



ENSLAVING HEAVEN

MICHELLE
HOUSTON

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Enslaving Heaven

a novella of erotic romance by

MICHELLE
HOUSTON

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Chapter One

Lyssa flexed her hand, working the kinks out of her aching wrist while she watched the procession of subjects up for auction with a morbid fascination. The women tended to huddle together, trying to hide from the throng of buyers examining them. Many of them sobbed quietly when led, one by one, to the center stage to be sold off to the highest bidder.

"Your hand still hurting?"

Ignoring the question, she gazed around the town square of the mining colony. Moments after the hatch of the ship had dropped open, the thick stench of the shipyard turned her stomach. Standing in the open air was no better.

Continuing her survey of the area, she kept half her focus on the shifting crowd, instinctively looking for possible threats. Most of the people were simply trying to make a living on this miserable excuse for a planet. However, she knew some of them, standing out in their finery and flash, were here just long enough to participate in the slave auction.

DV65 was many things: mining colony, a haven for smugglers and thieves, but tourist destination it wasn't.

She allowed herself a quick scratch at her newly repaired skin—the implants were driving her crazy. Whoever thought that attaching metal to human skin was a good idea needed to try being on the receiving end. She wouldn't mind being the one performing the surgery—without pain killers, of course. As a soft burn replaced the itching sensation, Lyssa stopped. The skin around her upper arm was bright red from the scratching, further highlighting the difference between the artificial skin and what was naturally hers.

Ignoring the discomfort, she turned her attention to her pilot. Crossing her arms over her chest, she glared at the other woman. "Why are we here again, Nita?" Watching women

forced into slavery wasn't what she'd call a good time. Ever since the laws banning the sex trade were passed, the prostitutes who plied their trade in the four colonies suddenly found themselves without jobs. Many of them had no marketable skills, other than lying flat on their backs and spreading their legs. Most of them still owed debts to their pimps or madames. Those who weren't in debt were turned out to fend for themselves. When they had more debt than they could pay off, they were sold to the highest bidder to cover their bills—like the women huddled on the platform in front of her.

"We're here because we have time to kill before we meet our next contact, and I, for one, don't want to back myself into a corner by being in one of these hovels they use for various businesses."

Lyssa knew it was true. Being a mercenary did have its drawbacks, specifically people trying to kill them, and keep them from taking or completing a contract. "So, for appearances, we're watching a slave auction?" Lyssa rotated her shoulder, trying to relieve the pressure. It didn't work. Her fingers tingled with the motion.

"If you want to go back to the ship and rest, I'm sure the others and I can handle things here."

Despite the soft tone, and the genuine affection from her pilot, the words made Lyssa's hackles rise.

"Shut the hell up." A reminder of her own limitations didn't set well in her mind. Then again, thanks to her last contract and its disastrous results, her body wasn't well any more. Almost a quarter of it wasn't even her own body.

"I remember the doctor saying you needed to rest, and let yourself adjust to the implants. You're lucky to be alive, you know."

"I. Said. Shut. The—What the fuck?"

The auctioneer's booming voice caught her attention as he led a petite woman to the front of the stage. "...our next beauty for sale is a pro from the Syndi House of Pleasure. She's been trained extensively in the field of woman-to-woman sex. As a plus, she's been well broken and will submit to your every whim and desire."

"Lyssa?" Nita whispered.

Lyssa shook her head at the pilot, holding up her hand. She suddenly had to hear every word the auctioneer said. She couldn't explain it, but something about the woman captured her attention. All the others had a desperate look in their eyes as they were dragged onto the auction block. This one seemed to accept, even revel, in her sale. She held herself with the quiet grace of a well-trained submissive. Her head was tipped at just the right angle, her face down to avoid eye-contact, but up enough she could still see some of what was going on. Her shoulders and back were straight, and she was almost motionless, not even her breath betraying her. She wasn't broken—she thrilled in being a sub.

"We'll start the bidding at five hundred credits for this highly trained slave. As you can see, she is a true bargain."

Lyssa mentally calculated how much she had to spend from her share of the last job. Most of her funds were going to upgrades on the ship and paying off the debt for her surgery, but there would be a bit left over. Several other bids drove the price up to six-eighty, before slowly dropping off.

"Going once. Going twice..."

"Seven hundred!" Lyssa heard herself bellow.

Nita gasped. The previous bidder, a short woman with a cruel twist to her mouth, turned and glared before offering a counter bid of seven hundred and twenty credits. They continued to counter each other until price reacted eight hundred. There the bidding turned to Lyssa's favor.

"Would the lady in red like to bid eight hundred and ten credits?"

She shook her head and turned away, shooting one last malicious glare Lyssa's way. Lyssa could almost see rage coming off the woman. She obviously didn't like to be beaten at anything.

"No...anyone else?" The auctioneer scanned the crowd, then said, "Going once. Anyone? Going twice." He pushed a button on the remote in his hand and a light flashed red, signaling the end of bidding, then he pointed toward Lyssa, "Sold to the woman in the back row. Come to the side of the stage and pay for your property. Now, our next piece is a shy little slut from..."

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Lyssa tuned out the murmuring drone of the crowd and pushed her way to the corner of the stage. Her crew followed close behind her, Nita hot at her heels.

"Are you out of your mind?" Nita tried to stop her by grabbing her shoulder. "You just bought a slave. A slave!"

Lyssa shrugged away, ignoring her. Arrogantly, she approached the woman she now owned. Sex workers were illegal, but forcing indigents to be slaves wasn't. Seems they had gotten it in their heads that owning others and forcing them to provide sexual servitude wasn't immoral, but people choosing to sell their bodies to survive was. The minds and values of governments baffled her. It also explained why so many of her marks were politicians.

Holding out her hand, she allowed the auctioneer's assistant to scan the barcode tattooed on her forearm, deducting the cost of the purchase from her account. While she signed the paperwork, the slave girl was brought to her.

Handing a packet to Lyssa, the bald-headed man said, "Here are her papers and the key to her chains."

Suddenly, the enormity of what she'd done hit Lyssa. She'd just bought another person, a human. She could do anything to her, short of killing her, so long as she fed her and provided for any medical attention she needed. Hell, she could beat her half to death, provided she paid to fix her back up. She had seen several slaves on the outlying planets in just that condition, and it had always twisted her stomach into morally indignant knots.

"Look at me," Lyssa said to the women who stood in front of her with her head tipped down, her eyes downcast. As her head lifted, her shoulders straightened with pride. Lyssa couldn't help but feel a flash of admiration—the girl was in an unfamiliar situation, and she met it head on.

Soft brown eyes met hers. She imagined looking into them while slowly fucking her, listening to her moans and whimpers as she thrashed beneath her. Lyssa's pussy clenched. The little bitch would have been perfect, if only the circumstances were different.

Shaking her head to clear the images, she turned and walked away. Unfortunately, the auctioneer's assistant didn't know when to shut his mouth. "We have a selection of whips if you're in

need of one, as well as plenty of other slave-taming tools, including the newest neuro-blockers, guaranteed to force her to do whatever you want. It easily attaches to her collar and burrows into her brain stem."

Spinning on her heels, Lyssa grabbed the little weasel under his chin and hoisted him up like a rag doll. "If you value your miserable life, you'll shut the fuck up." Giving him a shake to emphasize her point, she tossed him to the ground.

Looking at her crew, she gave a dismissive wave. They spread out, making sure no one else got in her way. She stalked off, lengthening her stride, eager to get away from the auction before she killed someone. Behind her, she heard the slave girl pant, racing to keep up. It was the slave's own fault anyway, being so perfect, yet so unattainable. If they had met in a prostitute house, she'd have collared the wench so quick her head would have spun. Then she'd have bought out her contract and taken her back to her ship.

Nita wisely remained silent, walking beside her toward the docks, which gave Lyssa much needed time to think. She knew she couldn't keep the girl, not as a slave. It went against everything she believed. Yet, the thought of keeping her was so tempting, if only for one night. The girl had a luscious body and her submissive nature would make her the perfect bedmate.

As the ramp to the ship lowered to admit her, Lyssa focused her attention on Nita, ignoring the slave. "Go ahead and arrange the pickup with our mark. Make sure you get our agreed upon price."

"Yes, Captain." Nita turned and strode away.

Lyssa watched her go, knowing she'd get an earful later. The only time Nita called her *Captain* was when she was in a royal snit.

"Fuck!" Running a hand through her blond hair, Lyssa turned and headed up the gangplank, her newest possession in tow. Leading the way to her quarters, she worked out just what she was going to say. When the door closed behind them and she turned around to face the girl, she froze. The girl dropped her robe and knelt, head bowed.

Chapter Two

Nita watched Lyssa walk away, the recently purchased slave in tow. Gritting her teeth, she stalked off. Catching the eye of their third in command, Nita motioned with a jerk of her head for him to follow her.

As he caught up to her shorter stride, she bit out, "Captain wants us to go ahead and meet our mark, get things set up."

She caught Nash's wince out of the corner of her eye. Softening her tone, because it wasn't him she was furious with, she continued. "We're supposed to make sure we get what was agreed upon. Nothing less."

A quick grin crossed the former space pirate's face. Nita trusted him with her life. More so, since he was the one who'd carried the captain back to the ship after the ambush that almost killed Lyssa. Injured, and bleeding himself, Nash had refused to leave Lyssa behind.

For that reason, and so many others over the years, Nita trusted him to do what the captain demanded, and to do it right.

"Think you can handle it without me?"

At Nash's quick nod, Nita felt a weight lifting off her shoulders. The image of Lyssa leading her slave still burned in her mind. She wasn't certain she could handle the game that needed to be played, to guarantee they got the contract they were on this wasteland for in the first place.

"Good. I'll be on the ship if you need me."

She turned away, feeling Nash's gentle hand on her shoulder. "Nita, everything okay?"

Swallowing the tears that threatened to overwhelm her, she looked over her shoulder. "Just perfect, Nash. Make sure you get the mark, and the agreed upon price. Or she'll have both our asses and our heads on a platter." They both knew she meant

Lyssa. With her hair-triggered temper, the captain could be one cool customer until she got angry, then all bets were off.

Unlike Nita, who forced herself to be her best friend's opposite, she held everything in until she was alone. She never let anyone see how much the careless actions of others hurt.

Nash slid his hand down her arm and gave her wrist a squeeze. Nita wished for the thousandth time that the man turned her on. Unfortunately, someone else held the key to her desire.

Holding back the urge to stomp to the ship, she set a hurried pace, blending quickly into the crowd. With one hand on her pistol and the other pressed against her hip, she was able to make it to the ship alone without any trouble.

As soon as she made it up the gangplank, she ran down the halls. Command staff had the centrally located quarters, situated between the bridge and the mess hall. Often having to eat on the run, it made sense.

Pausing outside Lyssa's door Nita raised her hand and stopped, holding it millimeters from the com consol. Closing her eyes, she tried to decide if she was going to barge into the room and demand Lyssa let the slave go, or if she was going to wait and try to talk some sense into her later.

Knowing Lyssa as she did, she dropped her hand and admitted defeat. Forcing her into a corner would only get her back up, and dig her heels in, even if she knew it was wrong.

Turning away, Nita took the four steps across the hallway to her door. She slapped the security panel and waited the precious moments for it to acknowledge her.

The door slid open with a muted swish, and she stomped inside. Once inside her quarters, she allowed tears to fall. Thanks to Lyssa, she knew the delights of being with a woman. Even though their one night together convinced them both they weren't meant to be romantically involved, it had opened her eyes to the possibilities. Possibilities she had hoped to explore with a woman who caught her interest, until Lyssa vowed to kill her if she ever saw her again. Angrily, she wiped the tears away and collapsed on her bed. Laying on her back in the dark, she pushed away the images threatening to overwhelm her.

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Although she wasn't drawn to Lyssa sexually, she was drawn to her type—a take charge woman, who knows what she wanted and wasn't afraid to go after it.

Nita was naturally drawn to dominant women. Unfortunately, Nita wasn't about to leave her position on ship, and finding a dominant woman willing to join their crew was difficult at best.

Since her one night with Lyssa a couple of years ago, there had only been one woman willing and able to do so. The one woman Lyssa would never allow on board.

Pounding her fists into the bed, fresh tears spilled, Nita turned towards the doorway. Just a few feet away, another woman was living her fantasy.

Chapter Three

Gritting her teeth at the jolt of lust, Lyssa bit out, "Look at me."

A doe-eyed gaze met hers—steady and without a hint of trepidation.

"I'm going to set you free."

Fear flashed in the slave's eyes. Her lips parted, and when she spoke it was in the softest of whispers. "Mistress, I appreciate the offer, but I don't know how to be anything but a prostitute."

Lyssa sagged into her chair with a frustrated sigh. She wanted to hit someone. It was her own fault for allowing her lust to rule her brain. If she hadn't outbid the others interested in the delectable submissive, she would be someone else's problem, or pleasure. Taking a deep breath, she fought to control her baser urges: like throwing the slave-girl to the floor and fucking her until her pussy gushed. Maybe she could manipulate the situation to her advantage. Get the girl in her bed without owning her. But how?

"I don't even know your name."

"Alya is the name gifted to me by my last house mistress. She said it means Heaven in one of the old Earth languages. I don't know my birth name."

Lyssa huffed. If only the girl—Alya—wasn't so perfect, maybe she'd be able to think clearly. "You're welcome to wear clothes."

"My form does not please you?"

"Your nakedness is a fucking distraction I don't need at the moment. I have to figure out what to do with you."

A glimmer of feminine awareness flowed through Alya's eyes. Lyssa couldn't help but shudder in response.

"Don't I get a chance to prove myself before you set me aside?" Her tongue licked at the corner of her lips as she parted her legs, exposing her shaved, pink core.

"The way I figure it, you're not stupid. So I'll be blunt here, I don't own slaves. I don't want a slave. I don't need a slave. And I am certainly not going to keep a damn slave! Got it?"

Alya crawled forward. Her breasts swayed with each movement. Lyssa licked her lips watching the girl's progress, knowing she should stop her, but again lust ruled her actions.

"You're tempting fate, Alya." *Was she ever.* Whoever trained the wench had certainly taught her to move perfectly—she was submissive, yet temptingly aggressive about it.

Alya came to a stop, a breath away from Lyssa's feet, and resumed her kneeling position with her legs slightly parted. She gazed up at Lyssa, her soft eyes begging.

She knew the look, having seen it on many of her former lovers' faces. Alya wanted to be taken, used. "You don't have to do this." She wasn't certain just whom she was saying it for—Alya or herself.

"I know."

Did she? If the girl wanted to be her partner and a member of her crew, that she could handle. It was the whole owner/slave thing she had trouble settling in her mind. Being the dominant and in control didn't mean she wanted someone without a brain of her own.

"Stand up." She might as well enjoy what the girl was offering.

As Alya rose to her feet, Lyssa allowed herself to enjoy the view as she mulled over what she was going to do to her delectable body. Lyssa planned to leave her mouth unfettered, so that if Alya wanted things to stop, she could ask. Also, so she could enjoy listening to her begging, whimpering, or moaning in painful pleasure as her body yielded to the torture she was going to administer.

Grabbing the chain attached to the collar, she stood and led the girl from the living area of her quarters into her bedroom. She released the chain from the collar and watched as it pooled on the floor at the girl's feet. Swallowing back a moan at the sight, she moved to her cabinet. It had been over thirty cycles

since she'd visited a pleasure house to purchase the services of a submissive for the night.

Grabbing the thin leather strips and a spreader bar she'd purchased from a rare antiques dealer on Earth, she moved behind Alya. "Arms behind your back."

Without hesitation, she obeyed. Lyssa placed each wrist at the opposite elbow and wound the leather around her forearms. She pulled the binding tight, but not so tight that it would cut off circulation. She just wanted Alya to be unable to get free.

Stepping back, she admired her handiwork. She dropped to her knees in front of the submissive woman, and pressed the spreader bar between the girl's legs. Slowly she extended it, locking it into place as soon as her legs were stretched apart to their limits.

Moving around to stand before her bound captive, she looked into her eyes, searching for subtle signs of distress. She found nothing but stoic resolve. She went back to her cabinet, retrieving her favorite toy—nipple clamps with a chain attached for weights.

Standing before Alya, she ran her free hand over the sleek lines of her submissive's body, trailing her fingers over the faint scars that criss-crossed her hip. Normally, a lash would leave only a faint mark for a few days. In her opinion, a submissive should never be hit hard enough to actually leave a permanent scar.

"They beat you," Lyssa said, more as a statement than a question.

For the first time, Alya lost a bit of her composure. Her lip trembled, before she drew in a breath. "Yes."

Lyssa's heart clenched. "To me, that's a prime example of the difference between prostitute and slave. As a prostitute, you have a fail-safe device and houseboys to rescue you. As slave, I could beat you again and again, and there's not a single person who would stop me. I own you."

Alya's chin raised. "Are you going to beat me?" Her voice had taken on the slightest edge, her body tensed.

Chapter Four

Nita rolled over, slapping at the com on her bedside table and catching it on its fourth ding. Hopefully, Nash was back and everyone was ready for take off.

"Yes?" she snapped over the com line.

"We got the information and the contract. They were desperate enough to pay ten percent more than agreed upon, so we're good to go."

"I'll be there in a few minutes, Nash. Hold down the fort for me."

"Should I com the captain, Nita?"

Closing her eyes at the pain that lanced through her with the casual mention of the captain, Nita fought the urge to scream 'yes!' at him.

"No, I can handle a simple take-off without her looking over my shoulder. Been piloting this thing for years, but she still holds her breath like I'm going to crash and kill us all. Distracting at best. So hold off, okay?"

"K, Nita. But if you kill us all during take-off, I'm going to tell the captain you told me not to invite her to the party."

Nita laughed, knowing she was expected to, then signed off. Allowing herself only a quick self-pitying sigh, she climbed out of bed and headed out of her quarters. Sparing only a glance at Lyssa's door, she strode past it and straight to the bridge.

The shipment of synthetic crystals they were on their way to hijack would net them a pretty fee, thanks to Nash's negotiation skills. With the profit he'd gotten them, Lyssa might just start leaving Nita at home, which she much preferred.

Having to be the pretty arm candy was getting old. Being leered at, and often touched, by the kinds of people that would hire mercenaries was getting even older. Maybe that could be

passed on to the slave, give her something to do besides spread her legs.

Shaking her head, Nita waited for the door to the bridge to swish open. Moving onto the bridge, she joined the chaos. The four other members of the crew were moving about, dropping into their stations, tossing jokes back and forth as they waited for her to climb into her seat and begin pre-flight take off procedures.

Without having to get clearance, it took only a couple minutes to run through the systems check and start up the engine.

"Should we com the captain now?" Nita darted a glance at Nash's anxious tone.

"Nah. She knows this ship well enough, she can tell we're about to take off by the vibrations. Just hang on tight and let's get the hell off this rock." As the ship responded to her motions on the controls, a jolt of pure pleasure struck Nita. It was liberating, even after years of piloting the ship, to feel it respond to her slightest touch.

Unlike everything else in her rapidly shifting life, the ship made sense. Push to the right, it went right, and if she pulled back the ship went up. The turbulence at the outer edge of the atmosphere was a bit shaky, but the ship's engines purred like well-fed kittens and the shields held, making for only a few bumps along the way.

Then they were free and clear, surrounded by stars and nothing else. Plotting the coordinates to their next stop took another few seconds, and then she switched it to auto-pilot. Bulky as she may be, the ship sailed smoothly into the vast blackness of space.

Through the view screen, Nita watched the stars ripple past her, long streaks of white against the inky darkness. Behind her, the crew continued to move about, finishing their tasks before heading below deck for rest or food, depending upon their shifts, until she was alone on the bridge.

Slouching in the pilot's chair, she threw a leg over the armrest and tipped to the side. The cushion gave, molding against her ass and back.

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Alone, she brooded, something she tried not to do often. They were going to be only a few light years from the space station where they'd taken Lyssa after the ambush.

Lyssa wasn't going to like that. Nor was she going to like the earful Nita planned to give her. It wouldn't be pretty, but it needed to be said. They could even detour to the space station, free the little slave, and leave her there.

Nita calculated how much she could afford to spare to get the woman started on a new life. It really wasn't her fault she'd been forced into slavery. But having the slave on board reminded her of everything she couldn't have.

Chapter Five

Lyssa smiled. "Yes, I am going to beat you."

Alya's body tensed. Deftly, Lyssa attached the clamps to the woman's nipples, tightening the screws and mashing the tiny bundles of nerves. Alya whimpered, her eyes closing. The deep rose-colored buds darkened to an almost purple-red as the clamps bit into tender skin.

"Open your eyes," Lyssa ordered, cupping Alya's breasts.

Alya obeyed, arching into Lyssa's touch on her breasts.

Nimble from practice, Lyssa attached weights to the nipples. She stood back, watching as they were pulled down. Reaching over Alya's head, she grabbed a slender chain, pulled it down, and attached the two ends to the clamps. She looked into Alya's eyes, knowing she was anticipating the next move, not fearing it. Moving back to her cabinet, she pressed the switch on the wall, tightening the chain, pulling the girl's nipples up. Alya was forced to lift her heels off of the floor to ease the pain.

Lyssa watched for subtle signs of distress. Alya gasped and, from the flaring of her nose, it was clear she enjoyed the sensation.

Lyssa stepped to the side and quickly disrobed. She rustled around in the cabinet until she found her harness and third largest dildo. Pressing the base against her mound, she locked each of the electrodes into place against the receptors wired through her pseudo skin. Sensation warmed her as she wrapped the straps around her waist and between her legs. The fake cock jutted obscenely from between her legs. She could feel its swaying bob with every step.

At first, the feeling of having a dick had been disconcerting, but after a while, she'd gotten used to it. It was the only part of the cybernetic replacements she actually liked.

Reaching into the cabinet once more, she pulled out a small whip. Flipping on the power switch, she set its motor humming on the lightest setting. Moving closer to Alya, she allowed her other hand to trail over the girl's body, caressing her smooth flesh, trying to find the most sensitive spots.

Lyssa pulled her hand away and cracked the whip. It landed with a faint slap along the underside of Alya's buttocks. The woman jerked further up onto her toes and yelped, then settled back, her heels almost touching the floor.

Grabbing a handful of hair, she jerked Alya's head back. "That was the lightest setting," she ground out.

The girl's head moved from side to side, faint whimpers escaping her lips.

The next blow landed on her pussy, hard enough to sting. But when Alya wiggled, presumably for more, Lyssa turned the setting up another notch, filling the room with a faint hum. The next stroke of the whip wrapped around the back of her knees. With the higher setting, Lyssa knew the energy wave it produced would radiate from the source of the blow.

She landed blow after blow, listening for the slightest indication of true pain. Instead, she was rewarded with a sweetly familiar sound—the begging moan of pleasure-pain. Her sweet submissive's inner thighs glistened with juices, the heady scent teasing her.

Moving around, she stood in front of Alya and turned the whip to its next setting. Holding the whip up, the leather tendril brushed the top of the bound woman's breasts. Lyssa rasped, "Watch what I do to you." She turned the dial, increasing the power nearly to its maximum setting. Without breaking eye contact, she cracked it again, this time aimed at Alya's breasts.

The girl rocked up onto her toes, even as she jerked away from the sting. A faint red line marked her, crossing from the top of one breast to the bottom of the other. Landing another blow to form an 'x' over her nipples, Lyssa paused to admire the marks, before looking back into her submissive's eyes.

Desire glinted in the dark depths of the woman's eyes. Not a trace of fear was visible. Instead, she was silently begging for more.

"You want me to fuck you, don't you?"

Alya gave a shaky nod.

"Not that it matters. I own you now, and you can't stop me." Dropping the whip, Lyssa bent and unhooked the spreader bar, tossing it and the length of chain aside.

Cupping Alya's jaw, she lifted her a few inches into the air. The girl gasped, and for the first time she struggled. Her feet kicked, almost frantically to touch the floor.

Lyssa's conscience chose that moment to rear its little head, demanding she put the girl down and stop scaring her. Ruthlessly ignoring the inner-voice, she lifted her higher until there was almost six inches between Alya's toes and the floor, determined to show the girl just how strong she was, how far she could go if she wished, and just how much restraint she was exhibiting.

"Wrap your legs around me," Lyssa growled.

Alya hesitated, fear warring with desire in her gaze.

"Now!"

When Alya complied, Lyssa thrust her artificial cock hard into her submissive. Alya gasped as Lyssa filled her to the hilt, some of the fear leaving her eyes. Lyssa slid her hand down the girl's body and around to her ass, cupping and holding her steady, tangling the fingers of her free hand in Alya's hair.

"A slave could be whipped bloody for the disobedience you showed." Rotating her hips, she thrust hard against the sweet warmth of the girl's body. Sensors within her cock sent back a wave of euphoria coursing through her brain. She almost dropped to her knees at the intensity.

Tuning in to the sensations of her slave's cunt squeezing her cock, took Lyssa virtually to the edge. Pumping her hips, she worked her cock in and out, savoring each squeal and gasp escaping Alya's slack mouth. Just as Alya was about to come, Lyssa pulled back. Alya whimpered, her hips jerking as she struggled to impale herself.

Lyssa grabbed her slave's hips and pulled free. Forcing Alya's feet to the floor, she stepped back. Her fake cock was soaked with the girl's cream. Lyssa bent down and picked up her whip and, with a flash of movement, released the chains pulling on Alya's nipples. As her slave relaxed, Lyssa stood and fisted her hand in the girl's silky hair. "On your knees."

Her lithe little body gracefully dropped to her knees, resuming her earlier pose—her ass resting on her heels, her thighs parted. Stepping forward, Lyssa pressed her come-soaked cock against the girl's lips. Lyssa's hand tightened in her hair to keep her from pulling back. Allowing her no room, she thrust against her lips until Alya parted them, allowing her cock entrance into her mouth. "It's all about me, you little slut. You want to be my slave, have me fucking you when and how I desire and you not being able to tell me no, don't you?"

While the girl worked her mouth over the cock, Lyssa reared the whip back and rained a blow down on her back. Alya jerked, but Lyssa's grip in her hair held her still. The next one landed on her ass, rocking her up. Mercilessly, Lyssa whipped the girl, not hard enough to break the skin, but harder than she normally would have to a hired slut.

The implants connected to her nerve endings caused a wealth of sensations to flood through her. She climaxed with her fake cock buried in the girl's throat. Thrusting harder into her submissive's mouth, she worked herself into another orgasm before stepping back. Saliva dripped from the Alya's mouth, causing Lyssa to smile.

Much as she hated the idea of owning another person, there was a dark part of her mind that thrived on the idea of having a slave like Alya at her whim. She wanted to keep the girl, to beat her and fuck her as she desired, not on someone else's timetable.

"On your back," Lyssa ordered.

Alya slowly moved to obey, hindered by her bound arms, Lyssa allowed her eyes to trail over the delicate lines of the girl's body. She was completely sensual, each movement an unconscious enticement.

Dropping to her knees between Alya's legs, Lyssa grabbed the girl's ankles and pushed them back, pinning her legs against her chest. Burying her cock into the submissive, she forced the woman to arch against her from the pressure on her arms.

"It hurts, doesn't it?"

Eyes wide, the girl whimpered in answer.

Thrusting hard against her, Lyssa ground her hips down, rubbing their breasts together. The weights and clamps attached

to her lover dug into her own skin. "I could make it a lot worse, if I wanted to."

She wasn't sure why, but rather than frighten her, the threats seemed to excite the little minx. Her hips bucked against Lyssa's. Euphoric at the sweet sensations of the girl responding to her motions, Lyssa let Alya work herself into a sexual frenzy. The slave quivered as tiny orgasms rocked her lithe, moist body. Keeping their gazes locked, Lyssa saw Alya's orgasm approaching and thrust hard, drawing a squeal from the slave before a shudder gripped and an orgasm rushed through her.

Grinding her hips hard, Lyssa clenched her teeth as her own climax washed over her. She nearly blacked out. Not being one to analyze things, she simply allowed it to control her for a brief moment, before her eyes snapped back open.

Beneath her, Alya lay completely relaxed, despite the awkward positioning of her body. Her eyes glowed with satisfaction.

"I'm keeping you." Before she had time to think about the words, they were said. Lyssa wanted to snap them back, but a dark pleasure surged at the idea of having Alya anytime, anywhere.

Without allowing herself a chance to change her mind, she pulled her cock free and stood up, leaving the girl prone on the floor. Moving to her desk, she picked up the paperwork, declaring the girl her property and tore it in two. Looking over her shoulder she saw shock widen Alya's eyes.

"I don't need a piece of paper to tell me I own you. You're my little piece of ass to do with as I please, but you're not just going to earn your keep on your back." Bending down, she grabbed Alya by the arm and pulled her to her feet. "You'll learn to cook and clean for the crew. Plus, you'll be available to me anywhere and in any way I want."

The sudden hum of the engines firing up vibrated the floor.

"What the hell do they think they are doing, taking off without me?" she snarled. "Nita could crash and we'd all die."

Removing the straps holding her cock in place, Lyssa walked back across the room and dressed, rocking with the motions of the ship as they broke atmosphere. Turning to the naked girl, she motioned her to her side and held onto her until

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the ship leveled out. When the vibrations stopped, she relaxed her grip and spun the girl around.

After unlacing her arms, she grabbed a dress out of her closet that Nita had bought as a gag and tossed it to her. "Wear this. You're going to meet the rest of the crew."

"Mistress, I have nothing to wear underneath it."

Lyssa swatted her bare ass. "I know. And you're going to stay that way. Now, let's go."

Chapter Six

Nita bit back a grin as Lyssa stormed onto the bridge. "What the fuck did you think you were doing, taking off without telling me?"

"You were occupied." Nita responded, tempering her tone when she saw the slave standing behind Lyssa, a shadow in the wake of the storm. "And I felt it best to allow you to finish your business while we took off. We got the contract and time is ticking."

Swinging her leg over the armrest, Nita purposefully stayed as she was while Lyssa dropped into her seat. The slave girl stood behind her, a look of uncertainty on her face. Meeting the doe-brown eyes, a tightness formed in Nita's chest. The girl seemed to look right through her, seeing into her soul.

Straightening in her seat, Nita was turning away when a hesitant smile crossed the girl's lips. She dropped her chin to her chest, her gaze still locked on Nita's. If it didn't hurt so badly, if the girl didn't remind her of everything she had given up for Lyssa, she might have been a good friend.

Darting a glance at Lyssa, Nita found her still poring over the ship's logs from the takeoff, double and triple checking that nothing had flown off and been damaged. Despite her attitude, Nita knew Lyssa didn't doubt her abilities. Rather, it was the fact the ship was their home, in addition to their livelihood, and all they really had.

"So we own a slave, huh?" She knew it was too soon, but she couldn't resist needling Lyssa. At least she had the courtesy to appropriately attire her.

"Actually, no, we don't." Steel laced Lyssa's words and Nita turned to find her staring her down. Holding her captain's gaze, although she wanted to look away, she arched her eyebrow, adding a cynical twist to her smile.

"Ah yes, *you* own a slave," she sneered.

"Nita, *enough!*" Lyssa barked at her. "Alya is now a member of this crew. I freed her, while you were busy making off with my ship, I might add. She's going to learn some simple tasks at first, and I expect you to make her feel welcome."

Fresh pain tore at her. The girl was staying. Nita's smile turned brittle, but Lyssa didn't seem to notice. It felt like all the oxygen in the room was being sucked into the coldness of space, and she was unable to breathe.

The girl was staying, a constant reminder of what Nita craved but couldn't have. She knew Lyssa had sampled the girl's wares, she wouldn't be staying otherwise. Instead, Lyssa would have been making plans to drop her off somewhere, where she could build a life for herself.

The fact she was staying was testament to her submissiveness, since Lyssa couldn't handle a sexual partner who wasn't up for her sadistic games—especially after her injuries required cyborg implants. She seemed to have something to prove.

Chapter Seven

Lyssa leaned against the bulkhead behind her bed, and watched Alya begin what she hoped would become their nightly ritual. For the last two nights, she watched the girl shower, then towel off. Afterwards she poured a sweetly scented lotion in her hands and rubbed it all over her body.

That was the part Lyssa enjoyed most. Cynical though she may be, it was seductive to her. No longer a prostitute, Alya chose to stay, despite Lyssa trying to convince her it was okay to leave, that they'd give her money to start over.

Things aboard the ship had been tense. Nita was acting odd, even for her. Lyssa knew it had something to do with Alya, but she couldn't pinpoint just what it was. The girl was free, that should have been enough to satisfy her spitfire pilot. Yet, she seemed to resent the former slave. For the life of her, Lyssa couldn't figure out why.

There had been women—quite a few actually—since their failed attempt at a relationship. Nita admitted Lyssa wasn't right for her. It couldn't be jealousy. Or could it? She left rooms when they entered, or if she stayed, she stared off into space with a pained expression on her face.

A card player the pilot would never be, her expressive face showed everything she was feeling, despite her efforts to hold it in. Lyssa knew Nita tried to be the levelheaded one of their partnership. Nita was the brain, while Lyssa was the muscle.

A soft moan from across the room drew her attention back to the submissive. Alya was slowly stroking up and down her inner thighs, rubbing the scented cream into her skin. With each upward stroke, she brushed her hand against the harness, shifting the dildo strapped inside her.

Just before her shower Lyssa had produced the toy and strapped her into it. Instantly, Alya had trembled. Her body flushed with need.

"Come here." Lyssa struggled for a softer tone, knowing she hadn't been easy on the girl the last few days. She'd pushed her, showing her the worst she could expect. Now it was time to show her the best, the gentleness, Lyssa also possessed.

Alya climbed onto the bed and her breath caught in a whimper. Lyssa reached out and cupped the leather at her groin, pressing it deeper and tilting it slightly. Alya's legs trembled, the muscles spasming. Her doe-brown eyes closed in bliss as she rocked against Lyssa's hand.

Lyssa shifted her hand back and forth, gently stroking the dildo against her submissive's slick inner walls until her breath caught on a moan. "Mistress," Alya whimpered. Her teeth caught her lower lip, biting down on the tender flesh. It was a clever way to delay an orgasm. Lyssa had seen many prostitutes use the same technique.

She stopped and Alya's eyes flared open. Wordlessly, she begged for more, her eyes soft and pleading. She was too well trained to vocalize her needs.

With deft motions, Lyssa unclasped the harness and slid the dildo free, as Alya's core struggled to hold on to it. Her juices trickled down her thighs, glistening in the dim light.

Replacing the dildo with her fingers, Lyssa pinched and teased Alya's clit, stroking slowly up and down as the girl rocked against her hand. "Touch yourself."

Alya's hands rubbed over her body, following the path she had taken with the lotion. Her skin glistened with moisture. Lyssa's mouth went dry as Alya caressed her breasts, pulling at her hardened nipples, stretching them as far as she could, then pinching them hard. Her soft moans filled the room.

Alya's eyes closed, and she ground down, her pussy lips rubbing over Lyssa's palm, coating it in her cream.

With her free hand, Lyssa reached for the dildo, her body making its own demands known. Her skin felt tight where it met metal, like she had been dipped in a vat of honey, and it was slowly dripping.

One handed, she managed to slide the cock into her own harness, twisting it until the sensors locked into place. The sensation of having a cock dangling between her legs flared to life.

Pulling her fingers free from Alya's creamy core, she grabbed Alya's hips and guided the submissive to mount her. Smooth skin brushed her thighs as the girl straddled her and sank onto the cock. Her head tipped back in ecstasy as she slid all the way down, pressing their pelvic bones together.

Slowly at first, then picking up speed, Alya rode her, driving them both toward awaited pleasure. Lyssa's deeper groans filled the room in harmony with Alya's softer ones. Gripping the submissive's hips, Lyssa slammed the girl down against her. The cock jerked, sending a jolt throughout her body. Gritting her teeth, she arched her hips upwards, driving deep within Alya's pussy.

"When you're ready, come as you will," she whispered, her body on sensory overload. Closing her eyes, she pumped up against the slender girl, working them both harder and faster together with her strong grip. She knew Alya's hips would bear the imprint of her fingers for several days to come, but neither seemed to care.

Fast and furious, they came together, sweat and cream mingling as they mated. With a hard thrust, Lyssa climaxed. Her body stiffened beneath the slight weight of her lover. Reaching up, she grasped Alya's nipples and pinched hard, sending the girl into a screaming orgasm.

Thrashing wildly, she bucked and ground down, her pussy spasming around the cock within her. Lyssa smiled as she felt each tiny flutter of muscles, thanks to her implants.

Chapter Eight

Nita held her laser pistol steady, aiming at the open doorway while the rest of the crew fanned out, loading the contraband cargo as quickly as they could. Lyssa stood next to her, body tightly coiled and ready to spring if someone came through the door.

Cocking her head to the side, trying to distinguish the sounds she heard outside the bunker, Nita threw up her free hand, calling for complete silence. The order spread as Lyssa continued the gesture. Forcing herself to breathe evenly, Nita counted the heartbeats, waiting for the sounds of footsteps to either fade or grow louder.

As they drew closer, she knew it was one person. Guard or innocent, until she knew for sure, she was hesitant to take them out.

Pulling back into the shadows, she tried to make herself invisible while Lyssa shifted to the other side of the doorway. It was a move they'd done many times. As their only true pilot, Nita wasn't expendable—not if they wanted to get the bucket of bolts off the ground. Lyssa could fly if need be, but if they ran into any kind of mechanical error, she didn't have the practical experience that Nita had to deal with it. Instead, Lyssa would draw the attention of whoever came through the door, while Nita got the drop on them. With how limited the number of people on the crew was, on a job this big, Nita couldn't sit on the bridge and wait to liftoff. Every one of them had a task they had to perform. Behind her, the crew continued as quietly as they could, loading the last of the crates.

A familiar head peeked into the open doorway. Lyssa reached out and grabbed the person, pulling him inside. Gripping the man tightly around the neck, she lifted him several inches off of the floor and growled, "What the fuck are you doing here?"

Nita holstered her gun, taking in the scene. Stepping forward, she pressed her palm against her captain's arm. "Let him go, Lyssa."

She flashed a quick grin at the startled man, wanting to reassure him. Stepping closer, she pushed her way between her pissed captain and the former member of their crew. "Why are you here, Jimbo?" The last time she had seen him, he'd been there for the pick-up when Lyssa got injured. In fact, it had been him that brought them the contract.

She never got her answer. A wave of pain slammed against her back, dropping her to her knees. Trying to pull her pistol out, she found her hand slippery with blood. Looking at the crimson liquid trickling down her arm, she lost focus on what was going on around her. She was dimly aware of Lyssa picking her up and carrying her to the ship, while the crew held off whoever was attacking them.

Nita screamed softly in pain as Lyssa strapped her into the captain's seat, then dropped into the pilot's seat and started takeoff procedures. How well Lyssa got them into the air and then out of the atmosphere she wasn't sure, but she had a feeling it hadn't been pretty. Then again, they were all in one piece, as was the ship, so that's what mattered.

Fighting the pain, she whimpered as Lyssa injected her with another round of pain meds before she checked her wound. "How bad is it?"

A grunt from behind her was her only answer. Gritting her teeth at the hazy stings of Lyssa not so gently rooting around behind her, she fought not to lose her temper. "Are you going to answer me, Captain?" she snapped.

Lyssa reached over her shoulder and swung the chair around. As she leaned down to Nita's level, Nita could see the barely controlled rage simmering within her. Normally she would have been more aware of her volatile friend's mood, but the pain and drugs weren't helping her focus.

"As soon as you explain to me what the fucking hell you were thinking stepping into the open, I'll consider answering you."

Nita sighed and leaned to the side, trying to relieve the pressure on her back. "I wasn't thinking, okay? I screwed up."

"You are damned right you did. You nearly got your fool ass killed, and the rest of us stranded with our fucking pants down." Despite her words and tone, Nita knew Lyssa was feeling vulnerable. Ever since she'd almost gotten killed, Lyssa had been cautious with all of them, especially Nita.

Blinking back tears, Nita strove for a mellow, rational tone that always calmed her friend.

Lyssa's lover beat her to the punch. "Lyssa? Let me take a look at her."

Alya stepped around the taller woman. Nita caught her breath as she always did. An emotional pain slapped at her, blending with the throbbing agony of the blaster wound. Blinking back a fresh batch of tears, she struggled to remain calm. Six days had done nothing to dull the edge to her feelings. In fact, she was fairly certain it was the lack of sleep and stress of unfulfilled needs that caused her to risk her life, and the lives of the rest of the crew. Something she had no intention of ever telling Lyssa.

"She needs to see a doctor. This burn is bad, and if we're not quick it's going to get infected." It was amazing the change in the girl since she'd been welcomed into the crew. She spoke up and behaved like one of them, free to express her thoughts. Nita had a good idea that behind the closed door of Lyssa's quarters however, Alya wasn't given equal status, and liked it that way.

Lyssa stomped away, cursing under her breath. A shiver went down Nita's spine. The only time Lyssa attempted to control her temper was when the situation was bad—very bad.

"Where's the closest station?"

Nita didn't even have to look, she knew already. It was their old pal Rafaela, the doctor who'd patched Lyssa up. Without saying a word, she reached over to the pilot's console and plotted a course. Lyssa leaned over her shoulder and from her quick inhalation, knew she had figured it out. Without a word, Lyssa stalked out of the room, Alya behind her.

Autopilot took care of their course, and Lyssa returned in time to guide the ship to dock with the station. As the ship started into a synchronous turn with the docking platform, Nita felt everything start to spin wildly, and then it all went black.

Chapter Nine

Lyssa glanced at her unconscious pilot while guiding the ship into the docking port. Metal scraped against metal when she miscalculated and brought it in too close, too soon. Muttering curses under her breath, she corrected her path and smoothly joined the ship to the station.

Forming a seal, she turned over control to the station's computer and it automatically locked them into synchronous rotation. Sighing with relief, Lyssa quickly unstrapped and moved to where she had buckled Nita in, when she passed out.

Alya was already there, unbuckling the restraints holding the injured pilot. As Lyssa lifted her best friend into her arms, she felt her throat tighten at Nita's pallor. Gone was the healthy, creamy complexion. She was pasty white, and even out cold, her mouth twisted in a grimace of pain.

Shifting her dead weight, Lyssa headed to the docking port, where Nash was already waiting. Rather than com for med techs, Lyssa carried Nita down the hall to the lift, holding her close as they descended the four floors to the medical level.

A cold chill washed down her spine as she stepped out of the lift. She remembered vividly the last time she'd been there, although she didn't remember arriving. She'd spent almost six weeks recuperating from the surgery, learning to use the mechanical parts that replaced those she'd been born with.

Shrugging, she forced herself to walk straight to the head of surgery's office. Behind her, the doctor's staff tried to get her attention, but she didn't stop until she reached Rafaela's door.

The doctor greeted her in the doorway, a shocked expression on her face when she registered who was standing there. It was quickly replaced by concerned panic as she noticed the unconscious woman in Lyssa's arms.

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"Blaster burn," Lyssa ground out, determined not to say any more to the woman than needed. It galled her to have to come to her for help, but Nita's life was more important than her pride. If it had been her body burned, it would be a different story.

The doctor held out her arms and reluctantly Lyssa surrendered Nita, but stayed close when the doctor carried her into an operating room.

Chapter Ten

Nita blinked at the harsh light shimmering directly in her eyes. Lifting her hand, she cupped it over her face to block out most of the light, and did a quick scan of the room. Having been on the other side of it, she recognized it as Rafaela's theater, where she performed the operation that saved her best friend. The same best friend who was curiously absent.

"In case you're wondering, I kicked her out about five minutes into your surgery." Nita turned towards the voice and found Rafaela sitting in the corner, in the same chair she herself had occupied not so long ago.

"I don't work well with someone standing over my shoulder, threatening to kill me with every other breath. The pistol in my back didn't help much, either."

Nita chuckled, then wished she hadn't. Pain exploded in her back. Wincing, she rolled onto her side and caught Rafaela's gaze. Despite her gentle manner, there was a thinly veiled intensity that had drawn her and repelled her at the same time.

"I'd call her for you, but right now she's sleeping off the tranquilizer I gave her about an hour ago. I could hear her pacing in the hallway, and you needed your rest."

Nita swallowed, her throat dry, and whispered, "Thank you." Almost instantly Rafaela was across the room, holding a glass of water to her lips.

"Small sips, now."

Nita murmured her appreciation and tentatively took a sip. When it didn't hurt, she took another one. Satisfied, she pulled back and the glass moved away. She found herself inches away from the object of many of her fantasies, and many of her friend's deadlier plottings.

"She's still pissed at you, you know."

Eyes sparkling, Rafaela perched a hip on the edge of the bed. "I didn't get half her body blown off. But I did save her ungrateful life."

A lock of tawny hair fell over the doctor's eyes. Of its own volition, Nita's hand lifted and brushed it away. As she pulled back, Rafaela clasped her hand and held it pressed against her cheek. "She doesn't deserve you."

Nita shook her head, uncertain what Rafaela was talking about.

"I saw the way that younger woman with her acted. Obviously she's taken a lover, and rubs your nose in it at every opportunity."

Nita closed her eyes at the pain the softly spoken words caused. "She doesn't know."

"Bullshit." The word was uttered in a perfectly cultured tone. Nita's eyelids flew up. Her eyes wide in shock, she watched the doctor stand and pace, her arms crossed over her chest.

"She claims to be your friend, and then she takes a lover without stopping to consider how you might feel. It's one thing when you're visiting prostitutes together, but quite another when it's on the ship. And you're left alone. She. Doesn't. Deserve. You."

Nita winced at the vehemence in the doctor's voice. After their aborted night together, she'd always wondered what it would have been like to be the recipient of the woman's intensity. Tall and lithe, she was stronger than she looked. Although no match for Lyssa's bioengineered body, she could handle her own in a fair fight.

"I don't see how it's any of your business one way or another."

Rafaela's exhaled in a rush, nostrils flaring. The corners of her mouth pursed. "Considering she had no qualms about walking unannounced into my quarters and butting in on our night together, and then dragging you off to the ship without a by-your-leave, I'd say it is my business."

Nita's heart lurched at the obvious pain in the doctor's voice. She knew leaving had almost torn her in two, but had no idea Rafaela felt the same way. "I was willing to join your crew, to provide—what should now be fairly obvious—a needed job.

Lyssa was too damn wrapped up in her self-pity trip to listen. I'm to blame for her misfortune, rather than whoever double crossed you and your crew."

Watching the doctor pace was fascinating. Despite the circumstances, and the lingering traces of pain from the surgery, being there to witness the smooth grace of her spinning on her heel and stalking across the room made her body tremble.

"And now," the doctor continued, "Lyssa brings you to me, injured and almost dead, and I patch you up. Does she thank me?"

She snorted softly and swung back, her grey eyes piercing as she stared at Nita.

"Hell no. Instead she threatens to kill me. Repeatedly."

Chapter Eleven

Lyssa woke to the gentle stroking of fingers through her hair. Tipping her head back, she opened her eyes and looked up into Alya's concerned face.

"Nita!" she gasped as she tried to sit up. Alya's hand pressed against her shoulder, holding her down.

"Shhh. She's all right. She woke up about ten minutes ago, and the doctor is checking her."

Lyssa snarled, thinking of just what the doctor was doing to her pilot. The last time they'd been alone together, the bitch had tried to seduce her best friend. If she'd walked in just a few minutes later, she would have succeeded.

Nita had cussed her out royally, she remembered. But she had soon seen the impossibility of the doctor joining their crew. And she wasn't about to leave her life behind and stay at the station.

"Why do you hate her so much?"

At Alya's soft words, Lyssa wanted to punch something. A burning started in the pit of her stomach, thinking about the pain she'd endured. Rather than let her die, the doctor turned her body into a monstrosity, melding metal with bone, grafting artificial skin against real.

"She did this to me." Waving her real hand at the fake one, Lyssa thought it explained everything.

"She caused your injury?" Fire flashed in her gentle lover's eyes and Lyssa felt her heart lurch. Damned if she knew why, but it felt good that Alya was pissed on her account.

"No," she grudgingly explained. "She's the one Nita brought me to after the explosion. It was Rafaela who decided to keep me alive by turning me into a cyborg."

Confusion glinted in the brown depths of the girl's eyes. "She kept you alive? And you hate her for it?"

"I hate her for turning me into a freak. You've seen me naked, Alya. You know what I look like—the mismatched skin, the scars that litter my entire body."

"What I see when I look at you, Mistress, is a beautiful woman who knows my body better than I do. A woman who brings me to orgasm even when she doesn't have to. A woman who freed me, when she'd paid quite a lot of money to purchase me." Tears welled in her eyes, and dropped onto Lyssa's face. "Should I hate you for buying me?"

Lyssa shook her head, uncertain what the girl was getting at.

"You did it because it was the right thing to do. Somewhere inside, you knew. Why then, do you hate the doctor for doing what *she* thought was right by saving you, using any means necessary? You're alive today, able to be with me, because she saved you. And it's selfish of you, Mistress, and beneath the woman I am coming to love, for you to harbor resentment against her. You're keeping your friend from finding happiness with her because your body isn't perfect anymore."

As much as she wanted to scream at the girl that she didn't know jack-shit, Lyssa found some of what she said resonating within her. The look on Nita's face when she'd forced her to decide between their friendship and the doctor had been devastating.

Hurt, her body still weak from the rehabilitation, she found out from an aide that they'd been seeing each other. Unable to channel her anger at the true offender, she focused it on the only target available—the woman who spent sixteen hours operating on her.

She cupped Alya's cheeks and guided her down, until their lips met. Pressing a soft kiss against the full lips, she whispered, "Thank you."

Chapter Twelve

"I know she says it a lot, Rafaela, but I'm sure Lyssa would never actually do it."

The doctor shrugged, the motion sending her hair gliding over her shoulders. "I'm not so certain. If you'd died, I'm sure I would have, too." Nita's eyes widened at her matter-of-fact tone. "Then again, if you had died, I might have wanted to."

Nita struggled to sit up. Her heart felt like it was being squeezed in a vise. "I—"

Rafaela pressed her fingertip against Nita's lips. "I know I asked you before to stay with me, and at the time you couldn't. I'm asking again, even if it's only for a couple of weeks while you recover. Stay with me, let's explore what could be between us."

"Lyssa—" Nita began, only to be cut off again.

"Lyssa is an ass." Nita shifted around to stare at the woman standing in the doorway. "Lyssa understands the good doctor here saved both our asses, and she owes her an apology." Hearing her captain speak of herself in third person was not something she was used to. Nor was her apologizing commonplace.

"Still barging in unannounced, I see."

Nita snickered at Rafaela's droll tone. Despite everything Lyssa dished out, Rafaela never seemed to miss a beat.

"Look, woman, isn't it enough that I'm here, saying I was wrong? Don't get your panties in a twist because I didn't fucking knock."

"Ah, and the language...still colorful and filled with unnecessary curses."

Nita shifted against the doctor, testing what she thought Lyssa was saying. Her friend flinched, but didn't say anything

about it. Instead she continued to banter with the doctor, something Nita was coming to suspect they both enjoyed.

"Still an uptight prude, I see."

"How would you know, Captain? You never did anything but aim your gun at me and threaten my life. We haven't had time to exchange life stories. Although given what you walked in on a few months ago, I am sure you know that I'm far from a prude."

Nita winced at the vivid image that sprang to mind. When Lyssa walked in, she'd been tied to the posts of the doctor's bed. The doctor, naked and wearing a rather intimidating cock, knelt between her thighs. In one hand she'd held the small whip she just finished beating her breasts with.

"Ah, fuck!" grumbled Lyssa. "Look, Rafaela, let's bury the damn hatchet, okay?"

"I am not the one who has problems controlling my temper. Unlike some people, *I* understand the rules of civilized society and actually *follow* them."

Lyssa snorted and Nita's eyes widen in shock. A small smile softened her friend's lips. She was actually enjoying the exchange. "Enough already. *Damn!*"

She paused and Nita held her breath, waiting for Rafaela to make a snide or cutting remark, but she held silent. Darting a quick glance at the doctor, Nita found Rafaela looking down at her, a tender look in her eyes. Turning her gaze back to Lyssa, she met her captain's stare with her own steady one.

"So I've been thinking, and we might actually need a doctor on board. Seems someone is out to sabotage our contracts, and until I find out who and take care of the problem, it would be nice to have someone on board who can patch them up. We even have a room that can be turned into an operating room. You'd have to bunk down with one of the crew, though. We're fresh out of cabins. Think about it."

Without waiting for either of them to answer, Lyssa slipped out of the room as quietly as she had entered it. Nita tensed, waiting for Rafaela to say something, anything. Moments passed.

Unable to stand it any more, she turned to find Rafaela looking down at her. "The offer is still open, you can stay here while you recover."

Nita nodded, too choked up to speak. She knew what she wanted, but couldn't ask for it. She wanted to stay, badly, but her place was with her crew. And she couldn't ask Rafaela to uproot her whole life based on a few moments of mind-blowing passion.

Rafaela gently brushed Nita's cheek, stroking her thumb over her lips. "I do have some vacation time available. I could pack a few supplies and go with you for a couple of weeks, see how things turn out."

Before she could answer, the doctor leaned down and pressed her lips where her thumb had rested. Sparks of sensations throbbed to life within Nita. Her breasts felt heavy, begging to be cupped. Her pussy clenched, releasing sweet cream. Tightening her legs together under the hospital blanket, she tried not to moan and failed.

She gasped for breath when Rafaela pulled back, breaking the intimate contact between them. "But first, we have some unfinished business between us." Carefully the doctor slid her hands under Nita and lifted her, holding her easily against her chest.

Laying her head on the stronger woman's shoulder, Nita relished the feel of being held. She knew she had to be heavy, but Rafaela carried her out the door and down the hall like she weighed no more than an infant.

As the door to Rafaela's chambers opened with a muted swish, Nita caught her breath. Faux-candles glinted from every surface. Real candles had been made illegal years ago on board ships and space stations, causing the fake industry to boom. Nita herself had helped to lift a few crates of the cargo for a client several years back, pocketing a sizable finder's fee.

"Expecting company?" She knew there was no way Rafaela kept the candles burning all the time, the expense of replacing them every few weeks would add up.

Dove grey eyes looked down at her. "Yes." Simple, direct, and take charge.

Nita shivered in response. Unlike Lyssa with her harsh domination, Rafaela was soft and soothing, but still very much in control. Nita could leave, she knew, but while she stayed, it would be the doctor's way, or no way at all.

The coverlet on the bed felt silky against her skin when she was gently deposited against it. Rafaela paused to press an open-mouthed kiss against her lips, her tongue sliding along Nita's, before pulling back. Leisurely, she lifted one of Nita's hands and bound it lightly with a length of silken rope, then the other.

Her touch light, Rafaela opened the hospital gown, baring Nita's skin to the cool air in the room. Nita gasped as her nipples hardened into tiny pebbles, standing tall and proud against the creamy mounds of her breasts.

After dropping a moist kiss against Nita's collarbone, the doctor stood and moved to her patient's feet. "We don't want you to hurt yourself, and set back your recovery," she stated, pulling more ropes from the foot of the bed. She bound Nita's feet, until she lay wantonly sprawled, every inch of her body open.

Looking down, Nita thought there was something very sexy about being bound and helpless that made her feel delirious with need. Her heart raced, sending blood throbbing to her clit and nipples. Her body ached for Rafaela's lightest touch, craved a beating with the neuro-whip until she screamed at the combined pleasure and pain.

"There are so many things I want to do with you, to you. I can't now. However, there is one thing that won't disturb your recovery."

Nita quivered, wondering what the doctor had in store for her. When she reached into the cabinet beside her bed and pulled out a tiny wand, Nita cocked a puzzled eyebrow. It wasn't the whip she'd expected—hoped for—but it looked wicked nonetheless.

Breathless, she watched Rafaela bring it down to her aching nipple and brush it over the puckered flesh. Arcs of electricity zapped her skin, not enough to hurt, but enough to sting. Gasping, she watched as her other nipple was given the same treatment.

Bound spread-eagle, she couldn't arch or shift away. She was held motionless while the doctor slid the wand back and forth between her nipples, driving her slowly insane.

Cream leaked from Nita's pussy, preparing her body for the intimate contact it craved. Panting, she wanted to beg for more, but she kept silent. Rafaela would decide when and where to touch her, it was all part of the thrill.

"Close your eyes."

At the doctor's husky whisper, she complied, and found it made everything more intense. She couldn't see the shift of Rafaela's hand, could anticipate the arc of sensation, or where it was going to touch next. It brushed over her nose and down to her lips, and she parted them on a gasp. Her lips stung like she'd been passionately kissed.

Licking the tender skin, she almost bit her tongue when the wand pressed against her pussy lips, igniting a maelstrom of sensations. Yelping, she twisted on the bed, unable to drive herself closer. Frustrated, she whimpered as the wand slowly slid past her pouting lips and into her pussy. Tiny sparks of electricity danced over her slick inner walls.

She heard the rustle of fabric.

The bed dipped, and then Rafaela was straddling one of her legs, her pussy already slick with cream.

Nita opened her eyes, wanting to catch a glimpse of the doctor's nakedness. She'd fantasized about it for months. With a hard thrust, the wand drove deeper, causing her eyes to roll back and the lids to close. Her pussy clenched around the artificial lightening-rod.

"Eyes closed."

Nita bit her lip as the wand slid out, only to thrust deeper. Mewling, she twisted her head from side to side, the only motion available to her. She felt the slickness of Rafaela's pussy against her thigh when the doctor ground her pussy against the tight muscles in Nita's leg. She heard a scrap of metal against metal, and then a second spark attached to her clit.

Screaming at the sensation, her orgasm built. "Rafaela," she gasped, uncertain if she needed the other woman permission to orgasm. "I'm so close."

The pace of the thrusts picked up, the doctor working the wand deeper and faster, driving her closer and closer to orgasm. Juices coated her upper thigh as the doctor rocked faster and faster, grinding herself into an orgasm.

Nita wanted it to be her fingers Rafaela rode, but knew that, too, would be at a time of Rafaela's choosing. She was on the edge of the precipice, holding on by a thread when Rafaela slammed the wand up against the top wall of her pussy. The world exploded and no amount of willpower was going to hold back the flood. Screaming, Nita flew apart, her orgasm crashing over her.

Drowning in sensation, she vaguely heard the echo of her scream as Rafaela shuddered and collapsed beside her.

Chapter Thirteen

Lyssa shifted, uncomfortable under the doctor's stare. "What?" she snapped.

"Nothing." Rafaela's voice grated on her nerves. Unconsciously, rubbing at the band of still healing skin, she caught the gleam in the doctor's eyes and stopped.

"This is how we make our living, Doctor, and sometimes people die. People we're paid to remove. I've always been careful about the contracts, making sure the person wasn't an innocent."

A raven eyebrow arched and a smug smile crossed the doctor's face. "I am not disputing that, Captain. What I am disputing is your plan to kill whoever caused your accident."

Lyssa leaned across the table. Nita drew in a quick breath. Her friend reached out at the same time as Alya, and they each placed a hand against one of her arms.

Ignoring them, she focused on the doctor. "I will kill whoever it was, make no mistake about that. And if someone gets in my way, I'll knock them on their ass."

In the several weeks the doctor had been on board, the two women had formed a grudging bond. She didn't interfere with how the doctor ran her operating room, and signed the invoices for medical supplies, even if she didn't think they needed so damn much synthetic blood and bandages. In turn, the doctor stayed the hell off her bridge.

"Again, no dispute. What I do wish to make clear is you are not going to go off half-cocked and get everyone on this ship killed, myself included. There are ways to draw out saboteurs. You need to be more subtle."

Rafaela leaned back in her chair and Lyssa had to admit she was right. It burned her to do so, but she knew she couldn't just go after Jimbo, knowing the little shit had a hand in it. Showing

up once at a site where they were ambushed was one thing. Showing up at both scenes, he had to be in on it.

As much as she wanted to get her hands on him, the doctor had a point.

"Fine then, what do you suggest?"

Lyssa ignored the soft snicker and focused on the doctor. Damn, it galled her that the woman she had hated for so long had been so good for her pilot. Why the fuck she was such a good addition to their crew, Lyssa couldn't understand.

Then, things were working out for them. And thanks to having a doctor on board, her body was rapidly healing and no longer pained her.

Damn infernal woman.

About the Author

Born to ride on the back of dragons, to journey among the stars in a ship traveling faster than light, or to dance the night away in the arms of a mysterious vampire, Michelle Houston willingly shares the worlds in her mind in an effort to bring them to life.

Writing everything from short and sweet stories, to hot and spicy tales of kink, from contemporary tales of romance to erotic romances featuring Greek gods, vampires and were-creatures, she has crossed sexualities and has gone wherever her mental muse has guided her, a journey she has never regretted.

Beyond that, she has a love of the natural world around us (except for insects, spiders, snakes, scorpions, and she reserves the right to add more at any time) and hopes to share the enjoyment of the earth with her students once she finally earns her degree in secondary Biology/Earth Science Education.

In other words, she is an ordinary woman with an imagination that is only held in bounds by how fast she can type.