

# Zenina Masters

A movie poster for 'Zenina Masters'. The background is a dark, smoky blue with a large, glowing red sun or moon in the upper center. Three shirtless men are shown: one on the left, one in the center, and one on the right whose back is to the camera. A woman with long blonde hair is in the foreground, looking down at her open palm where several small, colorful butterflies are resting. More butterflies are floating in the air around the central man. The overall mood is ethereal and sensual.

EVAN AND  
GO

Normia Broker has enjoyed her life as voice and body double for one of the galaxy's most popular singers, Halariel. With her tattoo covered she has been able to live a life of fun and frolics. When a series of death threats are issued against Halariel turns serious, they are forced to hire a set of bodyguards guaranteed to keep their charges alive. Normia has only one problem, she has already slept with each of them and Nash, Lero and Gar are shocked to not only see her again, but to see the tattoo that her makeup artist had carefully hidden. Three amazing nights on three different worlds and now they were staring her right in the chest.

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Cum and Go  
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**CUM AND GO  
FOUR EVER MORE BOOK 4**

**BY**

**ZENINA MASTERS**

## PROLOGUE

**T**he hotel room was well appointed, but Normia didn't care. The hunk that had her pinned between the bedpost and his hard body was the total and intense focus of her attention. "Come on, Nash. Harder. Please."

He held her hips in his hand and thrust into her, his grip holding her tightly where he wanted her. She wrapped her legs around his waist and welcomed the invasion inside her. Through his open shirt, she stroked the violet rose that begged for her touch. He moved faster inside her until she climaxed and screamed his name, digging her fingers into his shoulders to slow him. He came inside her with a roar of his own, bucking and shoving his hips against hers until his spasms ceased.

He pulled back from the bedpost and she sighed in relief, draping her body across his as he fell back onto the bed.

She traced his tattoo until he held her hand and pulled it away. "It is a little sensitive."

Normia chuckled. "I noticed."

"You leave in the morning?"

"I do. Halariel's tour is moving on. I go with it."

He slid his hand through her hair and examined the golden strands. "Are you sure you can't stay a little longer?"

She smiled and slid her skin on his, rocking against the renewing erection. "No. I can't stay, but you can make this one memorable night."

\* \* \* \*

*Three months later.*

The masquerade ball at the Governor's mansion on Kodan 3 was a boring event for Normia until she spied the clone set of the violet rose. Luring Lero away from his brethren with a wink and a smile was the first step. Taking the heat of his cock into her mouth behind the statuary in the gardens was the second.

Her mask stayed firmly in place and when he tried to remove it, she tugged his hands away. She stroked him with her tongue, caressed the flared head with focussed attention and worked him until he erupted in her mouth. She swallowed what she could and was surprised when he lifted her to her feet and kissed away the rest.

He tried once again to remove her mask, but she held onto it and laughed. "Oh no. You won't get

me that easily."

"What's your name?" His husky voice sent shivers down her spine.

"I am merely a guest who lured you away for a moment in the statuary. You will return to duty with your brethren and I will return to my party." She caressed his face and memorized what she could see of his features. He was hers, she just didn't want her life to freeze in place just yet.

The dark tumble of hair over his left eye was endearing. His smoke grey gaze tried to bore through her mask. "Why?"

She worked free of his arms and took a few steps. "Because now is not the time, but it is coming soon and I wanted to touch you."

As his mind rapidly worked out her meaning, she ran around the corner and disappeared into a crowd.

Normia shifted through the crowd, rotating her sash and cloak. She removed her mask and ploughed straight into Nash.

He smiled. "Normia. How nice to see you here. Still touring?"

"Halariel just won't stop. We have nine more stops this year." She smiled, surprised that it was genuine, but his dark hair and blue eyes always made her smile. "What is your set doing here?"

He smiled and stroked the side of her cheek slowly. "We are on body guarding duty for the Prefect of Salin 9."

"Shouldn't you be guarding his body?"

"Hers. And no. She is with your employer and Gar is watching the door."

"Oh. *Ooohhh*." The chuckle was hard to restrain. "Yeah, she does like to get out and about with attractive females."

"Did you ever..."

"No. She isn't my type. I prefer my encounters to have a Y chromosome." They were almost to the door and she turned to him with a bright smile. "I have to leave. We have an early shuttle and I want to get what rest I can."

"I have enjoyed meeting you again, perhaps next time we can spend a little more time together." His tone held a wealth of suggestion.

"The next time will tell. Goodbye, Nash." She went up on tiptoes and placed a light kiss on his lips that deepened rapidly when he grabbed her and bent her back to ravage her with lips and tongue.

Normia staggered slightly when he released her and looked into his bright blue eyes with stunned lust. She really wanted to stay, but it was too soon. Just a little bit too soon.

She nodded to him and turned to make her escape. Lero was making his way toward them through the crowd and it was time to go.

Only a few more months and she would be ready.



\* \* \* \*

*Two months later.*

“Picking up men in bars is a hazardous occupation, Normia.” Her name was said on a groan as she lifted and swivelled her hips on him.

“It isn’t an occupation, Gar. Just a hobby that I indulge in when I meet someone exceptional.” She leaned forward and braced her hands on his abdomen, sliding her fingers to the edges of his tattoo. The dark violet of his rose tattoo drew her fingers and she quickly threw a glance at her own abdomen.

The makeup artist on Halariel’s crew had done his usual stellar job. Plastic skin covered her own tattoo and kept the worlds at large from knowing that the body they admired in Halariel’s more salacious vids was not that of the singer, but rather her body double.

Normia kept sliding on Gar’s cock as she bit her lip to keep her distinctive voice from echoing in the room. Her body was not the only ruse Halariel used, but they had begun their partnership because no one would hire a blender as a singer.

She rocked faster and faster as her release started to run across her senses. When she spasmed around him, he gripped her hips and moved her on him, drawing out her release and starting his own.

They clung together as their bodies settled back into normal heartbeats and the sweat dried on their skin.

“Why have you had sex with all three of our set, Normia?” Gar’s voice sounded deeper with her head against his chest.

“I am a woman of odd enthusiasms.”

“Clone chasing doesn’t seem to be your style.”

She giggled. “I didn’t chase you, you sort of fell into my lap.”

“Regardless, why us?”

She didn’t answer him, merely moved off him and stood in the refresher for a moment. When traces of semen had been removed from her body, she got her clothing back into place. Her crop top hung inches from her leather skirt and her jacket covered her shoulders.

Her boots raised her height to be even with his jaw line.

Without answering, she headed for the door. Gar moved to block her. “Why us, Normia?”

“Because you are mine, but it isn’t time.” She ducked past him and hit the door lock as he stood stunned.

Out of the hotel room, she sprinted for the emergency exit and made her way to the ground. Her private cycle was waiting where she had bribed the valet to leave it. She started it up and rode it into the night before Gar could make it out of the room.

It *was* almost time for her to retire...but how did the men of the violet rose keep crossing her path?

## CHAPTER ONE

“Halariel has some new bodyguards coming in today.”

Normia finished stretching from her morning martial arts routine. Her violet rose glowed brightly against her skin, dotted with sweat. Shorno was pleased with something.

“Bodyguards? More than one?”

Halariel’s manager smirked. “I just scored a clone set as bodyguards. Hopefully, it will scare off the latest stalker.”

A chime rang in her head as she realized that time had run out. “Which clone set?”

“Yours. They will be here in under an hour.”

“Mine.”

“The violet rose.” Shorno rubbed his hands together. “They just became available for public hiring.”

A thrill of suspicion went down her spine. “Why did they become publicly accessible? That only happens when they find their fourth.”

The manager squirmed as she glared at him.

“Shorno, what did you do?”

“Halariel is in real danger this time, Normia. I had to tell them what you were.”

Instead of flying off the handle like she normally would, she sighed and reached for a towel. “You could have asked me. I would have agreed to it. But you do realize what this means.”

Shorno looked relieved and he gave her a conspiratorial grin. “It means that we have reliable bodyguards at our beck and call.”

Normia Broker gave him a withering look. “It means that I will be forced to retire in a matter of months. I can’t be Hala’s body double if I am pregnant.”

The smirk on his face faded as he turned green. “What? Blenders are sterile.”

“Not when they are in a mating quad.” She smirked back and left him in the gym with her announcement hanging in the air. He always was far too free with Normia’s person when it came to Hala’s career. It had been obvious since the day Hala had brought him in that he considered her to be nothing more than a useful utensil for Hala’s career.

Normia sighed as she entered her rooms and locked the door absently. Blenders, or clones, were only welcomed when there was a battle to be fought. Her adoptive parents had made sure that she was prepared to defend herself in a star system that considered her a superfluous parasite. When

she left home on Deniw 7, she knew what she was in for, and when she stumbled across Nash four years later, the temptation to be with one of her own kind had been irresistible. With her knowledge of who and what he was, she had not resisted the attraction, and she had given in to her urges again with Lero and then with Gar. If she didn't know that they were her mates, she would have felt a little like a slut.

Under the spray of the shower, she ran her fingers lightly over the violet rose that bloomed between her breasts and across the left of her ribcage. It had looked very different on the men, but the design was identical. It was when she was in the shower that she thought of the artist who drew her tattoo with the bio-reactive inks, she also thought about the woman who had started her life every time she soaped up her belly and the telltale navel was not there. Dr. Deveraux had been a kind woman, but a sadness gripped her as she gave her tank-grown daughters away to volunteers who agreed to hide them from the military until they were adults. As a ten year old, Normia was not in a position to comfort her mother, but she had seen her pain as each of the girls was dropped on a different colony world.

Normia shook out her blonde hair and stared into the streams of water washing over her. Today was a big day, she had better get dressed.

She took a split skirt and tugged it onto her

damp skin. A breast band confined and supported her, but left her tattoo mostly exposed. The cinched blazer had the effect of corseting her ribcage and covering her lower marks, her cleavage just gave them a glimpse of the rose between her breasts. It would be easy enough to open it with one hand if she so chose.

A pair of light socks and some black leather boots that were almost completely hidden beneath the skirt and she was ready.

With the smooth movements of someone who worked out, she wandered the halls of the hotel to the sound check that was being performed in the main ballroom for the special event that was to take place that evening. Normia did not need to sing for it, she had the night off. Her voice would be played from a recording and Hala would mouth the words while gyrating to the songs.

Halariel was wearing a bodysuit draped with silks and jewels. The scars on her belly that made her unable to do her own bodywork in the vids were concealed neatly by the ubiquitous bodysuits that she favoured.

She was moving gracefully and moving her lips to Normia's song, and if Normia did not know better, she would have been fooled. As the last notes died down, the hotel staff broke into riotous applause and Hala took the adoration as her due.

"Hala. I need to speak with you." Normia strode forward and several of the adoring fans looked at

her with hostility.

Hala met her gaze and nodded quickly. "I will be with you in a moment, I just wish to sign a few vid covers."

The fans squealed and rushed forward. The regular bodyguards didn't react at all. Normia grunted in disgust as she went backstage to wait for the great diva. Hala's tendency to forget that she was not riding on her own talent was a constant annoyance.

Normia rubbed at her forehead as she contemplated her imminent retirement. This was not going to go over well.

She waited for a solid five minutes before her ladyship chose to join her. "Hala, we have to talk."

The singer sat at a lit cosmetics table and primed her reflection. "What is it, Norm?"

"This is my last stop. The tour ends here, at least for me."

The shock rippling across Halariel's face was almost comical. She laughed nervously. "You can't be serious."

"Shorno hired a set of bodyguards for you."

"A clone set. I know, isn't it exciting? I wonder which of them I can get into bed first." She laughed and Normia clenched her hands into fists. "I have heard that clones are gorgeous with high sex drives and no ability to get a woman pregnant."

"They are my set, Hala."

Her laughter stilled. "What?"



"My men. The three other clones of the violet rose."

She paused for a moment and applied more lipstick. "Well, we can share them, can't we? There are three of them."

Normia drew her breath in sharply. "It doesn't work that way. There isn't a lend lease agreement in place here. Once they see me and my marking, the wheels are in motion and we get full citizenship on this world. I won't be going anywhere."

"That's ridiculous. We have a contract."

"The mating set is written into the contract. Read it instead of merely depending on Shorno to inform you of the financial details for a change. This is my chance for life and a family."

Hala snorted at her. "You can't have a family with them. Clones are sterile."

Normia stood behind her in the mirror and scowled. "Clones are sterile with every woman or man outside their set. Within their set, there are complications, but offspring are quite likely."

"How...you are just going to leave me?"

"Hala, you knew that this was temporary. I need a life of my own and they can give it to me. You can retire and Shorno can live off your percentage for the rest of his life."

Tears welled in her glorious blue and sun-kissed eyes. "It will destroy me. No one will understand why I quit."

“Finish the tour, use my voice and then retire from public life. You can work on your own singing and restart your career in a year or so.”

Normia walked away from Hala’s dry sobs. Tears might well in her eyes, but they would never fall, she valued her makeup far too much.

It figured that her once close friend would be concerned more with her own career than with Normia’s happiness. No one knew that she had already met and slept with all three of her set, not even the men themselves.

Each of her men had a certain magnetism in bed and out of it. Women flocked around them frequently at public events and she didn’t know how they managed their duties as bodyguards for the highest-ranking members of the Coalition with the female attention that they drew.

She stormed through the halls of the hotel, heading for anywhere away from Hala’s fans and the crew. It seemed nothing more than fate when she ploughed straight into a brick wall that reached out to catch her. The familiar faces held surprise while Lero held her in his arms.

“Hello, boys.” She waved at all three while trying to pry herself out of Lero’s embrace.

“Normia...what the hell?” Gar was staring at her abdomen and Nash was shoving at him to get a better look.

Lero was getting a straight shot at her cleavage and he released her in shock. “You...are ours.”

"I prefer to think that you are mine." She tugged at her clothing to reshape the lines and stood in front of them, hands on her hips. "Yes. I am the female of the violet rose set."

Gar scowled. "You took each of us to your bed and did not have your marks. How is that possible?"

She snorted. "You compared notes, did you? I thought you might."

Nash took her by the hand and gave her a serious look. "We need to talk in private."

"You three have an assignment I believe. Come to my room when you are finished with your briefing." She rattled off her room number and walked toward them. They stepped aside and she smirked at their diffidence as she passed. It was almost as if they were afraid to touch her. That was a first.

Normia was almost to her room when her pager went off. The subcutaneous buzzer sent a pulse signal that led her back to the staging area for the private concert. It was Halariel's private signal for her, it helped their act on the stage and gave them the ability to swap information without anyone seeing it. As soon as she was away from Hala, she was going to remove the damned thing.

Shorno was sitting next to a teary-eyed Hala and the three new bodyguards were examining threatening letters.

As usual, there was no place for her to sit when

Shorno was with Hala.

“You rang?”

Shorno smirked. “The blenders have identified a problem with the safety for Hala this evening. One of the letters refers to her being taken in privacy for the education of the masses. It is too dangerous for her to perform, so you will do the singing with a hologram of her in the forefront and she will attend the function afterward.”

“No. I won’t. I have been given the night off and I intend to take it. I have taken appointments for a pedicure and manicure and have no interest in missing them. Shorno, you insisted that I not be present for the concert and I made alternate arrangements like a good little employee.”

“But...you have to.”

Normia held up her hand and turned to the clones. “Lero, Nash, Gar, am I your fourth?”

Shorno looked confused.

The three looked at each other and back to her, “Yes. You are the fourth member of the violet rose set.”

“Then my contract is up. I am no longer required to work for Hala, but I will sing at the live concert in two days. That will be my last performance.”

## CHAPTER TWO

**S**parring practice was Normia's favourite time of the day. Olson had been training her to use a quarterstaff for a vid a few years ago and it had clicked like no battle tactic had before.

When she ducked and stood to attack, her blood pounded and her senses went on high alert. It felt a lot like foreplay if she was honest with herself.

"You seem a little aggressive today, Norm." Olson went on the offensive, striking and aiming for her weak points.

She blocked him and scowled. "Halariel tried to hire my set as bodyguards. Well, Storno did. Hala wouldn't be quite that dumb. I had to turn in my resignation."

Her hands moved the staff quickly, the thwacking of the wood against wood spurring her on. Sweat started to drip into her eyes as she circled her opponent. She caught a glimpse of three figures in the shadows and it was enough to distract her for a crucial instant.

Olson struck hard, numbing her hands and

knocking the staff away. The end of his second staff rested at the base of her neck and by the fire in his eyes, it was only his intense focus that kept her head in one piece. The battle instinct of the four-armed stunt master was not exactly a secret, but he did warn his opponents as a matter of fair play.

"You win. I lose."

He snorted. "I would have been distracted if three of my mates walked in. Go, shower and have a talk with those lads. They seem a little eager to speak to you."

She smiled. "I guess they are." She undid the protective wraps on her hands and walked over to the violet rose set.

"Gentlemen. I am sorry to have interfered in your mission. I am sure that you can continue guarding Haladriel without me." She tried to pass them, but Gar moved to block her.

"What are you talking about? We didn't take the job. You are more important than some singer."

"You didn't take the job? You were lured here with the promise of your fourth and now you won't take the job?" Normia scowled. "She is in real danger. There is a whacked out stalker that has been sending threatening letters and vids. He just happens to live on this world."

Lero gave her a considering look. "You care for her."

"We grew up together, more or less."

Nash leaned casually against the wall. "She didn't extend any concern to you when her manager dangled you as bait for our agreement."

She snorted and shook her head, "I am the better person, I was designed that way."

They laughed.

She shook her head again. "We need to have a talk and I need a shower. Come with me."

They didn't need to be asked twice.

The hotel staff smiled and nodded as she passed, their gaze inevitably turning to the mass of males behind her. If she hadn't already gotten rid of her fear of them by meeting them one on one, she may have been sharing the fascination.

Sure, they were lovely, but all clones were designed for muscle mass, intelligence and a specific genetic stamp unique to their set. Normia knew what her talent was, but her set had yet to let her in on their own secrets.

Her hotel room was a welcome refuge from the stresses of the day, until she remembered her audience. "I will be right back."

Quickly moving through the room to the wardrobe, she pulled out some loose and comfortable clothing, taking it with her into the bathroom. Changing in front of them was not an option for this first day.

She opted for the sonic option in the shower, the time to dry her hair would make her feel slightly off and she needed to be in control for this

moment.

Gauzy trousers and a wrap shirt in a soft and breathable fabric covered her assets, with a deep breath, she left the bathing room to find her set lounging in a series of positions and rummaging through her personal items. Instead of fury, she merely sighed. "Did you find anything interesting?"

Gar winked at her. "Three sex toys and a book on sport fishing."

Lero smiled. "Light bondage gear and shoes that aren't very good for your lower back."

Nash grinned. "Two blades and a hand held bow under your pillows."

She held up her hands in surrender. "Fine. You got me. I am a sexually frustrated leather wearing sport fisherman."

The light laugh they shared broke the tension.

Gar addressed the elephant in the room. "Why didn't you tell us?"

She sighed and took a seat at the desk, propping her bare feet up on the table next to the com unit. "I have met a matched set before. The woman was happy to give up her career, but the moment that she met her men, it became a certainty. The needs of the set took over and she ceased to be an individual."

The men looked at each other and nodded, but she held up her hand and continued. "I have enjoyed my life thus far, and knew where to find



you. I only wanted to finish the tour I am on and then I would have sought you out."

Normia took a deep breath, "But you are here now and we have declared ourselves in front of witnesses."

Lero's gaze grew thoughtful and he walked across the room to the com unit. "Front desk? This is Normia Broker's room. Send up a trivia game and snacks for four. Yes. That's correct. Thank you."

He stood still when he finished the call. "I think it might help if you could meet us in a more casual environment. But since you have already fucked and run, I believe a game of strip trivia might help us get to know each other."

She rose to her feet and he caught her around her waist. "No, you can't go and put on more clothing. You are stuck with what you are wearing."

"What do you guys do anyway?" She was fighting a nervous anticipation in her belly. Part of her wanted to turn and press against Lero in a deliberate and bawdy manner, but the rest of her wanted to wrap herself in cold weather gear.

Two hours later, she was having a wonderful time. As she rolled and moved her piece on the board, her companions were glaring at her with suspicion. The only thing that they were wearing was a sock on Lero's foot and their tattoos.

Having possession of their shirts, vests, trousers and boots was an empowering feeling, catching glimpses of their erections was not. Her mouth was dry and as she read the final question to Lero, he scowled at her. "How the hell am I supposed to know what Halariel's favourite lipstick colour is?"

Without checking the answer, Normia folded her hands. "Arctur crimson. Hand over the sock."

With a grimace of disgust, he removed his sock and flicked it onto the pile behind her.

"Well, it looks like I win. What is the next game?"

Gar stood and circled around behind her, lifting her from the chair as she squeaked in surprise. "You know you would never have won if all the questions were about small arms or tactical movements."

He sat down on the edge of the bed and held her in his lap, her back to his chest.

She squirmed on his lap and stopped when the hot bar of flesh throbbed against her lower back. "I would have gotten more of those questions, too, if I hadn't been distracted."

Lero smiled and knelt in front of her. His hands parted her shirt and exposed her tattoo. She gasped as with no warning, he traced the marks with his tongue. Lust pooled in her belly and she felt moisture surge between her thighs.

"This is a little sudden." She gasped and twisted against Gar while Lero continued to heighten her

lust. Nash was doing something to her bedding, but she couldn't see what it was and frankly didn't care.

The cool air of the hotel room caressed her shoulders as they were exposed, and Gar's hands on her waist made her focus on them for an instant. He lifted her and her trousers disappeared in a whisper of fabric.

She groaned when Gar's hands started to knead her breasts and she writhed in place. Nash turned her head to face him and kissed her deeply and Lero's fingers worked into the wetness between her thighs.

She hissed when Lero's thumb grazed her clit and arched against their grips as an orgasm rippled through her. It was a signal that sent them into a flurry of activity. Nash lay beneath her, sliding into her wet heat with a shudder, Lero worked the hot length of his cock into her ass and Gar presented his member to her lips.

Her body rioted as she took all three of them inside her at the same time. Their hands supported, controlled and restrained her in turn, but Lero set the pace.

He had slicked his rod with something, and despite the unfamiliar feel of that many cocks inside her, the over stimulation had her sweating, shaking and hovering on the edge of a screaming release.

Gar shuddered and groaned as he came in her

mouth, she flicked her tongue along him and he jerked again, spilling his cum in a heady torrent.

Under her, his glowing gaze meeting her own, Nash arched and flexed into her, burying himself balls-deep before he jerked and shouted in release.

Lero slowed now that his passion was no longer driving his set. He ran his hands down her spine, over her hips and back again in a steady rhythm that made her gasp and moan. She felt her talent try and shimmy into her voice, but she held it back until the last minute.

The moment his touch reached below her to caress her clit, she shrieked and bucked against him, his answering grunt confirming his own release.

Nash was still holding her, still inside her and had a wondering look on his face.

Lero slid from her and disappeared into the bathroom for a moment before returning with two wet hand towels and a larger towel. "Enough, Nash. Let her recuperate."

Gar came to her side and lifted her from Nash so that Lero could use the warm cloths on her before tossing one to Nash.

"Normia, what was that?"

She didn't even try to pretend that she didn't know what they were talking about. "The voice? Oh, that's just me. Apparently, Dr. Deveraux put some Algethar siren into the mix. You probably have some latent talents as well."

Normia looked at them speculatively, then scooted until she was sitting up against the headboard. "Come on. Time to spill. You have already seen every inch of me, what's a little genetic show and tell between a set?"

## CHAPTER THREE

Gar nodded. "Fair is fair. For one thing, are you familiar with the order that we will need to take you in for a pregnancy to result?"

Normia smiled. "I am guessing here...Gar, Lero and Nash is the third."

Lero smiled. "How did you guess? Not even other sets have guessed."

"Just something that I feel when I am around you. Don't pout, Nash, it means we can fool around anytime and we don't have to time it."

He brightened at that one, while Gar and Lero scowled.

Gar cleared his throat. "Well, our talents are more like enhancements of our personalities. I have enhanced vision. It is handy when guarding dignitaries and such."

"I can imagine." She noted his gaze wandering over her skin and yanked a pillow between them, "Stop looking at me. I am not used to it yet."

He grinned and nodded.

Lero inclined his head. "My talent is a little

more hands on. I am a healer. During assignments, I have been able to stall the degradation of hostages and even bring a few back from the brink."

"That explains the medic kit that went right before your pants did." She nudged him with her foot and he tickled it in rebuttal.

"My talent is just for the environment around me. I sense the mood, if there is tension or hostility." Nash stroked the inside of one leg and grinned.

"So...when I was going through the motions of light protestation?"

He grinned. "I could smell your heat."

Normia blushed. "Wonderful. Do you have any questions for me?"

Gar looked to their set and nodded. "Why are you out here and why didn't you reveal yourself when you first met us?"

She hugged the pillow on her lap. "Technically that is two questions."

"Then make the first, first, and the second, second." Lero answered wisely before tickling her foot again.

"Well, I was raised by the Brokers just down the street from Halariel. We would sing and play after school every single day. When I became a teenager, the siren gene kicked in and I started getting all kinds of attention at school. Most of that attention was not very desirable. I stopped singing and took

up self-defence."

Her set sat up like a pack of angry dogs. Gar snarled. "Did someone hurt you?"

"Yes, but nothing major that was not interrupted by another male who wanted me. They ended up in a writhing pile of fists and I got away."

The set of the violet rose surrounded her and they were bristling with anger.

"Calm down. It was a decade ago and it didn't happen again." She resumed her story. "Halariel came to me when we had graduated and asked me about singing again. I had more control at that time and was able to put the emotion that I wanted into the song."

Nash tilted his head, "Why did you end up being the body double?"

"Hala had several surgeries as a child to help with a congenital condition. She has a shunt that dumps directly into her kidneys and the scars are from the doctors having to go in repeatedly to dig around."

Lero was nodding. It was a common procedure on many worlds and anyone with medical training would be familiar with it.

"Anyway, she came to me and we got a band together and worked out a performance method. We practiced for days until the moves were smooth and her lips match my vocals. Our first concert was local dignitaries and the reviews and



response was phenomenal. We got our first contract soon after and Halariel as a diva was born."

"We travelled from world to world. I was on stage, my tattoos carefully covered as some of the worlds were not friendly to clones. Our makeup artist is a magician. He came up with a plastiskin that you couldn't even sense by touch. When Storno joined Halariel, he decided that vids would be an excellent revenue stream. Hala's body is too scarred, so she wasn't comfortable in doing it, even with the makeup. It fell to me so it is my body you see rocking, twisting and writhing to the music."

Gar and the others smiled.

"I lived, I travelled, I met creatures and people that I had never even imagined and then I ran into you."

She sighed and leaned her head back as Nash started to rub at her thigh, massaging the muscle and letting her relax. "When I first saw your markings at the Ambassador's residence on Litski, I thought I was seeing things. The Ambassador's aide explained your assignment and I lured Nash away when he was off duty."

He smiled in remembrance and rubbed at her leg.

"I wanted to explain who and what I was, but I also wanted more travel, more life as myself and not the member of the set. I now knew who you were. It was easy to keep tabs on you. That is why I

was surprised when you showed up on Koban 3."

Lero inclined his head and grinned.

"And when I ran into you at that bar, Gar. I knew I couldn't hold back much longer. The urge to be with you three was gnawing at me, distracting the hell out of me. After this tour, I was going to go in search of you, but there was no need. Here you are."

She laughed as Gar hauled her onto his lap, cuddling her.

He whispered in her ear, "Didn't you wonder why we didn't take you in order?"

"Um no. I was a little distracted at the time."

"You were surprised by us, were not prepared. We did not want your first time to be a nail in your coffin, so to speak."

She smiled and caressed his tattoo, enjoying the feel of his muscles under her fingers. Lero and Nash moved closer. Against her will, she yawned, spurring a round of laughter.

Gar lifted her as Nash prepared the bed. Soon she was snuggled between two rock hard male bodies and couldn't be happier. Darkness was spilling through the curtains and she realized that their get-to-know-you phase had lasted most of the day.

With deep breaths, she inhaled their scents and nodded off.

They woke her every few hours with hungry

mouths or a thrust between her thighs. Lero and Gar kept their worship of her body more than four hours apart to keep her from threat of pregnancy. She was only too happy to use her hands or mouth to compensate them for their restraint.

When they dragged her to breakfast, she followed up with a quick shower to refresh her sensitized skin. They must have bribed housekeeping because when she returned to the bed, it was fresh with clean linens and fluffed pillows.

They spent the day playing games, asking questions and learning about one another. Normia was pleased to find that she was not the only ticklish one in the bunch.

When they fell to the bed like exhausted kittens, slept in a pile of limbs and smiles were on all four pairs of lips.

Climbing out of the tangle was the most difficult manoeuvre that she had ever executed, but she went to the bathroom and then wandered into the front room to scavenge for food and check her messages.

The com rang and she jumped to pick it up. "Ms. Broker?"

"Yes."

"This is the front desk. Halariel would like to meet with you in the lounge."

"When?"

"Immediately, Ms. Broker." The voice sounded worried.

"I will be right down."

The relief was unmistakable. "Thank you, Ms. Broker."

When the com was disconnected Normia looked around and realized that she had to go back and grab her trousers and shirt from the bedroom.

Gar was watching her from the edge of the bed. "Where are you going?"

She slithered into her trousers and tied the waistband. She whispered in a low tone, "Hala has asked for a meeting. I am on my way."

"Come back soon."

She lunged forward and kissed him thoroughly. "I will. Now, go back to sleep. You tuckered yourself out."

She hummed a lullaby as she tied on her blouse and slipped into her shoes. She kept humming as she walked out of the room and closed the door behind her. *That ought to keep them quiet.*

With a light step and a lighter heart, she descended in the lift and headed for the lounge.

A figure moved to stop her. "Randol. What are you doing here this early? The private rehearsal isn't until this afternoon."

The man was a few inches shorter than she was, the pale grey-green of the locals with eyes that were rather intense when he heard Hala's singing. Creepy, but harmless, like most of Hala's local fan

club.

“I was invited to your private meeting. She is this way, Normia.” He gestured for her to precede him and she only heard a slight rush before the back of her head exploded in pain.

## CHAPTER FOUR

**N**ormia groaned as she regained consciousness. The strike to the back of her head was making her ears ring.

The stalker was there in all his outraged glory. "You are awake, you ungrateful bitch."

It took her three attempts before she was able to get enough saliva in her mouth to speak. "Ungrateful?"

"She gave you everything, and you repay her by whoring around with her bodyguards, distracting them from their solemn duty." His eyes were muddy as he hissed with outrage.

"Randol, those men are mine. They know it, I know it and Hala knows it." Saying the name of his obsession was a mistake. Her head rocked back as he slapped her hard.

"You are not fit to say her name. She is a goddess, a woman without a flaw, her voice is pure gold and her image is perfect. You are nothing but a blender."

Spitting her blood onto the floor of the dusty

room, she glared at him. He wasn't going to listen to her, but perhaps she would be able to find out what he was after.

"What are you after, Randol? What do you want her to do?" She made her voice as cajoling as possible, but her head was pounding too much to use her siren talent. She started to flex her arms against her bonds, but didn't move her upper body. In time she would loosen the bonds on her arms and legs, she only hoped she had that time.

"She cares for you. She will sing for me and all the worlds will know that the song is mine alone." His eyes took on a dreamy look and the grey-green of his skin pulsed lightly.

*Ick.* "Can I get some water?" She pressed her lips together and tried to look exhausted.

"Why? I don't plan on letting you go after this."

"You would destroy one of your idol's favourite companions? Not smart, Randol."

"You were leaving her, she was angry."

"Family fights, Randol. We have been friends for over a decade. She would have relaxed if time had passed. Killing me would forever make her live with a guilt that she would never be able to relieve. A horrible torture for a woman you claim to love."

He groaned and clutched at his head. "You are confusing me. Wrecking my plans."

He ran out of the room and she squirmed against her bonds. He had tied her tightly, but she

still had enough play in her forearm to start flexing her muscles to trigger her beacon.

The bane of her existence was now her set's only chance of finding her, so she hoped that Hala was in a mood to share information.

\* \* \* \*

"Where is she, Halariel?" Nash was furious. Normia had disappeared and not one of the staffers in the hotel had seen her in over six hours.

Halariel looked away from her mirror and gave them a pouting look. They were bristling with indignation, but she ignored it. "I have no idea. Perhaps she ran from you. She seems prone to running away lately."

Gar growled, "Normia has not run from anything in her life. She may have teased us, but she never avoided us. She has too much pride for that."

Lero nodded. "She also would not break a promise and she promised you that she would attend this concert. Normia would not leave you hanging like that."

Hala's eyes filled with an emotion that they couldn't decipher. To Nash it seemed to be surprise. She clamped her hand to the inside of her arm and looked up at the clones surrounding her. She swallowed heavily. "You are right."

"About what?" Gar knelt to look Hala in the



eyes.

"Normia wouldn't run, she was taken. The stalker has her." Tears welled in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. "And it's all my fault."

Lero spoke gently, but Nash could see the muscle twitching in his jaw. "How do you know this? Who has her?"

"I can't make out who, but the communicator that Normia has under her skin is sending a message to me and it isn't good. She can't use her voice, she's restrained, and that is all she knows about where she is." Her fingers flexed on the inside of her left arm. The same motion that Nash had seen Normia make on occasion.

"You have the partner to the implant?"

"I do?"

"We need to get it out of you." Lero was rolling up his sleeves and taking a few steps forward.

Halariel's eyes opened wide. "Why?"

"So that one of us can have the implant and use it to track Normia's location. You have to remain here or he will suspect that we are closing in."

She closed her eyes. "There is a third module. I never needed it, but I keep it in the bottom of the makeup case. It should be ready to go."

The pack on Lero's waist unrolled onto the makeup table and his surgical tools gleamed in the light. "Gar, Nash, which one of you wants to track our fourth?"

They both raised their hands. "Gar, you are our

first, so the tracker will go to Nash. As our third, he has more value to the team in this matter."

Nash nodded and took an empty chair, laying his arm on the table while Lero fished out the module in question. "It is a bio battery, so you need only keep breathing and it will work, Nash."

Nash nodded and watched as Lero took the alcohol and swabbed an area on the inside of his forearm.

Hala was staring at the procedure, fascinated.

Nash smiled. "You look like you have a question."

"What did you mean, first, third and fourth? You have a tiny social structure?"

Nash winced as the scalpel bit into his skin. "We have a biological structure, not a social structure. I am assuming that you have heard the rumours that clones cannot get a woman pregnant?"

She blushed. "Yes, I did hear something like that. I confess it had me curious."

Gar grinned over to her. "We get that a lot."

Nash cleared his throat. "I know you and Normia have been close, but if she didn't mention that we were her only chance of a normal life and family, I would not be surprised."

"She did mention in a few times, but I thought she was just dreaming of a life she couldn't have." A pale cast was coming over Halariel's skin. "I had no idea."

Nash nodded and kept his arm immobile as the

implant was slid under his skin. The foreign body immediately warmed and a slow steady pulse came through the implant. "Is that Normia?"

"You can feel her already?"

"It is a steady pulse."

"She has it in locator mode. There is a code that you will need to learn."

Nash smiled. "Show me. I am a quick study."

The program started to scroll across her handheld and he read it swiftly while Lero sealed his arm with a lazer and plastiskin. "Got it. I should be able to interpret whatever she sends from here on out. "

Nash turned to the woman who was looking at them in fascination. Not with the smouldering lust of the first time they had met, but with a newer understanding.

"Now for the numbering system. We are designed to mate in fours. The first is the male that can trigger ovulation. He cannot get the female pregnant, but simply starts her biological reaction. The second is the impregnator, he carries a chemical composition and sperm that mix with our match's biochemistry and begins the possibility of pregnancy. Our third is a failsafe in case one of the first two is injured, dead or neutered. His body will shift to change into that of the missing partner."

"Oh."

"Normia would have been informed of this

from the moment she passed puberty. It was why when she ran into us, she focused on one at a time. And did not let the others see her. When we are together, we resonate on a certain frequency. I believe it links to her siren talents."

Hala swallowed. "You know about that?"

"We do. Now. Who is this stalker and does she have any information as to where she is being held?"

"She mentioned windows and complete silence. So we are looking at an abandoned building somewhere." Hala stepped forward and helped Lero clean up the bloody towels.

Gar scowled and patted her on her well-coifed head. "You will stay here and make like everything is normal. You will acquiesce to everything he asks of you, no matter how he asks it."

She nodded and kept her head down. When Nash lifted her chin with his free hand, she tried to turn her head away. Fat tears were ripping through her makeup, distorting her eyes and contorting her features. "Can you bring her back safely?"

"It is worth our lives to try. Without her, our futures will be bleak and empty. Not even worth living." Gar's statement was enough for all of them.

"Are Storno and Jiklo ready to take on the duty of guarding you? I am fairly sure that the

kidnapper will have to stay near Normia, so we are leaving to search for our fourth." Gar nodded his decision. "No contract can keep us from our fourth, just in case Storno was going to try it."

Nash was turning and extending his arm in front of him. "She's this way. Get a larger skimmer and we will travel together. We will also need room for Normia and the kidnapper."

Hala looked surprised. "You are bringing him back here?"

"You need to confront him. That requires face to face contact."

Halariel shuddered. "I don't know if I want to see him."

"We will be there to make sure that he doesn't try anything. And he may be a little less intimidating than you think." Lero finished clearing up his tools and wrapped the used scalpel in a protective sheet. His kit returned to his belt as if it had never been used.

Nash stifled his grin. Despite their concern, they were confident that Normia was in good health. They would know if she was not. When they caught up to him, the kidnapper would not be able to say the same.

\* \* \* \*

The trickle of water flowed down her throat and she quickly took in as much as she could. Randol

could stop the water at any time and she wanted to make sure she got what she could. It was times like this that she was glad that she had a bladder like a tanker truck. He stopped pouring just as she was getting her fill.

"There, you have had your water. Now, let me call the hotel." He closed her mouth with a length of tape.

Randol wrapped his head in a mask and pulled a silver case onto his lap.

It was hard not to shriek against the tape as she watched him use a mobile satellite connection. The hotel concierge's face filled the screen. "Ekhar hotel, how may I help you?"

"You know by now that Halariel's assistant, Normia, has been taken. I want to talk to the diva."

"Sir, I cannot..."

Storno's head popped into the view screen. "We have been awaiting your call. Hold while I patch you through on a private line."

Normia was furious that she was stuck in a corner of the view screen as a tiny threat. Her arm throbbed twice and she twisted it so that the twitching in the muscle wasn't visible to Randol.

Hala's face filled the screen and Normia listened to the kidnapper gush in admiration while he worked on trying to stammer out his demands.

This was not going to end well.

## CHAPTER FIVE

“I have composed a song for you, dearest.”  
Randol’s voice was gushing with enthusiasm.  
Halariel swallowed and looked interested.  
“Really? What is it about?”

“About my love for you. I have written it for your concert tonight. I would be honoured to have you sing it this evening.”

She swallowed heavily. Normia could see it on the screen. “I don’t know if I would be able to work it into the concert.”

“Please do or I will be forced to kill your assistant. You wouldn’t want that on your conscience now, would you?” He reached over and pulled the chair she was sitting in toward her and lifted a knife off the table on his left. He held it to her throat casually and nicked the skin.

Normia held still. No sense getting him to slash her throat on camera. She sent a comforting pulse through her arm and told Hala to stay calm. A stuttering signal through her arm followed by an alright signal confused her. It was as if the two

signals were sent at the same time.

The first signal was a wait and be patient message. That was the confusing part. Hala was not known for her patience and the signal definitely mentioned patience.

"No need to draw blood. I will check with the musicians and see if they can work it in. Can you send me the song and I will work it over with the band?" Hala's pulse was pounding in her neck.

Randol could not send the file fast enough. "Please. I will contact you in one hour and if I have not heard from you, Normia will lose a little more blood and possibly a finger."

Hala closed her eyes. "I understand. I will do what I can."

He closed the connection and turned to her with a grin. "She will sing it, I can tell."

Normia waited until he turned away to roll her eyes. She and Hala both knew that he would freak when he heard the voice singing his love song. It looked like she had until show time before her digits were in danger.

The pulse came through her arm and it was one word. Patience. Another word followed. Soon.

Someone that wasn't Hala was on her implant signal and she had the feeling that it was one of her set. Only they would bother coming after a blender.

\* \* \* \*



Her signal was getting stronger. Nash could feel the pulse in his forearm. "North northeast. We are very close."

Gar ran the skimmer just above the grass line. They were almost to the edge of the province when they saw the warehouse.

"It's getting stronger. She's inside."

Lero grinned and used a camo stick on his face. "Do you think she has realized that it is you sending her signals yet?"

"I am having trouble with the translation, but I think she just sent *asshat* through." Nash cocked his head and smiled. "Yup. She figured it out."

\* \* \* \*

Randol removed the tape to give her more water. "It's almost sunset. The concert is due to start soon."

"Will you contact her?"

"Of course. I have rigged a holo projector in the other room so that I may experience the beauty of her voice fully with her image."

"I hope that goes very well for you. It will be difficult for her, you know."

He looked over at her contemptuously. "She is a true diva, she will sing the song with passion and enthusiasm."

"If the musicians will cooperate. They don't

really like her all that much. I was usually the go-between."

Randol looked stunned. "I don't believe you."

She shrugged. "It doesn't matter if you believe me. I know what I know."

He looked at her with fury in his gaze, but took a deep breath and calmed himself. "It is time to check in. She will let me know whether you spoke the truth."

Randol called the hotel once again and she continued her silent work against her bonds. A few more minutes would see her free. She could have done it more quickly, but with him watching her, subtlety had been her primary concern.

The moment he put the hood on again, she put her private plan into action.

He wasn't watching her, so she started a subsonic hum. It didn't always work, but today her luck was with her. The arms of the wooden chair she was lashed to slipped free of its pegs and she moved her wrists forward the one inch and then rested them. If he moved, she would be ready.

"Halariel please." He was speaking as if he was making a social call.

"Just a moment." The concierge put the call through on the private line and soon Hala's pale and worried face was in front of them on the screen.

"Is she all right?"

"My dearest lady, she is fine." Normia could

almost hear the frown in Randol's voice.

Hala sighed and smiled. "Good. Excellent. I have discussed your request with the musicians and while they put up a fight, they will do it. It would have been easier to have Normia here though. She did most of my communicating for me."

"I look forward to your performance. May I hear a few notes as a preview?"

"No. I am afraid that without musical accompaniment it will sound hollow." She was playing for time. "This passage about *worshipping the sun and moon in your eyes*. What does it refer to?"

Randol was probably blushing with pleasure at the confirmation that Hala had indeed studied his work.

They discussed the meaning of the words while an incoming signal took Normia by surprise. It said, *We will come in when the concert starts. Be ready.*

Whichever one of her set had gotten the implant, he learned the codes quickly. She responded *I will be ready. Please be fully dressed, I am not up for any shenanigans.*

\* \* \* \*

Nash had a hard time keeping silent, but with his brethren, he crawled through the silent expanse of burned out grasslands. Their blackened faces and torsos moved slowly, inch by inch through the

sensors and camera eyes.

For the first time, he wanted to shout in satisfaction that their earliest training and assignments had prepared them for this one moment. Years of working stealth missions for hostage retrieval had gained them the skills to take their woman back from the thief who had stolen her.

Lero had been their secret to keeping their charges alive. Even someone poisoned could be brought back from the edge of death by his talent for healing. Gar's eagle eyes could see danger before it appeared and Nash's skill was for getting a feel for the room around them.

Together, they had never lost a dignitary, and had retrieved fifteen kidnapped men and women while in service to the Coalition.

Nash inched forward again. Now they were free and it was Normia who had given them the right to make this, or any planet of the Coalition their home. They only needed to select a planet and put down roots, but they needed Normia to do it.

He moved again, slipping his torso inch by inch into the crack in the wall that he had identified as the best location for his ingress. Gar and Lero were to either side of him, each worming his way into the warehouse that housed their lady. Inch by inch. They should be inside before the sun set completely and the concert began.

He smiled again at the fully dressed comment

that Normia had sent him. He wished that he and his set shared the mental connection that some did, but they worked more on the physical and less on the mental aspects of the worlds around them.

They made do with night vision of a nocturnal race and the daytime vision of one of the raptor races. A perk from their blended genetics.

He moved forward again. Almost there and he would be back on his feet, and Normia would be freed.

\* \* \* \*

Her skin was tingling as the sun went down. Randol was bustling from room to room, making preparations. She stifled a squeak when he leaned her chair back on two legs and hauled her in to the larger room to see his holo projector.

She slipped one ankle free when he hauled her, his excitement making him blind to her small movements.

She now had two hands free, clenched on the chair so they still looked tied and one ankle free, held in place by her anticipation of violence if she should disappear too soon. Most of her moves depended on having her legs mobile and the seconds it would take to free herself would give him plenty of time to slit her throat.

She wanted her throat intact, and the proximity pulses she was getting told her that her rescue was

at hand.

“It’s starting. Isn’t it wonderful? I watch all her concerts here.” He settled in a chair that he positioned in front of the hologram.

He could reach out and touch Hala’s image, and that alone was enough to creep Normia out.

She waited in her seat and made a series of small movements. He didn’t even look up as she tilted the chair back to free her ankle.

He was primed to explode and she didn’t want to set him off.

She sent a message to her set. *I am free of the chair and can make a run for it. Is it safe?*

It took a minute, but the response was clear. *The doors are rigged with explosives. We are making our way to you. Stay where you are.*

She didn’t signal the last, but it was implied. *Crap.*

## CHAPTER SIX

Gar, Nash and Lero assembled silently and made their way toward the signal that Nash was tracking. They stopped and disarmed a number of sensors on their way, including three bombs. When they heard the cheering of a crowd, they looked at each other in surprise. Halariel must be beginning the concert. They had just run out of time.

\* \* \* \*

“And in honour of a special fan, I am going to sing a new piece. I don’t have my usual backup singer so it will be a little flat, I am afraid.”

Normia watched in astonishment as her friend and companion took to the centre stage and drew in a deep breath. The voice that flowed out was not what Randol was expecting.

He stood up in shock as Halariel’s true voice filled the room.

“That isn’t right. It isn’t right. It doesn’t sound

like it should!" He was losing it. He stared at Normia, "This is your fault."

That was a time for personal defense if she ever heard one. She stood, bent her legs and when he charged her, flipped over him in an arc that landed her inside Hala's hologram. She took a deep breath and sang a long note along with her friend and their voices became one.

Randol looked at her in horror. "It's you. The voice. The body, it's all you, but how?"

Three dark bodies slid silently through the door. Randol was thrown back into the wall and his hands were cuffed together.

She felt the pulse of contact as Nash caught her in his blackened arms. "You got the implant."

He grinned, his teeth startlingly white against the blackening. "I did. It seemed a peculiar perk, but being third has its privileges."

He held her close and she got the black all over her tunic. His kiss included her face in the contamination.

She had barely recovered from the sudden surge of lust and safety she felt, when Gar swept her into a dip that had her giggling when the kiss was over. Lero used his embrace to search her for wounds and she felt a peculiar tingle when his hands touched the back of her head where she had been struck.

"I am fine. Mostly. Nothing an ice pack and a few stitches can't cure."



Lero murmured in her ear, "I can do better than stitches." The tingling intensified and when he removed his hands, her headache was gone.

Randol was uncharacteristically quiet. The gag over his mouth and the swelling over his eye were telltale signs that something had happened while she was distracted.

Using her implant, she sent Hala an all clear signal. The hologram smiled and began the standard concert.

It was surreal, leaving the scene of violence with Hala singing ballads in the background with Normia's voice, but it sort of suited the event. Lero kept one arm around her, Gar took Randol into his custody, pushing the kidnapper first to check for any unsprung booby traps.

Nash brought up the rear and when they were clear of the warehouse, he pressed a small button on his belt kit. The building didn't so much implode as turn to dust in a silent collapse.

Normia turned back to watch it turn into a flat expanse of rubble. "Wow. That's flat."

Nash chortled. "An enemy can no longer use a structure if there is no structure to use. We are experts at demolition."

Lero tugged her forward until she was comfortably seated in one of the four seats on the skimmer. Randol was punched until he lay still on the floor. His eyes were wide with fear, but he wasn't moving.

“That implant is a handy device. How long have you had it?” Nash was smiling.

She leaned back bonelessly in the chair and chuckled. “More than five years. We needed it before the first concert so that she could take her action cues from me. The recordings and the vids all came later, so we had to perform live and together.”

Gar looked back at her. “Are you sure that you should be discussing this with him lying there?”

“Why not? It is the voice and the body in the vids he is obsessed with. Both of those are mine, so if he wants to try and live out his sicko fantasy with me, he will have to go through you three first.” She batted her eyes and smiled.

They laughed. It was a strange sound coming from such ferocious men still wearing their camouflage.

She waited a few minutes and then asked. “Where are we headed?”

“To the concert. If we make it before it is over, Halariel has an announcement to make.”

Normia nodded happily. She would probably be announcing her semi-retirement.

It lifted a weight on her soul that she had been feeling since Shorno announced that her set was on guarding duty. It wasn't just the start of her new life, it was the end of a chapter of Hala's. Despite her diva attitude lately, Normia still thought of her as a sister. Her sister had to give up a portion of

her life. Her current career would end as Normia's domestic life began.

Shorno could go fuck himself.

The skimmer flashed through the skies, over the city, settling down next to the concert hall. The standard grips and guards smiled as Normia passed them. Shorno stopped them in the hall for a moment. "She is just finishing her set, she wants you to join her on stage, Normia."

Normia placed a hand on his shoulder and then pushed past him. The song was winding to a close and she had less than a minute to make her appearance.

She pelted past the techs and up the stage stairs. As the last notes faded, she sent a pulse through the implant and Hala's worried face relaxed.

The crowd roared its approval of the concert, flowers flew through the air and landed at Halariel's feet.

She bowed low and with one hand, beckoned for Normia to come to her. Confused murmurings ran through the crowd as she joined the singer on stage, her clothing smudged and probably her face as well.

"Ladies and gentlemen, quiet, please!" Hala held up one hand and waited for silence. When the crowd wound down, she spoke again.

"For five years I have travelled and performed. At my side the whole time was Normia. Did none

of you wonder why?"

A confused muttering began and rippled through those still assembled. A sense of anticipation ripped through them, Normia could almost feel it.

"What is it about me that you love? Is it my charm?"

A light laugh ran through the crowd.

"My body?"

Men applauded and hooted in response.

"Or could it perhaps be my voice?"

The crowd roared wildly, surging forward.

Normia looked to the edge of the stage and saw Randol being held by the violet rose set. He was staring at Hala with true worship in his eyes.

"What if I told you that it wasn't my voice at all?"

Cries of outrage ran through the crowd.

Normia whispered furiously. "Hala, what are you doing?"

The hissed voice came to her, their conversation private in the rioting of the watchers. "Setting things right. You wouldn't have been threatened if you were not at my side, and you wouldn't have been at my side if I could do this myself."

She raised her voice, "Ladies and Gentlemen. I present to you Normia Broker. My childhood friend, tireless companion and the true voice behind Halariel."

News vids were in the front rows and they were

almost crushed as the riot turned against Hala.

Normia took the headset, cued the musicians and started a calming, soothing song about love, loss and recovery. Harps sent waves of music skyward and Normia let her voice follow it. The crowd stilled, muttered and eventually stood in silence, listening to every syllable and every note.

Hala had tears in her eyes as she addressed the crowd again. "On our homeworld, she was unable to be the front for the band, and so I sang using her voice for five years. No more."

She stood and put an arm around Normia's waist. "If you enjoy the songs, I now ask that you acknowledge their source."

A slow wave of applause started, timid at first but gaining in strength as she started another song. Her face was flushed with embarrassment, but she sang song after song, destined for their new album until she paused and coughed in the middle of one. "I beg your pardon, but I was just held hostage against Halariel's performance and my throat is a little dry from awaiting rescue."

The new stations focused their recorders on her speech and it made her intensely uncomfortable.

"After my trying day and the blow to my head, I am now bidding you good evening. Drive safely and I hope you enjoyed the surprise at the end of the concert."

It wasn't decorous, but it was an escape and she thudded into the arms of her set.

Gar handed Randol to the local constabulary with the promise of a full report and the ability to interview Normia in the morning. As she passed Randol in the halls, he fell to his knees and began groveling for forgiveness.

She leaned in next to him and whispered, "You struck the skull of a woman near your diva to use against her. You cut her neck and threatened her life. You deserve no forgiveness from me."

Lero tugged her away and Nash tucked her under his arm, protecting her as the crowd battled to touch her. Fortunately, Lero and Gar had done this type of thing before.

When they reached the skimmer, Nash tucked her inside before using a dispersal beam that caused the surging crowd to fall back. With Lero and Gar inside, they took off, the hotel and its private suite beckoning.

"You know, I never gave that kind of a rush a thought when it was Hala getting crushed." She straightened her shirt and brushed at the marks of camo. "I suppose this shirt is a total loss."

"You won't be wearing it long once we get back to the hotel."

She grinned at the heated anticipation in Gar's eyes. "No kidding, but I get the bathroom first."

They looked at each other. "I think we are grimier."

She crossed her arms over her chest. "But I have had to pee for over twelve hours. I win."

They started chuckling and the smiles stayed on their faces for the next half hour.

Normia scowled. Bully for them, she still had to pee.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

She took the fastest shower she had ever managed, wrapped herself in a towel and padded back into the bedroom with a sense of peace and relief.

“Shower is open. No one gets on that bed until he isn’t smudged and icky.” She sat on the edge of the bed and took up her hairbrush, working the knots of her wild day out of the locks.

By the time her hair was smooth and unknotted, Gar was out of the shower, squeaky clean and completely naked. She threw the brush at him and he batted it aside, knocking her to her back and rolling her on the bedding.

She laughed until his mouth took hers and his intensity made itself known to her in unmistakable ways. His cock nudged between her thighs and she parted her legs, letting him settle in between them.

He rocked the flared head against her folds until she arched and twisted against him. “Now, Gar. Please.”

Her blood had been simmering all day and



when he pressed into her, she started to climax before he was fully seated. Normia caressed his ribs and chest feverishly until hands pulled at her own and pinned them over her head. She arched her breasts against Gar's chest and when he groaned in release, he was given only a few seconds before hands pulled him from her and Normia was up on her hands and knees.

Lero caressed her spine tenderly, first with fingers, then with lips. She heard a thud and a curse, "You can take your time later, now is for complete joining."

Her second pressed into her, but he kept the stroking of her spine, ribs and hips as he took her. The slide and caress inside her weakened her arms and she almost collapsed. Nash slid beneath her, smiling at her surprised expression. His hands supported her breasts while Lero pounded into her, the smack of his pelvis on her buttocks a heady sound.

A sharp spike of pleasure snuck into her as Nash took one nipple between his lips at a time, sucking and nipping until she didn't know whether pleasure or hot pain was the next sensation. When Lero groaned and gripped her hips tightly, she almost whined in frustration. Her blood had been dancing on the edge of release and he had simply stopped.

Nash was laughing uproariously at her expression and sat up against the headboard.

“Come here, sweet.”

Shaking in every limb, she crawled onto Nash with slow deliberation. He cupped her buttocks in his hand and lowered her onto his cock with a groan from him and a high whimper from her.

She clutched his shoulders and pulled him closely to her, kissing him with a passion that was a relief to express. He rocked her on him, pushing and pulling her flesh until her limbs were weak and she could only wait.

Fingers grazed her clit, her tattoo, marking the rose on her chest and blooming the bud between her thighs. She screamed as her body came apart at the touches and her body froze on Nash's, locking him inside and milking him ferociously.

Her steed groaned and she felt the pulse inside her as he came. He chuckled weakly and she looked down to see three pairs of hands holding her in an upright position.

Her throat was hoarse, she must have done more screaming than she thought. “It's nice to know that I am a group effort.”

“A woman like you needs more than one man.” Lero caressed her cheek. “You are designed that way and we would not have it any other way.”

Warmth spread through her heart in that minute that rippled through every edge of her soul. Tears started in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. Nash lifted her from him and cuddled her against him, Lero stroking her cheek and Gar

the length of her spine and thigh.

She was protected, cared for and just the teeniest bit loved. As she shifted her weight and Gar's renewing erection stroked her thigh, perhaps teeny wasn't the right description. Her stomach growled suddenly and a weak chuckle ran through her. "Apparently, my body feels nothing but indelicate."

Nash nuzzled her neck. "I disagree. Your body feels divine. But you need to eat and food arrived half an hour ago. It's in the front room."

She scrambled free of the tangle of limbs and left three stupefied men in her wake. She paused at the door and looked back. "I haven't eaten all day. If we are going to continue this evening, I need to fuel up."

Understanding lit their eyes and soon they were heaping her plate with everything they could find on the two carts. Laughter and some body painting with dessert creams followed, but soon their quartet made it back to the bedroom.

Normia had heard descriptions of wedding nights from friends over the years and they had nothing on this.

The morning was not greeted with enthusiasm. Normia was left fielding calls from a number of reporters as well as dignitaries who wanted private concerts.

After the nineteenth call, she grumbled, "This

explains why Storno was around. I never realized how annoying folks could be."

She sighed and put her attention on getting dressed and trying to wrangle her new life.

Her men lined up in their uniform of leather vest, trousers and belts with assorted kits. Their violet roses were exposed for all to see, so Normia followed suit.

She put on trousers with a laced long vest over top. It laced tight, parted below her ribs and opened just beneath her breasts. Her tattoo was completely visible and her lack of navel, obvious with the low rise of the trousers.

The tumble of her blonde hair on the black leather and velvet was striking, and her bright blue eyes were shining. Her statement had been promised to the local constabulary, so that is where she was headed.

"What do you think they will want to know?" she asked before they left.

Nash's hand was on the door and he was preparing to open it. "How you were surprised, how we could have let you get caught, things of that nature."

"Ah. So, the whole sneaking out for a meeting that wasn't really there to meet Hala, but it was a ploy to get me alone?"

"Exactly, pet." Gar goosed her and she moved forward as Nash opened the door and moved his arm in a strange motion across his chest.

A crowd was waiting, flowers in their arms. Some were sneering, some worshipful, but all had unnaturally bright eyes. Crazy eyes.

Nash pushed past them, Gar took her left and rear, Lero her right and rear. They moved in a wedge past the fanatics and into the lift. The main floor of the hotel was just as crowded, but they moved smoothly through the people until they reached the skimmer. Hotel security assisted them, moving the group back to allow them access to the ship. It lifted off and Normia shook in the passenger seat. "That was weird. I have never seen anything like that."

"They have never heard you sing live either, siren."

She had to admit she had put more power into her voice last night than ever before.

"I wonder what Dr. Deveraux thought she was doing when she put some Algethar into me...into us actually."

Gar snorted. "Probably just wanted to use up the stock. If the Algethar gave their DNA, they expected it to be used."

Nash tilted their trajectory to avoid domestic traffic. They flew above the standard vehicles and as soon as they were over the constabulary offices, they dropped straight down.

Normia breathed deeply during the descent, trying to forget her breakfast. They straightened and glided onto the roof parkade with only a light

touchdown.

Lero asked her gently, "Are you ready?"

"For what?"

"The constables might be fans, we just want you to be prepared."

She hadn't considered that. Normia nodded and stood as they formed up around her. They entered the offices together and Nash spoke to the constable on duty. He looked at her, at them, at their tattoos and swallowed heavily. He called someone on the com and an investigator came out to greet them.

"Ms. Broker, is it?" He was looking down at his clipboard and when he looked up, his eyes went wide. "Blenders."

Normia scowled at him. "I am Ms. Broker, and blender is not a term I am fond of. I am here to give a statement and wish to get it over with as soon as possible."

He swallowed. "I apologize. I have just never seen their kind this close up."

She stepped out completely from behind Nash. Her tattoo was very visible in the morning light coming in through the windows. "Our kind does not like being stared at. Please lead the way."

He turned and almost tripped over his own feet in his haste to lead them to the private office. "Erm, if your bodyguards would wait out here?"

"They are also my rescuers. They will remain with me while I am on this world." She let Nash

lead the way into the room and she took up one of the two chairs on one side of the table. Her men arranged themselves behind her in a semicircle.

"Right. I will just get Commander Terinith to take your statement."

She was confused. "I thought you were going to take the statement."

"I believe the Commander will do a better job." He backed out and closed the door behind him.

"Did you scare him or did I?" They didn't bother answering. She crossed her legs at the ankle and waited.

"Ms. Broker. I am sorry for my inspector's...whatever that was. Your set seemed to have scared the piss out of him." The ashy green skin proclaimed him a native, but the waving black hair indicated off world blood.

"Commander Terinith? I am just here to make my statement and then get off this planet. The crowds are...persistent."

He chuckled. "A polite way to phrase it. When some of them figured out that you would be here today, they tried to get arrested just to be in the building."

He took out a recorder and a data pad and set them out on the table. "Since we are here, we may as well get the details out of the way. Describe how you came to be kidnapped and held hostage."

She nodded and leaned forward. "I had just finished...meeting my set for the first time and I

got a message from the front desk. It said it was from Halariel...and I was too distracted to check it..."

Normia continued with the head strike, waking in the warehouse and her rescue.

"And then you were invited on stage and Halariel outed you as the voice that we have been listening to for years." The Commander finished with a smile. "Thank you for the statement."

She pressed her thumb to the data pad and it was official. "Will I have to return for the trial?"

Commander Terinith shook his head. "There won't be one. When it was learned that you were the voice and he had threatened your life, he was killed in the holding cell."

A cold burst ran through her at the news and her set each put a hand on her shoulders and back for support. "Oh. No one mentioned it."

"It hasn't been made public knowledge yet. I would recommend that you and your set clear this planet as quickly as you can. The voice of a siren has not been heard directly here in centuries for this very reason."

She blinked and part of her mouth crept up in a small smile. "You know what I am?"

"Those of us who have left the surface are not nearly as obtuse as the ground pounders. I am honoured to have met you." A sickly blush came to his cheeks. "May I have an autograph?"

She laughed. "It will be my honour, and my



first.”

He held out a small book and she opened it to a blank page. The pen he handed her was incredibly formal. It had the insignia of the Coalition forces and engraving in a language she did not recognize. “Who should I make it out to?”

“Zef Terinith.”

She gave him a quick note and signed it, *Normia Broker Violet*.

Her grin as she handed it and the pen back was unstoppable. “I ceased to be Ms. Broker sometime around two AM.”

He cocked his head and looked to her companions. There must have been something in their eyes because he blushed again. “So, this is your honeymoon.”

It was her turn to blush. “More or less.”

“Well, thank you for coming in. You are free to go, and congratulations on finding your set. I know a few sets who are still looking.”

She snatched at his autograph book and gave him her private com code. “I know of at least three other females, so let me know which sets your males are from and I will try and help them find each other. By the way, share that code and you are a dead man.” She winked and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

She turned to her set. “Let’s go. I have a few ideas for a home planet and we need to get going if we are going to make it out of here alive.”

Nash took point and they formed up once again. "To the shuttle, my lady."

Their set walked the halls, heads high and backs straight. Constables murmured and inspectors stared, but they walked out of the building and to the skimmer without incident.

She called the hotel and asked to have her wardrobe forwarded to the shuttle. She then called Hala and asked her how she was doing.

"Things are quiet here, Normia. It feels weird to be out of the spotlight after that one moment."

"There are other factors here, Hala. I am looking for a home world and I was wondering if you were interested in getting a place nearby."

Hala's voice lifted. "Really? Where were you considering?"

"Remember the ambassador whose baby daughter loved lullabies?"

"Gotcha." A giggle broke through. "Finally time to spend some of this money, eh, Norm?"

"Call me Mia." She laughed back and her set looked surprised at the sound.

She knew why, her laugh was lighter than any they remembered. She disconnected the call, content that Hala knew where she was going.

## EPILOGUE

**T**he Ambassador of Verinatula, posted on N'gath, grinned as her toddler tried to climb up the enormous fence around the palatial property. "Mia, what do you think?"

The real estate agent wrung her hands. This was the ninth house she had shown to the clone set and it was by far the most expensive.

"It looks promising. Let's go inside."

The agent perked up and fumbled the lock open. It was intimidating enough to have the Ambassador here, but to have the clone Siren as well was too much for her nerves. The complete breeding set of clones scared the heck out of her.

"The path is large and you can see all vehicles or pedestrian traffic from the house. A security system is installed and the windows are shaded for privacy on this side of the structure." She went into her patter and described the home.

Eight bedrooms, seven bathrooms, a pool, twenty acres near the main access to town, fully fenced with sensors and a huge kitchen.

"I hope you guys enjoy cooking because I don't."

The men looked at each other and shrugged. The most serious one said, "We get by."

"Fine. Housekeeper and cook it is." The singer smiled and stroked her waist. "I also won't be in shape to be doing this much housework. I have two albums to cut before I get too big to make it behind the sensors."

They shared some kind of communication before turning back to the agent. Normia Violet smiled. "We will take it. Will cash be all right?"

One of the clones caught the agent before she hit the floor.

\* \* \* \*

The Ambassador's residence was wonderful, but Mia was happy that moving day was just around the corner.

Nash still couldn't believe it. "How is it you have so much money?"

"I earned the same amount as Halariel, but didn't have to pay for my own upkeep. I also have a head for investments. I have quadrupled most of the money I have put to work for me." She grinned and rubbed her hands. The Ambassador's daughter Tiffany, who was ensconced on Mia's lap, followed suit.

"Well, since the house is already built, what

shall we do here? Don't get me wrong, N'gath is lovely, but we have never had an idle moment."

Mia smiled and braided the little girl's hair. "I thought that Lero could get a medical degree and open a clinic and you and Gar could start a demolition company. We still have all that money from the Coalition to set you up in business."

Nash blinked. "Demolition?"

"Don't think I didn't notice your talent for making a building no longer exist after the rescue. If you could bring some of those skills to the renovation of the cities, you would have constant employment."

He rubbed his chin and started to grin. "That sounds like a heck of an idea, don't you think, Tiffy?"

The little girl smiled shyly and nodded. Her wide solid black eyes were just like her mother's and the Ambassador had the dubious distinction of being the first person to know that Normia was the voice of Haladriel.

They were meeting the Ambassador's new baby daughter at a function and the child cried while being introduced to Haladriel, but burbled and smiled when Normia spoke. It had unnerved the diva to the point where she cancelled her concert, but Mia had snuck out to meet the Ambassador to make a private recording of lullabies that Hala never knew of. Those lullabies were almost a black market item on some worlds. No baby could

remain cranky at the sound of the Siren.

The money she had made with Haladriel was great, but the money she had made as the Siren was personal. That money was invested for her own little one, or ones if her hopes could be realized. They should all be very wealthy by the time they were adults, even if she had nine of them.

Gar and Lero were next to the pool, talking to the Ambassador's husband. It was a set rule that one of them had to be with Mia at all times and right now, it was Nash.

"Tiffy, do you like having Aunty Mia so close?"

The little girl smiled gently and nodded, her broadcast empathy reaching out and touching Mia's mind.

"Do you think this baby is a girl or a boy?"

She looked at the small bump at Mia's waist with complete focus. "It's a girl. Can I play with her when she is bigger?"

"Of course you can." Mia bit her lip. "Is she happy?"

"She is happy and warm and safe. The Violets will keep her safe."

Mia smiled. The Violets was what the little girl called the clones. She was Aunty Mia and they were the Violets.

Mia and the Violets, it sounded like a band name...hmmm...

## **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

This concludes the first four of the Four Ever More series.

Thank you for making my entrance into the realm of foursomes, ménage au quattro, f/m/m/m, or whatever you call it, painless.

Happy cloning!

Zenina Masters

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## **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.