

ELLORA'S CAVE **AEON**



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Ria Sandro

When Natalie awakens on a spaceship manned by three gorgeous and adoring hunks, she's convinced she's dreaming. It's up to Andros, Leikos and Zafron to prove to her she's not. And that she's the perfect mate for all three of them.

Spygian alpha males travel far and wide in search of their perfect partner. And then share their mate in the most delicious, pleasurable ways they can imagine. But for Natalie, loving these red-hot aliens means leaving Earth. Is she willing to take a chance on a love that's out of this world?

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Chapter One

The front panel of the ship's control room slid open, exposing a view of space through the clear, impenetrable shield.

"We are approaching Earth now," said Leikos, Andros' second-in-command.

Silence filled the control room as Andros and his men stared at the round globe. Bright blue oceans eclipsed the images of land with a certain beauty that made him think of home.

"It looks somewhat like Spygia," said Zafron, the third and final member of Andros' pod.

Andros grunted in assent. The planet did resemble their own, although their oceans were more of an orange hue. But still, it wasn't the planet itself that had drawn them to this part of the galaxy, so far from their very own. No, they had been drawn to what was on this planet. Or rather, to *who*.

Our mate resides somewhere on Earth.

His Spygian homing instinct had led him here, to this alien planet, so that he could discover the one woman who was meant to be theirs. Now he had but to find her and get her back to this ship. Not an easy task. But compared to what they had gone through to get here, compared to the many weeks of travel, it was no great hardship.

Now that they had found the planet, they must search for their woman.

And pray she would consent.

* * * * *

Natalie stormed from the lush lobby of her office building out onto the cool street, her fists clenched so tightly that her nails bit into her skin. She'd been passed over for promotion. Again.

Even though she'd worked at Brooks and Waters for the past six years, she was still a lowly junior secretary. Despite having the intelligence, she didn't have a college degree. And at an uppity firm like Brooks and Waters, that meant she was on the slow train to nowhere.

It was so frustrating.

For the millionth time, Natalie wished she was brave enough to quit, to do something else with her life. But it seemed she'd taken after her parents in that regard. They had never done anything risky.

And where had they ended up?

Dead before the age of fifty, that was where. Killed in a car crash by a drunk driver.

She'd only been seventeen at the time, and had quickly discovered that her parents had no life insurance, no real savings to speak of. That was probably the only risky thing they'd ever done—assume that they'd be alive to pay her way through college with the money they earned from their high-paying jobs. But since things hadn't worked out that way, she'd had to give up her dreams of college and get the first decent job she could find right out of high school.

Enter Brooks and Waters, the law firm where she'd spent the last six years of her life slaving away. She'd worked her way up from copy girl to junior secretary, and had actually entertained hopes of going further. But after six years, she now realized that was no longer likely.

"That's it. I'm smarter than half the secretaries in that place. Tomorrow I'm going to waltz in there and demand the promotion I deserve."

But could she really do it? Could she really speak up after all these years?

It was so much easier said than done.

After walking the several blocks from her office to her run-down apartment building, Natalie made her way upstairs to her tiny, one-bedroom apartment. It wasn't much, but it was all she had. Since she'd put in yet another late night at the firm—again

for no recognition, not even a thank you very much—it was way past dinnertime. Her grumbling stomach kept reminding her of that. She headed into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, taking inventory. Not much in there. “Guess it’s Chinese food again.”

With a sigh, she turned around to look for her cell phone. And froze.

Standing in the entranceway into the kitchen, right in front of her, were two tall, barely clothed men. *What the fuck?*

This wasn’t the safest neighborhood, but she had never expected the possibility of a home invasion. *Oh my god, what am I going to do?*

“What the hell is going on? How did you get in here?” she yelled, hoping that maybe one of her neighbors was home and would hear her.

The two men looked at her with perplexed expressions, turning their heads to exchange a quick glance before turning back to her. “Using the transporter,” said one of them, raising his hands and stepping back slightly in a gesture of conciliation. “We mean you no harm, female.”

What?

Natalie reached her hand behind her back to feel around the counter for a knife, before remembering she’d dirtied them all and had placed them in the dishwasher before leaving for work this morning.

Shit!

She drew back, her gaze searching out her cell phone. Which was of course in her purse.

On the dining table just outside the kitchen. Along with her pepper spray.

Double shit!

Turning her attention back to the men, she adopted her most brusque tone, hoping they wouldn’t hear past it to her fear. “What the fuck are you two doing in here?”

One of the men, who had eyes the color of amethyst, turned a questioning gaze to the other, golden-eyed man. “Andros, this is our female?”

The man with the golden eyes sniffed in Natalie's direction. His face betraying no emotion, he said, "I believe it is, Leikos. I'm having some difficulty with her colloquialism, but I do not believe she meant 'fuck' in a good way."

"Ah, what a shame," Leikos replied.

Natalie looked back and forth between the two men. "What the hell are you two talking about?"

She fidgeted, hoping they wouldn't notice as she searched the kitchen with her peripheral vision, looking for something – anything – she could use as a weapon.

"Listen, this place has thin walls. My neighbors can hear every scream." If they were home, which wasn't likely. Larry worked nights and Eva spent more time at her boyfriend's apartment than she did at her own.

Again the two men exchanged glances. Then Andros turned his gaze back to Natalie. "Female, come with us."

She drew back. *Great. Just my luck. Two raging psychos.* "I'm not going anywhere. I'm warning you, assholes. Stay away from me."

"You will not come with us of your own free will?" said Andros.

"Fuck you!"

The man called Leikos turned to his partner in obvious confusion. "Is she consenting to the mating?"

"What?" Natalie exclaimed, looking back and forth between the two men in alarm. *What the hell are they talking about?*

Andros sighed. "Alas, if only. I do not believe her words have the meaning we would hope."

Then, before she could scream or even blink, he came close to her, mere inches from her face. He touched her cheek gently and a strange feeling of well-being washed through her. Almost as if she'd been drugged simply by his touch. She felt...safe.

For the first time, Natalie noticed how good-looking the man in front of her was. His perfectly symmetrical face, accented by high cheekbones and lush, firm lips, framed beautiful golden eyes.

Feeling as if she was in a daze, she looked over at the second man, taking in the obvious similarities between them. They both stood over six feet tall, and were of broad, muscular build. Both men had long, silky black hair that fell straight down to mid-back and gorgeous honey-toned skin. Their large, almond-shaped eyes were framed by dark, slanted eyebrows.

But the most striking thing about them was the way they were dressed. Or rather, undressed.

The only clothing each man had on was a small white cloth covering his groin. Loincloths. They had gold cuffs on each of their arms. Other than that, they had nothing. No shoes even, she noted as her gaze traveled down to take in their perfectly shaped toes.

Overall, they were stunning specimens of the male gender.

When Natalie finally returned her gaze to the golden-eyed man in front of her, his lips curved as if in approval of the frank appreciation in her eyes. His fingers fluttered over her cheek once more, his voice soft as he said, "Sleep."

"Wha—?" Amazingly, before she could even finish her thought, she felt her vision begin to spiral, and her world begin to go dark.

* * * * *

Leikos looked over at the woman lying unconscious in Andros' arms. "She seems to be a fiery one."

Andros nodded in agreement. "That is good."

She would have to be fiery and bold of heart if she were to become a Spygian mate. As Andros looked down at the woman, his chest tightened even as his loins grew heavy with arousal. She was lovely, with her long hair the color of the Spygian moons—they

called it “blonde” here. She was tall for an Earth woman. The top of her head had reached his chest.

She would be the perfect height for lovemaking. Her body would fit perfectly to his. And his men’s.

“We have traveled long and far to find you, female,” he murmured to her soft, sleeping face. His hard cock jerked in acknowledgment of his words, as he fought the urge to take her then and there. It had been so very long since any of them had been with a woman. The Spygian in him longed to make her his.

“I cannot wait to fuck you, my mate,” he said softly, trying out the English term for mating that he’d so recently learned, and finding that he liked it.

Standing next to him, Leikos grunted in assent. “Think you she is truly our mate?” He reached down to adjust himself as he gazed upon the unconscious woman.

“The scent is strong,” Andros replied. “Stronger than any other potential mate I have come upon. Yes, I believe she is ours.”

“Good,” grunted Leikos. “The sooner we can determine this, the sooner we can be on our way back to Spygia.”

Leikos pushed the transmitter on his arm cuff, creating an auditory connection between them and their ship.

“Have you found her?” Zafron’s deep voice sounded out.

“Yes,” Andros replied. “Leikos will bring us back to the ship.”

The air around them buzzed and rippled when Leikos activated the transporter. In a flash, they were back in the control room. Zafron eagerly approached them, admiring their potential mate. Andros felt a strong surge of pride, hearing the groans of unfettered excitement from Leikos and Zafron as they examined the female.

Zafron breathed in admiration, reaching down to stroke his cock through his loincloth. “She is exquisite.”

"She is," Andros assented. "According to the information we found at her apartment, her name is Natalie Woodrow. I believe she is our mate."

Leikos reached out and ran a hand through the woman's long blonde hair. Taking Leikos' cue, Zafron placed his hand on her cheek, his fingers trailing down her neck, then lingering perilously close to her breasts. Even Andros was unable to contain a rough groan at the sight of the sleeping woman's slender form.

"Enough," he said hoarsely, pulling her body away slightly. If he didn't seek to control them now, how far would they go? They were more than likely even now imagining what it would be like to rip the tight fabric of her slacks off, to take turns plunging their stiff, aching cocks deep inside her womanly heat.

But, as much as they might imagine it, things would not be progressing so quickly. There would have to be the choice—and the ritual—to determine whether she was in fact their mate.

Would that we could give you more time, Natalie, but things must be done quickly.

They had reached their mating period, and thoughts of sex constantly loomed in their minds. Would continue to do so, until they were mated. On top of this, they were more than eager to return to Spygia. With the wars brooding on the outer planets, Spygia could use the presence of every male, the better to keep it protected.

"I will place her in her quarters until she awakens," Andros continued roughly. "Then we will enlighten her and have her make her choice."

The men nodded and murmured in tortured assent, sexually frustrated as they were. They might not like waiting, but they understood that it was a necessity. The woman must make the choice to be their mate. It could not be forced on her.

"Andros, I have prepared her quarters based on the image you provided me of her living space on Earth," Zafron said.

"Very good," Andros replied. With long, quick strides, he was out of the control room, away from his men. He walked down the short passageway, approaching the door to the woman's quarters, which slid open as he came closer to it. A brief glance

around the space confirmed that Zafron had indeed done an excellent job of recreating the sleeping quarters of the woman.

Gently placing her on the bed, he was unable to resist sitting next to her for a moment. Would she accept him and his men? He knew from his studies of the planet that cultural norms were different on Earth. Women generally had relationships with one man at a time, though the men weren't often so discriminating. He could only hope that she would be one of the women who found pleasure in sharing herself with more than one man. That he wouldn't have scented her if she was not amenable to the idea.

If she accepted them, they would spend a lifetime revering her, reminding her of the wisdom of her decision.

The enticing woman gave a soft moan and turned her head to one side, exposing the delicate column of her throat to his view. It was amazing how unbelievably aroused he was by this simple show of flesh.

"By severn, you are truly irresistible, female," he breathed. "My Natalie."

His distended cock jerked in awareness, tenting the fabric of his loincloth. Reaching down, he pushed the loincloth up, freeing his arousal and closing his fist around it. He gave his swollen cock several pumps. All too quickly, he felt his release coming to him, evidence of just how aroused this female had made him. He came with a tortured hiss, his semen flowing from the engorged tip of his cock.

Andros removed his hand from his cock, looking down at Natalie's peaceful face. "Next time I find my release, I will be buried deep inside your willing body, my mate. This I promise."

With one last look down at the luscious curves of her body, he forced himself to rise and leave the room.

* * * * *

Natalie was having the best erotic dream. She was surrounded by several men, admiring her, desiring her. Making her feel all too turned on.

It was a pretty amazing dream, but apparently she awoke too early, because when she opened her eyes she was in her darkened bedroom, and she was still heavily aroused. “Fuck, why couldn’t I stay asleep a few more minutes,” she muttered, rubbing her eyes.

She didn’t remember falling asleep, but she must have, because she was lying in her bed, her familiar soft-pink down comforter underneath her. Looking down, she saw that her shoes were still on her feet. *That’s weird.*

As she sat up, she remembered the last thing that had happened. The two men materializing in her apartment. Men who looked nothing like any man she’d ever seen before. Who appeared to be plucked straight out of her imagination, with looks a model would envy and fuckably muscular bodies.

“Hmm...I guess that was part of my dream, too.” It was disorienting, but Natalie had suffered from overly vivid dreams all her life. There were times she truly didn’t remember what was a dream and what had actually happened to her. So she wasn’t too concerned about it.

Something was off, though. She couldn’t really put her finger on it, but the room seemed different somehow. Flipping on the lamp sitting on the bedside table, she looked around. Same bright pink walls, same paintings. But there was something...

It’s the dimensions of the room. They were...different. Standing up, she walked over to the heavy curtains covering the window and flipped them back, expecting to see the familiar views of the city nightscape—tall buildings, never-ending traffic and endless city lights.

“Oh my god!”

Her hand went limp, the curtain falling from her grasp and coming back down to cover the window once again. She fought to remain standing as her knees went weak. “I’m dreaming. I’m still dreaming. That can’t be what I saw.”

Reaching her shaky hand up, she slowly and carefully lifted the curtains back again to reveal the view outside the window.

It hadn't changed.

She was looking out at a never-ending blanket of stars. And below her, far below her, the round globe of Earth.

It was unbelievable. Inconceivable. But there was no mistaking it.

She was in outer space.

Chapter Two

"Are you sure she can accommodate all three of us?" Zafron asked Andros impatiently as he stalked back and forth through the control room. "She seems rather fragile."

That was typical Zafron, all brusque irritation. Not that Andros blamed him. It had been a long time since he had been mated. Since any of them had been mated. The men were impatient, eager to fuck. Especially now that their mating period had approached.

As a species that derived much of their strength from sexual energy, it was all any of them ever thought about lately. And the death of their planet's females had weakened Spygia critically. They needed to be mated and rejoin their Spygian brethren before the outer planetary wars drew any closer to their home planet.

"She smells right, does she not?" he said to Zafron.

The men murmured their assent, adjusting themselves uncomfortably as they remembered the sweet, arousing smell of her sex.

"We must perform the ritual quickly, so that we can mate her," Leikos said as he rubbed his cock through his loincloth.

"Yes," Andros agreed from his position at the captain's station. "But she must consent."

That was the crux of it. As much as he'd love to part her thighs and bury himself deeply in her sex, he couldn't do that unless she asked for it. *I'll make her beg for it*, he thought darkly, rubbing his hard arousal.

"I must admit, I too have wondered whether she will be able to handle all of us," Leikos said.

"Do not forget, there are other human women who are mated to Spygian men," Andros responded.

True, more often than not, Spygians found mates among the Arethrans or the Keulots, but there was the occasional Earth woman who could withstand the rigors of Spygian lovemaking. And the Spygian homing instinct that was bestowed on him as the leader of his pod had led him to Earth. To Natalie.

"She *will* take us all, my brothers. She was made for us."

* * * * *

Natalie blinked furiously at the view she was facing outside her window. "I'm dreaming," she said with a shaky laugh.

After all, it was either that or she really was in space. The former was much easier to believe.

"Wow, this is probably the craziest dream I've ever had."

Since it was just a dream, might as well go with the flow. She turned and headed toward the door. She was surprised when the door slid open as she approached it. "Hmm. Just like *Star Trek*." It seemed that the knob was simply an illusion.

She stepped out of the room into a long, narrow passageway. Definitely not her apartment. "I *must* be dreaming." That was the only logical explanation.

Biting her lip, she looked to the left and then to the right. There were sliding doors in each direction, but just to her left was a wider, more important-looking set of doors. She took a deep breath. "Okay, just a dream. Just a dream."

Walking over to the set of doors, she stood before them as they opened, revealing a large room with several stations. Three men were in the room. Three men who looked quite similar in appearance, with their long, silky hair, toned, muscular bodies and barely there wardrobes. Who appeared to ooze sex as their powerful bodies turned to face her.

Her gaze moving back and forth between the men, she was able to pick out the two from her kitchen. The man with the golden eyes – Andros – was seated at a counter that housed a set of controls. Leikos was standing beside him, leaning back against a counter that had more controls.

The other man also had distinct eyes, a shade of shimmering aquamarine. And at the moment, all eyes were turned toward her. Unless she missed her guess, they were hungrily taking her in, perusing her up and down as if they wanted to devour her. The men put off pheromones that absolutely drove her wild. That made her think maybe being devoured wouldn't be such a bad thing.

"I know I'm dreaming," she said conversationally, taking a few cautious steps into the room. Even though this was a dream, the men *did* seem to radiate danger, so a little caution might be in order.

"Dreaming?" repeated Andros as he rose from his seat, a look of amusement on his face. "Is that what you believe?"

"Well, I don't believe in aliens, and even if I did, they wouldn't look like you. It's not possible for us to be in a spaceship hovering over Earth. So, yeah, I think I'm dreaming."

Andros gave her a saucy grin, and her heart stopped as he stalked toward her. She couldn't help but look down, taking in the planes and ridges of his toned chest and abs, the slight trail of hair that began below his bellybutton and dipped down into that ridiculous excuse for a loincloth. A huge bulge tented it to unbelievable proportions.

Natalie gulped as her eyes shot up to Andros' in alarm. *That* couldn't be real.

Andros merely cocked an eyebrow, silently daring her to say something.

"Yeah, definitely a dream."

Andros gave her another sexy grin. "Well, if this is just a dream, perhaps you don't wish to hear our reason for bringing you here?"

Really? So her imagination had concocted a story to go with her dream alien abduction. This would be interesting. "I'd *love* to hear the story."

"Then please, take a seat," Andros said politely, running his fingers down one arm before placing his hand on her back and guiding her to the seat he had just evacuated. Natalie tried to suppress the shiver she felt at his touch. The man's hands were electric.

When she was seated, Andros casually leaned back on the counter. His position put him a mere inches away from her and she squirmed uncomfortably. Her dream alien smelled of spice and clove and the promise of sex. And just looking at him made her all hot and bothered.

She felt liquid begin to pool between her thighs and pressed them together. Andros took a deep breath, and as she gazed up to his face, his heated expression made her think he could tell that she was aroused.

Her gaze traveled to the other men, who were still staring at her eagerly. They too sported obvious hard-ons beneath their loincloths. *What a very interesting dream.*

She wasn't the kind of girl who took on multiple sexual partners in real life. Or any partners lately, to be honest. So she was surprised at how turned on she was at the thought of these three men and what sort of pleasure they could bring her.

"I would like to introduce you to my pod," Andros said. "I am called Andros. I am the leader of the pod. Leikos is my second-in-command. Zafron is to your left; he is our third, and the ship's mechanic."

Besides their eye color, Natalie could make out some subtle differences in the men. Andros was the broadest and most muscular-looking, Leikos had a barely noticeable cleft in his chin and Zafron was the tallest by several inches.

"As you have already surmised, we are not from around here," Andros said.

Natalie snorted. "No kidding."

Andros smiled before continuing in a soft tone. "Natalie, we—"

"Wait. How do you know my name?"

"We know everything about you." When she shot him a disbelieving look, he continued, "We observed you briefly before approaching you. I know you are a woman of above-average intelligence. Therefore I know that you would prefer to hear it from me straight, as you Earth dwellers say. We are from a planet called Spygia. It is quite a distance from your planet, a journey of several weeks even with our advanced mode of interplanetary transportation."

"Okay, sure." This was rich. Her imagination was apparently running wild on her today. "Tell me, do all the men on your planet ooze raw sex?"

Andros exchanged a brief, confused glance with Leikos. "You believe we look like sexual intercourse?"

"Never mind," she muttered. "Any particular reason why you're here? And what do you want with me?"

Again Andros exchanged looks with his men before responding. "Spygia has some similarities to your Earth, but there are also notable differences. One being that there are no native females left on our planet."

"Ah, of course," Natalie replied with a smirk. There, her dream alien was getting down to it. This was a sex dream after all. One where she happened to come across a ship full of impossibly handsome aliens, with what were unmistakably large, bulging erections, who had no women and were thus more than anxious to get it on. She felt moisture pooling between her thighs once more. *I could really get into this kind of dream, I think.*

Andros' lower lip caught between his teeth as he let out a soft groan, his gaze shooting briefly down between her thighs. He appeared to be uncomfortable, but he continued speaking. "There was an epidemic many years ago that disproportionately affected our Spygian women. One by one they all died off. Unfortunately, it was not all that difficult for this to happen, since Spygia has never had an abundance of women."

"So now you're all here looking for some human women, right?" Natalie laughed. Her imagination was exceeding normal creativity levels today.

Andros hesitated for a brief moment. "Actually, that is another difference between Earth dwellers and Spygians. We do not need women to satisfy us. Rather, we are looking for a woman." He glanced briefly at Leikos before continuing. "Each pod of Spygian men will mate with the same woman. We are searching for that woman."

Aha, here it was. "And you think *I'm* the woman? You all want to mate with *me*?" She moved her gaze from Andros to each of the other men, who stared at her hungrily and hopefully, silently answering her question with their heated gazes. "So this is a sex dream after all."

Zafron gave a surprised but pleased-sounding laugh, and Andros replied in an amused tone, "Is this akin to one of your normal sex dreams?"

"Hmm...well, not quite, but I must admit I'm intrigued."

He simply looked at her for one moment, as if he was considering her response, then gave her a satisfied smile. Standing up, he adjusted his heavy arousal through his loincloth. "Come, female. Let me show you our ship."

Natalie's mouth fell open as she stared up at Andros in surprised silence. *It's a sex dream, right? I thought you were going to jump my bones.*

A little warning bell started to go off in her head, but she ignored it.

A sex dream but no sex yet. This was getting weird.

Standing up, she followed Andros, hearing soft hisses from the men behind her. Glancing back, she saw that they were indeed ogling her ass, as she'd suspected. Okay, that part was in line with a sex dream, but the rest...

She brought her troubled gaze back to Andros, who'd reached the doorway and was standing there, waiting for her.

The rest was definitely strange.

* * * * *

"Our ship is small, but you will find that it contains everything you will need."

Andros walked by Natalie's side down the passageway, his hands clasped behind his back. He didn't particularly care for her to see how shaky his lust for her was making them. *By severn, she smells exquisite.*

He was trying to deal with her carefully, since he'd read that Earth women could tend to be skittish. Especially when introduced to Spygian males and their culture. He did not want to frighten her away. And if she knew what he was thinking right now, she would probably be very afraid.

It was all he could do to not shove her up against the wall, tear open the zipper of her slacks and thrust one finger deep inside her luscious warmth. Even now her arousing scent was driving him insane. What he wouldn't give to sample the delicious taste of her on his finger. Better yet, directly on his tongue. And the tempting female seemed to have no clue just how arousing she was.

Once we are mated, my female, I will pay you back for this exquisite torture you are forcing me to suffer. I'll bury my tongue deep inside your delectable heat and fuck you until you are senseless with the pleasure of it all. As will each of my men.

"Did you actually take the furniture from my bedroom?" she asked, cocking her head toward the door of her chamber as they passed by it.

Yes, she was completely clueless as to what he was thinking. What they would require of her. He smiled wolfishly at the thought, unable to help himself. But when she looked taken aback, he tempered his smile so that it was less threatening. "We did not. We simply recreated it."

She looked impressed. "You can do that?"

Andros shrugged. "It's a simple thing for us." They passed another set of doors, and he nodded his head toward it. "This is my chamber, female. You are, of course, welcome there at any time you so desire."

She shot him an amused look.

They rounded the corridor and he pointed out each of his men's rooms as they passed them. "Behind that door is a library. And the far set of doors leads to a

greenhouse of sorts. We go there occasionally to take a respite from the starkness of the remainder of the ship. I believe you will quite like it there. You should feel free to explore it at will. However, for now, this door directly in front of us contains the dining hall. Are you hungry, Natalie?"

She rubbed her stomach, a considering expression on her face. "Yes. I'd forgotten."

He nodded. "Come." The door to the dining hall opened as they approached, revealing a room that contained nothing other than a long, narrow table and a large window that afforded an expansive view of the stars. The view never failed to catch his attention.

What an exquisite sight it was, looking out into space. Almost as beautiful as gazing out onto his planet. Though not nearly as exquisite as this enchanting creature before him.

"Whoa," Natalie exclaimed, walking over to the window and staring out of it. "This is crazy."

"It is quite extraordinary," he agreed, moving to stand by her side but keeping a little distance between them. He still didn't trust himself not to fall upon her, and his cock was not helping the matter. He feared, now that they had found her, that the erection would remain until he had thoroughly fucked her. Perhaps it would require several matings, in fact.

She placed her hand to her stomach again, in an unconscious gesture of vulnerability. "This is so vivid. I'm beginning to wonder if I'm dreaming after all," she said hesitantly.

The lost look on her face aroused his sympathy. He could not imagine being in her position. She had discovered much today that had previously been unknown to her.

Placing his hand on her back, he rubbed it lightly, resisting his primal urge to claim her immediately. "It is not a dream, though you may continue to delude yourself for now, if it so eases your mind."

She looked out at the window for several long minutes before responding, "Maybe it's real, or maybe I'm crazy. I think I'll reserve my judgment for a little while longer." Turning, she threw him a cheeky grin. "Now, about that food..."

"Yes," he replied with an answering grin, as he turned and led her to the table, pulling out a chair for her to sit.

She looked around expectantly. "Well, where is it?" Her face adopted an uncomfortable expression. "It's not going to be anything weird, is it?"

Laughing, he asked, "What would you like to eat?"

"I can have anything I want?" she asked in a dubious tone.

"Certainly."

"Okay, how about a veggie pizza?"

"As you wish." He strode over to the materializer located on one end of the room and pressed the activation button. "Veggie pizza," he barked into it, and was pleased to hear her loud gasp when the box opened to reveal what she had requested. Grinning, he retrieved the unfamiliar food item and set it in front of her. It looked rather good, actually.

"How did you do that?"

"I did nothing." He shot her a cheeky grin. "It was the materializer. A device that assembles items from stored organic materials."

Natalie shot him a look. "Huh?"

"It creates whatever food or drink you desire."

"Holy shit!" Her face took on an expression of pure delight as she grabbed a slice of pizza and took a careful, appraising bite. "It's delicious."

"I am happy you are pleased. What would you care to drink?"

She looked equally surprised when the glass of wine she requested materialized as well. "I could definitely get used to this."

He simply smiled as he brought her the wine, then sat at the table to watch her eat and drink. It was beyond enjoyable to watch his female delight in the comforts to be found on his ship.

Her new home. If she so chose.

She quickly drank down her glass of wine, requesting a second.

"I've much to tell you about the Spygian people, but is there anything in particular you would care to know first?"

Her face reddened a bit as she pondered his question. Casting her gaze down, she said, "So, if this isn't a dream, you're telling me that you want me to sleep with you and your men, right?"

"We want you to be our mate. Sex is part of this, yes."

She took a breath. "Listen, I pride myself on being honest, so I'll be straight with you. I'm not saying your proposition doesn't turn me on. You guys are all really hot. But I'm not too excited about the prospect of being used just for sex."

He could tell from her delicious scent that she was, as she said, turned on. But underneath that, she was frightened as well. "Used? I do not understand."

What sort of men were on this Earth, that she worried about being used? She should know that she would be worshiped by him and his men, would be treated like the queen she so obviously was.

"Natalie, I do not know what Earth men are like, but Spygians cherish and adore their mates. If you chose to be mated with us, you would be treated with the respect and admiration you deserve."

She did not respond, but he saw a flicker in her eyes that he interpreted as interest, and so he continued. "I am telling you that we believe you are our mate. If you are, and if you so choose, we will become bonded for life. But that will require that you leave Earth and return with us to Spygia."

Her face became alarmed. "You want me to leave Earth?"

Holding back a sigh, Andros replied, "Yes, I'm afraid that would be necessary. We must return home as quickly as we are able to, once we have found our mate."

She started to shake her head. "I...I don't know."

He had been afraid she would balk at this. But he had done his research. "Natalie, all of your relatives are deceased, are they not?" She nodded hesitantly. "I have seen the small apartment you live in. You have no other living being to keep you company. Not even a plant. So I ask you, what is there on Earth for you? What is so important, that would be worth staying for?"

* * * * *

"What is so important, that would be worth staying for?"

Andros' question ate away at her. Because he had a point. What was so great about Earth? Not to say that it was so horrible she would immediately pack off to another planet just because a group of impossibly sexy aliens asked her to. But hadn't she just been wishing that she'd taken more risks in her life? So why immediately discount their offer?

Assuming that she wasn't just dreaming this, of course. Or off her rocker. Those were distinct possibilities. But she considered herself to be open-minded. Given that the universe was so incredibly vast, it was probably crazy and egotistical to assume that Earth was the only planet that actually contained life. It wasn't *that* much more of a stretch to accept that aliens were here now.

And, if she were being honest with herself, this was far more lucid and involved than any dream she'd ever had.

But could you do this? Be with all three of these men? These incredibly sexy but obviously extremely horny men?

The moisture pooling between her thighs told her she could. Wanton as it was. If she were to even consider something like this with men on her own planet, they might

brand her a whore. But it seemed to be accepted among these men. And from what Andros was telling her, they wouldn't think her a whore or disrespect her for it.

The thought bore consideration. Even if it was just a dream.

Taking a breath, she asked him, "Are you so sure that sex between humans and — and your species — would even work?"

He looked relieved at her question, perhaps because it meant that she might be considering his offer. "There are some Earth women who are mated to Spygians. In fact, those among us who have mated with human women claim that they are well-suited for the...the rigors of our lifestyle."

Natalie choked on a breath as his words brought a dozen naughty images into her mind. "What about sexually transmitted diseases?" She picked up her glass of wine and drank deeply from it, resisting the urge to fan herself with her hand. When had it gotten so hot in here?

"Spygians do not have any such thing, nor can they be transmitted from humans. It is a non-issue."

Taking a shaky breath, she asked him for a third glass of wine. Perhaps it would be better if she continued this conversation in a delightful, wine-induced haze.

"What about babies?" She'd always wanted them, someday. It wasn't a dream she thought she could give up.

"We can successfully mate with humans, though all the children born of this type of union have been male. However, you should know that impregnation is only done at will."

"At will?" she repeated incredulously.

"Yes. When we were all ready for such a thing, we would express our desire, and it would happen then. But not at any time before."

"But...but how would you know whose baby it was?"

He shook his head calmly. "That matters not to us. We will be one family. The child will belong to us all."

Holy crap. No STDs, and I can't even get pregnant unless I actually want to? He had already eliminated just about every concern a woman faced when thinking about sex.

"Doesn't it bother you to have to share one woman?"

Andros shook his head, looking confused at her question. "That has always been our way. Why would it bother us? Besides, my brothers' pleasure brings me pleasure."

"Brothers?"

"Brothers in spirit, though not by blood," he explained.

"So, given that you share so much with your men, how do you choose them? Or is there a choice?"

Andros gifted her with a sexy smile that made her heart skip a beat. "In Spygia, we males reach our mating period at the age of one hundred twenty-four years. Based on my studies, I believe this is the equivalent of thirty-one or so in human years.

"Spygians are a sexual species. Once we reach our mating period, we are driven by a constant desire to bond with our female, and once mated our strength and energy is increased many times over. There are ritual contests performed before we reach our mating period, during which it is decided which male will be the leader of his pod, and which men will belong to one pod."

One hundred twenty-four years? Holy cow. "Does time go by differently there? What would happen to a human in Spygia?"

"You would age as we do."

Well, that was good to know at least.

Could you possibly do this, Natalie?

A flock of nervous butterflies took flight in her stomach as she realized she was honestly considering this. "Okay, so say I was considering your offer. What would you want me to do?"

Andros smile broadly, as if he sensed that victory was within his grasp. "First we would have to determine that you are indeed our mate. We must perform a ritual test."

"Test? What sort of test?"

Squirming uncomfortably in his chair, he replied, "It is detailed and difficult to explain. But I will say that before you agree to the test, you must decide with a certainty that you would be amenable to mating with me and my men. If there are any doubts..."

Natalie took a deep breath. It appeared that he was placing the ball firmly in her court. Accept the possibility of being with three incredibly virile men...or go back to her old life as junior secretary at the law firm? Live with the men on this amazing ship...or return to her tiny apartment in her run-down building?

"You've given me a lot to think about," she said finally. "What's my time frame to decide?"

His face took on a pained expression. "I do realize that you will need some time, Natalie, to become acquainted with us. To learn more about Spygia. But we can give you no more than a few days before we must begin our journey back to our planet. However, during that time I ask that you remain on the ship with us. The more time we have together, the quicker you will become acquainted with us."

"But my job. I'll get fired if I mis—"

"Would that truly upset you?" he responded dryly.

It appeared he knew more about her than she'd originally thought, by the tone of his voice as he asked her that question. Hey, the odds were she was just dreaming all this craziness up. But on the off chance she wasn't, maybe a little stay on board this ship would be the perfect way to shake things up a bit. Lousy job be damned.

Taking a deep breath, she said, "Okay, I'll stay for a bit."

He grinned triumphantly. "That is good." Pushing back from the table, he rose. "I imagine you must be quite exhausted. You have had quite a trying day. Let me escort you back to your chamber."

He was right. She was exhausted. Stifling a sudden yawn, Natalie rose and followed him out the door and down the corridor. He walked close by her side, filling her nostrils with his overwhelming masculine scent as he pointed out a feature of the ship here and answered a question about a strange object there, until they were back outside of the door leading into her room.

As she thought of how they had recreated her room at home, she found herself pleased that they'd obviously taken the time and effort to do something with the hope of making her feel more at ease in this strange space. The gesture was noted and appreciated. Her dream aliens were difficult to ignore.

"Natalie," Andros said softly, placing his hand on hers. "I'm sorry if I frightened you earlier back at your apartment. I would never wish to have you fear me."

The look in his eyes was mesmerizing. He looked at her as if she was some sort of treasure that he couldn't take his eyes off. Not the sort of look she'd ever gotten from a man before. She found that she really liked it.

"Thank you," she replied softly, making no immediate move to pull her hand away. It felt good in his.

"I know that I told you we would allow you to learn more about us, and we will. But I want to promise you, if you but choose to stay with us, we will work eagerly to ensure that your every desire is fulfilled."

Her breath caught as his words. The way he said it, she could almost believe it.

When his mouth came down toward hers ever so slowly, giving her ample opportunity to object, she found that she couldn't do so. Didn't want to. She wanted his lips on hers. To see how he would taste. And she wasn't disappointed. The man tasted better than chocolate. He softly pressed his lips to hers once, then twice, before slipping his tongue through and parting her lips.

Andros' tongue flicked out teasingly, penetrating her mouth and withdrawing, making her wet almost instantly. Though he kept his carefully controlled body away

from hers, he inhaled and groaned roughly, as if he could smell the scent of her arousal. "You taste delicious," he said softly. "I could kiss you forever."

Natalie moaned, leaning into him unconsciously. His sweet, insistent tongue traced the edge of her lip before thrusting inside once more in an imitation of the sex act. God, if he was as good in bed as he was at kissing...

Andros broke off with a muttered oath, pressing his forehead to hers for a moment before drawing back. "You are too tempting, my female. I must stop now, while I still can."

Natalie stared up at him, unable to hide her desire for him as she subconsciously parted her lips. The man had her almost insensible with just one kiss. If he wasn't a dream, then it was obvious that he surely wasn't human. No human man could cast such an erotic spell.

"Good night," she said in a strangled tone as she slowly backed into her room.

Once the doors closed her into her chamber, she was both relieved and disappointed when she was able to successfully fight her urge go running back out, begging him to take her.

Chapter Three

When Natalie awoke the next morning and rushed to pull the curtains aside, she didn't know whether or not she was surprised by the fact that the view was still that of outer space, rather than her familiar city street. If she was dreaming, this was the longest, most drawn-out dream she'd ever had.

"Holy cow. I can't believe this."

Right there in the corner of the room was the door leading into the bathroom. Just like at home. But when she approached it, the door slid open to reveal a luxuriously appointed bathing room.

"Well, this is definitely not like home."

It was much, much better. Everything appeared to be decorated in marble, but upon closer look, it wasn't quite marble but a rougher stone that closely resembled it. One she'd never seen before. There was a long counter with a sink in it, and in front of that a long vanity mirror. Behind a glass door was a deep shower with six showerheads that sprayed from every direction.

"Let's try this out, shall we?" She shed her clothes and stepped inside. There were no knobs, only one button, so she held her breath and pushed it. The water instantly came on, and it was the perfect temperature as it sprayed down on her like rain.

There was some sort of container on the wall that had a pump. It was made of the same marbled stone as the rest of the bathroom, and when Natalie pressed it lavender-smelling soap foamed out.

She took her time bathing, reveling in the heavenly feel of the hot water cascading down her body. Between her thighs. God, she was turned on beyond belief, just by being in the presence of her dream aliens.

Her body was suffused in heat as she remembered Andros' deep, erotic kiss. The man kissed like there was no tomorrow, like a man who was dying and therefore had nothing to lose. She was amazed at the intensity of her attraction to him.

True, he was seriously fuckable, with his strong body that any sane man would envy and his impossibly beautiful face. But it was something more than just the way he looked. It was the essence he projected. The way his golden eyes had pierced through her right before he kissed her, silently promising her all sorts of naughty things.

Recalling his kiss, she couldn't help herself. She rubbed her clit with two fingers. Then pressed those fingers inside her, plunging them in and out of her moist heat as she rubbed her thumb against her clit. As aroused as she was, it didn't take much to bring her to a shuddering release.

Natalie exhaled deeply. "That's better." At least now she stood a chance of seeing Andros without automatically jumping his bones.

After she drew her clothes back on, she walked out of her bedroom, standing in the empty hall for a moment before deciding to head to the dining hall. Sure enough, all three men were sitting at the table when she entered, eating breakfast. Her face grew hot as three pairs of eyes focused directly on her, their greedy gazes making her feel exposed. But despite their obvious hungry glances, they remained respectful as they rose in acknowledgment of her presence.

"Good morning, Natalie," Andros said, motioning to a place beside him. "Please, order your breakfast and sit."

She looked at their plates, filled with unfamiliar things. There was even something that looked like a piece of meat but was green in color. *Gross.*

Walking over to the materializer, she said, "I'd like eggs and toast, please." Once again the box opened to reveal her requested plate of food, which she brought to the table. *So freaking cool.*

What would it be like, to not have to worry about working to put food on the table? To never have to cook again? With her dubious cooking skills, she would gladly give that up.

"Do you still believe you are dreaming, sweet one?" Leikos asked in between bites of food.

"I haven't made up my mind yet."

Andros smiled. "Once you have broken your fast, why do you not spend some time in the greenhouse? I think you will find it quite pleasant. I have some matters to take care of, but I can join you there once I am done."

Why not? Natalie shrugged. "That sounds like a plan."

"I can show her around, Andros," Zafron volunteered eagerly.

"I as well," Leikos chimed in. "After our stroll, I will return to relieve you in the control room."

Natalie's blood heated as she imagined sharing space with these two virile men. Her heart might not be able to take it. But she accepted Leikos' arm when he rose after they'd finished breakfast, and walked out of the dining hall with her hand on his arm, trying to appear worldly rather than nervous. Zafron's warm body pressed close to her other side.

She couldn't contain a loud gasp as they pushed past the doors to the greenhouse. "Wow, I can't believe this!"

Calling it a greenhouse was quite an understatement. The large space was filled with lush green plants and colorful flowers. The way they were laid out created a garden of sorts, a meandering pathway lined with reds and oranges and blues. The sweet smell of lavender filled the air and the floor appeared to be covered in packed dirt and grass, as if they were actually on land. Large sunlamps lined the ceiling, mimicking sunlight.

"This is so amazing," she breathed.

"Truly, it is," Leikos agreed proudly. "It is our oasis. It is amazing what a sight such as this can do to alter a man's frame of mind."

"Walk with us," Zafron said, placing his hand on Natalie's arm as he started down the pathway. He pointed to a tall patch of purple flowers. "This plant is theamene. I believe you have a very similar one on your planet, called lavender. It is ever abundant on our home planet. We like to keep some here to remind us of home."

"And that is the betelflower," Leikos chimed in, pointing to a spiky white flower that looked a little like a windmill.

They continued pointing out flowers as they passed, naming them and telling stories from their childhood that the flowers reminded them of. Leikos of traipsing through his mother's garden and ruining her favorite abaicus plant. Zafron of wooing a girl with hephetalilies, only to discover that she was allergic to them. They seemed to be trying to put her at ease. It was definitely working. Right now, walking this beautiful space with these two virile men, she felt more relaxed than she had in months. Maybe even years.

Finally they reached an area where a little creek had been made. A small footbridge crossed over the diminutive creek, the sound of trickling water delighting Natalie's senses as they stopped on the bridge and looked out over the foliage and flowers.

"Wow, this is magical." To think that there was someplace like this on a ship. It was incredible. Wonderful. She could imagine spending a lot of time here.

Leikos and Zafron pressed at her shoulders. When had they moved in so close? She'd been so distracted by the scenery she hadn't even noticed.

Their heady masculine scent intoxicated her. The heat of their bodies enveloped her where their bare chests pressed against her shoulders. The air filled with a nervous, taut sexual tension, setting her heart into a furious pounding rhythm. She turned her head toward Leikos. "I—"

"Shush, little one," he interrupted, placing a long finger over her lips. Then, slowly, he pushed his finger between her parted lips, pressing insistently against her slightly

parted teeth. She automatically parted her teeth further, and he rubbed his finger against her tongue with a soft, tortured hiss.

Although she meant to pull away, the intense look on his face inflamed her senses and she found herself closing her lips around his finger instead, sucking lightly on it.

"By severn," he growled, closing his eyes. He removed his finger and caught the back of her head with his hand, holding her in place as he brought his mouth down to hers and kissed her, sensually thrusting his tongue inside.

Natalie moaned at the feel of his slick tongue inside her. He was such a good kisser. Like Andros. His dark, silky hair brushed up against her face as he slid his tongue in and out of her mouth. She'd never kissed a guy with long hair before. The feel of it against her face and neck was unexpectedly arousing.

A moment later she gasped as Leikos turned her to face him fully. Zafron's heated body pressed against her back. The unmistakable ridge of a large, stiff arousal brushed her lower back as he softly ran his hands through her hair, then down her arms.

Leikos moved forward to close the gap between their bodies, his hard erection pressing against her belly. The loincloth he wore presented scarcely any barrier at all. He grasped her hips and thrust his stiffened arousal forward against her stomach as he continued to kiss her, increasing the insistent pressure of his tongue against hers. Behind her, Zafron also rubbed his erection against her in a timeless rhythm.

Oh god, that's incredible.

The feel of two hot, aroused men giving her all their undivided attention was almost too much to bear. Natalie felt moisture slick between her thighs as Zafron grasped the bottom of her blouse at the sides, sliding it up. She didn't even think to protest as his large hands came up to massage her breasts, his fingers slipping beneath the soft cup of her bra and brushing lightly against her nipples. "Oh..."

Leikos groaned. "Lords, we must stop this madness, before it goes too far."

Zafron leaned his head into the base of her neck, alternating between erotically licking her neck and giving it playful love bites. "We cannot fuck her yet, but that does

not stop us from getting a taste, brother. I think we should have just a sample of her sweet little pus—”

“Leikos, Zafron,” a dry voice cut across the space. “I see you are showing Natalie the beauty to be found in our greenhouse.”

Natalie jumped at the sound of Andros’ voice. From the way Leikos and Zafron jumped back, turning toward Andros, they been caught off guard just as she had been.

Feeling her face redden, Natalie hastily pulled her blouse down as she turned to face him. “Andros, I—”

“Your presence is needed in the control room,” Andros said to Leikos and Zafron, ignoring her sputtering attempt to explain her actions.

They both gave stiff nods, Zafron reaching down to adjust his obvious erection, before they headed down the little footbridge and walked the pathway, silently moving past Andros.

Andros watched as they disappeared down the meandering pathway, then turned his gaze back to her. The heated expression in his face looked both menacing and promising at the same time.

“Andros, I can explain,” she said.

Why the hell did she feel so guilty? Like a spouse who’d just been caught cheating.

“Explain what?” Andros said, his calm voice a stark contrast to the fierce look on his face, as he stalked toward her. “That you had both their stiff cocks pressed up against you while Zafron caressed your breasts?”

She blushed, wanting to deny it. But his description was all too accurate. She pressed back against the side railing on the footbridge as Andros approached, his movements sure as a lion stalking its prey. Fighting the urge to bolt away from him, she tried again. “We were just—”

“They were just about to dip their fingers into your wet pussy, to feel you from the inside?”

He was finally in front of her, his gold eyes glittering fiercely with some sort of promised retribution. But instead of stopping just short of her, he slowly but insistently pressed his body against hers.

"Tell me, Natalie, if they had done that, would you have liked it?"

Oh god. "I—"

One hand grasped her chin, forcing her gaze up to his as he continued in his deep, seductive voice. "Would you have parted your legs slightly, allowing Leikos to sink his fingers inside of you?"

Holy hell. His words forced the imagery to her head, causing moisture to pool inside her, dampening her underwear. "I..."

"Would you have begged for Zafron to place his fingers inside you at the same time, allowed them both to stretch you as they slid their eager fingers in and out of your wet heat?"

Natalie's head fell back on a moan, his words exciting her past any sense of shame.

"Would you have done that, Natalie?" he continued hoarsely. "Because I truly would have liked to watch."

Her eyes flew open at his words.

She didn't know why she was surprised. He'd already told her that they were all okay with sharing the same woman. It just seemed so foreign compared to the human men she'd known.

His hand slid down her neck, caressing one breast as it continued past. He reached the fabric of her slacks, effortlessly undoing the button and sliding the zipper down. Slipping his hand into her dampened underwear, he ran it across her clit and then easily slid one long finger deep inside her moist heat.

Natalie cried out as her head fell forward against his chest, her body jerking at the unexpected intrusion. God, she had thought he might be upset at finding her with his men. She had never expected *this*.

Andros pulled her hair back, bringing his lips to hers and thrusting his tongue inside her mouth. His tongue matched the rhythm of his finger, sliding in and out of her so easily. With a soft growl he added a second finger, thrusting them in and out of her damp heat, both at the same time, then one at a time. Alternating to maximize her pleasure as he kissed her.

"Oh, that feels incredible," she cried out as she clutched his long hair with one hand. The other held onto the arm that was moving up and down, his fingers plunging in and out of her.

"Lift up your top," he ordered roughly. "Good, now push the cups of your breast-covering down."

She mindlessly obeyed, freeing her breasts from her demi-bra. They spilled out over the top of the cups and jiggled enticingly.

Groaning, he lowered his head and ran his tongue across her nipples, rolling it around one, then the other, and sucking on them roughly as he increased the intensity of his finger-fucking, thrusting a third finger inside her.

"God, Andros," Natalie cried out, her feet beginning to lift off the ground with every fierce thrust of his fingers. With one final cry she came apart, grinding her hips against his hand. "Yes, oh yes!" *Holy hell.*

Andros groaned loudly as he withdrew his fingers from her soaked body and placed his forehead on hers, breathing roughly.

What the hell just happened? She'd been completely caught off guard.

His voice hoarse, he said, "Natalie, if you are wise, you will return to your chamber immediately and stay there for a few hours."

Return to her chamber? Right now, her legs were so shaky, she didn't know if she could even move. "But..."

“By severn, female! Unless you are prepared to consent to our mating and ready to take a deep fucking, I’d suggest you remove yourself from my presence. *Now*. And be forewarned, in my present state, I may take even your slightest movement as consent.”

Natalie’s eyes grew wide as she stared at Andros’ harsh, unyielding face. His arms shook as if he fought to hold himself back. It seemed clear that right now, he meant every word he said. He had been pushed to the brink and was ready to go over.

So she did what any sensible female in her position would do. She zipped up her pants and ran like the hounds of hell were on her ass.

* * * * *

Andros forced himself to grip the wooden railings of the bridge, his knuckles turning white and his breath coming out in harsh pants as he fought the urge to chase down his female, rip her slacks off and ram his aching cock inside her to the hilt.

By all that was holy, she had excited him unbearably. When he’d come upon her with Leikos and Zafron, he’d been torn by the fierce desire to watch as they peeled her slacks down and took turns plunging their fingers and tongues deep inside her sweet pussy. But he’d been forced to stop them instead. To send them on their way.

Had he allowed them to do what they were so obviously intent on doing, one or all of them would have taken her then and there, ritual be damned. But that was not the way of things.

She had to decide to become their mate. And she had to do it willingly.

He ached to pump his fist around his cock and bring himself to release. But he forced himself to resist. He had promised that the next time he came he would be buried deep inside her, and Lords, he was going to follow through with that promise. Even if it killed him.

When she is finally ours, I will make her pay for this agony I’ve been forced to endure. Yes, I most certainly will.

He ground his teeth together as he imagined all the delicious ways in which he would exact his revenge.

Chapter Four

Natalie lay on the bed in her chamber, her body still trembling even though at least an hour must have passed since she'd fled the greenhouse.

Holy hell, what happened back there?

When Leikos and Zafron had pressed themselves closer to her, she'd opened her mouth to protest. She didn't really know them, after all, even if they were amazing specimens of beefcake. But then Leikos' finger had slid insider her mouth and all reason had abandoned her.

Pure lust had washed through her as she imagined being thoroughly loved by two hot studs. Any single woman would have been ecstatic to be in her position, pressed up between two unmistakably massive cocks as two sets of hands slid sensually across her body. But if she had an emotional connection with any of them, it was with Andros. His touch completely inflamed her. Made her forget her name.

He wasn't upset to find me with Leikos and Zafron.

No, quite the opposite, in fact. It had aroused him to the point of almost breaking. He would have no problem sharing her with his men, would in fact encourage it.

Would watch, even.

Natalie bit back a moan as she recalled the way his fingers had systematically plunged in and out of her. The man certainly didn't make love like someone who had no women on his planet.

Does that make him a virgin?

What an astounding possibility.

Most shocking of all was that, the more she thought about it, the more she found herself regretting not staying there with him.

Less than twenty-four hours ago she'd been berating herself for failing to take any risks. Wishing that she had more excitement in her life. But when she'd been presented with the opportunity, she'd turned tail and fled like a coward. And there hadn't really been any reason for it. It wasn't as if she was attached to anyone, and there were no grounds for her to fear Andros.

After all, if his intent had been harm, he could have done that at any time.

What was the least she could have gotten out of the situation?

Some really amazing sex.

With a frustrated sigh, she bounded up off the bed and headed toward the door. She'd hidden in here enough. From now on, she was going to face every situation head-on.

Though she certainly wasn't ready to commit to what was being asked of her, she needed to confront Andros, to discuss with him what expectations the men had of her.

Natalie hesitated a moment before moving toward the control room. The doors slid open and she walked inside, looking around the room. She felt a brief twinge of disappointment as she noticed that only Leikos was there, sitting at his control station. The other seats were empty.

"Natalie," he exclaimed, a grin coming to his face. "Come in, please."

She walked toward where he sat but stopped several feet short of him. Though he wasn't Andros, this man also smelled of sex and danger. They were all hazardous to her sensibilities. She had to tread carefully here.

"I'm sorry, Leikos. I didn't mean to disturb you. I thought Andros would be here."

"No," he replied pleasantly. "He is in the engine room with Zafron, performing some inspections before our return. It is all quite routine. But please, stay awhile."

She hesitated.

"Tell me about your family. About your childhood."

Okay, that seemed innocent enough. Relaxing slightly, she leaned back against the far end of his station as she faced him, telling him about her parents and her lonely childhood as the single daughter of two busy working parents. Her crappy job as a junior secretary at a law firm where no one actually gave a rat's ass about her. *Have they even noticed I'm missing from work today?*

She didn't know why she was running from the mouth so suddenly. It was something about Leikos. Though his presence was commanding, it was also comforting, supportive. "What about you? Tell me more about your childhood."

He smiled, his eyes glittering as he told her about growing up with his two brothers. About all the mischief they'd gotten into while they were in school, cutting training classes so that they could sneak over to the lemony fields and spy on the girls as they did their sword training.

Natalie smiled, her mood lifting at Leikos' obviously happy memories. "How long ago did your females die?"

His smile faded, making her regret bringing up the subject. "Not long ago. It would have been about ten years ago in your human years. Long enough that many men of my generation had not yet been mated. Which made things easier for us in the long run. We did not have to suffer through witnessing our mates die."

"So..." She hesitated, heat rising to her cheeks as she debated asking the question. But she was really curious. "Have you never slept with a woman before, then?"

Leikos laughed. "Relax, female. We are not untried pups."

Lord, I didn't think that. Not with the expert way they had aroused her.

"Although our females have died, there is a neighboring planet—Enduve—which provides some women. But unfortunately, they do not make proper mates for our race. We cannot reproduce with them.

"Worse yet, Enduveans do not form any emotional attachments. Their women enjoy sex only for the material gain it can provide them. But a deep connection is

necessary for us and we will only gain the true strength of our lifeblood once we have bonded with our life mate."

"How will you know if someone is your life mate?"

"We will know," he said, his eyes shimmering with unspoken promise.

Natalie took a deep breath, glad that she'd stayed to speak with Leikos after all. Their talk was proving to be very educational. "Mistresses are a common thing in your planet, then?" She really didn't think she'd be cool with that.

"For necessity only. In fact, neither I nor my brothers have been with an Enduvean woman in quite some time. Though it is somewhat sexually gratifying, it still leaves much to be desired."

Which means you've saved up all your frustrated lust for me.

Though he didn't say the words, they hung in the air, clear as if he had spoken them aloud.

Her heart started to beat furiously in her chest as she felt an answering tingle between her legs, moisture beginning to pool there once more. These gorgeous hunks had her hormones on overdrive.

Leikos' expression changed. He looked at her with his heavy-lidded eyes. "Come closer," he murmured.

She was torn by the desire to obey him and the instinct to flee. "I don't think I should."

"I will not harm you," he promised. "I swear it."

It wasn't harm she feared from him. But still, she drew closer, unable to help herself.

Leikos surprised her by reaching up and tugging her onto his lap, her legs dangling to the side as he held her tightly against his chest in a comforting embrace. He pressed a sweet kiss to the top of her head.

"You have had a very trying few days, Natalie. There is much you have discovered. But I assure you, all will be well, my female."

He made no move to kiss her, though his stiff arousal pressed firmly against her hip, letting her know that he desired her.

For the first time in a long time, someone cared enough to make her feel warm and protected. Cherished.

Natalie pulled her head back to look at Leikos and pressed a soft kiss to his full, sensual lips. He groaned roughly, then coaxed her lips apart to plunge his tongue inside. It was clear that he was firmly holding his desires in check for her, that he wanted her but was more than willing to let her make the first move. How unexpectedly arousing.

Her hand fisted in his silky hair as she tugged his mouth more insistently to hers, increasing the intensity of their kiss.

"By severn, Natalie, you are so enticing," he groaned, keeping one hand on her back as the other reached down to caress her breasts through the fabric of her blouse. Then further down to the juncture of her thighs. His fingers firmly and expertly pressed against her mound, finding her clit through the damp fabric of her slacks.

"God," Natalie cried out, breaking the kiss and burying her head in his neck as a tide of sensations flooded through her. It felt so good. If he didn't stop, she would come right now. She couldn't lose herself again. Not yet. "Stop, please," she panted.

Leikos immediately obeyed. The hand that had just so expertly stroked her dropped down to her leg as he helplessly jerked his hips up with a rough groan, his stiff cock pressing harder against her hip.

"I'm sorry," she gasped into his neck. She didn't want to be a tease. That wasn't her intent at all. She just wasn't ready to accept this particular gift from this man yet. First she had to think things through.

"It's okay," he whispered after some time. "We will do things your way. For now."

"Thank you," she said. She lifted off him on shaky legs and nervously rubbed her damp palms against the fabric of her slacks. He kept his gaze off her, his breathing ragged. She didn't really know what to say. "I..."

"Perhaps it's best you return to your chamber now," he said, lifting his fiercely glittering gaze up to her.

The look of stark desire on his face almost made her come right there. He was divine.

"Female," he added, "I'm afraid my control has reached its limit."

She gave him a shaky nod. "Oh—okay."

* * * * *

Leikos stifled a groan as Natalie rushed out of the control room, unable to remove his eyes from the luscious curves of her ass, so temptingly displayed in her form-fitting slacks.

Lords, their female was enticing. Her moist sex exuded a delicious perfume that was unbearably arousing. Something she obviously had no idea about, or else she might have remained hidden away in her rooms, trembling in frightened anticipation. Now that he'd tasted the alluring flavor of her mouth on his tongue, now that he'd rubbed his fingers along her damp sex through the fabric of her slacks, it only increased his desire for her.

"By severn, female, do not make us wait overly long," he muttered into the empty room. Pushing the fabric of his loincloth up, he palmed his heavy arousal and moved his fist up and down, closing his eyes as he imagined how her sex would feel on his cock. The slickened feel of her sliding up and down as she furiously rode his eager rod. His body jerked as he came with a tortured groan.

* * * * *

It was already well past her normal dinnertime by the time Natalie summoned up enough courage to leave her room once more. She sincerely hoped she wouldn't run into any of the men. Her libido simply couldn't take anymore at the moment.

So say yes. Agree to become their mate, and they'll drive you to orgasm after orgasm, until you're begging them to stop. As if that would ever happen.

But although she was sorely tempted, she still couldn't wrap her brain around it. Around the thought of giving herself over to not only one man—one alien—but all three of them. She would have to carefully consider the possible consequences before she made her decision.

Natalie walked to the dining hall and pushed into the room as the doors opened. She stopped short.

Andros was there, sitting at the table with a glass of liquid in his hands. Clothed in his trademark loincloth, his powerful upper torso seemed to fill up the entire space of the dining hall. He exuded warmth and energy and raw sexuality.

In a word, he was trouble. Big trouble.

Looking up, he smiled over at her. "Come in, Natalie. I promise not to bite. Yet," he added with promise.

Taking a determined breath, she walked in and made her meal request of the materializer. If he was going to be sitting here while she ate, she needed fortification. So she requested more red wine and, once she had taken a large gulp, asked, "What do you do on board the ship all day?"

He gave her a sexy grin. "When not manning the ship, we train. There is a large training room on the lower level of the ship, near the engine room."

Lower level, huh? She hadn't known there was one.

"Or we read books in the library. I believe you would enjoy that. There are several books on Spygian history."

Ooh, that did sound interesting. To get to learn the history of a complete other race of people. She nodded at him. "Good. It would be nice to know that I'd have things to do if I remain on the ship. Otherwise, I can see things getting a little boring."

He gave her a heated look that suggested he had already thought of a million ways to keep her occupied, and none of them involved books. "I'm glad that you are considering the mechanics of living on board this ship with us," he finally said in a seductive voice.

Heavens help her, she actually was. Blushing, she asked, "What will you do once you return to Spygia?"

He breathed in, then took a large gulp of his drink. "Train, mostly. Spygia is a beautiful planet, Natalie. Similar to your own in many ways. But she was dealt a fierce blow when the epidemic struck and our women were lost. As with all Spygians, we on board this ship must train to become stronger, so that we can protect our planet."

He looked down at the glass he held in both hands, absently rolling it between his fingers. His face looked a little sad, and it suddenly struck Natalie why. "Did you lose anyone in the epidemic?"

He nodded. "My mother and two sisters. It was a devastating loss. Most especially to my father. He became a lonely, bitter man, preferring to live alone to the company of me or my brother. He died not long ago."

Natalie felt a surge of empathy over the loss of his family. Although her parents had been more absent than anything throughout her childhood, they had still been her parents and their loss had been deeply traumatizing.

She fought the urge to reach her hands across the table and grab his. "When we spoke earlier, you said that Spygians gain strength through mating with their true mate."

"Yes."

“How can several Spygians share the same true mate? I mean, and forgive me for speaking frankly, but you’re just sharing for necessity, right? Because your women died and there’s no easy way to get a large number of women to replace them?”

Andros shook his heads. “Actually, no. Spygians have always mated in this way. There have ever been more men than women. I do not know the why of it, but this is why pods are chosen in the way they are. Our forefathers believed that certain Spygians were destined to come together as brothers, as members of a pod. That we would band together because we were all destined for the same mate.” He shrugged. “Whatever the reason, it works. We are brothers of the heart, and I do not begrudge any of my brothers happiness.”

She felt a warm rush of blood flood her cheeks at his last statement. Was he referring to the scenario back at the greenhouse? Perhaps he was trying to dispel her embarrassment at having been so quickly seduced by Leikos and Zafron.

“Natalie, I know courtships in your world generally last much longer and verily, I do wish ours could as well. Circumstances being different, I would give you the time you need to accustom yourself to us. But time is of the essence for us. Have you given more thought to our proposition? Will you mate with us?”

Taking a shaky breath, she replied, “I think the only way I could even consider it would be if I knew I could return, if things didn’t work out for some reason.”

“That wouldn’t happen. We are meant to be together.”

His words struck her heart. How long had she waited to hear a man say those words to her? “Still,” she insisted. “Things happen. You could always return, right, if it became necessary for some reason?”

He was silent for a long moment, staring down at the liquid remaining in his glass, before answering, “Yes.” He threw back the rest of the liquid in one gulp and placed his glass on the table. “Does this mean you will agree to the ritual?”

She hesitated again.

Come on, Natalie. Is there really a tough choice to be made here?

She looked over at Andros, admiring his impossible beauty. The severe planes of his amazing body and striking face.

For once, why don't you take a risk? Why don't you just live?

After a deep inhale, she said, "Okay, I'll do it."

He breathed out deeply, a look of immense relief on his face. "You will not regret it, my female. I promise you that," he said with an intensity that took her breath away.

"When...when do you want to do the ritual?"

"Tonight." Clearing his throat, he continued, "Once you've had an opportunity to prepare yourself, of course. You may wish to take a leisurely shower. To rest a bit beforehand."

Andros rose and requested a glass of wine from the materializer, then gently grasped Natalie's elbow and led her back to her chamber. "When you are ready, please join us in the control room."

She gave him a shaky nod, feeling a little dizzy – though more from the arousing scent of him standing so close to her than from the glass of wine she'd consumed.

He looked down her body, a tortured expression coming to his face as he said softly, "I can smell your desire, Natalie. I want to taste it."

Natalie blushed at his words, but then he moved his lips down to hers, thrusting his tongue inside and roughly against hers, and she forgot everything but the amazing feel of his tongue inside her mouth.

Andros finally broke away from her with a tortured groan. "We'll be waiting for you, lovely one," he said roughly. "As we have been for quite some time. Please do not keep us waiting much longer."

He placed the glass of wine in her hand before he left.

* * * * *

"Thank severn, she said yes," Zafron exclaimed, slapping Leikos on the back in congratulations.

"Patience, brother," Leikos cautioned. "There is a slim chance that she may not in fact be our mate. We must be prepared for that possibility. If she is not, we will have to resume our search."

Though Leikos spoke the truth, Andros' mind shouted out a denial. He did not want another female. Natalie was their mate. He felt it in every bone in his body. In his throbbing cock.

As he thought of her earlier question, of her desire to be told that he would return her to her planet if things did not work between them, he felt shame at telling her yes. For he would never let her go. His brothers would find his deception despicable, as he himself did. So he did not tell them. But he believed he would have agreed to any deception at this point, to get her to consent to be theirs. And now, soon, she would be. In every way.

"By severn, I cannot wait to plunge my cock into her sweet little body," Zafron growled.

"She will taste of honey, that one," Leikos said hoarsely. "I can already imagine her sweet juices on the tip of my tongue."

"We are almost there, brothers," Andros replied, as he imagined the taste of her on his tongue.

"Did you notice her firm, round ass?" Zafron whispered excitedly. "Once I saw it, I could think of nothing more."

Andros groaned as he imagined invading her tight little backside. "Soon enough, my brothers. Soon enough."

Chapter Five

"Where are my clothes?"

Natalie had hopped into the shower, praying that a long, hot shower would calm her nerves a bit. But when she'd gotten out, everything that she'd just taken off had been gone. She hadn't seen anyone come in. Wouldn't she have noticed if someone had?

She looked around, but her clothes were nowhere to be found. However, lying on the counter was a short white sleeveless tunic with a deep v-neck front, and next to it a pair of tan suede lace-up boots. An outfit that hadn't been there before.

"Guess I'm supposed to wear this."

Natalie slipped on the tunic, then gaped down at herself. The silky tunic was so low-cut that her breasts threatened to spill out from the top. And the skirt was so short that her ass cheeks were practically hanging out. Her naked ass cheeks, as there was no underwear.

She tugged down on the tunic so it would cover her ass a little more, but her breasts sprang free. Looking at herself in the mirror, she took a deep breath and tugged the tunic back up to cover her breasts. If she fully extended her arms above her head, she would be baring her entire lower body.

Once again she questioned the wisdom of getting the full Brazilian wax that left her entire pubic area bare. But that was the one thing she regularly did that wasn't boring. Even if no man ever got to appreciate it.

"I guess I'll just have to make sure I don't bend over. Or raise my arms." Or breathe.

Oh boy. Oh boy, can I do this?

God, why was she balking? She'd already kissed each of her dream aliens. More than kissed them, even. And she'd already agreed to be with them. They would soon see her wearing far less than this. Her heart beat furiously at the thought.

Natalie slipped on the flat thigh-high boots and laced them up carefully. Looking in the mirror again, she decided that Andros had been right on the mark when he'd suggested the additional glass of wine.

She walked out of the bathroom and picked up the wineglass up from where she'd absently left it on top of the dresser. Downing the wine quickly, she took a deep breath and exited the bedroom. Her heart beat a nervous rhythm as she made her way down the hallway to the control room.

The door began to slide open as she neared and she paused for a moment, her mind wavering. But no, she'd already made her decision. For just this once, she was going to live.

Well, here goes nothing.

A hush fell as she nervously entered. All eyes turned to her, and she heard a few muffled groans as the men stood. Three large, thoroughly aroused men took in the upper globes of her breasts spilling out from the top of her tunic, the hint of her mound peeking out from the bottom, with hungry gazes.

"Natalie," breathed Andros. "You look amazing."

"Somehow my clothes disappeared and this was all that was left. I'm sure you wouldn't know anything about that, right?"

She was going for flippant, but the shakiness of her voice made her sound more nervous than anything.

"You're perfect just as you are," Andros said. "Utterly perfect."

The three men stood there in silence for several uncomfortable moments before Andros seemed to mentally shake himself out of his haze. He stalked toward Natalie.

She took a step back as she observed the intent expression on his face. "What are you doing?"

Finally he reached her...and walked past her.

"Oh!" With a surprised squeak, she whirled around to follow his movement. Her spin caused the loose bottom of the tunic to swing up, and by the sound of the guttural groans behind her, revealed a good portion of her ass.

Andros approached a separate door hidden in the corner of the room, one she hadn't seen before. As with all the other rooms of this ship, the door slid open upon his approach.

Turning back to face her, he said, "The ritual room. Come." He held his hand out.

Biting her lip, Natalie stepped forward and took it, feeling for all the world like a lamb being brought to the slaughter. *Relax. Just relax.*

He led her into a room that appeared to be about twenty feet deep. There were a couple of tables placed throughout the space, but the main focus was a chair that sat toward the back of the room, on a raised step.

"What is this?" She climbed the step and walked over to the chair, looking at it but making sure not to bend over.

The chair appeared to be made of wood with a soft, comfortable cushion and back that were burgundy in color. The actual seat of the chair was quite narrow, but the back of it curved backward. There were armrests, but the area toward the front of the armrests had additional wooden grooves cut into it, which were also lined with the burgundy padded fabric.

"Sit," Andros said.

Natalie looked over at him, taking in his hungry gaze. She was hit by another dizzying wave of lust as she spotted the large tent in his loincloth. Hesitantly, she turned.

The other two men had silently crowded into the room, and stood near the door, watching her intently.

Nerves and lust made her legs so shaky she was afraid she'd fall. So she sat.

The incline of the seat required her to lean backward, exposing more of her lower body. She kept her legs pressed together as she looked over at Andros again.

"Place your arms in the armrest." She silently obeyed, and he finally responded to her question. "The chair is for the mating ritual. You asked me earlier whether it bothered Spygians to share the same woman. It most certainly does not. But what I didn't explain to you then is that all males of the same pod are interconnected."

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"It is a bonding that comes into place when the pod is formed," Leikos answered for Andros. Natalie's gaze shot to him. "Each of us feels the pleasure of a brother who is connected with you in the mating process."

"This is why we do not mind sharing the same woman," Andros said. "In fact, we enjoy it, for we get to feel pleasure in another form. It is exquisite. The pleasure of watching your satisfaction, along with feeling our brother's satisfaction. And our own."

They were speaking in riddles. It was confusing her. "What exactly do you mean?"

"It means that each of us can feel the physical pleasure of whoever among us happens to be fucking you at the moment," Zafron said bluntly. "On top of actually getting to watch it."

Holy hell, Natalie thought, her eyes widening. Could it be that simple? They were okay with sharing one woman because, as far as sex went, if she slept with one of them, she slept with all of them?

"If that's the case, why can't I just have sex with one of you?" Not that she was suggesting it. She was just curious.

Andros said, "Pleasure is one thing. Strength is another. As a sexual species, our strength is gained only through the actual act of sex. Plus, the sensation of having sex is

slightly different from feeling another brother having sex. Just that much more pleasurable."

"Which makes us want to do all of the above," Leikos put in gruffly, his eyes glittering with dark promise.

Natalie bit back a moan as moisture pooled between her thighs. She was so incredibly turned on right now. By the men watching her. By their words. Hell, even the silky fabric of her tunic was getting her off.

"Put your legs into the grooves on the armrest," Andros said.

She looked down at the grooves cut into the chair, then back up at Andros in open-mouthed shock. "Are you insane?"

If she did, her entire body would be open to them and on display.

He cocked an eyebrow at her. "You're the one who said this was all a dream, right? If so, then why not? Are you too afraid to act, even in your own dreams, Natalie? What kind of living is that?"

His words hit home with Natalie. She'd never really gotten anything she wanted out of her life. And it was all because she was too afraid to really live. As long as she lived her life like that, she would never truly experience anything.

Drawing herself up, she said, "You're right." On a shaky inhale, she laid first one leg then the other on the padded fabric of the armrests. The movement spread her thighs open fully. Ah, so that was the reason for the incline of the chair, for the narrow seat. They all served to thrust her out further, completely exposing her to the men's view.

There was a series of groans as they took in her bare mound, slickened with the moisture of her excitement. Natalie's face reddened, but instead of feeling mortified like she thought she would, she felt turned on. Really, really hot.

"You've a beautiful pussy," Andros said gruffly, adjusting himself through his loincloth, which had tented to an impossibly large height. Looking at the other men, she

saw they also bore heavy bulges in their loincloths. Erections seemed to be a constant thing around here.

I'm so turned on right now. She didn't think it would take much to make her come at this point.

Andros walked slowly to Natalie. She watched him as he came to stand in front of her, anticipation hitching her breath as he reached down and ran a finger between her labia, down her clit. She couldn't help the small cry that tore out of her.

"So beautiful," he whispered as he looked down between her splayed legs to where his fingers stroked her. He pressed the tip of his finger just inside her and she moaned again, her legs tightening in the rests. Withdrawing his finger, he drew out moisture from inside her and rubbed it across her clit. God, he was going to make her come with just the touch of his finger.

Andros examined her hungrily for a moment before taking his index and middle finger and spreading her labia apart. He moved to the side while keeping her spread open with his fingers, exposing her to his men's view. Again there was a collective groan amongst the men, letting Natalie know with certainty that they very much liked what they saw.

Andros removed his hands, and Natalie pressed her lips together to keep from crying out her disappointment. He slowly walked behind her chair, leaning over to whisper in her ear. "You are so beautiful." His hands came down to caress her breasts as his tongue snaked out and licked her neck.

Natalie's eyes closed as her head fell to the side. "That feels so good," she gasped.

The hands at her breast grasped the fabric of the tunic, sliding it down the quarter inch that was necessary to bare her nipples to the cool air. Drawing the firm globes of her breasts upward so that they generously spilled out over the silky fabric.

Andros drew back, addressing Leikos and Zafron, who were greedily taking in her bared body. "Men, I present you Natalie, our potential mate. One by one, taste her and

advise me. Is she your mate?" He placed heavy hands at her shoulders, pressing her down into her seat. "Leikos, as my second-in-command, you will be the first to sample."

Natalie's breath came out in harsh gasps as Leikos approached the throne. When he reached her chair, he immediately dropped to his knees. She tensed, but Andros' hands kept her pressed down in her chair.

Leikos laid his hands on each of her thighs, keeping her legs spread as he leaned his head forward. The silky strands of his long hair brushed her thighs a millisecond before his tongue snaked out and licked her clit. Natalie cried out, unable to help herself.

Leikos stroked her clit with his tongue for several agonizing seconds before placing the tip of his tongue in her entrance and slowly sliding it inside of her.

Andros leaned down to whisper in her ear, "By the way, Spygian tongues are slightly different than humans'. While they look quite the same, we can extend ours for several inches." His roughened voice made it clear that he was extremely turned on by watching Leikos' long tongue slither inside of her.

"Oh my god," Natalie cried out as Leikos' long tongue flickered in and out. The way he moved it so erotically had her so close to coming right there. Leikos withdrew his tongue completely before thrusting it inside fully and forcefully. Natalie cried out again as she suddenly came apart with the force of a strong orgasm.

After several more minutes of fucking her with his tongue, Leikos lifted his head, giving Natalie a fierce, promising look as he reverently exclaimed, "My mate."

Andros gave a grunt in response.

Leikos stood up and moved back to the far end of the room, then pushed his loincloth to the side as his hand pumped up and down on his distended staff.

"Your taste, Zafron," Andros ordered.

Zafron approached eagerly. Like Leikos, he knelt down and held Natalie's thighs apart, thrusting his tongue inside her.

Natalie moaned at his exquisite intrusion. *I can't believe this is happening.*

Zafron's lips closed around her labia, then her clit, as he delicately sucked them. Then he worked his tongue inside her once more, the sound and feel of his long tongue sliding in and out of her slickened body driving her to orgasm once more.

Andros groaned roughly behind her, and she heard the sound of his fist pumping up and down on his cock as he leaned down to whisper, "You have no idea how good you taste." He punctuated his words by snaking his tongue inside of her ear.

She lifted her gaze to Andros, watching as his fist pumped his incredibly stiff arousal. *Oh fuck.* It was the biggest cock she'd ever seen.

Zafron slipped one long finger inside Natalie as he worked her clit with his tongue, leisurely fucking her with that finger, then adding another, until she was squirming beneath his hands.

"Look at my men," Andros whispered in her ear. "Look at the size of their jutting cocks. They are all ready and eager to get a taste of your delectable pussy, to ram their aching rods repeatedly into you until you come apart in ecstasy. They will take turns, each anxiously awaiting the moment where he can drive deep inside of you. Then they will share, one in your pussy, one in your ass, until you are insensible from the pleasure of it. Can you imagine this?"

Natalie couldn't help but picture the scenario Andros had laid out. All three men, taking turns eagerly plunging in and out of her body. A cock in her ass, another one ramming her throat. The image was erotic in ways she'd never even dreamed of. It was too much to bear, bringing her to another shattering orgasm.

I can't take much more of this.

She never would have thought that she would be so turned on by having multiple men get her off. But it was incredible. To have Andros observing excitedly while each of the men took his turn, sucking and fucking her with his mouth. It made her think of so many other naughty things they could be doing.

"Oh, that feels so good," she told Zafron as he worked his magic on her. "Don't stop," she pleaded hoarsely, gyrating in the chair.

But, after several minutes of pleasure, he lifted his head and pronounced her his mate, moving to take his place back next to Leikos. They were both breathing heavily, each of them pumping his cock with his fist as he greedily gazed upon Natalie's bared flesh.

Andros spoke, drawing their attention. "Men, each of you has proclaimed this woman your mate. Now for the final test. Me."

He walked around the throne to stand directly in front of Natalie. The other men approached, Leikos standing on one side of Andros, Zafron on the other.

Natalie stared up at Andros' face. His eyes were half-lidded in desire as he stared down at her while leisurely pumping his staff in his hand. The fierce beauty of his face was mind-blowing, especially in his state of heightened arousal. She was so excited at this point that she thought she might let him do anything to her.

"Please," she said, wiggling her hips invitingly. *I need you.*

"Are you my mate, Natalie?" Andros whispered harshly.

Leikos and Zafron each reached down to grasp one of her thighs, lifting them up off the leg rest and into the air, spreading her open even further.

She gasped, her heart beating furiously in excitement. "Please," she repeated, unable to take her eyes off her body, soaked and fully open before them, eagerly awaiting Andros' touch.

"Yes," Andros replied. Instead of kneeling and stroking her with his tongue, as she'd expected, he leaned down and placed the tip of his large arousal at the entrance to her womb.

She didn't even think about resisting. She wanted him far too much.

Natalie's breath caught as Andros began to ease himself into her tight sheath. As wet and excited as she was by having had Leikos and Zafron go down on her, he still had to work to get himself inside of her. She cried out as he slowly pushed inward. He

was wide and large, as he filled her with an intensity that bordered between pain and pleasure.

"Oh, please," she cried out, as Leikos and Zafron held her immobilized in the chair. The pleasure of his heavy penetration was too good to bear.

"Come on, Natalie, let me in. You have to take all of me," Andros whispered harshly, sweat beading on his forehead as he pushed himself further in.

"I don't think this is going to work," Natalie responded, whimpering at the intense feel of his intrusion.

Andros laughed. "Trust me, it will work," he replied thickly. "We'll make it work." He continued pushing himself in slowly with little pulsing thrusts. Natalie felt the accompanying stretch as her body worked to accommodate his length and girth. Finally he was almost completely inside. "Come on, just a little more."

In between her excited cries, she heard the harsh pants and rough groans of the other men, the sounds that let her know they were finding as much enjoyment from Andros' lovemaking as he was.

Zafron leaned down to whisper in her ear, "Come now, take it all. Give him more of your delicious pussy." She moaned in response, feeling a shudder of pleasure run down her body. "You must prove that you can take all of us. That is the only way you can be our mate."

Her body shook at the exquisite torture, her breath coming out in panting gasps. She gave a keening cry as Andros finally succeeded in pushing himself in to the hilt. He groaned, twisting his hips, and simply stayed there for several long moments before pulling out about halfway and then thrusting back in.

"Andros," Natalie cried out, unable to do more than push her hips against him with her legs still held by Leikos and Zafron.

"Yes, my mate," he said, leaning down to give her a hot, open-mouthed kiss. He then rose and withdrew almost completely before thrusting roughly back in. The force

of his thrust tore a keening cry out of Natalie. He continued to fuck her, his forceful thrusts making a hard slapping sound against her body.

Zafron bent down to run his tongue across her lips, then kissed her. "Harder, Andros. Show her what we will expect from her."

She felt a tongue at each of her breasts, licking and sucking on her nipples. And through it all, Andros' huge staff, fucking her more insistently, until she was senseless from the pleasure of it.

"Please," she cried out as Andros increased the force of his thrusts. His large, heavy balls slapped repeatedly against her as he thrust harder and harder, penetrating her deeper than anything she'd ever felt before. "Yes. Yes!"

With a final cry, she came apart again, her vision splintering into a million shards of light.

Andros shifted his hips for deeper penetration, ramming her body down into the chair as he ground into her more forcefully. "It will be your duty to take each one of us," he bit out between harsh pants. "Our needs are fierce. They will not be denied."

Natalie moaned at his words as she pictured each of them stuffing her deeply. Over and over again. Without mercy.

Oh fuck, yes! That's what I want!

Just the thought of being rammed by three stiff, greedy cocks almost brought her to release once more.

"Can you accept us all? Every inch of us?" Andros ground out behind gritted teeth. "Say nay, and I will return you to your home. This will be just as a dream to you. But say yes, and you will join us as our mate."

Natalie cried out, feeling the exquisite pressure of him inside her as he continued to thrust into her.

"Your decision, Natalie. If you stay, you are agreeing to be taken by each of us. Can you handle our needs?"

She moaned, her head thrashing from side to side. *I can't think. Feels too good.*

"I must have your decision," Andros growled.

"Yes, yes!"

"You agree to accept all three of us, then? As often as we desire?"

"Yes," she screamed as her world exploded once more.

Andros cried out in response, his muscles tensing as he began to shake.

Natalie gasped at the feel of his come spurting deep inside her womb. Looking up at Andros' face, his eyes still closed and head thrown back in ecstasy, she was astounded by the depth of emotions that ran through her. Shock that this was happening. More desire for him, as his come slickened her womb and increased the pleasure of him inside her. Desire for the other men, who were roughly groaning while they watched Andros still leisurely pumping in and out of her body.

"That was incredible," she whispered.

Andros opened his eyes and stared down at her with an expression that took her breath away. "My mate."

Chapter Six

Andros felt his muscles harden and stretch as they strengthened upon the completion of their mating. Lust surged through him, making him unbearably excited once more, as his newfound strength provided undeniable evidence that Natalie was indeed their mate.

Ha pulled out of her luscious body and looked down at her. Just seeing his seed dripping out of her body excited him unbearably and he was unable to stop himself from heavily thrusting to the hilt once more. She cried out, the muscles in her legs twitching at the unexpected intrusion.

"Natalie, you are perfect," he whispered down at her. And she was, with her pussy full of his cock, fully drenched in moisture.

What would it be like to see her with her legs splayed open, filled and dripping with the evidence of all his men's lovemaking? He couldn't wait to find out.

Seeing the look of ecstasy on Natalie's face, Andros was more than eager to hold her legs open and simply watch the myriad expressions that would come to her face as each of his brothers took his turn plunging deep inside her, thrusting with abandon until he found his release and gained his own strength.

The sudden monotone voice of the ship's computer tore through the relative silence of the room, surprising them all. It spoke in English, as they had programmed upon their arrival, intent on dispelling as much of their mate's uneasiness as possible once they'd found her and gotten her aboard the ship.

"Attention crew, there has been a possible sighting of the ship. A spacecraft is quickly approaching on the port side. Attention crew, there has been a possible sighting..."

"Gods," Andros muttered, thrusting his loincloth back down over his groin. His men stalked toward the door leading back into the control room, all business as they prepared to deal with the possible threat to their mate's safety.

He turned back to Natalie, who'd removed her legs from the armrests and stood up, pulling the fabric of her tunic up over her nipples. "Forgive me, mate," he said, as he stalked to one of the tables and opened the thin drawer built into the side, grabbing a cloth and bringing it over to her. He leaned down to press a kiss to her lips as he handed it to her. "We must see to the safety of the ship. But I promise, once we have done so, our focus will return to you."

By the intrigued yet cautious look on her face, he knew his expression was full of dark promise, and fought to restrain himself.

"I'd like to see what you're doing," she said, her face coloring prettily as she quickly wiped his seed from her thighs.

He smiled. It pleased him inordinately that she was interested in the workings of the ship. That she wanted to remain by his side a little longer. "By all means."

His hand on the small of her back, Andros led her out to the control room. She gasped as the panel opened on one side of the room to reveal the clear shield allowing an unobstructed view into space.

Leikos was already seated at his controls. "I'm retrieving an image scan of the approaching spacecraft."

"Good," he said, striding over to his control station and taking a seat. "Chair," he barked out, and Zafron retrieved a spare seat for Natalie before returning to his station. She sat down gracefully. He couldn't help but glance over at her, taking in the hint of her femininity peeking from underneath her short tunic.

By severn, he was grateful for the simplicity of the wardrobe traditionally worn by Spygian mates. Such dress allowed each of Natalie's mates easy access to worship her lush figure. But she would only dress this way when in the presence of him and his

brothers, of course. Just the thought of another male greedily taking in his female's assets made him feel violent. He would never allow such a thing.

Leikos' taut voice broke through his reverie. "It appears to be a Malucon ship, Andros."

The atmosphere grew tense. "A Malucon ship this far out," Andros said finally, his tone relaying a sense of calm he did not feel. "It's too much of a coincidence that its presence here would not be related to our own. Activate the hyperdrive, Zafron. Get us out of here."

He prayed that they had spotted the ship quickly enough that it would not be able to follow and overtake them.

"Wait a second," Natalie protested. "You're leaving now? I don't know ab—"

"I'm sorry, Natalie," Andros said, as Zafron took the ship into hyperdrive. "You have already made your decision. There is no going back now. And we cannot tarry. It would not be wise to engage the Malucons. Not when we are so far from our own planet."

"What are Malucons?" she asked, the unfamiliar word tripping on her tongue.

"Maluco is a planet on the outer rim of the galaxy. It's technologically advanced, but its inhabitants are overly aggressive as a whole, and beyond greedy. Several years ago they decided to expand and began invading other planets, the weaker ones that were not able to withstand attack. So far they have overtaken several planets, taking delight in decimating the inhabitants."

She looked both concerned and horrified. "Not your planet, though?"

"No," Andros said. "Although our planet had already been weakened by the loss of our women to an epidemic, Spygian males were still too strong for their purposes. We would have put up much more of a fight than they desired."

Leikos added, "Were it not for the devastating loss of our women, our race would have taken on the Malucons long ago."

Andros nodded at the truth of Leikos' words. "As it is, our planet has continued to weaken over the years, to the point where we fear we are becoming far easier a target. It is the reason for our journey here. Other brethren pods are taking similar journeys. We could not sit back and wait like docile lambs for a mate to come our way. If enough Spygians can become mated, we will be strong enough to protect our planet."

"It is why we must return home so quickly, mate," Zafron added.

Andros glanced over at his precious female. She looked worried, biting her lip. "Do not fear, mate. You are in no danger from the Malucons. We would never let anything happen to you."

Her eyes grew wide. "Actually, I wasn't even thinking about that until now. What I was wondering is whether Earth is in danger from these Malucons."

He sighed. Gods, now he had caused her to worry over something she had not even considered. "No. Not any time soon, at any rate. Earth is too far from their planet, and far too technologically infantile to garner any interest from the Malucons."

"It appears we have lost the Malucon craft," Leikos announced, and Andros breathed a relieved sigh.

Natalie also looked relieved at Leikos' pronouncement. She stifled a sudden yawn.

Andros felt a surge of affection rush through him. His mate was tired from the events of this past day. From his rigorous lovemaking. Since their ritual mating had been interrupted, they would need to complete it. But they couldn't do so until they were farther out and able to autopilot the ship, which wouldn't be for several hours yet. The ritual required that all mates participate in the first mating.

"We are safe for now, though we will need to man the controls for a brief period of time," he told her. "You appear tired. Why don't you rest for some time?"

Natalie nodded, stifling another yawn.

Get plenty of rest, mate. You will need to save up every ounce of energy for your mating.

From the expression on her face, Andros had the feeling she'd read his thoughts as clearly as if he'd spoken them.

* * * * *

Natalie yawned again as she made her way back to her quarters, going straight to the bed and stripping off her poor excuse for clothing before ripping down the covers and climbing into bed. She could probably use another shower. The insides of her thighs were still sticky from Andros' lovemaking. But she was honestly too tired at the moment to care.

Her mind raced furiously as she took in all that had happened over the past several hours. She'd finally stopped kidding herself and admitted that this was no dream. Her imagination would never have come up with a scenario as wicked as the one that had just happened to her. To have those delicious men taking turns stroking her with their long alien tongues, driving them deeply inside of her. Just thinking about it made her all hot again.

I can't believe I did that. Me. Safe, boring Natalie. But if there had ever been an occasion to take a risk, this was it.

I'm on a spaceship, for god's sake! Heading off across the galaxy, to a planet far, far away.

It was unbelievable. But it was real.

Oh god.

She was leaving behind everything and everyone she was familiar with. But she refused to worry about that right now. Life was for living, not for fearing the unknown. Besides, if her dream aliens could make it to Earth once, they could get there again. She could always go back.

Though she bordered on exhaustion, she couldn't help but imagine Andros again. The way he'd thrust himself in and out of her tight heat, his muscled torso glistening with sweat and his eyes rolled upward in ecstasy. She bit back a moan. The man was seriously fuckable. They all were. And they wanted her badly. More than that, they had

all gazed upon her in admiration, as if she was a treasured prize they had won. As if she was the most beautiful thing they had ever seen. Each of them had taken pleasure in her ecstasy, had encouraged her to shed her inhibitions and simply enjoy the feeling of being desired by them.

What woman in her right mind could resist that?

Natalie just couldn't bring herself to feel bad about her desire to be taken by all of them. If it was wrong, so be it. She was going to seize the day.

* * * * *

Several hours had passed since they had escaped the Malucon ship. They were well on their way into deep space. Since they only needed two hands on deck at this time, Andros had sent Zafron to bed. They would all have to rest, to ensure that they were able to fully pleasure their mate without early release. Zafron would relieve Leikos in a few hours, so that he could rest as well.

Andros grinned as he thought of Natalie's sweet curves once more, of the look of pleasure on her beautiful face as she reclined underneath him on her chair, her body readily absorbing the impact of his deep thrusts. His female truly did have spirit. And it appeared that his worries over her accepting them were for naught. She seemed more than eager to take each of them into her willing body. As a Spygian mate should be.

No, this human would not break.

Leikos groaned roughly from his position at his station. "I cannot believe our mating was interrupted. Our Natalie is so sweet. I cannot wait to taste her again, to bury myself inside her."

Though Leikos had gained satisfaction from Andros' mating, from the bond that tied them together as brothers and allowed him to feel what Andros was feeling as he penetrated their mate's lush body, his satisfaction would not be complete until he mated with her himself. He would not gain the Spygian strength until that moment. Andros was determined to make that happen as quickly as possible.

They only had a few weeks until they arrived back at their home planet. Though they would still have time with Natalie there, they would also be expected to train, to perfect their strengthened skills so that they could properly defend their planet. These next few weeks until their arrival would be devoted to learning their mate, to giving her such complete ecstasy that she would never again question where she belonged.

With them. As their beloved mate.

"Soon, Leikos," Andros reassured him. "Soon we will be buried deeply inside her willing body." His cock grew stiff at the thought of it. Their mate would be well-pleasured, well-loved. She belonged to them. As they belonged to her.

* * * * *

Zafron came awake with a start. Though he'd slept through the night, he'd been plagued by sex-crazed dreams of his mate.

"Natalie," he breathed, closing his eyes and remembering the soft texture of her creamy flesh, the delectable taste of her female essence. Lords, but he wanted her.

Though he'd received a great amount of satisfaction from watching her pleasure, from feeling that of Andros, he wanted her still. Thought that maybe he would never get his fill of her. He had waited so long, after all.

But more than that, he was surprised at the intensity of his emotions for her already. He wanted to protect her, to comfort her. What would it be like once they had well and truly mated? He could only imagine the bond growing stronger, and it both frightened and excited him.

"What are you doing even now, my Natalie?" It must be difficult for her, leaving the only home she'd ever known. Traveling farther away than she'd ever imagined. Though he was confident that she would come to care for each of them, she had scarcely had time to become accustomed to the idea.

When the Spygian females had still lived, bonds were created instantly amongst a female and her mates. It had simply been accepted that the mating bond was unerring

and unbreakable. But his female had not been raised the same way. What level of uncertainty must she be feeling now, wondering if she made the right choice?

With a muttered oath he rose from his bed. He needed to see her right now. Though it tortured him that he would not be able to have her in the way he wanted her until the ritual could be completed, he still felt the desire to be near her.

"I will simply not touch her." He shook his head, uttering a harsh laugh. "Well, at least not overmuch." He'd be lying to himself if he said he would be able to keep his hands off her completely.

* * * * *

Natalie took her time soaking under the hot spray of the shower. She'd woken feeling relaxed and energized. Pretty much the way any woman might feel after having had the best sex of her life.

Times twenty.

Just thinking about Andros, about the way his eyes had glittered with emotion as he'd stood over her, made her knees shake. She knew she was attractive, but she'd never considered herself particularly beautiful. But somehow she'd managed to attract these perfect specimens of manhood. And the way they looked at her, with obvious unbridled desire, made her feel that she truly was beautiful. Figures they'd be out of this world, literally.

She finished her shower and put her tunic back on, looking in the vanity mirror and coloring once more. Did they expect her to wear this all the time?

As exciting as the notion of easy access might be, they couldn't expect her to be having sex all the time.

Somehow, with those three lusty aliens, she had a feeling that was exactly what she would be doing if she walked around dressed like this.

The door leading into the bathroom slid open. Natalie jumped and whirled around. Zafron was on the other side. Seeing her in her tunic, he leaned against the entrance to the bathroom, his eyes glittering as he said, "Natalie."

"Wha – What are you doing here?" She crossed her arms, trying not to appear too nervous.

"I but came to see how you were doing," he said innocently, lowering his lids so that his eyes were half-closed.

She thought he might be scared of frightening her away with the naked desire so evident in them. "Really?" she asked suspiciously.

"Of course, female. It must be frightening to be leaving your planet and the only home you have ever known. I but wanted you to know that you could confide in me, should you wish to do so."

Natalie's heart skipped a beat. That was very sweet of him, to be considering what this journey would mean to her. Even if his impatience was shining through in his eyes. "Thank you. It is a little scary, but exciting too."

"You are a brave one, my beautiful flower," he said in an admiring tone. "That is as it should be for a Spygian mate."

"I..." Natalie felt a hot blush coming to her cheeks and looked down for a second. Just the way he said the word "mate" made her think all sorts of naughty thoughts. "Thank you."

Zafron smiled, his expression taking on a faraway look. "Wait until you see Spygia. It is a beautiful place. Our forests are a veritable rainbow of color, with so many varieties of flower and plants that it boggles the mind. To my mind, it is the most beautiful of the planets we have come across, though yours does come in at a close second." He looked over at her confidently. "You will like it there."

She inhaled at the look of childlike happiness on his face. He was devastatingly handsome simply just standing there. But when his face took on that expression of such

innocent delight, it made him absolutely breathtaking. "How many other planets have you seen, besides Earth and your own?"

"Hmm...let's see, there's Arethra, Keulot, Enduve." His smile dimmed. "Chivea and Fresahkna, before their people were decimated by the Malucons."

Natalie couldn't help but gasp. "The Malucons killed off all the people of two different planets?"

"More than two, as far as we know. And yes, once they successfully invade a planet, they annihilate the entire native race. It is barbaric, but the Malucons are crazed. They take delight in complete and utter conquest."

Oh my god. When she'd considered the possibility of alien life in the past, of course she'd thought about the chance that it might be hostile. But she'd never considered that there would be aliens that decimated entire planets just for fun. It was terrifying.

"Do not worry," he said, taking in her expression. "That will not happen to Spygia. Our people will protect her. We will defeat the Malucons."

"But...but what about Earth?" The Malucons knew it was there. It had clearly been in their view when they had approached the ship.

Zafron's expression softened. "Not to worry, Natalie. Your planet is safe for quite some time. The Malucons are only driven to planets that contain some sort of technological advancement they covet. Earth is simply too new to be of any interest to them. And by the time it has become advanced enough for this to be a concern, the Malucons will have been defeated." His face took on a fierce expression once more. "This I swear."

Slowly, she relaxed once more. Worrying wasn't going to help matters. "Thank you for taking the time to make sure I was okay."

"Of course. You are our mate," he said. His voice became seductive once again. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

She tried not to blush as she took in the obvious meaning behind his words, turning instead to face the mirror as she considered her appearance ruefully. "You wouldn't happen to have any clothes that would provide a little more coverage, would you?"

Zafron grinned mischievously. "You need but ask, my mate, though I think you look ravishing as is." He strode to the far end of the bathroom and touched his hand to the wall. A hidden panel slid open, revealing a closet stocked with undergarments and tunics of all lengths and colors.

"Oh. Thank you." She shot him a grateful smile.

"You are most welcome." Zafron stepped away from the closet and slowly stalked toward her. Natalie stiffened. What was he doing?

He came to a standstill in front of her, sliding his hands up her arms. Shoving her hair to one side, he lightly nuzzled her neck. "Would you like me to help you change your dress, mate?"

Natalie opened her mouth to respond, but he pressed up against her, his erection prodding insistently at her stomach, and she gasped instead. Zafron kissed her, sensually sliding his tongue across hers and sucking lightly on the tip.

God, I just become a quivering pile of flesh around these men.

Zafron's hands came up to cup her breasts, kneading them gently before he pulled down the fabric of her tunic and freed them. "Gods, female," he whispered. "You entice me unbearably."

Cupping one breast in his hand, Zafron moved the other down the short length of her tunic, finding the juncture of her thighs and sliding his fingers along her center.

Natalie moaned, her head falling back forward onto his chest. The pressure of his fingers on her felt so good. She bit her lip to keep from crying out as one long finger pressed inside her.

"Do you know how good your cream tastes, Natalie?" he said softly as he circled his finger inside of her, placing his thumb at her clit and rubbing against it. "I almost spent myself last night, just tasting you. That is how I knew you were my mate."

She moaned again as he withdrew his finger and brought it up to her mouth. "Taste it," he said, pressing his erection further against her with a soft thrust. Her lips parted to accept his finger and she sucked greedily on it, enjoying the taste of her feminine essence mingled with the salty flavor of his flesh.

"By severn, you are amazing." His hand came down her body again, more impatiently this time as he thrust two fingers in her heat.

She cried out at the sensation of his fingers sliding in and out of her moist center. "God, that feels so good."

Zafron groaned. "Heavens, Natalie, I must taste you again." Withdrawing his fingers, he slid the cool, silk fabric of her tunic up her body and over her head. Then he stepped back.

Natalie's heart thumped furiously as Zafron perused her naked flesh. Heavens, she wanted him. Desperately. How could he make her feel so wanton, even though she'd known him such a short period of time?

"Go sit on the counter," he ordered softly. She moved to obey, her breath catching in her throat. "Good. Now spread your legs so that I can see."

Biting back an excited moan, she opened her legs wide.

Zafron placed his hands on the inside of her thighs and pressed down gently to spread her legs a little farther, groaning harshly as he looked down at her. "You are beautiful like this. With your body opened to me." With his index finger, he rubbed her clit again, then traced his finger down to her opening, sliding his finger inside once more as he looked down on her.

Zafron thrust his finger in and out, then leaned down to give her a hot, open-mouthed kiss, his tongue plunging in and out of her mouth in time with his finger. He

added a second finger as he moved his mouth down to her breasts, taking turns tugging and sucking one nipple, then the other, into his mouth.

“God, that’s incredible.” She fisted a hand in his long dark hair, jerking her hips up and down as he explored her body.

He moved down her body with a harsh groan. “Much as I would love to fuck you, Natalie, I can only taste your sweet nectar this time. Once the ritual has been performed...”

His words trailed off, the dark promise behind them evident as he stroked his velvety tongue down her center, then plunged it inside.

Natalie cried out, fisting the other hand in his hair and holding his head to her as his tongue began to slide in and out, the long length of it slithering inside her. “Oh god!” He thrust his tongue in more fiercely, grasping her hips to hold her in place. “Ohhhh...”

She felt herself fall apart, her split legs starting to shake uncontrollably. She came wildly with one final thrust of his tongue, his face pressed to her heat.

With a growl, he lifted his head, looking at her with barely repressed desire. “Lords, your taste is unbelievably delicious.”

Her breath coming out in panting gasps, Natalie said, “Zafron, you are amazing. That was absolutely incredible.” Every bone in her body felt like liquid. She was amazed she didn’t slide to the floor in a boneless puddle.

Standing up straight, Zafron pressed her knees together and lifted her bare body up to his as he enveloped her in a crushing hug, his hands on her backside. His head buried in her hair, he groaned again. She felt the force of his arousal as he pressed the heated length to her stomach through the thin fabric of his loincloth.

How could she be aroused again so soon? It seemed her libido knew no bounds around these men.

Regardless, it certainly didn't seem fair that he'd given her pleasure—twice now, actually—while selflessly denying his own. She wanted to end that.

Brushing Zafron's erection through the loincloth, she asked, "Can I please you now?"

He froze for a moment, then backed away, looking down at her questioningly. "You do please me," he said, but the hopeful look on his face was almost amusing.

Stifling a laugh, Natalie pushed him until his back hit the wall, dropping down to her knees.

"By severn," he exclaimed in rough excitement as she lifted his loincloth and freed his large arousal, grabbing it in both hands.

"God, you are huge," she said with a laugh. She was met by an answering grunt as he grasped her hair and gently pulled her head toward his body.

Natalie closed her lips around the engorged tip of his cock. She sucked in lightly, loving the sound of Zafron's deep groan. With one hand over the other, she encircled him as much as she could with her fists, rubbing them up and down his velvety shaft as she traced her tongue around the head of his shaft, then sucked in the tip.

Heavens, this man is amazing.

His large tool was built for pleasure, giving and receiving. And receiving it was all she could think about as she sucked in as much of his length as she could, bobbing her head up and down in tempo with her pumping hands.

"Lords, Natalie, I cannot hold back anymore," he said, his hips jerking violently against her.

"Don't. Please don't." As turned on as she was, she wanted to taste him.

Zafron grasped her head and held her to him as he stuffed himself into her mouth. After several sharp thrusts, he uttered a harsh cry. Natalie could feel his legs shaking as his release tore out of him, the tangy evidence of it streaming hotly down her throat. "Heavens above!"

Chapter Seven

They traveled in circles for more than a day, simply to make sure that their path back to Spygia was not tailed by the Malucon ship they had encountered. Natalie found that out when she asked why it was taking them so long to reach deep space. Not that she was anxious for that to happen, or anything.

Yeah, right.

She knew full well that they wouldn't be able to leave the ship on autopilot until they'd hit deep space. And they wouldn't complete the mating ritual until then. Even though she had already been with Andros the night that the Malucon ship approached, the ritual would not be complete until she had mated with all of them, and they all had to be there when it happened.

The whole thing left her completely hot and bothered, especially since, with the exception of her one bathroom romp with Zafron, none of the men would go anywhere near her. She would have been insulted if not for the looks of deep longing and frustrated lust they were constantly sending her way. No, it was obvious that their control was stretched to the limit, that they had reached the point where they didn't trust themselves any longer to touch her body without taking her.

Which left her with a lot of time to herself. Thank goodness for the library.

When Natalie had first visited the library, she'd been shocked to see that it contained books made of a thin paper. They were very much like the books from her planet, but the paper looked like a stronger, more durable version of vellum. Even more surprising was the translator, a small portable device with a computer-like screen that she could place the book into and have the Spygian words translated into any language she chose, including English.

It had been amusing to see that the Spygian books bore a similarity to those from Earth. There were fiction novels that seemed to feature battles between different worlds. A few books that made her cheeks flush, with their depictions of various sexual positions. Sort of like the Spygian *Kama Sutra*, with most of the illustrations containing two or more men pleasuring—or being pleased by—one woman. Apparently Andros hadn't been lying about the Spygian culture's ready encouragement of multi-partner relationships.

There had also been some Spygian history books, as Andros had assured her. She carried one out to the greenhouse today, spreading a blanket out on the grass floor by the bridge, where she could hear the steady trickle of the artificial creek and take in the lavender scent of the theamene. It was fascinating to read the early history of the planet, to learn that it was so similar in many ways to Earth. She lost track of the time she'd been out there when a deep, amused voice sounded from behind her. "Having a picnic?"

She turned. Andros strode toward her from the meandering path. Hastily sitting up from her prone position, she swept her hair back with a blush. "Oh, no, just reading some of your history."

Taking large strides, he quickly reached the blanket. "May I sit with you for a time?"

Natalie nodded her head, her heart skipping a beat. His pained avoidance of her had subconsciously left her feeling his loss, something she hadn't even noticed until now.

Oh my god, could I be starting to care for him – for them – so quickly?

Andros sat on the opposite end of the blanket, carefully keeping his body from touching hers as he reclined on his side, his upper body supported by his forearm.

This was the first time they'd been alone since that night.

Her body heated simply recalling the look of intensity on his face, the feel of him inside her as he made furious love to her. She stifled a deep exhale. Oh god, how she wanted to feel that again. To be that turned on.

Andros was silently staring at her face, one eyebrow cocked. She felt her face grow heated. *Are my thoughts written all over my face?*

"What think you of our history?" he finally asked.

She'd just been sitting there, staring at him like some lovesick schoolgirl. How embarrassing. "Um, it's interesting," she said, looking down at the book once more. "Did you know that your history has many similarities to our own history on Earth? Same theory of creation, similar dark ages and periods of enlightenment?"

He grunted noncommittally.

"The only thing is that your planet appears to be older than ours by several thousand years, and far more technologically advanced. I mean, the things you have on this ship are...are just incredible to me."

"It appears that your planet is headed on the same evolutionary trajectory as Spygia, my mate. Hopefully your world's people can keep from destroying each other with their own petty wars. Ours barely managed to do so, at the end of our materialistic era."

"But you have to return to Spygia in order to train, so there must still be strife there." How discouraging that was. It seemed there would never be any true peace for her planet. Not if Spygia was any indication.

"There is no strife amongst our own people," Andros said. "But unfortunately there are other planets that have evolved differently from ours. The Malucons, while powerful and advanced in many ways, do not have many of our own technologies. However, their planet is large and well-populated, their people are strong and materialistic, and their spaceships are superior to those of many other planets. Including our own, in many ways. For them, it is acceptable to take by force what they do not already have."

"Do you really think they can be destroyed?"

Andros nodded. "It is their own bloodthirsty nature that will destroy them. While they are eager to make war on other planets, they are also mercenary in nature, and cannot be trusted not to turn on each other if the right motivation comes along. We will find a way to exploit that, to stop them for good."

He sat up and reached over to gently grasp her hand in his. "Natalie, you trust us to keep you safe, do you not?"

His expression was so earnest, so hopeful, that she melted. He truly did want to protect her. Wanted her to feel secure. That was something she hadn't experienced in a very long time, and it felt really good. "I do trust you. I know you won't let anything happen to me."

Andros smiled at her statement, his eyes glittering fiercely with unspoken emotion. "Female, I..." His voice trailed off as he raised a hand to brush her cheek. It was amazing how just the touch of his hand could make her limbs weak.

"Lords, you are so soft. So beautiful. I cannot wait until you are completely ours."

"When will that be?"

Yikes, cool it on the eagerness, Natalie. They already know you want them. No need to lay it all out there.

He laughed. "As soon as we can be certain that the Malucons are not following us. The last thing we need is their ship trailing ours the entire journey back home. They cannot follow our trail without having our ship on their radars."

Natalie nodded. Hopefully it would be sooner rather than later, but she understood the importance of ensuring that they were not being tracked. The last thing any of them would want was to be waylaid by an enemy ship.

His gaze traveled down her body to where her mid-thigh lemon-yellow tunic ended and the bare flesh of her legs began. Uttering a soft groan, he said, "By severn, Natalie, you are an arousing woman. I am ever grateful that the fates decided you to be our mate."

She'd be lying if she said she wasn't turned on by his obvious admiration. She teasingly replied, "Yes, but would I be as enticing to you if I wasn't your mate?"

He laughed, confessing, "Now that is the age-old question, is it not? Do I desire you so because you are my mate, or are you my mate because my desire is so great?" He shrugged. "Either way, the end result is the same."

His expression growing serious, Andros continued, "I want to kiss you."

Natalie's lips tingled under the intensity of Andros' heated gaze, and she subconsciously licked them. With a pained hiss, he drew her closely to him, taking her lips in a gesture of total possession. His tongue flicked out, licking the corner of her lip before thrusting in sensually and tangling with hers. He grasped a section of her hair and pulled it back to provide him deeper access to her mouth, while his other hand moved to slide across her breasts, down her stomach.

Oh. Just the slight touch of his hand heated her body, making her eager for more. Losing herself in the moment, she reached down to touch Andros' heavy bulge through his loincloth, rubbing her palm up and down over the cool fabric before closing her fingers around him.

Andros broke from their kiss with a harsh groan, resting his forehead on hers. He moved his fingers onto her hand and stilled it. "Enough, I can take no more."

She couldn't hold back her whimper of frustration. "But I want you, Andros." It was amazing just how much she wanted him.

He groaned. "Soon, Natalie, soon." With a muttered oath, he released her suddenly. He rose from the blanket and stalked off without another word.

Natalie stared at his retreating back for a moment before uttering an aggravated screech and throwing herself back onto the blanket. At this rate she'd die of frustration before they ever made it into deep space.

* * * * *

“By severn, Andros. We have been traveling aimlessly for days now,” Zafron said from his post in the control room. “Aren’t we certain by now that the Malucon ship is not trailing us?”

Though his words were spoken solely due to impatience, he did have a point. Andros had exercised caution in ensuring that they were not being trailed before shooting into deep space. Although he knew that this prolonged the moment before they could make Natalie theirs completely, he was not willing to risk her life. They had just found her. He was going to ensure that she lived a long, happy existence. Not only this, but he couldn’t withstand another failed attempt at the mating ritual. He needed to ensure that, once in deep space, they could leave the ship on autopilot for at least a few hours without having to worry about stopping due to unwelcome visitors.

“If we set into hyperdrive now, we could be in deep space in a matter of hours,” Leikos said.

Andros’ cock, which seemed to be sporting a never-ending arousal ever since they had discovered their mate, jerked at the thought. He could be inside Natalie’s warm, willing body within a few brief hours.

“It does seem unlikely that the Malucon ship is still aware of our presence,” Andros ventured.

“I can understand your vigilance,” Leikos said. “But I think we should be away to our planet.”

“And enjoying our female,” Zafron muttered.

Andros pondered their words for a moment. “Okay, let us go into hyperdrive.”

“Thank the lords,” Zafron hissed.

* * * * *

Natalie was officially bored. Okay, so she still had plenty of books to read, but even as fun as that was, it got old after awhile. And even though it was cool getting to request any type of food she wanted and have it materialize, she’d gotten tired of

eating. Bottom line, she was lonely and tired of being avoided. So she figured she'd head over to the control room, maybe rustle up a little bit of trouble.

Or at least figure out how to drive this ship.

The men must have been telling jokes, because they were all laughing as she walked in. However, as usual, they quieted when she entered, their eyes resting hungrily on her. Feeling a little out of place, Natalie said, "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"Never, Natalie," Andros said.

"I got bored. I thought you might be able to teach me how to fly this thing."

"Certainly," Andros agreed. She walked over to his control station and watched as he pointed out buttons and explained what they did. "Each of our control stations is similar, so that any one of us can take over flying or commanding the ship if the other becomes suddenly incapacitated for some reason."

"I generally navigate and have command of the coordinate location screen," Leikos put in, "though we are all able to do it."

Looking out at the blanket of stars through the clear shield, Natalie was hit with the biggest sense of impossibility, like this was all some long, really vivid dream. "This is so crazy. I can't believe I'm actually here."

"Would you care to take control of the ship for a bit?"

"Really? That would be cool."

After all, how many humans could claim to have done something like this? When I get back home, I can tell...

Her excitement dimmed just a bit when she remembered that she wasn't going back to Earth. Even if she did, there wasn't really anyone to tell.

Andros smiled, seemingly infected by her enthusiasm. "Come here," he said, grabbing her hand and pulling her toward his seated body. When she was directly in

front of him, he turned her around to face the controls and shield once more. "Sit." He grabbed her by the waist and gently tugged her down, until she was sitting on his lap.

She was momentarily discomfited until Andros distracted her by putting his hands over hers and guiding her hands to the control wheel. "It is similar to that of your own aircraft. Push the control forward." She pushed it, and the ship began to lower ever so slightly. "Good. Now pull back." The ship returned to normal. "See, it is not so difficult, is it?"

"No, not at all." It really was a lot easier than she'd expected it to be, considering that she was controlling the entire spacecraft.

"You are doing very well," Andros said. He slid her bottom a little closer to him, so that she could feel his rock-hard erection—the one that never seemed to go away. Still, she couldn't help but gasp as it pressed into the crack of her bottom. His voice hoarse, Andros continued, "Very well, indeed."

Andros' hands left hers, sliding sensually up her arms, and she promptly forgot all about the fact she was controlling the ship. He pulled her to him so that her back rested against his chest and nudged her head to one side so he could nuzzle her neck.

"Mmm...that feels good," she said, her eyes closing of their own accord.

"You feel good, Natalie," Andros responded, cupping and gently squeezing her breasts, pushing them together. Then, one hand slid lower, to her knees, which parted at his touch.

Andros moved his hand between Natalie's thighs, his fingers easily pushing aside the thin fabric of the thong underwear she had so grudgingly worn—only because she didn't seem to have any underwear with more fabric. But she was grateful for it now.

She heard guttural groans from across the room as Andros' fingers dipped into her wet core, and her eyes shot open. She'd forgotten herself for a moment, forgotten where they were. Leikos and Zafron were both looking in their direction, entranced as Andros' fingers slid in and out between her slick folds.

"Lords, Natalie, you feel so good," Andros groaned. She couldn't help but respond with a soft moan of her own. His fingers felt amazing.

"Andros, we have reached deep space," Leikos said in a choked voice.

Natalie couldn't prevent a shocked gasp from escaping. Not that she hadn't expected it, but still it had caught her off guard. Deep space. Now they could autopilot the ship for some period of time.

"Finally," Zafron groaned.

Andros leaned forward and pressed a button on the side of his control station. A plastic case shot up to cover the buttons and controls on the table. He pushed Natalie to her feet, then leaned her forward against the cold surface of the table. "Bend over," he whispered. "Let me see you."

There was a rustling sound as Leikos and Zafron rose to walk toward them.

She bit her lip as she spread her legs a bit and thrust out her backside. If they wanted to see her so badly, the least she could do was put on a bit of a show.

"By severn. You are beautiful," Leikos said. His normally calm voice had a hitch in it.

Looking back over her shoulder, Natalie saw Andros lift the fabric of her longer tunic, exposing her backside to Leikos and Zafron, who stood slightly behind him. With a rapidly indrawn breath, he grasped the thin fabric of the thong, pushing it to the side to expose her fully to their view. Then he traced her center with his index finger before slowly pushing it inside once more.

"Oh, that feels incredible." Natalie bit her lip to prevent a harsh cry from leaving her lips.

"Lords," Andros breathed, moving forward to eagerly bring his head between her legs as his tongue slid inside. He grabbed the globes of her backside and spread them further apart, then began to thrust his long tongue in and out of her.

Natalie cried out as she quickly came apart under Andros' expert tongue. "God. That feels so good."

"Oh, Natalie," Andros said, standing up and moving to the side.

Looking back once more, she saw Leikos eagerly approaching. He leaned over and, like Andros, spread her cheeks and buried his tongue deep inside her heat.

"Ohhh!" God, their tongues were made of liquid fire. They were burning her up.

Zafron groaned behind her. "Lords, I cannot wait." Leikos moved aside and Zafron rapidly approached. He lifted one of her legs onto the table for better access before also beginning to plunge his tongue in and out of her in a fierce rhythm.

"Oh please!"

"Please what, Natalie?"

She shook her head, so excited she could hardly form words. "I need more."

Andros approached again, gently pushing Zafron aside. Grabbing Natalie's waist, he coaxed her up and onto the table, laying her on her back. She watched eagerly as he freed his stiff erection from his loincloth. "Is this what you need, Natalie?" he asked, taking the tip and rubbing it across her heat, coating it in moisture.

"Yes. Oh yes," she cried out, spreading her legs and pushing down on her thighs.

"Then you shall have it," he replied, his voice an excited rumble as he easily tore the thin fabric of her thong, tossing it aside. He placed the tip of his arousal at her entrance and began to slowly push inside.

Natalie threw her head back, crying out at the intrusion.

Andros withdrew with a labored grunt, then slid back in again, a little easier this time. He continued his easy motion until her body adjusted to accommodate his size, then started pumping his hips against her, creating a deep penetration.

"Yes. Please. Give me more." *That feels so good.*

"Andros, please," a man's harsh voice sounded out from behind Andros. "We must have a turn."

Andros grunted in acknowledgment, thrusting in several more times before withdrawing with a slight reluctance and moving to the side. "Yes, brothers. Take your turns claiming your mate."

Leikos let out a guttural groan as he strode up to her. He placed the tip of his rod at her entrance and quickly slid the entire length inside her. Natalie rose off the table in ecstasy. "Leikos. Fuck me!"

Her plea seemed to excite him, because he began thrusting more steadily inside her, grasping her thighs to hold her lower body still as he repeatedly plunged in and out.

"Oh, yes. Yes!"

Zafron approached, grabbing Leikos' shoulder and tugging him backward. "My turn, brother."

Leikos moaned and withdrew slowly. He barely stepped away before Zafron took his spot, grabbing his cock in one hand and thrusting it deep inside her. His hips began to piston furiously, his staff easily sliding in and out of her now-soaked body. "Lords, yes," he said. "You feel amazing, mate."

Natalie moaned, her head falling to one side. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined a scenario such as this one. And she never would have guessed how much she'd be enjoying it. It seemed as if her body had been made to love these dreamy aliens. To be loved by them. "More, Zafron!"

Andros was there after a few short moments. He pulled Zafron away, lifting her gently and turning to lay her on the carpeted floor. As soon as her back hit the floor, he spread her legs and plunged deeply inside.

"Oh, fuck me," Natalie screamed, arching her back at the exquisite sensation of Andros filling her.

"By the lords, mate. You are so arousing," Leikos exclaimed, falling to his knees by her head and turning it to face his body. He guided his arousal into her mouth and Natalie eagerly accepted it, allowing him to grasp her head and thrust in and out in time with Andros' body pumping between her legs.

Zafron feel to his knees on her other side, caressing her hair and breasts. "Fuck her harder, brother," he said as he squeezed her breasts. "Mate, turn your head this way."

She obeyed, grabbing Leikos' staff in her hand and stroking him as she swallowed as much of Zafron's cock as she could. It was pure heaven, having her body stretched by Andros while Zafron's tool pumped inside her mouth, Leikos' in her hand. Hearing the excited, pleased groans of the men—*her* men—she'd never felt more turned on, more empowered. It was heady knowing that she could affect them so intensely.

Andros withdrew with a soft sucking motion, trading places with Leikos, who placed one of her legs over his shoulder and rapidly thrust in and out of her body.

"Yes. Harder," she cried out, turning to take Andros in her mouth.

After a few minutes, Zafron moved, impatiently pulling Leikos away as he said, "My turn." He held onto her splayed legs as he pumped in and out, throwing his head back with a loud groan. "Woman, your heat feels so good." Grabbing her legs, he pushed them up over her head, switching the position of her body so that all her weight rested on her upper back and shoulders, her legs up by her ears.

"Oh god," Natalie yelled as Zafron lifted into a squatting position, thrusting inside her at an angle that forced her to absorb most of the weight of his thrusts. "Yes. More." She screamed as a hard release tore through her.

"By severn, Zafron," Andros exclaimed as he watched Zafron furiously pound her. "My turn."

They switched places. Closing his fist around his swollen cock, Andros plunged deep inside of her, pumping his hips rapidly.

"Oh god, yes," she cried out. The exquisite pleasure of his rough loving was almost too much to bear.

"Yes, brother, she wants it just like that," Zafron groaned.

Natalie simply moaned in response. There was no doubt. She liked it all right.

"Do not break her," Leikos admonished with a soft, aroused laugh. "It is my turn."

Andros uttered a tortured groan as he slid his heavy rod out of Natalie's body and moved aside.

"Are you okay, mate?" Leikos asked.

Her voice sounded hoarse to her own ears as she replied, "Yes. Please, more."

Leikos immediately thrust inside, grinding down to the hilt.

Natalie cried out as he slid in and out, pounding her body into the floor. "God, don't stop. It feels so good!"

"I think she wants all of us at once," Zafron said with a laugh. "We should not disappoint our mate."

Andros groaned, lying on the ground next to Natalie. "Leikos, move her here."

Leikos withdrew his slickened cock. It jutted furiously in the air as he helped Andros and Zafron pick her body up and place it down on Andros, with her front still facing Leikos.

Natalie gasped as Andros began to impale the ring of her backside, already soaked and lubricated from her juices. Leikos thrust two fingers inside her heat, sliding them in and out as Andros very slowly lowered her onto his staff.

She cried out at the feel of Andros invading her ass, but she quickly found that she liked the feel of him inside her. When she was seated deeply, Leikos entered her again, sliding his cock deep inside her.

"Oh, Leikos, that's...incredible," she gasped. The feeling of being stretched so immensely was completely foreign and all too pleasurable.

Andros and Leikos lifted her up and down slowly, allowing her to become accustomed to the feel of them before starting to thrust in and out more insistently, keeping a steady rhythm. "Oh, don't stop. Please!"

Leikos began letting out excited groans and cries, plunging himself in more deeply with hard, slapping thrusts. Natalie felt another orgasm begin to rise up in her, her legs starting to shake fiercely. The uncontrollable tightening of her muscles appeared to

push Leikos over the edge. He yelled his release into the air, clenching his muscles as his climax tore through him. And through it all Andros kept steadily pumping his hips, creating exquisite pressure.

Leikos pulled away, but Zafron quickly took his place, thrusting into her soaked body with one swoop, then thrusting in and out fiercely.

"Oh, I can't take anymore," Natalie cried out. The pleasure was so intense that it was almost painful.

"Yes, Natalie, you can," Zafron grunted between hard, slapping thrusts.

The pressure of being pounded from both sides increased. "Yes, just like that. God, yes!" Another mind-blowing orgasm tore through her, leaving her feeling faint and spent.

"Yes," both Andros and Zafron cried out, their bodies tensing in release as they simultaneously poured themselves into her.

Natalie's breath came out in deep gasps as they lifted her off their bodies, Andros gently pulling Natalie into the crook of his arm, Zafron and Leikos lying next to them. Holy hell.

That was the most insane, animalistic lovemaking she'd ever engaged in.

Am I still alive, or have I died and gone to heaven?

"That was incredible," Zafron gasped.

"You were incredible, mate," Leikos added, satisfaction in his voice.

Natalie blushed. She couldn't help but agree. It had been incredible. Though her body twinged and ached in places, at the same time she'd never felt better, freer, more loved and worshiped than she did right now.

I could really get used to this.

"Are you okay, Natalie?" Andros asked, looking over at her. His face was a mask of contentment, mixed with another fierce emotion she couldn't quite make out.

"I'm not sure," she replied, her voice shaky.

Andros laughed, turning his head back up toward the ceiling and casually placing the arm that wasn't supporting her under his head. "Now *that*, my sweet female," he said in a satisfied tone, "is a *proper* mating."

Well...she couldn't argue with him there.

Chapter Eight

Their mate was quite tired today, if the fact that she'd lazed half the day away was any indication. Not that Andros could fault her. Not after last night.

He could not fight the stupid grin that came to his face when he thought of Natalie as she had been last night, her face and body wild beneath him and his brothers. Sandwiched between them as they rode her into ecstasy. Yes, he could easily see why mated men were always so disgustingly optimistic. It seemed he was becoming the same way.

He thought of her sleeping contentedly in his bed, and felt the stirrings of lust rise within him once more. They had not loved their mate since last night, had decided to allow her time to rest and recover while she slept in his bed. He'd initially thought it would be torturous, lying next to her all night without getting to partake of her sweet honey. But surprisingly, it had been the best night of sleep he could remember. Though he wouldn't begrudge his brothers their opportunities to have Natalie sleep in their beds, he would miss her when she was gone from his.

"Surely she has slept enough for the day," Andros muttered to himself. He supposed he should be ashamed that all he could think of was getting inside his mate once more, but he found he could not resist the temptation.

"I can man the ship myself, if you desire a break," Leikos commented from his position at his controls. From the amused tone of his voice, it was obvious he knew exactly what Andros was thinking.

Andros cleared his throat. "Yes, good idea. Perhaps I'll take a short rest, like Zafon."

Leikos chuckled when he immediately rose. "Just remember that you'll be similarly relieving me once you return."

He nodded absently as he walked out. They would all have their chance to spend time alone with their mate. But today, for right now, it was his turn.

* * * * *

The next several days passed by quickly for Andros. Every day was one of discovery, as he and his brothers learned the curves of Natalie's body, discovered exactly what she liked. She spent most of her waking hours with one or all of them, learning how to operate the ship, training in sword fighting, and even giving them sexy little dances that she knew drove them crazy. "I took a class on this," she'd said. "It's called urban striptease. I never dreamed I'd actually use it."

"They teach this in a class?" Andros had replied in disbelief.

Though he didn't know why it surprised him so. Enduvean women took lessons on seduction. Perhaps this was simply the human equivalent. And he was ever so grateful that she knew it, especially when she would bend over and wiggle her pert little ass at him. It was all he could do to keep his hands off her until she was done with her performance.

Andros knew Zafron and Leikos were just as content with Natalie as he was. Zafron was showing signs of becoming more patient, though Natalie did like to tease him so, and Leikos was more relaxed than he'd ever seen him. Their mate completed them.

"Come, Natalie. Let's go for a walk," he told her today, coming upon her in the library, another of her favorite destinations on the ship. He'd caught her in here just last night, peering over one of their guides to sexual pleasure with two bright spots of color in her cheeks. Of course, seeing what position had flustered her so, he'd immediately insisted on trying it. Leikos and Zafron had been game and suffice to say, their female's cries of ecstasy were louder than any he'd ever heard before. Just thinking of it made his cock ache.

"Where are we going?" she asked him with an angelic smile as she rose to follow him.

“Let us walk out to the greenhouse. I’ve a mind to take in the beauty of the foliage.”
And your own.

Andros placed an arm around her back as they walked, reveling in the feel of her silky skin. Just thinking of the way the soft, supple flesh between her thighs felt beneath his fingertips made his flesh harden. *Soon I will be buried in your heat again, my sweet Natalie.*

Their mate was well-suited to them. All of their worries that Natalie would be unable to handle the three of them seemed to be for naught, as she eagerly took to their bed-play. Just yesterday, when he had been manning the controls, he’d used his Spygian bonding senses and was delighted to feel Leikos’ pleasure as Natalie rode his cock in the shower. Then later, Zafron’s, as he took her on the small reading table in the library.

Altogether, it was pure pleasure being bonded so with his brothers, feeling their emotions as they took their pleasure with their mate, giving her pleasure in return.

“What will we do when we get to Spygia?” she asked him in her innocently alluring voice as they headed down the meandering path in the greenhouse. “Will we live on the ship?”

“No, mate, we have a compound in which we’ll live,” he said, stopping to pick a hephetalily and tuck it behind her ear. “It is a beautiful place, Natalie. Wait until you see it.” *It was built for your pleasure.*

Each room contained myriad places to make love. They would enjoy christening it upon their arrival.

As they reached the footbridge, they stopped to peer over the railing, admiring the steady trickle of the water as it flowed among the rocks and pebbles.

“This is a beautiful place too. My favorite spot on the entire ship,” she said, bending over the railing to peer closer at the water.

Andros stifled a groan as he observed her, the mint green tunic she wore riding up to show the delicious curve of her bottom. He would have preferred she be wearing a

tunic of shorter length, such as the white one she'd first worn, but perhaps it was all the best she'd gone with the longer tunic. It was difficult enough to keep himself from ravishing her.

"Do you have a favorite spot on the ship?" Natalie asked him with a bright smile.

"Right beside you, my mate," he answered truthfully. Lords, he loved to see the color that bloomed in her cheeks whenever he paid her a compliment.

He felt a fresh stirring of warmth in the pit of his stomach. And further down as well. She was beautiful. "I have a surprise for you." He reached inside the small pocket lining the inside of his tunic and pulled out a delicate necklace made of gold, with a charm depicting the two Spygian suns. "Wear this always."

"Oh Andros, it's so beautiful," she said, turning her back to him and lifting her hair so he could clasp the necklace around her neck.

"The necklace actually contains a vocalizer," he explained. "It will automatically translate your speech, so that those who speak foreign languages will understand your speech, and vice versa. It will seem as if they are speaking to you in your own language, though they in fact will not be. Once we've arrived in Spygia, click it here to activate the device."

He showed her a tiny indent on one of the suns, but purposely left out that the necklace would also allow them to track her if they ever became separated. He certainly didn't plan on such an event ever happening.

"Wow, cool," she said, a term that he'd learned meant she thought it was good. "But you don't wear one, and neither do Leikos and Zafron. How can I understand you?"

"When we learned our ideal mate was from Earth, we decided to become fluent in English. It was the least we could do to demonstrate our sincerity and eagerness for you to become our mate."

She continued gazing down at the charm. "That's so sweet. Thank you."

"You are welcome." *I must have you again, mate.*

He reached a hand out to the curve of her backside, running it up her bottom, then back down.

Natalie turned her head to give him an impish look from beneath her long, curled lashes. "Again, so soon?"

Andros laughed. "You know I can never get enough of you, Natalie." He dropped to his knees behind her, spreading her legs and pushing her delectable bottom out. Using his hands to spread her cheeks, he brought his mouth to her body and pushed his tongue deep into her heat, just the way she liked it. His cock jerked as she moaned, bending over further to allow him better access.

"By severn, you are delicious, female. Sweet as honey." He had the pleasure of hearing her cry out as he worked his tongue deep inside her, knowing that it drove her crazy when he thrust the entire length inside.

His aching cock pulsed, urging him to enter her right away. "I have no self-control when it comes to you," he said, pushing his loincloth over his stiff arousal and rising behind her to thrust inside. Natalie cried out at his swift intrusion.

"Oh, Andros. That's incredible! Please, fuck me. Hard."

"As you wish," he answered, plunging in and out of her moist heat as her muscles clenched around him. Lords, but she was exquisite. Falling to his knees, he pulled her down with him so that she slid back onto his staff. He pressed her back to his chest and cupped her breasts. "Ride me. Take your pleasure."

His breath came out in harsh gasps as she did, furiously thrusting up and down, burying him inside her to the hilt. "Oh, Natalie. You are irresistible," he croaked, feeling the pressure begin to mount inside him.

"Yes," she cried out. "Harder."

Grunting, he complied, pressing his hips forward so that he penetrated her deeply each time she moved, and enjoying the enticing way her ass jiggled as she thrust herself up and down on his cock.

"God, yes. Yes!" she screamed, her muscles clenching around him as she came. The sound of her reaching her release, the feel of her tightly enclosed around him, drove him to his climax. With a harsh cry, he buried himself inside her as his seed poured out of him.

He settled on to his side, panting as he took Natalie with him and tucked her body into his. It took some time for the sound of blood rushing in his ears to subside. He brushed her hair off her neck and pressed a soft kiss there. "Have I told you what an incredible woman you are?"

She laughed softly. "You might have mentioned it."

"It is true. You are not only beautiful, but brave." After all, she would have to be, to agree to accompany them on this journey. He'd only known her a few days, but already he could not imagine his life without her. The depth of his emotions toward her was difficult to believe, but all too real.

"Natalie, I..."

Andros trailed off as a feeling of general unease overtook him. Something was off. Leikos...

Were they having mechanical trouble with the ship?

"Something's wrong," he said, standing up and adjusting his tunic.

"What is it?" Natalie asked, a look of alarm coming to her face. She sat up, hitching her skirt down from around her waist, and he felt a moment of regret at having to abandon her so quickly.

"Nothing to concern yourself over, I'm sure," he reassured her. "Wait here while I return to the control room. I'll be back shortly."

With one last regretful look at his beloved, he turned and started with heavy strides back toward the main part of the ship.

* * * * *

Natalie smoothed the skirt of her tunic down over her thighs as she stared in confusion at Andros' retreating figure. What had caused him to leave so abruptly?

She rose with a sigh, feeling the now-familiar tenderness between her thighs as she looked down over the bridge to the water trickling below. Her men were insatiable, but they did their best to make sure she always felt good, that she got enough rest in between lovemaking sessions. One thing was for sure, she didn't need to go to the gym anymore. Not with them around.

The double sun charm glimmered in the light of the sunlamp. With a smile, she fingered the delicate charm. It seemed her men had been thinking of her before they even met her. They had planned far in advance for her to join their lives.

How had she become attached to them so quickly? Already she couldn't imagine her life without them. The way each of them made her feel, the things they could do to her. She was completely addicted to them.

But could she deal with never returning to Earth again? Just the thought of it made her feel uneasy. They would come back every now and again. Wouldn't they?

Suddenly she felt homesick. Here she was, on a spaceship headed far away from Earth, with nothing familiar to her.

"I think I'll go see what they're up to."

It was amazing how quickly her men had become so reassuring to her, how quickly she'd come to rely on them for support.

Natalie headed over the bridge and down the path. The doors slid open to grant her access to the hallway. She stepped through.

And stopped short at the sight in front of her.

Directly in front of her were two monstrous-looking men. They appeared to be over seven feet tall, with broad, muscular bodies covered in gray flesh. Heavy, prominent brows rested above large, flat noses. And ratty black hair hung down to their shoulders, the dark shade matching the color of their cold, dead eyes.

Which were now turned very menacingly on her.

Oh shit.

She opened her mouth to scream, but before she could utter a peep one of the hideous men rushed her and pushed her against the wall, his hand clamped over her mouth. He turned to speak to the other man, his voice coming out in harsh, guttural grunts that were completely foreign to her. Then he turned back to her and looked at her questioningly while speaking again, his hand moving from her mouth to her throat. The foul odor of his breath wafted over to her, practically making her gag.

"I...I don't understand," she squeaked. God, both her voice *and* her wits seemed to be failing her.

The monstrous man holding her captive had the audacity to look disgusted. He turned back to his partner and grunted again.

"Malucons," she breathed. They had to be; they certainly matched the description Leikos had given her.

How did they get on this ship?

Belatedly, Natalie remembered the vocalizer. The Malucons were still speaking to each other, so she surreptitiously reached up and activated the device.

"—must have mated already," the man holding her throat continued in a disgusted tone. "That will make the Spygians stronger and harder to defeat."

"Doesn't matter," replied the other Malucon with a careless shrug. "We still outnumber them three to one."

She couldn't help her sharp, indrawn breath. *Oh god, what's happening to Andros? To Zafron and Leikos?* The thought that the Malucons might have hurt her men made her sick.

The man holding her throat nodded in her direction. "What should we do with her?"

"Kill her," said his partner dispassionately.

"No," Natalie whispered, her heart galloping in her chest. It couldn't end this way. Not now.

The man holding her shrugged and turned to face her again, his hand squeezing around her throat. But then, after a moment, his gaze turned thoughtful, calculating, and his fingers eased. He cocked his head to one side. "Perhaps we should bring her back to the ship with us. After all, we broke the last female we had on board. We've been without one for close to a month now."

This time Natalie couldn't hold back her frightened moan. There was no mistaking the meaning behind his words. A fate worse than death.

The two men ignored her as the other Malucon replied, "She looks weak and frail. I doubt she'll last more than a few uses."

The Malucon holding Natalie sized her up once more. "Still..." Releasing his grip on her throat, he quickly grasped her by the waist and slung her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

"No," she finally screamed. "Let me go!"

The Malucons laughed, the one holding her swatting her roughly on the bottom. "It appears she speaks our language now." His partner responded with a grunt.

Natalie kicked and screamed as they carried her down to the lower level, where there was an open bay and a long ramp enclosed in glass that connected their ship to the invading one.

Despite her loud screams, none of her men came to her rescue, leading her to one terrifying conclusion. One that completely broke her heart.

Andros, Leikos and Zafron were dead.

* * * * *

The Malucon ship was dank and dirty and looked positively ancient in comparison to the ship Natalie had just been dragged from. The two men holding her captive tossed her into a damp, dark chamber that made a normal prison cell look like a luxury hotel room. All her attempts at resistance, at fighting back, had been met with either careless neglect or flat-out laughing.

The men locked the door behind them as they exited, leaving her a prisoner in this awful hellhole of a space.

As Natalie looked around the small chamber—which contained only a cot with dirty bedding, a sink with a small glass pitcher in it, and a toilet in one corner—she took in the musty odor of sweat, blood and sex. *This is the same room they kept the other woman in.* Whatever poor, unfortunate creature had been used, broken and apparently discarded by these cold, unfeeling monsters.

The very fate she was in for.

“What am I going to do?”

Hot tears scalded her face as she dropped down to sit on the floor, resting her back against one of the walls. Not once when she’d been contemplating the consequences of agreeing to go off to Spygia had she envisioned that she might end up in a situation like this. Prisoner to a bunch of animals. Waiting to be used as a sex slave, and to be ultimately broken without an inkling of regard.

Natalie again thought of Andros, Leikos and Zafron, and fresh tears flowed down her face, obscuring her vision. They had risked all to go to Earth, to find her. Now, because of that, they were dead.

The thought of never seeing them, of never again being held in their arms, consumed her in a wave of grief so intense that she doubled over.

I love them.

What a surprise that was. She hadn't known them more than a few days, and already she'd fallen for them. "I'm in love with them...and now they're gone."

What kind of life could she expect to have now? As a prisoner? Without them.

Natalie staggered to her feet and stumbled over to the tiny round window that permitted a view of deep space. Apparently the Malucons' raid had concluded, because the ship was moving. Stars whizzed by in a swirl of light as the ship traveled swiftly through space, but she was blind to all of that. All she could think of was her Spygian men. Those beautiful men she'd been so lucky to have, even if only for a short period of time.

Natalie doubled over. A fate worse than death awaited her here on this ship.

How...how could she stop this from happening?

In a frenzy, Natalie searched the room for something—anything—she could use. But the space was empty. There was nothing there, other than...

"The pitcher!"

She rushed over to the sink and picked the pitcher up, throwing it back down into the sink with enough force to shatter it into several large shards of glass. Without another moment's thought, she picked up one of the shards and held it to her neck.

Better dead by my own hand than torn apart by those monsters.

Natalie closed her eyes and took a deep, calming breath. Her mind flashed to images of the last several days of her life. She'd lived more in these few days than she had in the rest of her life put together.

Scalding tears burned her cheeks as she recalled first meeting Andros and Leikos. How frightened of them she'd been at first, yet intrigued at the same time. She could

practically hear the sound of Andros' deep, rumbling voice when he told her that they wanted her to be their mate. That Spygian men cherished and adored their mates.

Even now, her blood heated as she recalled the gentle touch of her men's bodies – the slick pleasure of their tongues on her – when they'd begun the mating ritual. The satisfied looks on their faces once they'd finally gotten to complete the ritual.

God, she was going to miss them. Maybe...maybe in the next life.

With another deep breath, she prepared to press the jagged edge of the glass to the tender flesh of her neck. She'd just felt the first prick of blood when she suddenly recalled the sound of Zafron's voice as he called her brave. The glittering promise in Leikos' eyes when he'd spoken of her as his mate.

"Oh god, what am I doing?"

Natalie slowly lowered the shard.

They wouldn't have wanted her to give up like this. To end her own life. If they could see her now, how disappointed would they be? They would want her to go out fighting. To be the brave woman they so obviously thought she was.

She might not have any control over how she was going to die, but dammit, she could at least control how she'd live until that final moment.

"I'm going to fight them. I won't let them destroy me so easily."

Her voice sounded shaky to her own ears, but also determined. Determined beyond a shadow of a doubt. Now was not the time to be meek.

If the Malucons were going to come for her, then by god, she'd be ready for them.

For you, my loves, I promise. I'll be ready.

* * * * *

Andros paced the length of the damaged control room, ignoring the heavy twinges in his wounded side as he tried to control his deep anxiety. "Any closer to mending the navigational system, Zafron?"

"We are working as quickly as we can," Zafron snapped back. It was obvious his patience was also stretched to the limit. How could it not be? Their mate had been taken. Kidnapped by the wretched Malucons.

"How could this have happened?" he repeated for the thousandth time since they'd barely managed to fight off the invaders. "They invaded us—boarded our ship—without our awareness. It should not have been possible."

"I am still trying to determine that, Andros," Leikos replied. "I believe they may have stolen a piece of Enduvean technology. It would be a recent invention. I'd heard a rumor some time ago that the Enduveans were working on a device that might allow ships to remain undetected."

Leikos' voice sounded gravelly, almost as if he was holding back tears. Andros understood. He himself felt the weight of tears pressing behind his eyelids, but he pushed them back. Now was not the time for self-pity, nor for worrying over injuries that did not threaten life. They had to recover their mate. Quickly.

Thank the heavens Natalie had been wearing the necklace with the tracking device when they'd taken her. Now they would be able to find her.

Once they managed to start this blasted ship back up.

What fate is she undergoing even now? What gruesome things could they be doing to her?

Andros forced those fears out of his mind. It would not help his mate if he were to go insane imagining what atrocities might be happening to her. They needed to focus. For her.

For Natalie.

"Let us try to take command of our ship once again," Andros commanded. They would not fail her. They could not.

"Please, Natalie," Andros murmured under his breath. "For us, please endure. We will come for you. No matter what, we will always come for you."

Chapter Nine

Natalie was ready for them when they came. Truthfully, it had taken them much longer than she'd expected. Apparently the Malucons were more bloodthirsty than horny. That, or she simply didn't appeal to them much.

She jumped to her feet at the sound of the door being unlocked and moved to stand next to it—her back pressed tight against the wall, crude homemade weapons at the ready.

The door slid open and two large Malucons strolled inside. Maybe even the same ones who'd tossed her in here. They seemed to all look alike, and even dressed alike, in ratty shirts and slacks that appeared to be made out of a burlap material.

From the casual way the Malucons walked in, it was obvious they were not expecting attack. Perfect.

"Where is the human?" asked one. He scratched his head and turned around.

That's my cue. Her body portraying a calm she didn't feel, Natalie swung one hand out in a graceful arch, slashing the Malucon with the crude knife before he could react. Her aim was good. She got him right across the stomach, and the cut was deep enough for the weapon to become lodged in his flesh. Which unfortunately meant she'd lost one of her knives. Thankfully she had two more tucked into the knife belt she'd hastily made out of ripped bedsheets.

The Malucon stopped short, grunting in pain as he stared down at his stomach. His features expressed shocked disbelief. Blood welled and began to steadily flow from his wound. "She injured me, Tek. The human pest has cut me."

Taking advantage of the Malucons' distraction, Natalie yanked another knife from her belt, so that she again held a knife in each hand. "Here, let me help," she taunted. Not the smartest move, maybe, but she couldn't help herself.

Just as she was about to go in for another swipe, the uninjured Malucon, the one who'd been called Tek, rushed her. As easily as if he were swatting a fly, he reached one large, meaty hand out to swipe at her head.

With a muffled "oomph", Natalie went flying across the room, hitting the wall hard with her shoulder. She bit back her groan of pain. *Come on, Natalie. Shrug it off. You can rest once you're dead.*

With much effort, she righted herself and rushed at Tek, swinging out with her other arm. The knife in her hand connected with his flesh, but it only struck a glancing blow. He knocked the knife out of her hand with a labored grunt. "What sort of weapon have you fashioned, human?" he asked in a fascinated tone.

She regrouped, ignoring his question. She doubted he really wanted her to tell him about how she tore the bedding into shreds and wrapped long strips around one edge of the glass shards to create makeshift knives. "Let me show you," she said instead, sweeping out with the other knife. It grazed his other arm, leaving nothing more than a shallow welt. "Shit!"

It would take her half a lifetime to slice and dice them to death at this rate.

And she didn't have nearly that much time.

Taking a chance, Natalie lunged forward, aiming straight for Tek's gut. But he saw her coming and strong-armed her, grabbing her wrist and squeezing until she dropped the weapon.

"Let me go, asshole," she cried out furiously as the man wrapped an arm around her throat and held her immobilized against the wall. He ignored her sharp kicks to his legs as he found and easily discarded her last knife. "No!"

It was over too quickly. But then, she'd never really stood a chance against these monsters. Still, she'd struggle until she took her last breath.

Tek gave her a brief look of amusement before turning to his companion, the man she'd first stabbed. He was leaning against the far wall, hands clutching his stomach. "This human becomes more interesting, Dron," said Tek. "She acts unexpectedly."

Dron didn't respond, just continued standing there with a stupefied expression on his face.

The amused look faded from Tek's face. "Dron? Are you okay?"

Dron looked over at them with blind eyes. He opened his mouth to speak, but instead gurgled out a thin trickle of blood. With nothing more than a soft exhale, he collapsed to his side, eyes unseeing. The movement dislodged his hands from his stomach, freeing a large amount of blood and something squishy that looked suspiciously like intestines.

"Oh god," she choked out. She looked away before she could be sick. *Guess that wound was deeper than I thought.*

"Dron?" Tek said in disbelief. He stared at the lifeless form for another long moment before turning back to Natalie. "You disemboweled him!"

Uh-oh.

Pure menace rolled off him in waves. Yeah, he was pissed about her killing his companion, all right.

Natalie's heart pounded in her chest as she stared up at the Malucon's monstrous form, unable to look away despite her fear. "What...what are you going to do to me?"

"I should kill you right now, pest," he replied, his words cold as ice. "Believe me, you will pay for this."

Her mouth dry, she waited for him to do something. To break her in half, to beat her unconscious. Something. Instead, he released his grip on her throat long enough to grab her by the arms and start dragging her from the room.

"What...where are we going?"

"To see the captain," Tek said in the same cold tone. "He will decide what to do with you."

That couldn't bode well for her. Not at all.

* * * * *

“Am I to understand that this little slip of a thing – this *human* – brought down one of my fiercest warriors?” the Malucon captain said to Tek in disbelief.

Tek visibly gritted his teeth. “She simply caught us unaware, Captain. The human is half the size of even the puniest Malucon runt. Who would have expected that she would attack us?”

The captain turned to level Natalie with another incredulous glare. She stood stock-still, afraid to move or even speak. With the number of Malucons in the room, it seemed best to be as unobtrusive as possible. She had to admit, when she was planning her attack, she hadn’t imagined that she’d survive long enough to be put in this position.

Tek had dragged her down to the ship’s control room, a room as different from the Spygian control room as night and day. Where her men’s command central was sparkling clean and minimalistic, this one was grimy and cluttered. The controls themselves were antiquated by Spygian standards, levels and cranks in place of buttons and touch screens. And the Malucon ship obviously took more manpower to fly. Besides the captain and Tek, there were three other Malucons in the room, and they were all large and scary-looking.

“What say you, human?” the captain spat out in a disgusted tone as he approached her. “Should I make you suffer the same fate as Dron?”

She recoiled at the foul odor wafting from the captain’s tooth-rotted mouth. “I...” What could she possibly say?

“Humph,” the captain grunted, turning away. He seemed to be appeased by her cowering demeanor.

Well, screw that. She was done cowering. She was never going to do that again. She might be terrified. She might be asking for a gruesome death. But she wasn’t going to take it lying down.

Straightening up tall, Natalie said, “What did you do to my men? Are they dead?”

The captain stiffened, slowly turning back around. The look on his face was scorching enough to melt ice. "You dare to question *me*?" His hand shot out, encircling her neck and tightening into a hold that had her choking for breath.

"Scrawny, worthless human," he said to no one in general. "What a miserable excuse for a female. Why did we drag her on board? We should have killed her on sight."

"At least let us use her first, Captain," one of the Malucons protested. "We've not rutted for too long."

"No," Natalie gasped, unable to help herself. She'd fight this until she took her last breath.

The captain's eyes narrowed, a lopsided smile coming to his face. "Yes," he said. "Might as well make some use of her before discarding her."

He grasped the neckline of her tunic. Natalie reached up with shaky hands, tried to pull him off her. But he was too strong. His grip tightened, the seams in the fabric starting to come apart with a loud tear.

"No," she screamed.

Suddenly a loud siren began to sound. A mechanical voice said, "Intruder alert. Embarkment bay breached. Intruder alert. Embarkment bay breached."

"What's happening?" barked the captain, carelessly releasing Natalie and turning away.

A harried-looking Malucon quickly shifted a lever on his control board. "Captain, it appears a ship has latched on to ours and is boarding in mid-flight. The ship managed to remain undetected until it made contact with ours."

The captain cursed. "Those damned Spygians. How did they find us again so quickly?"

"What?" *Her* Spygians? Her men were still alive?

"Prepare for attack, men," the captain called out, striding over to his chair.

Forgotten, Natalie started to scoot toward the door leading out of the control room. She'd made it ten feet from the door when the captain remembered her. "Valn," he said, looking briefly at the Malucon who'd so casually suggested using her before discarding her. "They will want their mate. Take her back to her cell and make sure she remains inside. Should the Spygians come for her, kill her."

"Yes, Captain," Valn said. He grinned with obvious relish as he stalked toward her.

"No," she yelled, making a run for the door. If she could just get close enough to the bay, maybe they would see her...maybe she could call out for them.

Valn caught up with her just as she reached the threshold. She had no time to utter more than a short scream before he covered her mouth with his large, meaty hand as he lifted her by the waist.

"Come now, human," his harsh, lust-filled voice sounded out in her ear. "We're going to have ourselves a bit of fun while your worthless Spygians get their hearts carved out of their chests."

He ignored the kicking of her feet and her frenzied struggle while he carried her down the hall, in the opposite direction from where the remaining Malucons had headed.

God, how close to her were her men? Would they make it past the Malucons?

Fear pounded in Natalie's chest, bile rising up her throat. She felt the urge to throw up and fought it, only because she had a feeling that not even vomit would cause the Malucon to remove his hand from her mouth. He'd most likely laugh while she choked on her own puke.

Valn turned a corner and stopped short, entering the first door they came upon. "This should do," he said with a grunt, lowering Natalie's feet back to the ground and releasing her with a careless shove that pushed her further into the room.

Natalie staggered as she caught her footing, taking in a brief glimpse of a room furnished in much the same manner as her cell—a bed instead of a cot, a nightstand and

a water pitcher—before she whirled back around to face Valn. He gave a lewd grin as his eyes traveled down her body.

Shit, how had she forgotten that her tunic had been torn? Both breasts were now fully revealed. But right now, it was either cover up, or defend herself.

Decision made, Natalie flew toward the glass pitcher.

“Where do you think you’re going, human refuse?” Valn said with a gravelly laugh.

She made it to the nightstand. Her fingers closed around the glass pitcher. Before she could raise it, Valn rushed her, knocking her to the side. Natalie flew back, landing on the bed. The pitcher fell to the floor with a loud crash, shattering to tiny bits. And Valn, with lightning quick reflexes, was upon her in an instant.

“No,” she cried out as Valn straddled her, one dirty hand reaching up to grab the torn remains of her tunic and rip it even further, tossing the now useless fabric to the side. Valn roughly palmed her breasts, grunting in satisfaction.

“You’ll do well enough for now.”

“Get off me,” she screamed, trying to buck him off, but his weight was too heavy for her to move him. She clawed at his face with her fingernails, drawing thin, jagged streaks of blood across his cheek.

Valn laughed, holding one of her hands immobilized with his as he grabbed the other one and pinned it under his knee. “At least you’ve got a little fight in you. It will make this more fun for me.”

“Stop, please.” Natalie couldn’t fight the tears streaming down her cheeks. How easily he’d reduced her to begging. Even though she instinctively knew there would be no mercy in him.

“Don’t worry, little human.” Valn flashed her a grin, revealing a row of rotting black teeth. “You’ll find my cock much more enjoyable than those of the puny Spygians.” With his free hand, he tore at the drawstring holding his slacks up, jerking them down far enough to free his erection.

"No, god no," she choked out. His cock was just as terrifying, just as disgusting as the rest of him. More so, even. It was the same mottled gray as the rest of his flesh. Long and wide, it curved into grooves and ridges that promised pain. "Stop!"

"Don't worry," Valn chuckled. "Women very rarely die from it. At least, not the first time." He reached down and tore her thong underwear away, then started to pry her legs open.

"No, sto—!"

The sound of the door sliding open startled the Malucon into pausing.

"Get away from her!" an unmistakable voice yelled from beyond the doorway.

Oh my god.

"Andros!" Natalie screamed, renewing her efforts to buck Valn off her in earnest. A mere second later, she was free as Valn was roughly knocked off her.

She scrambled off the bed, retreating to a corner of the room as Andros and Valn went down to the floor in a flurry of kicks and punches. Andros looked like he was injured, but the injuries didn't seem to be life-threatening.

"I'm going to tear you apart," Andros growled between punches. "You dared to touch my woman. You will die a slow and painful death."

"I was but giving her what you lack, Spygian," Valn taunted. "Don't you think the scrawny little thing deserves to be rammed by a real cock before she dies? Once I kill you, I'll be sure to give it to her nice and hard."

Valn's fist connected with Andros' side, where he already sported a large white bandage. Andros doubled over with a muffled shout. From the blood that began oozing through the bandage, it looked like a pretty serious injury.

Valn laughed. "I tell you what, Spygian. After I tear your head off, I'll point it right toward your mate, so it can watch as I pound her senseless. Then I'll let the others have a turn. If by chance she's still alive when we're done with her, it can watch as I slit her throat."

"What others, Malucon?" came an angry voice from the doorway. Natalie looked up to see Leikos standing at the doorway, bloody and battered-looking, but still very much alive.

Another blessedly familiar face appeared in the doorway. "Yes, you disgusting piece of rot," Zafron added, the evil grin on his face promising painful retribution. "You're the only one left."

She had the pleasure of seeing Valn's eyes go wide from shock and fear a moment before Leikos and Zafron rushed the room and surrounded him. He uttered agonized cries as they began to beat and kick him, but she shut her eyes when she saw the knife in Zafron's hand as he raised it toward Valn's neck. Several seconds later, Valn stopped screaming. Then, a thud as a body hit the floor.

"Natalie." Her name was spoken in unison as she was embraced by several sets of arms. She leaned into the body of the man closest to her, inhaling their familiar, musky fragrance.

"I thought you were dead," she whispered.

"No, Natalie," Andros said.

Leikos stroked her hair gently. "We would never leave you."

"You are safe now, mate," Zafron added.

Safe.

Natalie's body began to shake as she took in the impact of their words. Her men were alive. They had come for her. They had saved her.

Feeling her limbs go weak, Natalie leaned against her men as she sobbed out all her fear and relief.

She was safe.

Chapter Ten

"Our mate grows impatient," Leikos spoke softly from his seat in the control room.

"Yes, I know," Andros replied.

"And she is not the only one," Zafron muttered.

Andros stifled a laugh at Zafron's tone. Truly, he too was feeling the effects of waiting to claim their mate once again. It had been over a week since they had burst onto the Malucon ship and slaughtered all its occupants. Their fear of whatever torments their mate might be suffering had lent them such mindless purpose and unparalleled strength that their fury had known no bounds. Though they had been outnumbered, the Malucons had been no match for them.

It had been more than a week since he'd found Natalie, naked and helpless under the weight of the heinous Malucon intent on raping her.

Andros' heart wrenched inside his chest, as it did every time he thought of that moment. Would that they could have saved Natalie from that torment.

They had let the Malucons catch them unaware. Never again would they repeat that mistake. Not with their mate's life on the line.

Even though Natalie had assured them that no harm had come to her while in the Malucons' grasp, Andros was still hesitant to lie with her again. He knew she would carry the psychological wounds of her torment and attempted rape for the rest of her life. The least they could do was stave off their lust for her until she was truly ready to lie with them once again.

"By her own account, she is ready, Andros," Leikos said, reading the unspoken thoughts on Andros' face.

"You cannot deny that, Andros," Zafron said.

It was true that she wanted them too. Her hints over the past several days had become less and less subtle. Just yesterday she had emerged from her quarters wearing the short Spygian tunic, the one that practically bared her breasts while showing a hint of the delicate round curves of her luscious behind. It had taken all his energy not to pounce on her immediately, and from the looks on his brothers' faces and the large bulges in their loincloths, they had felt exactly the same way.

"She did say she would be picnicking in the greenhouse, did she not?" he asked Leikos, unconsciously rubbing the bulge in his loincloth.

"Yes, she did," Leikos replied with a hopeful look on his face.

"The new security shield is in place and has been tested several times," Zafron threw in eagerly. "We will no longer be caught unaware."

"Spygia is close by," Leikos added. "We will be home very soon."

And therefore none of them needed to be here in the control room right now.

Andros hesitated for another fraction of a second. Was it too soon for their mate? But then he recalled the seductive smile on her face last night when she'd sat across from him in the library, curled on an overstuffed chair as they'd each read a book. The way she'd crossed and uncrossed her legs, giving him a tempting view of what she wore underneath her sparse tunic—nothing.

"Let's go." Decision made, he rose and strode toward the door.

* * * * *

Natalie rolled onto her back, stretching lazily under the warm light of the greenhouse sunlamps. She'd discovered that the light they gave off was very similar to sunlight, giving her skin a nice, warm glow. With any luck, her earlier mention of sunning out here would draw her men to her. Just in case, she'd shed her ridiculous excuse for a tunic the moment she'd lain down.

She smiled, thinking of her men and how they'd been pampering her over the last week. If she'd had any doubts before, she didn't now. They loved her, wholly and completely. Not just because she was their mate, but because she was her — Natalie.

As wonderful and secure as she felt in the knowledge of their love for her, it was frustrating that none of them had touched her since the incident with the Malucons. She knew they were being sweet, that they wanted to give her time to recover from her ordeal. What she'd tried to tell them but they didn't seem to understand was that by making love to her, they would be helping her drive those horrible memories away. She wanted the memory of their hands on her, not the Malucons'.

Just thinking about making love with her men again made her all hot. If they didn't join her out here soon, she was going to go straight to the control room and jump them.

The sound of soft footsteps padding through the grass interrupted her reverie. Her heart started thumping in anticipation. Smiling, she lifted her knees, placing her feet flat on the ground, and parted her legs ever so slightly. In the next moment, three breathtakingly muscular bodies came into view, as usual clothed only in loincloths. Her men.

Natalie could hear their collective gasps of breath as they noticed her lying nude on the blanket. "Natalie?" Andros said, his voice sounding choked.

"So you boys have decided to join me, huh?" she said. She'd been going for breezy, but her voice came out husky instead, leaving no doubt as to her intentions.

"Are you sure?" Leikos said in the same choked voice as Andros.

Rising on her elbows, she spread her legs farther apart. "Oh, I'm sure."

She rose to her knees, eagerly watching as her men approached her. Zafron reached down to impatiently untie his loincloth. "No." She reached up a hand to stop him, throwing him a saucy smile. "Let me."

They uttered heated groans as she removed each of their loincloths, leaving them gloriously naked and unmistakably hard. Her body warmed in response.

"Lords, but we've missed you, Natalie," Andros said with a groan.

"I've missed you too," she replied with a laugh. Boy, had she ever. They were all she could think about. "Here, let me show you."

She took Zafron's swollen cock in her mouth, reveling in the silk-on-steel feel of him against her tongue, as her hands encircled Andros' and Leikos' engorged shafts. Keeping her hands moving in time with her mouth, she pumped up and down, savoring the salty taste of Zafron on her tongue.

"By severn, that feels incredible," Zafron groaned, his hand fisting in her hair.

Releasing him with a slight pop, she smiled up at her men. "God, I've missed that."

"Show me how much," Andros replied hoarsely, guiding his cock to her mouth.

Natalie smiled as she took turns pleasuring each of them. Each flip of her tongue or wiggle of her bottom elicited a new round of groans, spurring her to continue enticing them with her mouth and with her body's movements, until she was high on lust and the power she held over them.

"Mate, it's our turn," Leikos whispered hoarsely, guiding her onto her back. "We must taste you now."

"Yes, please." She didn't have time to say any more before Andros' mouth was on hers, his tongue tangling erotically with hers. Leikos' hands spread her open to his view, and a mere moment later his mouth was upon her, his tongue flicking out to tease her sensitive bud before sweeping along her crease. One, two agonizingly delicious licks, and then his tongue flicked inside.

"Oh god," she cried out, tearing her mouth away from Andros. "Don't stop."

Leikos laughed softly. "So sweet. Like the purest of honey."

"Let me have a taste, brother," Zafron said. He switched places with Leikos, bringing his mouth down to her slick core. A few teasing licks, then he slid his tongue deep inside her, holding her hips down as her back arched off the ground, ecstasy pouring from her in waves.

"Oh, that's so good." The pleasure of his tongue inside her was almost unbearable, made her want to do naughty things. "I need a cock in my mouth, right now."

Andros uttered a tight laugh. "I aim to please." He guided his stiff erection between her lips, sliding in as deeply as he could before pulling out and repeating the motion.

Natalie felt a soft tug on her head and turned it. Leikos gently guided his cock between her lips. "Take us all, my love." She sucked in furiously, relishing Leikos' harsh groans as Zafron's tongue worked its magic deep inside her cunt. Already she was wild with need.

"Please fuck me!"

Andros chuckled, grabbing Natalie's head and turning her his way so that he could piston his cock in and out of her mouth. Grabbing the leg closest to him, he lifted it up by the knee, so that her body was spread open wide. "You heard her, brother," he said to Zafron. "Fuck her."

"Yes," Zafron hissed, rising to his knees as Leikos grabbed her other leg and held it high. Natalie turned her head to watch as he guided his stiff arousal to her entrance, slowly pushing inside her slick core.

"Oh yes," she moaned. It had been long enough since their last time together that her body had to stretch to reaccustom itself to his size. The exquisite pressure of him entering her, inch by inch, was slowly driving her insane. "More."

"Slowly, mate," Leikos whispered, running his fingers through her hair. "You will have to take us all, and it has been some time."

She shook her head. "Slow later. Fuck me now!"

Zafron uttered a gravelly laugh. "She asked for it, brothers." In one smooth movement, he thrust in to the hilt. Andros' mouth swooped down to absorb her loud cry as her back arched off the ground. The feel of Zafron's long, hard cock buried to the hilt inside her was unbelievable.

How did I ever live without this?

In the next moment, all rational thought fled as Zafron pulled out almost entirely, then thrust back in, again and again, forming a steady rhythm. "Harder. More!"

With one last hard thrust, Zafron withdrew, leaving Natalie to cry out harshly at the loss. He moved to the side and Leikos slid into his place. "Please, more," Natalie panted, spreading her legs wider apart.

"Our mate seems to love our cocks," Zafron said to Andros.

"As it should be," said Andros.

"She cannot get enough."

"Yes, more," Natalie moaned, lifting her hips off the ground in a movement meant to entice Leikos, as she turned and eagerly sucked Andros' cock into her mouth once again.

Leikos stared down at her swollen opening, breathing harshly. "You've a beautiful pussy, my love."

"She does," Andros groaned in agreement.

"Yes," Leikos agreed. He pushed down, thrusting deep inside her. He easily slid in to the hilt, his wide cock pulsing in tune to her spasms as she came apart underneath him. How easily they could ride her to the highest peaks of passion.

"Yes, love," said Leikos, "that's it. Come for me."

Without waiting for Natalie to recover from her mind-blowing orgasm, he withdrew his cock, then plunged back in, sending her soaring to new heights of ecstasy.

"Go deeper inside her, brother," Zafron said eagerly, turning her head so that he could slide his cock into her mouth. "Give her every last inch."

"Mmm..." Andros said, leaning down to whisper in her ear. "I can feel the slick heat of your lips on Zafron's rod. The tightness of your pussy clenched around Leikos' tool. Can you imagine how arousing you are to us, mate? How our bond only serves to increase our pleasure, and your own?"

"Yes," Natalie moaned. "I need you. All of you."

"You have us. Forevermore." Andros rose to his haunches, scooting back so that he sat directly next to Leikos. "Hoist her onto my cock, brother."

Grunting in acknowledgment, Leikos gave her several more hard thrusts before withdrawing from her sweat-slickened body. Natalie cried out in disappointment as Zafron too moved away, but her frustration only lasted a moment before Zafron and Leikos helped her sit up, guiding her onto Andros' stiff arousal. She lowered herself slowly, reveling in the feel of Andros' hard cock sliding into her body, in the way he stretched her. Based on all the rough groans her men were uttering, her movements felt as good to them as it did to her.

Andros held her close to him, supporting her weight as she adjusted to the new position and began to build a steady rhythm. Featherlight kisses trailed down her back, silky long hair teasing her flesh and making her gasp in pleasure. "Please," she said, looking behind her to see Zafron at her back.

Zafron grinned lazily. "What do you want, mate?"

"You," she panted, her head falling back as Andros increased the tempo of his thrusts. "Please, fill me."

With an exultant laugh, Zafron said, "As you wish, mate." He spread her cheeks, coating the ring of her backside with her own liquid before slowly impaling her on his staff. She gasped at the initial twinge of pain, then moaned as that gave way to an exquisite sensation of fullness. Zafron withdrew a fraction, then inched in again, establishing a friction that had her gasping for breath, making her legs twitch uncontrollably.

"Harder," she gasped, crying out when they obeyed, Andros pumping his hips heavily as Zafron plunged in and out of her backside. "God, yes!"

"Natalie," Andros said with a harsh groan. He brought his lips to hers, his tongue tangling with hers. Breaking away, he said, "I love you, mate."

"We all do," Leikos whispered, moving to her side and kissing her as well.

"I know you do," she replied. "I love you too. All of you." *You're mine.*

With a satisfied grunt, Leikos rose to his feet, guiding Natalie's mouth to his stiff arousal. "Yes, mate. Just like that." He pumped his hips in time to Andros' and Zafron's thrusts, the three of them working her body in unison, stuffing her to the brim. She felt waves of ecstasy rise within her once more and let herself go. Muscles clenching tightly around Andros' and Zafron's shafts, she rode them until she crested, sliding Leikos' cock out of her mouth so that she could scream her pleasure into the air.

She felt herself go boneless, her head collapsing forward. She dimly realized that her men were still thrusting in and out of her, their movements more jerky and furious as they neared their own releases.

"I'm coming," Zafron cried out.

Andros answered with a groan that turned into a muffled shout, as he too surged forward, his hot seed spilling deep inside her.

She moaned, still unable to move a muscle. That had been so incredible, so indescribably sinful. "That was wonderful," she sighed, as Zafron slowly withdrew from her body, collapsing on his back next to Andros.

Natalie felt a whisper of breath across her back a moment before Leikos' husky voice sounded in her ear. "Not quite done yet."

Her back arched in response to Leikos' touch. She dimly realized he hadn't reached his release yet. How could she have forgotten about him, even for a moment?

Leikos gently pulled her off Andros' body, laying her on her back. He was still impossibly erect, his cock jutting out furiously. Spreading her legs wide open, he sank deep into her soaked pussy, holding her legs open as he began to piston in and out. "Yes," she moaned, feeling Andros' fingers skim down her side in a light caress as he turned to watch.

"Our mate likes it rough," Andros said to Leikos with a husky laugh.

"Yes," Leikos groaned, increasing the pressure of his thrusts until he was pounding in and out of her.

"Yes, oh yes," she moaned, feeling her legs begin to quiver once again. It seemed she could never get enough with these men. Never enough of their hard cocks. Never enough orgasms. She would always want more. "More...more, more!"

She screamed as Leikos thrust into her more furiously, ramming her over and over again, until she shattered into a million pieces with the force of yet another mind-blowing orgasm.

"Lords, yes. Natalie..." With a loud cry, Leikos emptied himself into her, pumping away until he filled her with every last drop of his seed.

Some time later, when she could finally breathe again, Natalie beamed up toward the ceiling in lazy satisfaction. Andros lay on one side, with Zafron dozing next to him, and Leikos on the other. This...this was a little piece of heaven.

"Looks like I wore you boys out," she murmured.

Andros laughed, running a hand teasingly across her stomach. "Never." His words sounded husky, but his movements were slow and lazy. He looked like he'd be happy to sleepily lounge about for the rest of the day.

"So, when are you going to be ready again?" she asked jokingly.

Leikos laughed, rolling over to kiss her deeply. "Never ask that question," he whispered, breaking away.

As soon as Leikos moved away, Andros rolled over onto her with an easy grin. Spreading her legs, he rubbed her moisture along her swollen opening before guiding his now-erect cock back in, easily sliding to the hilt.

"Oh god," Natalie said, her eyes widening in surprise as her thigh muscles clenched at the unexpected intrusion. "I was just joking."

"Never joke about that, Natalie," Andros responded, pumping in and out of her with long, easy strokes that promised a slow and gradual buildup.

Leikos ran his fingers along her body and whispered words of encouragement as Andros slowly but surely brought her to the brink of ecstasy once more.

The greenhouse was inundated with her heady moans, so much so that she barely heard the monotone voice of the ship's computer as it sounded out, "Attention crew, we are approaching Spygia. Entry into the atmosphere will occur in less than five minutes. Attention crew, we are approaching Spygia..."

Leikos cupped one breast, gently rolling the nipple between his fingers as he whispered, "We are almost to your new home, my love."

Natalie looked over at Leikos, then at Zafron's still-sleeping form, and finally back up at Andros. His eyes were glazed with desire as he continued steadily thrusting in and out of her, as if he had all the time in the world. A feeling of belonging, of total love and acceptance, overwhelmed her. Smiling softly, she looked back over at Leikos.

"I'm already home."

About the Author

Ria Candro is an author of futuristic and paranormal erotic romance. When not dreaming up hot love stories, she enjoys spending time with her family in their home state of Florida.

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