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Alexis Martin

# The Outer Rim



## The Outer Rim

Tyvan, trying to survive in the wilds of Urtopia, is spared from an attack by Anaki, who nurses Tyvan back to health from the near-fatal encounter. The beautiful blue alien manages to steal the human's heart in a very short time.

After Anaki is captured by the queen's warriors, Tyvan attempts to rescue her and finds his girlfriend, Chloe Jones, imprisoned in the same mining compound.

Chloe was introduced to Glenn Mathias, a young Federation Officer, while investigating the off-planet crash of Enos-5, and sparks begin to ignite when they take a mining freighter to Urtopia together in order to recover the A.I. brain of Eve and to find out Tyvan's true fate.

Will these four discover their true fates, and will they survive long enough to find love?

**Genre:** Contemporary, Fantasy, Science Fiction

**Length:** 40,032 words

# **THE OUTER RIM**

**Alexis Martin**

**EROTIC ROMANCE**



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IMPRINT: Erotic Romance

**THE OUTER RIM**

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# **DEDICATION**

A big thanks to my editors and their dedication to this project. They catch things I can't even after reviewing it 10 times. Kudos to them.

# THE OUTER RIM

ALEXIS MARTIN

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## Chapter 1

“Eve! Talk to me, baby.”

“Captain Sheppard,” the somewhat sultry AI voice began, “the main shields are below twenty-five percent, and the stabilization thrusters are malfunctioning. Your trajectory and speed are not conducive for an optimal landing.”

“Tell me something I don’t know,” Captain Tyvan Sheppard gritted between clenched teeth while toggling the auxiliary power switch for the twentieth time. “Piece of shit! What are my chances, Eve? Break it to me gently, my dear.”

Eve was silent for a long moment. She had never been at a loss for words before. This alone unsettled the captain.

“At your current speed and angle into the atmosphere, your chance of survival is estimated at 12.3 percent.”

“I said gently, Eve.” What in the hell was a Turian battle cruiser doing in the Helios system anyway? He inwardly cursed. The captain balled a tight fist, and then slammed it against the console. And why would they attack a probe ship in Federation air space?

“You have five minutes and thirty-seven seconds to impact, Captain Sheppard.” He laughed, but it was bereft of any humor. He caught his distorted reflection on a metallic surface of the side panel and stared into the face of a man who was about to die. His eyes were



deep-set and emerald-green with dark brown wavy hair that was longer than usual. Three months on a research probe ship, alone, will do that to a man. He ran a finger across the width of his strong chin, feeling the stubble along the sides of his face, his nose slightly off center due to a nasal fracture from a bar room brawl last year on the outer rim of Terramora.

A Drykana had used his extraordinarily long tongue to lick the face of an unsuspecting human female cadet. The Drykanas are a lizard-like race of beings with scaly flesh and bulging, bug eyes, with crude demeanors. They were hired by the Federation for mining expeditions on planets that were inhospitable to humans. The Drykanas have the ability to breathe in toxins and adapt to the atmospheric conditions of many environments. They are useful in many ways, yet their learning capacity is limited to that of a twelve-year-old human. The female cadet had been appalled by the grotesque gesture, and a large fight ensued. That night, he and Chloe Jones were introduced for the first time. She had long blonde hair, wide blue eyes, full breasted, and legs that seemed to never end. They immediately clicked, and it was lust at first sight

If it weren't for the bold actions of the Drykana that evening, they would have probably never met. Why did he never marry her, settle down, and have children? She would have accepted his proposal in a heartbeat, or so he thought. Now he would never get that chance. Thirty-two years old and no family to call his own—maybe it was better this way. Chloe was twenty-three and had her whole life ahead of her. She would get over his death eventually, yet inwardly, he hoped it would take her a good long while.

Five minutes left to do nothing but wait for death.

“Three minutes and twenty-seven seconds.”

Damn! Eve somehow even ruined that for him. “Eve, I never told you this before, but you have a very sexy voice and I wish to hell you were real and in the flesh right now.”

Eve was quiet for a moment. “I do not understand, Captain

Sheppard.”

“Is there a suck button somewhere in this emergency pod I could press?”

“That does not compute. Please repeat your request.”

“Never mind, Eve. It was only a stupid joke,” he sighed, wiping the sweat from his face with the back of his hand.

“Shall I inform you about the uncharted planet of Urtopia in the unlikely event you survive the initial landing?”

“You have such a way with words, darlin’. Enlighten me.”

“Urtopia’s atmosphere is composed of nitrogen-based gases, oxygen, carbon, and helium. In short, it is similar to Earth’s atmosphere with elevated pockets of helium and oxygen. Scanners indicated that it closely resembles the jungles of the Amazon with a ninety-five percent probability of lower life forms. There is also a five percent chance of intelligent life inhabiting the planet. We are entering into the atmosphere now. One minute and thirty-seven seconds to impact, Captain.”

Tyvan nodded and buckled himself in the bucket seat securely and slid on his helmet, flipping down the fire resistant visor. “You served me well, Eve. Maybe in another life....”

“It has been an honor and pleasure, Captain,” she said, her electronic vocal chords having a twinge of sadness in them. “Captain.”

“Yes, Eve.”

“Thirty seconds to...” Eve stopped herself. She did not need to mention the fact again. “I know this is against protocol, but I implore you to switch to full auto pilot. Your chance of survival will increase considerably if you allow me full access to the mainframe.”

“Okay, Eve,” he said, rotating the dial and depressing the red button. “My life is in your hands, sweetheart.”

\* \* \* \*

“It is confirmed, Mr. Yurito. Enos-5 was lost somewhere in the Helios system. Radio contact was lost hours ago, and a distress signal was received at 18:47 hours from Captain Sheppard,” General Charles Braxton explained. “It is believed that a Turian vessel was responsible for the attack against Enos-5.”

Mr. Yurito lowered his thick black brows and remained quiet for a long while on the other end of the conference call. His large round face projected on a 3D screen in front of the general. “This is disappointing news,” Mr. Yurito replied solemnly. “The council will not be pleased, and if the Federation gets word of Turian activity around the Helios system, they will cease our mining operations. We can ill afford to make this into a galactic scandal. This must remain quiet, General Braxton.”

“Understood, Mr. Yurito. How should I handle the press?”

“Carefully. Inform them that it is still under investigation, and right now, preliminary reports indicate the crash was caused by pilot error.”

Braxton nodded in agreement. “Should I assemble a rescue crew for Commander Sheppard? A distress signal is still being transmitted from the southern hemisphere of Urtopia. The planet was slated to be charted at the end of this fiscal year. It showed promise as being rich in Hardilium and Nuaxium.”

“That would cost us billions for one man, and months of resources. For our purposes, he is presumed dead. More than likely, he is anyway. Send a mining crew out within two to three months as planned to harvest the Nuaxium. Nothing has changed.”

Braxton tried to contain the grin forming at the corners of his mouth. He had always despised Captain Tyvan, but could not, for the life of him, pinpoint the true reason for his hatred. Possibly, it was petty jealousy that Tyvan had been given command of Enos-5, one of the newly built ships, or was it because he was involved with a woman he inwardly loved? He let out a small laugh at himself after he switched off the 3D communication module. He sat in his high-back

chair, lowering his elbows to the chrome finish of the armrests. The imported Mulian leather molded to the contours of his back. He gazed for a moment at the small sample of Nuaxium sitting on the top of his glass desk. It was a precious metal worth thousands for a single ounce and the main reason for their mining operations on desolate planets.

One last mountainous smile, then he put on a facade of sadness, trying to fill his dark brown eyes with remorse. Braxton spoke softly into the intercom, "Brianna, you may show her in."

He moved a hand through his salt and pepper hair and watched as the irresistible Chloe Jones entered the lavish, open quarters of his office. His eyes instantly lowered to watch the sway of her softly rounded hips while in uniform, the tight dark leather material hugging every sensual curve of her shapely body. Her full breasts cupped and pushed forward, making it possible to see the raised mound of her puffy areola and pebble-like nipples. God, what he would give to see her naked. The general's loins began to warm just imagining his mouth tracing the sensitive area around her nipples.

"What is this all about, General Braxton?" Chloe asked nervously, seeing an odd expression on his face. Her large blue eyes danced around the room, taking in the scene. One entire wall was dedicated to strange animals that had been hunted all over the galaxy. One particularly strange one was a fish with green skin and extremely wide jaws, long fangs, and yellow eyes that were protracted from its body.

The general rose from his seat and moved around his desk to place his wide hands on Chloe's shoulders. "I thought I should be the first to tell you of the grievous news," he began, using a soft, humbled voice. "Captain Sheppard's ship, Enos-5, went down in the Helios system."

Her high arched brows lowered and her lips pursed, bringing a hand to her mouth. Astonishment and shock etched across her beautiful features. "Was he able to use an escape pod? Did he... Did he survive?" Her magnificent blue orbs began to well.

Braxton slowly shook his head and embraced the weeping woman. “I am sorry, but he is gone. Tyvan Sheppard will be dearly missed. He was a great man and a friend.”

Chloe buried her head against his chest and sobbed. “It doesn’t seem real. What was his last transmission?” He ran a finger through her thick blonde hair, and the delectable scent of brown sugar mixed with vanilla rose to his nostrils. “I can’t believe this,” she whispered. “I can’t believe he is dead.”

“It is a shock to all of us, Chloe. He was one of our most venerated pilots. I am here for you,” he said, clearing a tear from the side of her cheek. “If there is ever anything you need, please do not hesitate to ask me. There will be a small service for Captain Sheppard in the solarium tomorrow. I am aware that you two were...involved, and I am sure you would want to attend.”

A lump caught in her throat, and she held another tear at bay. “May I be excused?”

“We will get through this, Chloe Jones. I promise.” A sardonic smirk crossed his hawk-like features. “Take some time off to recover. The academy will always be here.”

## Chapter 2

After a quaint ceremony honoring Tyvan Sheppard, Chloe locked herself in the confines of her sleeping quarters. Sitting on a plush white divan, she hugged a pillow and cried sporadically for most of the afternoon. A cream-colored bear and a crystal vase filled with Terramora wild flowers sat on her obsidian table—both of them gifts from General Braxton.

Emotionally, she was a wreck and still confused about her true feelings for Tyvan. She had dedicated herself solely to the man for an entire year and not once had he mentioned marriage to her. Thinking back, he had only mentioned the fact that he loved her in a drunken stupor one idle evening months ago. Mutually, they had pleased each other in many ways. Their bodies seemed to fit together perfectly. Besides the fact that he was well endowed, he had the innate ability to make her orgasm like no other. Chloe then chastised herself for having such thoughts after the man's funeral. Her mind was a whirlwind of passing thoughts swimming with vivid memories. Mostly, she would miss his strong, yet gentle touches and rugged male odor, an aroma that could make her panties moist in mere seconds. She sat idly, stroking the stuffed bear from Braxton and began to think that maybe Tyvan was nothing more than a good lay. Maybe he never wanted anything more than a sexual toy to call his own. At any rate, she would miss the captain.

\* \* \* \*

The twin suns sat high over the prehistoric landscape of Urtopia.

“Eve,” a weak voice called out. “Are we still alive?” Tyvan unbuckled his seat belt, feeling a warm rush of blood streaming down his left arm. His visor was shattered, and his head throbbed as if mule kicked. He wrenched his neck from left to right and then scanned the damage. A complete loss. Wires dangled from every compartment and arched wildly as sparks sprayed all around him. Smoke was beginning to fill the tawny confines of the escape pod, and he had to get out.

“Eve! Are you still here, girl?” There was no audible response. His left knee nearly gave out as he unlatched the door and broke the vacuum seal. He shoved the circular hatch open and stared into the bright sun. He shielded his eyes with a hand to knock down the glare and gazed in awe at the alien world for the first time. Large trees dotted the surrounding area, and he could hear the distinct rush of a river nearby. He filled his lungs, drawing in a deep breath to find that the air was fresh and clean, not like on Earth. This place was not tainted by industrial pollutants or miles of cities made of concrete and asphalt.

Tyvan lowered himself back into the bucket of the cockpit and grabbed his back pack, slinging it over his shoulder, as he continued to look for anything that may prove useful in a survival situation. He removed the satellite distress beacon and opened the panel that contained the AI brain. Eve had saved his life, and he would, at the very least, try to get her back home. He carefully extracted the softball-sized brain and tossed it into the pack. He jumped down from the pod and watched as smoke billowed from the underside of the ship. It may take a day or two, but it would eventually burn.

He reclined against the base of an enormous tree that must have stood one hundred feet tall. Its bark, black and grainy with large iridescent green leaves, provided some relief from the harshness of the twin suns. He opened his pack and double checked its contents—water canisters, a week’s worth of rations, three flares, and a hand cannon. He was limited to a single twelve-round cylinder with the

high powered weapon. He hoped the use would not be necessary. The knife was standard issue with a serrated blade that could function as a saw. It had an ordinary compass on the bottom where the handle opened. Inside, there was fishing line, hooks, needles, and some water resistant matches—common survival gear issued to every Terramora pilot.

He holstered his handgun and sheathed his sinfully sharp knife on the side of his leather belt and removed the outer layer of his flight suit, using the top half as a hat to shield his neck from the sun. He then painfully sutured his left arm with the needle and thread, applying three stitches along the widest point of the gash. His body bruised and knees aching, he had to move on. He knew a shelter was the next course of action before he lost the daylight.

As he walked through a thicket of shrubs, he noticed the insects—some small and some not so small. One particular beetle with gigantic pinchers the size of his fist sauntered past him, rolling a large ball of dung. He carefully backed away from the insect, not wanting to make the fearsome-looking thing angry. There was definitely life on this planet besides the foliage. In the sky, he saw a wondrous flock of birds with long, red tails that moved with the shifting breeze, their feathers sprawling and translucent blue. With eagle-like beaks, they must have been twice the size of the largest Earth birds. His attention returned to the ground as he crossed an open field. Not knowing the full complexity of the creatures on the surface, he chose a Y-shaped tree to make his nest for the evening. Taking hold of low hanging branches, he pulled himself where four branches converged, making a suitable sitting area. With the sun fading behind a range of distant mountains he opened his pack to check the beacon. It was green and still operational. The battery was strong and was built to last for months. He choked down a bland dinner of spaghetti rations with crackers—a self-contained meal packed with twenty-five hundred calories. He would allow himself one ration a day due to the fact it may be weeks before a rescue ship arrived.



He laid back, using his pack for a head rest, and gazed toward the celestial blanket of bright stars. The majestic skyline was filled with color and the planets shone brilliantly. "I wish you could see this, Eve," he whispered.

The captain was a mere twelve feet from the ground, but the modest height gave him a sense of added security. He did not look forward to another run-in with one of those gigantic beetles. He should have never volunteered for this assignment, but it was hard to pass up the money. One or two more of these probe missions would see him quite wealthy.

Some hours later his body jolted awake, hearing a god-awful high pitched heckle echoing through the trees. His eyes widened as he intently scanned through the darkness, resting a hand on the grip of his hand cannon. "What the hell was that?" he mumbled aloud. Sardonic, red eyes flickered against the stars in the underbrush and he took in several calming breaths. He realized now that sleep would be elusive.

As the night gave way to the dawn, the morning sun broke through a ribbon of high clouds, and he rubbed at his weary eyes. His neck ached at the same time his lower back went into a spasm. The rough skin of the branches did not make the softest of beds, and he began to regret his decision to sleep among the trees like a monkey. His lifeline, the distress beckon, was still operating. That was the most important thing at this moment.

He dropped from the tree after finishing off another water canister and made his way to the sound of a flowing stream. Trampling a swath through a thick brush line, he saw a crystal clear river running to the south. It seemed endless. If it was drinkable, it would give him a better chance of survival. He crouched down to check the purity of the water with a small plastic cube designed for the purpose. It was a part of every pilot's survival equipment. He submerged the cube and waited. The light strip on the underside of the filter registered blue. The water was clean and appropriate for human consumption. He

dipped his hand into the inviting liquid and felt the coolness against his skin. He scrubbed the dried sweat from his face and thought a quick bath would be nice. Keeping oneself clean in a survival situation was paramount—rule number three in the pilot’s survival guide.

He started to remove his torn shirt and turned, only to see a black-skinned beast stalking him amongst the shadows. It was larger than a lion, but assumed the posture of a panther on the hunt. A massive set of gaping jaws opened, leading to a cavernous mouth with long, curved, yellow dagger-like fangs. Its large red orbs glared balefully at him. Tyvan gulped, and his first primal instinct was to run as if his hair was on fire. That immediate action would probably do nothing but see him eaten by some alien beast. He trembled, watching the monster stealthily close in on his position, and corded muscle rippled across the broad shoulders leading to a slender hind end.

His shaking hand carefully lowered to the soft rubber grip of his hand cannon. “Slowly,” he whispered to himself as he unlatched the holster. Just as he was about to remove the weapon, he caught a glimpse of a second one, much closer. They hunted in packs and the one in front of him was only a decoy.

Smart creatures, he inwardly thought.

There was no chance now. The second beast powerfully vaulted forward before Tyvan could aim his handgun. The razor sharp talons dug into the soft flesh of his chest, sending his hand cannon flying from his grasp. All the air was knocked from his lungs as his body cannoned back from the mighty force of the blow. On his back, hurting to suck in wind, he reached for his blade, knowing that it was futile to even try. The warmth of blood flowed down his stomach to stain the elastic around his pants as the beast reared over him with its yellow dagger-like fangs and black talons on full display.

“I hope you choke,” he growled as he waited for the death strike. But it never came. The creature swayed awkwardly to one side and fell beside him, two large arrow shafts jutting from its muscled flanks.

Tyvan dropped his knife, and his vision became blurry. The whole world was spinning around him. He saw a fading glimpse of a beautiful blue face that he believed to be an angel hovering over him. He reached for the heavenly image and then fell into darkness.

## Chapter 3

Chloe gazed at her naked form in the mirror and smiled at what she saw. She knew she was gorgeous, always had been, especially out here on Terramora where the pickings were slim among the human species. From her full breasts to her lean waist, there was no aspect of her body she didn't admire—except her overly-rounded ass. She believed it to be a bit too large, but then again, Tyvan had no complaints. Her bright red fingernails traced the contours of her supple body as she applied her after-shower lotion, making her radiant skin silky smooth. As her hands worked the milky-white lotion over her breasts, a finger skimmed across her rose colored nipples. Thoughts of Tyvan came streaming back to her. How he would caress her just so—touch her in all the right places.

He had been off planet for three months, and his funeral was a mere three days earlier, yet her body began to ache for pleasure. She missed the magnificent feeling of Tyvan's thick cock swelling inside her, spreading her wide, his body pressed firmly into her. Damn him for doing this to her, she chided to herself. Her nipples began to harden as her thumbs gently kneaded each one. A warmth began to envelope her body as her perfectly manicured hands traced down her stomach to stop just above the thin strip of hair leading to her precious folds. Tonight, she felt a deep need to pleasure herself. Watching intently in the mirror, her middle finger slid down to rest directly over the small bud of her clitoris. Increasing the pressure slightly, she bit her lower lip, controlling a moan. Moving in small circles, the heat increased sending waves of delight through her entire body. Pinching her nipple with a thumb and index finger, she imagined Tyvan behind

her, the head of his cock seeking entry, all of his weight holding her down. *Yes...that's it!* With a smile of satisfaction, her clit was swelling, becoming hard. Using two fingers to trace the outside of her sensitive labia in a V-shape, she separated herself, eying her pink center. Soon she would push a finger into her wetness to feel the liquid delight of her own excitement. Her eyes then gravitated towards a wonderfully crafted glass bottle on the sink. After her finger, she just might try out the oblong-shaped bottle. Why not? She needed something to fill her.

Then the holographic communicator buzzed in her bedroom, causing her to inwardly curse. The mood was gone almost as quickly as it arrived. She hastily threw on a silky snow-white robe and clasped her long hair back while stepping into the bedroom. She pressed the connect button and the image of Charles Braxton appeared.

"Sorry to disturb you this time of night, but I have an update on Tyvan Sheppard," he began, smiling ruefully.

"I was...still up. What do you have?"

"An unofficial report that was faxed to me minutes ago. I thought we could discuss this over dinner tomorrow night. I know a quaint little place with great food in the south district."

She was silent for some time, twirling a finger through a long strand of long blonde hair that partially covered her gorgeous features. "Okay. Dinner will be fine," she agreed hesitantly.

"Great," he replied with a mischievous smile. "I will pick you up at 1800 hours. Sleep well, Chloe."

"Goodnight, General." She switched off the holographic communicator and lay back in bed. She knew the general had feelings for her, but he was nearly fifty. He did, however, keep himself in top physical condition. She could tell that by the way his uniform hugged his arms and upper chest. Although his visage was not as appealing as Tyvan's, his jaw was broad, and she favored men with strong personalities. Braxton seemed like the type of man that would not give up until he got what he wanted. She would have dinner with the

man and take a look at the report. "Nothing more," she told herself.

\* \* \* \*

The captain's back was cushioned with soft bedding and for a moment, he believed it all to be a strange dream. Then his eyes fluttered open to stare at a thatched roof ceiling and thick, logged cross-beams overhead. His body was drenched in sweat, and an awful tightness tugged at his chest.

This was no dream.

He attempted to rise, but a gentle hand shoved him back down until his head rested against a roll of cozy fur. Tyvan's face contorted into shock of the creature staring down at him. She had light blue-tinted skin, almost the color of the sky on a clear day, and wide almond-shaped eyes of gold with elongated pupils. Her cat-like eyes only enhanced her overall feline appearance. Long dark brown braided hair dangled below her rounded shoulders to partially cover her perky breasts and indigo-blue nipples. She raised a hand and said, "Poto," and then stood to walk to the center of the room where a hearth fire was burning.

He tensed, not knowing if he was possibly on her menu. Poto, he assumed, meant wait, and he did so, nervously. His eyes were glued to her every movement as he drank in the alien's beauty. Her well-defined back led down to slender hips. A thin loin cloth did nothing to hide her firmly bubbled ass cheeks with a slender blue tail that flipped behind her. His eyes lowered further, enthralled by her sensuously muscled legs and thighs. Thin, dark blue lines encircled the peaks of her calves and he was unable to determine if it was a shade of different skin or tribal tattoos. She had a physique built for speed and power and he quickly imagined her being quite a huntress—a body framed for long strides and fast sprints. She was at least, by his estimation, a good two inches taller than he was.

This was the first new class of alien species to be discovered by

man in the past fifty years, and he was the one who found her, and what a rare beauty at that, the likes of which he had never seen. His only hope now was that she was friendly and did not prefer the taste of human flesh.

She returned to the bed with a warm clay jar and knelt down. Delicately, she began to peel away a layer of moistened cloth from his chest, exposing the four deep talon gashes. Tyvan winced in pain and recoiled from her touch. She tilted her head, and her eyes narrowed. “Ithi,” she said, gesturing towards the jar. “Ithi.”

Whatever was inside the container, he didn’t trust it. The ointment smelled like the rotting flesh of a goat wrapped in horse shit. “No!” he told her a bit harshly.

Her slightly pointed ears fell back, and her full lips pursed with anger. She set the jar to the side, said a few heated alien words, and then stepped outside hastily.

He knew the scorn of a woman whenever he saw it. “Great,” he mumbled to himself. This woman had more than likely saved his life and was trying to aid him in some way, and he managed to piss her off in a few seconds. He grabbed the jar of black sludge and nearly gagged smelling the concoction once again. With his legs wobbly, he took hold of the side of the stone walls to keep his balance. He had never felt so weak in his life, like a new born babe. His vision skewed, he clambered outside to make amends. With the world spinning out of control, he stumbled over the step at the door. An arm swiftly swept under his torso before he fell, and kept him from hitting the ground. She walked him back inside and laid him on the mattress in the corner of the room.

“Look,” he said in a humbled voice. “I know you don’t understand a single word I am saying. I would like to thank you for saving my life, and if you want to put that...crap on my chest, then I would appreciate it.”

He handed her the jar and sat back, pointing to his injury. She dipped her fingers in the salve and liberally applied the mixture to

cover his torn flesh. She wrinkled her nose at the smell of the ointment. At least she did not find the hideous aroma appealing. Covering the jar, she washed her hands in a wood bowl of water, and then returned with a cool rag and placed it over his forehead. She rested her elbow on the bed to lay her chin on the back of her hand, staring silently at him as if intrigued. After a while of placidity between them, she motioned a claw with one hand and mocked the attack against him, bearing her teeth. Her canines were not quite fangs, but they were slightly longer and sharper than the rest of her human-like teeth. She was obviously a meat eater.

After her demonstration she said, “Bureen.” And again, she repeated the word, “Bureen.”

“Panther,” Tyvan replied. They had nothing like that on Terramora or Earth that resembled the beast, but it was the closest thing he could think of.

“Panther,” she said, hinting at a smile.

He gave her a warm grin, “I am Tyvan,” he advised, pointing at himself.

She gestured to herself. “Anaki” Then touching his arm lightly, she said, “Tyvan.”

He, in turn, reached out to lay his hand on her forearm. “Anaki.”

They were beginning to communicate with each other, and he saw her golden eyes brighten with each new object she gathered in her hands. For most of the evening, she would tell him what the item was in her native language and Tyvan would repeat it in his. She was a swift learner and retained things at a phenomenal rate. He was impressed with the alien’s aptitude and ability to comprehend.

When it became late, she rolled out a soft white fur on the floor in front of the guttering hearth fire and slept. Tyvan took a moment to search the stone walled dwelling with his eyes and finally located his backpack. His life line to civilization was dangling from a wood peg on one of the long cross-beams. He would check the condition of the distress beckon tomorrow, first thing.



“Anaki,” he thought, “what an enchanting name.”

## Chapter 4

Charles Braxon sat across the Hujion wood table from the most beautiful girl he had the pleasure of laying his gray eyes upon. Chloe's sleek black sleeveless dress accentuated every supple curve of her shapely body. Her breasts bunched together up front, displaying a fair amount of cleavage. He was not used to seeing her out of uniform. It was a magnificent display of sensuality that he could get very, very used to.

She took tawny bites of her Malian steak and perused over the incident report, her large blue eyes scanning every word. "Almost 80 percent of this document is blacked out, General."

"Please, I am just Charles tonight. Unfortunately, the entire official report will not be approved for release for several more months. The Federation will have the final say. Times are changing, Chloe. Our government contract expires at the end of the year, and we will not be required to report to the Federation any longer. We will simply be a free corporation again, free to explore and expand as we see fit." His hands inched towards hers on the table and rested against her red finger tips. "I hope this not too soon after your loss, but I have to say that you look stunning tonight. I was praying that this would be more than a social business date among friends."

Chloe left her hand in place and batted her long eyelashes. "I...I just don't know. I don't know what you're asking," she said, feigning surprise.

"Come on, Chloe. Surely by now you are not blind to the fact that I have feelings for you. Ever since the first day I saw you in the academy, I desired you. You are, in a single word, ravishing."

Chloe was quiet for some time, mulling over what she just heard. Charles was not a beautiful man, but he had some handsome qualities about him. Besides this, a good man was hard to find on Terramora. He was a bit old for her taste, but it was plainly evident that he favored her, and he was far from being like so many self-righteous, conceited pilots.

They finished their meal in relative silence and Charles, being a gentleman, took care of the lofty bill. He walked Chloe to her apartment, wondering if he came across as being too bold. She reached into her small red purse to find her key card and Charles lightly brushed her shoulder, forcing her to greet his eyes. He leaned down to taste her bright red lips, his tongue grazing her upper lip. Somewhat surprised, Chloe parted her mouth, allowing his tongue to work across hers. She shuddered inwardly as he delicately kissed her, shocked at how good he was at it. Her hands went up to rest on his chest, feeling the hard muscles beneath the thin layer of dress shirt. He pressed her against the door, his weight crushing her, never removing his mouth from her luscious lips. She felt his large hands lower to her waist, searching for skin, pulling her into him. The bulge in his pants grew firm against her stomach, and she knew he wanted her in a bad way. She released a sigh as his hands traced the smooth of her outer thighs to take hold of her ass cheeks beneath the skirt of her dress. With one mound of flesh in each palm, he squeezed her wantonly, pressing his hardness against her midriff. Everything was happening so fast, clouding her judgment. She wanted to resist his touch, but her body would not allow it.

“I need you,” he whispered softly in her ear. “I want to please you, Chloe.”

The words and his hot breaths sent chills of delight down her spine to start her womanly juices flowing. He squeezed and pulled her butt cheeks, slightly spreading her sensitive folds with each overment. His manipulations scorched her.

With her skirt hiked up to her waist and not wearing any panties,

she was fully exposed to him and finally dropped her key card. They were still in the hallway as Charles cupped her swollen folds. She tried to speak, but the words caught in her throat as she arched against him. Her eyes widened, and she gasped aloud as the very tip of his middle finger nudged inside her, seeking her warmth. He felt her wetness and sank his finger knuckle deep. She bucked her hips against the pressure, the silken walls of her vagina fully accepting his light strokes of a single finger. Finding what he believed to be her G-spot, he left the pad of his finger there, allowing her desire to build. Her inner walls constricted around his finger, squeezing him, and he knew he found the sometimes elusive spot.

“I want to watch you come, Chloe. Will you come for me right here?” His deep voice made her tremble.

It was hard for her to speak. “Yes,” she finally blurted out. “I... I...will.” With her back flush against the door, she moved her hips into his touch, urging him to delve deeper and to move faster.

Something about being in public with the possibility of being caught by passersby strolling down the hallway only heightened her arousal.

Charles’s cock was aching tremendously, but tonight he only wanted to pleasure her. He could be a very patient man. He did as she beckoned and slid a second finger deep inside her. A loud moan escaped her quivering lips. With two rather thick fingers stroking her inner walls, he pressed the pad of his thumb over her clitoris. Her back arched against the door in response. “Ummm. Faster, Charles. Faster.” She gasped, giving into her heated desire. Two fingers swam inside her as he slipped the top of her dress down to release one ample breast, the rose-colored nipple already erect for him. Taking the nub into his mouth, he suckled her sweetly, tenderly. Losing focus, she whimpered uncontrollably, giving herself over to his caresses of delight. With her palms flat against the door, she opened her legs, allowing his fingers to delve into her fully, every stroke bringing her to the edge of oblivion. His mouth still latched onto her aching bud,

she closed her eyes, imagining it was Tyvan working against her body, drilling her with his fingers, toying with her engorged breast.

Footsteps and voices echoed down the far end of the hall, and Charles paused. "Don't you dare stop!" she pleaded, on the brink of a powerful orgasm. "I am almost..." her words trailed as her soaked pussy fluttered and contracted, squeezing his fingers in orgasm. She became weak in the knees as Charles removed his highly talented fingers. He pulled her dress down, covering up her most private parts seconds before the group of mechanics sauntered by.

Charles waited until the crowd passed and then leaned in to kiss her once more. "I enjoyed that," he said with a wide grin. She pushed his jaw away in awe at herself for what she allowed him to do to her.

"Goodnight, General Braxton," she simply said, finding her card on the ground and then swiftly entering her apartment.

He smiled, bringing his moist fingers to his nose, drawing in her intoxicating scent. She smelled as sweet as honeysuckle.

\* \* \* \*

After a filling breakfast of Bureen meat, Anaki cleared away the wood dishes, her long slender tail flipping from side to side. The Bureen was not half bad, Tyvan thought. It had the gamy taste of venison mixed with chicken. He could get used to eating it.

She returned and sat next to him on the floor and then began to gently pull away his bandage. To his amazement, the gashes were already sealed and well on the way to being completely healed, but the smell was almost unbearable. She waved a hand in front of her nose and grimaced. She then took his hand in hers and urged him to stand. Taking a quiver of arrows and hefting a bow, she led him outside. He had noticed her weapon before, and it was an exquisitely crafted piece made from an unknown wood.

"Follow," she said, a word she learned last night.

"I will follow you," he said with a nod.

She gracefully trotted ahead, her lean hips swaying from side to side and buttocks bouncing with subtle flips of her slender tail. Young and lithe, he would follow that tail almost anywhere. Merely watching her energetic and sometimes alluring movements did something to him. He shook his head at himself as he raced to catch her, not believing the myriad of lust-filled thoughts swimming through his head about this enchanting blue female alien.

She glided through a grove of tall trees, and he followed behind, closely. They came to a clear pool of water, and she paused, and pointing to the body of water, she said, "Laga."

"Laga is water," Tyvan replied.

Anaki lifted on her tip toes and raised her nose into the breeze, tasting the environment. Satisfied, she doffed her quiver of arrows and laid the bow against the base of a wide tree that overhung the water.

Tyvan watched closely as she slipped out of her loin cloth. Completely nude, she was a magnificent sight to behold. He saw an enticing slit between her thighs that was the same as a human female, her tender folds a dark blue. She was built with all the right parts in all the right places. She dove into the water head first with the skill and form of an Olympian. Moments later, she resurfaced and stood near the bank, pulling her braided hair back and wrenching out the excess water. Standing much closer to him now, he could see the fine details of her glistening wet skin. Her slightly raised pubic mound was void of any hair. Besides the hair on her head and a set of fine eyebrows, her body was completely hairless.

She playfully waved for him to enter the water. He loosened his belt and began to pull down his tan cargo-style pants, realizing he had the onset of a very real erection. He chose to leave on his underwear as he entered the lukewarm pool. She laughed heartily at him, splashing some water his way. He in turn playfully splashed at her, seeing a cheerful, carefree smile grace her fine features. They frolicked in the water together like a couple of teenagers out for a

swim. He was actually having fun with her. She was proving to be good company. As she dove around him, making waves and pulling him deeper into the water, she seemed more human than ever. On this alien planet in a system filled with billions of stars, he found someone he enjoyed. Even though he was marooned millions of miles from civilization, he believed himself to be very lucky—fortunate to be alive and damn lucky to find someone like Anaki.

After almost an hour of solid horseplay, she left the water and went into the grove of trees for a while. She returned, carrying a green round in her hand the size of a grapefruit. He watched as she split the soft outer skin open with her fingers and peeled back the exocarp, exposing the fruit inside. Immediately, the aroma of coconuts scented the air. She drizzled some of the clear juice into her hair and over her shoulders and then gave the fruit to Tyvan. He witnessed her rub the oil into her hair and then over her body, her hands brushing over her breasts, making them slick and shiny. He could hardly take this torture for much longer. Seeing that he was just standing there, she took the fruit and poured it into his hair and over his back. Her slick hands worked the oil into his skin. She was careful around the still healing wound, but her soft touches around his chest and over his nipples sent signals to his loins, and he began to swell again. She stopped for a moment, twirling some of his chest hairs with a finger as her palm rested over his nipple, gazing at his hairs curiously. She looked almost surprised to see that he had hair in those places. He felt a sudden urge to take her in his arms and kiss her then. Instead, he lathered his hair and completely submerged himself, cleaning the plant's oil from his body.

Smelling like a couple of fresh coconuts, she stood in the sun, stretching her desirable form, allowing the breeze to dry the wetness from her skin. Tyvan elected to wait until his arousal subsided, then he, too, left the water, freeing himself from his soaked underwear. Again, he noted the curious gleam in her child-like eyes as her head dropped to gaze at his dangling manhood. He froze, becoming self-

conscious of his nudity, but said nothing during the brief awkward moment. He just stood beside her, allowing his body to air dry. He relaxed when her gaze transferred towards the twin suns. Could it be that she had never seen one? Or thinking the worst, never seen one so small. But eight solid inches was something to be proud of in human standards. Washing the remainder of his clothing, he started off towards his new home walking behind Anaki, carrying his wet clothing over his shoulder.



## Chapter 5

The holographic communicator sounded once again. The noise was becoming almost unbearable, and Chloe gripped the sides of her temples, moving the tips of her fingers in small circles. She did not have the nerve to answer the call, knowing that it was General Charles Braxton on the other end. She was embarrassed for allowing herself to give in so easily their first date—allowing his fingers to work inside her with no resistance. She had not spoken a word to him since the night he seduced her in the hallway.

“Charles here—again,” he said miserably, leaving another message. “I do have very strong feelings for you, and I am having trouble understanding why you choose to avoid me. But this is not why I am calling today. It appears that there is a Federation investigator that arrived yesterday, wanting to ask you some questions regarding Tyvan.”

She punched the button and connected the call with Braxton. She saw the general’s eyes light up. “So...you are still alive,” he mockingly said, giving her a coy smile. “Listen. I need to tell you that what happened the other night was a mistake. I should have never taken you that way. You deserve so much more. I can show you if you allow me the chance.”

Chloe’s cheeks reddened. “Can we forget about that? I had too much wine, and I was not myself.”

“I agree that it was too soon after your loss. Will you give me a second chance to make it up to you?”

Chloe sat quietly, thoughts swirling inside a turbulent mind. In all honesty, she did not see Braxton as a suitable companion. He was too

old for her and, in a way, reminded her of her father on Earth. The momentary thought instantly disgusted her. “I need time to think,” she replied sullenly. “When must I meet with this Federation investigator?”

Braxton was more than livid at Chloe’s response, yet he quelled it masterfully. There were much bigger things beginning to rear their ugly heads. The Federation was honing in on Terramora, and that spelled trouble for Braxton and the council.

“I have scheduled a meeting for you in my conference room for tomorrow at noon. If that is suitable? Don’t ask me what he wants to know because it is a mystery to me as well. I don’t see how you have any relevance in Tyvan’s accident. I am sure they only want to close the chapter on this incident.”

“I will be there,” she replied sharply, moving to turn off the screen.

Braxton cursed loudly on the other end and threw a paper weight across the room. He realized he was not a young man anymore, but he knew he could please Chloe if she gave him a chance. His anger only grew while contemplating the situation. He was the general of Terramora, making more credits in one year than most could in an entire lifetime. He was a powerful man, an icon among his citizens. Why didn’t she see it? He deserved Chloe Jones, and Braxton always got what he wanted.

\* \* \* \*

The general waited patiently in a plush, high back seat next to the Federation officer. His tight Federation suit was perfectly tailored and had the appearance of being brand new. The officer was not the kind of man he had hoped for. He was younger and more than likely wanted to make a name for himself, which meant nothing less than a stellar in-depth investigation. Another thing that troubled Braxton almost immediately upon seeing the newcomer was that this pretty

boy Federation poster child made him nervous. He was not accustomed to the sensation, and he did not care for it.

“You did say Chloe Jones was coming to this meeting, General Braxton?” Officer Glenn Mathias asked as he glanced down at his silver plated wrist watch.

She was already ten minutes late, making the general look bad. He knew these Federation types were meticulous and prone to quick judgments. “She will be here, Officer Mathias,” he assured him. “Unless, of course, she sees the ridiculousness of this and decides not to come.”

“You don’t approve of Federation involvement,” he chided back. “That is all too obvious, general. But I do have a mission to complete, and I am not going anywhere until it is completed. I have my orders.”

“Do you always follow them?”

“Yes! Do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal,” Braxton said bitterly. Before any further pleasantries could be exchanged, Chloe glided through the glass door to sit on the opposite side of the table.

Glenn Mathias’s jaw nearly unhinged, seeing her gracefully slide into the seat, her long golden-blonde hair, full lips, and a body of perfection just staring at him. Working to keep his composure, he went to his folder and shuffled through several papers. Her tardiness had already been long forgotten. “This will be a private interview,” Glenn informed the general.

“Of course,” Braxton said. Giving Chloe a wry smile, he begrudgingly removed himself from the room. She refused to make eye contact with Braxton as he walked away.

“I am Officer Glenn Mathias of the Federation Alliance 21st intelligence unit,” he said, extending a friendly hand to the enchanting woman. She shook his hand weakly. “And you, of course, are Chloe Jones,” he continued. “Earth born on May 24, 2142, citizen number 1124723597.”

“Yes,” she confirmed plainly, somewhat impressed that he recited

her information from memory.

“Sorry about the formalities, Chloe Jones., I always have to confirm who I am speaking with before I begin an interview. It is mandatory protocol.”

She was a little surprised to see that the Federation officer was so young. He had a boyish face with light freckles mottled across his nose and cheeks, soft features for a man. His sandy-blond hair was short and neatly combed back. This was better than what she had expected. She had originally believed that the Federation officer was going to be some old man with the personality of a robot. At least there was someone in front of her that was pleasing to look at.

“Why don’t we start off by you telling me about yourself?”

She sighed, whisking a long strand of hair away from her face. Some days she hated to hear herself talk. Today was one of those days. Even so, she inhaled a deep breath and began. Glenn Mathias sat quietly, acting as if he was taking notes, finding it difficult to remove his eyes from her.

Braxton watched the interview from his office with the use of two hidden ceiling cameras. He zoomed the lens in on Chloe at first, framing her face for a short while, imagining those plump red lips against his. Then he rotated the second camera on Officer Mathias. He focused in on his folder, trying to get a glimpse of his notes. All the young man had been doing was drawing cartoon pictures and doodling various geometric shapes. Braxton smiled. What a complete imbecile, he thought. What had he been worried for? This was going to be easy, he assumed.

Mathias looked in all directions of the oval shaped chamber, closed his folder, and then stood. It was hard for Chloe not to sneak a quick glance at his package, seeing the young officer in a form-fitted Federation uniform. There was a noticeable bulge between his legs and her eyes lingered. Glenn Mathias gestured towards the door., “Will you walk with me a while?”

“Is the interview over?”

“Not quite,” he said, hinting towards the hidden cameras. When they left the room together, Braxton was far from joyous. He wanted to hear every detail of their conversation. The Terramora council and Mr. Yurito would be sorely disappointed if they were unable to obtain any indication where Mathias’s investigation was heading. They needed concrete answers. There were shit loads of money at stake and drastic measures, he feared, would have to be implemented.

As they wandered down the clear domed tunnel, Chloe lagged behind purposefully. She wanted to see how his ass moved as he walked. She gulped, biting at her lower lip as his sculpted rear end swayed from side to side. She wondered how they would feel in her hands. There were no other men quite like him on Terramora. Most were mentally deranged in some capacity or extremely rough looking hard laborers. The few interesting pilots on the planet were well renowned womanizers. She recalled having a few unmemorable nights with a couple of pilots herself—one night stands—before she met Tyvan. He had changed her thinking in a way. The closest she ever came to finding love, or so she thought.

Glenn entered a small café. Taking a seat, he promptly ordered them both iced mochas. “Is this still part of the interview?” she asked

“Of course. I don’t need prying generals trying to spy on my investigation. Braxton had several cameras in place recording everything that was said.” He adjusted to a comfortable position in his seat, allowing his shoulders to lax a bit. “Can you tell me about Tyvan Sheppard? What kind of pilot he was, or man, for that matter? I need to know every detail.”

She sighed, and he saw a flicker of sadness streak across her soft features. “He was well known for his skill to pilot any craft they gave him,” she began. “Enos-5 was no exception. No one could out-fly Ty. It was one of the many things that drew me to him.”

“How was your relationship with him?”

“Is this even appropriate to be asking such questions? I hardly see the relevance behind it.”

“Everything has a purpose. The Federation, as you will soon find out, requires a thorough investigation.”

“Whatever,” she replied in an irritated demeanor. “We were involved,” she admitted.

“How so?”

“At one time, I believed I was falling in love with the man. Now I realize our relationship was only physical.”

Glenn’s pen suddenly snapped in half between tensed fingers. “Cheaply made instrument,” he said coyly, covering his minor sting of jealousy. “Moving on. The reason why I brought you here, Chloe. May I call you Chloe?”

“That is fine, Glenn. Why are we being so secretive?”

“The Enos-5 was equipped with the most advanced AI system known to man. We were able to intercept a distress ping from Eve that indicated an escape shuttle was released before Enos-5 imploded. My feeling is that Enos-5 was shot down.”

“By whom?” Chloe asked, raising a brow.

“I am not certain, but my best guess is that the Turians were responsible. There had been some unofficial reports of Turian activity in the Helios system for months. Nothing we could positively confirm.”

“Why had the Terramora council not been notified of this?” she asked, her voice growing bitter.

“The Federation gave them numerous warnings, Chloe, yet they chose to ignore them. The Yurito Corporation has billions of credits tied up into their off-planet mining operations. Terramora and Yurito would financially collapse if their mining activities were suspended for any length of time. There is one recently discovered planet in particular they have a keen interest in. It is called Urtopia. The Enos-5 dropped a probe onto the planet’s surface before it went down, and it tested positive for copious amounts of Nuaxium and Hardilium, two highly sought after raw materials. I have a suspicion that General Braxton is hiding the real truth. As soon as I gather substantial proof,

I am going to bring him down.”

“How do you plan on finding the proof you need? And you mentioned the fact that a shuttle escaped Enos-5. Tyvan could have been on it,” she was quick to point out.

“I am not saying that Tyvan survived. I don’t want to bolster your hopes just yet. But the escape pod more than likely landed on the closest planet, and that would have been Urtopia. My plan is to recover the data compiled in the AI brain from the escape shuttle. If it is intact, we should be able to harness the information of the entire event. As it stands now, I can do nothing to stop Braxton from sending more expeditions into the Helios system. Therefore, I elected to take a mining ship to Urtopia. Braxton was not thrilled about the idea and has already filed a protest with the Federation against the idea.”

“I want to go with you,” she sputtered suddenly. “I...I have to find out what Tyvan’s fate was. I need to know.”

Glenn sighed. “I am not sure if that is a sound decision. The journey will take over two months on a ship filled with lonely mining crews. One woman and eighty desperate men only spells trouble, Chloe.”

“I’m a big girl, Glenn. I can handle myself,” she declared, her tone growing harsh.

“I am sure you can, but I highly doubt General Braxton will allow it. You are still under his command.”

“We will see about that,” she chided in a soft breath

## Chapter 6

Anaki was hesitant to allow Tyvan to take lead during this hunt, but he insisted. She was impressed with his ability with bow and arrow in such a short amount of time. Every day she had watched him improve as a hunter, with his shots becoming more and more precise. Several steps behind the hunter, she watched his movements closely, admiring his physical structure: his wide shoulders and a well-defined back. She marveled at him while he stepped through the entangling undergrowth. When Tyvan first arrived in her life, he had a pasty-white pallor to his skin. But now it had changed to a healthy golden brown. Anaki thought he looked better with a darker pigment to his skin. She was amazed that Tyvan had the ability to change the color of his flesh from white, to bright red, to a rich brown. Brown suited him best, she thought.

They were tracking two Volnoka beasts, white fur-covered animals with thick antlers that resembled oversized elk. They were skittish creatures, so Tyvan moved slow, staying downwind of his prey. He watched silently as the two Volnokas grazed in more open land, waiting for the perfect moment. Notching a slender shaft, he drew back the bow string and paused. “Neck,” Anaki said in a low voice. “Wait for wind.”

He didn’t feel a breeze stirring and wondered what she was referring to. Then a gust swept over them, hissing through the branches to rustle the leaves above. The Volnokas danced to the left and then settled to feed on the lush grasses.

How did she do that? Tyvan inwardly asked himself as he exhaled slowly, releasing the arrow. The shaft plunged into the throat of the



lead beast. It kicked wildly and then raced for thirty yards and keeled over. Tyvan's first kill on the alien planet. "Yeaaa!" he shouted, throwing his hands in the air in celebration. It was a glorious moment for him. He dashed forward to claim his prize.

"Was good, Tyvan. Could have been luck," Anaki said, inwardly pleased with his performance. He slung his bow between his shoulders and squatted down to view his kill. A sharp pain simultaneously grabbed at his left calf, and his eyes widened in disbelief, seeing a green serpent dangling from his leg.

Anaki acted diligently, prying the snake's head free from Tyvan's leg. She tossed the eight foot long monster into the shrubs and kneeled next to him. "Is it poisonous? Am I going to die?" he asked with a trembling voice and fear stricken eyes.

Anaki took up his hands and wanted to laugh, but she only showed him a calming look. "It was a Pizuk," she told him. "You will sleep. Not die."

"Sleep?" he repeated. What in the hell did that mean? He felt himself becoming increasingly lightheaded each passing second, and his eyes grew heavy. "How long will this...laa...aast?" he barely voiced as his head sagged into her lap. He was unconscious.

She was extremely familiar with the Pizuk. Sometimes she would harvest its venom to use on the tips of her arrows. The toxin reacted quickly to incapacitate an animal within seconds, sending it into a deep and sudden sleep. Anaki sighed, realizing the work she had ahead of her. Their dwelling was two miles away from their current position, and she would have to carry him. Then she would need to make a return trip for the Volnoka meat.

After a long and tiring day, she sank next to the sleeping Tyvan. She had already mended his wound with the black sludge, wrapping the wide fang marks tightly. His shorts smelled rancid and there was a fair amount of blood on them from his dripping leg as she carried him all the way home. She had decided to remove them for a much needed cleaning in the morning. He was in a sound, peaceful sleep, and

completely naked, helpless on her bed.

She could smell his male hormones elevate whenever they bathed together and sometimes noticed it when she taught him how to fight. She was almost certain he had a desire to mate with her, but she was confused as to why he had never made an attempt. Anaki gazed at his full lips and reached out to touch the curve of his upper lip. She traced the soft flesh with the tip of her finger and leaned in for a closer look, moving her braided hair to the side. She glided a single finger across his cheek bones and ran her nose along his neck, inhaling his scent that she discovered to be pleasing. She stopped only to scan his entire body and again to admire his physicality—a flat stomach with well-defined ripples and a firm chest with raised muscle.

Laying her hands on his chest, she palmed his pectorals, squeezing gently. From there, she found herself compelled to fondle him further as her hands descended down his chest to feel the waves of his stomach. The pads of her fingertips hesitated at his pubic line. Her full gaze was on his male instrument that she found so fascinating.

Her eyes flickered to his face to make sure he was still sleeping, and then back to his male organ. Slowly, she moved over the soft flesh with a light touch and watched in awe as it began to harden. When they were together in the water, she had witnessed the same thing happen on several occasions. Sometimes it grew to an incredible length, and she believed it to be another sign that he wanted to mate. Her inquisitiveness grew, watching his flesh become rigid and swell, with her fingers barely touching him. Moving her hand to grip his shaft firmly, she played with the soft sacks hanging below, peering closely at the wrinkled lines of skin. She delicately rolled the hard pebbles inside the sacks with a thumb and index finger, seeing his appendage grow even harder. She encircled the base of his cock and felt the resistance as she lifted it from his stomach, moving closer to take in the smaller details, her mouth only inches away. The once reddish head had turned a purplish color and was vastly thicker than

before she began touching him. Gripping him tighter, she saw the dark veins running the length of the shaft. The more she manipulated him, the more he grew with raised veins heating her hands. She found the whole experience to be thrilling. Setting him down, she waited until it shrunk back to normal size and then she would tease it with her fingers to watch it extend again.

The males in her clan were built similar to Tyvan, except for the appendage she found herself stroking. Their apparatus was shaped differently and was only visible during a connection. A small protrusion from a slit would emerge up to four inches in length and then a small tendril would expel the seed contained within for copulation. They joined for necessity rather than pleasure. Anaki had not taken on a mate yet because she had been too young at the time for child bearing. This year she was of age, but her clan was gone, taken by the Harracks and forced into labor camps. She was the only one of her people to evade capture. She had thoughts of trying to free her clan and even journeyed north once. She saw the great numbers of the Harracks, and she was alone. They were a fearsome tribe of conquering warlords and would not be easily defeated.

The Harrack Queen specifically bred her warriors for size and strength. Most of her foot soldiers were nearly seven feet in height and well-proportioned for combat. Thinking back to the day her clan was brutally taken away, her hold around Tyvan's penis had tightened considerably. Having no intention of damaging Tyvan, she released her grip, noting a tiny bubble of clear liquid that welled on top of the tawny slit of his purpled head. She began to wonder now if she had hurt him in some manner. Not understanding the clear fluid, she took some to her fingers, finding immediately that it was very slick. Bringing it to her nose, she sniffed deeply, allowing the strong odor to settle over her. For a reason unknown to her, the aroma caused a reaction in her body, and she felt herself readying to take on a mate. A warm, wet rush moistened her loin cloth, and she was puzzled by how this fluid had that effect on her. She slid his secretion to her lips with

further interest. Only the orange moss on the river rocks had the same amount of slickness. Rolling a tongue over her glossy fingers, she sampled him. The flavor was nothing she could describe, but it was not unpleasant. Her cheeks warmed at her own actions, yet she needed to learn more about him—how his body worked. He was the first of his kind she had ever seen, and wondered at the mystery. Where did he come from? How did he arrive here? And why? What purpose would he or could he serve?

She had not seen her own clan for over twelve moon cycles, and she found herself becoming desperately lonely. She didn't realize the fact until Tyvan, the peculiar human, came into her life. She missed her older brother, Drusa, the most. He was a good hunter and had a kind heart. His light humor had caused her to laugh often. Her father and mother were both killed that fateful day the Harracks decided to attack. One day she would have her retribution. That vengeful thought allowed her to keep going.

Drifting from the past, she moved from Tyvan and powdered the entry way with the buds of a Yieroka tree. Used as a natural pesticide, it was a nightly ritual to keep the insects and other night crawlers at bay.

Pulling out and unrolling her fur mattress, she laid down, shifting to the side in order to watch Tyvan sleep. She was glad he was with her, a small miracle that arrived from nowhere. He was clumsy at times and had the knowledge of a child in the wilderness, but he was there—for her. If he were one of the clan, she would have chosen him as her life mate. He was proving himself worthy in the wilds as a decent hunter, just too quick to react at times. He learned her ways swiftly and appeared to be resilient. Even though his language was very strange, it was simple to comprehend and she understood most of what he tried to get across.

The following day, Tyvan stirred in bed. He was slightly dehydrated, giving him a pounding headache and an insanely dry mouth. Anaki was beside him offering a gourd of fresh water with one

of her pretty smiles. What a life saver, he thought while accepting the drink. He noticed that he was naked under a thin sheet and his clothes were cleaned and neatly stacked at the foot of the bed. The pain seemed to ease in his head to only be felt in his cock. Why in the hell was his dick sore? It felt as if someone jerked him around a little or used it as a climbing rope. He surmised that it was a crazy aftereffect from the venom that coursed through his system from the serpent.

His hand reached out to stroke Anaki's cheek. "Thank you once again, Anaki, for all of this."

"More careful, Tyvan," she stressed. "A different one could kill." He heard concern hidden in her voice and this pleased him. "Stupid to run ahead," she admonished and swiftly strode away.

It was uncanny how she reacted in the same manner as a human woman. Sweet and loving one minute then all of a sudden a scary change of emotion out of the blue. Earth, Terramora, and Urtopia—maybe women were the same everywhere

\* \* \* \*

"You are being an irrational woman, Chloe," Braxton fumed, running a hand through his salt and pepper hair. "What happened to us?" he continued, gazing intently into her wide blue eyes. "Ever since our dinner date, you avoided me like someone with the Ulan plague. Why? I deserve an explanation."

Chloe tried to meet his hardened gaze, but decided to focus out the window behind the desk and his chair. "It was a giant mistake. I was confused and had a weak moment. I am trying to put that night behind me."

"Come on, Chloe. I felt your body respond to my touch. We are human and have needs, my dear. There was nothing shameful or wrong in what happened."

Chloe cleared her throat, trying hard to keep from blushing. She was embarrassed at herself and regretted the fact that she took

pleasure in his fingers delving deep inside her. She was, however, elated that she did not have sex with the man. "I am still going with Officer Glenn Mathias," she said dryly.

"This is not sensible, Chloe. I thought you were smarter than that," he sharply replied. "You really want to spend two months in Cryo on a stinky ship filled with grotesque hard laborers? There is nothing out there for you in the Helios system. What do you think you will find?"

"I...don't really know, but I promise you I will find out."

Braxton laughed bitterly, taking on a darker tone. "When will you come to terms and realize that Tyvan Sheppard is gone?"

"Mathias believes differently," she huffed, standing from the office chair. She moved to the door after Braxton's heartless comment.

"What if I were not to sign off on your request to accompany the mining expedition to Urtopia?"

"You will!" she lashed back, trying to hold the disdain in her voice.

"Why would I?" he asked, while rising to keep tune with her hardened stare. "I would prefer you to stay here with me."

"I wonder what the Terramora council would say about a general fondling a cadet in public. I am sure it would not tarnish your good name in their standing."

His jaw set tightly, biting back hateful words. He still wanted to have his way with her, even though she was turning out to be a royal bitch. "The door is behind you, my dear," he said calmly. "Have a safe journey."

He waited until the door slid shut and Chloe was gone before he outwardly cursed, slamming a balled fist into his desk. This had definitely changed a great many things. He found himself in a quandary. Mr. Yurito already gave the green light on Officer Mathias. His investigation would soon come to an abrupt end. Now he was forced to include Chloe Jones in the assassination order. This did not

settle well with the General, yet it had to be done.

Chloe Jones had sealed her own fate

## Chapter 7

The Federation officer's eyes widened watching Chloe move with a liquid grace down the quay, hauling two large duffle bags behind her. He trotted down and offered to carry the bags. "Thank you," she said with a bright smile.

"I can't believe the General is allowing you to leave."

"I told you I had my ways."

He laughed heartily and returned a quick smile. "So you did."

They strolled together towards the loading bay where Glenn gathered his own equipment. She saw him check one olive-colored duffle bag, seeing a scoped rifle inside. He zipped it quickly.

"Expecting trouble?" she asked, raising a fine eyebrow.

"One can never be too careful. These are dangerous times."

As they entered the enormous mining vessel, she was in awe of the spectacle. She had never been inside the Pelican before, and it was one hundred yards long and fifty yards wide—one of Terramora's largest hauling ships of the entire fleet. Seventy percent of the ship's cargo holds were empty steel drums for the precious materials they would be returning with. Ten percent of the ship was stacked with mining equipment—large earth movers, trucks, and diamond tipped drills. The rest of the ship's space was dedicated to the crew for living quarters. The underbelly of the reinforced hull boasted two main turret rail guns that were capable of releasing one thousand incendiary rounds, each in thirty seconds. It was a highly destructive weapons system designed for shredding most anything within a five mile radius. The guns were solely in place for defensive purposes. The Pelican was not properly armored to be considered a destroyer class.



The Pelican's crew consisted of three pilots, two ship medics, four mechanics, and eighty hard-nosed miners that were used to long days of nonstop drilling. Some of the mining crew had been prolific criminals on Earth with a history of violence. One man in particular was named Brogun. The mountain of a man stood six-foot-four and weighed every bit of two hundred and eighty pounds. Everyone with any sense gave Brogun a wide berth, having heard that he snapped a man's neck with a single hand in a fit of rage. He and a handful of other convicts were all given pardons after signing on as Terramora miners. The slave labor paid little with even less benefits. For some, it was their only option for a taste of freedom.

There was also a private security detail of six highly trained professionals, all of them having served in the special forces in some capacity. They were skilled in military tactics and small arms specialist used to close quarters combat. They acted as guards for the miners on work sites, protecting them from anything they deemed a threat. On the ship, they were considered the law and acted as judge and jury. Although their methods were often harsh, they had the respect of the laborers. To disobey a direct order while in flight was met with swift justice.

After moving their luggage to the shared living den, they made their way to the ship's mess hall. Chloe's nose wrinkled at the appalling smell upon entering the room. The air was thick with the scent of unwashed male bodies, and it was repulsing. Rows of benches and tables were bolted to the metal grating floor. It looked like the cafeteria from the bowels of hell. She saw the way the Neanderthal miners were devouring their food and gagged in her mouth. No way could Chloe even think about eating in a place that was so unappetizing.

The once loud room of idle chattering and tall tales of past endeavors ceased as Chloe and Officer Mathias stood in line to be served their ration of soy porridge. All of the attention in the sweltering place was directed on Chloe, lust-filled eyes watching her

every move. She was the only woman on board and quite possibly the most beautiful many had ever laid eyes upon. She could feel their lingering, probing stares, and the thick fog of testosterone filled her senses, causing a sudden weakness in her knees. Mathias caught her by the arm before she completely fell.

“Are you alright, Chloe?” he asked in a low voice, feeling more of her weight upon him.

“I am... I am feeling a bit sick,” she admitted in a faint whisper.

“What do you say we take our grub back to the apartment?”

Chloe nodded in agreement.

Back in the tawny confines of their sleeping quarters, the soy porridge was easier to digest. She felt a wave of relief from the malevolent stares, but she was still shocked they did not give her a single room, seeing that she was a woman. Pushing that thought aside, she was relieved to see two bunk beds that had to be lowered from the wall. It would provide a little more privacy than regular accommodations. Besides, it was only for one night. The remainder of the voyage would be spent sleeping in Cryo tanks. She did, however, have some apprehensions about the whole process, never having done it.

“Have you ever been in Cryo before?” she suddenly asked Glenn.

“Let me guess,” he smiled ruefully. “Having some fear with a two month nap.”

“Is it that obvious?”

“Don’t worry. I was the same way my first time. The science behind it does not seem natural. I have been in Cryo nearly a dozen times and everyone worked like a charm,” he assured her. “In my opinion, it is the only way to travel over long distances. You lay down, sleep, and poof—you’re at the destination.”

“Poof—how does the process work? It sounds weird to me—unnatural.”

“From what I understand, your metabolism slows to almost a complete stop and the aging process is greatly reduced. I have heard

from some physicians that it is like a time capsule, slowing the sands of time.”

“That is amazing,” she found herself admitting.

“One of the greatest medical advances in human history. With this technology, deep space travel is within our bounds. Even now, scientists are working on ways of improving the method. Just think of the possibilities, if one could sleep for a hundred years to wake up and feel as if only a year had passed.”

Chloe yawned and Glenn got the subtle hint that he was starting to bore her. “How are we going to do this?” she asked, gesturing to the beds.

“I will take the top, and you can have the bottom. If that is okay with you.”

*Why do men always want to be on top, she wondered?* Shrugging it off, she said, “Perfect,” and then motioned for him to turn.

He did as bidden, and she slid out of her flight suit. Before she was completely hidden under the covers, he snuck a quick peek, seeing her in a pair of men’s boxers and a tight sports bra. He briefly pictured himself joining her on the narrow mattress to run his hand down the front of her boxers, feeling her warmth. It was difficult not to have such devious thoughts bombarding his mind with such an inspiring beauty near him.

It was her turn to move her head away as he unzipped his Federation uniform. For some odd reason, the sound of the zipper being undone warmed her in curious places. She had a compulsion to turn back around and watch as he undressed, but common sense prevailed, and she chose to give him his privacy as he allowed her. She then speculated how his body would feel pressed into her as he climbed into the top bunk. She imagined it would feel pretty nice after seeing the top mattress sag down above her.

She had been appalled by the scene in the mess hall, with all those burly men eyeing her with wanton gazes. In a strange way, it bolstered her self confidence that she was so desirous, but the thought

of one of those dirty beasts touching her was revolting

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Jack McDonnell had probed and prodded her all that she cared to be. He ran her through a battery of tests including blood samples, DNA mapping, and breathing rhythms.

“All finished here, lass,” Dr. McDonnell advised as he pulled off his blue latex gloves, tossing them into a waste bin. “You are, on all accounts, extremely healthy and cleared for the next phase.”

“Umm...Where exactly do I go?” Chloe asked, as she levered herself from the padded table.

“I can help you with that. Down the hall to your left and follow the green signs. Dr. Weiss will be expecting you there.”

Chloe stepped to the door ready to leave, but McDonnell’s voice halted her. “One more thing, Miss. Jones,” he quickly added. “I am not sure why you chose to tag along on this mining expedition and in truth, I don’t care. I am merely a doctor, and it is none of my business. I should, however, warn you that many of the laborers, mainly the mining crew, are off-planet criminals with felony convictions. And you being the only female on this ship may present us with some problems.”

Her lips puckered, and a discernable furrow formed along her forehead. “What are you saying?” she asked, her voice challenging.

“Every miner is currently in Cryo and for now you are safe. But when it is time to wake, you will have three full days on this ship with the crew. Many things can happen during that time. It would be wise to stay out of their sight as much as possible until we reach Urtopia.”

She folded her arms, holding back a smart retort. “I will keep that in mind, doctor. Thanks for your concern.”

While stepping out of the office, she released a calming breath. Was everyone half-crazy on this tin can? She asked herself. Making her way down the length of the arched hallway, following the green

signs, she found the hatch leading to the Cryo chamber. The narrow room was nearly the full width of the ship—fifty yards—and lined with single unit Cryo pods.

Chloe paused, a bit startled, seeing a nude man in the first containment unit. The tank was cylinder-shaped with a clear plastic resin shell. The leather-skinned man inside of it appeared to be one of the miners. His arms and hands were large from years of rigorous, hard labor details. A full beard, greasy and scruffy, covered half of his face; his belly was large and barrel shaped. For a split second, her eyes dropped below the man's waist out of curiosity to see a penis that was pale and flaccid. It almost appeared sickly and nothing about the man impressed her. She moved on down the long row of Cryo tanks taking quick peeks at each of the men's packages. She was somewhat amazed at the variety of cocks on show, although none were as large as Tyvan's. She began to warm with a tingling sensation settling in between her thighs. They were soft and non-threatening at the moment, but she imagined that some could grow to a respectable length with the proper touch. Several of the uncut cocks intrigued her the most. She studied one intently for a while, noting the protective sheath hiding the head of the penis. She had never been with an uncircumcised man and had often wondered if there was any real difference.

Slowly, she strolled towards her destination, only to stop cold in her tracks. Her jaw unhinged when she saw the behemoth in tank number thirty-five. He had massive shoulders and bulging arms of pure muscle. Brogun was the name typed on the I.D. plate affixed to the lower lintel of the tank. He was without a doubt the largest man she had ever seen; tall and a body ripped with corded bands of thick muscle. His face was not beautiful, but surprisingly, he was ruggedly handsome. Deep scars riddled his chest, and she wondered what had happened to him. Her sight lowering, she suddenly felt light headed and weak in the knees. Even in his flaccid state, his uncut cock was enormous with wide veins running along the sides of his shaft. Her

cheeks warmed, and she blushed, leaning over him for a closer look. To stare at a naked stranger while he slept was not proper. In fact, it was very wrong, and she would be sure to admonish herself later for it. Still, it was difficult for her to turn her head away from something so unbelievable. She pictured it at its full potential, and it scared her. She then sympathized for any woman that he ever tried to use it on.

“Chloe Jones, I presume.” A voice echoed from behind, startling her. She spun quickly, nearly losing her balance, and then gathered herself, pushing a strand of hair behind her ear. When she realized that it was Dr. Weiss, her posture relaxed.

“Find anything...interesting?” he asked ruefully. Her cheeks instantly blazed. She had been caught red-handed eyeballing the naked men in the Cryo tanks.

“I was only...umm...ahhh...” she tried saying.

“Save it,” Dr. Weiss said with a jovial chuckle. “I need to get you into Cryo. That is why you are here. Follow me.” With a wave of his hand, she followed the bald man that was wearing a set of strange spectacles resting on top of his polished cranium. He was a short man and walked with a distinguished limp, favoring his left leg. She believed that he was in his mid-fifties with the wrinkles that cut deeply into his forehead. He halted at an empty Cryo unit nestled in between two burly core drillers. Her mouth sagged open, and she placed a hand over it.

“I thought there would be a Cryo unit somewhere more discreet,” she stated, aghast at this idea.

“We did have several more in the cargo holds,” Weiss explained. “Unfortunately, they are scheduled for mandatory maintenance. This is all we have.”

Her eyes narrowed, and she audibly huffed her annoyance. A sly grin crossed Weiss’s features. “I do have one tank available, closer to Brogun, if you would prefer that?”

“I guess this will have to do,” she obstinately replied.

“Good. You should stay as far away from Brogun as you can. The

man is dangerous,” he warned.

“How so?” she queried.

“He is a convicted murderer on Earth. The only reason he was allowed his freedom on Terramora is because he is one of the best deep ore miners in the universe.”

“I won’t be going anywhere near him. I can promise you that,” she guaranteed, while glancing down at her own containment unit.

“Shall we begin?” Dr. Weiss asked, noting the concern on the woman’s face. “The process is simple. Remove your garments and we shall begin.”

“All of my clothing?” she stammered.

“We can’t have anything on you that may restrict blood flow. This is very important. Once you have settled into your new two month home, I will use three IVs in your upper arms. It is quite painless. One is to provide you with necessary nutrients, the second will monitor your internal process, and the third will keep you sound asleep.”

She was appreciative that Dr. Weiss explained the procedure, but she was still not keen on the whole idea. Being in a self-induced coma for two months did not settle well with her.

Weiss turned, allowing her some privacy to slip out of her jump suit. She climbed into the Cryo tank and made herself as comfortable as possible. The doctor leaned over the tank and checked the tubing inside her compartment, discovering that she had her breasts and vagina covered with her hands.

“May I remind you that I am a doctor, Miss Jones?” he said flatly. “And I will need your arms down at the sides for the tubes to get adequate flow.”

She reluctantly did as instructed, nodding off in minutes from the harmless chemicals injected into her system. Dr. Weiss was satisfied with the internal atmosphere of the Cryo tank module and released a sigh. Why was this woman here? It defied all natural laws to him. She would only cause trouble with the crew. He then turned and methodically inspected the remaining tanks. It would be a long two

months, he thought. The only real thing to look forward to was playing cards with Dr. McDonnell, and that became dreadfully boring after about a week.



## Chapter 8

The days turned into weeks and Tyvan still had his dreams set on a rescue, but the distraction Anaki offered was extraordinary. He had taken to the floor with the plush fur while Anaki reclaimed her padded feather bed since his injury had completely healed.

He had grown accustomed to seeing her naked form when they bathed together. Still, the sight of her pure beauty dazzled him. It was becoming more and more difficult to quell his primal urges. During the warmer nights, when they were alone together, was the most agonizing for him. Her innocent and friendly touches left him wanting so much more. Often times he would greet the day to find her arm hanging off of the bed to have a hand resting on his chest. Other mornings, her tail would be ever so gently coiled around his arm or wrist. He was not sure if it was her way of showing affection or if it was security for her—having someone close even if they were different species.

He had not seen any more of her kind and was starting to wonder if she was the only one. And if there were more of these jungle people, where were they? Obviously, she had learned skills and traits that had to be taught to her.

She had been his teacher in so many ways. She showed him how to hunt effectively and clean fresh game. Every piece of the animal was used for one purpose or another. It was a key to survival out here. She taught him how to make his own bow and where to gather food when big game was not readily available. Surviving off of the land was liberating for Tyvan. There was something sacred about it, an ancient right that he had never taken part in until now. He admired

Anaki all the more for showing him her secrets and opening her world to him.

“Damn!” he thought. Tonight he would muster up the courage and try to kiss her. What could be the harm in that?

He sat outside the hovel on a stump converted into a rustic chair, plunging his knife into the water bowl. One final pass of the blade and he cleaned the last of the prickly beard from his face. The coconut oil proved useful for many things, shaving was among them.

Anaki squatted beside him and moved her fingers across his chin and down the sides of his face. “Better, Tyvan. I like,” she said, with her usual tender smile. If she only knew what her loving touches caused to happen inside him. Whatever it was, she had a way of making him feel at peace.

She then strolled to the center of the open pasture some twenty-five yards from him and assumed a stance on all fours. “Ready, Tyvan?” she asked with one of her nefarious smirks. She wanted to play fight again. It was one thing she enjoyed doing and was a way of teaching Tyvan how to defend himself. He had never come close to beating her yet.

“Okay, Anaki,” he said, dropping his knife into the basin of water. “Not so rough this time; my shoulder is still sore from yesterday.”

“Be better!” she voiced with a purring laugh.

He went to meet her and lowered his weight, finding his center. Her tail slowly flipped from side to side as she watched him. When he was set, she charged, bounding towards him like a large cat. This time he ducked low and rolled, spinning on his heels. He rose to avoid her strike successfully.

Anaki turned and grinned. “Faster. Good,” she said, approvingly.

“I am catching on to your tricks,” he declared proudly, happy with himself. He lowered his head for only a second to clear a leaf from his cargo pants that he had recently cut into shorts. It was all the time she needed to bring him down. She moved as swift as lightning. Her hips were planted over the top of his, and her hands forcing his shoulders

against the ground. It was possibly her way of showing dominance over him. At any rate, Tyvan didn't mind feeling her mounted on top of him. In fact, he favored the position. Whenever he tried to move slightly to find a way free, she would apply more pressure by squeezing her thighs against him, keeping him at her mercy. Again he moved beneath her only to feel her clutched pelvis against him.

"You slow, Tyvan," she informed him with one of her victory smirks.

"Am I," he replied while levering himself, using a leg, shifting his weight as quickly as he could. He spun and rolled, forcing her to the ground. He was the one in control now with his hips grooved into her chest, resting over her perky breasts. Her stunned expression nearly made Tyvan laugh. Both of them breathing heavily, he rested his weight against her for a few moments, neither of them saying a word.

With her legs splayed, she waited patiently, gazing at him as if expecting something more. The heat emanating from between her muscled thighs was unbearable, and Tyvan wanted to take her right there in the grass, beneath the twin suns on a cloudless day. Even under his shorts, she had to feel his swollen cock pressing into her pelvis. She slightly moved her hips beneath him, possibly trying to confirm what was there. Her subtle movements scorched him, and he found himself lowering with the full intention of tasting her plump lips. But she spun, throwing her leg over, pinning him back to the ground.

"You won," she admitted, rising to leave him alone on the grass with a massive erection tenting his shorts. He willed his throbbing cock back into his control and checked the fire pit where a large rack of Bureen ribs were coming along nicely. Anaki sometimes ate meats raw, but she cooked almost everything since he preferred it that way.

He went to her, sensing that something troubled her, possibly that she took offense to his penis grinding into her. *Who knows?* . He found her setting the granite slab they used as a table, placing plates and gourds filled with water onto the table. Busy work.

“Is something wrong, Anaki?” he asked hesitantly.

“Nothing wrong,” she replied simply, continuing her work.

“Okay,” he told himself. Maybe she didn’t notice his erection or didn’t understand it. He was still trying to learn her customs and ways of life. He absolutely did not want to offend the blue huntress.

They ate in a peaceful silence and drank water from pear shaped gourds they used for cups. The meat was a little over done, but it did not seem to bother Anaki’s appetite. This kind of silence on a date with a human woman would be awkward to say the least. Not with Anaki, though. He was at ease around her even in complete silence. Mutually, she felt the same, he believed.

“You are beautiful,” he said suddenly. He felt compelled to say it. The moment felt right to him. Was it the way her beautifully braided hair caressed her perky breasts with the puffy nipples always peeking at him, waiting to be tasted, or was it the way she watched him tonight? It was as if she discovered for the first time that he was a man and she was a woman. Whatever the reason, he said it.

“What is ‘beauti-full’?” she asked, not understanding the word.

How could he explain this to her? He thought for a long while and then grabbed her hand, escorting her into the night. When he found a clear spot, he paused and pointed to the celestial heavens where large bright stars illuminated the great beyond. “Beautiful,” he said again. “You are like the stars, Anaki.”

“Like the stars,” said Anaki with a blank stare. Then her confusion passed, and she grinned sheepishly.

“May I show you what a kiss is?” he queried, feeling strange for asking the question. It sounded silly to him.

“Show me kiss, Tyvan,” she stated plainly. They sat together in the short grass with their legs crossed facing each other. He gathered her hands and gazed up into her large golden orbs. She was definitely a tall woman. Her golden cat-like eyes shone brightly in the starlight as he edged his head towards hers. She did not move an inch. She remained still as a statue, as he placed a hand on her shoulder, gently

moving her to his lips. He softly glanced across the curve of her lower lip, allowing their supple flesh to connect. Her eyes widened in response, yet she remained frozen. Again he tried a kiss, his tongue sweeping over her lower lip, to taste the delicate saltiness, and she retreated slightly. He clutched the back of her hair, holding her head in place, to move his lips over hers. Somewhat disappointed that he was not getting a positive reaction out of her, he paused. She didn't understand.

"That is what we do when someone wants to show affection," he tried explaining. "When we like another person—when they are beautiful."

She lowered her head this time and opened her mouth. "Kiss me," she said as her ears perked up. He did not hesitate finding her full lips once again. This time she moved her mouth and jaw in tune with his. Like a fawn finding new legs, she tried mimicking the pucker of his lips, the movement of his mouth. He then ventured to move his tongue inside her mouth wanting to find hers. They met, and she quickly responded by repeating the maneuver, sliding her tongue across his. Her body began to rumble, rattling like a series of faraway tribal drum beats. She was purring. With their mouths locked, they kissed with increased intensity, causing her musical purring sounds to become more pronounced. Suddenly, with both of their bodies heated in a feverous passion, she pushed his shoulders away and trotted back inside the hovel.

He followed behind her, moving through the entrance, fighting to walk with his cock throbbing. *What had he done?* He hoped he did not upset her with his fool idea of kissing the alien woman.

He hesitated in awe seeing her on the bed and all of his fears swiftly washed over him. Stripped of her loin cloth, she was on all fours with her amazing rear hoisted high in the air pointed at him. Her slender tail was rolling from side to side, provocatively displaying her most private areas.

He gulped, knowing now, without a doubt, what she fully

expected to happen. He coolly moved to Anaki, removing his shorts, seeing that she was prepared to accept him. His cock sprang up with such force that it slapped him in the belly and actually stung. She was in perfect position to take her from behind, but he felt compelled to explore her body—to make this moment last—and take his time with this goddess from another world. This could be his only chance, a once in a lifetime opportunity, and he wanted it to be much more than just sex.

Would she respond the same as human women responded to his touch? There were many unknowns and there was only one way to find out.

Instead of walking into her, he kneeled on the floor so that his face was in line with her dark blue folds. His nose only inches away, he could already smell her alien essence brewing, an enticingly deep musky scent that could have probably attracted any male animal from a thousand miles away. Her aroma alone was already much more complex than human women. He couldn't wait to taste her. Moving a palm over her pubic mound, he cupped her gently, causing her to whimper slightly. Her warmth nearly seared his hand as he moved a single finger into her. Only using his calloused fingertip to carefully lay her dark blue labia to the side, he was further shocked to find that her pussy was bright pink, hidden by her outer blue labia. He began moving his finger deeper into her warmth and pressed his thumb over what appeared to be her clit that had a light blue cover protecting her sensitive spot. Lifting the hood, he could feel the small pebble swell into the size of a marble. The touch made her react with a violent thrust of the hips. She moved into his manipulations, swaying her hips into him with a pronounced purring sound. Feeling a warm rush wetting his finger, he brought his mouth to her, spreading her soaked lips gently with two fingers, desperately wanting to taste the alien. He greedily mouthed her opening, sliding his tongue into the open slit. She squirmed under his firm grasp, panting heavily. Every flip of his tongue caused a whimper to escape her.

Anaki released a primal grunt as his tongue worked to part her further, seeking out her inner essence. Her musky aroma of arousal perfumed the air to enthrall the captain. Her female juices spiraled across Tyvan's mouth to glaze his chin as he held back her dark blue folds. There was a sweetness to it that reminded him of sugar water on the morning dew of an orchid. He all too willingly consumed her as she achingly cried out his name in an alien slur. He could stay in this position all night, but his cock was wildly throbbing to feel her precious center. He stood behind her, gripping the base of his thick shaft, and angled towards her. Sensing the shift of movement behind her, Anaki reared her buttocks into him, urging him to enter her. Feeling her inviting warmth, it was impossible to contain his animal instincts to mate with this woman—a beautiful woman from another world. Her muscular inner thighs glistened with her own excitement as he moved into her, purple veins along his shaft raised as more blood pumped to his loins. Her heat was so intense that his cock felt like a lit torch as he sank inside her, splitting her soft center. Driving himself root deep inside her womb, Anaki's head thrashed to one side, and she balled the bedding into her fists, releasing a resounding howl to rival the call of a wolf.

He sank into her depths fully, feeling his cock stretch her further and further until it was difficult for her to breathe. He did not realize how tight she was until he was inside her, and for a brief moment, it frightened him. He had no intention of hurting her. The fear instantly changed to a blissful rush as his smooth strokes penetrated her when he knew that she could accept him—all of him.

"Tyvan!" she cried out as his strong hands pulled her into him over and over again. The thrusts were becoming more deliberate and more desperate.

"Mmmphh..." he moaned. "Anaki!" His hand went up to grasp the base of her tantalizing tail as he pushed into her unnatural heat. He tugged on her tail using it as leverage to move himself firmly against her.

Harder and harder.

Over and over, he sought out her warmth, feeling her muscled walls squeezing him tightly, sucking him in further.

She suddenly glanced back with a sultry smirk, watching him thrust into her, enjoying the powerful waves of pleasure it brought her. Feeling another release nearing, she purred in ecstasy, her whole body vibrating. It was a sensation that was new to her and one that she never wanted to end. She curled her tail securely around his waist, pulling him into her as he arched against her back, balls audibly slapping at her rump. Feeling a movement inside her core, she shuddered, every cell of her body accepting him as he erupted violently. Her muscled walls contracted around him and, he filled her completely with his warm human seed as he cried out her name once more.

“You are amazing,” he told her between heavy breaths.

She sank in utter exhaustion onto the bed. The air still pungent with the release of sexual fluids, he joined her, collapsing into her open arms. His head nestled against the softness of her breast, and she could feel the pounding of a strong heart.

A pure heart.

She held him protectively in her arms as her tail cinched around his upper thigh laying claim to him.

He couldn’t move if he wanted to. Sometimes she was unaware of her own strength. But there was no desire to leave her loving embrace, even if there was a little pain involved.

For the first time in his life, he felt free. Free to do anything he wanted. Money had no meaning here, and the fact that he had been the most sought after pilot on Terramora had no relevance. The only concern here was hunting and the land. All those wasted years working like a slave, trying to scrape by with enough credits to manage a decent life style, seemed like time lost. Time he would never get back.

“Tyvan beauti-full,” she whispered, closing her large golden eyes.



She managed to melt his heart then, and he kissed her tenderly on the cheek. “No,” he corrected her. “Anaki beautiful.”

She smiled at that and drifted off to a peaceful sleep. Tyvan was soon to follow.

## Chapter 9

Tyvan woke, finding Anaki gazing down at him with adoration flickering in her large golden eyes. She immediately leaned over him to plant her lips against his. The soft kiss lingered for a long, long while, their tongues dancing playfully together. Her tender hand seared him as she sent it down his chest. He gently cupped her breasts, smelling her intoxicating essence. One hell of a way to wake up in the morning, he thought. This was the perfect woman.

He sank lower, greedily taking one of her ripe breasts to his mouth. He suckled her softly at first, moving his tongue in slow circles around the areola then he took her puffy nipple between his teeth. Anaki exhaled a moan of satisfaction as he pulled the nipple with great care. She released another gasp as his free hand went to her other breast, kneading it with controlled stokes, palming it completely. With both nipples fully engorged, her tail flipped wildly as her purring increased intensity.

Feeling the warmth radiating from between her thighs, he threw her hips over the top of him, forcing her to mount him. His hands were digging into her thighs to take a strong hold of her waist. He smoothly moved into her until he felt the heat of her acceptance and the slick rush of her alien juices. She was already soaked for him.

Anaki's eyes widened, hands wrenching into his shoulders, while rocking against his thick growth swelling inside her. Trying to expand her to the max, almost painfully deep, he split her, bucking into her every thrashing move. Her pussy stretched to the limit as he angled differently trying for her G-Spot if she had one. It must have hit a chord because she wailed on top of him, clawing at his chest as he

moved his thrusts deeper.

The froth from her stretched folds slid down his shaft as he savagely took her, marking her as his own. She squirmed as he drove himself inside her—over and over again. Holding her down tightly, he arched one last resounding thrust into her, and she cried out his name. Her drenched pussy squeezed around him as he trembled a release, spurting copious amounts of hot seed inside her. She smiled, her pleasure having been brought over the edge of euphoria.

In the heat of the moment with the passion at its height. He was certain he told her that he loved her. Maybe it passed by her, going unnoticed. Besides, it was one word he had not taught her yet.

Sweat poured from her body to glisten in the morning sun as she lay over the top of him, breasts firmly planted into his chest, allowing him to remain inside her. She had climaxed twice during the joining and felt his warm seed settling inside her. His magical tool between his thighs had made her feel incredible once again, and she did not want that to ever end. She wanted him to stay with her and to never leave.

With his hands comfortably resting on her rear end, she shifted to one side using a finger to feel the stubble under his chin. “You need shave, Tyvan,” she informed him with a dazzling smile that could light any dark corner of the universe.

He laughed, his chest still heaving. “I suppose I do.”

“What is love?” she quickly asked, staring at him with the innocence of a child.

*Crap!* Nothing ever escaped Anaki. She was one smart alien woman with a mind like a steel trap. He would have to tell her what the word meant. “It is when another person...” How was he going to explain this one?

“It is...” he began again, seeing that he was being watched intently, “when two beings enjoy each other immensely or when they share the same traits or customs.” He saw the confusion as plain as day on her face. “Here.” He kissed her smoothly and recoiled. “It is

similar to that.”

“That was kissing,” she was fast to point out.

“You are a smart one,” he granted. “How can I explain?”

She smiled, wide taking his cheeks into her hands. “No need,” she informed him. “I love Tyvan.”

“Good,” he said, almost choking on his words. “That is settled. What next? A bath and then hunting?”

“Yes,” she confirmed.

The clear water was exceptionally delightful this morning and the day was not yet unbearably hot. He had actually looked forward to splashing around with her in the water. It made him feel young again. They air dried together in the soft breeze and Tyvan pulled on his cargo shorts. The material was starting to become worn through, and some spots thread bare from using them daily. Anaki had made him a loin cloth, but he did not have the courage to go full native just yet.

Taking up their bows, they moved towards the line of trees where game had been plentiful. Tyvan was extra cautious with each step, trying to avoid another run-in with the Sleepy-Time Serpent he aptly named. He had no wish to suffer the consequences of another sore dick for several days.

Within minutes, he saw two purple-coated lemurs swaying in the tree tops. Anaki avoided them and moved on. She had always watched the lemurs at play with a smile on her face, and he could tell she thought the little guys were cute. She would never kill one for food.

They continued along the edge of a thick wooded hollow as a flock of red-tailed birds took to flight, causing Anaki to slow her pace and dip down low. She motioned for him to do the same while raising a single finger to her mouth. For some reason, she acted nervous and wanted complete silence. She slung the bow over her shoulder and scrambled to the nearest tree to watch in an eerie silence that seemed to linger, causing Tyvan to become exceedingly anxious.

Tyvan’s concern only grew after seeing the feral look of fear in

her beautiful eyes. This was the first instance he had seen her act in this manner. She nimbly moved back down the tree to pounce down, landing on all fours. Her hardened stare startled him, and with a clenched jaw, her face was set in cold stone.

“Run, Tyvan!” she whispered. “Hide.”

“What is going on here? What did you see?” he asked, noting the distress in her voice. “Tell me.”

“Bad. Leave now,” she hissed, showing her two small fangs. With that, she shoved him backwards and he went cartwheeling down a root strewn incline, his body finally collapsing against a downed tree.

He leapt to his feet only to witness Anaki in a full sprint toward whatever she feared. Why was she doing this? He was going to find out what brought all this on. Setting off in an easy lope he tried trailing her, but her speed was tremendous—almost impossible to fathom. A cheetah would do well to win against her in a short sprint.

Whatever scared her, he did not want Anaki facing this unknown threat alone. Losing sight of her, he guided himself through the thick underbrush as best he could.

“Damn!” he blurted out. The thick canopy above blotted out the twin suns, and he was hopelessly lost. Moving along more carefully for what seemed like an eternity, he heard a series of clicks and high pitched echoes. Diving to the forest floor, he removed his bow and notched an arrow, transfixing his attention to an open meadow. From there he saw Anaki loosening a shaft towards three muscled creatures. They were built similar to Anaki, but their pigment was dark green and they appeared much bulkier.

She took one in the shoulder as they advanced on her with formidable speed and ferocity. Tyvan eyed his target, drawing the bow string back, stole a breath, and nearly released a shot. He hesitated, and his heart sank, watching the horrid events unfold. Six more green giants emerged from the bushes behind Anaki and encircled her. She was overpowered and forced to the ground.

Altogether, he counted a dozen of green skinned aliens, and he

only had six arrows at his disposal. He reached for his belt, realizing that he had never taken his hand cannon out of his pack. It was still back at the hovel.

He watched in horror as they mercilessly shoved and kicked her around, stomping at her arms and legs. Each one took a turn in this cruel game and some sniffed about her body as if tasting her. Tyvan's rage grew in leaps and bounds seeing the crimson trickle down the sides of Anaki's face from her nose and mouth. The beating was intense for several minutes and then finally it eased. At that moment, he wanted to kill them all.

After their entertainment was over, they harshly bounded her hands and ankles together with thin straps of vine, and then hauled her off, throwing her over a shoulder like a sack of grain. What did they want with her? Why treat one of their own in such a despicable manner? And why in holy hell would she sprint towards the danger? Then suddenly, it dawned on him. She did it to protect him. She could outrun those demons, but she knew he couldn't. This only fueled the burn in his stomach.

A large twig snapped about fifty yards away, and he assumed more could be in the area. He moved swiftly in one direction for miles, his legs never wavering and his chest taking in massive amounts of air, until he reached the warm pools. He would be able to find his way back to the hovel now. Making sure he had not been followed or tracked by the new breed of thuggish aliens, he waited for several hours near the water's edge with bow in hand. Satisfied that no one followed him, he jogged back to the dwelling at an easier pace. He could run for hours without the usual heaving of his chest or burning in his lungs. Anaki had forced him into the best condition of his life, and he inwardly thanked her for that.

The first sun was beginning to fade behind the distant peaks of the mountains as he lit a fire in the center hearth. Soon, the second sun would fade to cast darkness over the land.

Taking his backpack from the wood peg of the upper cross beam,

he delved inside to remove his hand cannon. He had twelve rounds of ammunition. Not much, but he had to find a way to make it work. He gathered all of Anaki's arrows and placed them neatly into his own dark leather quiver—twenty in all. Taking one in hand, he secured three cannon rounds to the tip with thin leather straps. In theory, if all three rounds were to detonate at once on impact, it would cause a significant explosion. Removing his sweat-drenched shorts, he worked tirelessly in the buff, sharpening the heads of the arrows into fine barbed points.

After several hours, he moved outside to allow the night air to cool off his naked body. He thumbed the Bureen talon hanging from his leather thong around his neck. Anaki had fashioned it for him. He sighed and tilted his head towards the heavens. Retribution is coming, Anaki, he told himself. *I will find you.*

Moving back into the hovel, he removed Eve from his pack and the distress beckon. The green light was flashing yellow. Only another week and the battery would be completely dead. None of that mattered to him now; he was only concerned with Anaki. He loaded his backpack with water sealed in oddly shaped gourds and days' worth of cured meats. Strapping his hand cannon to his upper thigh, he tied on the loin cloth that Anaki had wanted him to wear. To his surprise, it fit like a glove and better yet, he did not feel the chafing along his inner thighs as he did with his worn shorts. Lightweight and non-restrictive. He should have been wearing it weeks ago. Grouping his shoulder length, light brown hair into a bundle, he held it in place with a leather tie. Leaving several long strands to fall free on the sides, he braided them in the style Anaki used to honor her. His mind-set was that he would find her or die trying. There was no in between for Tyvan.

With the hunting knife sheathed at his hip, hand cannon on his thigh, he slung the quiver of arrows and backpack over his shoulder. Lifting the bow, he had one more task to complete and then he would be ready.

Finding the area where the serpent had struck him, he set aside his gear to gather a long sturdy stick. Acting as a tree, he waited silently, scanning all directions for any movements in the tall grass. Hours passed, but this was critical in his plan. He had nearly given up hope on his well camouflaged friend, when from out of the corner of his eye he spotted a subtle movement within the grass. In one swift motion, he leapt to meet the snake using the stick to pin its head against the ground. It hissed, flipping its forked tongue in his direction, and tried thrashing free. Tyvan had a firm hold and carefully reached down to corral the sleek head.

He smiled at the small victory and removed a container from his pouch. Shoving the serpent's mouth to the lid, he allowed it to bare its long fangs. The snake angrily shot its dark blue venom into the container. Tyvan milked it for every last drop and then allowed the snake to slither away unharmed into the deep wood. He painstakingly dipped each arrow tip into the thick blue venom, allowing it to dry. Repeating the process several times, he wanted them coated fully. He hoped it would have the same effect on the green aliens as well as it did on him. His full attention was back to finding Anaki and with it, another flare of anger shook his body. He found himself moving through the forest floor at a more frantic pace.



## Chapter 10

Dr. Weiss inwardly shuddered after his morbid conversation with General Braxton. The man, he thought, had gone completely insane. The general offered him 500,000 credits to make sure Chloe Jones and the Federation Officer, Glenn Mathias, did not wake from Cryo sleep. “Make it appear as if it were an accident,” he had said.

Then the threat came when Dr. Weiss outright refused the proposition. “This, Dr. Weiss, puts us in a bit of a pickle. I now fear for your safety. Space is sometimes a cruel and unforgiving place.”

He had two weeks to mull over the words and the whole idea was appalling. He was a doctor for Pete’s sake, not a cold blooded murderer. He would not do such a thing for all the credits in the universe. Dr. Weiss was not a religious fanatic by any means, but he believed in a heaven and a hell.

Just a few days away from landing on Urtopia’s surface, he grew even more anxious. It was quite possible Braxton could offer the same deal to some of the miners that did not have a conscious bone in their bodies, or worse yet, the ship’s security force. Anyone could easily fall prey to the hefty sum that was offered. His mind swirling, he went back to overseeing the Cryo tanks. Some of the first crew that had entered were ready for removal. Toggling a few switches, nearly a dozen hatches opened and the men slowly began to stir. He would need to monitor each one until their vitals were stabilized.

Dr. Jack McDonnell eased his way down the line of the Cryo tanks, stopping only once to gaze down at Chloe Jones. “She is still breathing,” Dr. Weiss advised him.

McDonnell gave him a wide grin. “Wonderful to see. I had no

doubt you would make the right choice. You were always the noble one.”

“I see Braxton spoke to you as well.”

“That he did,” McDonnell admitted. “Very obstinate man, General Braxton. He offered quite a large fortune. Did it not tempt you at all?”

Dr. Weiss paused his inspection of the first patient that was not awake yet, and turned. He gave a look of disappointment seeing his old friend holding a metallic bar in his hand.

“What do you plan on doing with that?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“Something I may regret.” With that, he hammered the side of Weiss’ skull with the piece of steel knocking him unconscious. “Sorry about that, old lad. I’ll see to your head after I finish what must be done.”

McDonnell glanced left, then right—all was clear. This was far too much money to pass up. McDonnell was in debt up to his ears with poor gambling decisions. The bookies were breathing down his neck, and he needed a way out of it all. This would get him back on track. Without hesitation, he moved to Chloe’s pod and turned the oxygen nozzle completely off. She would be brain dead in a few minutes, and her body would expire in about six minutes. It would be a pain free way to go, that was his only solace. Much like taking an eternal nap. Several more Cryo lids hatched open, and he glanced down at his watch. This did not concern Dr. McDonnell, for he knew it would take roughly an hour for the subjects inside to fully regain their wits.

Already a minute had passed. This would be over and done with very soon. After she was clinically dead, he would do the same to the Federation officer.

Brogun’s cold-blue eyes shot open, and he sucked in a deep breath. His vision still hazy, and he momentarily forgot where he was. Feeling the needles in his massive arms, he remembered, and then yanked them out. He never really cared for Cryo and wanted to

distance himself from the coffin. Rubbing his eyes, he crawled out of the tank. At first, the dull lights skewed his vision and hurt the retinas. Blinking past the discomfort and moving his eyes around the room he focused his gaze on a body lying face down on the cross hatch, grating floor. He assumed that was probably not normal and sensed trouble. Brogun was not a scholar by any means, but he had an inherent ability to sniff out danger. It is what kept him alive the past thirty years.

One leg in front of the other, he ambled forward taking two uneasy steps, seeing a man in a white jacket standing over a Cryo tank down the row. A red light was flashing wildly on the tank he was examining and a chirp was sounding. The man in white did not notice Brogun coming.

Dr. McDonnell cringed as he felt a large paw rest on his shoulder, and his eyes widened seeing the naked giant standing next to him.

“What is all of this then?” Brogun asked in a menacing voice, already keen to the fact that the Cryo tank’s air supply had been manually shut off.

Dr. McDonnell was certain a small amount of urine escaped him as he stammered for a believable answer. Before he had a chance to utter a single word, Brogun lifted him from the ground and hurled his body over the side rail. It was a six foot drop, and his body landed with an audible crack that echoed from the walls. McDonnell lay unmoving as guttural moans escaped his lips.

Brogun turned on the oxygen and discovered the unclothed woman inside. The delicate beauty mesmerized the giant with her golden hair flowing around the shoulders and firm breasts staring at him. His sapphire eyes gradually lowered to see her finely trimmed pubes that resembled an inverted pyramid pointing the way to bliss. Her soft folds slightly curved, inviting to be entered. She was a far cry from the whores on Terramora. To him, she seemed like an angel that had fallen from the heavens. His enormous cock began to swell and thud against the side of her Cryo tank. Only then he realized his own

nakedness and returned to the other downed man. He lifted him easily, and Dr. Weiss's eyes flung open to see a naked Brogun steadying him. A small line of blood ran down his wrinkled forehead from an open gash.

"Good god, man," Weiss said, still feeling a bit dizzy, but aware of Brogun's manhood standing at half-staff. "Put a damn leash on that thing."

"You may need stitches," Brogun said, trying his best to block the naked images of the beauty he just saw. "What happened here?"

Dr. Weiss stood on his own weight and shook his head trying to remember what had happened. "Where is Dr. McDonnell?" he asked suddenly, while moving towards Chloe's tank.

He scanned her vitals. Everything was in good order. Brogun lifted a finger towards the lower rails, alerting Dr. Weiss where the other man in white was. Seeing Dr. McDonnell contorted in a tangled heap, he raised a brow. It appeared that McDonnell's legs and possibly arms were shattered with the way they laid about his body. Dr. Weiss' eyes returned to Brogun.

"Did you do that?" he asked, almost in awe at the broken body.

"He turned off the girl's air supply so I...threw him," he said defensively.

"Check yourself into the infirmary, Brogun. I will handle it from here."

"Why was he trying to kill her?"

"Allow me the time to remove everyone from Cryo, and I will try to explain it to you."

With a nod, the giant left. Brogun had actually saved the woman's life. Maybe he wasn't the homicidal maniac everyone touted him to be. Then he glanced back at McDonnell's disfigurement. Or maybe he was. Nonetheless, Braxton had not dug his claws into Brogun yet, and in that, there was still hope.

\* \* \* \*

McDonnell sat in obvious pain as his old friend, Adolph Weiss, mended his right leg. His left leg had been already cast. He already felt internal grief for having clubbed his old comrade over the head like a desperate mugger looking to make an easy score.

"I am dreadfully sorry for having struck you," McDonnell said apologetically, his voice rife with regret. "It was a terrible and foolhardy thing to do."

Weiss shrugged. "Money is the root of all evil and can corrupt even the best of men," he wryly advised.

"I suppose you will be turning me over to the ship's authority."

Weiss felt the three crude stitches above his brow and sank back into a chair beside the bed. "That won't be necessary. I believe you learned a valuable lesson—two fracture fibulas, a cracked pelvis, and a dislocated elbow. Some would say that is punishment enough."

McDonnell smiled ruefully. "That it is—and thank you. You are a good friend and a much better man than I will ever be," he admitted, taking Weiss's hand in a weak grasp.

Weiss accepted the offered hand and finished his work on his beaten friend. It would take McDonnell two months before he would be able to walk. With McDonnell immobilized, his work on the Pelican doubled, and he was more angered about that than being whacked over the head with a piece of metal.

"I wager Braxton will extend his offer to other crew members," McDonnell warned. "Be careful out there."

"I will be back in two hours to check on you. Chloe Jones is due out of Cryo any moment. Most of the others are already in recovery."

After Weiss hastened out of the infirmary, a large figure entered, his immense frame looming over the helpless McDonnell. "Come back to finish me off?" he asked in a dull tone.

"Maybe," Brogun mockingly replied. "Why the girl? Are you not a doctor?"

"For money, of course. A truck load of credits, enough to see me

fat into my late years,” he answered. “I was never an evil man, Brogun. In fact, I have saved many, many lives over the years as a surgeon. I worked at a local clinic for most of my life on Terramora, and many of my clients could never pay. But they were injured and had nowhere else to turn for help. I took it upon myself to see that they received the care they required even if I wasn’t paid for my services. I...I can see now that it was a grave mistake to try and take life. I extend to you my gratitude for stepping in and not allowing me the chance to complete the sinful deed. I can’t believe I actually tried to kill the woman. I can promise you I will never do anything as foolish as long as I am still breathing.”

Brogun nodded, and McDonnell relaxed a holding breath as the giant lumbered away. Unlike him, Brogun had the demeanor of a killer, and the prolific strength to back it up.

Roughly fifteen miners had gathered around Chloe’s Cryo tank, all of their lusty eyes drinking in the unclothed beauty. To no avail, Dr. Weiss had tried to scatter the motley crew several times; Chloe was ready for extraction. Only when Brogun repeated the doctor’s order, they began to slowly filter away.

Weiss was repulsed at what he saw glistening on top of Chloe’s Cryo pod. Wet streaks streamed down the sides of the plastic where Chloe’s face and breasts would have been if not protected by the lid. Thick clots of semen dripped from the container onto the floor, the smell of spent seed thick in the air. Weiss assumed that a great number of the laborers had masturbated to her naked form and ejaculated across her bubble shield. Only very depraved or sick-minded men would do such a thing. He nearly gagged lifting the outer shell with a towel. If some men were willing to do this, then no telling what others may try to do with her. She was in grave danger, and Weiss knew it.

She slowly roused from her two month slumber, her vision blurred and feeling very drained. Dr. Weiss wrapped her in a white robe and eased her from the tank.

“Where are we going?” she asked, still not sure of her surroundings.

“Cryo recovery. It should only take a few hours, and you will be back to normal,” he promised. “There are many things we need to discuss.”

Brogun was gone, and Weiss chose not to tell her about the fluids that had been sprayed across her Cryo lid as he gingerly escorted her to recovery. The disgusting incident was better left unsaid for now.

## Chapter 11

“This is ludicrous,” Chloe fumed in her quarters.

“You heard it from Dr. Weiss. I don’t believe the man is a liar, Chloe,” Glenn replied in a calming manner.

She threw her hands in the air and paced the floor nervously. “Why would Braxton want me dead? There is no sense in it. Heck, only a few months ago we... Never mind.”

“We—what?” Glenn pressured, narrowing his eyes.

“Nothing.”

“Bull. What happened between you?”

“We went on a date once. That is all, Glenn.”

“Somehow I think there is more to that story, but for now there are more pressing matters at hand. I think Braxton is hiding something on Urtopia. Something he does not want us to see. This may go far deeper than I first anticipated.”

He went to her corner of the room placing a hand on her shoulder, halting her anxious movements. “I need you to listen to me now,” he continued. “In three days we will be in Urtopia’s orbit. Given what had nearly happened, you should stay in here until we touch down. In the meantime I will try to figure something out.”

“Confined to my apartment like some prisoner. Great. That is what I always wanted,” she muttered.

“Think of it as a vacation,” he replied. “We are at this ship’s mercy in deep space, and I need you to work with me on this. Our lives may depend on it. Any one of the crew may want to do us harm if Braxton is offering a bounty on our heads. The next few days will be critical.”



Chloe reluctantly nodded her head in agreement. She could hear the concern for their situation in his voice, and it was unsettling. Besides the small confines of the room, it felt like a hot box to her. Stuffy and difficult to breath, the air unit must have completely shut down in their quarters. She couldn't last three whole days in a smoldering place as this. Already, beads of sweat were forming at her hair line, and she felt dirty and disgusting.

By the second day, they were reduced to playing cards in their undergarments to combat the heat contained inside the confines of their apartment. Glenn had two small caliber pistols loaded and his hunting rifle nearby, ready to be used in a seconds notice. For Chloe, it was easy to see that Glenn did not trust anyone on this ship.

As he dealt another hand, she saw how he watched her more intently with only a bra and white panties covering her most intimate parts. She, too, had been sneaking glances his way. He made the pair of dark briefs he was wearing look incredible. The material of his undergarment was ultra-thin, almost translucent when the light hit them just right. She could see the shrouded form of his cock beneath. She was not afraid or bashful about her lingering stares given their dire circumstances. If Braxton wanted them dead, he was a powerful enough man to make that a reality. For all she knew, they could be killed any moment, and she shuddered at the thought. Every so often Glenn would give her a nod or a warming smile, and this settled the horrible thoughts washing over her mind. Something about it told her that he was there for her and would protect her at all costs. Her bra straps had dropped below her shoulders and with the material hanging onto her sweat, she had a notion to take it off completely. She didn't care anymore if Glenn saw her naked. In a way, she wanted to see what his reaction would be.

A soft knock at their apartment door sent Glenn scrambling for his pistols. Taking one in each hand, he had Chloe duck behind the lower bunk bed as he answered the door. The moment was intense for Chloe, and she could feel her adrenaline surging. It could be a violent

mob behind the door, and it would be over for them. Instead, to her instant relief, it was the bald headed Dr. Weiss carrying a tray of food.

Every food item served on the ship had the same bland, soy bean flavor. It was supposedly nutrient rich and packed with protein, but it was still hard to swallow.

Glenn set aside his guns and took hold of the food tray while speaking to Dr. Weiss in low tones. Dr. Weiss shut the door and Glenn latched the bolt in place. He then turned and moved towards the small circular table with their food. Void of any grace, he stumbled clumsily over a heap of clothing that had been wadded on the floor. Falling, the tray slipped from his fingers and crashed to the floor while he landed in Chloe's lap.

"Shit," he blurted out. "Sorry about that."

At first, she made a wrinkled face as the warm gruel splashed across her stomach; then she realized the weight of Glenn's body against hers and her hands inadvertently positioned over his sweaty chest. Their eyes locked at that moment and she could feel Glenn's heartbeat gaining speed. His hand went over her stomach to whisk away the soy porridge that had splashed on her, and it sent her pleasure sensors into overdrive. Her hands slid over his chest, around his shoulders, to grip the back of his neck.

"Not like that," she whispered. "Lick it off of me."

Glenn's eyes widened in utter disbelief until he saw the serious look on her beautiful face. Surly she was joking, but her words made his cock instantly come to life. "Are you serious?" he asked, his mouth gaping open.

Without any more words, she smiled and forced his head down to the porridge on her stomach near her navel. As his tongue met her flesh, she moaned, watching the young officer clean up his mess. His tongue sinfully soft, he traced the outline of her slightly indented belly button, and she wanted more. Pushing his head down further, she lifted her hips, allowing him to remove her panties. She was filthy with sweat and body odor, but she didn't care. She wanted a man's

touch. Glenn didn't seem to mind and showed no signs of hesitating. He was all too willing to partake in the feast covering her wet body.

As his mouth consumed her, she bucked into his lolling tongue. Up and down, his long strokes burned her as he spread her glistening folds with two fingers. She closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of his mouth penetrating her, deeper and deeper. Holding his head exactly where she wanted him, she pressed into him, grinding her pelvis into his open mouth. Her head rolled back and Glenn heard a soft whimper as her inner walls quivered around his tongue. Her saltiness and musky taste almost made him come in his shorts. With three distinct pulses, he knew that she had an orgasm, the evidence dripping from his chin.

She pulled him up to her lips and kissed him, sampling her inner essence on his mouth. It enthralled her, never having consumed herself before. Moving a tongue over his lower lips, she cleaned all of her juices from his chin.

"I need to feel you right now, Chloe," he said in a hot breath. "I can't take this anymore."

He fumbled with the bra clasp, and she unhinged it for him. He then greedily palmed her breasts, squeezing them almost painfully. She gripped a fistful of his hair and yanked his head back, jerking his jaw from her mouth. He looked at her desperately.

"What do you want, Glenn?" she asked with a seriousness to her eyes. She knew all too well what he desired, and she desired it as well, but she wanted to hear him say it.

"I have to make love to you right now, Chloe. Please," he begged as he kicked off his briefs. "I have since the first day we met, and my cock is aching for you."

Her hand reached down to grip his stiff cock firmly. She stroked his shaft several times from the head to the base, feeling the warmth sting her palms. She pulled his head down to her, and their lips were less than an inch away.

"How badly do you want me, Officer Mathias?" she asked in a

lustly voice.

“More than you know, beautiful.”

She could feel the head of his wide cock pressing against her swollen folds, and she kissed him once again. “What are you waiting for?” she asked in a hot breath. The open invitation was music to his ears.

She arched against the head of his cock, willing him to penetrate her. Her folds already slick for him, he answered the call with a growing desire. The mild stretching to follow as he entered her caused every cell of Chloe’s body to come alive. As he fully impaled her, she screamed out a discordant whimper and in a reflex action, her fingernails raked down his back to claw him, leaving her mark. He sank himself fully into her using his knees to widen her legs. Fully spread, she willed her muscles to relax as he moved inside her. The achingly slow thrusts caused her body to shiver. It was a torturously slow rhythm that she would not be able to take for long. She wanted the friction. She needed the friction to burn her.

He was mesmerizing; every line of his boyish face was perfect. She watched his light blue eyes sparkle as he moved into her again and again. As he gathered speed, she could not hold in her grunts and whimpers of pleasure. His momentum powered into her time and time again. It was becoming rough, with a sense of urgency, but the violent motions felt incredibly good to her. She wanted to be taken like this once in her life—manhandled by some handsome man with no commitments or worries about tomorrow.

With their sweat-soaked bodies flowing into each other, she tilted her hips against his force to feel every last glorious inch. When he pulled her hair back, pinning her head to the floor, she could feel herself getting close. One of his hands wrenched her head with an increased pull of her hair as the other hand clutched her breast, with his hips savagely grinding into her. Soon, the force against her caused her to explode in an orgasmic wave, her muscled walls contracting over and over, swallowing his cock further. Her legs clenched around

his hips, securing him in place. Smoothly, he lurched forward, impaling her completely to release his hot jets of seed, long streams of his pleasure filling her womb. As he grunted his orgasm, a tear rolled down her cheek, realizing that this could be the last time in her life to ever experience anything so satisfying.

“Chloe,” he sighed, his breathing still rapid. “You are one hell of a woman and utterly amazing,” he complimented. Seeing a lone tear slide down her flushed cheek, he swept it away with a kiss. “Did I...hurt you...or something?” he asked with concern.

She smiled then and chuckled, still feeling his swollen shaft inside her. “No, silly. You didn’t hurt me. It was perfect.”

“Then tell me why you are crying,” he pushed. “Something like this should not be followed by tears. It worries me.”

“I guess tonight I became aware of my own mortality. Braxton is a powerful man, Glenn. It frightens me to think that I may lose you. All of my life I had been searching for the perfect man, and now that I may have found him, we are at risk of having everything stripped away.”

“I will deal with that son of a bitch when the time comes. Until then, I will do everything in my power to protect you.”

He found her lips again, and her eyes widened as his cock began to tenderly stretch her once more. With Tyvan, it had always been once and done. Obviously that was not the case with this young man. Swirling in their mutual juices, he took her a second time with more care, slow motions that sent her into a series of incredible orgasms.

When every ounce of strength gone, she was spent in more ways than one. Her pussy had been worked masterfully, and she knew she would be sore for a few days if she lived so long. The soreness to her was a good thing. It made her feel alive and that her existence had meaning.

Content with his loving embrace, she fell asleep in his arms, her dreams filled with what could have been.

\* \* \* \*

Braxton had a disheveled look about him, unshaven, and gaunt faced. The pressure was finally starting to get to him. He had lost much sleep the past month, but he finally contacted a group of low lives on the Pelican that would put an end to Glenn Mathias and Chloe Jones. He could always count on greed to get the ball moving. He understood human nature all too well.

With a few calming breaths, he connected with the pending call. The beautifully colored green Harrack Queen was on the other line. She wore a shimmering silver laced robe gathered at the hips with a wide black belt. She had a welcoming smile on her soft features while sitting comfortably on a high backed throne of etched gold. She donned a tight silver choker around her neck, with long hooped earrings on the lobes of her pointed ears. The sight of the alien queen excited Braxton. Her body was very humanlike except for her green flesh, pointed ears, and elongated bald cranium that rounded towards the back. The fact that the alien woman was bald did not bother Braxton; in fact, it only added to her celestial beauty. He had never seen her naked, but assumed she was equipped with all the essential parts, with her enticing mounds trying to poke through the fabric of the robe.

“Everything is in order, General,” she advised in perfect English.

Her enlarged cranium must be home to a powerful brain, Braxton thought. He had sent a small team to Urtopia two years prior to set up a base camp of operations, discovering the green indigenous people of Urtopia in the process. Queen Oluna, their leader, had grasped the human language in less than a day. It was a remarkable accomplishment from any standpoint. During that time, he had exchanged technology for the rights to their precious metals and raw materials hidden beneath the surface of the planet. It had been, up to this point, a perfect union that would make Terramora into a super power—even more powerful than Earth.

“The slaves,” she continued, “are proving to be diligent workers, given the right motivation, and I assume that most of the mining will be completed before your arrival.”

Braxton grinned wickedly. “Wonderful, Queen Oluna. I am in your debt. I hate to bother you with another matter that must be addressed, but there are two humans aboard the Pelican that have become a nuisance. If Glenn Mathias or Chloe Jones are not dealt with by the time the ship arrives, I ask that you exterminate them for me.”

Queen Oluna was silent for some time, brushing a slender finger along the smooth of her cranium. “What are their crimes?” she asked boorishly.

“Traitors of the Terramora and Urtopian alliance,” he said in defense. “They want to inform the Federation of our dealings in order to shut down our operation.”

“What will you do about the Turians? They have scout crafts in every quadrant of Helios. An invasion of Urtopia is imminent. It is all too evident they have knowledge of our resources and are willing to go to war over them.”

“Give me a few months, Queen Oluna, and the Terramora contract with the Federation will dissolve. Mr. Yurito will then be freed to use everything in his arsenal to eradicate the Turian threat in the Helios system.”

“Make it happen, General. By assisting you, I have chosen a side, putting my people in danger. The Turians have never been a viable threat to us until now. Bring your destroyer ships with haste.”

“It will be done, Queen Oluna.”

“I will inform you when the Pelican arrives.”

Braxton nodded. “I look forward to our next meeting.”

The call ended, and he lopped his feet onto his desk and leaned back in his chair. No way in hell would he allow the Turians to spoil his plans. Already, he had given the order to ready the twin B-class Terramora destroyers—the Alpha-1 and Omega-1, two ships designed

for war. Both ships were slow movers with heavy armor and devastating fire power. He was confident the Alpha and Omega could destroy anything the Turians brought to bear and could care less if the incident caused a galactic war. Urtopia was far too valuable a commodity to be left in the hands of pig-faced Turians. He felt a smidgen of sympathy for Chloe Jones, but the sting of her refusing him was hard to take. A couple lives meant nothing in the grand scheme of things. There would be more like Chloe Jones—eventually.



## Chapter 12

He felt the notches on the inside of his bow and counted six, one for each day of his journey. The distant mountains seemed closer, but to his dismay, they still appeared a couple days out of reach. He was certain Anaki's kidnappers had carried her to the mountains. The green aliens had taken her as a prisoner. For what reason? Was she a runaway? Was she an outlaw? Did they intend to use her as food or were they making her a wife and raping her? Those last two thoughts fueled a fire that welled in his belly. With fresh determination, he gathered his backpack and bow, checked his hand cannon, and then set out once more towards the distant peaks, with thoughts swirling.

By mid-afternoon, he was nearing the foot hills of the mountain range. Finding a narrow stream, he sat down his equipment, cupping the ice cold water in his hands, and then drank deeply. He took his time to survey the land in case he was forced to make a hasty retreat. He wanted to learn every valley and hill in this area. Knowing that Anaki had elevated perceptions of hearing, smelling, and sight, he assumed the green ones shared the same attributes.

Along the bank, he found a mud hole. Removing his loin cloth, he lowered himself, feeling the cool mud against his skin. From head to toe, he covered himself in the dark sludge, wallowing around like a pig in slop. After a thick coating, he tied on his loin cloth and continued. The mud had a number of benefits. It would protect his skin from the harshness of the twin suns, give some relief from biting insects, and camouflage his body. He also hoped it would reduce his human scent if any greens were around.

He paused for a moment to look at himself, and a brief flash of

melancholy enveloped him. He had gone completely savage. If anyone from Terramora were to see him now, they would probably reserve the closest padded room for him. A naked man covered in mud running around with bows and poison-dipped arrows. It didn't seem sane to him, but he knew that it was to save Anaki

\* \* \* \*

Smelling of sex, sweat, and body odor, Chloe reached for a water bottle as she slid from Glenn's arms. It was empty, and her mouth was drier than a desert in summer. She gently nudged her snoring companion and watched as the young man yawned, stretching his arms wide. He definitely had a nice body, and it fit against hers perfectly.

"Have a nice nap?" she asked while jumping into her taut flight suit.

"The best. My dreams were filled with you."

She laughed, tossing him the empty water bottle. "Don't waste my time with that horse crap," she said good-naturedly.

"It's true," he replied with a glowing smile. "Where do you think you're going?"

"We need water, and a shower would be extraordinary. I smell like a French whore that just ran a marathon, and I feel disgusting."

"You have such a way with words, Chloe Jones." He adjusted himself into his Federation uniform, mussed with his blonde hair, and then buckled his boots. "You are staying here," he ordered. "I will get the water for us."

She stared hard at the young officer, pursing her luscious lips. Angry, she was even more beautiful, Glenn thought.

"This is not up for discussion, Glenn." The way it rolled from her tongue stung his ears. "I am going with you. I am not staying in this sauna one minute longer smelling the way I do."

"You are one bull-headed woman."

“And?” she said taking a defensive posture.

“And I like it.” He gave in, not wanting to piss her off further. With a defeated sigh, he took one of his pistols in hand then placed it at the small of his back. “Ready?” he asked, really hoping that she would stay here. He believed she would be much safer behind the secured metal door.

Moving down the narrow hall, Glenn walked slowly, eyeing his surroundings like a hawk. The first corridor was clear, and the second hub was wider. It was a central juncture where several hallways converged. To his surprise, this was also void of any people milling about. The mess hall was not far, and he relaxed his rigid posture.

“We are almost there,” he said cheerfully, glancing back at Chloe. Swinging his eyes forward, a pry bar thudded into his face, and without a sound, Glenn fell flat to the floor. Chloe froze and stood in shock, still hearing a horrible crack against Glenn’s face. She wanted to scream, watching as four men encircle her. Nothing could escape the lump in her throat. Her eyes dropped to Glenn, not knowing if he was dead, and then her icy gaze returned to her attackers.

“Well, well, love. Looks like you’re all alone,” one said with a sinister grin.

He grabbed her by the neck and slammed her body against the wall, running a wet tongue over her cheek. His other hand harshly pawed at her supple mounds hidden beneath her flight suit. Her knee came up to greet his groin, and he recoiled, writhing in pain. Catching a breath, he shrugged off the pain searing over his loins and removed a curved dagger, the blade sinfully sharp. The stout miner cursed wildly and raised his knife towards the woman, reflecting the light from the polished blade into her eyes.

Again, Chloe wanted to scream, but the air was locked in her chest. She had only managed to make him angry. There was nowhere to go. Her back was butted against the wall and panic set in.

Finally, one of the other men spoke. “That is enough, Quint,” said the one with a grizzled beard, his voice gruff. He appeared to be the

eldest of the group.

“Let me have some fun with her first, Jonas,” Quint argued. “I bet her pussy is real pink and tastes like honey. I owe her for kickin’ my nuts.”

Jonas lashed out and smacked Quint over his head, “Not here, dipstick.” Jonas shook his head. “You got no sense, boy. Grab the other body and follow me. The air lock is halfway down the hall.”

Quint sheathed his dagger and cursed as he drug the dead weight of Glenn’s body down the hall. “Seems like a waste of perfectly good ass to me,” Quint chided, watching his buddies manhandle her, pulling her unwillingly down the length of the hall towards the air lock.

“Dang it, boy!” Jonas huffed. “You do as you’re told or I’ll see to it that you’re pissing blood for a week. I ain’t losin’ these credits on stupidity. We just need ’em dead.”

Quint stared hard at the old man and remembered he had seen him fight before. He was a tough old warhorse. Then he smiled at the thought of taking the blade across the old man’s throat as he slept.

Chloe was near the point of tears, realizing what they intended to do with her. They were going to put her in the air lock and open the outer door to be sucked into the vacuum of space. Her lungs would implode, and the varying pressures would cause her insides to become mush. She could think of no worse fate than this.

“Please don’t do this!” she pleaded, watching the inner door of the air lock open. “What do you want? I can pay you.”

Jonas chuckled like a rabid hyena. “You don’t have enough credits. Nothing personal, love. Only business.”

She was then tossed into the tawny chamber, her body landing over Glenn’s. He was breathing, but a stern shaking did not wake him. The inner door sealed shut, and there was nothing she could do except to wait for her own demise. Tears flowed freely as she lay over Glenn’s unconscious body.

“I wonder if there really is a heaven,” she whispered weakly,

holding onto Glenn's chest.

With the chamber completely sealed, all they had to do was push the red button on the wall panel and she would be consumed by the vastness of space. The seconds seemed as hours while her hands fastened onto Glenn. At least he would not be awake to suffer through an agonizing death. The anticipation was making her nauseous. She just wanted this over with already. Surely the fools knew how to press the bright red, flashing button on the side of the panel. She inwardly cursed and mustered the strength to pull herself to the port window. Before she could rationalize what had happened, the inner door opened. Chloe's fear of death switched to bewilderment and shock, seeing the behemoth of a man standing over her. His wide knuckles dripping with blood, he pulled her through the threshold.

"You...You did this?" she asked with a shudder, locking onto Brogun's ice-blue eyes, her head tilted at an awkward angle just to see his face.

He nodded, but said nothing as he moved past her to pull Glenn Mathias out of the air lock. Chloe stumbled over the first malformed body, seeing an arm bent impossibly to one side, his face broken and bleeding from the ears. She believed this one to be the man called Quint. The other three were no better. Their wide staring eyes and disfigured spines told her all four were beaten to death. Swallowing hard, a different kind of fear swept over her. This hulking beast that had just killed four miners with his bare hands was carrying Glenn with a gentle nature.

"He needs to see Dr. Weiss," the giant said in a low rumble. "He may have a skull fracture."

"You don't have any plans on killing us?" Chloe asked hesitantly.

"Lady, if I wanted you dead, you would not be standing here right now."

She felt the harshness of his tone and she wholeheartedly believed him. Brogun could destroy anyone if he wanted to. "Why are you helping us while the others want us dead? Who are you?" she asked,

still weary of his true motives.

“You talk too much,” he grunted.

She wisely contained a smart reply, noting the blood trailing down the back of Brogun’s torn shirt. “You’re hurt,” she stated, grabbing at his muscled arm. “Wait, let me see it.”

He slowed, allowing her to view the injury as he continued towards the infirmary. She could not believe her own eyes. There was a knife embedded hilt deep into his shoulder and he made no indication it pained him. Hell, it didn’t seem to faze him at all.

“You know, there is a knife in your back shoulder,” she informed him.

“Awww... Is that what it is? I thought a fly had taken a liking to me,” he replied with dark humor.

“Okay, smart ass, but it’s bleeding pretty bad.”

“Don’t lose any sleep over it. They will have to do better than that to kill me.”

She was beginning to think that this Brogun fellow was not a man at all, but a cyborg hidden under human skin. Anyway, she was more than elated that a man like this was on her side.

## **Chapter 13**

Dr. Jack McDonnell had removed the dagger from Brogun's back and was in the process of sealing the deep wound, working the best he could with one dislocated elbow. Glenn had come out of his brief coma and was recovering in the adjoining room with a cold pack over his face. A bone in his cheek was cracked, causing considerable swelling on one side of his face. Chloe was relieved that Glenn's injury was relatively minor. She did not want to lose this man so soon.

McDonnell applied the last stitch to Brogun's laceration and knotted the end of the thread. "You need to learn how to play well with others, Brogun," McDonnell commented. "This is not a good way to make friends."

Brogun merely cracked a smile. "I never had any friends. And I am not looking for any."

"It's not hard to see why."

Brogun rose and started for the door. "Where are you going?" Chloe asked, moving from her seat to intercept him.

"I killed four of the crew, and I am going to inform security if they don't know already."

"Brogun, you did nothing wrong," she said with a flare of anger in her voice. "Your actions saved us from being murdered. You are a hero."

He laughed, but there was no humor in it. "Hero. That is one thing I have never been accused of before. I wish you luck, Chloe."

"Why are you being so stubborn?" she growled. The words just bounced off the giant's back.

"Wait," McDonnell commanded, overhearing their conversation.

His attention then swung to Chloe. "It shames me to tell you this, but Brogun was the one that had saved you during Cryo. Braxton offered to make me rich beyond my wildest dreams if I were to turn off your oxygen intake. Brogun saw me do it and protected you."

Chloe's eyes darted to the mountain of a man, his gaze moving towards the floor. She went to him and took his hand that was twice the size of her own. He cupped her surprisingly gently and did not resist her touch.

"Tell me why you are acting as my guardian. Why help us? Please, Brogun."

She felt the muscles tense in his hands and their eyes met. "You won't give up, will you?"

"No," she admitted, stepping into him closely.

"You remind me of someone I once loved. A long time ago."

"Who?" she pressured him.

"My wife," he replied solemnly. "On Earth, a drunk driver had crashed into her head-on. She was seven months pregnant with my child. Both died. I tracked down the culprit and ended his life. That is my crime, Chloe. I am a convicted killer—a murdering criminal."

She raised her hands to caress his wide shoulders and forced him down to her head level. "You are not a criminal," she whispered, seeing the torment in his eyes. "You are a good man, Brogun, and I am sorry about your family." Without further delay, she moved her mouth over his and kissed him tenderly. "Thank you for saving me."

Brogun's eyes lit up, and he encircled her around the waist. It had been a long time since he had a kiss such as this. It planted a seed of hope in his core. Aware that his grip was tightening around her waist, he released her and moved his mouth away from the lingering kiss. His cock had already started to react against his pants and would have gouged Chloe in the stomach.

Chloe composed herself and adjusted her hair while McDonnell let out a resounding laugh. "I think you two had better find a room," he jested. "Big man," he said, grabbing Brogun's attention. "I don't



believe the woman will survive if you leave her. I am almost certain that Braxton has tugged at the ears of most every able body on board. You turn yourself into security and she is as good as dead.”

Brogun clenched his teeth and balled his fists. He was no guardian angel or bodyguard for the woman. He had an opportunity to help and did so without hesitation. He didn’t want the added responsibility, but he felt the truth in McDonnell’s words. The Irishman was right. Most would take that kind of money Braxton was offering in a heartbeat, with no regrets for ending a life. He did not want Chloe harmed. There was something about the woman that captivated him, besides the uncanny resemblance to his deceased wife.

Glenn came into the room holding an ice pack to his cheek. “What hit me?” he asked, seeing that Chloe was close to the big man. “Feels like I was shot in the face with a particle gun.”

“Four of the miners tried to kill us,” Chloe advised, placing a soft hand on the side of his swollen cheek. He gathered her fingers and kissed the tips lightly. She moved them away, aware that Brogun was watching.

“It was obvious I was no help,” he said sharply, angry with himself. “How did you...we escape the attackers?”

She pointed to Brogun. “He saw what happened and...,” she paused suddenly with a horrible memory flash of the broken bodies.

“And?” Glenn pressured.

“And he killed all four of the other men to save us.”

“How did you accomplish such a bold task?” Glenn queried.

I punched them and they fell,” Brogun said plainly with no expression on his square visage. “They didn’t know how to fight.”

Glenn walked over to the lumbering giant that was at least a head taller than he was and extended a hand. Brogun accepted the offering with a vice-like grip. It hurt, but Glenn refused to show it on his face.

“I will see to it that you are awarded the Federation Medal of Honor for your heroics, sir,” Glenn promised, wishing it had been him that saved Chloe Jones. Still, he was grateful for being alive. “That is,

if we make it out of here.”

Dr. Weiss entered from the main hall, breathing heavily. He rested his hands upon his knees. “What happened to you, man?” McDonnell asked, seeing that his friend was in a frantic state.

“They are coming!”

“Who is coming?” Glenn cut in.

“Ship security. Braxton must have corrupted them. They are searching for you on level one.”

Glenn cursed aloud, reaching for the butt of his handgun that was concealed in his waist band. Did everyone want them dead on this forsaken ship? He didn’t realize how far Braxton was willing to take this until now. He turned to Chloe, his face grim.

“Brogun,” he said. “If you can make it to my room, I have a high-powered rifle and two more handguns loaded and ready to go.”

“What about you?” Chloe voiced with concern.

“I will stay here and hold them off as long as possible.”

“Come with us, Glenn,” she pleaded. “I don’t want you staying here to die. There must be another way.”

“Go, Chloe. You are wasting valuable time. Stick with Brogun.”

“Enough of all this nonsense!” McDonnell barked. “Give me the bloody pistol, young lad and get going. No arguments. You three stand a better chance staying together. You never know, I may just take a few with me.”

Dr. Weiss swallowed hard, hearing the sincerity in McDonnell’s voice. “You certain you want to do this, old friend?”

“I have outlived my usefulness anyway. In some small way, I hope this atones for my mistake.”

Dr. Weiss nodded glumly and rested a hand on McDonnell’s shoulder. “Go with god,” he said, humbled by the man’s actions.

“Only if he will have me. Now get!”

Glenn handed the crippled doctor his sidearm and all four left out the infirmary through the back. Dr. McDonnell raised the handgun, releasing the safety, and then waited. His end was nearing. He felt it

in his shattered bones. His one regret in life was trying to kill Chloe Jones and Glenn Mathias. How easy it was to corrupt a decent human being, he thought.

“Ahhh, well,” he sighed. “It is almost time to meet my maker.”

May he be a forgiving god.

Moments later, the main door sprang open and two guards entered carrying snub-nosed machine guns with extended silencers. He allowed himself a breath, aimed the sight, and squeezed off the first round. The bullet rattled through the first man’s temple, sending most of his brain against the far wall. He fell listless. The second guard reacted to the shot and swung on his heels, raising his weapon. A three round burst plugged McDonnell in the chest before he could pull his trigger a second time. Strange how he felt no pain as the gun slipped from his fingers. With the smell of his own blood filling his nostrils, he closed his lids, waiting for the release of death.

“Where are they?!” the guard ordered.

“Gone,” he said with one last breath.

\* \* \* \*

Brogun was the first to enter Chloe’s apartment with the other three on his heels, only to witness four ship guards waiting for their arrival. One was toiling with the stash of Glenn’s weapons. Brogun stepped forward, trying to shield the other three behind him.

“Far enough, giant,” Clint said while rising to his feet. The other three guards raised their weapons towards the small group and had their laser sights dotted on their chests.

“What now?” Brogun roared, sizing up the situation. He figured he could tackle two of the guards before they were able to fire, but it would leave the other two with open shots. That would not be a good option since Chloe was in the direct line of fire.

“You going to kill us all?” Brogun asked, trying to bide some precious time for a better solution.

Clint, the security force sergeant, saw an insane look on Brogun's face and stepped back. Even though he had a gun pointed directly at the man's chest, he had a weird feeling that Brogun was going to charge him. "We were," Clint admitted. "That is, until the Harrack Queen came back with a better offer."

"What is a Harrack Queen?" Chloe asked nervously.

"You'll find out soon enough," Clint said. Looking to his small army, he charged a round. "Set to tasers, boys, and light 'em up."

Everyone dropped immediately from the volts surging through their bodies, except Brogun. It took three lightning taser rounds to bring him to his knees. Clint was nearly forced to switch to live rounds to bring down the bull. After it was through, Clint's stern visage rose into a wry grin at his idea. The Harrack Queen offered him twice the amount in Nuaxium ore than Braxton's five hundred thousand credits. With Chloe Jones, Glenn Mathias, and J.T. Brogun being gone, he would collect his reward from Braxton as well as the extra ore from Queen Oluna. He just made his entire security team rich.

Honestly, he had no idea what the alien woman had in store for the three humans, and he could care less. Credits were his only concern. He had more than his share of risking his life for grungy mining crews on volatile planets. This would change everything for them. A new way of life was soon to be had.

\* \* \* \*

Anaki curled herself into a ball in the far corner of her cell with her hands blistered from the bone breaking work she was expected to perform in the mines. Ten others of her clan were in her cell, but her brother, Drusa, was nowhere to be seen. At least forty of her clan members were trapped here, and she could do nothing except do as she was instructed, or suffer a brutal beating at the end of one of their whips or clubs.

Her body covered in dark soot, she peered down at her raw hands, fearing another hard day in the dark cave using hand tools to chip away the rock, only to carry it to the ever growing piles on the surface. Working in long shifts, this process went on day and night. All of this was being done with one lousy meal a day. Her people, the Nashia, were hunters and gatherers. They were not made to work in captivity.

A tear cleared a trail down her soot covered face as she tried to find sleep before her next shift. More than anything, she missed Tyvan and ached to feel his warm body against hers, to feel his soft lips on hers. Even now, she selfishly wanted Tyvan there to hold her in his arms. She felt safe there, and he made her feel complete. Another tear slid down her cheek, realizing there was no chance for them to be together again. She hoped he made it back safely to their hovel the day she was taken. It had crushed her deeply that she was forced to shove Tyvan away, but it was the only way. *Were all humans as stubborn as Tyvan?* She had to shove him away or the Harracks would have certainly killed him. She hoped Tyvan would live a good, full life, even without her in it. He had a gentle soul and deserved happiness. She would pray to the god of all living things to protect over him.

She had counted roughly thirty Harrack guards at any one time in the compound. She imagined that forty Nashia could overwhelm them if they were to have some weapons. But they were not allowed to speak and only twenty were working at a time, making it impossible to implement any sound plan for escape. Hope was fleeting.

## Chapter 14

Tyvan navigated the scree of the slope expertly and then scaled a small cliff using several uneven footholds. His arms and shoulders burned with building lactic acid as he heaved himself over a substantial rock ledge. A bright yellow lizard scurried past his hand, flaring its side fins in threat display. Another new species he had never witnessed before. Setting aside his pack, he palmed one of the water gourds for a well-deserved drink. Allowing his eyes to take in the surrounding sights, he nearly choked on his water and spit it out. Over the next ridge, the land leveled out, leading into a natural quarry. A modern base had been constructed there, complete with towers and barbed wire fences. Someone was trying to keep something in or out.

This had to be it.

This was what he was searching for. Cautiously moving up the cliff face for a better view, he could see three main structures and six smaller out buildings, all single level. Moving low, he came within one hundred yards of the fence and checked his supplies while hidden between two large boulders. From here, he could see the blue aliens moving in and out of the lip of the cave. The green aliens appeared to be overseers and carried whips and short clubs. He witnessed two blue aliens receive three lashings each with the tails of the whip after lagging behind.

Anaki had to be here. His spirits soared at the thought and then quickly died out, seeing how her people were being treated. Like animals, he thought. He would wait until nightfall and then he was going to infiltrate the compound. The guards in the north towers would be his biggest initial threat to overcome. Stealth would be

essential.

As day gave way to night, he began crawling ever closer to the gates. Fifty yards away now and closing, he would have to think about taking out the alien sentries in the towers. He took a knee and then notched his bow, clearing his mind. One errant shot and his hopes could come to an abrupt end. A row of generators had kicked on several flood lights that were illuminating the camp interior. He could see Anaki's people still carrying heavy stones to the ever growing piles of rock. The work never seemed to end for them.

Then, without warning, he heard the faint sound of a sizable craft approaching. The lights drew closer as it descended to land in the center of the camp. The high pitched whining of the jets slowly came to an end as the dust settled. Sprawling flat to the ground, he watched from the shadows. Seeing that it was the Terramora mining vessel called the Pelican, his questions began mounting. Dumbfounded at the sight, he watched intently, taking in all the minute details.

After several minutes transpired, a lower deck door fell open and three people were escorted outside, their hands fastened behind their backs, with four gunmen shoving them along. One bound prisoner was huge, his body the size of a grizzly bear. Tyvan then rubbed at his eyes. No! It...It couldn't be. He strained to look closer, his gaze zeroing in on the blond-headed woman. He recognized that long golden hair anywhere and the "come hither" sway of those amazing hips that came with the bounce in her step. No doubt in his mind that it was Chloe Jones. Why would she make the journey here? And why was she shackled like a prisoner? He smelled Braxton's stink all over this one. He always had his suspicions about the man and this proved it. He would have to devise another plan; one that would include Chloe Jones.

\* \* \* \*

Chloe and Glenn sat in awe of the green alien woman standing

before them. She was tall, slender, and gorgeous. Her green skin seemed to shimmer a radiant glow of purity and youthfulness.

They had been led to a small chamber and had been staring at the alien woman without words. She appeared to be sizing them up. Chloe gulped and whispered to Glenn, "Can they understand us?"

"I have no idea," he whispered under his breath.

"I am Queen Oluna of the Harracks, and I understand your language along with numerous others," she declared with a tawdry smile.

Glenn was the first to step forward. "I am Glenn Mathias of the Federation, and I demand to know why we are here. What do you want with us?"

"I know who you are," she snapped back. "General Braxton, of your own kind, has labeled you a traitor, Glenn Mathias. He has sentenced you to death."

Glenn vigorously shook his head in denial. "Braxton is a liar, Queen Oluna. He deceives you."

"Silence!" she thundered, raising her voice for the first time. "Stand."

The trio stood on her command, watching the Harrack Queen approach. She lazily walked a complete circle around the three prisoners, her eyes searching each one. "I have learned much of your human culture through literature and video mediums. By nature, I am very curious and wish to know much more about your kind. You have been a warring nation, but also attest to some magnificent accomplishments," she began. "You are a race of beings that have an understanding of mercy and good deeds, yet destruction is an everyday occurrence. Following Braxton's order of having all three of you killed would be a waste." She hesitated in front of Brogun, sliding her hand down the length of his arm, gently squeezing his muscles. "Too bad you are not a Harrack," she commented sadly. "You would have served me well as a breeder."

She then continued her slow, methodical steps until she reached



Chloe Jones. Queen Oluna reached down to tilt Chloe's head up to meet her gaze. "Chloe Jones, you are absolutely darling for a human woman. Do most of the females on your planet have the same appearance as you?"

"No," Glenn answered for her. "She is one of a kind as we all are."

Queen Oluna had her guards unshackle Chloe, and she moved back, fear in her eyes. "I give you a choice, Chloe Jones," the Queen offered. "Choose one of these men for a mate. I want to bear witness to a human joining and eventually the birthing of a human child. You will allow one of these two men to impregnate you."

"And if I refuse?" Chloe asked defiantly, not believing what she had just heard.

"You will be of no use to me and Braxton's original order will be carried out."

"Why are you doing this? This is appalling!"

"It is a way for me to better understand your people. I have read hundreds of books and am aware of the general concept, but nothing is better than a first-hand account. Select one of the men beside you, Chloe, or I will do it for you."

"What will happen to the other one I do not choose for this...this...experiment?," she asked, anger settling deep in her vocals.

"The unlucky one will be of no use to me. He will be escorted to the death pit."

Chloe swallowed hard. "What is the death pit?"

"It is a place where death contests are held, not unlike your gladiator arenas of the past. It is time, Chloe. I need your choice now, or you will all be taken to the pit."

Chloe's hands began to tremble, thinking this all to be some nightmare. She had to make a choice of who would live and who would die. She felt the Queen's icy gaze upon her and her mind was reeling in twenty directions. The whole idea was insane.

She was falling for Glenn Mathias in a big way and she did have

sex with him twice already. Then there was Brogun. She hardly knew the gargantuan, but he had saved her life more than once. She knew he was a capable fighter and would fare well against any creature in the pit arena. This was not fair, she thought. Any moment she would wake, finding this all to be a terrible dream. She pinched herself and nothing happened.

Her hand slowly went out to touch Glenn's arm. Feeling horrible as if condemning Brogun to die, she looked at him with tears welling in her eyes. Brogun only smiled, trying to ease her heart.

"Don't concern yourself with me," the big man said. "It won't be the first time I had to fight for my life. You made the right decision, Chloe."

Her other hand then latched onto Brogun's arm, and she pulled both men to her. "I need them both," she stated, keeping in tune with the Queen's gaze.

"It only takes one man to procreate," Oluna pointed out.

"I need two," Chloe replied, not believing her own ears. "It will... make me more fertile," she lied. "So I will have a better chance to conceive." Her inhibitor injection would not be out of her system for another six months, and it didn't matter how many men she bedded. She would not get pregnant any time soon.

Oluna looked at Chloe with doubt on her face and then smiled suddenly. "You have your wish, Chloe. If nothing else, this will be quite entertaining to watch." She clapped her hands and the green alien guards stood at attention. "Do not think of yourselves as prisoners. That is so depressing. Think of yourselves as guests of honor in a new home," she said, smiling warmly. "You will be led to food and drink and then your bodies will be prepared for the joining. My guards will escort you. Be so kind as to not try an escape attempt, or I will be forced to punish you." She barked a series of commands in her native tongue and the large-framed guards snapped into action, moving the three to their temporary accommodations.

Glenn leaned down to whisper into Chloe's ear. "Brogun!" he

exclaimed.

Chloe turned and her eyes narrowed. "Don't forget he saved our lives. I won't see him dead in some senseless pit fight."

"True," he quickly conceded. "This is a very peculiar arrangement. I wonder if this Queen Oluna can be reasoned with. I don't care for the idea of sharing you with anyone else."

"And do you think I am thrilled about the fact that this alien Queen wants to watch us have sex and wishes for me to carry a child? This will be difficult for all of us."

She immensely enjoyed the moment she shared with Glenn back in the privacy of their apartment, but it would be a far different matter with two men in full display of the queen. There must be a way out of this, a weakness that could be utilized against these green aliens.

All three were taken to separate quarters and Chloe was beside herself, standing in the confines of the concrete walled room. What had she just agreed to do? The shock of it hit her all at once and she leaned her weight against the wall to sink to the floor. The thought of Glenn inside her again was thrilling. She knew what to expect with Glenn. Brogun was the one she feared. The memory of his naked body inside the Cryo tank sent a shiver down her spine. He was not a normal sized man, not even close. She doubted that she could fit him inside her. And if that was the case, what would the queen do to them? How could they pull this off in front of the queen to make it seem real? Their very lives may depend solely on that one simple question.

Two light blue aliens with sleek tails and cat-like faces entered her room. Chloe recoiled, never having seen this type before. They were tall and slender with muscled legs, their eyes large and golden. The aliens carried a platter of strange fruits and an unknown meat that smelled like pork and actually appeared appetizing. The two alien women knelt on the floor in front of Chloe and said nothing as she sampled each item. Their subservient actions indicated to her that they were servants and they meant her no harm. She was able to relax as

she ate. The blue aliens kept their heads down towards the floor, their long braided hair covering the features of their faces.

To Chloe's surprise, the fruit was very palatable and the meat resembled a pork and chicken combination. Having her fill of rich meats, the two alien women moved her to a different chamber where a modern shower had been installed. They began plucking at her flight suit, trying to remove her clothing, and she swatted their hands away. "I can do this myself," she informed them.

A warm shower was something that she wanted the past few days anyway. The only thing a little bothersome was the two alien women watching her from an intimately close distance. She ignored them as the water warmed and enveloped her body. Finally she was clean and felt like a new woman.

The invigorating shower was over and one of the servants began to towel dry her hair, taking her golden threads in between her delicate blue fingers. The alien woman appeared to be captivated by the golden color of her hair, her hands working into her hair and against her scalp. It actually felt wonderful, and she allowed the alien to dry her hair. The other alien woman began touching her unclothed body, rubbing an unknown oil over her skin. The blue hand moved to her breasts, spreading on the oil, and Chloe clutched her hand.

"I will do that," she told her. Taking some of the oil to her fingers, it carried the fragrant aroma of coconuts. It reminded her of coconut baby oil infused with aloe. It was probably a local remedy for protecting the skin. Chloe took the wood bowl from the alien woman's fingers and applied the oil herself. Besides the fact she did not want a woman touching her, she was an alien. But even scarier than that, the alien woman's soft touches were beginning to stir something inside her, something she believed that only a man's touch could bring. After her body was sufficiently moisturized, they wrapped a robe around her body and led her down the end of the hall. Her heart seemed to skip a beat with every step towards their destination.

## Chapter 15

The final door swung open, and Chloe nearly fainted seeing what was waiting for her. Queen Oluna was seated comfortably in a plush chair etched in gold. Four torches burned brightly along the concrete walls of the circular chamber. A faint smell of spiced incense wafted to her nostrils. Eight guards stood at attention with their backs against the walls, holding bronze colored staffs with bladed ends in the shape of crescent moons. The husky green guards showed no discernable expression, featureless.

Her eyes purposefully moved to the center of the room last. Glenn and Brogun were waiting for her, their naked bodies recently cleaned, and they glistened in the torch light from the oil. Her gaze met Glenn's first, then transferred to Brogun. The man was immense and the thing dangling between his legs was threatening. She swallowed hard and joined the two men, seeing a jealousy in Glenn's eyes that had not been there before.

"Take off your robe," Oluna ordered.

Chloe allowed it to drop to the floor and immediately started to see a rise out of her two men. Queen Oluna was watching intently on the edge of her chair as the human men showed signs of arousal. "What is the problem?" she asked, seeing that no one was doing anything. "You may begin the joining."

Brogun sighed deeply, seeing that Chloe was visibly shaking. He dipped to her ear. "I don't want to do this to you, Chloe. I can see you are scared, and I may hurt you. I should just take my chances in the pit."

"Shut up already, Brogun," she said, expertly quelling her inward

apprehensions. She then glanced at them both. “Well... Are you guys going to do anything, or should I start walking towards the pit where we can all die?”

Glenn began kissing the back of her neck, his soft lips tracing down to her shoulder. She then raked her fingers through Brogun’s hair, nudging his head to her level. “Do something, Brogun! I don’t want you dead,” she whispered. His lips then met hers without further hesitation and the kiss was exceptionally delicate for a large man, igniting a response in between her thighs. Surprised, she darted her tongue against his and cupped his large cheek bones.

Glenn then turned her head towards him, not happy that the giant shoved his tongue down her throat, and kissed her affectionately. She cupped his boyish face in her hands and smiled. “You didn’t like me kissing Brogun?” she whispered.

“Hell, no!” he admitted. “This is hard for me, Chloe.”

“The pit will be harder,” she told him. “Stay focused.”

Glenn nodded and slid his tongue into her further as he moved a hand over her oiled breast, squeezing until her flesh bubbled through his fingers. Chloe’s eyes widened, and Glenn heard her release a whimper. Her fingers then dug into his shoulders.

“What happened?” he asked, hearing another whimper escape her lips. He then glanced down to see Brogun on his knees with his mouth squarely over her pussy, his hands cupping her ass cheeks, raking her in.

“Brogun, what in the hell are you doing?” he said in a flustered voice. “This was not part of our plan.”

“Stop talking,” she grunted, “and kiss me.”

Glenn had no problems with kissing her. It was the big man tasting her that he had a slight issue with. She kissed Glenn erratically as Brogun split her swollen folds with his fat tongue, slurping up her arousal.

Glenn’s hand began messaging her well-oiled breast while he drove his mouth into hers. Brogun’s powerful grasp nearly lifted her

into his cavernous mouth as his instrument of pleasure worked deep inside her, twisting and circling, his nose mashed against her clitoris.

Shocked at herself for enjoying the sensation two men brought her, she forgot about the alien queen's eyes upon them and lost herself in their touch. Caught up in the moment, she hadn't realized that Brogun lowered her to the padded floor where both men had latched onto each of her breasts, aggressively suckling her hardened nipples. Two tongues working on her as she held each one to her swollen nubs, keeping them in place. Their exploring hands freely roamed her body, feeling every supple line and crevice imaginable. Glenn was the first to feel the heat of her pussy, covering it with the palm of his hand. Sliding one and then two fingers into her, he was amazed at how wet Brogun managed to make her. Her female juices soaked his fingers as he plunged them inside. Inwardly, the young Federation officer wanted to punch Brogun for it, but he took his frustration out on Chloe, jabbing his fingers into her. He used a third finger on her, and she replied with a loud gasp, his fingers raking against her clitoris with every deep motion, forcing her quivering lips further apart.

Chloe jerked into his hand thrusts, aching to have a cock fill her. Any cock at this point, she needed someone to fuck her. Brogun's wide hand dwarfed her breast as he continued to inhale the other one, his mouth gaping open and needy, nursing the one nipple softly.

The nightmare had turned into a dream for Chloe. She had never been so alive or stimulated in all her life. All of her tension drifted away as her two men worked to please her. Somewhere, this had to be a sin, she told herself, but not tonight.

As Brogun manipulated her breasts, she felt something large grinding into her hip. The head of Brogun's cock had emerged from its sheath and was moving vigorously against her oiled body, poking at her side. The sheer size was daunting at first until Brogun took her hand, guiding it to feel his girth.

"I need you to touch me here," he said in a trembling voice. Hearing the desperation in his tone, she gripped him, her fingers

unable to completely wrap around his ever thickening shaft. She gently stroked him, moving her red painted fingers across his shaft in a timid fashion.

“Harder,” he urged. “I promise you won’t break me.” She could do nothing more than nod as she squeezed the head of his penis, feeling the slickness of his oiled skin beneath her fingers. He moaned as her fingers applied more and more pressure under the ridge of his shaft. She found a new sense of power in her touch while manipulating Brogun’s manhood. The big man was not a cyborg after all. He had a weakness. He audibly groaned every time she squeezed him tightly. It was strong, beginning to burn in her hands as it leapt to life under her forceful caresses. She had never felt so much cock in one hand before, and it was noticeably heavy in her grip.

Glenn spread her knees apart and leaned his weight against her. Her eyes darted to him as her one hand worked Brogun up and down. She felt the head of his swollen cock against her tender folds vying for entry. She wiggled into him, wanting the penetration—needing the penetration. His head so broad and rounded, it seemed even bigger than before. She could smell the musky, masculine odor of Brogun lying next to her as Glenn pushed into her. She gasped while Glenn sank deep into her womb. Her flesh closed around him, and she was filled with a need to move. His easy thrusts burned her as she felt the friction of his pelvis over her clitoris. Again and again, he moved in and out of her. She whimpered, wanting him to move faster inside her.

“Fuck me faster, Glenn!” she stated. “Just fuck me fas...ter,” her voice trailed as his strokes gained momentum. He did as commanded, his eyes locked on the large cock Chloe was stroking. At first it had troubled him, but now it was beginning to arouse him even further. Something about a beautiful, petite hand around a huge dick thrilled him.

Chloe could feel Brogun moving up towards her face, his full erection inches from her lips. The big man ached from her touches



and had to have more. “Take me into your mouth,” he pleaded in a short breath, his sweat starting to drizzle across her chest. “I can’t take this anymore. I beg you, Chloe.”

She brought the head of his engorged cock to her plump lips and had second thoughts of even trying. It was so huge, and she had doubts that she could fit him into her mouth. Instead, she moved her tongue across the head, over the slit of his opening. Hearing his whimper, she did it again, shoving the tip of her tongue partially into his penis opening.

Brogun’s hand fisted the back of her hair, pulling her towards his length. *How could she do this?* Stealing a breath, she tried to relax her jaw muscles and opened her lips for him. As the purpled head entered her willing mouth, she gagged almost immediately. She coughed and then opened her mouth further, wanting to please him. She was determined to do this, but she did not believe it would be physically possible. Trying again, she relaxed her throat, swallowing the head. He wrenched the back of her hair, forcing her to take more than what she was ready for, and she gagged a second time. She continued sucking him through her initial gag reflexes and found that the choking sensation became less and less. She could feel him expanding in her mouth as more moisture leaked onto her tongue to drain down the back of her throat.

Entertaining two cocks was much more exhilarating than she ever dreamed, and she wanted to please them both—to have them both. He gasped and pulled her head more tightly against him as her mouth accepted more of his shaft. Her head moved back and forth, faster and faster, his muscles tense under her grip. Every fluid stroke of her mouth edged him to the brink. Her throat was becoming sore as she swallowed at least six of his ten inches. He thrust his hips into her open mouth, forcing her to inhale him. She could feel a powerful orgasm building as the tangy taste of pre-cum washed down the back of her throat. She was forced to swallow every ounce of juice that leaked from the head of Brogun’s throbbing cock with the relentless

hold he had on the back of her head. His intense male flavor was far better than she dreamed it could be.

Glenn's weight was still pressed into her, his swell filling her completely. His quickening thrusts sent waves of pleasure through every cell of her body. Her legs wrapped around his waist, he drove himself into her, balls deep. Brogun groaned while her mouth controlled his beastly cock and Glenn panted heavily over the top of her. Both of these men wanted her, and this instilled Chloe with a new sense of power. She was the one in control, and she enjoyed the dominance she seemed to have over them.

The queen felt her body warming with the display of heaving bodies in front of her, each one doing their part in this odd, but tantalizing joining. To her astonishment, her nipples became ultra-sensitive against the soft fabric of her robe, and the area nestled between her thighs warmed. Oluna grew flushed while she almost uncontrollably moved a hand down to feel herself beneath her robe. The joining had caused her mating instincts to react prematurely, and she was baffled at the sensation. For now, she left a single finger above her opening and rested it against her bald mound, just content on watching the big thing that Chloe was taking into her mouth over and over again.

## Chapter 16

Tyvan watched silently as some of the heavy moving equipment was off loaded from the Pelican bay doors. Many of the human miners had already disappeared into the rock face, transporting the equipment into the dimly lit tunnel. He was ready.

This had to be done now.

Taking his bow string back, he calmed his breathing, waited for ten seconds, and then released the bolt. The arrow harmlessly glanced from the spotlight in the upper tower, causing the guard to turn.

“Hells Bells,” Tyvan cursed aloud, notching another arrow in a hurried fashion. “How could he have missed?” he thought. Maybe Anaki was right; maybe it was just stupid luck that he had taken down the Volnoka beast.

His second chance was no better, missing his intended target by at least twelve inches. With the spotlight blinding him, he went to his tried and true option: the hand cannon. Taking a precise aim, he eased the trigger back and destroyed the tower. In another decisive motion, he leveled the second sentry tower and then shredded a hole through the fence with a third resounding shot that echoed from the cliffs.

Stealth was completely out the window, and he sprinted with haste through the tear in the fence. He realized at any moment he would be neck deep in a shit storm from the three dynamite-like blasts of his hand cannon. The weapon was awesomely powerful, but the recoil and ear shattering noise were its major drawbacks.

Finding the outer generators, he removed his hunting knife and sliced the main line, dimming most of the exterior lights. He then took a chain cutter from the back of the closest mining vehicle that was left

unattended and made for the out buildings. Two Pelican sentries bore down on his position, carrying flashlights, with a dozen green aliens following.

Tyvan removed his arrow with three hand cannon rounds attached at the tip and notched it to the bow string. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to see what it could do. He let it fly towards the sheer rock face above the opening to the mine. The mighty explosion shook the complex and caused a rock slide to partially block the shaft entrance. Using the diversion, he sprinted to the other end of the compound, seeing the first of the cages. Anaki's people had been imprisoned as common criminals.

A group of the prisoners huddled together after seeing the large explosion. When the mud-faced man came into view, the blue aliens backed away, showing fear in their large golden eyes. Tyvan sighed, not seeing Anaki among the people, and then cut away the thick lock barricading the cell door with the powerful jaws of the chain cutter.

"Go!" he shouted. "Freedom is through the fence." He pointed the direction as he swung to the second cell several yards away, and raced to it.

Breaking the second cell lock, he inwardly shuddered in fear that he may not find her in time. The green aliens were on the move and searching the grounds like rabid dogs. He sliced through the third lock without even looking inside the cell. Suddenly, he was knocked from his feet, the chain cutter spiraling from his hands. He tried to rise, but the weight of a body was on top of him, pinning him to the ground. The blue alien hissed over him, bearing her fangs in a menacing display.

"Anaki!" he barely voiced as her grip tightened around his throat.

"Tyvan?" she replied, moving her hands to his face to flake away some of the dried mud. "Tyvan!" Her eyes lit up like the stars, and she leaned down, pressing her chest into his, embracing him securely. "It is you," she uttered with a crack in her voice. "You came...for me."

“Did you have any doubts?” he asked, almost unable to breath from her python hold around his upper torso.

“You should not be here. Bad place. You risk yourself for me,” she said stubbornly, pulling Tyvan to his feet.

“I would risk everything for you, Anaki. I love you,” he said without hesitation. She forced Tyvan to her open mouth and darted a tongue against his, kissing him feverishly. Their mouths accepted one another with a sense of urgency—longing.

Painfully, he willed himself away from her soft, succulent lips, aware of the chaos brewing all around them. More green aliens were pouring out of the other buildings carrying spiked clubs. Tyvan gave Anaki his bow and quiver of arrows. “Take this. You are far better with it than I am. Lead your people to safety, Anaki. There is a way out down there,” he advised, gesturing towards the fence with a gaping hole.

“Tyvan!” she said, her voice in a panic. “You come with me!”

“There is one more thing I must do first. Get going, Anaki., The guards will be upon us soon. Trust me. I will find you again.”

“I love you, Tyvan,” she said, with a lone tear tracing the line of her nose. He could see the torment in her large golden eyes, but with one last kiss, she tore herself away from the mud faced warrior to release the other prisoners—to free her people.

Six large Harracks galloped towards the intruder as he scrambled to the far building. Tyvan could not out run them, and he stopped cold to steady his hand cannon. He shot in the ground, leading the sentries by several yards, and they went vaulting from their feet to land hard against a pile of rocks. None of them had the energy or will to pursue the chase after feeling the force of the powerful blast.

\* \* \* \*

The explosions did nothing to hinder Queen Oluna’s growing arousal. She believed that the human miners had merely begun to

blast the walls of the ore mine. It was a slight nuisance, but nothing swayed her attention from the three humans at the center of the throne room. She had sought entry into herself with a tip of a single finger, her hand hidden beneath the robe, and her slow movements inside her own body went unnoticed. The finger delicately brushed against her clitoris to tickle the inner walls of her vagina. She was wet, the pungent odor of her own desire filling her nostrils.

Watching the mating ritual of the humans was far more visually stimulating than she ever imagined. Their oiled bodies glistened with sweat, and their undulating movements into each other were extraordinary. She watched in satisfaction as Chloe was on all fours, Glenn behind her, penetrating her deeply over and over again. She rather enjoyed the change of positions and the soft whimpers Chloe released after every thrust. The big man was under her. Chloe's mouth, consuming him, moved up and down the length of his shaft. His large hand on back of her head, keeping her mouth in place, thrusting his hips into her, the queen could not peel her eyes away from the scene...

Oluna was curious. Chloe gagged often, but continued to suck as much of his male organ as physically possible. "Why would this action facilitate procreation?" Oluna thought. She didn't care anymore and desperately wanted to see the big one have his turn with Chloe.

Oluna's fingers continued to work on herself, each brush past her tenderness bringing her closer to something amazing. Even her own Harrack warriors did not have this effect on her. Watching Chloe's mouth around the girth of Brogun's cock inspired her to completely lose her robe. Naked, she sat in her own puddle of fluids, driving two fingers inside her body, stimulating herself. Never, in all of her two hundred years of life, had she ever found a need to touch herself until now. This went on for several minutes, until suddenly she had enough.

She rose gracefully from the throne and sauntered to the center of the room to lay with her back on the floor as Chloe did in the

beginning of the joining. Spreading her legs wide, she called to the human giant. “Brogun! Enter me!” she commanded in an authoritative tone. Brogun’s eyes widened, and he gulped, seeing the green alien woman spread before him. The silver robe had concealed a very tight and desirable body—full, but soft breasts and large forest green nipples perfect for suckling. Her face beckoned Brogun to join her.

The big man probed the alien woman with his eyes. The sheen on her inner thighs caused by the gentle slit between her legs forced his gaze there. Brogun had trouble believing what was waiting for him—a green alien beauty. Then, an opportunity for escape flashed through his mind. He could easily manipulate the woman if he were on top of her. He could crush her neck if need be, and all of this would end.

Chloe had stroked his length as she sucked in the head of his cock, letting it slide to the back of her throat over and over again. The motions were starting to take a toll on the back of her neck, and she felt her throat becoming raw. Still, she could not get enough into her mouth for him to climax. It was frustrating for Chloe. Several times he was on the verge and then another blast would sound, causing an obvious set back.

Chloe had already reached an orgasm with Glenn pounding into her, and she was nearing a second, but her attention was on the alien queen now. She was against the idea of Brogun sticking his dick into the alien, and she held onto his cock firmly, not wanting him to go to her.

“This may be a trick,” she said, allowing his thick shaft to fall from her mouth.

“I have an idea,” he replied, easing her hand away from the base of his throbbing cock. He crawled towards the alien queen and settled over the top of her, the head of his wide penis resting against her dark green folds. Oluna bit her lower lip and clenched his muscled shoulders. She arched against his growth, hoping to have it fill her body. He resisted the initial urge to impale her and felt her squirm under his powerful grip. Again she wiggled her hips towards his stiff

cock, and he held her at bay, feeling her desire wet the tip of his penis. She was on fire. The heat emanating from her precious folds was almost unbearable.

She grunted and took hold of his square jaw, her eyes narrowing. "What are you waiting for?" she asked bitterly. "Do it...please. Do it like Glenn is doing to Chloe." With her voice trailing, Brogun knew he could break her. He did not need to use force on the woman to get what he wanted.

The big man happily moved into her, almost unable to split her opening at first. Oluna squealed under his pressure, her tightness squeezing around him. She grunted again and yelled something in a different language. Her entire body was trembling beneath his weight and he grinned. "Am I hurting you, Oluna?"

"Yes!" she eked out. "But if you stop, I will have you all taken to the pit." Her crooked smirk told Brogun she was lying about the pit. He sank deeper into her, trying to find her cervix, and her long muscular legs swept around his waist to lock him into place, her large eyes lost in his for a moment. The once-dominant queen looked open and vulnerable right now

Her pussy was exceedingly warm and tight and felt as if he was trying to steal away her virginity. She cried out as he inched into her. Inch by painful inch, she accepted his swollen cock, sucking him into her body. He then stopped his movement halfway, allowing her juices to build around him as she dug her ankles into him.

"Do you want me to continue?" he asked in a husky voice, brushing his lips against hers.

"Ple....ase," she stressed. "Don't stop."

He sank just a little deeper. "Release my friends, and I will give you every inch."

"Anything!" she sputtered. "I agree to anything." Her body shook and shifted below him as he thrust fully into her tight crease. The muscles of her inner walls seemingly sucked him in further, begging for his fullness.



Chloe and Glenn having both reached a climax twice, laid together watching the unbelievable spectacle—Brogun pounding into the alien queen, again and again, every deep stroke sending Queen Oluna to the brink of oblivion. Chloe was surprised at herself for growing warm watching them. Brogun was not gentle, and she secretly wondered what it would be like if it were her beneath him.

## Chapter 17

Tyvan viewed the scene from the fenced roof of the building where a domed skylight had been installed. He was utterly confused as to what was happening. It appeared that a very large human was going to town on a green alien woman, destroying her. And Chloe, her body glistening with oil, was lying naked next to another man, mere inches away from the action. What was going on? Was she seduced into some alien perversion? Some alien sexual orgy involving the use of humans?

The engines of the Pelican sounded and left the compound seeking the sanctity of space. The blasts must have scared the pilots into taking evasive maneuvers from an attack. Little did they know, it was only one man and a hand cannon. Some of the mining crew had been left behind, but most made it safely back on board.

He was there to save Chloe and had seen enough of the big man impaling the alien woman to last a lifetime. He crashed through the domed skylight and dropped heavily to the floor. Quickly gathering himself, he waved his guns towards the alien guards along the far wall.

The queen saw this, but could do nothing as Brogun drove himself into her. Her large eyes widened even further as Brogun erupted inside her, sending waves of his warm seed towards her cervix. Her entire body went into spasm, her orgasm sucking Brogun's huge cock into her further. The inner lining of her silken walls pulsated around him as if milking him for every drop of seed. Her sight faltered momentarily and everything went blurry

She unhinged her legs from around Brogun's waist and gazed into

the human's eyes, in awe of the feeling he had given her. "I feel weak," she admitted in shortened breaths.

Brogun smiled down at her. "The feeling is mutual. I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Only a little," she purred back at him, moving a slender finger over his lips.

"Could someone explain to me what in the hell is going on here?" Tyvan asked, keeping his weapon fixed on the guards. For the moment, he ignored the green alien woman. She did not appear to be a threat.

Chloe jumped to her feet, hearing Tyvan's voice. Was it really him? His body was covered in mud and he had the appearance of a tribal warrior, fresh from the Amazon jungles.

"Come on, Chloe," he urged. "I am getting you out of this place."

It was definitely Tyvan. She half ran to his side, wrapped her arms around him, scratching away some mud from his face, and kissed him without thought. "I was told you were killed, Tyvan," she said, her voice strained. "I am so happy you are alive."

He smelled the strong stench of sex on her and bit back his anger. "Did they force you into this? And why are you here?"

"I came to find you, and I met Glenn Mathias. He traveled here to recover the AI brain from your craft if it was still intact. Braxton, the slime ball, tried to have us all killed while we were on the Pelican. It was terrible, Tyvan," she tried explaining. "Brogun," she said motioning to the giant standing next to the alien queen, his spent cock still dripping seed. "He saved our lives on the ship and then we were forced off the Pelican and sent here."

"For what purpose?" Tyvan queried with a clenched jaw, his temper showing.

The Harrack Queen slid into her robe, belted it at the waist, and then inspected the filthy looking human. "For my entertainment," she said plainly. "I purchased all three from the ship's security forces, or they would have been executed for treason."

“Braxton’s form of treason,” Glenn abruptly put in. “I will see to it that he receives the full brunt of justice for this. He will pay for his crimes.”

“What exactly did she mean by entertainment purposes?” Tyvan asked wearily. Chloe turned from his gaze, feeling her cheeks turn red. Glenn Mathias and Brogun were speechless.

Queen Oluna sat in her throne, feeling a rush of warm seed leaking from her tender slit. “I saved them for mating. I wanted to see the act for myself. I was growing increasingly curious ever since your species was known to me two years ago.” A sultry grin crossed the lovely lines of her alien features. “And I must admit that I envy what you humans experience through a joining.” Her hand went out to softly settle on Brogun’s wide shoulder. “It is extremely pleasurable. Very different from what we Harracks are used to.”

Tyvan’s eyes grew dark and menacing, causing Chloe to turn even a brighter shade of red along her high cheek bones. “Did she force you to have sex, Chloe?”

“At first I was... Then I wanted to,” she admitted, having trouble with staring Tyvan in the face, his eyes bearing down on her.

“With who?” he asked raising his hand cannon towards the alien queen.

“Both,” she said weakly.

“Both!” he echoed in a stunned voice. “You have got to be kidding me. That’s it. The alien bitch dies.” He cocked the hammer back on his weapon, and Brogun stepped in front of Queen Oluna, protecting her.

Chloe laid a hand on Tyvan’s gun arm, and he slowly lowered it down. “I wanted it to happen, Tyvan. At the time we had no choice. Brogun and Glenn are both good men, and they didn’t do anything to me I objected to.”

“How is hearing this supposed to make me feel any better? God! Why do I feel like someone just drop kicked me in the balls right now?”

“It was a strange moment to be sure, Ty,” she tried explaining in a humbled voice. “It just sort of happened.”

The silence within the room grew as Tyvan’s once dark features began to lighten.

“Queen Oluna,” Glenn said, breaking the shroud of silence. “I hate to interrupt this joyous moment, but you did say we are free to leave.”

“You are correct, Officer Mathias. I will not hold you captive here. You are free to choose your own path.”

“You won’t get too damn far, Glenn,” Tyvan said with disdain in his tone. “The Pelican up and left. No leaving this planet now. No way of getting back to Terramora.

“That’s it, then,” Glenn said, tossing his hands in the air, shaking his head. “It’s over. Braxton wins after all.”

“Officer Mathias,” Oluna said with a rueful smirk. “Is it your wish to return to Terramora?”

“Absolutely. I have to inform the Federation of Braxton’s actions. The man is dangerous and has to be stopped.”

“I have two flying crafts left behind by the crew that constructed this camp. I was told they were outdated, but they operate efficiently. There are also large canisters of fuel in the building near the flight pad. I will, however, need one promise from you before you leave.”

“What is it that you ask of me?”

“Braxton guaranteed to protect our planet from a Turian invasion. Will your Federation be able to do the same?”

“If the Turian threat is real, I will make sure our reach extends to Urtopia,” he promised.

“Thank you, Officer Mathias.”

“What about the people of this planet?” Tyvan asked Queen Oluna, unable to disguise the bitterness in his tone. “You had them caged like animals, enslaved to do your bidding.”

“Why do you concern yourself with the Nashia? They are impossible to domesticate and were bred for such purposes decades

ago.”

“They are a good people—a kind people. They deserve better than to be treated as slaves. I have befriended one in particular, and she is very intelligent, learning my language within days. You underestimate their abilities, Oluna.” He took a deep breath, calming his words, his hands visibly shaking. “Glenn will only agree to your proposal if you allow the Nashia people to remain free and never attempt to hunt them again.”

“I will?” Glenn asked in confusion, having no idea what Tyvan Sheppard was talking about.

Tyvan gazed at Glenn fiercely, his eyes turning feral. “I will... I will, already,” Glenn said, agreeing to the proposal.

“I have no other option than to agree with your demand,” Oluna said with little hesitation. “I will allow the Nashia their unencumbered freedom.”

“I have your word on that?” Tyvan asked.

“I am the Harrack Queen, and my word is my bond.” She then led the group to the ships at the far end of the complex.

Glenn could plainly see that with minor tuning the older vessels would be suitable for flight. He released a holding breath, aware that they could reach civilization once again. He could have the twelve-passenger Falcon up and running in a few hours with a few parts from the other ship.

Brogun and Glenn began the tedious repairs of the Falcon while Chloe and Tyvan snuck away to a secluded spot behind a colorful rock formation. She looked like a goddess from a fairy tale in her thin white robe and golden hair that was flowing over her rounded shoulders. He still had very fond feelings for the woman bathed in moonlight sitting next to him.

“Are you mad at me?” Chloe finally asked in a sweet voice.

“How could I be mad at you, Chloe?” he said with a warm smile. “You risked your life trying to find me when everyone else thought I was dead.” He took her hands and kissed the backs of each one. “You

journeyed here for over two months, only to have Braxton betray you. He is only concerned with this mining operation and will do anything to conceal it. I understand the stresses you had to endure.”

She gave Tyvan a wide smile. “Can you believe we will be leaving this place and returning home together? Maybe...we can start over. A new beginning to our relationship.”

“Is that what you would really want, Chloe? I sense some hesitation in your voice.”

She sighed, “I loved you. I was falling in love with you. I just never felt much in return. And now I met Glenn Mathias to make matters even more difficult for me. You came here dressed as a jungle native to rescue me, and I am overwhelmed with those old feelings we used to share together, those magical moments when we were together. You made me feel special, Ty. Not many men have that effect on me. I am more confused than any other time in my life. So much has happened since you signed on for the probe mission.”

“You like this Glenn character?”

“He is a sweet man and would do anything to see me happy.”

“You are a rare catch, Chloe Jones. And one of the most interesting people I ever had the pleasure of knowing. We did have some fine times together, sweetness. I will make your decision an easy one,” Tyvan said with a pause, feeling a weight being lifted from his chest. “I am not taking the journey back to Terramora, or Earth, for that matter. I had enough of that life. I am free here and have found true peace for the first time in many years. My home is here, and I am staying.”

Chloe inwardly shuddered, unable to comprehend his words. “Why would you stay here on this alien planet, Ty? There is nothing here. No schools or hospitals. No roads leading to civilization. It is all trees and mountains,” she said, her eyes becoming glossy.

“Come on, love. Don’t start crying on me. You know I can’t take it when you cry.” He wrapped her tightly in his arms, and he had forgotten just how nice she felt pressed up against him. “I have no

desire to go back to that life, piloting freighters for months at a time. It was no way to live. I realize now that I must have neglected you. I put you through hell every time I left on an extended mission. I don't want you to worry anymore. This place... This magnificent place is the closest thing to heaven for me."

Chloe managed a rueful smile and looked at him sideways. "You have gone completely insane, you do realize that."

They both chuckled heartily as Chloe moved her arms around Tyvan's waist. "We always knew how to laugh together. You were fun, Tyvan, and I will miss you dearly."

"I will miss you as well, beauty."

"One last kiss for old time sake," she said, lifting her mouth to his. The kiss was sweet and long, causing her toes to curl under her feet. He always had been one of the best in that department. As their tongues met she knew for certain it was his way of saying goodbye. It was a dance of what was and what could have been. She tasted the saltiness of his lips in the kiss through her own tears and cherished the fact that this wonderful man was still alive.

She would never forget this man.

Chloe Jones was a strong woman, independent, and very intelligent. She didn't need him. She only thought she did.

"Chloe," a voice rang out through the darkness. It was an excited Glenn Mathias. "The shuttle is ready and loaded with supplies. Are you ready?"

She peered into Tyvan's eyes, looking for any sign that he may return to Terramora with her. She saw none. "I am ready," she replied, slowly moving from Tyvan's embrace.

Glenn glanced at Tyvan as they made their way to the shuttle. "Are you coming with us?" he asked.

"No. My place is here, Glenn. I have what you were searching for. Eve's brain is fully intact, and I believe it contains enough information to bring down Braxton."

"I have no idea why you would want to stay here, Captain



Sheppard, but that's your call. I would greatly appreciate it if you led me to Eve."

"Let's go and retrieve her."

As the powerful jets ignited, Queen Oluna placed a hand on Brogun's muscled shoulder. "Perhaps you could stay with me for a while, Brogun. I could use someone with your talents." She leaned in close, lightly brushing his ear with her plump lips. "You would be treated as a king, and I would personally see to it that every one of your desires would be fulfilled."

The big man walked over to Chloe and gave her a bear hug, wrapping his wide paws around her. She looked so tiny in his huge arms. "Take care of this one," he told Glenn. "She is a breath of fresh air."

"That goes without saying, big man. I suppose you won't be accompanying us back to Terramora?"

"I have a very tempting offer that is impossible to refuse," he replied, glancing back towards Oluna. The Harrack Queen smiled, taking Brogun's hand into hers.

"So be it," Glenn said while boarding the vessel. "I will try to return within the year. I am certain the Federation will have thoughts of colonizing this planet. It resembles a young Earth with many possibilities."

\* \* \* \*

Tyvan gave Glenn Mathias the AI brain and wished him well on his travels. He had also warned the young Federation officer that he would return to Terramora if he ever hurt Chloe in any way. As he watched the Falcon slip away into the great beyond, a tawny spark of fear settled over him. He had actually refused going back to civilization. There was no returning—ever. His apprehensions grew while gazing around Anaki's hovel. He was the only one there for now.

The next few days he had hunted, gathered wood, and arranged the dwelling to his specifications while dreaming of the wonderful blue alien huntress that had changed his life forever. Every minute seemed like time lost without Anaki in it.

On the fourth day, he saw a small band of the Nashia people topping the crown of the hill. Anaki was leading her clan members back home. She smiled so wide her full set of fangs showed in the sunlight as she trotted to him. She sprinted with a liquid grace that dazzled him. “Yep,” he told himself. She had every intention of tackling him, and it was going to hurt, but only for a little while.

\* \* \* \*

As they traversed the Helios system, Glenn held Chloe in his arms. “What do you think Tyvan is doing all alone on that planet?” Chloe asked, fixating on Glenn’s boyish face.

“Only the heavens know the answer to that one.” Glenn’s expression was somber, and Chloe could tell something was troubling him.

“What is wrong? We are going home, Glenn. You have the AI brain and Tyvan was still alive by some miracle.”

“It will be a long two months, my dear. And these accommodations are tight.”

She reached out to grip the bulge of his flight suit, tracing the outline of his cock over the material with the tips of her fingers. His hands went up to instinctively caress both of her breasts as he leaned into her, feeling the heat of her body.

“I can think of a few things we could do to make the trip more interesting,” she whispered into his ear. The flesh of his cock swelled in her hand, and she grinned devilishly. “That is, if you don’t have any objections.”

“I would never refuse you, Chloe. Just promise me one thing.”

“Anything.”

“The only cock you’re going to suck from here on out is mine. Got it!” Feeling her fingers work the front of his suit open, he was exposed to her, and his back rested against the side hull of the ship. She went to her knees and gripped his shaft firmly, looking up into his eyes.

“That I can do,” she promised, parting her lips to allow his purpled head to slide into her mouth. Fisting her hair, he sighed a moan of gratification.

\* \* \* \*

Glenn and Chloe led the team of Federation officers into Charles Braxton’s den on Terramora. Their two-month voyage together went by all too quickly. The lavishly decorated room was empty with no trace of the general. Mathias cursed under his breath and then sighed.

“It appears that the general decided to flee,” he said, waving off the other Federation soldiers.

“That spineless bastard,” Chloe quipped, placing her small caliber pistol back into her holster. “I wanted to graze him in the nuts with this thing. Make him—you know—uncomfortable for a while.”

“Don’t worry, my love. Yurito is in our custody along with most of the crooked council members. It will just be a matter of time before we catch up to Braxton.”

“What now?” Chloe asked, as she felt Glenn’s arm wrap over her shoulder protectively. He kissed her forehead.

“I will search for him along the outer rim,” he replied flatly. “Braxton will more than likely try to hide himself away there.”

“Well, I am going with you then,” she stated pugnaciously.

“Do you enjoy danger?” he asked, seeing her break into a robust smile.

“I want to be with you. Wherever you go, I will go.”

“You are such a bull-headed woman, Chloe Jones.” He found her soft lips, and she had no trouble accepting his wanton tongue.

“Would you have me any other way?”

“I wouldn’t change a thing. You are the perfect woman.”

“Shut up and kiss me.”

“Your wish is my command, my love.” He knew he had the woman of his dreams.

“Count me out of this one,” Dr. Weiss said, finding the two in a lustful embrace. “I had enough of deep space missions for a long, long time.”

“You’re the best ship med we have,” Mathias said with a chuckle, happy to see the old man alive.

“I am the only one you have.”

“Besides that fact, I am sure we can work out a deal for your services.”

“Just find Braxton and that will be payment enough.”

“You can count on that, my friend,” Mathias replied, patting the doctor on the shoulder.

# THE END

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Missouri and Illinois are my usual stomping grounds. I grew up in rural town just east of the Mississippi River, across from St. Louis. I have been in law enforcement, doing my part to protect the mid-west for the past twelve years. I enjoy working with people and helping others to improve their lives.

For nine years I have been a major crimes investigator and I can tell you it's not like CSI.

The biggest joy for me is spending time with my beautiful boys and watching them grow. Life is every bit a miracle and it keeps me in awe every day.



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