



CUAN TO ME

Zenina Masters

Cum to Me is the tale of a woman whose approach to orgasm triggers a teleport. Every. Single. Time.

Growing up on a frontier world is hard enough, but never being able to reach a climax without ending up halfway across the world is getting a little tiring. Pelly has been fighting a battle with her body for years and now even self-stimulation sends her rocketing through folded space.

Tamer, Zel and Marn have spent their lives abroad, fighting wars for people who would never let them settle down. Only their fourth, their match, can complete their circle and let them start a family. Finding one cloned woman in the entire solar system is an impossible task, but when a woman from across the world ends up in their law offices, stark naked with a fascinatingly familiar tattoo on her breast, a glimmer of hope stirs in all three.

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CUM TO ME
THE FOUR EVER MORE SERIES BOOK ONE

BY

ZENIJA MASTERS

PROLOGUE

The lab was quiet--no one dared speak. Decanting day for the first batch of cloned fighters was upon them and failure was not an option. Dr. Argent Deveraux watched with a maternal eye as the men were pulled from their growth solution and prepared for muscle development and coordination control.

Seventeen races had donated their genetic materials to this project in the hopes that unbiased lawmen and peacekeepers could be stationed on their worlds. As the first batch of men dried, a tattoo artist approached each and marked them with the individual icon of their set. Three men to each set, they were closer than brothers but unrelated.

Argent turned her face away from the group of scientists excitedly pointing and murmuring as the first clone opened his eyes and looked around in confusion. They had wanted to make this a truncated experiment, made all of the men sterile

with any of the pure races, but this she had found a way around.

In her private lab were two dozen chambers, each growing a match for these men. They would have to mate in threes, but they would be fertile and their first generation would not be bound by their restrictions. A new race for changing worlds, the women were Argent's gift to the *blenders* in the tanks below. The tattoo artist had already been bribed to do the work as soon as he finished with the males. Once the men were marked, their destined match would be marked with the same insignia. The girls would be sent out immediately, before any of the rulers could get wind of Argent's plan.

Adoptive parents had been interviewed and were ready to take on these girls without families, histories or a solid grasp of anything.

Despite the men going out into danger, the girls would be in far more peril for most of their lives, and if any of the psychic surprises that Argent had planted in the girls manifested, things would go very bad, very quickly. Either that or the skills would prove to be of use to the young ladies as they struck out on their own, not knowing that their matches were out there.

Argent sighed. She had managed to slip in subliminal information to let the men know that their women would be out there when they had finished their ten-year shakedown tours. That was

the closest she had come to being caught in this whole process. Putting in that little suspicion in the back of their minds that a woman with a tattoo that matched theirs was designed for them.

It had taken days of planning and still, dignitaries on tour had almost caught her next to the mainframe, controlling their educations. She had almost jumped into a tank to hide, but the splash would have blown her hiding spot in seconds.

The first batch was towelled dry, marked with glyphs and standing side by side. An attendant gave them clothing and mechanically, they dressed. It was entertaining for Argent to watch the men and women attending, staring at the perfectly formed beings in the centre of the lab. They were the closest thing she had to children, and despite what the council voted, she would have the grandkids she wanted.

She had all the tools to make it happen, so here was hoping the ladies were receptive in ten years.

CHAPTER ONE

She moaned, encouraging her fingers to move faster. Jolts of pleasure were zapping her and she eased off before she could send herself into orgasm. Frustration shot through her, her body weeping in desperation.

"Damn it!"

She felt the shift, the energy that would pull her away from her location. Sitting up in the hayloft, she straightened her skirts and then headed down the ladder. Her clit throbbed with every step as she returned to the house to help with dinner.

Pelly felt like crying. Masturbating used to be a stress relief for her, but ever since she had started to come out of her pleasure-haze miles from home, stark naked, she had to stop when the build up of pleasure reached a certain point.

She had to give up on having partners as well. They got far too freaked out when she disappeared mid-thrust.

Groaning as she pushed the door to the kitchen open, she smiled as she took in the smells and

sights of her home. Bread was baking, stew was simmering and her mother was working on dessert.

"Pelly, get the salad together, will you?" Her mother didn't ask where she had been, she never asked. Alo merely looked her over with a knowing wink and nodded to the basket of fresh greens.

"Sure, Mom." Washing her hands at the sink, she shuddered as a wave of energy ran through her. That was weird. Normally her body subsided when she stopped teasing her clit. Today it was slow to fade.

She assembled the salad quickly, mincing some aromatics and shredding large green leaves into a bowl, dressing it with a fast blend of vinegar, herbs and oil. Her hands shook as she tossed the greens in the bowl and her agitation finally registered with her mother.

"Pelly, are you all right?"

She looked helplessly into the face of her parent, vibrating at an accelerated pace until the orgasm that she had tried to squash bloomed into full awareness.

Her mother faded from her view, a wild look in her eyes as her daughter disappeared.

Spinning through light, Pelly screamed in a space where no one could hear her. She ran for the other side of the light as quickly as she could. This was far longer than her average jump.

Her mind was reeling with the sensory overload of lights and roaring noise. She fought her way through to the other side as quickly as she could. A calm, dark doorway awaited her. Holding her breath, she jumped for the darkness.

"Oh my." An old woman was peering down at her and blinking. "Are you awake, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You are naked."

Pelly sat up and wrapped her arms around her knees while she crossed her ankles. She was sitting on a stone walkway and a few vicious pebbles were digging into her ass. "I am sorry about that, ma'am. I don't know how I got here."

"Here, wear my shawl." The old woman wrapped her in warm wool and it covered her from shoulder to mid-thigh. She stood slowly and tugged the fabric to cover her as best as she could.

"Thank you. Thank you so much." Now that she was up and looking around, the crowd that had gathered to gawk at her was apparent. "How long have I been here?"

"Well, my assistant ran to get me about five minutes ago, but your skin feels fairly cool, so I would guess ten to twenty minutes." The woman began to walk slowly down the street with her and the crowd dispersed. "Come with me. I will take you to the law station and you can get someone to help you get back home."

Facing lawmen butt naked was not her idea of fun, *well, not today*. "Can't you help me?"

"Oh my, I wish I could, but I am a city woman and have no transport to call my own. You don't seem to be from around here, so I am guessing that a more involved return to your home is needed."

The woman didn't face her, merely kept up a slow and steady pace down the street until the icon of the law offices was visible.

* * * *

"Could this job be any more boring?" Tamer drummed his fingers on his desk.

His partners grinned over at him.

Fine, he was used to action and they were more introspective. It didn't mean that he was wrong about their assignment as lawmen being boring. Zel and Marn were filing paperwork for their last round of rescues. The women of this town seemed prone to getting locked out of their homes.

He drummed his fingers again. He had nothing against a good fuck, but these women were constantly hanging around and trying to start a courtship with one of them, Zel usually. He had the longest hair and easiest smile. They loosened their blouses and sent heavy sighs into the air when Zel crossed their paths. If he wasn't so amused, he might tell them that they weren't of

much interest to their third. He had his mind fixed on finding their fourth and nothing these women did would dissuade him for more than an hour.

Tamer snarled as the door jingled and an elderly woman entered. "Lawmen, I have a lady here who is in some distress."

They snorted as one. This was a new tactic. Sending one's mother or grandmother in for an introduction was a new method of courtship.

Zel approached her, all charm and calm. "What can we do for you, lady?"

She held the door open for a slight figure behind her and a nude woman wearing nothing but a shawl came in to their offices. *That* got Tamer's attention in a way that no amount of open blouses would.

"This young woman appeared on the street, naked as the day she was born. No one could say where she came from, but she needs help, shoes at least." The older woman shepherded the younger one into the station.

A bemused Zel helped the young lady into a seat.

With not another word, the old lady left them.

"Where is she going?" The young woman was frantic. The panic in her golden brown eyes ran through Tamer like a stun bolt.

"She has left you in our keeping and as we are the Lawmen on this side of the world, we will take care of you, get you back to your people." Zel's voice was soothing and she visibly relaxed.

The shawl slipped down to expose the inside of the young woman's breast and Tamer's heart almost stopped. Marn stood so rapidly that his chair flipped and Zel swayed where he stood.

The tattoo on the inside of her breast was more familiar than it had any right to be. Marn's inarticulate, "She's..."

Tamer had to step forward before they panicked her. "She's lost and we need to help her. Zel, get her a shirt. It will cover more than that shawl. Miss, may we know your name?"

The irony of his having to be the level-headed one was not lost on him as he knelt in front of her.

"Pelly, Pellisa Norman of the village of Ikali."

Tamer looked at his comrades. Ikali was two thousand kilometres away.

"How did you get here, Pellisa?"

* * * *

The men were staring at her, waiting for her to speak again. Pelly wet her lips slowly. "Can I have that shirt?"

The one referred to as Zel moved swiftly to a locker and withdrew a white shirt on a hanger. "Sorry, here you go."

She took the snowy fabric and looked to her audience. "Can you close your eyes for a moment?"

Surprisingly, the intense stares were lidded when they closed their fascinatingly fixated eyes.

Pelly shucked the shawl, knowing that they wouldn't keep their eyes closed long. Her arms tangled in the sleeves, but she did up the first button just in time to see the gazes fix on her again, one by one. Black, brown and blue, the gazes were on her as she blushed and quickly did up the buttons as fast as she could.

"Thank you for the shirt. The shawl kept slipping." She normally would have been uncomfortable with that much male attention, but she suddenly wanted to squirm and it wasn't with discomfort.

"You are welcome and if I may say so, Zel's shirt has never looked more becoming." The blond one with the icy blue eyes was smiling at her and it was impossible not to smile back.

"Well, it is better than a wool shawl and it smells better, too." That last comment came out without her willing it and her blush heated to scalding. The scent was comfortingly masculine and tweaked nerves in her groin that had been dormant too long. Masturbating was nice, but it missed a certain build up.

"Thank you." Zel bowed from the waist and she giggled. The bow would have been more appropriate on a courtier than the warrior in front of her. They all looked like they ate metal for breakfast and spit nails.

Again, the one with the blue eyes asked her, "How did you get here?"

She sighed, no sense ignoring him. She needed to get home. "I was making salad for dinner with my mom. I started shivering and then I woke up on the street here. Where is here, by the way?"

She usually didn't appear further than ten kilometres away from her home but didn't remember this place. The clothing that the people on the street had been wearing was a little different from the fashions near Ikali. The ladies' gowns were fuller and the men's coats longer.

"Morvin City. We are the Lawmen of this area. I am Tamer, you have met Zel and the silent one is Marn. Last name designate, Raven."

"Who's last name is it?"

His gesture took in all of them. "Ours. We are set Raven of the Rose class."

She blinked. He gave his designation so easily. Clones, they were all clones, but created at the same time and obviously with different DNA. The differences were too marked to be anything but separate donors.

As fascinating as their history was, she needed to get in touch with her family. "I see. Then I am very far from home and would like to call my parents. May I?"

The one called Marn finally spoke and the bass rumble of his voice sent shivers through her. "Of course, you can use my phone."

She inclined her head in thanks and then had to figure out how to stand without flashing her lady parts at her audience. Draping the shawl around her hips, she made sort of a skirt before she slid off the edge of the chair. Standing was fine, but her feet were sore. It had been years since she had run around her family's farm barefoot.

The shirt covered her to mid-thigh, so she put the shawl aside for ease of movement to get past the small office divider and to Marn's desk.

She lifted the handset and dialled the country code for Chambers and the location code for Ikali and her home number.

A worried voice answered, "Hello?"

"Hello, Mom."

"Oh, Pelly, thank goodness. We were so worried. We tried to find you at your regular spots, but there was nothing. Your father is out of his mind."

"Tell him not to worry. I am fine and in the custody of Lawmen. They will find a way to get me home safely."

"Lawmen? Honey, what did you do?"

She sighed and looked up at the ceiling. "I didn't do anything. I was found on the street and they took me here to get me help."

"Can I speak with one of them?"

Oh, boy. This isn't good. "I am sure that you can, Mom. Give me a moment." She covered the mouthpiece with her hand and looked up see

Marn inches from her. "She wants to talk to one of you."

Marn nodded and took the phone. "Hello? This is Officer Marn."

Pelly stepped back to let Marn have some space, but he reached out to grab her arm while he spoke.

"No, ma'am, she is physically fine. Yes, ma'am, she is dressed now. Yes, ma'am. We will get her back to you safely. No, ma'am, we will not let any strange men have their way with her."

He was looking down at her with those black eyes and she shivered. There was a meaning in his words that she was trying not to hear.

"We will contact you when we have a fixed itinerary for her. Have a wonderful day as well."

Marn disconnected the call and looked down at her.

"It seems that we will play host to you until we find a safe and reliable means of transporting you across the country. I noticed that you did not tell your mother where you were."

"It would only worry her. I have never gone this far befo...oh." She wished she could take those words back as soon as she said them.

Three pairs of eyes were trained on her in that instant. Marn asked, "You have done this before?"

"Never this far, it had just been too long a time for me."

Tamer was looking at her as if she had just grown another head. "A long time for what?"

"Never mind. It is a personal thing. I have these...spells and I move through space." She couldn't meet their gazes. Instead, she turned to look at the rest of the office. "How long have you been here?"

They were closing in on her, but all that happened was an increase of her pulse at the sense of being surrounded, enclosed, cornered, but her hormones had no objection.

Zel answered her, his golden brown eyes fixed on hers. "Four years. How long have you been having this travelling problem?"

She was stunned, it had been four years. "None of your business. I want to go home." She turned and tried to get past the trio of men, but they blocked her at every turn with each step she attempted.

"We have more questions and as lawmen, we are entitled to ask them of anyone seeking our assistance."

She looked from face to face and saw that they would keep her here until they were satisfied. "Oh, crap."

CHAPTER TWO

"Can I get something to drink before the interrogation begins?" She tried to sound as pathetic as she could, but they didn't fall for it.

"Yes, but you will still answer our questions." Marn took one of her hands and led her to a private office.

He was stroking his thumb down the inside of her palm in a way that reminded her of her first beau back before all the weirdness started. Nelson had never made her feel like a freak for her lack of a navel when they finally shed their clothing.

Her parents gave her unconditional acceptance, but Nelson had given her an introduction to physical affection beyond hugs. He had also been with her when her first shift occurred. She had just reached her first orgasm and a harsh vibration took her over, moving her from the barn where they had been rolling around in the hay, to the orchard on the far side of her parents' property. She had grabbed a tarp and quickly wrapped it around herself, running back to the barn as fast as

she could. It was no use, Nelson was gone and the next time she saw him in town, he gave her a wild-eyed look that spoke volumes. They never spoke of their interlude together again.

As a necessity, her relationships became more casual couplings and less long term until her fingers were her means of transport and each orgasm came more strongly than the one before, transporting her to the next town and making for a difficult retrieval by her family.

The room that Marn led her into had comfortable chairs and a large table in the centre. It was also warmer than the outer rooms for which she was grateful.

She took the seat that he offered her and would have recovered her hand, but his was so warm and she was so cold.

Zel brought in a glass of water and a sandwich that Tamer was eyeing wistfully.

"I don't want to steal your food."

"I can get another sandwich. That one is quite tasty, by the way. It has nice lean meat with mustard, mayo and crisp bread that we get down the street." He was watching the sandwich wistfully, so she tore it in half.

"That way I won't have to look at those big, sad eyes." She ate her half of the food and washed it down with the water that Zel provided. She it all right handed as her left hand was still entangled with Marn's.

Physically sated, she looked at them, "You mentioned questions?"

Zel grinned at her, Tamer was looking tremendously pleased with his half-sandwich and Marn was quietly rubbing his thumb on her palm while slowly sliding his fingers between hers. The overt sensuality of the gesture made her nipples peak below the white fabric of her shirt. She could only hope that the stiff folds kept the lawmen from noticing.

Zel started, "Before we get to the transporting, you have a tattoo on the inside of your left breast. Where did you come by it?"

"It was on me when my mom and dad took possession of me."

That raised their eyebrows. "Took possession?"

"I was adopted. I was ten or eleven when I came to Gallo and the Normans took me in as their daughter without question."

She remembered that day, leaving a shuttle and walking carefully to the serious-faced couple who immediately surrounded her in a hug. It was a nice beginning and she had tried hard to be a good daughter, even when her flashes of technological brilliance were obvious.

They had sent her to school. She had made friends and grown up as normally as one could on a planet with a convoluted blend of technology, animals for transport, but computers for communication made for quite a muddle.

"Do you know your birth parents?" They all leaned forward for this question.

"No. I don't have any. Like you, I am a clone." It wasn't common knowledge, but if one couldn't trust other clones...

"Really? How do you know?"

She carefully opened her shirt around her abdomen and stood to show them that she had no bellybutton. Her *navel* was on her back. The doctors had set the attachment there so that they could monitor appearance more easily.

Tamer leaned forward eagerly. "Do you know the significance of your tattoo?"

"No. I had assumed it was a batch marking."

"It was. Sort of." The three looked at each other and then Marn let her hand go as he unbuttoned his shirt to mid-chest as the others were doing. The exact same tattoo that she had worn on her flesh as long as she could remember was on each of their chests as well.

"Whoa. Are all clones marked with this rose?"

"No. Each pod or set of males bears the same mark and one female wears it as well. The fourth in their group. They can only reproduce if all four are together."

She blinked for a moment. "You are kidding."

"Well, technically, it can be done with three out of four, but to have babies, you need at least two of us in your bed within four hours."

The image that ran through her mind at the thought made her shake. Too hard. She vibrated in place with her cunt throbbing and her breasts aching until she was running down the brilliant, noisy hallway and coming out of the tunnel in her parent's front yard.

She heard a cry from her mother before she passed out and all she could think of was how do I explain three suitors to Mom and Dad?

* * * *

"What the hell? Where did she go?" Tamer was in shock. The woman had literally disappeared in front of their eyes. The irony was not lost on him that they had had the woman they had been waiting for in their presence and she had disappeared the same way she had arrived.

"I would guess that she returned home, but there is only one way to tell." Marn jogged out of the interrogation room and returned to his desk. He punched in a few codes and held up his hand. "Here is her parents' number. Shall I call?"

Zel was agitated. "Of course, you moron! Why are you waiting?"

"Because if she did not arrive there, her parents will be experiencing more stress when we tell them she disappeared again."

"Ah." Zel rubbed the back of his neck.

Tamer sighed. "Give me that number. I will call to get address details and if she is there, I am sure her mother will mention it."

His decanting brothers smiled. He shook his head as he dialled and waited for a response. They were willing to panic at the least thought of losing the woman that they had been waiting for. Tamer was more realistic. They knew now who and where she was. Well, usually where she was. The rest would follow.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mrs. Norman? I am Officer Tamer of the..."

"Oh, I am so glad you called. She is safe and sound. Very tired though. I can't thank you enough for your assistance."

He blinked. He had been right, she told them everything they needed to know in that first moment. "Excellent. Well, we wish to send you a copy of the report so if I may have your address..."

The relieved woman on the other end of the line quickly rattled off their farm's location.

"Thank you, ma'am. Please let Pellisa know that we are glad to know she is home safe."

"I will. Thank you again, Officer." Mrs. Norman hung up and Tamer was left looking at the handset. Blinking, he quickly wrote down the instructions for locating their farm.

"All right, gentlemen. We know who she is, we know where she is and we have an idea that she can do something we can't. What is our next move?" He looked to his companions and waited.

"We go and get her." Zel was adamant. He had been the most eager for their fourth to join them, which didn't make any sense, as he was the alternate in case Marn or Tamer was killed before mating.

Marn, their *starter*, spoke carefully so as not to upset the volatile Zel, "We can't just grab her and lock her in a bedroom, Zel. She has family, friends, a community that needs to see her off. It will be hard enough for her parents to deal with three suitors acting as one, without us virtually kidnapping her."

Zel scowled and shoved his hands through his hair. "Fine. I understand."

When Tamer raised his eyebrow at their third, he exhaled heavily. "No. I really do understand. It's just...when she was here..."

Marn finished his sentence. "You felt complete and now there is something missing. We all feel it, but self-control will be rewarded."

Zel sat back at his desk. "What do we do now?"

Tamer smiled. They were all on the same path and they had a destination. This was going to be easier than he had anticipated. "We call in for relief for a week and take our shuttle to Ikali. We meet Pellisa's parents and convince them that we are not psychotic perverts. After we get their

permission, we pursue Pelly until she has nowhere to go, *then* we make our move."

Marn chuckled and began to fill out the paperwork for a week of personal leave. They were considered a single organism by the government, which made the filing of a leave easier. As a clone set, they had never been apart and their contract demanded that they not be separated.

A provision for a wife had been made in their contract when they finished the term abroad as a strategic strike team, but Tamer was pretty sure that the government of Gallo had never expected them to enact it. It involved a house and a parcel of land to support them all, nothing extravagant, but necessary for raising a family on this world.

He kicked back in his chair and ran the image of Pelly through his head again. Her curves were inviting, the long brown hair had just been long enough to cover her breasts if she had thought of it. He was glad she hadn't. The soft pink of her nipples had made his mouth water and the tracing of her tattoo through the fabric of Zel's shirt had made his dick get hard. His logical mind knew she wasn't perfect or even the most attractive woman he had ever seen, but his body and soul didn't care. She was theirs, designed solely for them and he was counting the minutes until they could claim her.

Looking from the faces of Zel and Marn to his own reflected in his monitor, he could almost pity her. She was in for a rough ride.

CHAPTER THREE

"Mom, I am fine. I can get back to work, I swear!" Pelly was negotiating for release from her room for the third day since her dramatic reappearance on the front lawn.

"If you even have a hint of a tremor, I want you to jump in a cold shower. No ands, ifs or buts. I don't want a scare like that again."

Her mother reluctantly let her out of her room and as Pelly escaped to feed the animals and collect the eggs, she breathed a sigh of relief.

The animals seemed happy to see her, rushing up to the edge of the pen when she threw down the scraps and got their proper feed ready. She scratched the pigs behind the ears, enjoying their snuffling affection while dodging their very sharp teeth. A little known fact that the rooters killed people every year stuck in her mind as she carefully withdrew her hand.

The fowl didn't care about her, merely clucked and pecked her skirt as she threw the grain around.

Pelly changed the water for the animals and then snuck into the brooding pen to steal the eggs from irate hens.

Alo was in the kitchen with Ilga making bread for the noon meal and pastry for dessert. She greeted the eggs warmly and gave Pelly a thorough inspection.

"I am fine, Mom. Nothing is wrong and I feel perfectly normal." All Pelly had to do to keep calm was keep thoughts of the Lawmen out of her head. She hadn't filled her mother in on the details of the attachment she felt, but it was one of the topics for discussion for this evening.

She returned to the barn and started milking the cows, the low moans from the animal making her a little self-conscious, as if it was mocking her. Pelly rested her head against the warm side and patted her absently. She deserved to be mocked. The great passion that she had felt for Nelson was a tepid pool next to the raging heat that went through her at the thought of the Lawmen's hands on her. That she wanted all the hands on her at once gave her a thrill and a feeling of depravity.

Ideally, she would like to stay with thrill, but with her staid family, depravity would eventually win out.

With the milk cows fed and milked, she took the heavy buckets and started her way back across the yard. A strange humming started and the animals began to sound off in distress.

"What the hell?" The shadow descending was kicking up a tremendous amount of dust, so Pelly turned and covered the milk with her skirt. No sense wasting it.

The high-pitched whine slowed and stopped, the wind blasting went with the sound. The milk was still clean and she hauled it to the house as quickly as she could, her father and a few of the hands were moving to intercept the men coming out of the shuttle. "Mom, there's a shuttle outside. I am going to go and see who it is."

Alo looked at her, scowling in concern. "Are you sure it is all right?"

"Dad is out there already. As are four of the hands. It's fine." She straightened her skirt and pulling her shoulders back and head high, she left the house to see the arrivals.

She didn't need to look, she could *feel* it was the Ravens. Looking was nice, too, though. As Marn spoke to her father, Tamer and Zel locked their gazes on her as soon as she left the safety of the house. She had forgotten the breadth of their shoulders, the tingle in her limbs when she saw them. *Tingle, oh no.*

Just like that, there was a bright flash and she was breast to chest with Marn. "Um. Hello again, Officer Marn."

He grinned.

She could tell it had been a while for him. The smile, not the erection that she was plastered against.

"Hello, Miss Norman. You seem to be well."

"Pellisa! You are being rude to the Lawmen." Lore's hand pulled her away from the warm solidity that she had been snuggled against.

"I am sorry, Officer. I don't know what came over me." Blushing, she looked at her feet, occasionally looking up to watch the Ravens as they spoke to her father.

Tamer continued, "And so, Mr. Norman, we have found that your daughter may be our fourth."

Lore scrubbed his face with his hand, a sure sign that he was not happy. "Your fourth?"

"Indeed. You are aware of the marking that your daughter wears?"

"I am. How is it that you are?" The displeasure in his tone was unmistakable. He was glaring down at her and Pelly smiled up at him.

Oops. It looked like her mother hadn't informed Lore that his daughter teleported naked. How remiss of her.

"I am guessing that Mom didn't tell you that my clothing doesn't travel with me."

The muscle in his jaw flexed. "She did not."

"It doesn't. A nice grandmotherly sort gave me her very large shawl when I arrived, but while it covered everything, it didn't cover everything completely. They saw my mark." She shrugged.

"They behaved with honour?"

"They provided me with clothing and gave me privacy to dress." Sort of.

The Ravens looked surprised when she championed them to her father, but they had no idea what Lore was capable of if she was threatened. She did. He was fiercely protective and it was a good idea to paint them in the best light.

"Really? They don't seem the type."

"Father, I can assure you that they were directly responsible for me returning to you so quickly." It was the bald-faced truth, but she still had to keep a straight face while saying it.

"Then perhaps you should go inside and tell your mother that we are having three more for lunch."

It was a clear dismissal and she turned on her heel and walked to the house at a calm pace. Knowing that her father was also watching kept her from putting a swing in her hips as she moved along. Alo's face was peeking through the window and she quickly withdrew when Pelly came through the door. "Are those the Officers?"

"Yes."

"Three of them?"

"Yes. Mom, I should tell you..." She couldn't do it. As her Mom raised her eyebrow, she quickly filled in, "They are staying for lunch. Dad invited them."

"I assumed as much. Ilga is working on it. Now, what were you really going to tell me?"

Alo took her hand and led her to the kitchen table, forcing her to sit.

"Spill, Pelly."

"The Officers." She took a deep breath, "They are like me."

Her mother didn't grasp it right away. "How are they like you?"

Pelly looked to Ilga and sighed. "Same navel and birthmark."

Alo turned grey. "All of them?"

"All of them. We are a complete set."

Her mother looked near tears, "Are you sure?"

"I am sure. It is so much more than anything I could imagine." She knew that her eyes had taken on a dreamy cast but couldn't help it.

"More than Nelson or the others?"

"Not even the same animal."

"Did they..."

"They did nothing. One of them held my hand. That was all." It was nothing but the truth. She wanted more, she wanted rolling-around-naked-in-the-hayloft sex and she wanted it with them, not a him, but all of them. She was turning into a shameless trollop.

"But you wanted more."

"Quite a bit. But then I was back home. The funny thing is that this travelling started when they arrived on Gallo, so some part of me knew."

Alo had an expression on her face that Pelly wasn't used to, resignation. "Then these are the men we have been waiting for."

Blinking in surprise, Pelly sat up, "What? You knew about this?"

"Oh, honey, of course we knew. When the Doctor first contacted us about adopting you, she told us that one day three men would come courting you and that it was fine. It was what you were born for. You will complete them as they complete you." Alo brushed her cheek with her hand and Pelly realized that she was crying.

"You and Dad are okay with this?"

"We are your parents, we chose you. As long as you are alive, healthy and living your life to the fullest, we are happy. When children can come from this union, we will be the proudest grandparents on Gallo." Her mother squeezed her hand.

"I thought I was sterile. The doctors said..."

"The doctors made an assumption based on blood work and scans. You can have children, but you need your set to make it possible. I don't know the details, but they do. And because they are Officers, I am much more confident in your safety than I would otherwise be."

"You will ease Dad into it?"

"If they have not done it already. Yes. But your father was at the same meeting I was, he just may not like losing his little girl."

"I have been a grown woman out of school for five years. There isn't much little left in me." Pelly smiled.

"Wash your face and help us with lunch. We will add some cold salads to make up the difference." Alo stood and got to work.

Pelly did as her mother bade her and started mincing, chopping and mixing whatever came her way. She anxiously watched the shadows move across the table, waiting for the moment when they were aligned for noon. Some people needed sundials, but Pelly needed her mother's worktable and nothing more.

Alo kept her gaze on her work unless she was peeping out the window. When she hissed and flapped her hands Pellisa knew that they were on the way. Moving as quickly as she could, she placed plates, cups, forks and knives on the table, counting twice to make sure that she had set enough spaces.

The hands ate in the bunkhouse, but Ilga and the family ate in the house. It was time for lunch.

Pelly held her breath as the men came through the door. Her heart tripped in her chest as they each met her gaze and nodded a greeting. Their formal greeting of her mother was also quite nice.

"Mrs. Norman. Thank you for your hospitality." Marn's voice rumbled through Pelly's nerves and turned her weak in the knees. The Officers went to

her mother and bowed over her hand one at a time.

Alo was blushing furiously and quickly waved for the men to be seated. The women sprang into action placing the food on the table before taking up the empty seats. Silence fell as everyone served themselves from the variety of dishes.

There was no noise but the clatter of cutlery on plates and the occasional humming of enjoyment.

When the initial frenzy of consumption was over, Lore sat back and started the conversation. "So, I hear that you were in military service before arriving here. Why did you choose Gallo?"

It was a legitimate question and Pelly perked up her ears to hear the answer.

Tamer grinned. "When our active assignments are over, the pods are sent to the planet that meets a few criteria. One, we must physically match the population as closely as possible."

"There are other races?"

Zel added, "We are all blends of no less than three species. That is how the pods are selected, by similar genetic blends, not by relations. A total of seventeen races participated in this project." His gesture took in him, Tamer, Marn and Pelly.

Lore's face grew dark. "My daughter is not part of your project."

"Not when it began, no, but she was created with us in mind, whether you like it or not." Marn was serious and very calm. Pelly could feel the unspoken threat behind the words though, either

Lore gave in to them, or they would simply take her.

"What gives you the right to take my daughter from me?"

Pelly noted that they never told her father that she wasn't his--it was smart.

Marn answered, "We have in our possession a number of documents. The first is the dispensation to seek and claim our designed mate, the second is a waiver for her that will allow her polyandry and the third is a writ that issues us a large portion of land with a home attached for our family property. The dispensation is what gives us the right, but we would rather have your agreement."

Tamer added, "You raised her, you loved her and when she has children, you will be grandparents. We would deny you none of this, but our happiness depends on hers, hers on us. From this point onward, we will always be aware of who and where our fourth is."

Pelly looked at her father and nodded her confirmation of what Tamer had said. "It's true. My travelling started when they arrived here and each jump was bringing me closer to them until this last one. As you could tell when I smacked into Marn, I am drawing closer to them with every jump."

Her blush was warming her face, but she kept her eyes on her father's unhappy face. Well, he wasn't so much unhappy as resigned.

"I will not hand her over to strangers." The room held their collective breath. "Will you stay here for a few days so that we can get to know you?"

Zel sighed and relaxed. "We have ten days arranged. Two here with you will be acceptable?"

"You will take her with you when you go?"

"We will, but she can visit at regular intervals. We will try and get stationed closer to Ikali."

A suspicion entered her father's face. "Where are you stationed?"

"Morvin."

As her father started yelling, Pelly winced and calmly started clearing the table. He was just getting the shock out of his system, knowing that she had turned up naked half a continent away probably wasn't good for his blood pressure.

She probably should never mention that she was out cold on a public street for over ten minutes. He didn't need to know that.

CHAPTER FOUR

With lunch behind them, her pod joined her father for afternoon chores. All basic ideas had been discussed and a magistrate had been booked for two days hence. Pelly just wished someone had bothered to ask her what she thought.

Alo was looking at her curiously and smiled. "They are deciding things without you, your new men."

"They aren't mine. Not yet." They were, but she didn't want to say it out loud, not yet.

"They have known about you longer than you have about them. We didn't feel the need to prepare you for men that might never enter your life."

"It is sound in theory. What were the odds of *my* pod coming to Gallo?"

Alo chuckled. "We are just lucky that they didn't come and go or the saints know where you would have ended up."

"I don't think I would have ended up in space."

"We don't know that. You were hopping closer and closer to them, so if they were out of orbit, you may have ended up on one of the moons." Alo shuddered.

The thought made Pelly a little queasy. She kept drying the dishes while Ilga kept the stream of washing going.

She was lucky that she hadn't ended up in deadly danger at some point. The closest she had come was to appear naked in a field with livestock. As soon as she got the farmer's attention off her boobs, he had been only too happy to help her get back to her family. That jaunt had ended her fifty kilometres from her home and started her little celibacy kick. She knew all too well what had happened next.

Still, something inside her told her that now that she knew what she was aiming for, she would be able to control her jumps a little better in the future.

With the dishes finished and the rest of the noon meal put away, Pellisa started her afternoon chores. She checked for eggs again, taking her findings back to her mother.

She sighed and started the pump for watering the pigs. She was on her second run filling buckets for the animals when Zel pushed her hands aside.

"It is too heavy for you. Let me."

She sighed, blowing hair out of her eyes. "I have been doing this for my entire adult life and it suddenly gets too heavy?"

Zel rolled his eyes skyward. "I want to do something nice for you, will you let me?"

She laughed. "The direct approach is the best approach. Yes, you may help."

He took two buckets in each hand and lifted them easily. At his dark look when she tried to lift the other buckets, she put them down. "This way then."

"You do all of this yourself?"

"No. Just the yard animals. The ones in the pasture are tended to by the hands. Where are Marn and Tamer, by the way?"

"Helping your father with some fencing."

That made sense--a storm had knocked some trees into their fencing. "And you are here..."

"Because we all agreed that we should spend some time getting to know you." He filled the trough as he spoke and returned to the pump in the yard with her trotting at his heels. "One on one."

"That is...very thoughtful. Can I ask you questions?"

"Of course."

"Why does there have to be three of you to get me pregnant?"

Zel almost fell as he stumbled in response, water sloshed over the edge of the buckets as they

approached the pens again. "You know about that?"

"Know about it, dream about it, I just don't know why it is necessary."

He recovered his equilibrium and looked at her with his amber brown gaze. "We are clones."

"I know. What does that mean procreation-wise? I mean, why can we breed at all?"

She was leading the way to the barn, it was time to stock the feed bins. Zel came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist. She felt his lips on the curve of her ear as he whispered, "So her work wouldn't end when we did."

"Who's work?"

"Our designer, Dr. Deveraux. She gave us the knowledge that our fourth was out there." He trailed his mouth down the side of her neck and she leaned her head to the side to allow him better access.

Her heart pounded in her chest and her breath came faster as the moist flick of his tongue worked its way down to the opening of her collar. This was wonderful, but it would be so much better if there was another set of hands on her waist, another mouth at her breast. She shivered as the images of being surrounded by hard, hot males flooded her mind and in that instant, the sensation overtook her. She was travelling.

"Nonononono." She whimpered as Zel's hands tightened on her, but holding her didn't work. She was in the hall and jumping through the door in an instant, landing squarely on Tamer's naked torso.

"Pellisa! What are you doing and why aren't you clothed?"

She was straddling the very surprised Tamer while her father yelled at her.

"I transported, Dad. This is just where I landed." She leaned forward and rested her forehead against Tamer's. "Hello."

"Hello."

"You are helping with the fencing?" She was trying to keep up the polite chitchat, but her naked skin against his sweaty torso was causing all kinds of reactions in her.

"We are. Marn, get my shirt, would you?"

Pelly watched Marn cross the short span from the tree where their clothing was, then to her. His upper body was bronze, gleaming in the afternoon light. Each flex and shift of his body was a glowing invitation for her to touch and stroke. His grin broke over her, lightening her mood in a bright wave.

"Take this, Pelly. Your father has turned so many shades of purple that I don't think he needs to see you straddling a half-naked man again this afternoon."

Blushing, she levered herself away from Tamer, ignoring his groan as she used his abdomen for

leverage. Grabbing the shirt, she pushed her arms into the sleeves and buttoned it up as quickly as she could.

She had just finished the last button when the figure of Zel loping toward them with an armload of fabric appeared on the horizon. "Good, Zel figured it out. It looks like he's bringing my dress."

Marn looked at her exposed legs and slowly trailed his gaze up her body until he reached her face. "Pity."

Her father threw his arms up and walked down the fence line, leaving her with her men.

Pelly winked at Marn and laughed when he returned it. Tamer was still on the ground and it was only when she caught the direction of his gaze and jumped away that he stood up.

"Spoil sport. I was enjoying the view."

She cast a direct glance at the straining closure on his trousers. "I can tell."

Zel came to a halt next to them, "Here is your clothing and that settles that. She will always gravitate to the largest quantity of us."

"So. That was an experiment?" She couldn't feel too irritated. She was busy putting on her clothing without flashing all and sundry. The pantalets, her petticoat and her skirt were easy enough, her breast band was a bit more of a challenge, but she was able to apply it while keeping the shirt on. When she needed to put on her chemise, she had to peel off the shirt. Turning her back to them,

grinning at their disappointed groans, she flipped off the shirt, slipped on the chemise and tucked her shirt back into place.

"No socks or shoes?" Pelly turned to ask Zel.

"Forgot them. Or maybe I dropped them. I don't know." He shrugged. "I can carry you back to the farm."

"That won't be necessary. I am sure I can walk. It is only the meadow. No glass shards."

"We will carry you."

"That isn't necessary. Besides, don't you need to finish setting this post?" Gesturing at the pole on the ground, she recalled their attention to the job they had been doing.

Marn nodded. "Fine, but wait for us here. Are you needed back at the farm now?"

"No, Zel helped me with the most urgent tasks."

Tamer moved a little gingerly but with determination. "Then please sit and wait for us until we return to your home. We will make sure you arrive unharmed."

The sun was bright, so she stomped over to a nearby tree and sat in the shade. Watching them move was like watching one of the ballet vids that her mother treasured. Their motions were graceful, economical and full of strength. She could have watched them all day, but all too soon, the heat and the stress of her transport hit her. She slept.

"She's asleep." Tamer worked the third post into position while Zel and Marn took turns pounding it in to the ground.

Marn grunted and swung. "I know. Well, the experiment worked. She indeed transported to the two of us when you got her worked up. I won't even ask how you did it, Zel."

Zel took his swing, "She has a very sensitive neck."

Tamer was so lost in the thought of Pelly's neck that he almost forgot to stop them. "Whoa. Any deeper and the cows can walk over it."

"Stop thinking about my daughter and you might not waste your work." Lore stepped up to them, startling Tamer more than he would have imagined. Lore Norman moved like a large predator, he had some training and Tamer would bet it was why he had been selected as Pelly's father.

"Your daughter is why we are here, sir. Putting her out of our minds is the last thing we want to do." Zel was leaning on his sledge and wiping his brow.

"Can you be less obvious? This attention to her is...unnerving."

Marn looked Lore over. "Men have been around her before, your farmhands have mentioned as much. Why the sudden alarm now?"

"Because you are going to take her away! The others...they were nothing. Not for her, we knew it but never told her. You, you three are different. When you are with her, you all resonate on a level that I can't even comprehend."

Marn extended his hand. "We want only the best for her. We will be what is best for her or die trying."

Lore hesitated, then extended his hand. Tamer watched the grip tighten and relax. He shook Lore's hand as well and Zel took his turn.

"You had better leave soon then, no sense delaying the inevitable. Despite what they promised you, the government may not give you a ready to move into home."

"Your daughter seems up to the challenge and we will do all the heavy lifting." Marn broke out into another smile and Tamer had to keep his amazement to himself.

Since Pellisa had dropped into their lives, Marn's normal dour expression had softened. It was a relief. For the last two years, Tamer had the feeling that while Zel was working himself into insanity, Marn was turning to stone.

He was a great commander in battle, but without a foe to fight, he had stagnated until he barely spoke and even more rarely laughed.

Whatever lay ahead of them, they would face it as a fight to win with Pelly as the ultimate prize.

CHAPTER FIVE

Dreams of tangled limbs and deep sighs woke her with a start. Three men crouched around her and she smiled in welcome. Her three men.

"Hello, beauty. Time to go home."

She sat up, wincing at the spots that had been pressed against the roots of the tree. "Okay. Just give me a minute." She rubbed her eyes sleepily and patted her hair into a relatively tidy shape.

Two hands were extended to help her stand and she took them gratefully. The small flight before her feet touched down was unexpected and she stumbled. More hands steadied her.

"Fine. It is time for the evening milking. I had best get back or those cows will be cranky." Walking along green grass with bare feet was a pleasure she hardly got to enjoy anymore. It was only when her steps slowed over gravel that Zel remembered her feet.

"Dammit. Why didn't you say something?"

"I was enjoying the tickle of the grass on my feet. Plus, I didn't want to put any of you out." She

wriggled her toes as Zel held her against his chest. Pellisa was determined not to let her hormones overrun her again. She was sure that that was the cause. As soon as her lust spiked, she transported. With her earlier lovers, it was when she had an orgasm. The difference in levels of sensation was night and day. The moment that Zel had kissed her neck, it had been better than the hottest sex that had come before.

She didn't think that it would be a good idea to mention the men that had come before them, just like she didn't want to know about the women who had occupied them before this moment. Celibacy did not seem like it had been a career path for them.

"My turn." Tamer lifted her easily out of Zel's arms and held her against him. He had put his shirt back on, but the smell of man, sweat and Tamer made her dizzy.

He carried her from the field to the edge of the farm, where Marn took her from him. "I think I see your shoes, Pelly." He brought her to the pile of shoes with the stockings still in them and helped her to put on her missing clothing.

Marn knelt at her feet, lifting a knee to provide a perch for her foot as he lifted it, swept the dust and grass from it. He then slid the stocking onto her foot, up her calf and under her skirt where he tied it without looking. Then her little blue shoe was on her foot and he was dressing the other leg.

Putting on stockings and shoes had never involved this amount of sweaty palms or racing heartbeat. If Marn worked in a shoe store, he could make a killing on commissions.

She was standing there with her shod foot on his thigh and his deep black eyes watching her expression. "Oops. Didn't realise you were finished."

"Not a problem, the view was lovely."

He held her hand as she straightened her skirts and gestured to the barn.

"Time to take care of the ladies. They get upset if they have to wait."

As they walked en masse to the barn, she had to ask, "Have any of you milked a cow before?"

They resounded with, "No."

"Oh, this is going to be good." Her inner mind chuckled as she walked them through the cows, the stools, the buckets, the kicking and of course, the milking.

Keeping a straight face became impossible after Zel squeezed the teat and hit himself in the face. She walked him through the handling again and told him that Sissy preferred a light touch.

Gorga, the cow Marn was milking, liked a firmer touch and that is what he was delivering. He was a natural.

Tamer's bucket was half-full. He eased the milk out of her faster than she could produce it. Soon his cow was empty and he was on to another.

Pelly was working on Atheg when she felt Tamer next to her. "May I assist you?"

"No. She is almost done. She needs a rhythm that varies to deliver her milk." She finished the last stroke and quickly moved the bucket from the collection point. Atheg liked to kick.

Six buckets filled. "Take them to the kitchen. Alo will be waiting."

Two buckets of milk, each carried by an Officer of the Law, made their way into Alo's kitchen.

"Wow. I have never seen the cows give that much milk."

"These gentlemen can be very persuasive."

"Good. We can make some puddings for dinner. Your father has invited the magistrate to join us." Alo looked part petrified and part excited.

"I thought he was coming tomorrow or the next day."

"He is coming early. All I know is I am suddenly making enough food for ten people and I only count seven."

Pelly gestured to her men, "These three eat like two men each, so perhaps that is it."

Alo chuckled. "Possible, daughter, but not likely."

"What do you need me to do, Mom?"

"Something vanilla, something fruity."

Snapping off a salute, she turned to the Officers. "You can grab a shower and dress for dinner. It will be served in an hour and a half. Don't be late."

Dismissed, they filed out of the room and returned to their shuttle.

Pelly fought the smile around her lips as she skimmed off the cream, whipped it with a little sugar and put it in the chiller. The vanilla pudding was easy, eggs, more cream, sugar and a touch of salt while whisking like a madwoman.

The last was a meringue that made her grateful for the egg collection earlier. She whipped the egg whites until she thought her arm would fall off, mixed in sugar and a hint of vanilla, then placed the mass into a large pond of white fluff in the oven. Forty-five minutes and it would be ready to top with fruit and cream.

Ilga and her mother stayed out of her way while she whipped herself into a frenzy. They had their hands full with a giant roast, breads, potatoes and other starches as well as the vegetables and salad.

"Pelly, go and get cleaned up. You smell like a barn." It was her mother's usual shot.

"Keep an eye on the meringue. I will try to be down before it is done, but if I am not, golden brown. That is all. No scorching."

"Yes, yes. Now shoo."

Shoo, indeed. Sprinting up the stairs, Pelly ran a shower as fast as she could, washing, scrubbing and buffing all the signs of her day away. Her hair was decorated with all kinds of grass, so she simply washed the mass and hoped it had time to

dry. Only slatterns met company with wet hair. She hadn't had the chance to be one yet.

A blue formal dress matched her mood and the sharp creases of satin made her feel a little more in control. She rustled when she moved.

She brushed and dried her hair as quickly as she could, her mind ticking down time until her dessert was ready. She threw on an apron as she bustled down the stairs, hoping that she wasn't too late.

With hands wrapped in kitchen towels, she withdrew the puffy and perfect circle with a sigh of relief.

She placed it on one of the fancy dessert serving plates that her mother had been collecting all her life. The pudding went into a bowl with some chunks of cake that had been chopped up frozen and scattered around.

Now was her time to chop a variety of fruits. "Mom, did you get any fruit from the garden today?"

"No, dear. Just use some of the preserves."

"Where's the flashlight?"

Alo sighed. "In the drawer. Be quick, it's almost time."

Muttering to herself, Pelly grabbed a basket and the flashlight and sprinted to the summer garden. Strawberries, raspberries and blueberries all yielded themselves up without a fight. She felt a

little bizarre gathering berries by flashlight in a satin gown, but it couldn't be helped.

She moved inside with a sharp rustle and washed her harvest. The small berries could go out whole, the strawberries needed slicing.

Pelly moved quickly, surely and finally her desserts were ready. Whoever was coming to dinner was going to be stuffed.

Coffee was prepped for after dinner and the table in the dining room was set for ten. Ilga had an assistant for the evening so that neither Alo nor Pelly would have to serve.

When everything was final and the platters were all prepared, the ladies of the house whipped off their aprons and went out to meet their guests.

"Magistrate Snorl. How nice to see you again." Pelly was on her best behaviour, smiling at the man who had a fixation on her breasts.

"Little Pellisa Norman, who knew you would grow up to have three men together. Let me know how that works exactly." His leer was unmistakable, but she was glad he had said it before the Officers came in. Perhaps if he got it out of his system, he would be civil to her men.

The timing was perfect, because the next arrivals were her men in full uniform. Her breath caught in her chest as she watched the casual ease with which they entered the social minefield.

The three mystery guests brought tears to her eyes. "Gramps, Grandma Norman, and Granma

Pfiel." She flung herself at all three, hugging each in turn.

"What are you doing here?"

"We are here for your wedding, love. We thought it would never come." Gramps smiled and caressed her hair with his hand.

Lore stepped up with Alo holding his hand. "Magistrate, if you would officiate, we can then have the celebration meal and the newlyweds can continue back to Morvin to start their new life."

She looked at her parents, shocked. "Tonight?"

"You will be safe with them and tonight is as good as tomorrow. You can teach them what they need to know about farming, you have always been the one in charge around here." Lore placed his hand on her head and turned to the Magistrate. "Shall we?"

Blinking in surprise, he stood next to the desk and gestured for those assembled to gather around him.

Pellisa took her place front and centre with the warm presence of the Raven clan behind her. Magister Snorl was reading the documents with some surprise.

"Pelissa Norman, do you agree to be bound to the terms laid out in the contract, to share your body equally and by any means to insure the rebirth of your kind?"

"I do."

"Raven clan of the Rose decanting, do you swear to guard your fourth as an extension of your own bodies, a completion of your set, a design for your survival?"

"We do."

"Then, with all dispensations in place, please sign the documents and I pronounce you wife and men. You may kiss the bride." Magistrate Snorl stepped back and watched avidly.

Zel held her jaw and kissed her sweetly but with heat, his tongue stroking the inside of her mouth until she was gasping and stifling a moan.

Recovering from his touch was impossible when Tamer bent her backward, her breasts rubbing against the stiff front of his uniform as he kissed her until she was dazed and senseless.

Marn faced her, cupping her jaw and pressing his mouth to hers slowly, lightly, until she sought the contact that would urge him deeper. She tangled her fingers in his hair and pulled his mouth to hers with as much force as she could muster.

When Marn let out a groan as her tongue toyed with his, she slowly drew back.

The magistrate was looking at them with a combination of lust and fear.

"The paperwork?" She smiled sweetly. One way or another, her new life was going to start tonight and the only thing in the way was some handwriting.

CHAPTER SIX

She gripped Zel's hand as the shuttle lifted off. Her luggage was strapped in and she was sitting in a jump seat. "Have you never been on a shuttle before?"

"No. If you can't hook it to a cow, I haven't ridden on it or in it." Pelly hung onto Zel's hand for dear life.

"Marn is an excellent pilot. He has only crashed twice and both times we were under fire." His dancing eyes belied his solemn tone.

"That doesn't help."

He chuckled and ran his thumb down her palm. "Does that help? You have quite a few calluses. Is it all from hauling buckets?"

"Mostly." She fought the urge to pull her hand back.

The rocking of the shuttle ceased and they were now flying straight.

She chuckled. "Thank you for the distraction. I think I will be okay now." She tried to tug her hand back, but he held it tight.

"There is no need to reclaim your hand, wife."

She blinked. He was right--she was their wife now. How peculiar.

"You forgot?" He was looking at her with more amusement dancing in his eyes. "Marn, Tamer, she forgot we were wed."

Blushing was a lost cause, but she did it anyway.

The other two turned and grinned from their places at the front of the shuttle.

"I don't know whether to be amused or offended." Marn snickered. Apparently, he was choosing amused.

Tamer took the other option. "I am offended. We haven't even had a chance to prove ourselves in private and already she has forgotten all about us."

The thought of facing them all in the bedroom at the same time was daunting, but she wasn't even sure that that was how it was going to work. Sure, her fantasies revolved around all of their hands on her with two of them inside her at the same time, but asking for that image to be fulfilled was beyond her. Well, it was beyond her now. Who knew what a few weeks with them would bring?

"I haven't forgotten about you, I just don't know what to think. How does this work?" Her phrase brought heated looks from all three. "I mean...I know how sex works, but is there a plan for this?"

It wasn't the proper subject for travelling a few thousand feet in the air, but the questions had been bubbling in her since she first met them.

"There is indeed an order to this. Marn is first, I am second and Zel is third." Tamer nodded to each in turn.

"Does that ever change?"

Zel laughed. "Only if Marn or Tamer die. If I may explain?" He was asking his comrades and they nodded.

"Marn is first, he will trigger ovulation. Tamer is second, he has insemination capabilities. I am third. I am the spare in case one of the others becomes incapacitated. It was a built-in backup in case of wounding or death."

She could feel how wide her eyes were. "So, to get pregnant..."

"You would have to take Marn and Tamer to your bed within hours."

"Oh." She thought about it, "But you and I could..."

"Anytime, anywhere, Pelly." His smouldering gaze caught and held hers as he came in close and licked her lips slowly. The kiss that came after was a continuation of the tasting and Pelly raised her hands to hold his head.

She wanted him against her, pressing into her and she whimpered as she fought the restraint of the seat belt.

"Zel. Zel!" Tamer's muttered curse registered with Pelly a moment before the delicious bundle

of muscles and male that was Zel was ripped from her.

"Hey!" She was suddenly cold and horribly alone.

"Sh. Calm, Pelly. We don't want you transporting while we are in the air and it seems that Zel was overwhelmed by your charms. Laws of motion indicate that if you are moving when you travel, you will be moving when you land. We are at far too high a speed for that." Tamer was stroking her hair back from her face, soothing her.

She had been close to her transport level. If she hadn't been tied to the seat, she would have straddled Zel's thigh and rocked her way to orgasm. It wouldn't have taken long.

Tears pricked her eyes as she looked into Tamer's sympathetic gaze. "I am sorry. I didn't realize."

His fingers traced her cheek and neck. "It is fine. We should be in Morvin in an hour and home fifteen minutes after that. I hereby give you full leave to jump me and strip me at your discretion."

She chuckled weakly.

"Why don't you sit next to Marn for the rest of the flight? He is a little more stable than we are and I think you will be safest with him." Tamer unclipped her harness and helped her forward to the co-pilot's seat.

She tried to ignore the feeling of his hands grazing her breasts as he buckled her in but failed miserably.

Marn tried to comfort her. "It is only for an hour, Pellisa. If you wish, you can think of your response to us as confirmation that we are truly designed for each other. I won't say we are not eager to have you under us, but if you tell us to stop, we will. That is the bonus of us outnumbering you."

She hadn't thought of it like that. A woman always experienced a certain vulnerability during sex, but with two men nearby, one could not get out of control.

"That sounds better and worse at the same time."

She looked out the windows and gasped. Below her were tiny squares that had to be farms. Large spiders that were towns and cities and an expanse of blue sky that went on forever.

"Does it always look like this?" She strained at her harness, wanting to look around the instrument panel.

"No. We have seen idyllic countryside torn by war, ravaged by fire, damaged by violence of nature and man. This is simply beautiful."

She nodded in agreement and fell into a stupor of vistas and imagining the people beneath them. She didn't need to imagine their lives. She lived their lives.

Pelly smiled and looked around the cabin of the shuttle. She would bet her last coin that the women below had never imagined the life she was about to start living.

"Where do you live?" She was watching them haul all of her possessions and a haunch of meat that her mother insisted she take.

"We rent a house on the outskirts of town. It isn't too far." Tamer grunted as he swung her clothing chest into the back of the hired carriage. The driver was bemused at all three men lifting and hauling, but he didn't have the nerve to ask which one of them she was wedded to.

That caused a trickle of fear to run down her spine. How would the good folk of Morvin react when they learned that she was wife to all three?

She didn't have time to dwell on it as she was boosted into the carriage and they were on their way.

The open carriage got a bit of attention, especially from the women who were hanging out windows and flashing their cleavage to the Lawmen.

She gave a rueful glance at one lady calling Zel by name, "I am guessing you were not pining for me."

Zel and Tamer blushed. Marn just laughed. "We did not know you were on Gallo, let alone on the same continent. We had to keep busy."

She laughed. After all, she had been doing the exact same thing. "Do you think they knew what they were doing when they built high sex drives into us?"

Marn lifted her hand to his lips. "They had no idea."

Their conveyance pulled up at a tidy house in a quiet neighbourhood. Marn paid the driver while the other two started to unload her copious baggage.

She was getting excited. Each box inside the house made it one step closer to her falling into bed with them.

"The tradition is to carry you over the threshold, but that may be awkward if only one of us does it. Hold still." Marn took her shoulders, Tamer, her waist and Zel her knees. They marched her into the house like a battering ram. Her laughter rang through the house as they marched her through the whitewashed halls and into a large bedroom.

As they put her down and started to undress her, things ceased to be funny.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Hands caressed her, stroked her, took her clothing off in slow, delicious layers. Marn leaned down to lap at her tattoo when it was exposed sending a surge of heat through her and making her cunt flex in reaction. No one had *ever* licked her tattoo. The nerves that he set off with that one little caress had her whimpering in anticipation.

Tamer was removing her shoes while Zel finished removing her dress. All of the slips, petticoats and fabric were pushed down to the floor leaving her standing in a froth of satin and lace.

Three groans echoed in the room with Pellisa trembling in the centre. Hands caressed her back, waist, hips, belly, all at the same time. She swayed in place with the riot of sensations that came over her.

She widened her stance in invitation and Marn didn't hesitate, sliding two fingers through the curls and parting her for his entry.

She was more than wet for him, the riot of her body causing the same humming that occurred before she jumped, but there was no way she was going to leave this if she had a choice.

She lifted her hands and placed them on Marn's shoulders as he thrust his fingers into her, her gaze locked to his while her body responded to the touches of her men.

He withdrew his fingers and licked them slowly, Pelly moaned in response and the other two chuckled. Marn kept her hands on his shoulders and backed up. She stepped out of her gown and the others moved to let her go.

He stopped her for a moment and tugged off his boots. While she waited, Zel kissed his way down her spine to her ass and rubbed her buttocks while Tamer licked and sucked at her nipples. When Zel rubbed at her rosebud, she lifted her ass in response, earning a lick to the centre of her spine.

Marn had stripped faster than she would have thought possible, or perhaps it was just her preoccupation with the mouths and hands fastened on her. Marn took her hands and pulled her back toward the bed. It was large and very inviting...and so was the bed.

His erection called to her, wept in eagerness as she followed it and throbbed when she wrapped it in her hand and pumped.

"Hands off for now, Pelly, I am not a cow. We don't want the milk spraying everywhere." He chuckled, but it was strained. Instead, he lay back and pulled her with him, over him.

She knelt over him, Tamer and Zel joining them on the bed. Tamer's hands on her breasts kept her gasping as she lowered herself onto Marn. He groaned along with her as her wet heat engulfed him completely. She was made for him and he for her. The fit was perfect.

Slowly, she started to glide up and down on him, shivering with every thrust.

Zel's hand returned to her ass, this time with something wet and slick. Her body shook as she realized where this was going.

Marn's eyes were lit from within by lust and anticipation. He gripped her hips to ease Zel's entrance.

The feeling of two hot cocks inside her, with one stretching its way into her ass with slow deliberation, made her shake with the effort to control herself. She had tried anal sex before, but it hadn't felt like this. She couldn't cum, she wouldn't disappear while she felt this good.

Her concentration shattered when Marn lifted his hips in time to Zel's thrusts. Tamer turned her head and she kissed him frantically, tongues duelling as her body was ravaged and worshiped with every passing second.

Minutes, hours, days may have passed until finally Marn groaned and shoved his hips

upward, triggering the contracting spasms that milked his cock dry. Zel followed in seconds, her ass clenching on him as her body shook with the effort to remain in place.

Sweat coated her, Marn and Zel, but the instant that she stopped moaning and Zel withdrew, Tamer grabbed her shoulder and pulled her off Marn. "Finally."

She gave him a weak smile as he flipped her to her back and thrust into her. The internal caresses that he gave her with each hard stroke were driving her through the roof. His cock was curved to caress her in the ideal way and he filled her with the same satisfying girth as Zel and Marn.

Speak of the devil, Marn leaned between them and licked and sucked at her tattoo, causing a shock of liquid to caress Tamer that surprised them both. Having had to watch the other two, Tamer did not need as much time to cum, but when he did, it was with a roar that indicated his orgasm was almost painful.

A bright bolt of heat speared into Pelly and her release was hot on its heels. She screamed as her body shook with reaction to a chemical cocktail that it had never known. Her body fought to travel, but it was blocked by the triad of bodies that took position around her. They would not let her go and she didn't want to. She wanted to be here. With them.

Her spell ceased and she relaxed. The smell of sex was heavy in the air and she was slick with cum. She wanted to speak, but they were still squashing her, Tamer still inside her.

"Breathe."

They relaxed and leaned back. "You are calm?" Marn voiced their concern.

"Calm, relaxed, boneless and a little sore. Not to mention sticky?"

"Complaining?" Zel was smiling at her.

"Bragging." She chuckled. "Will it always be like that?"

Marn grinned. "It seemed the most expedient way to get us all inside you, as quickly as we could."

"I could have taken one of you into my mouth."

"Tamer and I needed to take you directly, and Zel has been eyeing your ass since we saw you in that shawl."

Tamer was lying back with his eyes closed, Zel had an evil gleam in his eyes and Marn was cuddling her.

"This is wonderful, but I am all sweaty and sticky and we haven't eaten dinner yet. Where is the bathroom?"

Marn gestured to a door on the far end of the room. "Each bedroom has its own shower."

Pelly grinned as she levered herself out of the bed and spent some time closing her thighs. Her hair had come loose during their coupling...or

quadling. Whatever it was, her hair was sweaty, too.

The shower was quick, her skin was too sensitive for any lengthy stroking. The shampoo smelled like Marn and she was grinning as she lathered up and rinsed.

It had been better than her dreams. The little fantasies her mind had woven were no comparison to the reality. Their scents, touches and the wild sensitivity of her tattoo were out of her imagination's reach until this moment. Not to mention the hot, hard lengths of two of them inside her, jostling for space, sliding and rubbing against each other.

She was shivering and it wasn't with cold. Her nerves were echoing the sensations and the pleasure was rocking her hard. She screamed and heard a shout from the other room and then she was landing on the bed with three sets of broad shoulders and muscular naked buttocks staring at her.

"Over here."

Marn whirled around and looked her up and down. "What happened?"

"Um. Nothing."

Tamer and Zel were relieved, confused and aroused. Pelly realised that she was on her back, legs splayed and dripping wet. They stalked toward her with their intent clear.

Marn darted into the bathroom and she heard the shower stop. He was back in an instant.

"Hey, if you think I am going to take on you three sweaty males on my nice clean body...I want you to start here." She stroked her fingers up and down her breastbone, stopping on her tattoo.

Zel disappeared into the bathroom for a few minutes, but Pelly never saw him come back as she welcomed Tamer's kiss and Marn's lips considerably lower, soothing the folds of her sex with his tongue. She felt Zel come back when his mouth settled over her tattoo and worshiped it.

With an idea forming, she reached out to trace Tamer's tattoo with her fingers and was answered by his groan and the slick jet of cum on her arm. Zel groaned and shuddered and Marn was too far down for her to reach.

She wrapped her thighs around Marn and held his head to her as her body rocked against him, his tongue lapped at her, delved inside her and circled her clit in a torturously slow pattern. Marn had oral skills, but when you partnered it with Zel lapping at her breast with occasional forays to her tattoo, she was rocking hard and cumming with a scream that should have deafened her partners.

Dazed, she smiled at Marn as he pushed into the channel he had recently been caressing. Together they surged, her body rising to meet his until his pounding thrusts and the slapping of their bodies became her whole world. She moaned as her body reached the edge of tolerance, Marn

collapsed onto her as his body jetted and slammed into her with his release.

"My turn." Zel tugged her out from under Marn and pulled her up onto her knees.

"Wait. She said she would use her mouth."

With her kneeling on the bed, Tamer positioned her hands on either side of his hips while Zel spread her knees to give him full access. Tamer's cock did indeed have an upward curve. She lapped at the head of his cock, taking the salty-sweet liquid with every stroke of her tongue. When the head of his cock was deep purple and pulsing with every lick, she closed her mouth over the head and sucked on it.

She groaned as Zel took that moment to slide into her, rocking her on Tamer with every thrust. She grabbed his cock with one hand, bracing herself on the other, but Zel's motions knocked her around so much that she had to let go.

Tamer assisted her in her blowjob by extending his arms to cup her breasts and support her weight. She immediately resumed milking him with her palm and fingers while she sucked with every backstroke. Zel set a fast pace and Tamer's body was sensitive enough to erupt as he arched his hips toward her mouth, grabbing her breasts hard enough to bruise.

She moaned and took the jet of his semen down her throat, swallowing quickly. She ducked her

head and made a face. She didn't mind it, but swallowing took some getting used to.

The stroking of Zel in her sore channel was creating enough friction to make her burn. That burn turned into flames as she shivered through an electric shock of an orgasm that left her limp and collapsing to the unyielding surface of Tamer's thighs.

Zel finished an instant later, flattening her into Tamer even further. "Oof. Off. Need to breathe."

Marn came to her rescue, pulling her out of the man sandwich and cuddling against her side with his hand on her belly.

She felt warm, secure, exhausted and sticky all over again. "Happy honeymoon."

CHAPTER EIGHT

They insisted on showering with her, just to make sure she didn't travel again. Pelly would have been insulted, but they were *very* thorough and it made up for a lot.

Dinner was cold sandwiches and a discussion on what Pelly would be doing all day. "We didn't find you to have you slaving away in our home when we are gone. We could use a receptionist at the station if you wouldn't mind coming with us."

The thought of being out of the house and doing something with her life at their sides was intriguing. "Are you sure that it would be acceptable?"

Marn grinned and opened a file. "All members of the Raven set of the Rose clan are hereby hired as Lawmen in the city of Morvin on the planet of Gallo. They shall each draw a separate salary, but shall be treated as a single being as it regards their duties and locations."

Tamer laughed, "Right. You, my dear, are a member of the Raven set of the Rose clan."

Zel laughed as well. "Finally, their paperwork is working in our favour."

Marn started typing on their in-house terminal. "I am filing the paperwork for you right now. You will have your own desk, phone, communications terminal and pay check."

"The money doesn't matter. I am just glad to have something to do." This was better than she hoped. "What about new clothes? I don't think my farm wear is suitable for the city."

"Well, I prefer you in skirts or I would order you a uniform. We can arrange something in a similar fabric for work wear." Tamer steepled his fingers and thought. "I can take you tomorrow. We still have a few days of leave yet. We will get you sorted out."

Pelly scowled, "I am not in need of sorting, just...updating. When do you get the property?"

Marn looked up from his typing. "We get the property in a day or so. A courier will be sent to the house with the location and stipulations."

"Stipulations?"

"What kind of a zone the land is in. It may not be suitable for farming." It was a warning, plain and simple.

"Ah." She yawned. Her exertions were starting to make themselves known. She was exhausted. "Where do I sleep?"

That threw them for a loop. "Which one of us do you want to sleep with?"

"Just for sleeping, I will go with Marn. He doesn't seem the type to talk in his sleep."

The other two snorted.

She stood and swayed a little. "Where are the clean sheets?" Her yawn was jaw cracking.

"You stay with them. I will tidy up the room." Marn moved off, his nude body gleaming in the artificial light of the lamps.

She was dozing by the time Marn came to get her, so he lifted her in his arms and carried her to his freshly made bed. She snuggled against him and was out before his head hit the pillow.

In the middle of the night, she was woken by a noise that made her jump. No wonder Tamer and Zel had laughed--Marn snored.

Smiling in the darkness, she sighed and was pulled firmly against his chest under the covers, his body hard and warm in the night. Their first snored, she wondered what nocturnal habits their second had.

"The dark blue to match our uniforms with a snow white shirt." Tamer was ordering her gowns as if he did it all the time. She was being outfitted from the skin out.

"Isn't this sort of expensive?" She hissed to him when the seamstress was out of the room to get some more fabric.

"We don't spend our money on anything except food, Pelly. This isn't even a dent in the finances." He gave her a quick kiss that turned into a longer

one, threatening to turn carnal, until the seamstress returned.

The woman was chatty. "So, I hear you have married one of our dashing Lawmen."

Pelly could only say, "Yes. I have." She was treading lightly.

Tamer was on the other side of the room at this point, fondling some lace.

"They are clones, you know."

"I know." She turned and let the woman measure the hem for the gown.

"It doesn't bother you?"

"No. Should it?"

"Well, they can't have children. That was designed into them." The pitying look that the seamstress gave Pelly almost made her laugh.

"I am aware of it and am not concerned." Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Tamer laughing silently. This was her first voyage into polite society as their wife and her manner of dealing with it would determine if they felt it necessary to intervene.

The seamstress was off her knees now and making notes about selections of fabric and design.

"If you are sure, then who am I to complain. Several of our more noted ladies were angling to catch one of them and it is nice that you managed to land one."

Pelly pulled on her old clothing while Tamer made the arrangements for payment and delivery.

She was shaking with mirth when she walked into the front room and saw Marn and Zel waiting for them. The Lawmen lined up and bowed to the seamstress. "Thank you for taking such good care of our wife. It will not be forgotten."

Feeling impish, Pelly kissed Marn and Zel hello. Her parting remark to the seamstress had her jaw dropping, "It isn't horrible to be a clone, Mistress. Just a little lonely. Be happy that we found each other. I am."

Her men were smirking as they walked as a group down the street. Pellisa was arm in arm with Marn and smiling at everyone they passed. The married couples and men smiled back, the single women did not.

"Where are we going?"

"To attend a matter of utmost urgency." Marn was smiling. He kept smiling as they stopped in front of a shop and pulled the door open to usher her inside.

It was a jewellery shop. "What are we doing here?"

"Well, as you are not to be working with your hands all day, we have decided to get you rings."

"Plural?"

Marn looked at his comrades. "Plural."

The sales assistant saw the Lawmen and paled before seeing Pelly peeking out from behind the bulk of her men. She smirked as she realised he

must have been anticipating some kind of legal inquiry.

"May I help you?"

"Yes, we each need to find a wedding ring for this young lady." Pelly rolled her gaze to the ceiling. She was as young as they were, she had just spent less time in an accelerated tank.

"All of you?" The eyes looking at her suddenly became less friendly and more speculative.

Zel scowled, it was odd to see him angry, but it was on her behalf. "All of us. By special dispensation, she is our wife and you will treat her with the utmost respect."

The owner of the shop appeared from around the corner. "Go polish the tumbler, Ted. I will handle these fine gentlemen and their lady, personally."

His gaze was friendly and Pelly responded to it, stepping forward. "Thank you, sir, I don't need much."

Tamer looked down at her, "You will have whatever you wish, no matter the cost."

That put her in a funny spot. She didn't really want rings, but if she got them, they had to satisfy the men. "I would like rings with stones that match each of your eyes, if that is possible."

The jeweller perked up at that. "Excellent idea, madam. Please, this way to the displays."

He was an excellent guide to the ins and outs of rings, stones and sizes. The slender rings that he

helped the men select fit together on her finger as one fat band. One with a midnight stone, one ice blue and one dark amber, each in a platinum ring. They really were lovely.

She admired the gleam of the metal and gems on her hand while they paid the jeweller and smiled brilliantly at them when they turned to escort her out. She took Marn's arm again and they walked back to the carriage that they had arrived in.

It was horribly girly of her, but she couldn't help admiring the look of the rings on her hand. She caught the men smiling and scowled at them, "What? They are pretty and new. I stared at you just as much when I first met you and see how much I like you now?"

They laughed at her, Tamer flicking the reins and getting the horses to walk at a calm and stately pace.

There was a courier waiting on the porch when they arrived. He looked distinctly nervous as the Lawmen approached him.

"Sir, I have a dispatch from the planetary council."

"Thank you. You are dismissed." Marn took the envelope while Tamer returned the carriage to the local stable. Zel was arm in arm with Pelly and she was dying with curiosity.

They waited until Tamer returned, based on his sweat-stained shirt, he had run the whole way back.

Marn opened the envelope, expecting the worst. His eyebrows rose in surprise. "Dear Raven set, the planetary council rejoices in you finding your match and grants you the parcel of thirty acres of land at the following co-ordinates. There is no house on the property, so a bonus has been arranged to assist you in making the land habitable. May you and yours prosper, the Gallo Council."

Zel was irritated. "No house?"

Pelly tried to calm him. "No, but thirty acres is a lovely spot of land."

Tamer was silent, clenching his hands, tightly.

Marn took a deep breath. "We can choose an architect, arrange the materials and the manpower. What shall we do?"

Pelly looked at each of them, "Where do we find an architect?"

* * * *

The next few weeks were spent designing a plan, ordering materials and finding out that there was no labour to be had for two months.

The men were fit to be tied, but Pelly had a solution. "We have the plans, we have the lumber, we just need manpower, right?"

"You have the grasp of the obvious."

"Get it from Ikali."

"What?"

"There are tons of migrant workers in Ikali and many of them have completed the harvesting. If you give them a fair wage, they will jump on your shuttle and be here as fast as you can fly them."

The astonishment on their faces was too much. "Come on. I have been around farms, men and manpower for my entire conscious life. If you pay, they will come."

Marn smiled, dawn breaking across his stressed face. "Can you call Lore?"

"It's already done. He has twelve workers waiting for pickup." She squeaked as Marn lunged at her, shrieking as he lifted her from behind and swung her around.

"Have I mentioned recently how much I love you, Mrs. Raven?" Marn's voice in her ear stilled her laughter.

"No, you haven't, it has been at least three hours."

"Are the men waiting right now at your father's farm?"

"They are and I hope that you will be quick about it, because I can hardly wait to show you how much I love you in detail. Slow detail."

The frenzy of their original lovemaking had changed into more complicated arrangements that enabled all of them to find satisfaction together or to singular encounters. The complicated arrangements involved some straps suspended from the ceiling, a bench for one of them to lie on and more straps to hold her torso even with the

floor. This opened her mouth, pussy and ass to all of them at once. It wasn't for prolonged sex, but it was fun while it lasted.

Marn chuckled and kissed the top of her head. He released her and she moved back to her desk, just in time to see a woman enter the door in some distress. "How can I help you?"

"Oh. I wanted one of the Lawmen...My door is locked, you see, and I don't have my key." The woman was buxom, perky and her bosoms were indeed heaving with her *distress*.

"Tamer, go and break this woman's door in, but be back in time for dinner." She smiled brilliantly at the woman's widened eyes.

"I don't want the door broken. I just...I..." She paused and fished around in her bosom. "Oh, look. I found the key. Never mind. Sorry to have disturbed." She left the way that she had come.

"A locked door? Seriously? Aside from solving nine break-ins around the town, the amount of locked doors is your most common call."

"It was an interesting amusement. Most of the time, we simply picked the lock and went on our way." Tamer was up and leaning against her desk.

"Most of the time?"

"Yeah, just like most of the time you didn't roll around in haystacks with men who winked at you."

She grinned. "Fair enough. But none of them filled me like you do." She batted her lashes and broke the effect with a giggle.

Truth was a powerful thing.

CHAPTER NINE

"Dad, I can't tell you how happy I am that you came out here to help."

Lore hugged her again. "Your mother is running the farm or she would be here, hammer in hand."

"I know it." She smiled at the crowd of men selecting tools and supplies and following the architect's directions. There was also a building engineer on site. It was overkill, but he had been supplied by the planetary council.

"Why aren't you out there with your men?"

"They won't let me. I can cook, but they clean. They don't want me to do anything physical."

Her father dropped his hammer. "You are..."

She looked around to see if the Raven's were in earshot. They weren't so she told her father. "Pregnant. It is very early, but it is probable. There are signs, but as you know, I have never been a standard female so it is mostly guesswork. The doctor says the signs are there."

"Your mother will kill me."

"For knowing first? Yes, probably. Don't tell her." Pelly was giggling at that. Her mother would ferret out a secret in seconds.

"Have you travelled?"

"No. Not since...no." Her father didn't need details of her sex life. "Since the wedding when I did travel, I returned to them, but nothing in the last few weeks." Another reason to believe she might be pregnant.

Lore hugged her carefully and kept an arm around her as he surveyed her soon-to-be homestead. "It isn't farmland, but it is beautiful."

"I was thinking of green housing. You know I love all that cross pollination."

Her father looked at her men as they lifted support beams for the floor. "Apparently."

"Not my choice, but I couldn't be happier."

"I had better get to work then. My grandchild needs a home."

"Your daughter does, too, now get to it." She pinched her father's cheek and sent him on his way.

Since becoming the receptionist for the Law Office, she had done a little research into her family tree. Commander Lore Norman and Sergeant Alo Pfiel had wed and moved to Gallo shortly after adopting their daughter, Pellisa. Her father had never mentioned a military background, nor had her mother. She was

beginning to think that the clone placement went very deep into the government.

Pelly had also had time to research the shop owners in the area within a five minute walk of her initial landing site. None of them were elderly women.

Someone had wanted her to meet the Raven set and they had set out to make the introductions in the most direct way possible. The direct approach had indeed been the best approach.

It still seemed odd that someone would go to those lengths to unite clones, but whoever it was had her eternal gratitude.

Late at night, running her hand down the flat abdomen of her bedmates, she wondered idly, "Do you ever miss not having a navel?"

"No. Do you?"

"No. The baby will have one though."

That got some attention. Three bodies sat up in bed and stared down at her. "What?"

"The baby. It will have a bellybutton. An umbilical connection. A lint collector."

"You are pregnant?" Tamer covered her belly with his hand in a strange reversal of their earlier moment.

"I believe so and so does doctor Swan. I can't be sure until it starts growing more, but the signs are there apparently."

Marn kissed her face frantically, Zel crawled on top of her and laid his head on her breasts. Tamer pressed his lips to her palm.

It was a tender moment and Pellisa looked at the rings that gleamed in the light. Teleporting had been her curse, but it had brought her to the blessings that were all around her and started a miracle inside her. Not bad for a clone from the farms of Ikali.

She looked over at her men. *Not bad at all.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Zenina Masters was born in Canada and lives in Canada. She has a regular job and does nothing particularly exciting with her life. She enjoys fishing, silence and the ability to pick and choose friends she can trust. Life is too short to watch your back all the time.

Her writing life is a teeny bit of escapism. She would probably chicken out if confronted by three naked men and looks forward to one day finding out.