She smiled and lifted her hand to touch him but he quickly moved away, shaking his head. “What are you doing in my hut?”

“You are being very rude, *leano*. I know you want me. I can see the evidence through your leathers.” She ran her hands across her breasts, pulling one to her mouth and wrapping her tongue around the nipple. “I can finish you off if you like. Maybe wrap my mouth around that huge cock of yours.”

He shook his head, pushing her hands away when she tried to fondle him.

“Just leave.”

“Why are you so cold all of the sudden?”

Rage swirled and churned inside of him, but he knew he was to blame. True, he had been drunk and thought it a dream, but he should have known better, should have been able to tell it wasn’t Kitty. He turned his head, not caring that she gasped at his cold expression. “Even after I told you I didn’t want you, you had to be persistent.”

“I came in to see if you changed your mind. You were mumbling, and I noticed how engorged you cock was. I took it that you wanted me.” He would have felt bad for the anger he directed toward her, but he knew she could be cold and calculating, and he had no doubts she knew exactly what she had done.

“I thought you were another. I pictured another. Please, just leave.”

She huffed and stood, glaring down at him with her hands on her hips before turning and storming out of the hut. He fell back on his pallet, throwing an arm over his eyes and wishing he could just see Kitty, his sweet, sweet, *fallina*.

Chapter Seven

Kitty walked to Mena's room with a bouquet of freshly picked flowers in hand. A week already passed, and she was getting more and more anxious to see Keirak. She stopped in front of the huge door, the ZorZacks history carved into the wood. She knocked, hearing Mena's soft voice call her in a moment later. She opened the door, the lighting low and the smell of something exotic in the air. "Where are you? I can barely see anything."

"Shhh, Nea finally went to sleep."

"Sorry," Kitty whispered as she gently closed the door and walked to where Mena lay in bed. "Is everything okay? You don't look very well."

"I don't feel very well. I think I ate something that didn't agree with me. It might have been those little, green colored beans I ate for lunch, they packed quite a kick."

"Here, I thought you might like these."

"Thank you, you're so sweet. Can you put them on the table over there? I'd do it myself, but every time I get up I feel nauseous."

Mena looked pretty pale, and that worried Kitty. "Do you want me to take Nea for a while so you can get some rest?"

"Nah, it's okay. I actually feel a lot better than I did." She rubbed her belly, wincing slightly in the process.

"Is everything okay with the baby?"

"Yeah, the baby is just acting wild today. I don't think the beans agreed with him either."

“Him?” They didn’t have the kind of technology that allowed them to see the baby’s sex on this world, but it was cute how Mena called the baby “him.”

“I’m pretty sure it’s a boy. I mean, I have been having these crazy dreams lately about the baby, and it’s always a boy.” She smiled and started to sit up.

“No, don’t move. I’ll let you rest, but if you want me to watch Nea just let me know. You look worn out.”

“Geez, thanks.” Mena laughed quietly but the humor didn’t quite reach her eyes. “It’s not just me not feeling well. I kind of miss Demariak, too. We have never been away from each other this long.”

“Don’t worry yourself. He’ll be back in no time at all.” She still hadn’t told Mena about her feelings toward Keirak, but she wasn’t going to spill them now, not when Mena looked so tired. “I’ll come by tomorrow and see how you’re doing, okay?” Mena nodded, sliding down the bed again and letting out a deep breath in the process. “Feel better, okay?” Kitty let herself out, making sure to shut the door as quietly as possible. She was worried about Mena, she had never seen her look so tired and pale before.

The caves were pretty quiet, so she took the opportunity to change into her bathing suit in her room and head to the hot springs. Her steps were light and quiet as she entered the steamy, humid cave that held four bubbling hot springs. One of them was as big as a residential swimming pool, the other three the size of hot tubs. She set her towel on the ledge and tested the water with her toe. The water felt warm and bubbly, and she stepped in and sat down, leaning her head against the smooth rock and closing her eyes. She breathed in as the water lapped at her neck, the warmth doing nothing to help the arousal that still plagued her.

She slowly came awake, her body so relaxed that her mind was a little hazy. She rubbed her eyes and gasped when it brushed against a foot. She snapped her eyes open, her heart in her throat as she looked at Rhyson. He wore an amused smile on his face. She gaped at him

and moved to the far corner of the hot spring. “You scared the crap out of me.”

“I apologize.” He said the words clearly, but the expression on his face showed how little he meant them.

She looked around, not wanting to seem rude but very uncomfortable that a naked warrior sat in the same hot springs as her. “You’re naked.” It was an obvious and stupid statement, but it just rolled off her tongue, and her face immediately reddened.

“I know.” He braced his arms on the ledge behind him, his muscles bulging out as he stared at her with a look that could only be described as hungry.

“I was just about to get out.”

“So soon?”

She took note of his serpent tattoo again, the creature looking at her as if it were actually alive. She squinted at it, not knowing if the heat made her see things or if his tattoo had moved positions. She remembered just last week the head was wrapped around his neck, its body curling around one of his arms. Today though, the head and upper body seemed lower on his chest, as if the thing had crawled over his skin. She quickly looked back at his face.

“So, how was your day?”

“Fine.” She felt uncomfortable and embarrassed.

“Good, that’s very good. Do you have plans for tonight?”

“Yes.” She spat the word out, knowing she didn’t have a damn thing to do tonight.

“Really? You have to eat though, right? Maybe you would like to accompany me in a private meal? “

“Thanks, but no thank you.”

“Why is it you dislike me so much when you hardly know me?”

A sad look crossed his features, but she didn’t fall into his trap. “It isn’t that I dislike you, it’s just that, well, I have heard the stories about you, and I’m also taken.”

“Ah, by the great Keirak? Then again, you don’t know that much about him now, do you?”

“What are you talking about?” She glared at him, about to defend the man she loved if Rhyson so much as said one negative thing.

“What? He has never spoken of his past? He has never told you about *his* reputation amongst the tribe?” Rhyson ran a tanned hand across his jaw before he leaned his head back and closed his eyes, clicking his tongue in the process.

Keirak had never told her about himself, but it wasn’t like either of them had been very open about their lives. “If he chooses to tell me about his past then he will.”

“Well, it isn’t my story to tell, but before you judge me on what you have *heard*, ask your mate about his past indiscretions, you might be surprised.” He still had his head back and his eyes closed, but he chuckled deeply. “Have a wonderful night, sweet Kitty.”

She slipped out of the water and wrapped the towel around her dripping body. She didn’t even want to think about Keirak doing the kinds of things she heard Rhyson did. She didn’t want to picture Keirak with another woman, let alone a harem. The very idea of him wrapped around a woman, bringing her the kind of pleasure he gave her had her heart clenching.

Rhyson looked at her, his expression stoic as he spoke softly. “I’m not so bad, Kitty. I hope you can see that soon.”

* * * *

Keirak stood at the front of his group, slashing through the thick leaves that helped to obscure the blazing sun. Guilt and disgust still overwhelmed him, as well as a big dose of rage. His brethren were smart enough to stay far back from him as he tore through the branches. They had been on their trek for days now, not even the sound of nearby creatures breaking up the monotony of their journey. The jungle seemed void of life, not even wind moved against his face.

True, it wasn't unusual, but by now, they should have come across *something*.

"What has him in a foul mood?"

Even though Icezak whispered the words, Keirak heard them as if he stood right by him. He didn't stop or respond, just continued swinging his blade through the air as sweat slid down his skin. They would approach a clearing in about a mile, their journey taking them down the same path every time. The meadow was where most of the creatures choose to graze—the tamer ones that is.

He picked up his pace until he was soon jogging through the brush, his fellow warriors trying to keep up and cursing in confusion. He didn't care though, just wanted to get out there and slay something, hoping a little bit of violence would ease some of the rage that burned inside of him.

They made it to the clearing quickly, each taking a post among the thick trees and heavy brush that was scattered around. They might sit there hours, or get lucky and catch something within minutes—he hoped for the latter. He leaned against the thick trunk of a *Peonnta* tree, its smooth black trunk free of any flaws and as soft as the finest fabrics. He set his sword in his lap—his body coiled tight, his eyes scanning every inch of his surroundings.

Hour after hour past and, finally, a large *Borra* beast waddled into the clearing. Its twin trunks too heavy for the creature to hold up, its pink snout running wet as it collected debris from the meadow floor. The beast was well fed, its body plump all over, a feast that would feed all of his tribe. He set his blade on the ground and stood slowly, drawing his sword from his back and taking a step forward. The creature was unaware of what was about to happen. Its face was buried in the ground as it grunted and growled. He looked at each of his brethren, their big bodies hidden but still visible to his superior sight. He didn't need to speak to let them know this was his kill. He waited until each nodded their heads and then he leaped into the clearing, sword drawn high, war cry spilling from his throat.

Chapter Eight

Keirak and the other warriors headed back home, two short days away, their bodies packing various supplies and numerous animal carcasses. They planned on stopping at one more tribe before they returned home, a small tribe known as the *Klaukka* tribe. They were known for their medicinal herbs that no other tribe could re-create. They were fiercer than the *Monna He*, the males more physically powerful, but friendly and always welcoming. They always stopped at their tribe last since the herbs they gathered from the *Klaukka*'s needed to stay cold.

"I wish we were already there. I don't know why I got stuck carrying the *borra* beast."

Keirak, and the other two warriors ignored Icezak grumbling.

"I just don't see why I am carrying the heaviest carcass. Keirak was the one who killed the damn thing."

"Shut up already. We are all carrying our fair share. We are close to the *Klaukka* tribe and you can rest yourself then."

Demariak's words were low and annoyed, and Keirak smiled despite his current mood. True, he was anxiously awaiting his arrival back to the mountain, to his love, but he didn't know how he could keep his indiscretion from her. He wanted to tell her, but he was ashamed with himself.

"I can see the smoke about a half mile ahead, we can get something to eat and rest there for the night." Demariak stood at the front of their group, the huge carcass slung across his shoulders, gray blood dripping on the jungle floor.

They finally made it to the large village, the leader of the tribe, Trayk, seated in a stone thrown atop a podium. His queen sat beside him, her dark hair and pale skin common of their kind.

“Ah, you have returned. I am most pleased to see you, my friends.”

Even though Trayk acted as though he was surprised by their arrival, Keirak knew better. The *Klaukka* warriors were stationed around the perimeter of the village, hidden so cleverly not even he could spot them. Demariak dropped the carcass on the ground and walked toward the other leader. Trayk walked down the podium with a wide smile on his face and stopped in front of Demariak. They gripped forearms, as warriors do in welcome, and slapped each other on the back. They spoke softly to each other, Keirak and the other ZorZacks setting their supplies down and waiting for word on the next course of action.

Demariak motioned for them to follow as they made their way toward Trayk’s private chamber. They walked into a modest sized hut and toward two small wooden doors bolted to the ground. Trayk lifted one side, the four of them following him down a set of stone stairs that lead to the *Klaukka* leader’s private quarters. It was a large room, carved right out of the earth—candles already lit and showcasing exquisite furniture as well as a wall full of weapons. A circular table sat in the center of the room, twelve seats stationed around it with a large candlelit chandelier hanging above its center.

“Please, have a seat.” He gestured toward the chairs and sat down. “I am most pleased you have chosen to visit our village. It has been too long since I have seen the great ZorZack warriors.” He clapped his hands, a female seeming to appear out of nowhere, a large tray in her hands. She set the tray on the table, distributed large mugs and set a jug in the center of the table. “Thank you, Maheena, you may leave us.” He picked up the jug and poured bright red liquid into each of their mugs, a serious look covering his features. “Have you heard the news?”

Keirak took a sip of the sweet liquid, the concoction a popular drink amongst this particular tribe. It wasn't his place to address the leader of the tribe, so he sat back, sipped on his drink, and waited for Demariak to respond.

"We have not. We have been on our journey and have not heard any news. Please, tell us what you have learned."

"I fear it is not pleasant news." Trayk shook his head and took a sip of his drink. "It seems there have been some reports of a rogue tribe that has slaughtered several villages across the *Zella* Sea."

Keirak's heart stopped at what he heard. His past flashed before him in rapid succession, the deaths of his people playing over and over again in his mind. "What have you heard?" Everyone turned to stare at him, surprised he spoke when two leaders were conversing. He didn't care—his worst fears had manifested themselves right before his eyes. It could all be a coincidence, but he had a feeling in the pit of his gut that said otherwise. "What of this tribe? What did they look like?" The scarred face of his mother's murderer was ingrained in his brain, a picture he would never forget.

"Well, I have not heard much, but what I have is not pleasant. I hear they are ruthless in their pursuits. They are cruel and cold, very calculating in their hunts. The only physical description I have heard is about the leader—the scarred one as they have called him."

Keirak gripped his mug tightly, knowing without a doubt this was the same tribe that ransacked his village.

"What is it?"

Demariak's deep voice penetrated the anger that coursed through his body. "I fear this is a lot worse than anyone realizes."

"Care to elaborate?" Trayk's voice was filled with confusion.

Keirak watched with dread as Demariak ran a hand through his short hair and breathed out. "We have heard of this tribe, they have no name, but their reputation is devious."

"Why have I never heard of them before now?" Trayk asked as he set his mug down.

Keirak shrugged and spoke up. “Their last attack in this area was long ago. After that, they seemed to disappear. I suspect they keep moving, possibly traveling great distance so that they are not caught.”

“Well, they will not get very far with us. Our warriors are highly trained.”

Everyone nodded, agreeing with Trayk, but Keirak knew better. His tribe had been highly trained, the *KayKow* warriors ruthless in their hunt, fierce males that had defeated many. They were no more though, all because of a rouge tribe that extinguished them.

“If they are smart they will not come across the *Zella* Sea. We have many allies on this land and will fight to the death.”

Keirak had no doubt that was exactly how it would end, whether it be the rogues or their own, there would be plenty of blood spilled.

“Father?”

Everyone turned to see a small female at the foot of the stairs.

“Ah, my precious, Kalina, come here my daughter and say hello to the great *ZorZack* warriors.”

They all stood—a tradition they did when a high ranking individual entered a room. She was Trayk’s daughter, only eighteen, but had many suitors lined up to mate her. She was very slender with the same black flowing hair and pale blue eyes as her mother and father.

“Great warriors.” she bowed her head, a form of respect for a visiting warrior. “I will come back, I had no idea you were meeting with my father.”

“It is okay, daughter. What do you inquire about?”

She hesitated a moment and continued. “I would like to ask permission to go to the creek. I would like to pick the berries that grow there to make pies tonight.”

Keirak glanced away and took a sip of his drink, noticing in the corner of his eye how Icezak’s undivided attention was on her. He glanced sideways, lust clear on his fellow warriors face. Keirak chuckled softly, knowing that would be something Icezak would

never attain. Of course, that was what appealed to Icezak so much, the fact that he could not have what he desired.

“I can only allow you to go if you can find one of the males to escort you. There are new dangers that present themselves, and it is no longer safe for you to be alone, even if it is just a short distance.”

She didn’t argue, just nodded her head and turned to leave.

“I will escort her to pick the berries with your permission.” Everyone turned, shocked as Icezak stood and addressed Trayk. “I will see to it that she is safe.”

Keirak looked at Trayk, his eyes narrowed as he watched Icezak with fatherly concern.

“If it is okay with Kalina, I do not see any problem with you escorting her. I have no doubts a fierce warrior like yourself could protect her.”

Iczak nodded and then looked down at himself, realizing he, like the other warriors, was covered in dirt and sweat. “I must clean first.”

It was a sight, something Keirak thought he would never see in his existence—Iczak actually wanting to appear clean for a female. On a normal day, Icezak could care less about his appearance. As long as he found a willing female—which he always did—he didn’t care how dirty he was. Keirak couldn’t help but chuckle as Icezak stumbled out of the chamber, his eyes trained on Kalina the entire time.

Chapter Nine

Kitty stood at the main entrance of the cave, her heart pounding quickly, her palms sweaty from nervousness. Today was the day Keirak and the other warriors would return. She brought her hand to her mouth and started to bite at her nails. It was a dirty habit, but because she was so antsy about seeing him again, she couldn't help it. True, it had only been a couple of weeks, but those two weeks seemed like ages.

Mena stood a few feet down from her, baby Nea in her arms and a lost look on her face. She still didn't look the best, her skin much too pale, but Mena assured her she was fine. She turned her attention back to the cave, the females all around her talking anxiously about the warriors return. Almost all of the tribe was stationed here, waiting for their return and ready to welcome them with open arms. A young boy came running from the mouth of the cave, a big smile on his face as he shouted in the ZorZack language. She could understand only a few words, but understood enough that he told everyone the warriors were back. She breathed out deeply and craned her neck to see if she could catch a glimpse of them.

The first warrior to enter the cave was Demariak, his face grim and dirty as he carried the carcass of a creature she couldn't quite distinguish. He dropped everything he carried on the ground, Mena rushing over to him, oblivious to the dirt that covered his body. The next to enter was Icezak who did the same with the things he carried. Several women rushed toward him, cooing and gasping over his cuts and bruises.

She kept watch at the entrance, spotting Draydon coming through but not seeing Keirak. She walked a little bit into the tunnel, her hands twisting together as she wondered where he was. She turned around and looked at everyone greeting the returned warriors, their smiles bright enough to light up the entire cave. When she turned back around she gasped and stepped back as she looked right into Keirak's face. Dirt covered him as he carried another strange looking creature. "Keirak." His name was a whisper on her lips, but she knew he heard her nonetheless.

"Hello, *fallina*." He smiled, but it didn't quite reach his eyes.

She stared at him with an open mouth as he walked right past her, dumped his belongings on the ground, and kept going. She stood there frozen, not knowing what just happened as she watched the empty space Keirak had just occupied. She rushed to follow him, needing to see him—needing to talk to him. She rounded the corner, seeing his big body walking quickly toward the hot springs. She knew he could hear her footsteps but he didn't stop, didn't even slow down.

Her heart felt tight in her chest as she ran to keep up with his long strides. *What's wrong with him?* She saw his fleeting shape enter the hot spring cave and picked up her pace. Once she entered the cavern, she spotted him at one of the far corners. Her eyes grew wide as he slipped off his ripped and dirty leathers and slipped into the water. She got a quick glance of the tattoo that covered his hips and ran down his thighs before he went into the water. The dark ink resembled flames, the color twisting and curving around his golden skin.

She took a few steps closer to him and tentatively called his name, "Keirak?" He went under the water and came up on the other side of the hot springs so that he now faced her. Water dripped from his blond hair and down his rippled chest, his green eyes staring right at her as if he didn't even know who she was. "Hi. I missed you." She didn't know what to say, didn't even know if she should have followed him. He acted like he wanted nothing to do with her.

“I missed you, too.”

His voice didn’t hold the same kind of emotion it had before he left, and she wondered what had happened during his journey that would make him act like this. “Did you? Your actions are speaking differently.”

“I’m just tired, Kitty.”

Kitty, not *fallina*. There was something definitely different about him. “Is everything okay? I mean, you’re acting very differently.” He didn’t speak for the longest time, just stared at her with an almost pained expression that worried her. “It’s all right. We can talk later.” She didn’t wait for a response, just turned and left. Before she stepped a foot outside the chamber, he was there, his powerful presence clear even though her back was to him. She turned around, his chest taking up her view, the droplets of water sliding down his smooth chest and splashing to the ground.

“I’m sorry.”

His face looked haunted, his features distant as he stared down at her and cupped her cheek. She leaned her head into his embrace, closing her eyes and letting his warmth seep into her. “Please, kiss me.” She stood on her toes and ran her lips against his. His body was tense, his eyes closed as he breathed in deeply. Her kiss was gentle, the lightest of kisses that teased more than anything. His hand gripped the back of her head, bringing her closer so that their lips meshed together as one. She wrapped her arms around his massive shoulders, not caring that her clothing was becoming wet, just needing to be as close to him as possible. His hands slid down to her waist, pulling her hips forward so that his erection pressed against her core.

He broke the kiss and rested his forehead against hers. “I missed you so much.”

“I missed you, too.” She brought his mouth back to hers, running her tongue along the seam of his lips and urging him to open for her. Their mouths fused together, their tongues swirling and dancing and igniting her arousal to a boiling point. His hands landed on her ass,

lifting her up so that she was forced to wrap her legs around his waist for balance. She gripped his shoulders tighter, their mouths never breaking as he started to walk.

Her eyes stayed closed as they kissed, his erection moving against her body with every step he took. She moaned into his mouth, running her hands in his hair and gripping the wet strands as she tilted her head and deepened the kiss. She was vaguely aware of a door opening and closing, and in the next instant she was lying on her back, Keirak above her, his face mere inches from her own.

“Take it off, *fallina*.” He pulled back, his cock straining forward as he stood at the edge of the bed.

She looked around quickly, taking in the barren room that was void of anything except the bed she lay on. She swallowed and looked back at him, his face a mask of pure lust, his eyes half mast as they roamed across her body. She shivered at the intensity of that one look and slid toward the edge of the bed. This is what she wanted, what she had been waiting for since he left. He took a few more steps backward, his eyes never leaving hers. She slowly stood and smoothed her hands down her dress, her heart beating quickly as her nerves took over. She dipped her eyes down to his cock, the head an angry red and clear fluid seeping from the tip. She swallowed at his size, his girth and length enough to make any woman a little nervous.

“Take it off.”

He spoke low but his voice held a dominance that told her she needed to do just as he said...she loved it. She looked at his body again, all power and male masculinity that made her wet with lust. The tattoo added to the allure, added to the powerful aura that encased his being. She moved her hand to her shoulder and slowly slipped off the first sleeve, her eyes never leaving his. She did the same to the other shoulder, her breathing picking up as the fabric slid down and pooled at her feet. She wore nothing underneath, and she was fully aware of the way Keirak’s eyes ran the length of her body.

“You are so beautiful, you take my breath away.”

She swallowed as he stepped forward, her body so sensitive with arousal the very air seemed to tease her nerve endings. His presence was so powerful that it made her feel faint and light-headed. She placed her hands on his chest, the smooth skin beneath her hands hot to the touch. All she wanted was to feel Keirak's hard body covering hers, and feel his firm lips caressing her own. She wanted him, needed him, and had to have him now.

"I did things on the journey, Kitty, things that I am not proud of."

She leaned up and stopped his words with a kiss, her tongue slipping inside the hot recess of his mouth and stroking every inch she could. She didn't want him to relive the horrors of his trip, didn't want him to have to remember the kills he no doubt spoke of. She just wanted to make him feel as hot and needy as she was, wanted him to forget and just *feel*. They moved as one to the bed, his body once again covering hers as they fell onto it.

He rolled onto his back, taking her with him so that she straddled his hips. They continued to kiss, their mouths working together, their tongues moving against each other in an erotic dance. His hands smoothed down her back, just barley skimming the top of her ass before moving back up. He teased and tantalized her, brought her arousal so high she shook from it. She broke the kiss and looked down at him, feeling his rock hard erection pressing against her slit and wanting nothing more than to let it slide inside of her.

"There's something I should tell you." She would be lying if she said she wasn't a little scared. She didn't know how he would react to the knowledge that she was a virgin and horribly inexperienced. Would he even fit? She wasn't naive, she knew there would be some pain, but wasn't it natural to worry about that? She looked down at him, his eyes full of love as he ran his fingers down her cheek and outlined her lips.

"We don't have to do this right now. We have all the time in the world, *fallina*."

She ran her hand through his platinum blond hair, the strands so soft they felt like silk. *He thinks you don't want to do this.* She couldn't help but smile at his comment, the complete opposite of what she really wanted. "I want this to happen, it's just that, well...I've never done this before." The last part was softer than the rest and she looked away, her cheeks becoming hot as embarrassment coursed through her. She felt his finger run under her chin and bring her face back forward. He didn't say anything, just watched her.

"I don't want to hurt you, *fallina*." His words were whispered as he stared at her mouth.

"I want this, Keirak, so bad." He groaned and brought her face down to his, brushing his lips across her forehead before rolling them over again until his body covered hers. His lips ran down her cheek and over her nose, finally resting against her lips. His tongue gently ran across hers until she opened and let him in. His hips started a slow thrust against hers, his erection sliding through her slit and bumping her clit. His hands caressed each of her breasts, his thumbs tweaking at the nipples until they stood stiff and hard. He moved his lips down her jaw, over her collarbone and finally covered one of her engorged nipples. His mouth was hot and wet, his tongue swirling around the stiff peak and driving her crazy. With every lap of his tongue, and thrust of his hips, lightning shot through her clit until she was thrashing her head against the pillows.

He pulled away from her nipple, the resounding pop moving through her like an aphrodisiac to all of her senses. He slid down her body, and she opened her eyes to watch his descent. His eyes stayed on her face as he placed his hands on the inside of her thighs, spreading them wide. Her breathing was ragged, her heart beating quickly as his tongue peeked out and touched her clit. The act was so soft and gentle, but so powerful it rocked her to the core and had her arching her hips. His hands moved inward, his thumbs slowly pulling her labia apart until she was completely exposed.

She shifted, a little uncomfortable, as his eyes continued to watch her. His head moved in, his tongue licking her clit and then sliding down her slit to plunge into her hole. She gasped and threw her head back, her hands gathering the fabric on the bed and gripping it tight. “Oh. My. God.” The pleasure he caused was incredible, his mouth so hot and wet it had her womb clenching and her juices spilling out. His thumb worked on her clit as his tongue stabbed into her vagina, mimicking an act she knew was about to come. Her climax was seconds away, just a couple more flicks of his thumb, a couple more probes of his tongue, and it would wash through her. She arched her back, her nipples drawing up tight as her orgasm exploded inside of her and had her whole body going rigid. She moaned loud and long, not able to control herself as she thrust her hips into Keirak’s face. He wrung out her climax until she was panting and weak.

Chapter Ten

She slowly opened her eyes and looked down, feeling Keirak's hands clenching and unclenching at her thighs. She ran her hand over his and smiled, so completely sated it was hard to keep her eyes open. He moved up her body, his muscles flexing and bunching as he braced his arms on either side of her head.

"I love you, *fallina*." His mouth claimed hers, his cock probing at her entrance, the head hot and hard as steel.

"You never did tell me what that means." He smiled down at her and kissed her forehead.

"It means, 'my beautiful flower.'"

She leaned up and kissed him, her hands framing his cheeks as she felt his hand move between their bodies. He placed the hot head of his cock against her entrance and she gasped.

"I have wanted this for so long. I will be so good to you, Kitty, so gentle." His mouth trailed kisses over her face as he slowly pushed into her.

She gasped as the head slipped inside, his eyes on her face, his expression full of love. "I know you will." And she did, with every part of her being, she knew he would be a gentle lover. She whispered the words, her eyes wide as he pushed another inch into her. It burned and there was pain, but the farther he slipped in, the warmer her body grew—the more pleasure he caused her. She could feel every hard ridge and line that made up his huge cock. She closed her eyes, the pain mixing with a pleasure so powerful it took her breath away.

He suddenly stopped, and she opened her eyes to look at him. She swallowed at the intense expression that covered his face. He closed

his eyes. Sweat beaded on his brow as he reared back slightly. She knew what was coming, and she willed herself to relax. He pushed forward, breaking through her innocence—her gasping as he groaned. He didn't move once he was fully buried inside of her, just framed her face with his hands and gently kissed her.

"I'm sorry, I know it hurt."

Her vagina clenched around his cock, and they both sucked in air. He was so big and thick it felt as if he filled every inch of her. "That wasn't too bad." It was a lie. It did hurt, and it was uncomfortable, but as he stared down at her, his green eyes filled with so much love that it broke her heart, she knew it was all worth it. "I love you." She whispered the words, needing to say them to him, needing to say it while they made love.

"I love you, too, *fallina*." He slowly pulled out, and she opened her mouth in a silent cry as pleasure shot through her. She could feel her body growing wetter, coating him and making him slide easily from her. He stopped at her entrance, poised there for a moment before slowly pushing back in. He groaned long and deep, his own pleasure evident on his face.

"If you could only know how alive you make me feel."

His hips picked up a faster rhythm, his hand moving down her side and over her hip to grip her thigh. He lifted it, wrapping it around his waist and doing the same to the other one. This new angle had her moaning, the penetration seeming deeper as she became lost in pleasure. His hips moved in and out of her, the sound of soaked sex slapping together so erotic she felt her climax approaching rapidly. "I'm so close." She couldn't help the words that spilled from her mouth, didn't even care as her body lit up so brightly it blinded her.

She clenched around his cock so tightly the pain mixed with pleasure and caused an exquisite burn to travel through her. She gripped his shoulders, her nails digging into his skin as her orgasm crested over and over again, a never ending tidal wave of pleasure. His hips didn't ease their thrusting as he continued to pound into her

with such fervor she thought she would pass out. He tensed above her, his groan loud as they stared at each other, sweat coating their bodies, their breathing erratic. She felt the hot jets of his semen coat her insides, the sensation enough to cause another orgasm to ripple through her.

He collapsed above her, his body big and heavy, but welcome nonetheless. His hands smoothed across her overheated flesh as he whispered to her in his language. He rolled off of her, pulling her close so that she felt wrapped in a blanket of protectiveness and love. She closed her eyes, a smile on her face as she let sleep claim her.

* * * *

Kitty slowly opened her eyes, the room having a soft glow around the edges as she turned to her side. She was sore in the most delicious places, and smiled as she thought of what Keirak and she had done. He faced her, his eyes closed, his breathing deep and even. The sheet pooled low on his hips, the dark ink of his tattoo peeking through the material and tempting her. She ran her hand over one of the flames, his skin so smooth and warm that his heat seeped into her body.

She could see the stiff outline of his erection pressing against the sheet. She swallowed. She looked into his face, her breath catching as he stared at her. He smiled slow and sensual, the kind of smile that made her immediately wet. She didn't move as he pushed himself up and leaned on his elbow, his lips skimming across hers in the sweetest of caresses.

"Let's bathe."

It wasn't a question, but she wouldn't have said no anyway. He slid off the bed, holding his hand out for her as her eyes roamed over his naked form. She slipped her hand into his and let him lead her to the alcove with the ever-present waterfall. He wrapped his arms around her waist and moved them under the warm spray, the water

trailing between their bodies and slipping into her already soaked pussy.

“I want you again, but if you’re too sore, I understand.”

She was sore, but the very thought of him pushing that massive cock into her overshadowed the slight discomfort she felt. She didn’t answer him, just leaned back against the smooth rock and slid her leg up his. His eyes dropped down to her exposed cleft, and he growled low in his throat. The water coated her in a sensual slickness that heightened her senses and made her arousal spark and flicker.

His hands slid along her slick skin and gripped her breasts, his head dropping to take a stiff nipple into his mouth and rolling it around his tongue. She breathed out heavily, biting the inside of her cheek as every nip from his teeth shot straight to her clit. Before he got too involved and had her mind going completely blank, she pushed at his chest and sank to her knees. She looked up at him, a smile on her lips as the water beat a steady rhythm across her back.

She dropped her eyes to his cock and licked her lips. She wrapped her hand around his hot flesh as she moved her other hand to cup the heavy sack that lay beneath. A pearl sized drop of fluid seeped from slit at the tip and she swiped her tongue across it, loving the slightly salty and purely male taste of his cum. She sucked the head into her mouth, moving her lips around the thick crown and tasting his salty essence slip across her tongue. She closed her eyes and moaned, feeling Keirak’s hand slide along her head and grip a chunk of her hair as his hips pushed forward.

She moved his balls around in her hand, the heavy weight a welcoming feeling as she tried to take as much of him in her mouth as she could. She couldn’t even take half of him so she worked with what she could get, needing him to feel the same pleasure she felt. She bobbed her head, her tongue touching all around his shaft, her teeth ever so gently scrapping on every down stroke.

He groaned and moaned above her, his words roughened and low as he spoke in his native tongue. She moved her head up and down

quicker, wanting to feel his cum fill her mouth and slide down her throat. She rolled his balls in her hand, matching the rhythm her mouth made, moaning around the head of his cock and feeling him stiffen. He tried to pull away. She let go of his balls, gripped his ass with both hands, and pulled his hips forward.

“Fallina, you must stop.”

She moaned again and picked up her pace, his hips thrusting forward as she tasted the first pulse of his seed shoot into her mouth. He groaned loud and long above her. Jet after jet of his hot semen slid down her throat, the taste so addicting she knew she would never get enough. When she felt that last pulse of cum shoot out of him, she sucked on the tip, her tongue sliding along the slit and cleaning all the evidence of his orgasm away. The head came out of her mouth with a resounding pop, and she leaned back and stared up at him.

He looked down at her, awe and shock covering his features as he breathed. His cock was still hard as rock, the head still an angry color of red. He picked her up off the ground, his lips claiming hers as his tongue stabbed into her mouth. He was wild and untamed, pushing her against the wall of the alcove and gripping her ass tightly. He pulled her up so she had no other option but to wrap her legs around his waist. He slid his cock inside of her so forcefully they both groaned in unison.

“You’re so tight and hot. I have never felt anything as good as you wrapped around my cock.”

His hips pounded into her fast and hard, so uninhibited she screamed from the intensity of it. He turned them around so he leaned against the wall, his thrust into her unrelentingly and she tilted her head back and screamed out her release. It washed through her, so wild and so forceful, she saw stars.

Even after her climax eased into a pleasure filled burn, he continued to move his hips in her, his body tensing as his cock seemed to grow bigger, longer, until his semen shot into her womb. Her vagina clenched around him, milking his cock for every last drop

until he sagged against the wall, cradling her head against her chest and kissing her head.

“I love you.”

His words were soft against her hair and brought tears of happiness to her eyes. This is where she wanted to be, where she needed to be, now and forever. “I love you, too.”

Chapter Eleven

Icezak sat at the large stone table, platters of food laid out before him like a feast, but his appetite was lacking. He couldn't get his mind off Kalina, the tiny female that he had escorted to pick berries. He could remember the time he spent with her so clearly, so vividly.

He cleaned himself up quickly, not wanting the dirt and blood from his journey to taint her innocence. She met him at the edge of the jungle, her white gown formed to perfection against her tiny body and showing him her glorious assets. He had never felt this kind of attraction before—never the kind that stole his breath and made all rational thought escape his brain.

Her black hair shone under the rays of the sun like polished obsidian, tempting him but reminding him she was far too perfect for a warrior like him to touch. She was a forbidden prize, something he knew he would never be able to acquire, but teasing him nonetheless. She led the way, his eyes having a hard time looking anywhere but at the way her ass swayed as she moved.

"Do you like the tuka berries?"

She looked over her shoulder, dark eyelashes framing light blue eyes and spearing him in the chest. Her voice was the softest and sweetest he had ever heard, and he ached to hear more. He swallowed and shook his head, not trusting himself to speak, thankful when she smiled and turned around. A creek greeted them and she walked toward the bright blue water and bent. Her dress rode up, showing him an enticing view of her creamy pale legs.

He scanned their surroundings, knowing he should be keeping a diligent eye on the jungle and less on her body. He couldn't help

himself though, and time and time again, he found his eyes drawn to her. She scooped up a handful of water and brought it to her mouth, taking a long drink and making his cock grow painfully hard. He watched a trail of water slide down her chin and disappear into her dress. His erection jerked in appreciation. He quickly adjusted himself, not about to let a female as young as her see the evidence of his arousal. She may be considered an adult, but the fact that she was only eighteen made him keep his distance.

She stood and smoothed her tiny hands down her gown, walking over to group of white bushes with bright green berries. She didn't bring a basket and he wondered how she planned on carrying the berries she picked, but that thought soon left his brain when he saw her lift her dress. She gripped the edge of her gown so that it made a makeshift basket and started to pick the berries and toss them in. The dress was to her knees, and so when she pulled it up, it offered him the most delectable view of her thighs. He turned around, continuing to scan the area as he attempted to get himself under control. His cock pulsed in his leathers, and he clenched his teeth as he heard her light footsteps approach. He turned around, fists clenched, and breathing deeply as he forced a smile.

"I can't believe you have never tasted a tuka berry. They are most delicious."

He turned around, surprised to see her mere inches from him. He watched the scene in slow motion, his heart picking up a fast rhythm as his breathing became shallower. She picked a berry from her dress, her hand bringing it slowly toward him as a gentle smile covered her bow like lips.

He took an involuntary step back, her movements following his until the tips of her fingers grazed his lips. She was poised on her toes, berry in hand as she pressed it into his mouth. The juice slipped across his lips and he opened his mouth, their eyes locked together. He didn't miss how her breathing had changed or how her heart sped up. He could smell her arousal as it peaked, and could see the

confusion it created within her. She took several steps back, her hands gripping the hem of her dress as she turned around and breathed out deeply.

"I'm ready to go, please."

It was evident that fear assaulted her at what she felt, and as much as he wanted to reassure he it was natural—normal—he kept his mouth shut and said, "Okay." She walked quickly back to her village, looking over her shoulder several times with brows drawn in confusion.

He hadn't seen her again after that, not even as her tribe gathered to give them a blessing for their journey back home. He didn't know if he should feel happy or offended by her absence. If he had gotten to her that deeply, then he could smile and feel content that she felt the same as he did—felt that same bone shattering connection he felt, but if she disliked what he brought out in her, then that was an entirely different situation, one he didn't even want to dwell on.

* * * *

Kitty lay on her back, her breathing fast, her body covered in sweat. She kicked the sheet off her overheated body and turned to look at Keirak who was in the same state. They had just finished having wild sex, and the pleasure still pulsed through her. His eyes were closed, but she knew he wasn't asleep. Her gaze dropped to the tattoos that twirled around both of his thighs and up to his hips, the dark ink a turn on all in itself. "What does it mean?" She ran her hand along his smooth skin, over the ink, and resting it on his hard, rippled belly. He cracked an eye open and looked over at her, a hard expression instantly masking the after sex glow he had. "Sorry, I didn't mean to pry." She turned on her back, embarrassed by his reaction."

"It just brings up bad memories. Didn't I tell you to never apologize to me?"

His voice was low, yet caring, and she rolled onto her side again to stare at him. He did the same, both of them just watching each other, a comfortable silence surrounding them.

“My birth tribe was known as the *KayKows*. When I was a fledgling, rogues ambushed and slaughtered my people. They took the younger females and children with them, killing all of the older ones, including my mother, and all of the males.”

Kitty put her hand on his shoulder, his voice growing distant and sad, and his face taking on that same state. He stared at her, but she could see he really wasn't, his mind was far away reliving his past. “I'm so sorry.”

He chuckled humorlessly, sorrow filling it as he lay on his back and put his hands behind his head. “They spared me though, the only male from my tribe to survive—that I know of at least. At first, I tried hunting them down, but it was no use. I was only a boy, and they were experienced hunters and trackers. I went from tribe to tribe, lucky that they took pity and fed and clothed me. This one tribe specialized in body art, and so I had them give me this.” He pointed to his tattoos. “It is a vengeance marking, one that will let all others know I have a score to settle.

“Do you ever regret getting it?”

He shook his head, determination on his face. “It makes my memories of my family strong within me. It makes me never forget that day when everything and everyone I loved was taken from me.” He breathed out deeply, his eyes flickering toward her. “Not too long after that, the *ZorZacks* found me and took me in—treated me like one of their own.”

She ran her fingers along his square jaw, tears filling her eyes at his words. She could imagine him as a young boy, terrified and hurt, trying to take down an enemy that was so much stronger. She wanted to comfort him, to tell him how much she cared for him, but where did she begin? “Keirak, I can't even begin to tell you how sorry I am. Your loss is so great, but I'm here for you.” She made him turn his

head so that they stared at each other. “*I’m really here for you*, for anything you need. I love you so much. You are such a strong and caring man, a warrior your tribe would have been proud of.” As they looked at each other, she wanted to let him she knew how he felt. She knew all about losing what you held so dear. She took a deep breath, about to tell him what only a select few knew. “My family is also dead, killed right in front of me when I was young.”

His hand scooped hers up and brought it to his lips for a soft kiss, “I’m so sorry, *fallina*.” In just that instant, his trouble was pushed to the side as he looked at her with love.

Tears fell from her eyes and slid down her cheek. “When I was ten, my family went on vacation to this cabin in the mountains. We used to go there every summer—it was so beautiful and quiet, so peaceful.” She wiped the tears from her eyes and sniffed, her memories flooding back to her at a fast pace. “My brother was five years older than I was and would always tease me about monsters in the woods. I believed him, and so one night those monsters really did come out of the forest. Three masked men invaded our house, killing my whole family.”

She closed her eyes as those vivid images crashed through her. “I watched everything from the upstairs—watched those violent things they did right through the banister. I was young, but I knew they would check the house for other people, so I hid. There was a crawl space in my closet, hidden so well it was virtually invisible. I hid in there as I heard them go through my room.” She stared at the ceiling, her tears slipping down the sides of her face. “So you see, I know how you feel, losing the ones you love. I got on with my life, met Mena and we became best friends. She’s like a sister to me, her own loss of family bringing us close together.” She felt the bed shift as he came closer to her.

“My little *fallina*, please don’t cry.”

He brought her close to his warmth and wrapped his arms around her, all of his love seeping right into her and making her smile despite

her sadness. “We’re two peas in the same pod, two souls that are meant for each other.” She looked over at him, believing what she spoke with such conviction she hoped he believed it, too. They both had a great loss, such a great tragedy that they belonged together—to pick up the pieces and start anew. She ran her finger over Keirak’s cheekbone, down his jaw line, and around his lips. She felt different with him, felt warmer and not so alone. He made that emptiness that she had been carrying around inside of her seem bearable.

He held her for hours, whispering soft words in his language that she knew were meant to smooth. She cried into his chest, but she didn’t care, he just continued to hold her and stroke her hair. That’s how she fell asleep, wrapped in Keirak’s warm embrace, feeling that hollow ache disappear for the first time in years.

* * * *

Kitty walked with Keirak to the dining chamber, their hands intertwined, warmth encompassing her. A week had passed since they both opened up and shared their horrid pasts. She felt closer to him—the bond that they built together seeming unbreakable now.

They entered the dining chamber, everyone gathered in a large circle, their voices raised with excitement. She looked at Keirak, confusion clear on his face as well. They walked to the group of people, overhearing a male talk about the birth of the future leader. She felt her eyes widen, and she ran out the door toward Mena’s room. She could feel Keirak behind her, his presence strong as he followed.

It didn’t sound like there were any complications from the happy expressions of the tribe members faces, but she knew how Mena looked just a few days ago, and it worried her. She rounded the last corner and stopped in front of Mena and Demariak’s door, her breathing fast and heavy as she gave a quick rap on the wood. She heard a muffled voice, not understanding what they said but bursting

through anyway. Mena lay in her massive bed, silk pillows all around her as Nea sat on her father's lap.

"Are you okay?" Kitty stepped forward and stopped when she saw the small bundle in Mena's arms. She covered her mouth in shock, tears of happiness stinging her eyes as she took a few more steps forward.

"I'm fine. Did you run over here?"

Kitty nodded, not trusting her voice as she stared down at the tiny baby wrapped in a white blanket.

"His name is Cayllum."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Kitty sat at the edge of the bed, Nea climbing off her father's lap and crawling over to her. "Hi, precious, you're a big sis now."

"KiKi."

The little girl's voice speared through Kitty, finally being the finishing touch that had her tears falling down her cheeks. "You said my name. What a smart little girl you are."

"I didn't tell anyone yet." Mena's eyes narrowed and she glared at her husband. "You told everyone already?" A sheepish look crossed his features. "I'm sorry, I just couldn't help myself. I went to Kitty's room to tell her, but she wasn't there."

Kitty looked down, her face burning because she knew why she wasn't in her room—she was with Keirak. She kissed Nea on the head and looked over at the newest baby.

"Want to hold him?"

Kitty nodded, setting Nea on the bed and taking the small bundle. She cradled him in her arms, the baby fussing slightly and then opening his big, dove gray eyes. "He has your eyes, Mena." She looked up and smiled, the love she felt for them so strong. She looked over at Keirak who stood by the door, his focus on her and a strange expression covering his features.

"I would like to offer my congratulations to you and yours. May health and safety forever be with you." Demariak got up and walked

toward Keirak, the two of them gripping forearms before embracing and smacking each other on the back.

“Is this why you weren’t feeling good?”

“I don’t know, maybe. He was a big baby so maybe that had something to do with it. Or maybe I just ate bad beans.” They both laughed softly.

She handed Cayllum back to Mena and said goodbye, knowing she needed her rest and would want to be alone with Demariak and Nea. As the door shut behind them, she looked at Keirak, love and longing reflected in his eyes.

“As I watched you hold that child, it just looked so right. It is an image I will never forget—so beautiful and innocent. It becomes you.”

She stared at Keirak shocked, the words he just spoke so gentle and loving, it brought more tears to her eyes. She stepped up to him and wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head on his chest and closing her eyes. “*You* feel so right to me. I love you.” The embrace was nothing sexual, just the two of them holding each other and letting their love surround them. It was a perfect moment, a moment that was interrupted by female screams.

Chapter Twelve

Kitty looked up at Keirak and gasped when he pushed her back, stepping in front of her as Demariak busted through his bedroom door, slamming it shut behind him and racing down the hallway.

“I want you to go wait with Mena, under no circumstance do you leave that room.” He brought his lips down for a fierce kiss and pushed her through the door.

She stared at Mena whose eyes were wide and who held her two children close to her. “I have to see what’s going on.” Mena shook her head fast, squeezing Nea close until the little girl started to whine. “You stay here and lock the door behind me.” She looked at the door and spotted the thick metal latches on the top, middle and bottom of the door. “As soon as I leave I want you to lock it.”

“I know you’re not going to be stupid enough to go out there.”

Mena’s voice was incredulous, but Kitty ignored it. “What if there are women and children hurt out there?”

“There are plenty of warriors who can be more help than you can, just stay put. You’re going to end up getting in the way, probably getting hurt and maybe getting others hurt.”

Kitty knew Mena was right but she shook her head as she opened the door slightly and peaked around the corner. “I mean it, Mena. Shut this door as soon as I leave.” She turned back around, seeing the anger and fear in Mena’s eyes. She couldn’t just sit here when there might be people hurt. She shut the door behind her and stayed on the other side until she heard the latches click in place. She was thankful that Mena listened this one time. She quietly raced down the hallway to where sounds still originated. Her heart pounded in fear.

She stopped just before she rounded the corner, leaning over the side to see three women huddled together, dirt covering their bodies, and their clothing hanging from them in shreds. Warriors stood around them, their voices loud and filled with anger. She brought her eyes to Keirak's massive form, jealousy filling her as a woman clung to him, her bright red hair standing out against her pale skin. Her clothes also hung off of her, showed her curvy body. Kitty could tell the female was crying and hated herself for her petty feelings. It was clear the woman just wanted to be comforted.

She straightened her shoulders and stepped into the cavern, the females looking right at her with confusion in their eyes. The warriors looked over at Kitty, shock covering their faces as they all turned toward Keirak. He looked down at the woman that clung to him and set her to the side, an expression crossing his face that almost looked guilty.

"What are you doing here? I thought I asked you to stay put."

Asked? More like told. She wasn't going to explain herself. She looked over at the women, ignoring Keirak's question and asking her own. "What happened?"

He breathed out, clearly contemplating whether or not to tell her anything. He ran a hand through his short platinum hair. "That rogue tribe that slaughtered my family has resurfaced. According to the females, they ambushed their villages and killed everyone. They were able to escape and headed here."

She looked over at the women again, her mouth hanging open in shock. Two of them were crying, but the other two seemed more calm—the redhead and a small black haired girl.

She walked toward them, hands out in front of her as she smiled. The redhead moved toward the other women, her complete attention still on Keirak. If Kitty didn't know any better she would have assumed there was a history between the two by the way she stared at him with adoring trust in her eyes.

They eyed her with suspicion, the little black haired girl stepping forward and clearly taking the leadership position. "Hello." She didn't know if they would understand her, but it was worth a shot. She extended her hand, said something in a language Kitty didn't understand, and then addressed the warriors.

"She says her name is Kalina and that she comes from the *Klaukka* tribe."

Kitty looked at Keirak who translated, and then looked back at the female when she began speaking again. She pointed off each female, not needing Keirak to translate what were obviously their names.

"Mahenna, Eyessa, Iteena."

Kitty looked over at the last female she named off, the redhead still staring at Keirak, her body language suggesting a closer relationship than Kitty felt comfortable acknowledging. Iteena moved her eyes over Kitty's body and turned away, dismissing her with a flick of her hair. She looked over at Keirak, his face averted down and his jaw tense. There was something definitely wrong with the redhead, something that didn't feel right to her. Kalina started to speak again, but Kitty kept her eyes on Keirak.

"She says they found each other in the jungle, and since she knew we were here, she decided to seek refuge with us."

His words were soft yet clipped, and he acted very out of character. She turned her eyes back to Kalina, nodded her head and extended her hand. "I'm Kitty." She pointed to herself after she said her name, the girl nodding as if she fully understood. ZorZack females rushed in, clothing and baskets in some of their hands, basins of water in others. Kitty stepped out of the way as the females were led away, all of them leaving the cave except Iteena. She walked up to Keirak and wrapped her arms around his waist, her head resting against his chest as she stared at Kitty.

Kitty watched in shock as the redhead stood on her tip toes and kissed Keirak so quickly she wondered if it really happened. She spoke soft words to Keirak as he pushed her away, his own words

hard and angry. Iteena looked up at him, a smile on her face as she ran her hand down his chest, not caring in the least when he kept brushing it off. Finally, Iteena left, her hips swaying so hard Kitty wondered if they would become dislocated. She looked back at Keirak, his dark gaze on Iteena. *Oh yes, there was something definitely going on between the two of them.*

“We need to talk, Kitty.”

His voice was deep and hard, completely void of all emotion as he walked up to her. He tried to take her hands, but she stepped out of the way and wrapped them around her middle. She didn’t say anything as she waited for him to confess whatever dark secret he was about to reveal.

“That was Iteena. Before you came along, I visited her tribe during journeys, and we would be...close.”

Yeah, she knew what he meant when he said “close.” Well, it wasn’t as bad as what she expected. At least whatever they did happened before they had gotten involved. She blew out a breath and smiled at him, feeling stupid for acting so childish. Obviously, the woman still had feelings for him. Keirak’s face was still set hard and without a flicker of emotion. Kitty’s confidence fell—*there’s more.*

“During this last journey we stopped by the *Moona He* tribe and rested for the night. Iteena tried relentlessly to take me to bed, but I told her I had a female waiting for me. By the end of the night, I was drunk and stumbled into my hut. I woke up thinking I dreamed because you straddled me. I touched and kissed her, thinking it was you, but then realized it was not.”

She stared at him, not knowing how to feel about what he just said. “So, you did or didn’t have sex?”

He shook his head, his hands going in front of him in surrender. “We did not, but what I did isn’t excusable by any means. I should have known right away it wasn’t you. I was weak and foolish, and I ask for your forgiveness.”

Kitty couldn't help the tears that pricked her eyes. She was glad they hadn't had sex, but just picturing Keirak with another woman, touching and kissing her made her physically sick. "You know what gets me about this whole thing? If you just would have been honest with me from the beginning I probably wouldn't have cared, but the fact that you didn't is what breaks my heart. Would you have even told me if she hadn't showed up—no, probably not." She turned to leave, not going to Keirak's room but to her own. She heard him call her, but he was smart enough not to follow. Maybe she should have just forgiven him, but the fact was she felt deceived. If Iteena hadn't shown up, Kitty knew he would have never told her.

Chapter Thirteen

Two days passed, and Kitty successfully avoided any and all contact with Keirak. She headed over to Mena's room, so confused about everything that she just wanted someone to talk to. She hadn't been fully honest with Mena, almost embarrassed as to the reason why she and Keirak weren't speaking.

She stopped in front of Mena's door, lightly knocking on the wood and opening it when she heard two cries. She smiled when she saw Mena sitting on the floor, baby Cayllum in her arms and little Nea holding a wooden block, fat tears streaming down the little girl's face.

"You don't even know how glad I am to see you. Take him, please."

Kitty walked over to Mena and scooped the baby into her arms, his little cries stopping as she rocked him back and forth. She sat in a chair, Nea crawling over to her and pulling at the hem of her dress. Mena stood, stretched her back and picked up Nea, walking over to her crib and lying her gently inside. "Bad day?"

Mena snorted, finished tucking Nea in, and sat on the edge of the bed. "You don't even know the half of it. I'm beat. Is he asleep yet?"

Kitty looked down, Cayllum's big, gray eyes slowly closed as he made little noises. "Almost." Kitty got up, rocked the baby a few more times, and placed him in the hand-sewn bassinet. She walked over to where Mena sat on the bed, sitting down and falling back. Mena did the same a second later, both of their breaths coming out in a sigh.

"So, how are things going?"

Kitty wasn't stupid. She knew Mena already knew something was up between her and Keirak. "They suck."

"Tell me what's going on."

Kitty turned to her side and propped her head on her hand. "You really haven't heard anything?"

"Well, aside from everyone noticing how you have been avoiding Keirak, no."

She breathed out. "Keirak did things with another woman while he was gone."

"Yeah? So what's the problem? If memory serves me right, the last thing I heard was that you two weren't an item." She looked over at Kitty, a smile on her face and an eyebrow arched.

Who was she kidding? Mena, along with everyone else in the tribe could see what was happening between them. "Okay, well, I know you know things have progressed between us from the last time I spoke about it."

Mena laughed softly. "I knew it! Why did you wait so long before you told me?"

Kitty shrugged, not really knowing why she kept it to herself. "I don't really know. I guess I was scared. Scared of how I felt for him, scared of what was growing between us." She shrugged again and sat up.

"Tell me exactly what he did with the other woman?"

Kitty explained what Keirak did. She also told her about how close the two of them had become.

"Huh. Well, I can see why you're pissed, but I think you're being hard on him."

Kitty looked at her with shock. "What? I gave him my virginity, Mena. I think that gives me some room to be pissed at him for doing all kinds of illicit things with another woman."

Mena held her head up and looked over at the children. "Quiet. You'll wake them and then *I'll* be pissed." She turned back with a smile, her words spoken on a teasing note. "That's not what I mean. I

would be pissed also if I were in your shoes. What I meant was that everyone can see how much he cares for you. I'm not excusing what he did, but he did tell you. It may not have been as quick as he should have, but eventually he did. I think you should consider how he is taking this whole thing."

Kitty scoffed at Mena and laid back on the bed, her thoughts going to Keirak. She did think about him all the time. She wondered how he was, how he was handling things, if Iteena was wrapping her body around his.

"I know what you're thinking. You have a scowl on your face that speaks a thousand words. He has been avoiding that redhead like the plague."

"How is he anyway? Have you seen or talked to him?" Kitty sat up, her full attention on Mena.

Mena shrugged. "I haven't seen him, but Demariak says he is like a machine. He hardly talks, hardly eats, and trains with the warriors nonstop. Demariak is actually worried about him. I think you should talk to him. I'm not saying forgive him, you do that when you're ready, but just talk to him, talk about this whole situation."

Kitty thought about it, knowing Mena had good points and missing Keirak desperately. She couldn't stay mad at him forever, and as much as the whole situation sucked, what was done was done.

She said goodbye to Mena and closed the door behind her, staring at the rock wall, her emotions were so up in the air that she couldn't even grasp them.

* * * *

Kitty walked into the dining chamber, making her way through the throng of people that ate and talked. She didn't see Keirak, but knew someone in here would know where he was. She saw many of the warriors with naked women on their laps as they fondled their breasts with one hand and ate their food with the other. She walked up

to Merak, smiling nervously as he stopped eating and looked up at her. He had a big-breasted brunette on his lap, her nipples pierced and her tongue sliding over his ear. “Sorry to interrupt, but do you know where Keirak is?” The woman paid no attention to Kitty as she continued to rub herself on Merak’s bare chest, her hand disappearing beneath the table.

“I have not seen him today, but lately he has been in the training arena. Do you know where that is?”

She nodded, thanking him and quickly leaving before things started really getting pornographic. She remembered where the arena was from when Mena had given me the initial tour. It basically was just a huge cavern with a dirt floor and stone seating built into the walls. It reminded her of something gladiators would train in, at least from what she had seen in the movies. The arena was far into the belly of the mountain, and the farther she descended, the colder the air became.

She rounded the corner and slowly made her way toward the opening of the cavern. Wall sconces were filled with bright, burning candles alongside her, and she stopped right in the entranceway. She stared wide-eyed at the scene in front of her, something that truly did resemble a gladiator fight.

Keirak’s back was to her, cuts marring his flesh, blood steadily streaming down his skin and dripping onto the floor. He was fist fighting with Kyros, a warrior that had just returned from a mission. Kyros’s black, shoulder-length hair was plastered to his forehead from his sweat, his gold colored eyes seeming to glow in the dimly lit arena like a beacon of light. She watched, her heart beating frantically as they circled each other before slamming into one another, fists flying and grunts ringing out.

Blood sprayed in every direction, and she gasped as Kyros’s slammed his fist into Keirak’s face. Keirak stumbled back before righting himself and throwing his fist into the side of Kyros’s abdomen. Kitty stepped further in, her hands going to her mouth to

stifle the cry that welled up in her throat. She didn't dare say anything for fear that it would distract Keirak. In the next instant the fight was over, both of them stumbling back and sagging as they caught their breath. That was when Kyros caught sight of her, his head nodding in her direction as he looked at Keirak.

The next moment happened in slow motion, Keirak turning around, his body and face covered in blood, his eyes widening as he stared at her. She was vaguely aware of Kyro's exiting, leaving Kitty and Keirak alone in the bloodied arena. "Hi." She didn't know what else to say. "Are you okay? Are you really hurt?" Her worry for him overshadowed any kind of anger that she had initially felt.

"They will heal. I'm sorry you have to see me this way."

She watched him walk over to one of the stone tables and grab a cloth. He wiped his face, grabbing the rest of his things before walking toward her and stopping a few feet away. He had a nasty cut above his right eyebrow, the blood still seeping out of it slowly. He had a black eye forming on the left side, along with numerous other cuts and bruises that covered his body. "What happened? Why are you so beat up?"

He shrugged, throwing his animal hide sack over his shoulder, his gaze never leaving hers. "It is a way to make the time pass."

He didn't say anything else, and Kitty could see how much their separation had bothered him also. "Can we go somewhere and talk?" He looked almost surprised by her comment and nodded after a minute. She followed him out of the arena and back to his room.

"Do you mind if I clean up? I smell of blood and sweat."

She shook her head, her heart rate picking up as he quickly took off his leathers and stepped into his bathing chamber. She swallowed, suddenly feeling embarrassed for staring at him when they hadn't spoken to each other in days. He kept her back toward her and she couldn't help but appreciate all of his toned and tanned skin. She turned around and made her way toward the bed, sitting on the edge

and keeping her back toward him. Several minutes later, she heard him rustling behind her and she looked over her shoulder.

His back was to her again, a strip of cloth wrapped around his waist as he dried his chest off with another piece. She instantly became wet at the sight. Something about the scene seemed extremely erotic. He turned his head toward her, his bright green stare spearing her and embarrassing her further. She quickly turned around, feeling so childish for how she was acting. "Sorry." She didn't know why she apologized, but it seemed like the right thing to do. He stood in front of her in the next instance and she gasped.

"What would you like to talk about?" He still wore the cloth around his waist, his chest bare and damp from his hot shower and looking oh so good.

He sat down beside her, his big body seeming to tower over hers as he looked down at her. "I thought maybe we could talk about what happened, you know, with Iteena." She swallowed again, his intoxicating scent enveloping her and making her brain malfunction.

"Okay." The word was spoken deeply, yet tentatively.

"I shouldn't have reacted like I did. I miss you, a lot, and well, you were honest with me. Maybe it wasn't from the very beginning, but you were still honest. I'd like to start over, put this whole situation behind us. Can we do that, just forget about it?" She reached her hand out and put it over his. He looked down at their hands, his body still tightly coiled but slowly loosening up.

"I'd like to start over. I've missed you so much, *fallina*. I'm sorry, so very sorry."

She looked into his strong warrior face and smiled, bringing her hand up and running it over his cheek. He closed his eyes leaned into her touch. She moved closer to him, his eyes opening and their gazes locked. He leaned in also, his movements slow and tentative as he pressed his lips to her forehead and slowly moving down to her lips. She welcomed the kiss and opened her mouth to let his tongue slide in. They lay down, facing each other as their mouths continued their

slow exploration. She moved her hands along the hard, defined contours of his body, becoming wetter with each slide against his still damp flesh.

His hand slid down her shoulder and arm, over the dip of her waist and hips until it stopped on her upper thigh. He slid her dress up until it rested on her waist and lifted her leg over his own. Cool air wafted across her pussy and her skin formed goose bumps as his hand continued to move over her exposed flesh. She speared her hand through his hair and brought his mouth closer, needing to have him as close to her body as possible. He groaned and she swallowed it, loving the idea that he was just as worked up as her.

He gripped her hip and pulled her on top of him, sliding her dress up and over her head and throwing to the floor. She looked down at him and ran her hands over the smooth planes of his chest, around his stiff copper colored nipples, and down the rolling hills of his abdomen. The cloth around his waist had fallen open and his erection lay against his abdomen, hard and ready. The head of his shaft reached past his belly button, making her pussy clench with an almost desperate need. She grabbed his cock and lifted her hips up, sliding the head along the folds of her vagina, and gathering the moisture he had caused. She placed the tip at the mouth of her pussy, her hole widening around his cock head until it slid all the way in. He gripped her thighs and groaned, his green eyes seeming to glow in the darkness.

“Go slow, *fallina*. I want to feel your pussy walls all around me—want to savor this moment.”

She rested her hands on his pecs and slowly went down on him, her vagina stretching all around his huge cock until she rested on his pelvis. She let her head fall back and moaned out in bliss, the feeling of being completely filled overpowering her senses.

“Oh, yes. Ride me nice...and...slow.”

She lifted up slowly, the head of his cock almost slipping out before she slid back down on him again. She leaned back and rested

her hands on his thighs, lifting her hips up and down, squeezing her eyes closed as pleasure coursed through her. He pumped his hips up as she lowered her pussy down on him. The rhythm was smooth and steady, a perfect union of their bodies. Her nipples tightened into hard beads and her pussy became slick with need. His thumb moved to her clit and rubbed it in a slow circle as his other hand gripped an aching nipple and lightly pinched it. Soon, sweat coated their bodies as they both moved up and down, the pleasure becoming almost unbearable. She lifted up and then slammed back down again, over and over until her climax peaked and exploded inside of her.

She moaned loudly as his thighs tensed beneath her and his moan matched her own. She felt the tip of his cock touch her cervix, the hot jets of his semen shooting deep into her womb. Her orgasm went on and on until she was clenched so hard on him the pleasure and pain became one. Both of his fingers pulled and plucked at her nipples as his thrusting hips didn't let up. She continued to move her pussy up and down his shaft, determined to wring every last drop of his cum out.

She fell forward, their sweat-slicked bodies moving sensuously together with every breath they took. He rolled her onto her back and covered her body with his own, his cock still hard and pulsing inside of her. She wrapped her legs around his waist and closed her eyes as her pleasure mounted again. He licked and kissed her collar bone, dragging his tongue up her neck and claiming her mouth. His tongue slipped inside of hers, stroking and sliding over every inch that he could reach. Her clit rubbed against his skin, his cock moving at a fast and slick rhythm inside of her that had her second orgasm coming on strong.

She gripped his shoulders, her nails biting into his flesh as white-hot pleasure streaked through her. He ate up her scream, his hips pounding harder into her until she felt his second orgasm coat her walls. Her pussy clenched and unclenched around his shaft, her body so sensitive every cell in her body was alive with pleasure. He tensed

and groaned one last time before his body sagged on top of hers. His muscular body made her very aware of how feminine she was. He pulled up and stared down at her, love shining back at her as he kissed her on the forehead.

“I love you so much.”

“I love you, Keirak.” He rolled off of her and brought her close to him, pulling the blankets over them and wrapping his arms around her. She curled into him, the feeling of love and protectiveness surrounding her and making sleep come easy.

Chapter Fourteen

Icezak sat in the dining chamber, his complete attention on Kalina who sat with the other females she had come with. When he learned her tribe had been slaughtered and that she was harmed, he had been furious—still was. Just thinking about it made his blood heat and his anger rise.

She wore a non-transparent gown, something that pleased him. He continuously reminded himself she was much too young for him, but every time he looked at her womanly curves and her soft features, it made his cock grow unbearably hard. She did a good job of not noticing him, but he sure as hell noticed her. Her black hair was piled high on her head and showed off her creamy, slender neck, the deep dip of the gown showing off the perfectly rounded swells of her breasts. He swallowed, his throat instantly going dry. She would be staying with the tribe, and he knew it would be the worst kind of hell. He wanted her desperately, but she was something he could never have. She was a royal and an innocent, much too good for him—a warrior who killed everyday.

He could smell her sorrow all the way across the room, a scent so fresh and clean it made his heart ache. As much as he physically desired her, there was something else inside of him that had nothing to do with getting her naked. He had the urge to comfort her, speak to her, and let her know everything would be okay. The emotions were foreign to him, feelings he had no idea how to handle. He should speak to her, give her his condolences and let her know he was there for her. He shook his head, knowing a female of worth like her would

never want a roughened warrior like him. He looked down and moved his food, his appetite suddenly disappearing.

* * * *

Kitty headed over to the garden, wanting to pick some fresh flowers for Mena and the children but really just missing the intoxicating fragrance that surrounded the room. She stopped in the doorway, her throat closing tight as she saw flaming red hair and a curvy body. Iteena turned around, a smile on her face as she stepped forward.

“Hello.”

Kitty stared at her, shocked that Iteena spoke English. She didn’t want to be rude, but then again, this was the same woman who knowingly tried to seduce Keirak even though she knew he was taken.

“Hi.” Kitty spoke the word quietly, walking into the room and starting to pick flowers. She kept her back toward Iteena, feeling the woman come up behind her. Her presence was strong and a feeling of unease settled inside of Kitty.

“I really am sorry for all the trouble I caused. I would like to offer my apologies.”

Kitty turned around and stared into brown eyes that seemed so flat and emotionless it gave her chills. She wore a dress that was really just strips of cloth wrapped around her body, her breasts and vagina clearly visible through the material. She came off pleasant and sincere, but Kitty sensed something deep down, something that lurked below the surface.

“You speak English very well. Where did you learn it?”

She shrugged and examined her nails. “My tribe spoke many languages. Do you come here a lot?” She gestured around the room, a smile on her full lips and her white teeth flashing.

“Yes.” Something in the back of her mind told her to lie, but she pushed it away knowing it was probably her jealousy from how things had played out.

“This place is quite beautiful.”

Kitty turned back around and picked more flowers, trying her hardest to ignore Iteena’s menacing presence.

“Well, I better go. I just saw this room and stopped in. I’m sure we’ll see each other later.”

She didn’t turn around or respond and instantly felt like a bitch. For all she knew, Iteena was sincere in her apology. She blew out a breath and turned around, about to call her back but she was already gone. She didn’t know how long Iteena or the other three females planned on staying, but she might as well get over it and get along with her.

* * * *

Kitty held a bouquet of flowers in her hand and made her way toward the hot springs where she knew Mena would be. It had quickly become Mena’s favorite cavern, and Kitty didn’t blame her. Her attention was on the flowers and she didn’t realize someone had stepped into the hallway with her until they brushed their fingers along her shoulder. She spun around, so startled she lost her footing and twisted her ankle. Before she hit the ground, strong arms grabbed her waist and lifted her up. She stared with wide eyed at Rhyson. A smile covered his lips as his eyes stared at her breasts. “Excuse me.” Her words were short and clipped and she struggled out of his grip, wincing when she put weight on her tender ankle.

“You have hurt yourself. Would you like me to carry you back to your room?”

He wrapped his arms around her waist and brought her close again, lifting her easily so that she dangled off the ground. “Let go of me, Rhyson.”

He chuckled and brought his head to her hair and inhaled deeply. "I can see what the appeal is—you smell intoxicating."

"Thatukka mehatha vadam."

Keirak's voice speared through the hallway, all deep and rough and sending shivers down her spine. She turned her head, her smile faltering when she saw the look that covered his handsome features. His body tense and his jaw clenched as his eyes stayed on Rhyson.

"Such harsh words. I was only teasing your mate." Rhyson set her down and took a step back, his hands going up and his palms facing outward in surrender.

"Apologize to *my* mate."

She swallowed and took a few steps toward Keirak, wincing every time she put pressure on her ankle. Keirak was by her in the next instance, his arms scooping her up and cradling to his chest as he gripped her tight.

"You will apologize for your dishonorable behavior, Rhyson."

"It's okay, let's just go." The tension was getting so thick in the small quarters it was starting to suffocate her.

"No, he *will* apologize to you *now*."

Keirak's complete attention was on Rhyson, his jaw still tense as she heard him grind his teeth. She could see the anger practically radiating off of him and stole a quick glance toward Rhyson who looked just like Keirak. A power play went on, but ultimately Rhyson obeyed Keirak—the second in command.

"As you wish. I apologize. Do you accept?"

She nodded her head and whispered for Keirak to just leave. She blew out a relieved breath when he did just that. He kissed the top of her head and headed toward their room. She looked back at Rhyson, his body in the same spot, his fists clenching and unclenching as he stared at the ground. The flowers would just have to wait for another day because she wasn't going back there now. Rhyson didn't frighten her, she knew no one in the tribe would harm her, but there was

something off about him, something dangerous that made her want to tread lightly around him.

“You need to be careful around him. Rhyson can be unstable at times, and I don’t want you to inadvertently get injured. Promise me you will stay away from him.”

“I promise.” She had no intentions of going near him. “He just always seems to be there.”

“I know, *fallina*, but the next time I won’t be so lenient with him.”

Chapter Fifteen

The next day, Kitty took the flowers she picked the day before and headed over to Mena's room. Last night, Keirak had taken her fast and hard, his possessiveness clear in the way he fucked her, and he definitely fucked her. She still had the smile to prove it, and her body was still deliciously sore. She walked nice and slow, her ankle still bothering her but not as bad.

"Hello."

Kitty stopped and looked over her shoulder, forcing herself to play nice. Iteena sauntered up to her, so close she could see the individual red eyelashes on the woman. "Hi." She turned fully around, straightening her back and pasting on a smile. She still didn't feel right about her, but she made herself act normal.

"Will you come with me to the garden room? I want to pick some flowers for the girls but don't know which ones will be the best."

Kitty shook her head and held up her own flowers. "I can't right now. I have to give these to someone, maybe later though."

"Please." Iteena held out on the last syllable and held her hands out in a pleading motion. "It'll only take a moment, I promise."

Kitty breathed out, nodded reluctantly, and followed her to the garden. Once they entered, Kitty made fast, sure work of showing Iteena the most beautiful and exotic ones. She started to leave and stopped when Iteena grabbed her arm.

"Are you sure these are all the right ones?"

Kitty looked down at where the woman's nails gripped her arm, her nails painted a bright red and the points like claws. "Yeah, those

are fine.” Just as she was about to rip her arm free when shouts and war cries broke through the air.

“Right on schedule.”

Kitty watched the whole thing in slow motion—Iteena’s hand curling into a fist, rearing back, and coming straight toward her face. The movements were so quick, Kitty didn’t have time to move away. Iteena’s fist slammed into her face, knocking her sideways and causing her body to spin around before hitting the ground. She opened her eyes, the room spinning as she looked into the hallway and saw several boots coming toward her. She tried to sit up but that only caused her to get kicked in the ribs and fall back down. Iteena’s bare feet came into her view, her toenails painted the same bright red as her fingernails.

“You know, he would have tired of you sooner than later. Keirak and I have a long history together, and you’re just in the way.”

Kitty cried out in pain as she was pulled up by a chunk of her hair. Kitty gasped as she brought her eyes up to the men that stood in front of her. They were big and tall, war paint covering all of their faces except for one—the one with a scarred face. Iteena let go of her hair and shoved her forward.

“This is the one that needs to be gone. I don’t care what you do with her just as long as I don’t have to look at her face.”

“Kikttak-oo-thae broodthek.”

“Speak in her language. I want her to know exactly what you plan on doing to her.”

Kitty looked with wide eyes between Iteena and the giant in front of her, his scar so pronounced on his face it only added to her fright. “What’s going on? Why are you doing this?” She winced in pain as the beast in front of her slapped her so hard she tasted blood. *Where’s Keirak?* War cries still sounded in the distance as well as screams and shouts.

“You do not speak until you are spoken to, female.”

Kitty held her cheek as he walked around her, his finger trailing over her skin, disgust filling her.

“I think I might keep you for myself, although, I don’t know if your body is strong enough to handle my more...aggressive appetites. Makes no difference though, we’ll soon break that sweet little body of yours in.” He ran a finger down her cheek, making her cringe away. “And how is my fair daughter this eve?”

Daughter? Kitty looked between the two of them, their appearances completely opposite, but the evil inside of them the same. She grew sicker and sicker by the minute, this whole situation becoming a nightmare. Iteena walked up and gave her father a hug, turning and looking at Kitty with a sadistic smile on her face.

“Now don’t look at us that way. If you had just stayed away from Keirak, I would have spared your life, but you had to go after him.”

Kitty kept her mouth shut because she knew that saying something would just end up causing her a lot of pain. She dropped her head, feeling the hot tears slide down her face and fall to the floor.

“Let’s move out.”

The scarred one grabbed her arm hard enough to leave a bruise and pushed her toward the front. She acted as his shield, leading the way like a dog on a leash. When they rounded the last corner that led into the main cave, she stopped. Men fought against each other, ZorZacks and strangers, each of them equal in size. She spotted Keirak immediately, blood covering his body, but she couldn’t see any new wounds.

Every man he fought dropped to the ground within seconds before he moved to the next. Rhyson stood on the opposite side, the serpent tattoo on his body moving over his skin as if it were alive. His eyes glowed silver, swirling and shining bright and making him look fiercer—more frightening. She looked back at Keirak, his eyes on her and his face turning red with anger.

He stormed toward her, knocking down anyone who got in his way with just a slash of his sword. She was pulled back and thrown

down on the ground, the breath getting knocked out of her as she landed hard. She stared up with wide eyes as Keirak and the scarred one stepped toe-to-toe. The scarred one smirked and showed a set of brownish teeth as a look of horror covered Keirak's features. They started to speak in a language she couldn't understand, the scarred one laughing as Keirak shouted angry words at him.

"Isn't this a happy reunion, my father and my lover meeting again after so many years."

She ignored Iteena's upbeat words, her voice sounding cheery as she stared at Keirak with longing in her eyes.

"Want to know a little secret?" Iteena didn't wait for a reply. "My father killed Keirak's tribe years ago."

Kitty looked into her face with horror and remembered Keirak's story about the tribe leader who killed his family—the one with the scarred face.

"You don't look that surprised. Such a shame, I so do love to see the look of shock across people's faces."

The men who stood behind the scarred one, stepped forward, immediately stopping when their leaders hand shot up for them to be still. Fighting continued all around them— grunts and curses ringing throughout the cavern.

* * * *

Keirak stared into the face of the male he hated most—the male that took his family, his tribe from him. He had hunted him down for years with no success, but here he stood, mere feet away, daring to take his love. The scarred rogue looked much the same he did all those years ago, only minimal signs of aging showing on his hardened face.

"You are much fiercer now that you are a man, but what makes you think you will be able to save your beloved when you couldn't even save your tribe?"

Keirak fisted his hands, wanting to strike the male before him but reining his temper in. He took a step toward Kitty, a male stepping right next to her and pulling a blade out. “You touch her and you’re as good as dead.”

“You would do well to keep back unless you want her headless. We have a score to settle. Your female is only minimally harmed, but I guarantee if you move one more step toward her, I’ll have her neck sliced clean open.”

Keirak kept flicking his eyes toward Kitty, her lip split open and a black eye forming. He gritted his teeth at her state, wanting nothing more than to tear this males body parts off of him slowly and painfully. He believed the words the rogue spoke, why would he doubt them? This is the same male, the same tribe that slaughtered his family right into front of him. “I am no longer a child that you can toss to the side. Won’t you fight me now that we are the same?” Keirak taunted him, and by the way the scarred males face became red, it was doing its job.

The rogues stepped back, giving Keirak and their leader the room they needed to finish this once and for all. Just as Keirak took the first step forward, Iteena darted out and ran up to the scarred male. “No, don’t!” Keirak shouted and held his hand out, not wanting her to get harmed by his enemy. His mouth dropped open as she laid her hands on the leader’s chest and spoke fast words—pleading words to who she called “father.” “What is the meaning of this?”

She turned around and took a step toward him as tears ran down her face. “Let’s just leave, Keirak, just run away together. My father will let you go unharmed if you just back down now. I can make you so happy, *we* can be so happy together. Won’t you leave with me now?”

He shook his head, confusion and anger coursing through him as he watched her—the traitor. “You brought them here? Why?”

“It wasn’t my intention, but then she got in the way.” Iteena stabbed a finger at Kitty, venom dripping from each word. “I had to get rid of her so that we can finally be together.”

“This is the male you want—this worthless piece of hide that cowered before me so many years ago? I think not, daughter, you will step away *now*.”

He looked over at Kitty who watched him with wide eyes, tears streaming down her cheeks as she mouthed, “I love you.” She was his life, his soul and his heart—his future.

He turned back around, vaguely aware that Iteena pleaded with the enemy, but he didn’t focus on her, he kept his eyes trained on the male before him, knowing that one wrong move would result in Kitty’s death. In the next instant, Keirak was tackled to the ground, a fist slamming into the side of his head and not letting up. He shoved the heavy weight off of him, the body flying in the air and slamming against the rock wall. A female scream cut through the air—Iteena’s screech like glass in his ears. He pulled himself off the ground and stalked forward, his fists clenched tight and burning to hit something. “You know, I never did catch the name of the male I’m about to kill.”

The rouge leader laughed and spit blood onto the dirt floor. “It’s Helix, but I only tell you so that you know whose hands you will die by.”

They crashed together, a tangle of limbs in the center of the circle. Keirak slammed his fist into Helix’s nose, blood spraying out like a waterfall as Helix howled in pain. Keirak felt a sharp pain in his side and knew he had been stabbed. They stumbled back, Helix gripping his nose as blood continued to pour down his face and splash against the dirt covered floor. Keirak brought his hand down to his wound, blood covering his skin as he looked back at the rogue. Helix’s face turned into a mask of rage, his meaty fists raised high as he lunged forward. They fell backward, both of them trying to get the upper hand and have dominance over the fight.

Keirak grabbed Helix's arm and gave a quick twist, the bone breaking in two easily. Helix howled in pain, his arm hanging limply at an odd angle. In a quick move, Keirak unsheathed his sword strapped to his back, and swung it in a wide arch before pushing it forward and sliding it into Helix's abdomen. The blade went in easily, and he twisted the blade, making the wound bigger and more painful. He pulled the sword out and stepped back, breathing heavily but keeping his eyes trained ahead of him. Helix fell back, gripping the wound as blood poured out of it. Iteena rushed forward, falling to her knees and screaming out. Keirak fell to the ground, his knees hitting the hard surface as he sucked in air.

Helix lay on ground, blood coming out of his mouth as he stared at the ceiling with a blank look covering his features. Keirak suddenly felt so dizzy, the room moving in every direction as blood seeped out of his wound. He fell to his hands, needing to get to Kitty but the act seeming too difficult. He attempted to stand but stumbled back down, his eyes growing heavy as the room slowly went black.

* * * *

Kitty gasped as Keirak fell to the ground. Her breath caught and her heart hurting as she stood up. Men fought fiercely all around her, the sounds of their weapons slamming together deafening. She rushed forward, heedless of the fighting, her only objective—get to Keirak. Everything became hazy as she fell to her knees next to Keirak. Tears fell from her eyes and she squeezed them shut as pain overtook her. She opened her eyes and looked down at him. He looked so pale and his skin was so cold that she feared he was already dead. She dropped her head to his chest, desperate to hear his heartbeat. She started to weep hard when she heard the soft but steady rhythm. She quickly tore off a piece of her dress and wadded the material against his bleeding wound. He grunted and slowly fluttered his eyes open, smiling as he stared up at her.

Soon, the deafening noise in the room became softer, more bodies falling to the ground, but only those of the ZorZack enemy. She ran her hand over his cheek and smiled at him, tears falling from her eyes and landing on his bare skin. She looked up and stared at Iteena who continued to weep over her father. Kitty felt no remorse for the female who had brought all of this trouble. As Kitty stared at her, Iteena suddenly stopped crying and turned her head to stare at her. There was such unadulterated hate pouring off of that look that Kitty felt it all the way to her bones. Iteena slowly rose and turned so that she faced Kitty, her body tense as she took a step forward.

“You are the reason my father is dead! You are the reason Keirak is injured! If it wasn’t for you, none of this would have happened!”

She screamed and ran toward her, her claw-like nails curled and clearly her weapon of choice. Kitty stumbled back, her hand bumping Keirak’s sword before she instinctively grabbed it and lifted the massive weight forward. Iteena continued to rush forward, the blade slipping into her chest like a knife through a slab of meat. Kitty gagged at the sensation but kept it upright as Iteena’s eyes went wide and she gasped. Gravity pushed her down on the blade until her open-mouthed face was inches from Kitty’s.

Kitty was vaguely aware of Keirak shouting and his hand brushing against her body. She couldn’t afford to take her attention off of Iteena, and blocked out everything but her and the other woman. Iteena was gurgling, blood slowly coming out as she opened and closed her mouth. Tears streamed down Kitty’s cheeks as Iteena’s eyes slowly closed and her last breath left her lips. She didn’t move until her arms started to protest the weight. She dropped the sword, the body attached to it hitting the ground with a sickening thud. She crawled over to Keirak, crying harder as she laid her head on his chest.

She leaned against him long enough that the wetness on her cheeks dried. She pulled back and looked into Keirak’s face, love and compassion etched into his features as he stroked her cheek.

“My love.”

His words were spoken softly as his lips brushed gently against hers. Just as she was about to pull away, the air around her became thick. The hairs on her arms stood up and she gasped and pulled away. She looked around, the wall off to her side starting to waver right in front of her. The warriors moved away from the hazy wall as it started to swirl and change color. A loud whooshing noise filled the room, and she knew exactly why that noise sounded so familiar. It was the same noise that had greeted her when she first saw the portal—the portal that had brought her and Mena into Dimi of the Seven Moons. The greens, blues, and whites swirled together, and she looked at Keirak. He wasn’t staring at the portal—he was staring right at her, fear clearly covering his face.

“Keirak?” He didn’t speak, just continued to stare at her. She broke the eye contact and looked again at the portal. It was her way home—her escape so that she could go back to everything and everyone she knew. She turned her head and saw Mena standing beside Demariak, Cayllum in her arms and Nea in his. Mena stared at Kitty, her eyebrows bunched and worry covering her face. Kitty turned again and stared at Keirak before she stood. She noticed everyone step away from her, the tension in the room so thick it was hard to breathe. *Isn’t this what you have been waiting for? To go back home to everything that you miss?*

She looked at Mena again, and then to Cayllum, Demariak, and little Nea. She loved them all like they were her family. She looked at Keirak who was now sitting up, his hand pressed against his side as he watched her with concern. She loved him so much. She looked at the portal once more, knowing that she needed to do what was right, what she felt was right in her heart. She turned and dropped to her knees in front of Keirak, framing his face as tears ran down her cheeks. “I love you.”

“Are you saying goodbye?” His voice was rough, his jaw clenched tight and his eyes set hard.

She kissed him gently. “Yes, this is goodbye.” His eyes grew big before his face took on that stern look she loved so much. She smoothed her finger along the crease between his eyes, smiling softly as she brought her lips to his again. “This is goodbye to my old life. I want to stay here with you, with my family.” She looked over and Mena and smiled, tears running down her best friends face as Demariak smiled and clutched his wife closer. This was her new life, the life she had been waiting for but had yet to see. Keirak was the one she loved, and it took her this long to realize that it didn’t matter where she was, she was surrounded by whom and what she needed in her life. How could she turn away from that?

Epilogue

Kitty sat on the bed, baby Cayllum lying between her legs as he slept. Nea lay on her other side, the little girl sound asleep and lightly snoring. She felt Keirak's arm wrap around her shoulder and she turned and smiled up at him. He sat next to him, a bandage covering his wounds and bruises marring his golden skin. She was watching the children tonight while Mena and Demariak had some much needed alone time. Keirak leaned down and brought his lips toward hers, the kiss so gentle and sweet it made her heart warm and swell with happiness and love.

Cayllum started to squirm and whimper and she quickly picked him up, cradling him to her chest and rocking him back and forth. She ran her finger over his tiny dark eyebrows, a small smile playing over his bow like mouth as he drifted back to sleep.

"I want this for you, *fallina*. I want this for *us*."

"What? Babysitting?" He chuckled and kissed her on the top of the head. His love surrounded her, an actual power that was filled with electricity and went right through her.

"I mean, I want you to be a mother. I want to have a family with you, if you want that, too."

She looked into his bright green eyes. She had never really thought about motherhood, but as she held the small bundle in her arms, and had her powerful and fierce warrior beside her, she knew that she truly did want this. She looked over at Nea, the little girl's face relaxed and so innocent as she slept. "I want a family, but more importantly, I want that family with you." She looked over at him and brought her lips to his, putting all the love she felt for him into the

kiss. Her life had changed so dramatically, and even though she had wanted to leave this entire world behind, she couldn't even dream of it now. This was her home, and Keirak was her life. She couldn't be happier.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jenika is just your average woman. She lives in the too hot northeast with her husband and their young daughter. Thankfully, her husband shares her unusual sense of humor and naughty nature.

Along with taking care of their daughter, they have to keep an eye on Milo and Ottis, their spunky cats. When not writing, Jenika works full-time at a hospital and attends nursing school. Writing is Jenika's number one passion, but since life gets in the way, she isn't able to write full-time (at least not yet.)

Jenika started writing at a very young age. Her first story consisted of a young girl who traveled to an exotic island and found a magical doll. That story as long since disappeared, but her passion for writing has stayed strong.

Jenika loves to hear from readers, and encourages them to contact her and give their feedback.

Also by Jenika Snow

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