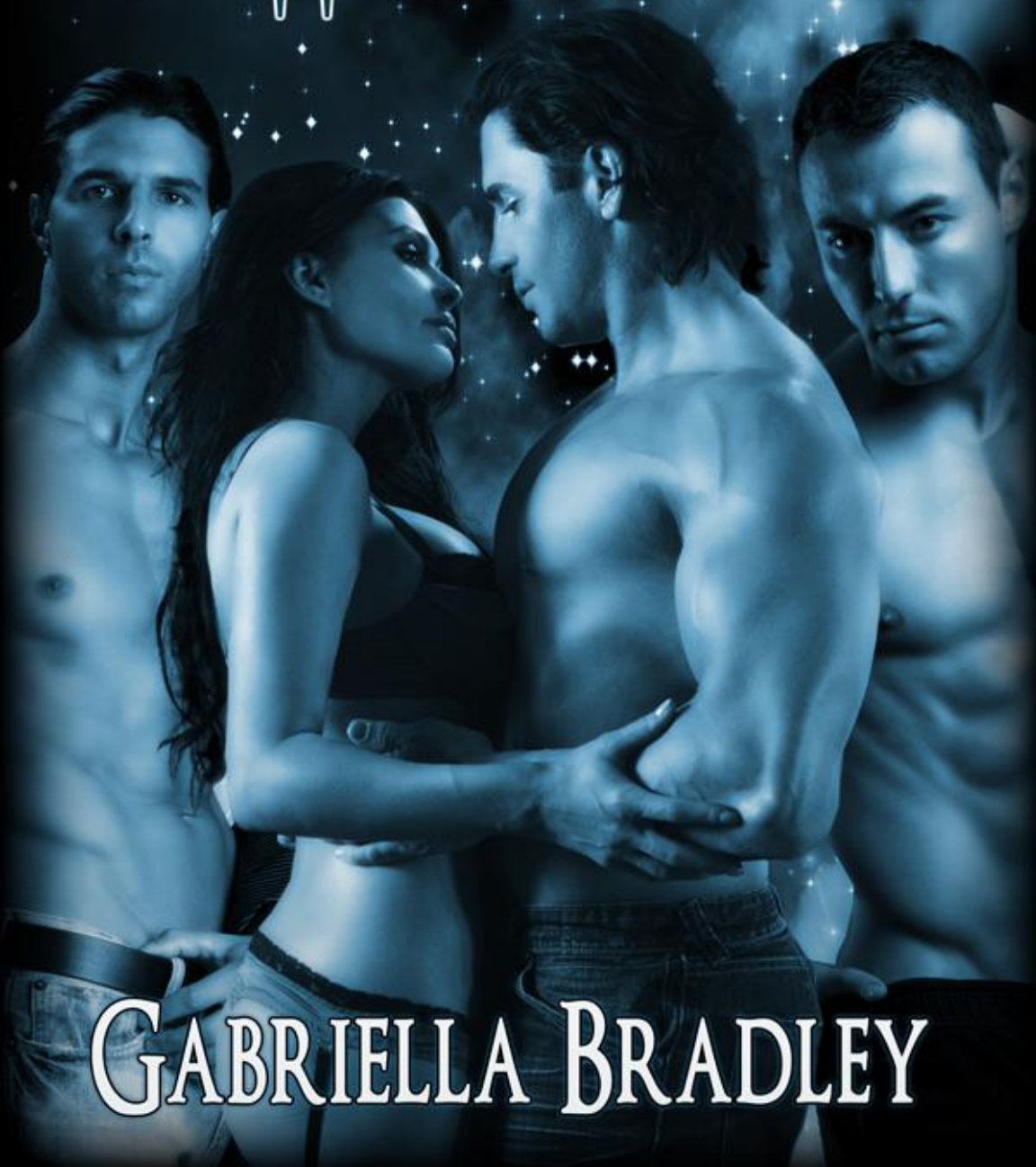


THE ORGASM WHISPERER



GABRIELLA BRADLEY

Amaia has inherited the family talent! There is only one way to make it stop--she has to meet her soul mate, bond with him and consummate the relationship. But, how does one find him? Will she be an orgasm whisperer for just a short while or be stuck with it for years?

What's worse, when her mother enlightens her on how to use her gift, she also learns there's alien blood flowing through her veins and she has more abilities that will become apparent. It all seems like a science fiction nightmare, impossible to believe--something her imaginative mother had dreamed up.

When three to die for men enter her life, she feels attraction for all three, and worse, she feels bonded to all three. Is one of these men her soul mate? Will her orgasm whispering be over before it barely started? And how can she choose when her heart and body wants them all?

THE ORGASM WHISPERER

By

GABRIELLA BRADLEY

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The Orgasm Whisperer
Copyright © 2011 Gabriella Bradley
ISBN: 978-1-55487-778-2
Cover art by Martine Jardin

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Published by eXtasy Books
Look for us online at:
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CHAPTER ONE

That's the last fucking time I'll invite a man over for dinner. I thought Brent would be the one, that I'd finally met the man of my dreams, and he turns into a raging oversexed lunatic who couldn't even get a hard one. Well, maybe it's a good thing he made a drunken idiot out of himself. Better to find out early. And to sit there on my couch watching the shopping network with his fly wide open trying to get that pathetic piece of limp flesh he dares to call a cock to get hard and begging me to blow him? What a fucking loser! I do pick all the winners. Thank God I got him to leave, even if I had to almost drag him to the cab.

The elevator door slid open and the woman hurried out of it, leaving Amaia alone battling with her own thoughts. So what should she have done? Let on that she knew the woman's thoughts? Tried to talk to her? How could she help in such a case? She didn't have a clue. Hurrying out of it on her floor she was glad to be home and away from people's thoughts.

After getting out of her uniform and changing into her sweat suit, she curled up on the couch with a book. It was late, but the episode in the elevator had disturbed her, just like all the thoughts she'd caught in the hospital of late. Sometimes, there were several voices in her head at once causing her brain to spin in circles. She finally threw the book across the room. So, out of four sisters, she was the unlucky one to have inherited it.

She'd known for years, ever since she was in her teens, that when she turned twenty-one, there was a possibility she could inherit it. All these years she hoped that it wasn't so, that her mother dreamed up some crazy superstition. Her three sisters didn't have it so she thought it would pass her by, too. Nevertheless, it didn't and now she was stuck with it. Her sweet mother had the curse, had lived with it since her coming of age, and she said it wasn't so bad. *It wasn't?* Suddenly, she could hear all the thoughts of people who had sexual problems—not being able to have an orgasm, finding no satisfaction, unhappiness in their relationship, secret sexual wishes, and

according to what her mother told her it was her task to help them. She needed answers and she needed them now. It was time to talk to her mother about it all. Disregarding the late hour, she quickly put on her shoes and a jacket, grabbed her car keys, and hurried out of her apartment to the elevator.

The door slid open. Amaia joined a young couple who stood silently, wearing expressions on their faces as if they'd just had a quarrel. They looked like they were going to a late night party. The woman was dressed in a pretty, red cocktail dress and the man wore a suit and tie. While the elevator descended to the parking garage, Amaia heard their thoughts, loud and clear.

Damn, we're late. We'll look like idiots arriving at this late hour. All because he wanted to fuck before we left. I wish he wouldn't make love to me so fast. I hardly have time to get horny. Hell, it's not even making love. He's hard, he fucks me, and that's it. He rolls over and goes to sleep or he gets off the bed to go to work or whatever else he's up to that day. If I wanted fuck sessions, I could have become a hooker.

Why is she always so cool and aloof, so cold in bed? Why does she turn her face away when I want to kiss her? Why doesn't she ever touch my cock, even when I ask her to? What does it take to get her really horny? I love her, but I need a real woman in my bed, someone who is spontaneous, a woman who will lick me, fondle me, suck me off, a woman with some imagination. A woman who enjoys it. Fucking hell, I need a woman who really loves me and isn't afraid to show it.

I wish he didn't want it all the time. It seems that cock of his is always stiff. Fucking, that's all he can think about, night and day. He behaves like some kind of sex maniac. Is this what marriage is all about? Where has the romance gone? Before we got married, he was different. He was sweet, loving, romantic, did anything and everything for me and kissed me all the time, long sexy kisses. Where did all that go? I should have had sex with him before we got hitched. I would have found out in time that his love was centered in one place only, that fat thing hanging between his legs. I doubt I would have married him.

Before we got married she was so sweet, innocent, loving and warm, then on our wedding night, she turned into the proverbial ice queen. See, you never really know what a woman is like until you've fucked them a few times. I never should have married her without fucking her first.

Amaia sighed and was glad when the elevator door opened and their thoughts faded. Still feeling troubled about the couple, about a marriage that seemingly was in a lot of trouble, she hurried to her car, opened the door, got in, and drove out of the parking lot. At this point, she had no idea what to do, even less of getting rid of this affliction. Hopefully, her mother could help her.

Amaia found her mother sitting at the kitchen table drinking a cup of tea. “Amaia, I thought you would have gone to bed by now. Can’t sleep? Would you like a cup of tea?”

Amaia nodded while sinking down on a chair opposite her mother. “I really need to talk to you and I know you wouldn’t mind, Mom, since you’re always up very late, and the curse you’ve always warned me about more than troubles me. Seems I’m the one who inherited it and I don’t know what the hell to do. It started just after my birthday and I kept hoping it would go away, but it seems I’m stuck with it.”

“You should have come and talked to me before now. Sweetheart, my children can visit me any time of the day or night, except when I’m busy with a client. You know I rarely get a very late call or in the middle of the night.”

When Jasmine handed her a steaming cup, Amaia sipped from the delicious savory liquid. You couldn’t buy her mother’s tea in stores. She made it from special herbs and spices, a blend her mother had concocted herself and was her own secret recipe. Over the rim of her cup, Amaia looked at her. She’d hardly aged over the years. Amaia was always amazed how young she looked, young enough to be her sister. But no one would ever mistake them for sisters. Amaia’s mother looked pure Japanese and her father was Caucasian, very blond and blue-eyed. Amaia was a mixture of the two. She had black hair, lighter skin than her mother, and her eyes were a midnight blue, a color that was highly unusual. They were such a deep blue that people had to look closely to see what color they really were. It was her main, striking feature that fascinated the men she dated and her friends envied her for. And now her life would drastically change. It was because of the thinning of the bloodline, as her mother called it, that she’d hoped, just like it had her sisters, the damn curse would bypass her. And according to her mother, it was only passed on to a daughter. If it weren’t for the fact that she could suddenly hear all the thoughts of people’s sexual problems, she’d never have believed it to be true, that it was just one of her dreamy mother’s fantasies.

“So how am I supposed to go about this, Mom? I just approach a person,

tell them my name and inform them that I can help them with their sexual problems, help them reach an orgasm? You've told me this could come, but you've never told me how I do it. Then again, I probably wouldn't have listened. I didn't really believe it."

"So you are the one who is closest to me in genes. I really hoped it would have stopped with me. Why didn't you tell me right away?"

"I thought I was hallucinating at first."

"Honey, until I knew which of my daughters would inherit the curse, or if any of them even would, it didn't make any sense to tell you and your sisters how it all works. But I always had a feeling that you would be the one. The night you were born, it rained, a lovely summer rain which strongly reminded me of my parents and how they named me, hence my Japanese name Amaya Hana, Hana stands for rain, Amaya for flower, and that night I also had a premonition about passing the curse on to you."

"There's so much you've never told me, like how and where did it begin? Did my grandmother have it? Are any other Japanese people afflicted with it?"

"No, I know for sure no one else in Japan has this ability. That's why I didn't tell you until you were in your teens and why I've always sworn all my daughters to secrecy. Imagine what your friends would have thought if you had ever told them. Young girls have a habit of babbling, even if they promise never to tell."

"I don't even want to imagine. They would have made fun of me, ridiculed me. But you didn't answer my questions and I need answers, now, tonight. My birthday was only a few days ago and already I'm hearing these thoughts everywhere, on the bus, on the train, just walking through a store, and even passersby on the street seem to think about sex. And will it ever stop? Do *you* still have to help people with their orgasm problems? You know, it's too ludicrous to be true, and if I suddenly didn't have the ability of hearing people's thoughts, I'd still think it was one of your fantasies or superstitions. Does it ever stop?"

"When does it stop, my sweet girl? When your heart and soul bond with your soul mate and when you consummate the relationship. That's why it was so important for you to remain a virgin. If you would have been promiscuous and lost your virginity, no matter if you found your soul mate, the curse would remain with you forever because you gave yourself to the wrong man."

"So you don't hear people's thoughts anymore?"

"I do. But once you have bonded with your soul mate, the curse becomes a gift. I don't hear their sexual problems or sexual wishes anymore, but rather

their life problems and when they're in need of spiritual help. My gift became a blessing for many. And when the curse changed into the gift, I also gained psychic abilities. You know I can often foresee tragedy, accidents, illness, other things, and that I also have healing powers. You've known that since you were just a small child."

"I always thought that reading the tarot for people was just your way of making an income. Life wasn't easy for you raising five young children on your own. I was just five when Dad died and Harry was fourteen. It must have been difficult. Until I got older, I always felt weird if my friends asked me what kind of work my mother did and I told them you were a fortuneteller."

"It wasn't easy, but my gift helped me through those years. It gave me a nice income, and it still does. When the curse becomes a gift, you'll learn to appreciate it, as I have. I'd hardly call my abilities fortunetelling. Gifted psychic would be a more appropriate term."

"Why do you call, what I have now, a curse? I mean, it's a special power, more of a gift, too, isn't it?"

"Because before I met your father, my soul mate, and married, I hated it so I decided it was a curse. I didn't want to hear people's sexual problems and I hated helping any of them because it involved being there with them sometimes, watching them have sex, or masturbating."

"Holy shit, that's just what I always wanted for a career, to become a voyeur. To change the subject, why didn't you ever marry again, Mom?"

"First of all, there aren't many men who would have taken on the responsibility of five children. And I doubt I could have loved any other man the way I loved your father. I wasn't going to look for a husband just for the sake of having his income. Your father was my true soul mate. I don't think another one exists for me. There is only one soul mate in this world for us. People are fortunate if they meet him or her. That's why there are so many mismatched couples. They didn't wait for their true love."

"I don't believe that. I think we can have more than one soul mate destined for us."

"I don't know exactly that if one fell in love again, that person would be a soul mate. It would be attraction maybe, a thirst for companion ship, sexual satisfaction, but not true love. It's my belief there's only one soul mate for each person. If it were more than one, it would be interesting. It means some people would end up with more than one partner in the hereafter. But to marry again isn't for me. I've never met any man who even remotely interested me."

“Why do so many people still love their partner with all their heart, yet stray? Even if they love their wife or husband, they become incredibly attracted to someone else and fall in love with that person, too. It has broken up many a marriage. If those people realized that they’d only found another soul mate, if both partners believed in such, maybe they wouldn’t divorce and be able to share their partner. Maybe that’s why the Mormons have so many wives. And under Muslim law a man can have up to four wives.”

“You have a strange way of looking at life, daughter. As for the Mormons and Muslims, if what you say would be true, then it should go the other way, too, and a woman could have more than one husband.”

“It’s illegal here to marry more than one. It’s bigamy, but there are people who live common law with two or more partners. Let’s go back to the subject at hand. How do I approach the people I need to help? How does one do that? I somehow befriend them and then hop into bed with them? As if I want to make out with a woman. And how does one stay a virgin that way? Yikes!”

“You don’t hop into bed with anyone. You’ll have the ability to make yourself invisible once I tell you how.”

“Okay, now I’ve heard everything. I’ve never seen you make yourself invisible. Does that go away as well once you find your soul mate and bond with him?”

“No, you’ll always have that ability, but once you stop being an orgasm whisperer, you’ll not need it.”

“I guess it could come in handy at times. It has limitless possibilities. How do I do that? How do you control it? Did my father know about all of this? Did he know you could make yourself invisible?” Amaia looked at her beautiful, dainty mother and still couldn’t believe it all. Her father’s and mother’s romance was a true love story, which Amaia often talked about to friends if they doubted that true love existed. Jasmine had told her so many beautiful stories about their courting, how romantic it all was.

One such story was about how she got her English name. When her father met her mother in Japan, jasmine had been in full bloom, so when she told him that the meaning of her Japanese name was flower, he called her Jasmine because she reminded him of the fragile, fragrant flower, and she’d always stayed Jasmine.

“No, your father didn’t know about the curse or ability to make myself invisible to others. He only knew about my ability to foresee the future, my healing powers. To answer your other question, you become invisible by using your mind, honey. Concentration.”

“Right, so I just think about wanting to become invisible and it happens?”

“No. First,, you need to blank your mind from all thought. Then you concentrate and silently repeat these words several times—Zanu du far u Davanoh, Donka re lampo ta duma. Vasek fa sansula.”

Amaia snorted. “And I’m supposed to remember that?”

Jasmine grinned. “I had a tough time until I imprinted the words in my brain by repeating them over and over. I’ve written the phrase down for you. Beware you practice this on a quiet day at home because by repeating it endlessly while learning it, you’ll remain invisible for hours. A weekend would be best.”

“Right. A friend calls on me unexpectedly. Without thinking I open the door, and voila. My friend stares at a nothing that greets her. I can imagine the reaction.”

“You’ll just have to ignore the doorbell or tell your friends you’re going away.”

“What does it mean in English?”

“Come to me oh Davanoh, God of fire and water. Grant me invisibility.”

“Can’t I just talk plain old English?”

“No. You have to say it in the language of the Shanuarga.”

“Mom, you’re blowing my mind. Who are they? Some obscure little country I’ve never heard of? It almost sounds tribal.”

“Not a country or a tribe. It’s a planet very far from Earth.”

“Oh, okay, that explains everything. I think you need to go to bed and I need to go home. I don’t know what’s in this tea, but you’re really hallucinating now. You almost had me half believing you, and now you start talking about other planets? Aliens?”

Jasmine sighed. “I knew this would be difficult, just like it was for me years ago. There is a lot more you need to know. You know very well there’s nothing in the tea, and I’m not hallucinating and too young to be going senile. Just hear me out and you’ll understand. I hope. This is going to be a late night. Let’s go and sit in the living room, get comfortable, and I’ll tell you how it all began.”

After Jasmine poured them each another cup of tea, Amaia followed her mother into the living room and curled up in her favorite chair that used to be her father’s. The chair was threadbare, but her mother couldn’t part with it, and Amaia was glad, because once her mother did decide to ditch it, she’d gladly take the chair and have it recovered. It was so cozy, soft and comfy.

“How much do you know about sex, child?”

The question startled Amaia. Hell, she'd never had sex, not the actual act, but she'd seen enough pictures, read plenty of erotic books, and even watched some porn movies to know what it was all about. "Mom, for God's sake, I'm twenty-one. I know enough. My friends tell me all about their sexual escapades. Some even go into great detail. I've seen magazines, some movies, read books. And don't be shocked. I might still be a virgin, but I'm not entirely green. I've had boyfriends, and..."

"Not enough. And I don't want to know about your sexual explorations with your former boyfriends. The first thing you need to do is rent more sex movies—lots of them. The hotter they are the better. Watch those and learn. You need to read erotic books, buy magazines, research sex sites on your computer, sex toy sites, find whatever is available that will teach you anything and everything there is to know about sexual activities. And not just monogamous either. Lesbian and gay as well."

"Dammit, Mom. I'm straight."

"Your path may lead you to a gay couple or a lesbian couple, and you'll have to help them, too. You can't have preferences. It's not allowed."

"I hope I meet my soul mate soon. I don't want this." Suddenly her mother faded and Amaia was or seemed to be alone.

"Now do you believe me?"

Amaia stared at the chair where her mother had sat just a few seconds ago. Her mother's voice came from that chair. She hadn't taken her eyes off her mother so Jasmine couldn't have quickly hidden herself. "Mom?" Her mother reappeared in exactly the same position she'd been in, her cup of tea still in her hand.

"You see now?" Jasmine asked.

"How do you make yourself reappear? Some more, crazy strange lingo?"

"Yes. Davanoh, Donka re lampo ta duma. Zelaka desa charu. In English, Davanoh, God of fire and water, make me visible. All you need to do is concentrate and think it."

"I'm going to wake up and find that this was all a crazy dream," Amaia said. She drank the rest of her tea and scrambled out of the chair with reluctance. "I'm going home, Mom."

"Okay, honey. Drive home carefully, but there's more you need to know." Jasmine walked to the bookcase, produced a key from her pocket, and opened the small cupboard doors at the bottom that had always remained locked and had been an object of great curiosity for Amaia and her sisters. She took out a small diary, then handed it to Amaia. "Read this. Learn the

phrases. And remember, before you attempt to help anyone, learn everything there is to know about sex.” She kissed her daughter on the cheek and hugged her. “Drive home carefully.”

“Before I leave let me ask you this, what happens if I refuse to help people? After all, isn’t it my choice whether to help someone or not? Shouldn’t I have a say in any of this?”

“I wish you would have stayed a bit longer. I need to tell you so many other things. About Shanuarga, their customs, their magick, and much more. You *have* to help people. If you don’t use your powers, you’ll become ill. Read the diary. It will answer most of your questions.”

“Goodnight, Mom. I’ll call you tomorrow. Love you.”

During the short drive home, Amaia’s mind spun like a whirlpool. It was all too much and too unbelievable. Thankfully, she didn’t run into anyone while riding the elevator up to her apartment.

After she got undressed and brushed her teeth, she curled up in bed and started reading the diary, reading each page several times, trying to absorb the shocking content in it, until she couldn’t stay awake any longer. Still clutching it in her hand, she drifted off into a restless slumber.

CHAPTER TWO

During the next two weeks Amaia spent most of her free time reading her mother's diary. *Alien blood. There is alien blood flowing through my veins?* It read like a science fiction story, one that was too unbelievable, yet the gifts or curse she now possessed were surely not of Earth, so there had to be truth in it.

According to her mother's diary, Amaia's grandmother was Japanese and her grandfather was from Shanuarga, a planet in a distant solar system. The people from Shanuarga were just like Earth's people—humanoids. They looked no different except that all the people on Shanuarga had black hair and brown eyes and they had paranormal abilities passed on to children through both male and female genes.

The Shanuarga were on a mission and their ship strayed off course because their navigation system malfunctioned. The ship drifted into a distant uncharted galaxy where they found several planets. One of them was Earth. After finding out that Earth's atmosphere was much similar to their own, they landed to effect repairs. They were able to shield the ship from Earth's watching eyes and landed in a remote area in Japan. The OA team they sent out, found Earth's population very primitive and her grandfather was one of the explorers. He became separated from the team, got lost, and didn't make it back on time, the ship departing without him. Unfamiliar with Earth's customs, no money, no job, no knowledge of any of Earth's languages, he stole some food to survive and was caught. The owner of the store was going to call the police, except her grandmother, who was the owner's daughter, took pity on him. She convinced her parents not to call the police but to employ him instead, and she took him under her wing. He was also an incredibly handsome man and before long, the two fell in love and against her great-grandparents' wishes, she married the foreigner and her parents and family disowned her.

Amaia knew he was good looking because she'd seen pictures of him. She'd never met her grandparents. They wouldn't travel, her grandfather stating in his letters and on the phone that Earth's means of sky travel and sea travel was unsafe, which Amaia had never understood and thought weird, and Jasmine never had the money to take five children for a visit to Japan. All they had were pictures of their grandparents. And now they were gone. Her grandfather passed away from an unknown affliction quite a few years ago and her grandmother died not long after. Pining for her husband, she'd lost the will to live.

Amaia often wished she could have met them. And if she'd known her grandfather's background, she would have wished for it even more. The diary wasn't written in great detail. It didn't tell her if her grandmother had brothers and sisters, although she presumed she did. If so, Amaia could have a whole lot of distant family in Japan.

Her mother also wrote in the diary that the only thing her husband had known was that she had premonitions, could often foresee the future, and had healing hands. He'd called her a psychic healer. Her grandfather's origin had remained a complete secret until now that she, Amaia, needed to know.

Amaia turned back to the first page of the diary where her mother had written the two phrases. It was time to learn them and see if it really worked. She put the diary down with a sigh. After reading it almost every day, she could virtually recite the story off by heart, but it was such a romantic tale, so heartwarming, so off this world, that she couldn't help herself. If she were a writer, she'd write a book about her grandparents' romance. The diary also left her with some questions. It said that her grandfather had hoped his people would come back to look for him, but they never did. Why didn't they? Why did they abandon him? Why did they leave without him in the first place? The only thought her grandfather could come up with, and what he'd told Jasmine was that his ship's captain received priority orders. Then after the ship left, it had gotten into problems and crashed, or had been destroyed in battle. Battle? Were there other more advanced planets in the universe than the one her grandfather came from? It was possible. Who knew what existed beyond the edge of the universe. Earth's space ships had explored quite far. She recalled reading recently about Voyager One that was making its way through the cosmos into interstellar space. With evolving technology as fast as it did nowadays, NASA could easily explore much farther in the future and yet, what would they find? Would Earth have the ability to explore the vast expanse of the universe and beyond in the future with manned spacecraft? What a dream,

to become an astronaut and find other civilizations, other species. Closing her eyes for a few minutes she imagined all kind of future possibilities.

After pouring a glass of wine and taking a few sips of it, she turned her phones off. She'd told all her friends and some neighbors who called on her on a regular basis that she was going away for the long weekend. She'd parked her car a few blocks away. There could be no interruptions. Sitting cross-legged on the bed, the diary in front of her, she repeated the foreign phrase until she imprinted it in her brain and she could recite it without looking at the diary.

She finished drinking another glass of wine, closed her eyes, and concentrated, emptying her mind of all thought. She recited the phrase silently and waited. Nothing happened. She could still see her feet, her arms, her hands, and the rest of her body. Either it was really her mother's fantasy or Amaia had said it wrong. Then again, didn't her mother disappear right before her eyes and had proven it? Again, she repeated the phrase in her mind and went through the same ritual. After doing this for a few hours, Amaia became exasperated. "Okay, it doesn't work and I need to use the bathroom badly," she said aloud and tossed the diary aside.

When she passed her mirrored closet doors, she stopped, shocked. There was no reflection of herself in the mirror. Holding up her hands before her face, she could see them and the rest of her body, but the mirror was blank. She stepped to the next mirror. The same. There was no reflection except for the bedroom and its furnishings.

"Hell, it did work," she muttered. "And I'm going to be invisible for hours unless I repeat the second phrase about a hundred times. Doesn't matter. By tomorrow it'll have worn off."

After relieving herself, she lay down on her bed and picked up the diary. Once a woman had the ability to appear and disappear at will, that woman had to begin her task of helping others. It was all too goddamn bizarre and still unbelievable. Maybe if she went to sleep she'd wake up to the next morning after her twenty-first birthday. This all had to be a far-fetched dream induced by the many cocktails she'd had at her party.

* * * *

Her sleep had been dreamless and she woke up quite late. Amaia hated sleeping so soundly and so long unless she had the flu or some virus. She found it a waste of time. Dreams were fun and made it seem like all those

hours weren't wasted and she liked to get up early. Trying to analyze her dreams was even more fun and sometimes made for interesting conversation with her friends, especially if they were erotic dreams that involved handsome men she'd never met in her life.

Still very sleepy, she went to the bathroom. Yawning, she ran the cold water, splashed the icy liquid on her face and washed her hands. With her eyes closed, she grabbed the hand towel and straightened to dry her face. Upon opening her eyes she looked at the mirror and to her amazement saw no reflection of her face or her hands that still held the towel just under her chin. "Damn. It wasn't a dream. And I didn't concentrate and think the stop invisible phrase before going to sleep." She hung the towel back on its hook and saw it reflected in the shower doors. So anything she picked up or wore became automatically invisible with her. That was interesting.

Slowly, she walked to the kitchen to make coffee. "So it's not all just a romantic story or hallucinations. It's very real. I have to call Mom. I need to talk to her again," she said softly while waiting for the coffee to perk. Picking up the kitchen phone she pushed the memory button.

"Mom?"

"Yes, honey. How are you doing?"

"Fine I guess, or not so fine. It's all true. Right now I'm invisible."

"I told you it was. Would I ever lie to you?"

"No. But sometimes a person can dream up a fantastic story and begin to think it's real."

"Honey, I might be a romantic, but I'm too realistic to do that. After all these years, you don't know your mother yet?"

"Well, I thought I did, but I began to have my doubts. Now that I know it's not just a story or hallucination, or a dream, yes, I know you. Mom, did anyone else ever read the diary?"

"No. Everything I wrote in it was only meant for the eyes of the ones who inherited the curse."

"Did my father know that your father was an alien?"

"Heck no. He found it rather strange that my parents didn't want to come for a holiday, but I explained that away as their fear of traveling and once he'd talked to them on the phone a few times, he understood. Or I think he did."

"So he didn't know anything except that you had psychic gifts."

"Right. I wrote that in the diary if I recall. And when you meet your soul mate, you need to do the same. Sweetie, when my father sat me down and told me everything I told you and what you read in the diary, I thought he was

developing Alzheimer's disease or something. For some, that horrible disease already starts very early in life and he was about twelve years older than my mother so I feared the worst. Then when he talked about the ability to become invisible, I really thought he was going out of his mind. When he said he was an alien from another planet, I declared him completely insane. He thought that was funny and told me I'd soon see that it was all true. How he knew that I'd inherited the genes, I don't know. Maybe he sensed it or something. He made me swear not to talk about it to anyone, not even my mother. She never believed his story about being from another planet and he gave up trying to convince her. Until the day she died, she thought he was from a foreign country. The men from that planet have paranormal abilities as well. They are telepathic and can shapeshift. I never dared warn your brother about that. He wouldn't even have considered my story and declared me crazy. But there was a chance that your brother had inherited some abilities. A small chance, as the genes to carry it all on are mine and weren't in your father. Sometimes a mother's genes are predominant in a daughter more so than a son. I waited until he was twenty-one and didn't see a glimmer of anything paranormal happening."

"But you warned your other three daughters."

"Yes, for the reason I just told you. A mother's genes can be almost identical to a daughter's."

"Tammy never said a word to me, and she and I are the closest."

"Didn't I warn all of you not to talk about it? Not even with your sisters?"

"Yes, you did. But somehow I'd think that someone would break that promise, as we have so many other times."

"You didn't break it. I really made you girls swear not to tell anyone. Their reaction was the same as yours. That your mother was a little eccentric and they shrugged it off, just as you did. Be honest, how often did you think about it before your birthday?"

"Hardly ever. So now that I can master the invisibility, what do I do?"

"Now you can start your tasks. Just go where you're led. Did you do as I told you? Did you learn everything there is to know about sex?"

"Hell, yes. I'm so sick and tired of couples fucking in all positions, men screwing each other or giving head, women doing each other, three and foursomes, bondage, it's a miracle I don't have nightmares about it all. I've never seen so many cocks in all shapes and sizes in my life, and looking at women's pussies and all their paraphernalia really turned me off."

Jasmine laughed. "You've got the rest of the weekend. Read, watch, and

learn. Then on Monday go to work as usual.”

“Okay. I’ll bring the diary back tomorrow, Mom. We’ll spend some quality time together.”

“No. It’s yours to keep and pass on to one of your daughters or sons should one of them have all your genes. Although the bloodline will have thinned even more since you’ll be marrying someone from Earth, so maybe none of your children will inherit it.”

“I hope I’ll meet my soul mate very soon. Then I’ll be relieved of having to do this. I wouldn’t mind just being psychic, that’s not so bad. Tell me, why did my grandparents only have one child?”

“I was an accident. My father wanted no children for obvious reasons. Before he married my grandmother, he made it clear to her he wanted no children, but she loved him so much, and so married him anyway because she claimed she couldn’t have babies. Apparently she was told that she’d have a very difficult time to conceive because of an early childhood disease. Seems my father’s sperm ignored that fact. My father urged her to have an abortion, but she refused. He insisted she have her tubes tied after I was born. She protested and fought him on it, insisting that she’d proved she could bring a child to term. She felt she needed to give him a son, but he told her it wasn’t important to him. Honey, he loved me and don’t ever think he didn’t. He just didn’t want his alien genes passed on, and since my mother never believed him about being from another planet, she couldn’t understand why because he absolutely adored me. My mother loved him so much that she overcame her disappointment about not having more children. My father didn’t want me to have children either because he wanted it all to stop with me. He asked me to have my tubes tied when I left for America with my husband.”

“Obviously you didn’t listen,” Amaia said and laughed heartily. “I’ve had blood tests over the years and you’ve had them many a time. They didn’t find anything strange in our blood. I guess your father’s DNA was close to ours.”

“It was, but none of us, my father, me, or you, have ever had a DNA test. That could turn up something different.”

“Mom, you mentioned that my grandfather had shapeshifting abilities. What could he shift into?”

“I don’t know. He never told me nor showed me.”

“That sucks. What if I have a son and he inherits those abilities and suddenly shifts into some kind of alien monster?”

“Chances are very slim he’d inherit any abilities. If by any chance he did, I guess that’d be one huge twenty-first birthday surprise.” Jasmine laughed.

“Hon, I have a client coming in about ten minutes. I need to go and get ready for her.”

“Okay, Mom. Love you.” Amaia hung up the phone and sipped her almost cold coffee. She quickly heated it up in the microwave.

When she took the coffee out, she felt a slight tingling sensation and knew what it was when she saw the faint image of her hands and midriff reflected in the dark glass of the microwave. Her invisibility had worn off. She really didn’t feel like watching more porn, or read any of the raunchy magazines she’d bought. The erotica books she purchased online she almost knew off by heart. She needed to get out, but everyone thought she was away. What if someone saw her?

“Duh, you can leave the apartment and building easily. Once you’re ready to go, become invisible,” she said aloud. That way, no one would see her and she could become visible again at will.

Just before leaving, she stood before the hallway mirror, repeated the phrase in her mind twice and it worked right away. Grinning, she left the apartment, locked her door, and headed for the elevator. Two men rushed for it just as she got in. Thankfully, neither of them had any erotic thoughts. Hurrying out of the elevator, she bumped against one of them. The man looked sideways, shrugged his shoulders, and walked on. So...even though people couldn’t see her, they could feel her. She’d have to be careful. Well, damn. She’d forgotten she parked her car a few blocks away. Hurrying out of the parking lot, she walked to where she’d left her car.

Oh, it felt good to get out. If there was one thing she hated, it was being housebound, especially on a long weekend. She started her car, rolled down her window a bit, lit a cigarette, and drove out of the street.

“Oh, my God! There’s no one in that car. Quick, get the license plate and call the cops before it gets into an accident and kills someone,” a pedestrian shouted.

Oops. She’d forgotten to become visible. Right now, she felt like the guy in the movie, *The Invisible Man*, except she didn’t have a bunch of cops, scientists and government officials chasing her. Not yet anyway. If she wasn’t careful, that could easily happen. Repeating the visible phrase, she glanced in the rearview mirror. Yup, now she was visible. Good, now where to go where she wouldn’t run into any of her friends? Right now, she wished she lived in a large city instead of a small town. Everywhere she went, she usually ran into someone who knew her. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea after all. She sighed as she pulled into *McDonalds’s* parking lot and scanned it for any of

her friends' cars. She could get takeout, drive around, and just eat in the car? Nah, that wasn't part of the plan for the day.

She got out of the vehicle and went inside where it was filled with parents and youngsters, and other people who had come there for breakfast. Glancing around, she saw people she knew on a casual basis, but none of her closer friends. Phew, that was a relief. After ordering her breakfast and a coffee, she found a seat and put her tray down.

No sooner had she sat down, and voices started. A young couple near her—he wasn't happy because his wife was so cold in bed, their thoughts centered on their lovemaking of that morning. The woman thought sex was dirty and just necessary to have a baby. Were there still women in this world that naïve? Okay, was this her first task? So how did one go about it? She was at a loss. Hoping that Jasmine didn't have a client, she phoned her. "Mom? Thank God you're not busy." Amaia lowered her voice. "I'm at McDonald's and there's a couple here with sexual problems. Now what do I do?"

"You become invisible and you start whispering in their ears. Use your telepathy. Answer their thoughts. If need be, go home with them."

"Oh, great. How do I get into their car without them noticing?"

"If they're on foot you can just follow them. A car is a bit more difficult, but I did it quite a few times in my days of orgasm whispering. They'll hear the door, but then shrug it off."

"And what if they live in the sticks? How do I get back?"

"Taxi, hon. You've got your cell phone."

"This could become costly. Thanks. I can't find my soul mate soon enough. Wish me luck on my first assignment."

After taking a quick bite from her apple pie, she concentrated. Hoping that it worked, she stood up and sat at the table with the couple, forgetting to take her food with her. It must have worked, because they didn't react to her sitting with them. She hoped no one had noticed her disappearing act. I'm starving, she thought while eyeing their burger and fries. The man was eating heartily, but the woman didn't touch her burger.

"Why aren't you eating, Mary?"

"I'm not hungry."

The woman was gazing around the restaurant and the man was concentrating on his food. So far no more thoughts about their sex life and since their attention was not on the burger, Amaia quickly grabbed it and wolfed it down.

"Why did you take my burger without asking?" Mary looked angry.

"I didn't take it."

"It was here a few minutes ago. And my milkshake is half gone, too. If you wanted it, you could at least ask."

"I didn't take it. You probably drank some of it. I don't know what happened to the burger. Is it on the floor? What the hell does it matter anyway? You didn't want it."

"That's not the point. I want to go home."

"I thought we were going shopping?"

"I don't feel like it now."

Darn, now she'd started an argument between them. Amaia regretted snitching the burger and made a mental note not to do something stupid like that again.

"Okay, I'll finish my coffee and we'll go. It's starting to snow anyway."

"Take it with you. I want to go now."

The man heaved a sigh, picked up his coffee and burger and then headed out of the restaurant followed by his wife. Amaia quickly followed them, but on the way out, she grabbed her muffin and coffee that was still on the table where she'd sat before. Drinking her coffee and eating the muffin, she followed at a safe distance behind them. Their thoughts were now on just being disgruntled with each other. He thought his wife was a bitch, and she thought he was a rude bastard.

They had come by car. While husband and wife were arguing, Amaia quickly got into the car. She closed the door as softly as possible, but the wife still heard it, turned her head, and saw the door open and close.

"Bruce, someone just got into the car. I'm scared."

"Don't be silly, Mary. Who would have the balls to get into our car while we're standing here?"

"I swear. I saw the door open and close."

"I never heard a thing."

"You were too busy yelling at me. Please check the car?"

Impatiently, Bruce opened the door and looked. "No one. Are you happy now?"

Mary still looked wary. When she climbed into the front seat, she kept glancing behind her as if she expected a gun aimed at her at any moment.

Amaia knew the apartment building where they lived. One of her friends had an apartment there. Once they parked, she waited for them to walk away from the car before getting out. When she did, she set off the alarm. *Fuck!* They wouldn't see her, but both Mary and Bruce came running back, Mary

staying behind a bit while Bruce checked the car.

"I told you there was someone in the car," Mary said.

"And you saw me check. There was no one."

"So, what set off the alarm?"

"Probably a cat. Plenty of those around here."

Slipping into the building and their apartment with them was the easy part. The most difficult part was yet to come—how to get these two to stop arguing and start making love.

While Mary was busy with the wash, Amaia whispered in her ear. "You're being a bitch to Bruce, Mary. He's not so bad. Come on now, try to make something of this marriage. Treat him with more respect. Make love to him, give him what he needs."

Amaia watched the expression on Mary's face soften as the whisper sunk in and her thoughts dwelled on Bruce. After she turned on the washer, she joined Bruce who was watching TV and snuggled up to him.

"I'm sorry, darling. I don't know what's up with me lately."

"Honey, we really need to talk. I think we need marriage counseling. How about if we call the minister? He counsels young couples."

"The minister? I don't think he's a sex counselor, and that's where our main problem is."

"Then why don't we talk about it. Tell me why you hate it so much?"

"There's nothing romantic about it. You just put your dick where it needs to go, get it over and done with, and you're finished. It's nothing like I read about. Before we were married, you were different, more romantic."

"So were you, honey. Do you realize there's nothing wrong with flirting with your husband? Dressing up for him?"

"Same goes for you. We never go out on an actual date anymore. Life is just humdrum now. We get up, go to work, come home, have dinner, go to bed, have sex, and I mean sex, we don't make love. It's the same day in and day out. Bruce, I know you weren't a virgin when we started going out. You fucked other women. Was it the same with them as with me?"

"Yes, but those women were sluts. I fell in love with you because you weren't like those girls."

"Maybe I'm just too prim and proper for you? From what I learned, sex is just an act between man and woman to have a baby. Isn't there supposed to be more? Some people seem to enjoy it."

"I know. We're both unhappy. So what do we do about it?"

"Get her into bed, you stupid ass and make love to her properly, if you

even know how to.” Amaia could hardly believe there were still such naïve people in this world. The woman read romance novels, so why didn’t she apply what she learned from them to her marriage? Why was he so backward in the sex field? Surely not.

“Do you still love me?” Mary asked.

“Yes, I do, but love isn’t enough at our age to save our marriage. What about you? Do you still love me?”

“I think I do.”

“You’re not sure?”

“Grab her now. Put your arms around her and tell her how much you love her. Kiss her, tongue her, touch her breasts, her nipples, start to undress her. Some women are of the opinion that a man’s love is located in his cock. Okay, show her you’re different. Be the macho romance man she reads about in her novels.” Amaia felt exasperated. How to help these two was beyond her. Did her whispers even sink in? How much did Bruce actually know about making love? She wished that besides being invisible and whispering she could read the other thoughts in their minds, not just their sexual frustrations. That gift would have helped a lot.

“No, I’m not sure anymore. Maybe we rushed into it too quickly,” Mary said.

Amaia watched a tear make its way down her face. “Kiss her, dammit. Lick that tear off her cheek.”

“What do you want then? A divorce?”

“Maybe that would be for the best. Things are just not working between us.”

Oh, if only I could talk to Mom right now, Amaia thought. How do I deal with these things? I’m doing my best, but not getting anywhere. “Divorce is not the answer, Mary. You do still love him or you wouldn’t be having this conversation. You’d be packing your bags. Admit it,” Amaia whispered to Maria. And to Bruce, “Kiss her, now! Take her in your arms!”

This time it worked. Bruce put an arm around Mary and pulled her closer to him, then kissed her, but only fleetingly.

“Kiss her properly. Be a man. You’re acting like a wimp,” Amaia whispered furiously.

Bruce reacted when Mary pulled back. He put both arms around her and this time kissed her passionately. At first, Mary stiffened, but then she melted into the kiss as it continued.

“Good boy. Now start playing with her.” She watched as Bruce continued

to kiss Mary and started undoing her jeans. His fingers worked their way down to her pussy and started stroking her and fingering her clit. Mary squirmed a little. Amaia wasn't sure if Mary was really getting horny this time or if she was protesting. "Pick her up, carry her to bed. And be romantic, slow, no wham bam thank you ma'am business." Bruce acted on her whisper and breaking away from Mary, swept her up into his arms.

"Bruce, what are you doing?"

"Sssh, be quiet," he told his wife and walking into the bedroom deposited her on the bed. Once Mary was lying down, he bent and kissed her again while removing her jeans and panties, then concentrating on her sweater. He kneaded her breasts as he peeled the sleeve off one arm, then the other, as difficult as it was with one hand. He sucked her nipples and kissed her again. By now, Mary was hot and squirming and seemed to want more.

"Mary, undo his belt, his jeans, reach for his cock. Feel it, hold it in your hand," Amaia told her. It worked. Mary hesitantly undid Bruce's belt and pants then let his cock spring free. She encased it in her hand and worked the skin back and forth. Mm, so she does know more about it then she lets on, Amaia thought.

Bruce stood and got out of his clothes at lightning speed. Mary took off her sweater and lay naked, her legs slightly spread. Amaia felt embarrassed watching the couple, but at the same time, but a naked Bruce turned her on. He was somewhat homely looking, but he had a body to die for and he sported a huge cock. She felt her own panties grow damp and had the urge to pull down her pants and masturbate, but that wouldn't be right. She was their orgasm whisperer, their therapist so to speak. She giggled. Maybe she should call herself a sex therapist now. Pity she couldn't get paid for it.

In horror, she watched Bruce settle between Mary's legs and position himself. "No, no, no," she whispered frenziedly. "Make love to her first. Bring her to where she begs for it. Don't just fuck her and make it another fuck session." It worked. He didn't enter Mary, but started to fondle her instead, then moved down to lick Mary's pussy and tongue-fucked her.

"That's better," Amaia whispered with a sigh and watched in satisfaction as Mary started to writhe and moan. "You're on the right track now. Mary, stroke his head. When he kisses you, hold his cock again. Better yet, suck his cock."

Should I suck his cock? I've read about it, but how do you do it exactly?

Amaia heard the thought as clear as if the woman spoke it aloud. "Remember the books, Mary. Pretend it's a lollipop. Suck it hard. Move the skin back and forth with your hand while you're sucking. Flick your tongue

around the head, into his hole. It's easy and he'll love it."

Amaia watched and waited. Finally, Mary dared to suck his cock. She was a little clumsy at first, but he guided her and after a few minutes, she got the hang of it. At least they were responding fast. Not fast enough to Amaia's liking, but she felt she'd accomplished what she came for. Leaning against the bedroom wall, she waited until Bruce finally made love to his wife and Mary screamed as she reached an orgasm. They lay in each other's arms breathing heavily for a while until Bruce said, "I love you, my darling."

"And I love you, Bruce. So much, it hurts. I'm sorry for being such a bitch. Why couldn't it have been like this right from the start? On our honeymoon?"

"I don't know. I guess I was afraid to go too far. I feared your reaction if I tried to eat your pussy and tongue fuck you. We both needed to talk and learn. I'm sorry, too, baby. Hey, why don't we rent some raunchy movies so we can learn more about sex? It'd be nice to spend a romantic evening at home tonight instead of playing cards with Ben and Karin."

"Yes, I'd like that, along with candles, Chinese takeout and soft music," Mary said softly. He kissed her then as if he'd never let her go.

Amaia grinned with satisfaction. Mission accomplished, she thought, and without thinking opened the bedroom door and closed it behind her.

"Bruce, someone just opened and closed our door." Mary's voice was loud and Amaia could hear her clearly as she headed for the front door. Oh yikes, Amaia thought and as fast as she could, ran for the door and left the apartment. She wondered what happened after she left. Maybe they'd dismiss it as a sound coming from the apartment next door.

While Amaia waited for the elevator, she glanced at her watch. *Holy crap, it's after two. I've spent hours with that couple. If it's going to take that long every time I have to help people, I won't have any time left for myself.*

It was a long walk back to *McDonald's* and by the time she got there, she was exhausted. The whole experience had mentally tired her out, and the walk hadn't helped any. What she needed now was something to eat and a nap. She was about to open the door to her car when someone called her.

"Hey, Amaia, come sit with us."

Amaia turned and saw Jen and Darla, two of her best friends.

"I thought you were away for the weekend," Jen said as they entered the restaurant.

"I did go away but came back when Mom called me about the snow warning. I don't like driving the highway in snow." It wasn't completely a lie as she'd heard the weather forecast that morning.

"I don't blame you," Jen said. "So what have you been up to lately? You haven't called and each time I called you, I got the answering machine."

"Same here," Darla said. "You're acting weird lately, girlfriend."

McDonalds was almost empty so Amaia sat with her friends for a while and chitchatted. As usual, the talk was mainly about her friends' conquests. She finally managed to break away from them after promising they'd have a night out soon.

When she got home, she threw her jacket on the couch, took off her clothes, put on some comfortable sweats, and turned the TV on. None of the movies that were on grabbed her, so she curled up and closed her eyes. She still felt horny from watching the couple she'd helped, but was even too tired to masturbate. All she could think of now was her soul mate. When would she meet him? The sooner the better. She really didn't want to be an orgasm whisperer for more than a day if she could do anything about it. Thank God Jen and Darla didn't have any unhappy sexual thoughts, though they were both sexually active. Hell, how many unhappy couples and singles that had problems with their orgasms and sex life were there in her town? Probably more than she wanted to know about.

CHAPTER THREE

Amaia worked more and more overtime and double shifts. Eagerly, she would offer to take over one of the other nurse's shifts. She volunteered so often, she knew they found it strange and whispered about it behind her back. Little did they know the reason, and if they did, they'd die laughing. At work, she heard very few thoughts. The staff was all too busy with their work and the patients too sick to think about sex. Work and home were her safest places, her only outing an occasional visit to her mother.

"Sweetie, you can't keep up this pace. You look peaked," Jasmine said while sending her daughter a worried look.

"I'm just a bit tired. I've got three days off for a change. My friends have been bugging me. We haven't gone out together for quite a while. Well, they have, but without me. I'm going out with Jen, Darla, Tammy, and Sara tonight."

"It'll do you good to get out and have some fun."

"That's if I don't encounter any people with sexual issues. That one time was enough for me. At the hospital everyone's too busy dealing with patients, and they're too sick or in too much pain to think about sex or their personal issues."

"You can't keep hiding and avoiding public places forever. Put up with it as long as you haven't found your soul mate. And remember, until the relationship with him has been consummated, you'll still hear it."

"Well, that sucks monkey balls. Even if I thought I met him, I'd hardly jump him right away. I'd have to get to know him first."

"Honey, the second you lock eyes with your soul mate, you'll know."

"Love at first sight. I don't believe in it. It's more like lust at first sight."

"Patience, hon. He'll pop into your life one of these days."

"Right. Or never, and I'll become an old lonely hermit orgasm whispering spinster."

"Heaven forbid. I foresee children for you, so I don't think that's likely."

"Mom, what else do you foresee for me?"

"Happiness and a great future."

"Nothing else? You can't tell me who my soul mate is? Or at least what he looks like?"

"You know I don't want to do a session for my children. Sometimes, I unexpectedly get a vision about you all, but that's about it. I don't want to know about any hardship, accidents, illness, and such. I love you all and it would devastate me to see these things ahead of time. I'd do nothing but worry and watch. Only if I got a really, strong message about something awful that could prevent you from harm, would I warn any of you, like a plane crash or car accident. So far, thankfully, that hasn't happened."

"So you mainly get visions about people if you concentrate?"

"Yes, any other visions are just fleeting when I'm in someone's presence, like you are with me right now and I sense your frustration, so I had a vision of you meeting your soul mate and coming happiness for you, and it's not too far away."

"That at least is comforting."

"Matter of fact it will happen sooner than you expect."

"Okay, Mom. Enough of the psychic stuff. What have you been up to?"

They chatted about anything and everything for a while, about her nieces and nephews, what her sisters were up to, and her mother's experiences without touching the whispering subject anymore. By the time Amaia decided it was time to leave and get ready for her evening out with the girls, she was quite relaxed and looking forward to her night out with her friends.

On her way to the bar, Amaia hoped that none of her girlfriends had sexual hang-ups and if they did, that they wouldn't think about them that night. She was also hoping the other people in the bar were too busy or too drunk to think about their sex problems. She wanted to have fun. Having to step in and do the whisper thing and watch a couple getting it on wasn't her idea of a good night out.

"Hey, stranger. Glad you could make it," Jen said as Amaia sat down at their table. "About time you took some time off."

"You got that right," Darla agreed.

"Where are Tammy and Sara?"

"Don't know. I tried to call them, but no answer. They told me yesterday they were going to come tonight."

Amaia didn't mind too much. Jen and Darla were her two very best friends ever since kindergarten and she was happy to be with them. She so wanted to confide to them, tell them what had all been happening of late, but she didn't. She couldn't. They'd never believe her, and she had to honor the promise she made her mother that she'd never tell a living soul. The music was deafening. Even if there were thoughts, Amaia doubted she could hear them over the music that was numbing her brain. They chitchatted for a little while about Jen and Darla's latest escapades until some young men asked them to dance.

As always, they got very little chance to sit down again and were constantly on the dance floor. Amaia finally had to take a break and get something to drink. Since she was the designated driver that night, it had to be nonalcoholic, but that didn't matter. If she felt like it, she could always crack open a bottle of wine when she got home.

Sitting at the table sipping her drink, she looked at the crowd and the dancers. It was packed that evening. Suddenly, she had the strange sensation of someone focusing attention on her. Again, she looked around, then finally at the bar. Three strangers were there, three men, one of them sitting on a bar stool, two of them leaning against the bar. They were drinking a beer and all three were staring at her. Amaia couldn't help but stealthily keep glancing at them. They were drop-dead gorgeous. By far the handsomest hunks she'd seen in a long time. All three had black hair and dark eyes, tanned skin, and strong faces. Their lips were full, yet not too full, sensual. Their chins clefted. They were quite tall and had to be over six feet. Their facial features were different enough that they couldn't be triplets. Brothers perhaps? Tourists? Models? Male strippers? Actors? she wondered. After all, movies were shot quite often in their town and surroundings. Their clothes were almost identical. They wore black leather jeans and black leather jackets that looked very expensive and custom made. Only their shirts were different.

One of the waitresses suddenly placed a nacho platter on her table with a drink. "Compliments of the gentleman at the bar," she said leaning close so Amaia could hear her.

"Which one?" Amaia almost shouted.

"One of the three with dark hair. The ones to die for," the girl said close to her ear.

"Damn, are they ever!" So she had peaked their interest. While picking up a nacho loaded with cheese, olives, refried beans and guacamole and salsa, she glanced their way, smiled, and nodded a thank you. All three gave her the sexiest smile she'd ever seen. By chance they had ordered her most favorite

snack, loaded nachos.

The drink remained untouched. She didn't know if it was a virgin drink or if it had liquor in it, but she munched on the nachos she loved so much, making sure to leave some for Jen and Darla.

After she'd nibbled for a while and refused several dance invitations, one of the three sauntered over to her table.

"Hi, my name is Lex. May I sit down?" he asked loud enough for her to hear.

Oh, she'd just gone to heaven. "Yes, please do. I'm Amaia."

Pulling the chair closer to her, he sipped from his beer and just sat quietly for a few minutes. Then he finally looked at her and into her eyes. A tingling went through her body, a bolt shot straight to her heart. She felt a connection to this man, an immediate bonding. It was weird, a feeling of déjà vu crept into her mind and heart as if she was supposed to know him.

"Where are you from, Lex?" she asked or almost shouted.

He leaned nearer. She could almost feel his breath on her face.

"Far away. Very far."

"Another country?" He spoke English without an accent. Which English speaking country could he be from?

"You might say that. Do you mind if my friends join us?"

"No, by all means. My girlfriends are dancing so there's plenty of room at the table right now."

He motioned for the other two to join them. They sat and introduced themselves.

"I'm Gavin and this is Reed."

Amaia leaned forward to shake their hands, introduced herself, and at the same time, was awfully close to Lex, feeling her breath catch as she caught his male scent. As she shook each man's hand, fierce tremors flew up her arm as if someone had just shot her with a Taser gun. Not that she knew what that felt like, but it was a good comparison. All three men had an effect on her that she'd never had before with anyone. The same sensation of déjà vu came over her that she'd felt with Lex while she shook their hands. It was weird. Her panties became quite damp just having them sit at her table, and her heart galloped. Hadn't her mother said it would happen quite soon? She felt a connection to all three of them, was severely attracted to them. That couldn't be right. These men were to die for, models straight off a magazine cover. Lust, that's all it was, sheer primal lust was what she felt for them.

Lex asked her to dance and she accepted eagerly because it was a slow

dance, so she would feel his arms around her rather than dance three feet away from each other. He placed his arm around her and immediately pulled her tightly against him. So tight, she could feel the hard bulge of his cock pressing against her stomach. She didn't even reach his shoulder. His head rested on top of hers and as they danced slowly she repeated her earlier question. "Where are you from, Lex?" He had to be from Italy or Greece. Maybe he went to school in America, but his ancestry had to be Latin.

"Far away," he said again.

"And your friends?"

"We're all from the same place," he answered.

Ooooooh, but he had the sexiest voice. Deep, vibrant, husky with a sexy undertone, one that set her blood on fire.

Never before had she felt such lust for a man she'd just met for the first time, nor this immediate violent attraction. Whenever she'd dated anyone she might feel a flicker of interest, but this was just unbelievable, beyond just a flicker. It was a damn inferno that now raged within her!

Her panties were more than damp when he led her back to the table, but as she started to sit down, Gavin asked her to dance. To her astonishment, he pulled her against him just as tightly and she felt the same raging fire coursing through her body. This was beyond impossible. How could she feel such attraction to three men all at once?

While they danced, she noticed that Jen and Darla were at the table chatting with Lex and Reed. A pang of jealousy shot through her at the thought the men could be interested in her friends. That feeling was too strange as well. She had no right to want dibs on all three of them. The problem was she couldn't separate her attraction. Which one should she concentrate on? They all spoke with intelligence, were sexy as hell, and looked as if they had stepped straight out of a movie.

Thankfully, Reed didn't ask her to dance when they returned to the table or she couldn't have accounted for her next actions. Gavin found two empty chairs and placed them at the table beside Lex. He sat next to her and Jen was on his other side. She was between Lex and Gavin so she couldn't even talk to Jen or Darla. Darla kept giving her knowing looks and rolled her eyes a few times. In other words, she'd died and gone to heaven. Amaia was sure Jen was feeling the same, and she could hardly blame her friends.

Jen and Darla flirted like crazy with all three the men but they really paid very little attention to her friends and seemed to focus more on her. Amaia felt very strange that they singled her out, almost guilty toward her girlfriends. But

she wasn't flirting nor really trying very hard to gain their attention because the intense attraction to all three frightened her a bit.

"What kind of work do you do, Amaia?" Gavin asked.

"I'm a registered nurse."

"Ah, so if I'm hurt you can fix me?" Lex asked and winked at her.

"Amaia, how about if we go somewhere where it's a little quieter? We're strangers here, so maybe you can suggest a place?" Reed asked.

"Good idea, Reed," Gavin said.

"How about we go to your place, Amaia," Jen suggested.

Amaia hesitated at first. What did they know about these men? Then again, her friends were with her so there couldn't be any harm in it. She nodded. "Let me go and buy some booze. I don't have a whole lot in the house right now."

"I'll go with you," Jen said and stood up, followed by Darla. The two girls accompanied her to the bar where she bought a few bottles of wine and a bottle of whiskey. Jen and Darla pitched in with a case of beer and a bottle of coffee liqueur for paralyzers, one of their favorite cocktails.

"Do you have coke and cream, Amaia?" Jen asked.

"No, but we can stop at the corner store on the way to my place. I need some snacks anyway. I was hardly prepared for company tonight."

"Those are the most gorgeous hunks I've ever seen," Darla sighed. "Imagine meeting three out of this world hunks all at once. One for each of us. I can't decide which one I want."

"How about we let them decide," Amaia suggested.

"Good thought."

Amaia looked at her friends while they waited for the alcohol they'd ordered. "We have to be careful, girls. These men are foreign. Matter of fact, I'm not even sure about taking them home to my place. It could be dangerous."

"Hell, Amaia, there you go again, always so cautious. There are three of us. What could happen?" Jen said. "And you've got neighbors above you, below and on both sides. We'll be fine."

"I don't know. I've asked where they're from and the only answer I got was far away. They're somewhat evasive. What have they told us about themselves? What do they do? They've asked us enough questions. They seem to be just passing through town. There are three of them and they're big and strong. We could end up dead by morning."

"There's some movie outfit shooting a movie around here right now.

Maybe they're with them," Darla said.

"That's a possibility. But we still need to be very careful. Come to think of it, we did most of the talking. What do we know about them except they're to die for?"

"And what a blissful death it would be," Jen sighed.

"Jen, dammit, don't make light of this." Their order was ready and the men had joined them so further talk was impossible.

Lex took out his wallet, refusing Amaia's offer to pay for some of the liquor. After paying the bartender, each of the men carried a bag and a case of beer and Jen motioned the men to follow them out of the bar. Amaia was glad to breathe in fresh air and welcomed the silence. It was past midnight and the town was quiet. The air smelled strongly like snow. Even though they'd had a few flakes, the rest was still to come.

"Where is your car?" Amaia asked Lex.

"Parked over there," he said and pointed to a beaten up old car. Mm, they didn't look poor, yet drove such an old bomb. Oh well. "My car is there," she pointed. "Just follow me."

The girls went with her in her car. While in the car, Jen and Darla couldn't stop talking about the men. "You know, girls, I wish you hadn't asked them to come home with us. I don't like taking utter strangers to my apartment."

"You agreed. Stop freaking out. It'll be fine," Darla said.

"We could get raped."

"You're overreacting, Amaia," Jen told her.

"You've both had more than a few drinks. I know you let go of all caution when you get like this. Why did I ever agree to it?" Amaia really didn't know why she'd agreed. Maybe because she was so undeniably hot for the men herself?

"Because they're to die for, and you know it, virgin lady," Jen teased her.

"Yeah, and one of them is going to get a real cold shower when he discovers that I don't put out."

"Oh well, there is always Darla and me to take care of him," Jen said.

Now that she had cooled off and her libido was more at rest, Amaia had huge misgivings about allowing these men into her home. Lord, what had she gotten herself into?

CHAPTER FOUR

The men followed their example and took their shoes off before entering the living room. Lex, Reed and Gavin quickly made themselves quite comfortable. One claimed the recliner, another relaxed on the couch and Reed sat at the dinner table. Jen and Darla were all over them. Darla sat on the floor near Lex and Jen sat on the couch next to Gavin, her knees drawn up, causing her mini skirt to bunch up so she displayed a lot of leg. Who would wear a mini skirt in this weather anyway? Right, Jen.

“Would you like some help?” Reed asked as Amaia tried to get a bowl out of the top cupboards.

“Sure. An extra pair of hands is always good.” Especially yours, she thought and giggled. When he stood next to her and easily took the bowl out of the cupboard, she noticed how tall he really was. She’d thought Lex tall when they danced, but Reed seemed even taller. He towered over her.

“What would you like in the bowl?”

“How about these nachos,” and she handed him the bag.

With his help, she was finished in no time and the coffee table had an assortment of finger food on it. Crackers and cheese, some pickles, dips, the nachos and a bowl of potato chips. She felt more like something warm and upon checking her freezer saw she had a bag of wings and some sausage rolls. She quickly popped them into the oven.

“The beer and mix is in the fridge and the rest of the booze is on the counter. Help yourselves,” she told them as she walked into the living room.

“How about we wait on you,” Lex said, and promptly went to the kitchen. “What would you like?”

“I’ll have a glass of red wine,” Amaia said. The others told him what they wanted, their usual paralyzers, although they had to give instructions that Jen readily did. Jen sidled up to Lex rubbing against him as she showed him how to mix the drinks. Amaia liked the cocktails, too. She needed to keep her head

together tonight and her favorite drink tended to make her carefree and careless.

They talked, laughed, Jen and Darla flirting and giggling, desperately trying to latch on to one of the men and having little success. All three men's attention seemed to be focused on Amaia and it made her feel really uncomfortable.

"How about a game of Monopoly? Should be fun with six of us don't you think?" she asked.

"Sure, I'd love to play a game," Gavin said, and the others agreed so she fetched the game out of the cupboard and set it up.

"You'll have to teach me how to play," Reed said.

"Me, too," the other two chorused.

"Oh, for God's sake, what planet did you guys come from?" Jen said.

"Far away," Gavin answered.

"Eh, yeah, you told us. Where is far away?"

The men looked a bit uncomfortable. Finally, Lex, obviously avoiding the subject, said, "So, how do we play this game?"

It didn't escape Amaia that they avoided telling them where they were from. This made her even more wary. No matter how much these men turned her on, she had to watch herself and keep an eye on her friends who were steadily getting more giddy and silly by the minute.

"I'm not really into this," Darla said after they'd played for a while. "How about we play poker?"

"Oh, I know that game. We learned that when we first came here," Gavin said.

"Good. We'll play strip poker."

"Strip?"

"Yes, if you lose, you have to take off a piece of clothing," Darla told Gavin while batting her eyelashes at him.

Amaia didn't mind. She always won, so there was no danger in her getting naked. They had only just learned to play so would be quite hopeless at it. After packing up the monopoly game she brought out the cards. This could go too far. Then again, the men hadn't laid a hand on any of them. Maybe they were gay? That could be the answer to it all. Just her luck to meet up with three gay men. "I need to go to the bathroom," she said, excusing herself. When she was near the door and the men couldn't see her, but Jen could, she motioned for Jen to join her.

Quickly, she shut the door behind them. "Jen, I think they're gay."

"I am starting to think the same. Think we can seduce three gay guys?"

"Are you kidding? That could be dangerous."

"There is such a thing as condoms. I guess you don't have any."

"No. What would I need condoms for?"

"Right. Maybe they have some in their pockets."

"What makes you think you could get them to have sex with you? They are constantly looking at each other, throwing each other furtive glances. True gay guys don't make out with a woman."

"Maybe they're bisexual?" Jen offered.

"That's possible. Gavin definitely had a hard one when he danced with me. It's weird though. They still haven't told us where they're from."

"I know. Far away. That's all I can get out of them."

"Hush, keep your voice down. Right now they're probably wondering what we're doing in here."

"Powdering our noses. That's what I told them," Jen said.

"You go out first. I'll be there in a few minutes."

After Jen left the bathroom, Amaia thought about them being gay. All the time Gavin danced with her, he'd sported a hard one, and he seemed genuinely interested in her, and so was Lex, his bulge not escaping her while they danced. This was the strangest night out she'd ever had, and the night wasn't over yet. Looking at her watch, it was past two in the morning. It was very late, but that didn't bother her. She was used to nightshifts and could easily pull an all-nighter.

"I'm back. Deal me in," she said as she sat on the couch on the other side of Lex. Gavin and Reed had pulled up a dining chair on the other side of the coffee table, and someone had put the snacks on the kitchen counter. That reminded her of the wings. "Oh jeepers, I forgot about the wings. I hope they didn't burn."

"I already turned them off, but I left them in the oven. I didn't know what you wanted me to do with them." Gavin told her.

"Putting them out on a dish might have helped," Amaia responded, grinning at him.

The way he looked at her was strange, as if everything she did was something unique. Admiration was what she read in his eyes. As she suspected, the men lost repeatedly. Jen and Darla lost on purpose, Amaia knew that for sure. Before long, the two girls sat in only their bra and panties. Amaia was the only one who still had all her clothes on.

Here I am with three near naked men and two near naked friends. Now

what do I do, she asked herself.

"You're very lucky at cards," Gavin said.

"She's always lucky, although I've seen her lose a few clothing items when we've played this game in the past," Darla said, sending Amaia a growly look as if she thought Amaia was rigging the deck somehow. They'd played strip poker quite often with some of their friends, but always with the rule, down to basic underwear, no further. When she saw Jen happily remove her bra and hide her breasts with her arms feigning shyness, it was too much.

"Okay, everyone, I think it's time to pack up. Remember our rule, to basic underwear."

"That's when we were younger. We're a tad older now, Amaia. Just because you're a stuffed shirt, you don't have to spoil the game for us," Jen said, pouting.

"Whatever. I'm tired. It's far past our bedtime."

"And since when has that been a problem? You're off tomorrow," Darla pointed out.

The men didn't say anything, but just looked at her with an intense expression. She shifted uncomfortably on her chair. "Jen and Darla, you guys either take a taxi home or crash here. And you three," she looked at the men, "You've had enough, too. You can't drive either. It's a taxi or the floor."

"I want to continue playing for a bit," Darla said.

"Fine. I'm out." Amaia threw her cards on the table and went to the couch. She turned the TV on. It was the weather channel. Besides her guests being inebriated, it was apparently snowing like mad. She got up, walked to the French doors and onto her balcony, and was shocked at what she saw. "Holy cow. There's more than a foot of snow!"

"That's it then. We all crash here, assuming the men don't mind sleeping in chairs or on the floor. The ladies have dibs on the couch," Jen said. "Or, one of us can sleep with Amaia, one in the recliner, and two on the couch."

Amaia sighed. This evening had not gone as planned. The three hunks turned out to be gay she was sure, and they were stuck with them until tomorrow. Then again, why were they hard while dancing with her? While gazing at the huge snowflakes slowly fluttering down, she mused about the strong attraction she felt for them. It was too bad. She wouldn't have minded going out with one of them. It was a wonderland out there and if her friends hadn't been so drunk, she would have suggested a snow fight. Now *that* could have been fun. When she finally started to shiver and her fingers turned to ice cubes, she turned and went inside to find a totally naked Jen, and Darla with

only her panties. The three men were naked as the day they were born. She sighed and sank down on the couch and grabbed a book.

Lex suddenly said, "That's enough for me, too," and joined her on the couch without putting his clothes back on. Oh dang, here she was sitting on the couch with one hot piece of meat and he was stark naked. Embarrassed, she kept her eyes averted and pretended to read, though her pussy was aching, her clit throbbed, her heart threatened to jump out of her chest and her body was on fire.

"Good book?" he asked.

"Yes, it is. Science fiction."

"I like science fiction. Do you believe in extraterrestrials?" he asked.

For a moment, she forgot he was naked and looked at him. "Sort of. Do you?" Hot damn, look at that body, she thought. He held her gaze and it was almost as if he were probing her mind, her very soul. She dare not let her gaze drop to anything else but his face and his peccs.

"Yes, I do. What's your book about?"

"About a team that leaves Earth and become stranded on a strange planet. It's probably not a man's book as it involves romance."

"What makes you think men don't like romance?"

"Most men don't. They prefer hard-core science fiction. This is soft scifi."

"Do you think any aliens have ever landed on Earth?"

"Yes, I do."

"And that they could be walking among you right now?"

"If they're just like us, I guess it's possible. I'd really feel more comfortable talking to you if you put some clothes on," Amaia told him.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you uneasy. If you took your clothes off, maybe you wouldn't feel so uncomfortable."

"No thanks. I'm fine the way I am."

"She's a prude, Lex," Jen yelled from the table.

"I'm not exactly a prude, but I don't know you, or your friends. I've asked you a number of times where you're from and you never give a straight answer. Are you hiding something?"

The expression in his eyes became serious. "Perhaps, but it's nothing for you to worry about."

The others had stopped playing now, and though Jen and Darla sidled up close to Gavin and Reed, the men didn't bat an eyelid and joined Lex and Amaia.

"I'm going to ask you a question and I hope you'll be honest. Are the three

of you involved? I mean, are you gay?"

"I have to process that for a moment," Lex said.

Process? He has to think about whether he was gay or not? You've got to be kidding. He must have noticed her puzzled thoughts.

"It's not a familiar word," he said while playing with what looked like a small cell phone. "Ah, I see now, gay means happy. Yes, we are having a happy time tonight."

Duh, was he that stupid? His English was perfect, but he didn't know the word gay? "I mean homosexual," she said.

Again, he played with the object in his hands. "What are you doing? Processing that as well?" Amaia asked.

"Yes. You are using words I haven't learned. No, we are not involved with each other. Such practices are forbidden to us and could involve banishment. We are team associates and we grew up together."

He had to be kidding. Banishment? From where? "Team? What kind of team?"

Lex was quiet again. "You might call us explorers."

"Oh, so you're here to do some exploring of our mountains?"

"In a fashion."

"How long are you staying?"

"That depends if we find what we're looking for, but I think we've found it."

Amaia noticed Reed and Gavin's eyelids drooping. "I think we all need to get some sleep. Jen and Darla, you two can share my bed tonight. It's big enough. I'll get sleeping bags and blankets for you three," she told the men.

"Maia, you're such a spoilsport," Jen said with a pout.

"Never mind. Come on, it's near four in the morning."

Reluctantly, the girls went to the bedroom and fell onto the bed without turning back the duvet. Within seconds, Jen snored quietly and Darla was sound asleep. Amaia closed the door and locked it. To make double sure, she grabbed the chair that stood in the corner and propped it under the knob. She covered her friends with a comforter and undressed, then grabbed a spare blanket out of the closet and wrapped it around herself. It was a good thing she had a king size bed. Hugging the blanket close, she fell asleep, but her sleep was restless as it was haunted by the faces of the three strangers who slept in her living room, and she kept startling awake to every sound, afraid they'd come into the room and do something to them.

CHAPTER FIVE

Amaia woke up in fairly good time, but let the girls sleep a little longer because both Jen and Darla had to work that afternoon. Like her, they were nurses at the local hospital. She pulled up the blinds and looking out of the window, she wondered if they could even get home. The the main roads would probably be cleared, but the side roads were still covered. Usually they cleared the roads pretty fast. It still snowed. Amaia loved the snow and she couldn't wait to go outside. The air always smelled fresh and everything looked so peaceful and serene. That wouldn't last long. All the roads would soon be brown slush.

She got into her comfortable sweats and softly left the room to find Lex, Gavin, and Reed fully dressed and sitting at the dining table. "Good morning. I hope you slept well," she said.

"We did, and I have to apologize. It went a little far last night. I could blame it on the alcohol as we usually don't drink that beverage so our bodies aren't accustomed to it, but at the same time we abused your hospitality," Lex said. "And I speak for all three of us. To make up for it, we'd like to take you out for breakfast."

"Jen and Darla—"

"Just you. We're not interested in your friends. Sorry, that's not meant as an insult, but we are very much engrossed by you."

"I was going to say that Jen and Darla have to work this afternoon."

"Oh, sorry. What about you? Are you free to join us for breakfast?"

Engrossed by her. What an odd expression. Should I? Why not. We'll be in a public restaurant. "I'd like that. And I accept your apology. The roads should be cleared soon. Would you like coffee?"

"Please," all three said. "That's one beverage I've really taken to here," Gavin told her.

How odd they were. Her coffeepot was on automatic and she'd set it the

night before so it was ready. "Sugar and cream for all?"

"Please," from Lex. The other two nodded.

"I'm anxious to go outside and see what snow feels like," Gavin said.

"You've never seen snow before?" Amaia asked, again curious what planet they were from. Obviously, they were from a tropical country where it never snowed and they'd never traveled before. A thought suddenly occurred to her. Maybe they were raised in a monastery. After all, the words they'd questioned last night everyone knew. Perhaps they were studying to become priests?

"No, we haven't. It's cold, from what I learned. Almost like frozen water, but soft."

"Yes, it's soft and can be a lot of fun. Children love it. And I'm still a kid at heart when it comes to snow." She placed a steaming mug of coffee on the table in front of each man.

"Do your parents live here, Amaia?" Reed asked.

"Yes, they do."

"What is their occupation?"

"My father was an engineer. He died a long time ago. My mother is a therapist. She helps people." She could hardly tell them that Jasmine was a psychic.

"Oh? What kind of therapy?" Lex now asked.

Shit. What kind of therapy? "She counsels people when they have personal issues."

"I see. Do you have grandparents? Brothers and sisters?"

"You're asking me all these questions and you really haven't told me anything about yourselves. Yes, I have sisters and a brother, and my grandparents passed away a few years ago."

"Where was your grandfather from? I sense another nationality in your family."

Now how could he sense that? By her looks? "Japan." Maybe she should have said that he was an alien from another planet. It caused her to giggle.

"Did we say something funny?" Reed asked.

"No, it was just something I thought about that tickled my funny bone."

"Your parents? Where are they from?" Gavin asked.

She noticed him looking at his gadget again. He probably didn't know what a funny bone was either. "My mother is Japanese and my father was American. There, now you know enough about me for now. I need to wake up the girls, or they'll be late for work. They have to go home, shower and dress."

It was hard waking them up. Neither of them wanted to.

"Leave me alone," Jen grumbled. "I've got a hell of a headache."

"Darla, get up. You have to go home and get ready for work."

"Humbug. Okay. Coffee ready? Where are those gorgeous hunks? Did they leave?"

"No, they're still here."

"They are?" That caught Jen's attention and she jumped out of bed. "Where are my clothes?"

"Where you dropped them. You didn't mind waltzing around naked in front of them last night," Amaia joked.

"You're kidding me."

"Would I kid you? I'll go and get them for you."

"I vaguely remember something," Darla said groaning. "Didn't we play strip poker?"

"Yup, you did."

"They're so hot. What are they going to think of us?"

"Probably that you're a pair of sluts."

"Did we—"

"No. It never got that far. You were both too drunk and I would have stopped it anyway. They're perfect strangers. I'll go and get your clothes while you go and wash up. You know where the spare toothbrushes are."

When she entered the dining room, she caught part of the men's conversation. "I think she's the one. We need to—" They stopped as soon as she walked in. *They need to what? And which she were they referring to?* There was definitely something very mysterious about these men. *Explorers my ass. They're in town for a different reason. Investigators? Some kind of government officials? Whose government?* Shaking her head, she looked for Jen's and Darla's clothes and found them neatly folded on a pile on one of the dining chairs. Amaia guessed one of the men had done that. She quickly brought them to Jen and Darla. Reed's sentence kept playing on her mind so she hardly heard the girls as they moaned and groaned about the handsome men and how they'd made fools of themselves.

"I'll make you some toast," Amaia offered.

"I couldn't eat," Jen said. "All I want is coffee."

"Me, too," Darla added.

They were paying for their over indulgence. Amaia had gone through this with them before, but not quite under the same circumstances. They usually ended up at her place, but not in the company of males.

"I'll go pour you a coffee. Hurry up. It'll be hard to get a taxi right now."

We got a pile of snow last night. You don't want to be late for work."

"You're starting to sound like my mother," Jen, who still lived at home, grumbled.

Amaia quickly made new coffee and twice as strong. She poured them each a full mug. When they appeared, they looked half-decent although the late night and too much to drink left tell-tale signs on their faces.

"I envy you so badly," Jen said softly while eyeing the three men at the table."

"Yes, lucky duck. What are you going to do with them?"

"They're taking me out to brunch."

Darla groaned and pulled a face. "Call us tonight?"

Amaia nodded. They drank their coffee fast and left the toast she'd made. The taxi actually arrived quite fast for them. After saying goodbye to the three men and telling them they hoped to meet again soon, they hurried out the door.

"I think your girlfriends felt sick this morning," Reed said.

"They don't feel the greatest, that's for sure. Would you like to shower before we go?" she asked, looking at all three.

"We already did."

She wouldn't have known. The bathroom was spotless. She hadn't taken any notice of more towels on the rack. "I'll quickly shower."

While the warm water soothed her, she allowed her thoughts to focus on the men. She'd be alone with three to die for hunks, men that woke strange feelings within her, desire, lust, but also deeper feelings. Like the evening before, she felt that strange sensation of *déjà vu*. And how could she separate her feelings and focus on just one of them? They all touched her heart and soul in some strange way. But there was a lot of mystery surrounding them and that made her super cautious. Her pussy ached so bad it wasn't funny and her clit throbbed. She sponged her whole body, then massaged her folds, her thumb on her clit. Entering her fingers in her tight passage she masturbated. Working her fingers fast she managed to orgasm. It brought some relief. She hoped the men hadn't read the desire in her eyes, the wish to know them more, but deep down she wanted nothing else but for them to hold her in their arms, to kiss her, fondle her, and yes even make love to her. Was she crazy to have such thoughts about three strangers? And now she had to tread with extreme caution because if she allowed anyone to make love to her, to go all the way, she'd be stuck being an orgasm whisperer for the rest of her life. She'd almost forgotten about her new extra occupation.

"I'm ready," she announced when she walked back into the dining room. "We'll have to take my car as yours is parked near the pub."

"You're very beautiful," Lex complimented her. "So fresh and untouched. Are you untouched, Amaia?"

That sparked rebellion within her. What right did he have to ask such a question?

"I don't have any right," he said. "You just come across as having strict principles for yourself, opposed to your friends. All three of us think so."

Could he read her mind? "That's a very personal question, but yes, I'm untouched as you call it. I haven't met my soul mate."

"Maybe you have and you don't know it yet," Gavin said softly. "I'm hungry. Let's go."

Now what did Gavin mean by that? She'd never been so confused in her life. Locking the door behind her she hurried to the elevator where they already waited.

While she drove to the golf course where she knew they served an excellent brunch, everyone was quiet. Amaia needed to concentrate on the road. Even though it had been salted, it was slushy. She spotted quite a few cars in the ditch as she drove.

Once they got there, Gavin hurried to open the car door for her and Reed and Lex offered her their arm.

"It's slippery. You might fall."

"I'm fine. It's not too bad," she said, although she did take Reed's arm just in case. All she needed right now was do a face plant in the snow. There were very few customers in the restaurant of which she was glad and she hoped there'd be no couples with orgasmic or sexual problems. All she needed was to have to apply her new trade while in the company of the three hunks. She need not have worried. The few people who were there were either single or couples with some children and she didn't pick up any thoughts about their sex lives.

A waiter seated them and after placing glasses of iced water on the table, asked if they'd like anything to drink. Amaia ordered orange juice and the three men declined. "Shall we go and load up our plates?" she suggested. The smorgasbord idea seemed foreign to the three men. This only raised more question marks in Amaia's mind.

"We get the food ourselves?" Lex asked.

"Yes, it's smorgasbord."

"Another new word we've learned," Reed remarked softly.

They waited for Amaia to lead the way and followed her example. As they filled their plates, they questioned her about some of the foods, and right there Amaia made up her mind to ask them some very straight questions once they sat down to eat. She wasn't going to take evasive answers either. They'd better answer honestly or she'd leave them there and go home, no matter how attracted she felt to them. It was weird anyway, feeling so attracted to three guys all at once. It was certainly very abnormal for her, especially the fierce desire to get to know them better, to be with them, the wish to be in their arms, and not just one, but all of them.

She'd loaded far too much on her plate. The food was always so good in this restaurant that she couldn't resist and she hated leaving food. Taking a break from eating, she finally asked the question that plagued her most. "You've never told me where you're from. The only answer I get is that you're from far away. That could be anywhere. Care to tell me now where you're really from? I know it has to be a foreign country because there are things you don't know and have never heard of, yet you don't have an accent."

They stopped eating and were silent for a few moments. Lex finally spoke. "Now that we're alone, we can answer your question, although I would have preferred to do this in private, not in a public place."

"What difference does it make?"

"It's just that—" he hesitated. "There's no other way to say it. We're not from Earth."

Amaia giggled. "Right. And I'm from Mars." As soon as she uttered the words she thought, but aren't I quarter alien? Why am I laughing at them? I'll listen to their tale, but this is bizarre.

"We're from a planet called Shanuarga."

He stopped and as soon as she heard the name of the planet, she knew he was waiting for her reaction and she couldn't help herself.

Amaia almost choked on the orange juice she was drinking and put her glass down. No one but she, her mother and the diary knew about that planet. They read the damn diary, she thought. Last night after we went to bed they went through my things and found it in the bookcase.

"You invaded my privacy last night while I was asleep, assholes," she said through tight lips. "That's it. I'm out of here. Have a nice day." She'd felt there was something elusive about these men, that they weren't who they said they were. This proved it. And what would they do with the information they gleaned from the diary? Was it even still in her bookcase or did they steal it? What good would it do them anyway? She wasn't rich, so they couldn't

blackmail her. Her mother wasn't rich. She needed to go home and see if they'd stolen the diary. But if they had, they'd have it with them right now. She rose from her chair.

"Give it back to me right now or I'll call the cops!" she demanded.

"Give what back? Sit down, Amaia."

"No. I want what's mine. You had no right." She couldn't help but feel a deep sense of disappointment. Here she'd been really attracted to someone for the first time, and they turned out to be no good drifters who were probably going to sell the diary to the highest bidder of some tabloid. She tried to shove her chair back, but couldn't and sat. It seemed stuck for some reason. While she desperately pushed and tugged, three faces watched her, three pairs of eyes were focused on her every move. Well, there was another way out. She'd slide under the table. But when she tried, her butt wouldn't move. It was as if someone had put crazy glue on the chair. Her face was hot from the effort and she felt rather foolish.

"It's no use. We're holding you," Reed said.

"Holding me?"

"Yes. You didn't believe us so we have to use our paranormal abilities to stop you from leaving. You need to listen to us."

Clutching her purse on her lap, she glared at them. "You put crazy glue on this chair," she said without thinking deeper. After all, when could they have done that?

"We did what?" They looked at each other.

"Glue. It's super glue as you well know. This has gone on long enough. Stop playing games and give the diary back to me."

"Our sensors indicate that Shanuargan blood flows through your veins. We picked up your life signs and that's why we came to this town. We don't know anything about a diary." Gavin sent her a puzzled glance.

"I don't even know what a diary is," Reed said. "Our English translator didn't teach us that word." He pulled a small object from his pocket.

Amaia noted now that it looked like a calculator rather than a phone, but then he asked her, "How is diary spelled?"

Unwillingly she spelled it.

"Ah, it means writing the story of one's life day by day written in a small, old-fashioned notebook made of a papyrus, the writer uses a handheld device that emits a dark fluid."

Amaia burst out laughing. "Let me see that thing? You're pulling my leg."

Reed gave her the small flat device and she looked at it. It had a lot of

strange symbols on the flat keypad, symbols she'd never seen in her life and the same appeared on the small screen display. "Nice toy." She almost threw the thing back at Reed across the table and lifted her arm to call a waiter over to her table.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting a waiter's attention. Management needs to help me get out of this damn chair. You're with that movie crew that's in town and you're making a fool out of me with a scifi gadget used on a movie set."

Her arm felt like lead as it slowly dropped to the table.

Amaia, if you've inherited Shanuargan abilities, you should be able to hear me. Now listen carefully, we are real. It is not a lie and we are very serious.

Amaia shook her head wildly to get the voice out of her head, but there was no mistaking it. Lex had spoken in her mind. Telepathy. It's not something her mother had told her about. She'd only mentioned the shapeshifting abilities of the men.

Yes, we can shapeshift and I'll prove it to you.

Right before her very eyes, Jen suddenly sat where Lex had been. "Hi, Amaia, I decided to join you. Are you having fun?"

Within seconds, Lex was back on the chair. Amaia was confused. She hadn't taken her gaze off the men for a second. There was no way Jen could have walked in, Lex left, and Jen sit on his chair, all within a split second, and then Jen disappeared again and Lex was back? No, maybe she was in some kind of mental institution and she was hallucinating it all. She'd just conjured these men up in her insanity. The walls of the padded room would surely soon appear and she'd snap out of this nightmare.

"I think we all need to go back to your house," Lex told her.

"Like hell. You're not setting foot in my apartment again. I'm sorry I ever agreed to last night's stint." The hallucination was too realistic. I want to wake up, she thought.

The men pushed their chairs back, stood, and Gavin calmly pulled her chair away from the table with her still on it.

"Take my arm," he said, offering her his arm.

"No. You can't make me."

"Yes, I can, but I don't want to *make* you. Please take my arm?"

Her stubborn nature made her flat refuse. "No."

"Fine."

He bent and took her hand in his. Easily, as if she'd never been stuck, he pulled her out of the chair, yet when she tried to pull her hand out of his, she

couldn't. It was as if she were attached to him, as if her flesh had melded with his. Reluctantly she walked out of the restaurant with him. They stopped at the cash register. When she tried to talk, to tell the man behind the register that she was being abducted, she couldn't. Lex paid for their meal and they left.

It had snowed more. There was at least another five inches on top of her car. Gavin opened the passenger door and forced her into the car. Frantically, she tried to open the door to escape, but the door wouldn't give. Lex got in behind the steering wheel. "Keys?"

"No."

"Fine." He grabbed her purse and after opening it, pulled out the keys, then handed the purse back to her.

Amaia had to admit that there was something really different about these three. They might be actors in a scifi movie, but that didn't mean they possessed telepathic abilities or special powers. One didn't inherit those with a role in a movie. Fear now settled in her stomach. What if they were for real? Maybe they hadn't read the diary and they were really from Shanuarga. If so, how many more of them were there on Earth? Were they planning an invasion? What did they want with her? They'd said their sensors had picked up on her. What about her mother? Her sisters and brother?

CHAPTER SIX

“I’m calling the police,” Amaia muttered while throwing her purse on the kitchen counter and reaching for the phone.

“Your phones won’t work, Amaia,” Lex told her.

It was true. The phone was dead. “I’ll go to the manager.” She ran to the front door, but no matter how hard she tried, it wouldn’t open. Next was the balcony. Maybe someone was outside and she could get their attention. The sliding doors were shut tight and wouldn’t budge. She gave up even trying the windows.

“Amaia, please relax. Sit, so we can talk calmly. There is no need to be afraid. We don’t mean to hurt you.”

Her heart pounding wildly, she sank down on the couch and almost gratefully accepted the glass of wine Reed offered her. After drinking it down in one gulp, she held the glass out for more. That one she sipped slower as the ruby red liquid calmed her somewhat. “Okay, talk.”

“We came here to look for the son of one of our very prominent citizens who was left behind on Earth many years ago when on a mission. His name wouldn’t mean anything to you and he would have adopted an Earth name, as we have. He was a high ranking officer. When his explorer got into trouble, he and his crew landed on Earth, in a country called Japan. Our sensors found his remains, but on the marker it said his partner’s remains were also there, his wife. We traced her ancestry and found relatives. Upon making discreet inquiries, we were told the couple had a daughter. The daughter married a man from America and went there to live with him. That is what led us to America. We landed in a place called New Mexico and started our search from there.” Lex stopped for a moment to take a sip from his wine.

“So you waited fifty or more years or more to come and look for him?” Amaia couldn’t help asking.

“His ship drifted into foreign territory by accident. It was a galaxy not yet

chartered by us. They needed to effect repairs and found Earth's oxygen levels compatible to Shanuarga, so they landed. While repairs were taking place, the captain sent out an OA team to explore the planet. One of the team's members wandered away from the rest of the team and got lost. The captain ordered the OA team to return to the ship immediately. Most of the repairs were done, but the module that powered the technology for the ship to avoid detection suddenly malfunctioned. For fear of discovery, they had to leave right away, leaving their comrade behind."

It was almost the same story as written by her mother, but not quite. Then again, they could have added their imagination to it.

"The ship encountered a lot of technical issues during the journey home. They had trouble navigating, were almost lost again, but finally made it back. By this time, the ship had sustained so much damage that all data was lost. Since then, our technology has become highly advanced. We've chartered many galaxies from all over the universe and dozens of uninhabited and inhabited planets. When we chartered this galaxy and its planets, including Earth, we were ordered to come here and find out what happened to Grand Lord Samah Til Kandu. His Earth name on his marker was Kumiko Hara. His partner's name was Akemi Hana Yamu Hara. This is a picture of the Grand Lord."

He handed her the small device and a bolt shot through her when she saw an image of her grandfather, just like he looked on her grandparents' wedding photo. Except he was wearing scifi clothing and a deep red cape with a gold crest embroidered on it. She wished she could see a larger picture.

"Where is the rest of your crew?" The mention of names shocked Amaia because the diary never mentioned her grandfather's or grandmother's name, and neither did it have any pictures in it.

"It's not a large ship. It's a small ship capable of speed faster than light and only holds six crew members but only needs two to operate it."

Reed took over. "Our sensors shows there are two of our species in this town. One isn't far away. You are the first one we found. We followed you to the bar."

Oh great. She was referred to as a species now. And they had tracked her mother down, too. Prove it. Show me that you're truly from Shanuarga, because if you are, you can shift."

"I shifted for you in the restaurant," Lex said.

"For a brief moment I thought I saw Jen, but I was hallucinating. I'm sure."

The three men looked at each other. Lex picked up the large picture of her mother and stared at it for a moment. Within seconds, Jasmine sat where he'd been. When Amaia looked at Reed and Gavin, she saw Jen and Darla. Naked. The men's clothes lay on a pile. She felt embarrassed, faint, and her head whirled. So, it was all true then. Didn't the diary say that all the people on Shanuarga had dark hair, dark eyes, and skin? It also explained why until now, they couldn't tell her where they were really from. Maybe if she closed her eyes, it would all go away. She set her glass on the coffee table and leaned back, eyes closed, and waited. Finally, she dared open them and still saw her two naked friends and her mother. Just as she was about to speak to them, they disappeared, and the three men were back. They quickly picked up their clothing and dressed, before she had even a chance to take in their nudity.

It wasn't a brief moment of insanity. It was real, at least she thought it was. Again, the fleeting notion that she had gone mad or was in some crazy nightmare, occurred to her. "I think I believe you, but I'm still not quite sure. When you found out that Samah had died, my grandfather, why didn't you just return to your planet? Why start the search for descendants?"

"You're not insane and you're wide awake. To answer your question. We followed orders. We communicated to high command that Samah Til Kandu had sired a daughter and they insisted we find her. Though she is of mixed blood, she is the heir to his kingdom. Samah was the only son and when his parents died, he became the heir. Since he was believed to be alive on another planet, his kingdom could not be passed on to another of their lineage. And now that we know he sired a daughter, she is the Princess Kandu, the only one who may inherit all of Samah's holdings and lands. We are to bring her back to Shanuarga so she can take her rightful place." Lex paused to take a breath.

"That princess would be my mother and like hell you're taking her away from here!"

"Since there are no other Shanuargans on Earth, we assumed you were related to the princess."

If anything blew her mind, this was the last straw. Her mother a princess? And they were here to abduct her? Take her away? "Does she have a choice in the matter?" "Of course. We would never use force against the princess."

"Good. Because I doubt she'd leave her children and grandchildren."

"She had more than one child? Strange, we never picked up any other signatures," Gavin said.

"They didn't inherit her DNA, or at least not a lot of it. I'm the only one."

"DNA?" Gavin asked, at the same time consulting his translator. "Ah, I see.

Genes.”

“So you’re an orgasm whisperer,” Reed concluded.

“Yes. It started just recently.” She felt blood rush to her cheeks, and the wine didn’t help any. Now that she knew these men were for real, she could finally relax. Well, relax was a strong word. The knowledge that they came to Earth to kidnap her mother wasn’t all that great. Although he’d told her they wouldn’t use force. That was a small consolation.

“On our ship we can show you many photographs of your grandfather and also of Shanuarga. It is a beautiful planet.”

“Right. I’m not about to go to your ship with you. Promise me you won’t approach my mother? At least, not yet. I’d like to get to know you better and learn more about you.”

“And we’d like to get to know you better,” Lex said. “We feel curiously attracted to you, more than we’ve ever been attracted to any female.”

She almost told them she felt the same, but stopped herself just in time. “I’ll consider that a compliment.”

“You’ve got the most beautiful eyes I’ve ever seen,” Reed said. “They’re most unusual. Do your sisters look like you?”

“No. They take more after my father’s side. Their hair is a light brown, one sister close to blonde, and my brother’s hair is brown. But they all have dark brown eyes. I’m the only one with blue eyes.”

“They’re not blue. They resemble the color of a flower on our planet. A beautiful flower. Its color is so deep blue that it’s close to purple, yet it’s not. It is the deep blue of the oceans.”

“A flower. That’s how my mother got her English name. My father called her Jasmine after a very fragrant flower in Japan because her Japanese name means flower.” Wasn’t that just too coincidental that this man would compare her to a flower, well, her eyes at least.

The phone rang interrupting their conversation. “It is your mother. You had best not tell her anything yet,” Lex advised.

“It’s amazing how you can switch things on and off without moving a muscle.”

“Our small devices do amazing things,” Gavin said sending her a disarming grin.

“So I can run away now and call the cops?”

“Cops?”

“Police.”

“You won’t.”

She quickly answered the persistent phone. "Hi, Mom."

"How are you, sweetie? I didn't hear from you so I thought I'd better check. How are things?"

"Moving too fast. Remind me to write a book about all of this."

"Did you go out last night? Was your evening interrupted by having to do a session?"

"Nope. I had a good time last night." Well, she did, up to a point.

"That's good." They chatted idly for a while about her nieces and nephews and other things. Amaia hung up finally and turned to her companions. "Are any of you married or engaged?"

"No, we aren't bonded with anyone or promised to a woman. We are free to pursue any female we want. Of course we are always hoping to meet our soul mate, as you must be."

Phew, that was a relief. She had her choice of three men. But what a choice. They would travel back to their planet and she'd be left on Earth. Unless of course she went with them, but that was not an option. No way would she leave here. So she had to tell her heart to be quiet and her soul to be silent. She couldn't allow herself to fall in love with any one of them or harbor any feelings at all except desire, and she couldn't really act on that in full because she didn't want to remain a whisperer for the rest of her life.

"I just turned twenty-one and only learned about being an orgasm whisperer just recently. I don't like it. I don't want it. So, yes, I hope to meet my soul mate very soon."

"Only women of royal blood have this ability. It is looked upon with high regard in our society."

"That may be, but I'm an Earth woman and people here wouldn't understand any of it. Much less that I can make myself disappear. Good thing I can't shapeshift. Is that designated only to the men of royal blood?"

"Yes. The common people are just normal people like here on Earth. The only difference is, here we see people of many different skin colors, hair and eyes."

"Yes, and on your planet everyone has black hair, dark eyes and a tanned skin. I know. It's in the diary."

"What is this diary you accused us of stealing?" Lex asked.

"It's a small book my mother wrote her memoirs in—everything about my grandfather. Well, almost. She left out a lot of details because she herself didn't know it all. My grandfather never told her enough." Automatically, her gaze flew to the bookcase. The diary was probably still hidden where she'd

placed it, out of sight for nosy people, like her girlfriends.

“Do you believe now that we never read it?”

“Yes, I don’t have any choice but to believe you. You’re here one minute and in seconds my mother and two friends are in your place. And then you three appear again. Can you shift into anything else but other people?”

“Yes. It depends on the situation,” Lex told her.

“Even animals?” She noticed him glancing behind her. Turning around, it was her animal calendar he was focused on.

Next moment a kitten sat on his chair in the midst of a pile of clothing, licking its paw. Forgetting for a split second about the shapeshifting, Amaia almost jumped to pick it up when Lex reappeared, stark naked and sitting atop his clothes. Good thing she didn’t pick up the kitten. She laughed softly while she sank back onto the couch. Imagine suddenly holding such a big man, and naked to boot. That thought set her blood on fire. Yes, she wanted to be held by him, by his teammates. Oh, to touch those pecs, biceps, and more than anything her gaze fixated on what nestled below his navel. A dark path led to curly black pubic hair. From it sprang a magnificent cock resting atop a taut sack holding large balls. When Reed stood and spoke to her, she could hardly tear her eyes away from it, almost willing it to life, willing it erect. Yikes, what if he read her thoughts?

His face showed nothing when he spoke. “You like animals,” Lex said as he stood to put his clothes on.

“Yes, I do, but had you changed into a grizzly bear, I might have freaked out.”

“That’s an animal we haven’t encountered on Earth,” Reed told her.

“You don’t want to. What kind of animals are there on your planet?” When Lex cupped his sack and penis to tuck them neatly away before he zippered up, she heaved a sigh. In that split second she’d seen his semi erection and though she’d seen many cocks of late in all the porn movies, none could compare to his. Semi erect it was large, quite big in circumference. How big would it be fully erect? Her clit throbbed with longing, her pussy pulsed with need. His male scent entered her nostrils when he approached her. It took all her willpower not to jump up into his arms, right there in front of the other two men.

“Very different. I’ll show you some pictures,” Lex said. He produced his little device and bending close to her, he showed her pictures of various species.

“Aw, a gremlin.”

“Gremlin?”

“Oh, it’s from a movie. It’s not a real animal here, but this one resembles it.”

“It’s quite a dangerous small creature on our planet. Its bite is deadly poisonous.”

“No gremlins for me, then.” Amaia laughed.

“Would you like to go out this evening, Amaia? We enjoyed the dancing last night. It’s much different than the dancing at home. We learned it from watching your television and adapting, but never experienced it until yesterday. I must admit I liked the slow dance better than the ones where we are apart and hop around.” Gavin looked at her with a hopeful expression on his face.

She giggled and presumed it looked that way to a stranger not accustomed to Earth’s modern dancing. Slow dancing with a man she liked was her preference as well, although she didn’t tell them that. “I can call Jen and Darla to join us after work. They’re off at ten.”

“We don’t mind your friends if they want to come, but we prefer to be alone with you,” Lex said.

Amaia frowned. “Isn’t that rather boring for two of you if I’m on the dance floor with one?”

“Your friends are fun, but we aren’t interested in them really. It would be unfair to them to make them think we are,” Reed said.

“That’s true, but at least you’d have dancing partners. Although I’m sure there’ll be plenty single women for you to dance with. If any of my male friends are there, they’ll ask me to dance. You can’t monopolize me.” Isn’t that what they’d done last night? And deep down, didn’t she want to be monopolized by them?

“Amaia, I don’t want to dance with anyone else but you,” Gavin told her.

Inwardly she groaned. Three gorgeous men and all three wanted no one but her? Were interested in no one but *her*? Where could this lead to but trouble? And what are your feelings for all three of them, a little voice whispered in her mind. She had to admit that she couldn’t separate her feelings, her desire, the way they turned her on, or the connection she felt. It’s probably because I’m descendant from my grandfather. I feel the blood ties between us. That’s what it has to be, she decided. But would that cause the wanton desire to make love to all three of them? The savage lust she felt for the first time in her life?

“If you insist, phone your friends, but don’t be surprised if we don’t dance

much with them.”

She phoned Darla first who eagerly accepted. Then Jen. “But no more strip poker and you need to watch your drinking,” she warned Jen, just like she’d warned Darla.

“You don’t like seeing them without their clothes on? Pity we got so drunk. We might have gotten lucky,” Jen said.

“Take a cab this time. I don’t want anyone at my house tonight. I’m still exhausted from last night.”

“And you want to go out again? Come on, girlfriend, you’ve got the hots for those guys, just like us,” Jen said, laughing hard. “Don’t you dare deny it.”

She did, but she wasn’t about to admit it to her friends. And her hot wasn’t the same. There was a stronger attraction, a tugging at her heartstrings, a touching of souls. It had nothing to do with sexual desire. Her need for them was only superficial lust, something she could feel for any hunk though it had never been this strong. Right from the moment they’d met she’d felt the difference. Even when she had been super mad at them, thought they were up to no good, she could feel it.

“Are your friends going to be joining us later at night?” Reed asked.

“Yes, they are. How about we order food in instead of going out to eat?” she suggested.

Lex looked at his little device. “According to Earth time, it’s early for dinner. How about we go to our hotel and get changed first. We showered this morning, but have no clean clothing here.”

“Sounds like a plan. That’ll give me a chance to get ready for the evening,” Amaia said. “I can call you a taxi or I can drive you.”

“We’ll take a taxi. If you’ll call one for us, we’ll go down to the lobby to wait for it. See you this evening? We’ll pick you up in a taxi at seven for dinner. That way you can enjoy a glass of wine, too.”

After they left, she ordered a cab for them that surprisingly came quite fast. Amaia quickly went to the bedroom to undress and take her second shower for the day. While standing under the stream of soothing warm water, she thought about that evening. Now that she knew where they were from, who they were exactly and their motives, all fear of the unknown had vanished, and all she could look forward to now was to explore unknown territory with them, not just of their alien culture, but also those of love and desire.

A slow throbbing started between her folds, her clit hardening as she thought about the three handsome men. Picturing Lex as she’d seen him that afternoon in all his naked glory, she sponged between her legs pushing hard

on her clit to stop the wanton longing that attacked her. Damn, there was no way she could lose her virginity to any one of the three, not if she wanted to stop her newfound vocation. Unless...was it even possible? Could one of them be her soul mate? Pushing down on her clit and stroking between her wet folds, she considered the possibility vaguely. Soul mate to an alien? How long would they stay on Earth? Could she afford to lose her heart to one of them? She came with a gush and let out a sigh as she sponged the area, then concentrated on the rest of her body.

“My God, if I’ve ever wanted a man, it’s any one of those three,” she muttered while rinsing her hair.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The building manager hadn't shoveled yet so when the taxi arrived at seven on the dot, she had to wade through knee-deep snow to get to it. Lex got out and opened the back door of the taxi for her. Amaia climbed in next to Reed and Gavin. Everything they'd told her had quite blown her mind and she'd dressed in a kind of haze. She'd finally met three men that interested her more than just a little and they had to be aliens. Mind you, aliens to die for, but nevertheless beings from another planet. There was no way in hell she could allow herself to even contemplate more than a few dates, and to protect her from a lifetime of orgasm whispering, no more than fondling and kissing.

"Where are you taking me for dinner?" she asked to get some conversation going.

"To a restaurant not too far from the pub," Reed answered. "Have you processed everything we told you today? Are you satisfied with our explanations?"

"Processed. You've got to stop using that word. I've got no choice but to believe you. Please don't talk about anything here or where anyone can hear us."

Suddenly, Reed turned to her and unexpectedly took her in his arms. She had no time to react when his lips came crashing down on hers. Her body once again on fire, her lips parted and she responded fully to the kiss. Wasn't this what she wanted? Her mind fought against the insanity of it all, but her body and heart betrayed her. If she was ever in danger of giving away her virginity, it was to these men, or at least one of them.

His tongue explored, danced with hers, drawing every ounce of resistance from her. She pushed herself against him and when his hand stole underneath her jacket and slipped into the neck of her sweater, she arched her back a little, moving toward that hand as he stroked her breast gently.

“Reed, enough for now. We’re here,” Gavin said, startling her because for a moment she’d forgotten about the other two.

Reluctantly she moved a little away from Reed and waited until Lex opened the door for her. After she stepped out of the taxi, Lex pulled her into his arms. “I want to taste those lips, too,” he said softly against them. His hand was behind her head as he claimed the kiss, his other hand on her buttock pulling her hard against him. It was as if he sucked her soul from her body. She felt his erection press against her belly. Her heart somersaulted, her stomach did flip flops, her lips ached for more as he pulled away and handed her over to Gavin. She fully expected the same from him, but he merely took her arm and led her to the restaurant.

Her crotch ached as the hostess led them to a table. Amaia took her jacket off and sat down, crossing her legs to still the burning desire between her legs.

“You look lovely, Amaia,” Gavin said, his gaze openly ravishing her from the waist up.

She’d not worn anything special. The weather hardly called for anything dressy and most people wore jeans to the pub anyway. Her sweater was nice though and quite sexy with its low neck set off with tiny pearls, and just low enough to show some cleavage.

It was quiet in the restaurant. There was only one other couple. The snow kept people at home. Amaia presumed it would be a lot quieter at the pub, too. The men asked a lot of questions while they ate, about her mother mostly.

“I don’t want you near her unless I’m with you. Promise me that?” she asked.

After dinner, they walked to the pub and it wasn’t as quiet there as Amaia had thought. As always, it was very noisy. There were more men than women that night and she’d no sooner sat down, and admirers thronged around her wanting to dance with her. There were several men there she’d dated, but they no longer held her interest. Especially now. She had no eyes now except for Gavin, Reed, and Lex. Conversation was near impossible with the loud music and talk. She danced with Reed and Lex a few times. When the music changed to mellow, Gavin got her up on the floor.

He held her tight against him, his cheek resting on her head. Amaia leaned back and he lifted his head to look down at her. His dark eyes were black with desire. They were like burning coals and she felt herself sinking deep into their pits. He leaned closer and was about to kiss her, she was sure, when suddenly a hand ripped her away from him.

“Stop hogging the lady,” a loud voice shouted. “Give another guy a fucking chance, why don’t you!”

“Gary, stop it!” Amaia yelled. “I’m with them. Leave us alone!”

He ignored her and took a swing at Gavin and then another, but hit air. Two other men joined the fight. Amaia desperately looked for the bouncer, but there was no need. One of the men sat on top of Gavin who was now on the floor and was about to swing his fist at Gavin’s face when suddenly there lay a buxom blonde on the floor, her breasts almost spilling out of her top, a mini dress hiked up almost to her waist exposing G-string panties.

Amaia almost choked with laughter as Gary’s fist stopped midair and at the expression on the men’s faces.

“Where the fuck did he go? Where did you come from?” Gary shouted and scrambled up off the blonde. “Never mind, you’ll do. Fuck, man, look at this,” he shouted at one of the other men who sidled up to the blonde and stuck a hand down her top.

The blonde looked at Amaia. “You okay, honey?” she asked in a deep voice.

Amaia was still choking on her laughter and nodded while the blonde calmly removed the hand from her breast, twisted Gary’s arm behind him and shoved him toward the bar. “I suggest you fellows leave the lady and her escorts alone,” she rumbled, then calmly walked toward the exit.

Amaia returned to their table and sat down with Reed and Lex. “That was too funny for words. I wish I’d had my camera here,” she yelled at them. A few minutes later Gavin strode back into the bar and sat down with them. He leaned close to Amaia.

“That was easily solved,” he said near her ear.

“Yes, but it was terribly funny. You shifted so fast, I didn’t even notice.”

Lex said something to Reed and then leaned close to Gavin. Amaia tried to hear what he said. The expression on his face was rather serious. He looked at her and motioned his head toward the exit. He wanted her to go outside. Why?

“You should have put your jacket on,” Gavin said and put his arms around her to keep her shivering body warm.

“You’re lucky they’re drunk or they’d be really asking questions. One minute sitting on top of a man and the next second a woman?” Amaia giggled again.

“We have a problem.”

“Oh?”

“During all the commotion Reed picked up another signature. Someone else from our planet is here, in this town.”

“Really. Why? Haven’t you been in contact with your planet and told them you accomplished your mission?”

“Yes, we have.”

“So why did they send another team to Earth?”

“I don’t think they were sent. The signature we’re picking up is that of the one who stands to inherit the title and holdings if we didn’t find your mother. We think they’re here to ensure that your mother and you vanish.”

“Killed.”

“Maybe. We are not a violent people. There are other ways to get rid of someone unwanted.”

“How?”

“By banishing you and your mother to another planet from which there is no escape. You and your mother are in grave danger. We have to talk to your mother right away.”

“And this is family of mine? Well, alien family I guess.”

“A distant cousin. He has petitioned the council for the title a number of times and lost his case.”

“Interesting. Not only am I part alien, but now I’m being hunted.”

“Because of our shapeshifting abilities we have to be more than careful. Did you know those men who attacked Gavin?”

“Yes, I knew all three of them.”

“Good. We must go to your mother’s house immediately,” Gavin said.

“Jen and Darla are coming soon. They’ll find it strange if we’re not there.”

“Can you telephone your mother and tell her to lock her door and not let anyone in? Not even if she thinks she knows the person?”

“Shit. Do you think they know what I look like? What if they shift into me? Mom wouldn’t hesitate to open the door.”

“Tell her a secret word and not to open the door unless you say that word.”

Amaia’s heart pounded, but not from desire this time, but from fear. “Mom opens the door to many a stranger if they need help.”

“You must phone her and tell her to open to no one, no matter who they say they are.”

“As soon as Jen and Darla are here I’ll pretend to feel sick and want to go home. They shouldn’t be too long. It’s well after ten now.” She took her phone

out of her pocket and dialed her mother's number.

"Mom?"

"Hi, honey, where are you?"

"I'm at the bar. Mom, listen to me carefully. You're in terrible danger, and—"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't ask questions. Promise me this, do not, and I mean *not* open the door for anyone, even if you think it's me."

"Amaia, you're talking crazy."

"No. I'll explain when I get there. The secret word is kangaroo. Unless I say that, you do not let me in. Or anyone else for that matter. Double lock your door."

"Amaia, you're scaring me. What if one of my clients needs help this late?"

"Don't let them in. Mom, you know I don't make up things and I'm stone cold sober. I'll be there soon. Remember the secret word. Lock all windows and doors. Turn your lights off. Don't open it for a kitten, a puppy, or anything else you think is in need. Promise me."

"All right, dear. I promise, but you've got me worried."

"Good. You need to worry, but not about me. About yourself. Just do as I asked. I have to go now," she said when she saw Jen and Darla arrive in a taxi.

"Hey, Maia," Jen shouted. "Hi, guys, good to see you!"

They went back into the bar and sat with the girls for a bit. Amaia suddenly put a hand to her head. "I feel sick," she shouted to Jen. Darla was on the dance floor with Reed.

Jen leaned toward her. "What's wrong?"

"Don't know. I want to go home."

"Fine, but leave them here," Jen yelled back at her.

Amaia nodded to Gavin and Lex who stood up. Gavin held his arm out as if to support her.

"We'll come back," they shouted at Jen who shook her head, baffled.

Reed saw them stand up and putting on their jackets. He steered Darla off the floor and pulled out a chair for her. Darla pouted. "We'll be back," he promised and joined his teammates and Amaia.

Jen shouted after them, "Does it take all three of you to take her home?"

Amaia had already called for a taxi and was waiting for them. "I hope Mom listened to me," she said as she climbed into the cab. "She's so sweet and naïve, she'd trust anyone."

"That's a nice personality trait," Gavin said, "but right now, not a good one

for her safety.”

Amaia gave the taxi driver the address. When they arrived at her mother’s house, all was in darkness so Amaia hoped that her mother was okay. “I have a key,” she told them. “Maybe we should knock though, so I can use the secret word. I might freak her out if I come walking in with three strange men.”

“Freak?”

“Never mind.” Amaia knocked on the door. Her mother answered.

“Yes?”

“It’s me, Mom. Kangaroo.”

The door opened and after the men followed her inside Amaia closed it quickly behind them, then locked the deadbolt and safety chain. “You can turn on a light now, Mom.”

Once they were in the living room, Jasmine lit some candles rather than turn on the main light. “Care to introduce me to your friends, Amaia?”

“I’m sorry. This is Gavin, that is Reed, and over there is Lex. They are from Shanuarga”

Jasmine sank down into a chair, her eyes like saucers. “You’ve lost it, daughter.”

“It’s true. I thought I was going crazy at first, but they came here to find you. You’ve inherited a title and a fortune on that planet.”

“You’ve gone insane. You’re always so level headed. What’s wrong with you?” Jasmine shook her head in disbelief.

“Mom, believe me. It’s real. They adopted Earth names, but they’re from the same planet as my grandfather. They came to look for him.”

“After all these years?”

“I asked the same question.”

“Why am I in danger?”

“Some family member on that planet wants your title and your riches. If no one can find you, if you don’t claim it and seemingly disappear or die, it’s theirs. They’re here looking for you. These three men have already informed their government that they’ve accomplished their assignment, that they’ve found you. So, your enemy and mine, too, will have to get rid of both of us some way.”

“I don’t think they would kill. As I’ve told you, we are not a violent people. But there are ways of making one disappear. I told you about that, Amaia. I will tell your mother everything now,” Gavin said and sank down into her father’s chair.

"I need a cup of tea," Jasmine said after Gavin stopped talking.

Gavin looked at Amaia with a puzzled expression. "She wants tea? She's in grave danger and wants a cup of tea?"

Amaia smiled. "That's her Japanese side. They solve everything with a cup of herbal tea."

"Interesting customs here on Earth," Lex observed.

Jasmine returned carrying a tray of steaming mugs and offered them to the men who hesitantly took one each and smelled it. "It's hot," Reed said. "We don't drink hot beverages at home. I like the coffee but not sure about this."

"It's also herbal. It has medicinal properties that calm the nerves," Amaia explained.

Jasmine didn't sit down, but stood looking at the men. "You seem to forget that my daughter and I both have disappearing ability. I'm not in as much danger as you believe."

"That's just it," Gavin said, his face grave. "We have an instrument that detects you anyway and will neutralize your ability to disappear."

"Fantastic. If they can read our alien signatures, how do you propose we hide from them and where?" Jasmine asked.

"I have done some research," Lex said. "On Earth the banks have what is called a vault. It is made of a certain type of steel with very thick walls. We can hide in one of those."

"Uh uh, we walk right into a bank. Hey, can we use your vault for a few days? And don't forget, they open that vault at certain intervals during the day of business," Amaia said.

"From what I learned, the intervals are brief. If we disappear we can enter the vault and stay there until your pursuers move on."

"How will you know?"

"We can shapeshift and leave the vault at any time. We can be as small as an ant or a fly. No one would notice," Gavin said.

"There is no oxygen in a vault and what about food and water?" Jasmine asked.

"We can shift into one of the bank workers at any time if the vault is open and quickly take some water and food in there," Reed suggested.

"I doubt they'd let their personnel take food into the vault or water," Amaia said. "And what about if Mom or I need to use the bathroom? I doubt they make vaults with toilets in them."

"Good points. I can't think of any other safe place right now," Lex said. "A vault is the only place my scanner came up with that will hide our signatures."

"The vault is open for how long?" Gavin asked.

"It doesn't say on the scanners. There are so many banks. Maybe they're all different."

Amaia thought for a moment. She'd often noticed the open vault door at her bank. "Every time I've gone to my bank, the vault has been open. Maybe some banks leave it opened during the day and close it when the bank closes? Sitting in a vault for a few days is just what I always dreamed of doing."

"Even *we* have to be very careful to move out of the vault in shifted form because they can still pick up our signatures that way. If at all possible, we need to take supplies in with us."

"Wait, if I have something in my hands when I disappear, it does as well. Shouldn't be that hard. The main thing is getting in and out to use a bathroom. Not so hard for you guys. You can pee in an empty bottle if necessary," Amaia said with a grimace. "Even if we're invisible, someone could notice the bathroom door opening and closing."

"Amaia, you will have to call in sick otherwise they'll find it strange at the hospital if you don't show up for work," Jasmine reminded her. "I only have two appointments tomorrow and none for Tuesday and Wednesday, and I'll cancel those two, first thing in the morning."

The thought of being holed up with three men to die for wasn't at all that frightening. Pity her mother would be with them. She giggled.

"What is so funny about this whole affair," her mother grumbled.

"Nothing. I just thought of something silly. Anyway, vaults are usually on a time lock and I remember reading on the internet about some woman locked in a vault for fourteen hours and she was fine. But there will be five of us breathing and using up oxygen. I don't know if we'd last the night."

Jasmine sighed. "Isn't there another place somewhere?"

"Yes, in an underground cave deep in the mountains, but it would take us days to get there and a lot of climbing." Lex told them. "Maybe it's best if you stay invisible as your whole system slows down and you won't need as much air. We can shift into flies or another small insect. That way we won't use up oxygen, either."

"A cave is not an option. Those men are not far away. It won't be long until their scanners locate us. We need to move first thing in the morning," Gavin said.

They spent most of the night planning and gathering supplies. Lex told them to prepare for at least three days.

"If they haven't found us after three days, do you think they'll go away?"

Jasmine asked.

"I hope so. I don't know where they landed. They might also be stubborn. I know how badly your cousin covets the title and what goes with it. But, they too, are in danger. Following us will not have gone undetected and I'm sure there is a contingent on the way to apprehend them," Gavin said. "They'll not risk being caught by the authorities and standing trial."

"I wonder what time the vault will open," Amaia mused.

"Maybe when the bank opens at ten?" Jasmine suggested. "Why don't we try and sleep for a few hours. We have nerve wrecking days ahead."

"As if I can sleep," Amaia muttered. "How about some of that stay awake tea of yours, Mother?"

"Amaia is right. Going to sleep can be dangerous. There are only a few hours left of the night. A couple of us need to stay alert. Some of us can try and sleep as long as two of us stand guard, one for the front of the house and one for the back," Gavin told them.

"And if they find us this night, then what?"

"The signatures will have pointed to this town, but unless they get close to the house, they won't know where we are. Let's hope they've gone to sleep for the night," Reed said.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Amaia parked her car a few blocks away from the bank at Gavin's suggestion, just in case she left traces of her signature on it. Walking hadn't been an option as Jasmine lived quite far away from town. When they were a block away from the bank, Jasmine and Amaia disappeared along with the two suitcases they pulled behind them. The men shifted, their clothes dropping to the snow in crumpled heaps. Jasmine quickly scooped them up and stuffed them into the suitcase. Fortunately, there were no other pedestrians.

When they were in front of the bank, the two women waited to slip in through the revolving doors with other customers.

"At least you and I can talk without anyone hearing us. The guys won't have much fun as flies on the wall until the vault closes," Amaia said.

They had to wait to get behind the counter. The entrance had a special lock operated by the receptionist pushing a button. When one of the tellers came out, they quickly slipped through before the gate closed. "Phew, we're here. Now the vault," Amaia said as she headed for the vault's gate. Its heavy four-foot steel door stood wide open, but there was still the gate—locked.

"Now what?" Jasmine muttered.

"If I knew who had the keys, it would help. We'll have to wait until someone wants to get into their safety deposit box."

"That could take all day. What if no one wants to do that today?"

"Surely someone will go into the vault at some point. At the same time, we risk being detected by the aliens."

They stood against the wall between two filing cabinets and waited. Amaia watched the minute hand of the large clock tick the minutes away and each time the hand moved, she felt more fearful, her gaze alternating between the clock and the bank's entrance to see who came in.

The clientele was mostly female. Finally, a man in a suit came in. He

carried a briefcase and thankfully, he was older and had grey hair. Then again, those dudes could shapeshift as well so she wasn't sure and held her breath. When the man requested to access his safety deposit box and he came closer to them, she saw blue eyes. She let her breath out slowly, but was still suspicious because shapeshifting into an Earthling, they could have the blue eyes as well.

The bank manager opened the gate, inserted his key and waited for the man to insert his own key and pull the box out. The man took it to a little table and opened it. Amaia gasped at the jewelry she saw inside the box. The dude was either super rich or a jewel thief. She and her mother now flattened themselves against the far wall of the vault. A fly buzzed around Amaia's head and she almost swiped at it at the last second, remembering who it was. She drew her breath in. She'd come close to killing one of the men.

"Stop flying around my head," she said. "It's annoying. And don't sit on my nose either, or I will swat you!"

Jasmine laughed. "At least they didn't shift into bees or wasps."

"Right. They'd have the bank manager chasing them with a can of insect spray, and he might do that anyway if he sees flies in the vault."

The day went by too slowly. The bank didn't close until eight so it seemed to take forever. Amaia and Jasmine managed to make several trips to the bathroom during their wait and slip back into the vault.

When the heavy door closed and they heard the automatic lock click into place, they surfaced and the three men shifted back.

"You're trembling, Amaia," Gavin said and hugged her. "Don't be afraid. We're safe for the night."

"During the day the door is open. Can't they still pick up our signatures?"

"Not that easy. It would be very faint and they'll have been hunting all over town today trying to figure out why it's so faint and why they can't pinpoint a close location," Lex said.

"I'm starving," Reed said. "Jasmine, what did you pack for us to eat?"

"Water. That's all you deserve for putting us through all this," Jasmine said tersely.

"We are following orders. We had to find you," Gavin said.

"You can tell your superiors I don't want to be a princess and don't want the fortune. My father's evil family can have it," she bit back. "You think I want my daughter and me to be hunted for the rest of our lives? And for goodness sake, cover yourselves up. I really don't need to see you in your

naked glory.”

“They will be punished. Believe me. But if you don’t want what is rightfully yours, one of you will still need to come to Shanuarga to sign papers. We don’t have those with us, and even if we did, you need to sign them in the presence of the Shanuargan officials. Jasmine, you can sign a document here denouncing your inheritance and appointing your daughter as your legal heir. Once we get out of this vault, I can ask our superiors to send us the documents. I believe we may be able to adapt our transmitter to send it to Amaia’s computer,” Gavin told them.

Still grumbling, Jasmine opened both the suitcases. One contained juice, water and a few empty containers for bathroom purposes, just in case one of them had to go badly. It would be a long night. The other suitcase contained sandwiches and apples, enough to feed an army.

“I didn’t dare pack bananas as their scent is very strong,” she apologized. “Even when invisible, someone could smell it and start searching.”

“Very smart,” Lex said. “She’s a true Shanuargan.”

They sat in a circle and ate, the men being careful to sit in such a way that their royal jewelry wasn’t visible to the women. Amaia only had a few sips of water. She didn’t relish peeing in a container during the night and hoped she could hold her bladder until the vault opened the next morning. She was tired—mentally and physically exhausted. Eyeing the hard ceramic tiled floor that she presumed had steel beneath it, she wished they could have taken sleeping bags along.

As if he read her mind, Gavin reached out, took her in his arms, and relaxed against the wall with her, his legs crossed hiding his valuables. She felt comfortable against his warm chest, her head against his shoulder. When his cheek rested on top of her head, she suddenly didn’t feel that sleepy. Opening her eyes she saw Jasmine’s gaze on her, a little smile playing on her lips. Her mother knew. Of course she knew. Hadn’t she told her that Amaia would meet her soul mate very soon? But what she hadn’t said was that there was a choice of three. There was no way Amaia could distinguish her interest from one man to the next. Each man had fantastic qualities, each was as handsome as a movie star, or better. All three were muscular, tall and dark. Lex seemed to be the more studious one, Gavin the philosopher and Reed more of an explorer. At least what she’d learned of them in the short time she’d known them. Oh, she wanted to know more, about their childhood, their likes and dislikes, about their planet, their lifestyle, and their feelings. She knew they wanted her, and they’d mentioned soul mates. Was this to be? Was she so lucky to have

three of them? But how could that work? Still pondering on the possibilities, she drifted off, her dreams filled with alien creatures, but none she'd want to have anything to do with. Rather, they were chasing her and when she woke in the morning, she was damp with perspiration.

"Where are Reed and Lex?" she asked as she opened her eyes and didn't see her mother or the other two men.

"Your mother has maintained invisibility all night and Reed and Lex shifted to flies to preserve oxygen," Gavin said as he stroked her damp forehead. "Are you okay? It's getting hard to breathe in here."

"Yes. I just had some horrible dreams about super giant bugs chasing me."

"Those were probably induced by the lack of oxygen. We'll be okay. It's not long till opening time," he said. "Maybe you should drink something."

"And top off an already busting bladder?"

"It won't be long now," he promised. "We have about ten minutes to eat something and drink before they open the vault door."

"I slept that long?"

"Yes, you did."

"What about Mom and the guys, don't they need to eat and drink something?"

"They did about an hour ago. You must have been exhausted."

Amaia stood up, almost reluctant to leave his arms, but she needed to stretch. "I'm so sore and stiff."

"I tried to keep you comfortable. I'm sorry," he said while he stood up as well and placed his hands on her shoulders.

Even in her discomfort, she felt she'd died and gone to Heaven. Here she was standing so close to him, she could feel his morning erection throb against her. Her head barely reached his nipples, his face was close to hers, and his hands burnt the skin on her shoulders. She raised her gaze to meet his. His eyes were unreadable, black as ink, depths she felt herself drowning in. All sound around them disappeared and it was as if they were completely alone standing in a cloudy void. Her soul yearned, reached out, her mind touched his as she heard strange syllables, spoken in a soft, tender whisper. Then aloud he said, "Amaia, after this is all over, I want to—"

A buzzer sounded snapping her out of it. "The door is opening. Quick," Amaia said.

In seconds, Gavin shifted and she thought of and recited the phrase to disappear. Just as the vault door opened and a rush of air came in, she

managed it. To her consternation, there were some empty bottles on the floor and sandwich containers that they'd forgotten to put back in the suitcase she was now holding for dear life so it wouldn't be visible. Jasmine must have grabbed the other suitcase because she didn't see it.

"What the hell is this?" the manager's deep voice questioned while his gaze behind horn rimmed glasses scouted the vault.

The gate stood wide open so Amaia shoved the suitcase at her mother and hurried out to relieve herself. She didn't care that no one went into the staff bathroom and opened the door just wide enough to slip through. She hoped that no one had seen it, but she needed to go, and badly.

When she returned, the manager was still questioning his assistant who stuttered and stumbled over her words. "I don't know, sir. I haven't got a clue how that got in here."

"Get rid of it!" he ordered. "And don't let me find any more garbage in here, ever!"

Due to the commotion, the gate remained open and Amaia slipped back inside easily. "Phew, that was something," she said to her mother.

"I need to go now. Think I have enough time?"

"Hurry up," Amaia grabbed the handles of both suitcases.

Jasmine was back in minutes. "It's my fault. I made myself invisible and then I fell asleep. I'm so sore. Unlike you, I didn't have a comfortable man to sleep against. Reed and Lex shifted into flies to preserve oxygen."

"I know. And I saw you looking at me last night with that knowing expression. Yes, I have feelings for these men, but for all three of them. It's really weirding me out."

"Didn't we just have a conversation about that? You said it was okay for a woman to have more than one man?"

"I did, but it's strange all the same. I always imagined falling in love with one man, not with three at the same time. And then there's the problem that they're from another planet. I don't want to leave Earth."

"I can give my title to you and the inheritance that goes with it."

"Would you want me to leave, Mom?"

"No, of course not, but I want you to be happy and if that is what you want, then I would have to accept your migration to Shanuarga."

"I don't want your stupid title or inheritance and I don't want to go to another planet."

"Then you have some very difficult decisions to make that I can't help you with, daughter."

Amaia swiped at the flies buzzing around her head.

“Careful, you’ll hurt them,” Jasmine warned.

“That might be the best thing. Get rid of them and then there won’t be a decision to make.”

“Look at those insects. Leaving this garbage here has attracted flies. Go and get some spray,” the manager’s voice sounded.

“Shit. Go hide, guys,” Amaia hissed at the three flies while she sank to the floor to sit against the suitcase and her mother did the same. She was still amazed that though they were invisible to others, they could see each other.

CHAPTER NINE

After two days, Amaia felt exhausted. “I’m so stiff. What time is it?”
“Almost morning. They should be opening the door soon,” Jasmine said.

She’d not slept much that night and had caused the guys to shift back to normal with her many questions. Oxygen was scarce and breathing was difficult. If the door didn’t open soon, they’d pass out, she knew, and it would be her fault.

Amaia’s thoughts were troubled as she sat on the floor leaning against one of the suitcases. No way did she want to go to Shanuarga, no matter what she felt for the three men. She’d hardly known them long enough to be heartbroken if she never saw them again, she decided. She doubted they’d want to stay on Earth, had shown no indication of that at all. Just her luck to finally meet the man, or...man? Men... of her dreams. There was her answer. Though she’d talked to her mother about women who lived with more than one man, she wasn’t at all sure she wanted that for herself, and she didn’t have a clue which one she had the most feelings for. Her mother would happily give up her inheritance and title, the men would leave, and everything would be back to normal. But would it? Would their handsome faces always plague her? The intense desire she felt for them? Her need to bond with them, to become one, to meld with their souls? Could she ever forget them? In addition, what about the fact that she or her mother had to go with them to sign those documents? Was that really necessary? Why couldn’t they just tell their superiors that neither of them wanted the title and inheritance? What if they both just flat-out refused to go with them? The vault door opened startling her out of her thoughts.

“Your cousin and his team have been apprehended. We’re safe,” Lex told them as he looked at his little device. “We can get out of here now.”

“Two and a half days. Not bad at all,” Gavin said, looking at Reed and Lex.
“The squad got here fast.”

“The interstellar police probably left within hours after their departure was

detected.”

“Never mind the chit chat. Let’s get out of here,” Amaia snapped, fed up with the whole adventure that was really more of a nightmare.

“Honey, it’s all over. Do you need to use the bathroom before we leave the bank?” Reed asked.

Honey. He had called her honey. “Where do you get two and a half days from? It’s only been two.”

“Sorry. Our time,” Lex said.

“I’ll wait until we get to Mom’s place. I didn’t drink that much last night.”

They slipped out of the vault and through the gate easily as tellers arrived ready for their day at work.

“I thought you sprayed. I still see flies in here,” she heard the manager sternly tell one of the girls in quite a loud voice.

Amaia giggled as they slipped through the revolving doors and was glad to smell fresh air. Once they were far enough away from the bank and on the side street, which was quiet, the men shifted. Amaia repeated the visible phrase in her mind several times and was glad when she was back to normal. Jasmine followed her shortly after and quickly pulled the men’s clothing out of her suitcase.

Amaia waited impatiently while they dressed, shivering, their skin puckering from the cold. Her gaze focused on their genitals now dormant, their balls taut from the freezing air, but nevertheless delectable enough to nibble on. She imagined her lips around those cocks, watching them slowly harden. *What the hell am I thinking?*

The sidewalks hadn’t been cleared and walking was difficult. The men were carrying the suitcases now, so at least Amaia and Jasmine didn’t have that burden. When they got to the car, there was at least a foot of snow on the roof and the hood. Cursing softly under her breath for not wearing gloves, she opened the trunk with numb fingers and took out the snow brush.

“Here, you guys can clear the car,” she said, handing it to Lex. She quickly opened the door for her mother and climbed into the driver’s seat. She started the car and waited for the motor to warm up a bit before turning the heat on full blast.

“You’re very quiet, Amaia,” Jasmine said.

“Yes. You’ve given them your answer and mine is the same, so I guess they’ll be leaving soon.”

“And that troubles you, right?”

The rear doors opened and the men piled in. "How about we take you ladies out for breakfast?" Gavin suggested. "A warm meal right now would do us all good."

"No. We're going to my house and after we all shower, I'll make you breakfast," Jasmine said decidedly, in a voice that demanded no argument.

"Are you sure? I mean, it's because of us that—"

"Yes. I'm sure. Amaia?"

"Sounds good to me. Mom makes a mean breakfast," she told the men.

"Mean? You mean it's not good? Mean means nasty, my translator tells me," Reed said. "And nasty is someone who does not do nice things to other people or animals."

Amaia laughed. "It's an expression for a great breakfast. Mean or nasty as in it's super good and fattening, thereby making it a mean breakfast because that's not good for us."

"Your language is strange," Lex commented.

"Not as weird as yours, although I only know the phrases I have to think to disappear and reappear. Lord knows what the rest of your language is like if those words are any indication."

"I suppose all foreign languages are strange to a person's tongue," Gavin said.

"I wouldn't say that. French is a beautiful language, though I can't speak it."

They arrived at Jasmine's house. Amaia left her car parked on the street since her mother's driveway of course had not been cleared. Once inside the house, Jasmine provided the men with towels and showed them to the main bathroom. "You go and shower in my bathroom," she told Amaia. "I'll start getting some things ready for breakfast."

It took a while before everyone had showered. Amaia borrowed some of her mother's clothes and was glad she wore the same size.

"Amaia, those are my favorite jeans."

"I'll bring them back tomorrow, Mom. I just needed something clean to wear after wearing the same clothes for two days and nights."

Gavin and Reed were already sitting at the kitchen table sipping a cup of coffee. Amaia sat at the end of the table. The aroma that wafted into her nostrils caused her stomach to growl.

"I think you're very hungry," Reed said, grinning from ear to ear when the rumbling in her stomach was so loud that she knew they could hear it.

"I am, especially for some warm food. So, now that Mom and I have made

our decision, what is next?" she asked, just having to know.

"Your mother, or you, must accept the title and inheritance. We can't have your relatives take over. Especially after the stunt they just pulled."

"Neither Mom or I want to leave here," Amaia said firmly.

"One of you must," Gavin told her just as firm.

"What are you going to do? Knock one of us out and kidnap Mom or me?"

"No. We won't resort to forceful methods," Reed assured her.

"We will bring you or your mother back. As long as you claim the inheritance and title, you can assign someone to manage the estate and return to Earth," Gavin told her.

"Right, and be gone for how long? I mean, space travel isn't an overnight trip."

"No, but our transport travels faster than the speed of light. You wouldn't be gone more than two weeks," Reed said. "Or your mother of course. Travel to Shanuarga only takes a few Earth days. The formalities is what would take the longest. Paperwork needs to be prepared, but we can tell them to start getting all that ready before we arrive."

"Oh no. There is no way you'll get me into your spaceship," Jasmine said as she entered the kitchen followed by Lex. "I didn't hear all of your conversation, but if it's a must, then it should be Amaia who goes with you. She's braver than her mother."

"Mom, I have a job. I can't just take two weeks off out of the blue."

"Yes you can."

"And what do I tell my friends?"

"You can tell them you're going to a wedding in Japan. You received an unexpected invitation from a distant cousin and they're paying for your trip."

"Mom, that's lying."

"What else can you say? You're going to Shanuarga? I think you need to go. Gavin, Reed and Lex think it's important we claim this inheritance. Since I'll give up my claim, you're next in line."

"Not true. My brother would be next in line."

"He is an Earthling," Gavin said. "No Shanuargan blood flows through his veins or we would have picked up his signature."

"I'm an Earthling," Amaia snapped. "You seem to forget that."

"You are more Shanuargan than Earthling, Amaia," Reed said calmly. "Your mother thinks it's possible for you to take time off work. If you can arrange that, then we will go to Texas to retrieve our transport and we will come back to fetch you. Only this time, we'll travel in one of your flying

machines so we don't waste so much time driving that impossible automobile."

Amaia cracked up at that. "Flying machines huh? You mean a plane. And if you'd have bought a new *automobile*, you wouldn't have had any problems traveling in it."

"A desert, a large field," Reed said looking at his gadget.

"No, not plain—plane!" She spelled it.

"Plane. Yes, flying machine," Reed said.

Amaia laughed again. "It's a plane, boys. Believe me."

Jasmine set steaming platters of scrambled eggs, sausages, bacon, French toast, hash browns and plain toast on the table. "Help yourself," she told the men.

Amaia dug in eagerly. Breakfast had never smelled so good. "Mom, when I get married, you've got to come and live with me and be my cook."

"Eh, you don't do so bad yourself, girl. I think I'll stay nicely in my own house. Now when you present me with grandbabies, I might be at your house a lot, but you can cook and I'll spoil my grandchildren."

Amaia felt her face glow at that. Heavens, she wasn't even committed to a man. Babies were far from her mind. Suddenly she felt three pairs of eyes focused on her. Embarrassed, she tried to hide it by eating and staring down at her food. What were the men thinking at that moment? She felt her face grow even hotter when she thought of having a baby by one of these men. But, which one? The thought of one of them making love to her, taking her virginity, caused her blood to course through her veins, send thrills from her stomach down to her pussy, heated her to the point where she wanted to take off her sweater. Her clit throbbed suddenly as she imagined their hands on her, their kisses, their magnificent cocks entering her. She squirmed on her chair a little and tried to concentrate on her food, but it was hard to put the thoughts and dreams out of her mind, and even harder to stop the throbbing between her legs, the lust, her need to finally satisfy her cravings and become a completed woman.

Focus, she thought. Focus on their demands, on possibly traveling to their planet and claiming your mother's inheritance. Focus on your decision and forget about their cocks, their lips, their bodies, and their hands on you. Remember, if you're wrong and one of these men is not your soul mate, you'll be an orgasm whisperer for the rest of your life. Stop dreaming about their cocks and think about the most important decision of your life.

CHAPTER TEN

Jasmine ended up convincing her she had to take advantage of the adventure of a lifetime, an experience that many people on Earth would die for, so Amaia finally gave in and agreed to go in her mother's place.

Gavin had informed his superiors of Jasmine's decision and they sent him the appropriate documents for her to sign. "Amaia, we need to go to your apartment to transfer these papers to your computer," he told her.

"Okay, but if they're in Shanuargan language, you'll need to translate for us. Can you do that?"

"Of course. Our universal translator can do that, but it's the Shanuargan documents that have to be signed, not the English. We'd best get going. Jasmine, thank you for your hospitality and I'm sorry we had to put you through the last two days and nights. Your breakfast was delicious."

"You're very welcome. I don't know if I'll see you before you take my girl to Shanuarga, but you be sure to take good care of her and bring her home safely!"

Gavin smiled. "Don't worry. Our transportation is much safer than your flying machines. Just think about it as your daughter going on a faraway holiday to some remote country on Earth. It isn't any different."

"Maybe for you. For us simple Earthlings, we haven't traveled any further than the moon, and then they have to wear space suits to walk on it. It's hard to imagine traveling through space that fast."

"She'll be fine. We'll bring her back safe and in one piece. I promise. *We* promise," Gavin said and stepped forward to hug the tiny woman. Reed and Lex followed his example.

"Mom, thanks for breakfast. I'll see you before they come and get me," Amaia said and hugged her mother.

"Phone me after you take them to the airport?"

"I will."

Once they were in Amaia's apartment, Gavin transferred the paperwork to her computer. "There, it is done. All your mother needs to do is sign them and I'll transfer them back when we return to fetch you," he said.

"I'll print them."

"Print?" Gavin quickly looked at his translator. "Print, words on material made from trees."

"Paper."

"Oh, like your books. We have some of those in our museum. Everything is electronic on Shanuarga."

"We're heading in that direction fast. But my mother is old fashioned and will want to sign them on paper. Will that be okay?"

"Yes, I suppose it will have to do. We'll be able to transfer them to our main system once we're on the transport. We really need to go now, Amaia. Did you book our flight?"

"I did while you were busy transferring the documents. It leaves in three hours. You have two hours to get to the airport. A question for you. When you return, where do you propose to park your transport? You can hardly park it here. How big is it?"

"Don't worry. We've already picked a location not far from here. One of your sports fields. I don't think anyone will be playing sports in this snow?"

"No. That's usually canceled. Do you use some kind of cloaking device? And how come Earth's satellites didn't detect you entering our atmosphere?"

"Our technology is much advanced. We can block their equipment and we can, what you call, cloak, our transport. It will be invisible to human eyes," Reed told her. "We'll be back for you before dinner."

"You've got to be kidding. I need more time than that!"

"The flight is four hours. Our transport will be back here in seconds," Lex said.

"Oh. Well, I guess I'd better get you to the airport then and get ready to go. There is a lot to do and only about six hours to do it. And I promised to see Mom before I leave."

She saw the men off at the airport. Gavin took her in his arms briefly and kissed her on the lips, but before the kiss could become passionate, he let go. Reed and Lex kissed her as well, just as fleetingly, leaving her wondering. Several of the passengers heading for the gate gave her a strange look. The kisses sure as hell had not been brotherly, but they almost felt like a final farewell.

Feeling suddenly quite alone and for some strange reason empty, she

returned to her apartment to make arrangements for her two weeks off. To make absolutely sure, just in case they got lost in space or something, a thought that caused her to giggle as the TV series came to mind, she asked for three weeks leave and sort of got ready for her trip. And it was *sort of* because the men had told her she didn't need to bring any clothes. They would provide her with suitable clothing, but she wasn't sure about shampoo, toiletries and other personal items, so she packed those.

Her sudden leave of absence did not receive well at the hospital. It almost sounded as if it cost her her job. Oh well, she'd find out when she returned. Jen and Darla were only half satisfied with the story she told them about a wedding in Japan. "You're lying," Jen said. "I *know* you're lying. Something else is going on with you, Maia. You would have been too excited about this trip and talked to us about it. "

The only excuse she could come up with was that her mother was originally going to go, but changed her mind at the last minute and gave Amaia the ticket and invitation. What the hell else could she say?

Now that she'd made up her mind and accepted that she'd be going to Shanuarga, Amaia felt excited, but at the same time, she was scared shitless of hurdling through space. What if all of this was really all a scam? What if everything she'd experienced—their shapeshifting, hiding in the vault, the story about Shanuarga—was all something hallucinated by some kind of drug they'd fed her? All kinds of weird thoughts went through her mind as she waited for the men to return. And would they even come back? Maybe she'd wake up in her bedroom in her apartment and find out she'd been dreaming all along.

To stop the fretting, she put on her jacket and decided to go and see her mother, as promised.

"Honey, that fast?" was Jasmine's initial reaction after she hugged her daughter.

"Yes. Mom, here are the papers for you to sign. Never mind trying to read the English translation. You'll laugh your head off, but it's pretty straight forward. You're relinquishing all rights to the title and inheritance and naming me your heir."

"If you know approximately what it all says, I'm sure it's fine. I'm going to miss you. What did you tell your friends? Work?"

"What we planned. I'm going to a wedding in Japan. You'll have to tell Sarah, Tracey, Susan and Tom the same if they should ask. Good thing they're always so busy and I work shifts. They usually give up trying to call me and

wait for me to call them, so they won't find it so strange if they don't hear from me for a few weeks. Especially Tom. I rarely hear from him."

Jasmine finished signing the papers and handed them back to Amaia. "Do you have time for a cup of tea?"

"Yes. They won't be back until around dinnertime. I'm excited, but I'm nervous, too. Mom, what if this is all just a dream? It feels so unreal."

"I can imagine. After you left this morning, I did something I never do. I took a piece of your clothing in my hands and did a session."

"And?"

"Everything will be fine. You'll return home safely, but beware, there is some danger lurking on that planet. I'm glad I did a session on you because now I feel at peace about this space trip."

"The danger? What is it?"

"I didn't get much detail except that you'll be fine and will return home safe and sound. Another warning...you're going to have to make a very difficult decision."

"About what?"

"It is a decision of the heart. It has to do with Gavin, Reed and Lex. Have you fallen in love with one of them?"

"I think so. But I don't know which one."

"That doesn't sound good. So you're still wrestling with feelings for all three men?"

"Yes. I'm rather overwhelmed by it. So the warning is because I'll have to make a choice?"

"I suspect so. And maybe a choice of remaining here on Earth or living on Shanuarga?"

"Heaven forbid. No way do I want to be that far away from you."

"I hoped you'd say that, but love could persuade you otherwise. And maybe the one you choose would not want to live on Earth. So it could mean heartbreak for you, although I didn't sense that happening. When you return you will have news for me. Happy news. And that gladdens my heart."

"That's good to know. Even though you've told me this, I'm still nervous and kind of scared. I'm going off into outer space with three men who are really still strangers."

"They're good men. I felt and knew that as soon as I met them. You don't need to worry."

"Easy for you to say. You're not going a billion light years away."

"From listening to the men, it's just a long trip as if you were going to

Australia. That's an eighteen hour flight."

"True, and according to them, their transport or spaceship is safer than our outdated flying machines."

Jasmine laughed. "Another cup of tea?"

"Yes, please. It's having the soothing effect I need. Maybe I should take some with me. According to them they don't drink hot beverages on their planet."

"What do they drink?"

"You know, I never asked. I guess I'll find out firsthand now," Amaia said, chuckling. "There are so many things I have to learn about them and their planet." She glanced at her watch. "Look at the time. I should go."

Jasmine hugged her daughter fiercely. "Take care, daughter. See you soon and have a great time."

"I'll take tons of pictures as long as my batteries last. I doubt I'll be able to charge them on Shanuarga." Amaia hugged her mother tightly, kissed her on both cheeks, and hurried out of the door. She didn't want her mother to see the tears welling. After all, she wasn't saying goodbye for good, but even with Jasmine's psychic assurance that everything would be fine, that she'd return safely, she still couldn't help her pangs of fear. She was by no means, a wimp, but traveling the galaxy was something she'd never imagined. Read about it in books, yes, and she loved her science fiction programs, but this was all too real, it was happening to her.

Amaia had just finished checking her apartment a last time when the buzzer rang. Thinking the men were already there, she pushed the intercom button to let them in without saying anything.

"Damn, I have to water my plants yet," she muttered and quickly filled the watering can.

"You're traveling rather light," Jen's voice almost made her jump out of her skin.

"What are you doing here?"

"I came to say goodbye to you, twit," Jen said, looking somewhat perturbed.

"We did that over the phone already."

"Where is the rest of your luggage? Surely you're not just taking that overnight bag? There's something really fishy about this sudden trip. It isn't like you not to say a word to me. Are you excited? Wasn't this rather sudden? What made your mother change her mind? You didn't even tell me about her going to Japan. What's with you, girlfriend?"

“What’s with the bombardment of questions? My other suitcase is already in the car,” she lied. *What if the men arrive suddenly?* “You caught me last minute. I really haven’t got time to chat right now, Jen.”

“Alright already. I’m out of the door. Text me?”

“Sure.” Inwardly, Amaia giggled. Text Jen? That’d be interesting. “Are the other girls working?”

“Yes, but they’re just as puzzled. This is so unlike you. You’re never this impulsive.”

“Jen, I hate to rush you out, but I have some things to do yet. I’ll see you when I get back.”

“And when is that?”

“About two weeks or so from today. I could stay another week since I took three weeks leave.” The buzzer rang again. What she’d feared, happened.

“Oh, expecting someone else?”

“Just Gavin, Reed and Lex. They’re driving me to the airport so I don’t have to leave my car there.”

“Are you sure they’re just driving you? Maia, you’re not going to Japan at all. You’re going somewhere with these guys. Tell me the truth?”

Amaia sighed. Jen was desperately trying to get the truth out of her, but there was no way she could ever confide it to her best friend. “Jen, hon, I really have to get cracking. Thanks for stopping by.”

Jen hugged her briefly. “Promise me you’ll text?”

“Yes, yes, now go and let me do the last things I need to do.”

Amaia walked Jen to the door. The elevator door opened and the men stepped out. They looked at Jen with surprised expressions. Jen was quick to latch on to them.

“Hey, you can call me to go to the bar while Amaia is away. I love dancing,” she told them.

Gavin saw Amaia standing just outside her door and she noticed his forehead furrow and eyebrows raise. She shook her head slightly.

“Thank you, Jen, but we’re going to be very busy for a few weeks with the work we came here to do,” Reed quickly said.

Wrong answer. Jen was about to turn around and head straight back to Amaia, but Lex almost pushed her into the elevator as the door started to close.

“Bye, Jen, nice seeing you. We might run into each other in the bar,” he said just before the door closed.

“Well, that was awkward. She showed up suddenly and is very suspicious,”

Amaia said.

"You can never tell her anything. You do realize that, don't you?" Gavin said.

"Are you ready, Amaia?" Lex asked.

"Yes, I am. I just need to grab my bag and we can leave." Her heart beat rapidly, her stomach flipfopped as she hurriedly fetched her bag and joined them in the hallway. Reed took her bag from her.

"We asked you not to bring anything. Your Earthly things will look odd on Shanuarga."

"I didn't pack clothes. Just personal items, toiletries."

"We can provide you with those, too. How about you leave it?"

"No. I want my own things, at least something from Earth. Plus, it has the signed papers in it."

"We are going in our old automobile. We can abandon it near where we parked the transport," Gavin told her. "When we bring you back, we can use your taxi mode of transportation."

Reed drove and Amaia sat in the back seat with Gavin. She felt shaky and insecure and her hand trembled visibly as she pushed stray hairs back from her face. Gavin must have noticed because he grabbed her hand and held it tightly within his own. His other arm crept around her shoulders and pulled her against his hard body.

"Don't be afraid, Amaia. There is nothing to fear. The journey will only take a few days and the ride will be smoother than riding in your Earthly vehicles or flying machines."

"Planes, they're planes," she muttered.

"Planes. And we're here," Gavin said, squeezing her hand.

Even his touch right now didn't comfort her, didn't turn her on. Amaia looked at the sports fields empty of players. She didn't see a thing. Reed parked the car in the parking lot and Lex opened the door for her. She got out and watched as Reed took the plates off the car.

"The car will get towed away," she said.

"That's fine. We don't need it anymore," Lex said and led the way onto one of the fields.

Amaia couldn't see a thing, not even a dent in the snow. The only markings in the snow were those behind them from their boots. Lex stopped suddenly.

"This is it. Watch your step, Amaia. A ladder is descending just in front of us."

"I don't see anything."

"You won't. We have to remain cloaked, invisible to human eyes, until we leave Earth's atmosphere," Reed said.

Gavin let go of her hand and stepped forward and suddenly disappeared. He called out to her.

"Amaia, step forward, take my hand and follow me up the ladder."

She did as she was told and hesitantly climbed a short ladder behind him. Every now and then she groped to feel for his feet. A soft buzzing sounded and suddenly she faced an illuminated room and she could see Gavin again. He bent to help her up the last treads and into the craft.

"Welcome to Min Zakuba."

"Min Zakuba?"

"It is the pet name we gave our transport. In your language it means sexy starchaser."

Amaia laughed while she scanned the room. "This is it?"

"No, this is just the entrance. Once we retract the ladder and close the door, we'll enter the main area."

Lex and Reed joined them. "All done," Reed said.

"I really would have liked to have seen the outside of this thing," Amaia said wistfully.

"We'll show you pictures. Follow us," Lex said.

"Do we have to wear spacesuits? Helmets?"

"No. Not necessary, although you do have to strap in while we're leaving the atmosphere," Gavin told her. He pulled her along holding her hand tightly. Her heart still hammered in her chest and her stomach felt ready to explode.

After walking through several clinical looking corridors all lined with shiny silver metal, a door slid open to reveal what looked like the cockpit of a plane, except it had a lot more gadgets and flickering lights. Two suspended white chairs that seemed attached to nothing were close to the instruments and four chairs about six feet behind them. Gavin helped her into one of them strapping her in very tight. Lex took the chair beside her while Gavin joined Reed at the controls.

Amaia closed her eyes and waited silently, but felt nothing, heard nothing. Not a bump, not a sound, and after a while she dared to open her eyes. "When are we taking off?"

"We already did. We'll be leaving Earth's atmosphere soon and you'll be able to walk about freely and look at the view screen or out of the view windows in the dining and living room," Lex said.

"And there are bedrooms?"

"Yes, six bedrooms. This transport only needs a crew of two to fly it, but more than often we take our science team along when we explore the universe."

"A kitchen?"

"No kitchen. We don't need one. Our meals are ready and we only need to push a button to order what we like."

"Auto pilot set for home and we've left Earth's atmosphere," Gavin said as he unstrapped and got out of his chair. "Who is hungry?"

"I couldn't eat a bite right now," Amaia said. "This has been so nerve wrecking, my stomach is in chaos."

"You'll be fine. Computer, Stekanolis, please," Gavin commanded.

Within a second, he presented her with a small glass containing a blue liquid. "Drink this. It will settle your nerves. Computer, view screen online. Open protective window shields."

Amaia gazed at the blue liquid cautiously. It resembled a blue liquer, but she knew it wasn't. It was some kind of nerve balm. Tasting it cautiously, she didn't find it unpleasant so she drank it down. And he was right. Within a minute, her nerves calmed and her stomach stopped rolling and actually growled.

"Come with us and we'll show you where you are," Lex said, grabbing her hand.

"Leaving what she'd call the cockpit, they walked through another corridor, then entered a room that was delightfully decorated in soft blue hues. Several small tables stood in its center with chairs around them, and along the walls were couches that looked to be made from a gel substance. What fascinated Amaia the most was the huge window along the whole wall of the room. It was inky outside the window. She saw flashes of light, strange colored lights flitting by, and what looked like small rocks. Very far away she saw a sea of stars. It was breathtakingly beautiful, awesome, and overwhelming.

"So this is space," she said softly.

"Yes, it is," Gavin said placing an arm around her. "How does it feel?"

"Now that I'm calm, it's absolutely unbelievable. I mean, I've watched science fiction shows for so long, but experiencing it for real? Seeing this for real? I can't explain the feelings I have right now, except that I'm in awe."

"You can watch it from where we eat," he said.

"I don't know what that concoction was, but it sure settled my stomach. Yes, I'd love some food. A hamburger would be nice right now."

“We don’t eat meat, but I’m sure you’ll like our food,” Reed said while Gavin steered her to one of the tables.

For the first time since she’d made her decision, Amaia felt utterly relaxed. When Reed placed a tray on the table, she examined the food and frowned. “Oh man, I’d give anything for a burger and fries right now. This looks very vegetarian.”

“Taste it,” Reed urged.

Their utensils resembled chopsticks. She tried the bowl containing something similar to rice but larger kernels, first. To her surprise, it was very tasty, as were all the other items on the tray. She had no idea what they were, but some even tasted like the nachos she loved so much. And the dessert was to die for. It kind of tasted like ice cream, but didn’t look like it. It was blood red and had small chunks of red on top. She carefully tasted one and found it had a similar taste to strawberries, as did the ice cream.

“Guys, I must say this was delicious. I’m so full, I’m ready to bust. And you know, I don’t think I want to sleep. I don’t want to miss a moment of this trip.”

Throughout the next few hours, they served her with drinks. According to Lex they were Shanuarga’s alcoholic beverages and she quite enjoyed them. After bombarding them with questions about their culture and never taking her gaze off the window, she did feel really tired and sleepy and fought it with all her might.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Amaia stretched. “What time is it,” she murmured sleepily and glanced at her alarm clock. “Huh? Where is the clock?” Sitting up she reached out for the light, but her hand groped through air. Her eyes became accustomed to the room and suddenly she saw the window, the inky blackness outside it and the stars streaking by. Memory returned and she wondered how she got to bed. “Damn, I’d like some light,” she muttered. Instantly, the room illuminated in a soft reddish light.

“Voice command. Great. That makes things easy,” she said softly while swinging her legs over the side of the bed. “Wonder where the bathroom is.”

A door slid open. “Damn, it understands English. Maybe Gavin or one of the other guys programmed it for me,” she said softly while walking toward the open door. “And I’m also naked. Okay, who put me to bed? Who undressed me?”

“Commander Avit took you to your resting quarters,” a female computer voice told her.

“Thanks. I don’t know who Avit is.”

“To you he is known as Gavin.”

So Gavin had taken her clothes off. A thrill tingled down her spine, crawled into her stomach, crept to her pussy, when she thought about that he’d removed every piece of clothing, even her panties. “What time is it on Earth?”

“Earth time is zero seven hours, forty minutes and five seconds.”

Oh, she could so stand having one of those gadgets in her apartment back home. The bathroom was rather small. Its décor matched the bedroom, everything in white and blue. A contraption stood against the wall that resembled an upside down tobacco pipe. Amaia peered in the round bowl. There was no water. Mm, how did it get rid of waste? Only one way to find out. No toilet paper. How did one wipe? She looked at the silver buttons on the stem of the pipe and pushed one. A red glow appeared in the bowl. When she pushed another button, the computer spoke.

“There is no waste.”

“Right. And I don’t know which buttons to push. Computer, there are three buttons, what are they for?”

“Button one is for cleansing. Button two is for sanitizing. Button three is for waste disposal.”

“Thank you,” Amaia said and sat down to do her business. When she finished, she pushed button one. A soft warmth stroked her pussy and between her bum crack. It lasted for about thirty seconds. She pushed button two and felt tingling warm air touch the same areas. A faint menthol scent drifted into her nostrils. She stood and pushed button three. A metallic lid slid from the pipe end over the toilet bowl and it hummed softly. When the lid opened, the bowl was empty and clean.

“Interesting. Now how do I shower?”

“Please move into the cubicle. Your shower will start automatically,” computer told her.

No water. A blue light lit up the cubicle and though there was no real water, her skin started to feel completely refreshed. A soft breeze lifted her long hair in all directions as if invisible fingers were washing each strand. After a few minutes, the light changed to reddish and a warm perfumed breeze surrounded her.

Showering in space was quite the experience that had not only cleansed her, made her feel completely refreshed, but it also caused her to be horny as hell as the breeze stroked every part of her body, between her bum cheeks, her slit, stroked her nipples. When it stopped, she was almost sorry. She could have stood there for quite a while and let the sensations help her come.

Amaia walked back into the bedroom area and looked for her clothing that wasn’t there. What the hell had they done with it? She couldn’t arrive on Shanuarga stark naked. “Computer, where are my clothes?”

“Commander Avit disposed of your Earth attire. There is new attire for you in your locker.”

Amaia scanned the walls. “Open locker,” she said. A panel opened to display several body suits and one beautiful outfit made of gauzy material. She chose a red body suit that she presumed was suitable for space travel. Red boots that looked like they were made of vinyl material matched the suit. There was a green suit and a blue suit as well. The suit felt very soft, yet rubbery. A long zipper from her crotch to her breasts, or something that resembled a zipper except it was very smooth, closed it. The neck was low, it revealed the swelling of her breasts, the neckline just above her nipples. It had

long sleeves and clung to her body's curves accentuating her figure, her small waist. It was as if it was specially made for her.

"Open door." Just as she stepped into the corridor, Gavin walked toward her.

"You're already awake, Amaia. Good morning," he greeted her. "I hope you slept well."

"I did. I don't even remember falling asleep." He, too, wore a clinging one-piece suit, black and white. It accentuated his muscular frame, she noted, and didn't hide the bulge below his navel. She felt blood rush to her cheeks when she thought about his wonderful hands, those long slim fingers, peeling off her clothes, her panties. Oh, if she'd only been awake for that.

"We are just about to have breakfast. Would you like to join us?"

"I sure would. What did you do with my clothes? I can't arrive back home dressed like this."

"They are stored."

"Good. I was afraid that you'd trashed them. Computer told me you'd disposed of my clothing."

He smiled. "Meaning I stored them for now."

"Right. Coffee? You told me you don't drink hot beverages on Shanuarga. So no coffee?"

"I'm afraid not. Although I love that Earth beverage, it is not good for you. I'm sure you'll enjoy our breakfast beverage."

"Is there water on this ship? I brought some of my mother's tea along. Oh, and where is my bag?"

"Also stored. You won't be needing it or its content."

"My camera—"

"You will not need. We can't allow you to take photos on Shanuarga. Earth is not ready for such knowledge."

"I wanted to take photos to show my mother," she said, annoyed now. What about her monthly cycle? Did they have such a thing as tampons on that planet? Damn.

"And yes, we have water, but not hot water the way your mother makes it. I don't know if your mother's tea will work with cold water."

"No way to cook anything?"

"My dear, this is a space transport vessel. There is no kitchen. Everything is computerized as you noticed with dinner last night."

"Uh uh. Great. Do you cook on Shanuarga?"

"Yes, we do. Please enter," he said as the door to the dining area slid

open.

Lex and Reed were already eating. Glancing at their trays, she noticed bowls of what resembled some kind of cereal, jello resembling cubes, a tall glass containing a greenish liquid on Lex's tray and the one on Reed's tray contained a bright red liquid.

"I'll get your breakfast for you," Gavin said. "Until you're familiar with our food, I'll choose for you. Would you like a vegetable or fruit beverage?"

"Fruit sounds good. Strawberry milkshake?" She could but hope.

"We have something that tastes like your milkshakes."

Amaia sat at the table with Lex and Reed. "Morning. So how far are we now?" she asked, glancing at the view window. It didn't look any different than it had the night before. Inky darkness dotted with stars.

"Not even halfway," Reed said. "We have two whole days and nights of travel left."

"And what do we do during that time? Do you have movies? Anything? Maybe we can play cards?"

Lex smiled. "How about we get to know each other? We can teach you about Shanuarga, show you pictures, and what you call movies, of our ways, our culture, the cities, the planet. But first, we'd like to learn a lot more about you. Since you're our soul mate and we are to be joined, we need to find out everything about you."

"Huh? Where was I when this decision was made? Joined? Who said anything about joining? I presume you mean marriage?"

"Yes. He means marriage, but first we must join, make you one with us," Gavin explained as he placed a tray on the table.

"You keep referring to us. Do you mean become joined with the three of you?" Her heart somersaulted.

"Yes, the joining comes before any ceremony. We thought it appropriate we join during our voyage so that you will not be encumbered by orgasm whispering when we arrive on Shanuarga."

"Now wait a minute! Where do I fit into all of this? We've kissed, yes, but joining? Ceremonies? Remember, I'm going back to Earth."

"Amaia, you are our soul mate. I'm sure you felt it," Lex said. "We've picked up your thoughts, your desire to become one with us. We've read your soul."

Oh, did she ever know it. But all three? And there was no way she'd live on their planet, so how would that work? "There is such a thing as romance and love. Are you in love with me?"

“Our hearts have touched, our souls have bonded. We have very strong feelings for you. Is that what Earthlings call love?”

“Oh, how damn clinical can you get. I can’t believe I’m having this conversation!” she said loudly. “This is the damnest marriage proposal and declaration of love I’ve ever heard.”

“You’ve heard other proposals?” Reed asked.

“Not personally. Surely you watched some movies while you were on Earth?”

“No, not really. We observed your television and learned Earth’s customs by viewing information channels.”

“I wish to hell you’d watched a few good chick flicks.”

“Chick flicks?”

“Romance stories. You know, where the man romances the woman, tells her he loves her, gets down on his knees, and asks her to marry him.”

To avoid further discussion on the subject, she gingerly sipped from the tall glass containing a red liquid or juice. It really did taste like a strawberry milkshake so she eagerly drank it down. Then she picked at the bowl of odd-looking yellow cubes. “What are these?”

“The equivalent of eggs and bacon. It tastes quite good,” Lex said.

“I must say your space suit becomes you,” Gavin told her, openly admiring her cleavage. Her face grew hot under his roving gaze.

“Yes, you are a beautiful woman, Amaia,” Reed agreed and Lex nodded.

“I really like her hair. I think that’s what makes me the hottest,” Lex said.

“It would be nice if I had my bag and I could brush it.”

“It’s not tangled. The finger wave in the shower will have done that for you.”

Lex was right. The yellow cubes did taste like eggs and bacon and the red jelly cubes tasted like cherries. Though the food was unconventional according to what she was used to, it didn’t taste bad at all. She wondered if the food on the planet was the same or if it was prepared the conventional way. Though, since they didn’t eat meat, she doubted if they fried bacon. Yet they’d duplicated the taste of it.

“I’m full. So what is next on the agenda?”

“We can show you images of Shanuarga. Would you like that? Reed, can you check the controls and make sure everything is in order? We’ll see you in the living quarters,” Gavin said.

“I already did, before breakfast.”

Amaia followed them to the living room. A rose hue illuminated the room,

the light seemingly coming from nowhere. Gel-like couches and chairs were scattered throughout with small suspended tables next to them. She sat down on one of the couches and was pleasantly surprised at how comfortable it was. It almost felt like a waterbed as it molded with her body. Gavin sat next to her with Reed on the other side. Lex sat in a chair next to the couch.

“Computer, enable hologram, planet Shanuarga,” Gavin commanded.

A hologram about six feet tall appeared in the center of the room. It was about five feet in circumference. It showed her a three dimensional view of the planet in all its beauty. It switched to pictures of mountains, of lakes and waterfalls, their waters a silvery color rather than green or blue as on Earth. The vegetation was different from Earth. Flowers she'd never seen, some so large one wouldn't fit inside this room. Animals, some of whom resembled Earth's creatures, but others were foreign to her. Finally, some city views and people. It was like watching a movie from all sides and it awed her. The people were all dark like Gavin, Lex and Reed. It seemed odd to see so many people and not one had blond, red, or brown hair. Their clothing was similar to what they wore in old Roman times. The men wore short tunics with sandals laced to their knees, the women wore long dresses. Some had capes draped from their shoulders. Amaia spotted several wearing more ornate clothing that was embroidered, their cloaks fastened with jewels. Many of the women had tattoos on their foreheads.

“Why do they have tattoos on their forehead?”

“To show they are not available. When a woman is joined with their soul mate, or mates, they are tattooed,” Gavin explained. “Just like you will be during the ceremony.”

Oh heavens, not again. They kept referring to ceremonies and joining, as if it was all decided. Before she had a chance to protest or say anything, his arm stole around her shoulders and he pulled her against him.

“Do you like what you see?”

“It's beautiful,” she whispered huskily, her libido rising as his hand played with the swelling of her breasts. His finger moved along the zipper line and it slid down, allowing her breasts to spill free. A thrill coursed through her from her throat to her stomach to her pussy. Rather than quickly hiding her exposed breasts, she leaned closer to him. His arm lowered, his hand appeared beneath her left arm to cup a breast. He squeezed it gently, and again, massaging it until she thought her nipple would pop off.

Lex left his chair and knelt before her between her legs, his hands softly caressing her thighs, then slowly moving upward until he had opened the rest

of the zipper all the way down to her pussy exposing her black pubic hair and her clit to his gaze. He just gazed at it while his hands roamed, massaged her thighs and her hips. He slid his hands inside the suit and stroked her skin, never going near the throbbing center of her desire, her clit, that now pulsed with a longing she didn't know she possessed.

She hardly noticed that Gavin had pulled her forward and suddenly she felt Reed behind her, a leg on either side of her body, his face buried in her mass of long hair. He edged it aside and nibbled at her neck, her ear, while his hands slid the suit off her shoulders. Once her arms were free, Lex peeled the bottom off to her knees. He removed her boots one by one kissing each of her toes, then pulled the suit off altogether. She was naked, exposed to their hot gazes, while they were still fully clothed. It wasn't fair, but she was so damn horny, she hardly had time to think about trying to get them to take their suits off. I haven't agreed to be their soul mate, a small voice whispered somewhere in the back of her mind, but got squashed again just as fast when Lex's fingers stroked her pussy lips, when he spread her legs wide exposing her vagina. Gavin bent and took a nipple between his lips and nibbled on it, while he still kneaded and massaged her other breast. He sucked her nipple into his mouth, hard, encompassing the aureole. Her heart thundered in her chest, thumped in her ears, drowning out any protest she might have wanted to utter.

Suddenly she felt Reed's cock between her ass cheeks. He was rubbing it back and forth pulling her up slightly. She'd not noticed him taking off his clothes. Lex was still suited and so was Gavin. She squirmed under Lex's fingers as he stroked, played, circled her clit, pushed on it, rubbed his fingers between her folds, then spread the folds wide. With his elbows, he pushed her legs to open even more, until she felt Gavin pull one leg over his knees. Her juices trickled down her cleft. Lex scooped them with his fingers and lubricated around her vagina. Reed pulled her left leg up so her bottom faced Lex.

Somehow, she had no idea when or how, the couch had turned into a bed with the head raised so she lay with her back against Reed, one leg held up by him and the other by Gavin.

Lex ran his finger up and down between her ass cheeks wetting it with her own juices, then he circled the tight rosette opening. Gavin had stopped sucking her breasts and leaned forward to play with her clit, with her pubic curls, stroking her nether lips. More of her liquid escaped. Lex caught it and pushed it inside her anal passage.

Amaia squirmed beneath their hands, their lips, wanting them, oh, did she

ever want them, all of them. A finger entered her vagina, gently at first, but then pushed it deep into her, rested there for a moment until she rotated her hips, bucked up against the hand. The finger rotated slowly, a thumb pushed on her clit, lips sucked her nipples while hands kneaded her breasts. She felt pressure against her tight asshole, and stiffened for a moment as a finger sought entrance to that passage. When lips claimed hers in a deep kiss, a tongue seeking, exploring, her body relaxed into the invasion and the finger sliding into her anal passage.

Now, a finger was rotating inside her vagina, fast, faster, stretching it, setting her juices flowing heavily, getting her ready, while the other finger rotated inside her anal passage, moving in and out at the same time. Something cold squirted against the rosette entrance, something that sent a strong scent to her nose of peppermint. It tingled when the finger started to work it into her anal passage.

Opening her eyes, she watched through a haze as Lex sat on his knees and peeled his suit off. His cock jutted out from his body, reaching for her, pulsing. It was huge, the head bigger than the shaft. It was beautiful. Beside her, Gavin was already naked. He sat over her now placing his cock between her breasts. Pushing her breasts together, he slid his cock back and forth between them, the head just below her chin.

Lex pushed her legs wide apart and up. His head dove between her legs and he lapped the juices from her slit, licked all the folds, circled her clit with his tongue, then suddenly sucked hard.

Suddenly, all three moved away from her. She lay empty of their touch, their lips, looking at them through a hazy fog as they sat on their knees gazing down at her their hands on their cocks, stroking the skin back and forth.

Oh my God, they were going to masturbate now and leave her hanging? No bloody way in hell! She moaned and writhed before them, lifted her hips in invitation. "Take me," she whispered, "Please? I need you to take me, to fulfill the emptiness inside me. Touch me, touch my soul, my heart, please? I love you, I do. I really love you."

It was as if she'd said magic words. Reed lay down and pulled her on top of him so she straddled him. He pulled her arms down so she leaned on either side. Lex positioned himself behind Reed's head, his cock jutting out at her, almost touching her mouth and she felt Gavin behind her. Reed lifted her hips holding her vagina just above his cock, then he pushed her hips down gently, carefully, until he encountered resistance. He stopped for a moment and waited for Gavin to enter her anal passage. She felt his thick cock push,

felt her anus give way to allow him to inch in, little by little. More of the lubrication added to her libido and aided him in entering her there.

When Lex pushed his cock against her lips, she opened them willingly, ran her tongue across the tip, inside the hole, licking the precum that glistened there. She needed to be filled, to be taken in every way possible, and she needed it now. She forced her hips down aided by Reed, then one big push and he broke through. She felt a brief moment of searing pain, of something that felt like tearing flesh, but as he held still within her, it was gone just as fast. Gavin's cock filled her anal passage all the way, while Lex inched into her mouth deeper and deeper until he was almost down her throat.

They started to move in unison. She sucked Lex's cock hard, rotated her tongue around its thickness, sucked some more. Reed started to move within her vagina, Gavin matching his thrusts. Faster, deeper, deeper still. Their thrusts became frantic almost as they neared an orgasm. Lex's hands were on her breasts as she waited for the stream to enter her mouth, to taste a man's cum for the first time in her life. Reed started to tremble, small grunts came from his lips as he thrust deeper still. She felt his cock swell within her, felt Gavin's cock thicken, and just as Lex came in her mouth, shot his seed deep into her throat, her own orgasm happened. She let go of Lex's cock and screamed in ecstasy as ripple upon ripple shot through her body, waves of release that increased when Gavin and Reed both came within her, shooting their cum into her.

They collapsed on the bed couch, their legs and arms intertwined, their breathing heavy. Amaia lay very quiet, her eyes closed, a hand on her breast, another hand between her legs, fingers softly massaging her now very tender slit, lips near her cheek.

After a while, their breathing calmed and she opened her eyes to see all three the men watching her, drinking in her nakedness, their gazes still hot, exploring every crevice of her body. It started to turn her on again. It was as if she could feel them make love to her even when they weren't. It felt wonderful and oh so erotic.

"Computer, cyrona please," Gavin ordered.

"What is cyrona?" she whispered.

"Similar to Earth's champagne. It is a Shanuargan alcoholic beverage we drink on special occasions. This is a special occasion, the joining and bonding of four soul mates."

He left the couch briefly to fetch the tray with four glasses filled with a bubbling green liquid.

"It doesn't look like champagne. It's green."

"Taste it," Reed said while pulling her up into sitting position.

Gavin took the last two glasses off the tray and before he handed one to her, he kissed her tenderly. "I love you, Amaia. They are words not customary on our planet, but I know you need to hear them."

Her heart swelled. His words touched her in ways he would never know.

"As do I," Reed said. "You are now part of us as if we were born from the same womb."

"I love you, too," Lex told her. "Your soul is joined forever to ours."

They held their glasses up in a toast. Amaia tasted the liquid carefully, but found it very pleasant. It didn't have a tart taste like champagne. It was sweeter, very pleasant on the pallet and its tingly sensation in her mouth delightful.

"Don't drink it too fast," Reed warned, but too late. She was so thirsty after swallowing Lex's cum that she drank it down in one swoop. Within seconds, she felt a little giddy.

"It is stronger than champagne," Reed said lamely.

"I notice," she answered followed by a giggle. All her inhibitions gone now, she moved toward Gavin and touched his semi erect cock. Stroking it with her forefinger, circling the head, it didn't take long to thicken, to become fully erect. Oh, they were beautiful, these men of hers, she decided as she moved to do the same to Reed and Lex.

"Movu gladia, you need some healing time," Gavin said softly as he reached out and pulled her into his arms. "Reed, get the balm please?"

"What does that mean?"

"Oh, sorry. Similar to my darling. It's a Shanuargan endearment."

Reed had left the living area and returned quite fast carrying a small flask filled with red liquid. He handed it to Gavin.

"Lie down, Amaia," Gavin told her. "Spread your legs. Lex and Reed, pull them up over her shoulders."

Her buttocks lifted off the couch as they pulled her legs all the way up, her legs spread very wide. Gavin pulled the stopper off the flask, then spreading her pussy lips wide, he poured the liquid into her opened vagina. She heard a sizzling sound, saw something bubbling between her legs and she giggled. "It feels funny."

"It is a healing balm, taken from the healing springs in the mountains of Vaneshka."

He did the same to her anal passage, then poured the liquid on her clit

and down her cleft, his fingers rubbing it into her skin. "It feels wonderful," she said huskily, now feeling horny as hell, wanting more of them, needing more of them.

"We could not join with you again until we used this balm because you were unproven and very tight. It would have hurt too much. You are now ready to receive us again," Lex said.

"It heals that fast?"

"It does," Gavin said, and to prove it, he swung her down onto her back and entered her with one stroke but he didn't move yet, he merely filled her. He fondled her breasts, sucked her nipples. Reed hovered near her lips turning her face sideways so she faced his cock as he knelt beside her. Gavin turned her onto her side and pushed one leg up. Quickly, he entered her again and waited for Lex to push his cock into her anal passage. She felt him squirt whatever it was into her passage, felt the tingling sensation, smelled the menthol, and pushed her ass against his cock. His bulbous head was bigger than Gavin's so he had more difficulty getting it inside, although Gavin's overall cock was fatter and filled her vagina until she thought the walls would surely tear.

Moaning, she waited for Lex's entry as he carefully inched the mushroomed head inside. Suddenly the muscle relaxed and allowed him in and he pushed all the way inside her. When they both started to move within her, Reed pushed his cock against her waiting lips and she opened willingly to receive him. She could reach out, cup his sack with her hands, find the g spot just beneath the taut sack and stroke it while he started to move back and forth between her lips. She sucked hard, licked the precum from the hole, then sucked again before clamping her lips around the shaft and allowing him to continue pulling in and out.

Gavin and Lex moved as one within her, Gavin slamming into her vagina so hard, pushing in so far, she thought he'd touch her womb. Her vaginal walls protested against the new invasion, but it was a pleasant pain, a pain she endured happily, one that actually increased her horniness.

They took longer to come this time causing her to release orgasm upon orgasm, especially when Gavin also played with her clit and Reed and Lex's hands kneaded a breast each. Her libido built and built until she felt their coming release, their bodies trembled, shuddered, their moans loud as they neared their orgasm. If Gavin's cock had filled her before beyond stretching limit, it now thickened to the point where she'd surely tear, but she didn't care, all she wanted was for them to come, to help her achieve her final

orgasm.

Reed shoved his cock all the way into her mouth, down her throat, and she almost gagged when he came, and his cum trickled down her esophagus, but breathing through her nose quickly, the urge went away and she took him gladly.

At the same time, she started to tremble. Tremor upon tremor shook her body as she came, this orgasm surpassing the previous ones especially when Gavin and Lex both came and she felt their thrusts ease off, their cocks become flaccid within her.

Rolling onto her back, she rested, her eyes closed, Lex's head on her belly, Gavin's head between her legs and Reed's head near her face.

"I could stand some more of that champagne," she murmured in a throaty voice, gasping as Gavin's lips clamped onto her vagina and his tongue entered. "I'm very sore," she said softly. "You're so big, Gavin."

"I know. We'll fix that shortly," he said against her pussy lips then kissed her vagina tenderly. "Pull her legs up," he told Reed and Lex. He poured the balm into her vagina again, into her anal passage, worked it up and down her cleft, her ass crack, and she felt its healing powers as it sizzled and did its work.

When they finally let her go and she could sit up, a glass of the cyrona was ready for her. She sipped it slower this time savoring its taste. "You guys could make a fortune on Earth with that balm," she told them.

"We'll talk about all that later. First, we must complete our joining," Lex said.

"You don't call this complete? What is there to finalize?"

"Only two of us have planted our seed within you. Lex's seed needs to mingle with ours so that will make the joining complete," Reed said while he fondled her pubic hair. "The women on Shanuarga don't have hair here. Only the men do."

"Really? They shave it?"

"No, they are born that way. No body hair except on their heads and faces. I find this hair very intoxicating," Reed told her as he twisted the tight black curls around his fingers.

Amaia didn't think she could get horny again, but his action and words just caused her libido to rise. "If you're not careful, you'll turn me into a raving sex maniac," she said and giggled. "Is it normal for a woman to have more than one man on Shanuarga?"

"Yes, it is very normal. Most women have two to three men, some even as

much as five. Five is the limit according to our law. Men outnumber the women on our planet. The women birth more boy babies than girl babies.”

While they talked about Shanuargan laws, the men began to fondle her again. Gavin took her in a deep kiss, his tongue exploring the recesses of her mouth, while his hand was on a breast. One of the other men, Amaia didn't know which because she had her eyes closed while they kissed, sucked her other breast and nipple and a face was between her legs sucking her clit, fingers stroking her folds, parting them.

She searched for their cocks and encased one in each hand. They were already erect, but when she started to pull the skin back and forth, the cocks hardened fully and she could feel the veins bulge and throb beneath her fingers.

Gavin's mouth left hers and Lex pulled her down until she lay flat on her back. His cock was fully erect, the mushroomed head bigger than ever as it pulsed and throbbed against her cleft. Reed and Gavin sat on their knees on either side of her. Gavin took her hand and placed it on his cock and she automatically sought out Reed's cock and started to pull the skin back and forth alternating by cupping their balls and squeezing the taut sack. Reed bent to kiss her, his tongue dancing with hers, while Gavin bent and kissed her ear, nibbled on her ear lobe, and kissed her neck. Each man had a hand on a breast, kneading, stroking, tweaking her nipples.

Lex parted her legs wide opening her cleft for his entrance, but he didn't enter her, he played with her, rubbed his cock up and down her cleft, and pushed it against her throbbing clit. She felt his face on her belly suddenly, sucking her navel, trailing kisses down to her public hair, then biting her clit gently until she thought it would burst. Again, he placed his cock between her cleft, the head now resting against her vagina. She couldn't see any of it, Reed and Gavin occupying her upper half, but she felt it all and held her breath when she felt the head against her vaginal opening. He started to push, but her still tight vaginal walls didn't give way. He pushed harder and harder.

Amaia's heart pumped so fast, sending blood coursing through her veins, setting her whole body into inferno mode. This was the final joining, and the hardest, as Lex still attempted to gain entry. Each time he pushed, she stiffened thus automatically tightening her vaginal walls against him. But he didn't give up. She felt him squirt the menthol liquid into her vagina. Its tingling caused her to relax more, lubricated her, so he tried again. This time he managed to gain a little bit of entry. He became very still and she thought he'd given up, but she didn't want him to stop. She wanted him inside her, wanted that huge

bulbous head to penetrate her. She need not have worried. Gavin kissed her again sucking her tongue into his mouth hard and while she relaxed for a moment, Lex pushed into her with one hard shove.

Stiffening, the pain overwhelmed her for a moment. He stayed within her without moving, waiting for her to accommodate him, for her to indicate that it was okay to continue. Reed and Gavin each took a breast and squeezed it hard, then sucked her nipples deep into their mouths. She lifted her hips a little wanting to feel fulfillment within her. When Lex started to stroke back and forth, slowly at first, it hurt a little, but within a short time she became accustomed to his size and his strokes became more urgent.

"I'm coming," she shouted, "I'm coming already. Lex, Oh, Lex, deeper, harder, give it to me, babe, give it to me," she shouted as wave upon wave of release washed over her. Gavin and Reed massaged her breasts harder while she pumped their cocks and felt them shudder and spill their seed over her hands. At the same time, Lex uttered a primal cry as he came and his strokes became slower and more relaxed as the last of his seed spilled within her and his cock became flaccid.

He collapsed on top of her, his arms around her, while Reed and Gavin lay on either side. After what seemed a long time, Lex moved off her and sat up between her legs. Reed and Gavin sat up beside her and Gavin handed Lex the balm. She already lifted her legs, ready for the healing powers of the red liquid as her vagina ached and throbbed from Lex's entry. She welcomed him pouring it into her vagina and rubbing it into her cleft.

"We are now truly joined," Gavin said as he played with her hair. "Our seed has mingled and you are with child."

"Huh? You don't mean a baby?"

"Yes. Our union was fruitful," Lex said.

"So who is the father?"

"It doesn't matter. We all are. All that is left now is the legal joining, the ceremony before the elders and our families."

"When does that take place? Bloody hell, you've gone and gotten me pregnant after my first time? And about your ceremony, marriage, you know I won't leave Earth. That means I'll be having a baby by myself back home."

"Hush, Amaia. It will all work out. You will see. For now, I think you need to rest. As you said, this was your first time and taking three of us at once, all well endowed, must have been very hard and very tiring."

"I need a bath, a proper bath. Not that dumb light shower you have on this ship."

“I can understand that,” Gavin said, “but I’m afraid we can’t provide that for you here. But we can cleanse you. It will be our pleasure.”

He left the room and returned with several flasks, along with what looked like balls of cotton wool. He handed a flask to each of the men. One contained a yellow liquid, the other a purple and the third looked to be the same red healing liquid as the other flask was now empty. They sponged her all over, her armpits, her breasts, her ass crack and anal passage, her cleft, her vagina, even her face. The liquids sent a pleasant perfume to her nostrils, one she couldn’t identify but she relaxed completely under their administrations. When they were finished, they poured more of the healing balm into her vagina, then into her anal passage, and sponged the spilled liquid off afterward.

Though it didn’t equal a bath or a shower as she knew, it sure as hell made her feel cleaner and the healing balm did its work. She no longer felt sore and throbbing. She took the flasks from the men and set about washing their cocks and sacks, their erections not escaping her as she worked on each of them, causing her own libido to rise again. Surely she couldn’t take them again? Three times was already a lot for a virgin.

“We need to go and check if we are still on course,” Reed said.

“Yes, why don’t you rest, Amaia. We’ll join you again later,” Gavin told her and made her lie down.

Lex handed her another glass of the bubbly Shanuargan champagne. “What time is it, Earth time?” she asked, suddenly feeling drowsy as she sipped from her glass.

“It is six in the evening your time,” Gavin said. “When you wake, we will have dinner.”

After covering her with a silvery sheet, they left the room and she was alone. “This surpassed my strangest fantasies,” she murmured softly. “I’ve got three of the most handsome men on Earth.” That stopped her for a moment. “Shanuarga, I mean. And hell, if they are truly my soul mates, I probably no longer have to do orgasm whispering. I guess I’ll find out when we get there.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

A jolt awoke Amaia. She opened her eyes. It was dark. “Lights,” she told the computer. Within seconds, her sleeping chamber was lit with soft lighting. “How did I get here? I don’t remember anything beyond the men leaving to go and check the course.”

“The commander placed you in your sleeping reticule,” the computer told her.

Did yesterday really happen? Or was it still today? “Computer, what time is it, Earth time?”

“It is six hours and thirty minutes Earth time,” the computer said.

Six thirty. Wow, I slept through the night. Did yesterday really happen? I lost my virginity to three men? Why didn’t they wake me up?

“Your consorts await you in the dining room.”

Consorts? She had consorts now? Shaking her head, she tried to clear her fogged memories. That last glass of Shanuargan champagne had really done her in. She got off the bed and went to the bathroom, now used to the ritual of relieving herself. After her sonic shower, she put on a purple suit this time with matching purple boots. It was just as sexy as the red suit with an even deeper scooped neckline. If she bent over too fast, her nipples would surely pop out.

After leaving her sleeping quarters, she made her way to the dining area to find the three men already eating breakfast.

Gavin jumped up off his chair. “Morning, Amaia. Did you sleep well?”

“I don’t know. Why didn’t you wake me as promised yesterday?”

“We tried,” Reed said. “But you didn’t want to wake up so Gavin brought you to your sleeping quarters. I suppose you were very tired after our triple joining.”

“What was that bump that woke me?” she asked as she sat on a chair next to Gavin.

"We were hit by a minor meteorite. Minimal damage," Lex said.

"Will it delay us?"

"No. We will arrive at the appointed time. Reed has already repaired the damage," Gavin told her.

Lex placed a tray before her on the table. She looked at it. "What is it?"

"It's better for you to just taste, Amaia. It's hard to explain space food," Reed said.

None of it tasted unpleasant and she was hungry enough to eat a horse. "So what do we do today?" she asked coyly. "There are quite a few hours to fill before we arrive." At the same time, as she thought of the previous day, she felt her pussy throb, her clit go into action, and her libido rose.

"None of that today. We completed our joining yesterday. Next, comes the official ceremony on Shanuarga where we will complete the final joining."

"You mean we have sex at the ceremony?"

"Yes. We will explain when we have informed the elders of our joining and the preparations begin," Gavin said. "Today, I am going to give you access to our library archive so you can learn about our customs."

"And what are you going to do?"

"We need to prepare for our next assignment. It has already been given to us," Reed told her.

Amaia spent much of the day learning about Shanuargan culture and customs. It was fascinating to watch the hologram, so much easier than a computer. Every now and then, the men would pop in, kiss her, give a fleeting caress, but then they'd leave her again leaving her with her libido in limbo.

When Gavin finally entered the living area and told her they had entered Shanuargan atmosphere and for her to join them, she was glad.

Strapped in tightly, she watched in awe as the planet approached and was almost sorry when the shields closed and the view screen disappeared.

"I want to watch it," she said.

"No. Entry is very hot and we need to protect the craft's view screen and view windows," Gavin explained. "They will open again when we land."

"I need my things," she told him.

"You don't need them."

"Yes. My monthly cycle is due and I—"

"Will not need anything. You are carrying our child. No more monthly cycles until the child is born," Lex said. "Entry may be a bit bumpy. There are strong currents coming from an adjoining planet."

He wasn't kidding. The bumps scared her, but she need not have worried. After a while, the craft settled and the view screen opened as well as the view windows. What she had seen on the hologram now became reality. She gasped at the beautiful mauve ocean, the twin moons and a mauve sun, the scenery, as the craft descended.

Final docking. The scenery disappeared to be replaced by technical looking interiors. Her buckles loosened and she was free.

"Come, Amaia. We can leave the transport now," Gavin said as he took her arm and led her to the exit.

"What about the papers my mother signed?"

"We already copied those and sent them ahead. They know you are now the designated heir."

"Will there be anyone to meet you?"

"No. Our families are used to our assignments that take us far away. We will, however, need to find residence for all four of us. We still live with our families. Maybe you want to occupy your grandfather's home. It is plenty big enough. It has been empty for many years but we have sent word ahead to have it ready for us."

Amaia thought about that and her decision to return to Earth. She didn't want to bring it up at this point. Her newfound love for these men was so fresh, so fragile, anything could upset the applecart. "Maybe. We'll take a look at it. What do we do first?"

"We will take you to your palace, then Lex, Reed and I will inform the council and our families of our joining and wish to be officially joined. We will try and convince them to have a very fast ceremony," Gavin said.

"What if they don't approve?"

"They have no choice. You are with child."

"You keep saying that. How the hell would you know?"

"We know," Lex said. "We joined with you during your most fertile period. Also, our Shanuargan sensors indicated that you conceived."

After leaving the transport, they led her through many corridors and finally outside to a strange looking vehicle. It wasn't a car. It looked more like a small plane. After she entered it, and the men joined her, it shot off with such speed, she thought for sure it would crash, but it didn't. What seemed to be within seconds, they landed before an ornate building.

"This is your palace," Lex said.

"It is? It's huge."

"Yes. It is big. Come," Gavin said as he helped her out of the vehicle.

There were many steps to climb up to what was the main entrance. Amaia looked at the beautifully crafted doors, seemingly from pure marble, and at the etchings on it. She could hardly believe it was all hers. Hers and her mother's because even though Jasmine had rejected her claim, it still didn't feel right that she should be the owner of all this.

The doors opened and a grey haired man in a long white robe greeted them. "Welcome, Princess," he said. "I am Fakulah, your faithful servant."

"Holy shit, they're calling me princess," she whispered to the men.

"That's what you are now. We will leave you now and will see you later today to inform you when the ceremonies will take place. Until then, we cannot spend time together."

"That's too weird. You join with me, get me pregnant, although I still don't believe it, and you can't spend time with me? What's with that?"

"Our customs. I'm sorry," Gavin said kissing her briefly on the forehead.

"What am I supposed to wear for this ceremony?"

"The man who greeted us at the door will guide you."

"Okay, thanks I guess."

Fakulah led her to her quarters and she gasped when she entered them. They were rooms indeed fit for a queen. Gilded framed portraits hung on the walls, many of them portraying her grandfather as a baby, a boy, then a young man. Some were of a couple whom she presumed were his parents, so her great-grandparents. Her bed looked to be of the same material as the ones on the transport. A gel like substance, almost feeling like a waterbed. It was a huge bed, big enough to fit all four of them and even more. The whole area was dazzling with gold, silver, jeweled items, marble floors, and to her relief a large bathing chamber with a sunken bathtub. That's what was what she needed more than anything right now, a real bath.

There was a knock on the door and Amaia hurried to open it.

"Princess, the ceremonies will take place this evening," Fakulah told her. "These are the garments you are required to wear." He handed her a pile of clothing and Amaia took them inside.

"Thank you. I am going to bathe now, but after that, I would like to eat."

"I will send food to your quarters," the man told her.

Amaia put the pile of clothing on the bed and returned to the bathroom.

After finally figuring out which buttons to push, the sunken bath filled up rapidly with steaming water, highly perfumed. She peeled off the suit, took off her boots, and stepped into the welcoming real water.

Relaxing, allowing the jets to massage her, she thought about the

ceremonies that evening. She'd meet her inlaws for the first time, other people from this planet. What would it be like? The water soothed her, felt so good after not having been able to shower properly for the last few days, and she almost dozed off until loud knocking startled her.

Quickly, she got out of the bath, wound a towel around her hair and body, and hurried to the door.

"The ceremonies will start in one hour, Princess," Fakulah told her.

"Thank you. I'll be ready."

It was a good thing he had alerted her. She quickly towed dry with the softest towels she'd ever encountered, and went to the pile of clothing on the bed. There was no underwear, no bra, nothing but an ornate embroidered kind of dress. It was completely slit on both sides. She draped it over her head and found that the front of the dress covered her from head to toe, as did the back, but the sides were completely open exposing a lot of skin. It was made of gossamer silk material, a very pale shimmery mauve that was quite see-through. She could clearly see her nipples through the thin material, her breasts, and her pubic area. The neckline scooped deep to just above her nipples. A cord wound around her waist holding the front and back together.

The other item of clothing was a cloak that fastened with a golden cord just beneath her collarbone and hung from her shoulders down her back. It was deep purple. The sandals matched the color of the cloak. A small tiara completed the picture. She placed it on her head and felt very regal.

After a final inspection in the tall mirrors that were scattered throughout the room, she left it and went downstairs to wait for her men.

But her men didn't come. Instead, a vehicle came to get her with a strange driver. A pang of disappointment hit her stomach, but she ignored it. They had told her they weren't supposed to see her before the ceremonies.

The car, or transport, stopped and the driver got out to open the door for her. She got out and looked at what looked like ten thousand steps to walk up. Some kind of guard stood on each step on each side, not moving a muscle. She started up the steps, lifting her long dress carefully so she wouldn't trip. It took forever to get to the top and she was near out of breath when she got there.

When she did, she gasped at the splendor. She faced a temple of such beauty, surely no one could ever reproduce it on canvas. There were marble pillars all around and what looked like an altar in the center of a round marble patio. A lot of people, all dressed in beautiful, ornate dresses and robes, stood on the side, some were sitting on what looked like bleaches. Her

three men stood near the altar. Just behind the altar stood seven men, all dressed in white robes, and wearing deep red cloaks holding a golden staff with a bright purple globe on top emanating a mauve glow.

Getting to the top of the steps, she stopped and stood silently, not knowing what to do next. Gavin stepped forward and approached her. He held out his hand and led her to the altar. The three men were dressed in identical robes and cloaks, royal blue cloaks and white robes decorated with gold embroidery and what looked like amethysts.

“Stand here,” he whispered while he resumed his stance.

She stood alone. A chanting started. It was quite melodious, but of course she couldn’t understand any of it. Two women came toward her and after one of the men with the purple staff stepped forward, he raised his pole and started chanting. The women unclasped her cloak, then unwound the cord from her waist and lifted her dress over her head.

Amaia’s heart thumped so hard, she thought they’d be able to see it. Her sandals came next and she stood naked before everyone. They lifted her hands and arms and made her raise them above her head, then they pushed her legs apart. Amaia had never felt so exposed, yet it was exhilarating. They made her bend down and touch her toes and spread her legs even farther apart. With her head down, Amaia couldn’t see what was happening next. She soon found out as a cock touched her vagina. Hands gripped her hips and the cock entered her and fucked her in front of everyone. Who was it? Was it one of her men or were others trying her out? She didn’t have to wonder for long when Gavin whispered, “It will soon be over, Amaia.”

She couldn’t help but get turned on, to feel horny as hell, and when he ejaculated and withdrew, she was almost sorry. She was also regretful that she couldn’t do anything but remain in her position, as that was obviously required. So...this was the ceremony, their joining witnessed by the men’s families, friends, and the officials.

Another shoved his cock into her and fucked her fast. Too fast. She wanted it to last longer. What could she do? When he withdrew and a cheer went up, she kind of felt mortified, and waited for her third man. She didn’t need to guess who this was. It was Lex with his huge bulbous head. He pushed against her waiting vagina, pushed again, but she still hadn’t stretched enough to accommodate him. She tried to relax, but it was hard with the knowledge of the spectators and the shouts she heard. He pushed and pushed and finally he managed to enter her with an immense thrust, tearing her, she was sure. She let out a scream as he entered and fucked her. She couldn’t help it, it hurt so

much, but it was a painful pleasure. There was no tenderness this time, no special treatment. Just a display of taking her before everyone. Yet she was horny, loving every minute of it, and even if he hurt like hell, she welcomed his entry once he was inside her, pushing her bottom up against him. He came and pulled out amongst a cheer from the guests, his cum still dripping to her buttocks.

The women made her stand up. Amaia felt the men's cum dripping down her legs. The guests cheered again. When she tried to look behind her, the women straightened her head. A chair had magically appeared out of nowhere and they made her sit down. Two women held her arms while a third held her head. Amaia wondered what would happen next, but didn't have to be curious for long.

An older man came toward her wearing a red robe and he had a head full of long gray hair. He held some kind of instrument in his hand and bent down close to her breasts. He fondled each breast then rolled her nipples between his fingers. A piercing pain shot through her breast as suddenly the instrument inserted a ring through her nipple, then another through the other. She moaned a little. The men hadn't told her any of this. What else were they going to do?

She didn't have to wonder long as the women forced her to stand and guided her to the altar. Amaia saw her three men standing near the table, a concerned expression on their faces, but they stood naked, immobile, as if this were all normal. And maybe it was in their world.

The women made her lie down on the altar. Two of them opened her legs wide and pulled them up, exposing her pussy, her vagina, for all to see. The man in the red robe was ready with his instrument.

His fingers were on her pussy lips pulling them apart and within seconds, she heard soft clicks as he pierced them with what she presumed were rings. What the hell for? Did her men think they could close her to others this way? Rings to put a chain through and lock her vagina? Or was this just ornamental on this world?

The man in the red robe continued while the women held her captive. The most hurtful of all was when he pierced her clit. She couldn't help but yelp, but it was done in a split second.

Loud chanting came from the spectators and from her men's relatives. Was this common practice on Shanuarga?

The piercing of her navel wasn't so bad. Was there anything else they could pierce? When the man in red injected her cleft, it stung. What for? What was he

planning to do next?

Several more women approached the altar and held her legs. She waited while the man in red turned and produced instruments. She had no idea what he was doing between her legs as it was all numb, but the scalpel he held in his hand looked dangerous. No wonder her men didn't want to talk about the ceremony. If she'd have known about this, no way in hell would she have gone to the temple, not matter how much she'd fallen in love with them.

The man in red worked between her legs for a bit then triumphantly turned to face the guests and relatives holding up several pieces of flesh. *Her* flesh. By the looks of it, her inner labia. A loud cheer broke loose.

Next, the women forced her to lie on her belly with her knees drawn up and her ass protruding for everyone to see. She felt the man's hands on her anus, fondling it, circling it, then she felt a needle near that area and moaned. After the needle, she had no idea what he did because he'd numbed her.

Turning her again, the women made her sit up. Amaia tried to loosen herself from their grip, but couldn't. This was enough. It had to stop. She didn't need any more piercings. They helped her get off the altar and back to the chair where they made her sit down. There were five women now, two held her arms, two held her legs, and another held her head. Did all Shanuargan women go through this?

The man in red looked at each breast, each nipple and nodded in satisfaction. Producing another instrument, he grabbed a breast, squeezed it so tight it felt ready to burst, then with his instrument, he punched all the way around her aureole very fast. It stung. When she looked down, she saw a neat row of studs around her aureole and in the center was a tiny gold crown.

Next, he peered into her face and felt her nose. In seconds, she had a stud or ring through her nose and another through her eyebrow. Apparently that was the last of the piercing. When the red robed man approached her next, he had a pen like contraption in his hand and he started on her forehead. She remembered the tattooed women she'd seen on the hologram so she knew what he was doing. Then, he tackled her breasts. She felt the pricks around the sensitive aureole and wondered what it would look like.

It was finally over. The man packed up his instruments, but the women still held her and then led her back to the altar.

Gavin, Lex, and Reed stood around the altar, now each holding a flask of the red healing balm. Gavin's gaze bored into hers and almost with an apology for not telling her what to expect. They opened her legs for the guests and family and poured the liquid down her cleft, over her clit, into her vagina and

her anal area. They did the same for her nipples, anywhere the man had pierced her, and within seconds, any and all discomfort was gone. They even poured it over her forehead onto the tattoo. She felt normal again. The piercings were as if they'd never happened.

Gavin took her hand to help her down from the altar and with Reed and Lex joining them, he led her to stand before it, between them and held her hand up high.

A loud cheer broke from the guests and family. Gavin leaned closer to her and whispered, "Don't be alarmed, but they want you to get rid of your pubic hair."

"No way. I've gone through enough and I don't want to be part of this anymore," she hissed at him. "You should have warned me. I never would have agreed."

"I know. That's why we didn't tell you."

"I hate you." She was so mad at them, she was ready to kill. Yet it was all such a tremendous turn on, she couldn't help but continue to get horny. Her juices flowed freely down her legs. When the guests saw this, they cheered and chanted.

"The hair will grow back. They don't have a permanent way of removing hair. Just let us do it," Gavin whispered. "We really like your pubic hair, it turns us on, and it will return."

"So, more exposure?"

"I'm afraid so. But they'll let us do it."

"What the hell did he cut off me?"

"The flaps inside your pussy lips."

"It's barbarian, tribal," she hissed.

"It's part of our tradition. I'm sorry," Gavin softly said. "Get ready for the hair removal."

"How?"

"Stand here with your legs spread wide. Hold your arms up with your hands clasped."

"You can't shave me that way. I have to lie down."

"Okay, if that's what you prefer. I'll take you back to the altar."

"I'll stand."

When she saw Gavin take a straight razor off a cushion presented to him by the red robed man, she almost died. A straight razor? A knife like they used in the old days? Oh my God.

Reed soaped her. Gavin was the one who was to do the honors while Lex

stood guard to make sure that she didn't move. Gavin spread her legs more so that her pussy lips were open to him. It would be hard to shave around the piercings, she thought. But after Reed rubbed the soap or cream or whatever it was onto them, he started. His fingers on the lips caused her libido to resurface. She thought for sure after this whole ceremony, her hormones would be dormant, but they weren't, not as far as her men were concerned. She felt the blade scrape her pussy lips, felt his fingers stroke and feel, until he finally moved to just above her clit and pulled the skin tight to shave there.

Didn't the people realize it would just grow back? She did, after all, have some Earth blood in her. After Gavin finished the last removal of her pubic hair and wiped her clean, he moved away and the officials, guests, and family cheered again, especially when Gavin kneeled before her and licked her bald genitals.

He stood up and faced her. "It's almost over. After this next ritual are the festivities."

"Another ritual? What this time?"

"My darling, I'm sorry to have to put you through this, but you must if you want to be ours forever."

"I think I prefer Earth's simple marriage ceremony. Since I'm not going to live here, I don't know why I need to go through any of it."

"You could have stopped it any time you wanted to, but that would have meant we could never be together and you'd be an orgasm whisperer for the rest of your life because we are your soul mates. There will never be another. As soon as you would reject us, your orgasm whispering abilities would return and remain with you for life."

"How could I have stopped it?"

"By simply not coming to the ceremony."

She thought about that for a moment. Yes, she knew something weird would happen, but had no idea exactly what. Yet she loved these men so much, she'd go through fire for them. There was no way she could lose her soul mates now. "So what is the next ritual?"

"We're not allowed to tell you."

"Great. Okay, let's just get it over with, though I don't understand. Doesn't every young woman on Shanuarga know what happens at these ceremonies?"

"Through gossip, but they don't, not really. Only the older members of the family and guests are invited to these ceremonies. The younger members join later in the celebrations. Let me lead you to the altar."

Gavin helped her up and she lay down. He spread her legs wide and her

arms above her head and she lay silently waiting for what would come next. The seven red-cloaked men stood around the altar and Gavin moved away and gave her a comforting smile.

The altar started to spin very fast. She felt dizzy and craved to hold on to something, but there was nothing to grab. So she lay stiffly, waiting for the altar to stop spinning, and it finally did. From somewhere, cuffs appeared, fastening her wrists, forehead, and ankles to the altar and then suddenly, it tilted with her on it. Her legs still spread, the altar was now at an angle. She'd never felt so exposed in her life as she did now. It felt as if everyone could look up her vagina right into her soul.

The red-robed officials walked around the altar in a ring, chanting, then they stopped and one stepped forward. She had no idea what he was doing between her legs. She could feel his fingers, but because her head was fastened down, she couldn't see. It took a while, but then he withdrew and the men walked around her again, chanting. The guests and family cheered, and she wondered what had occurred.

They stopped again. Each official stood before her and felt her genitals, stroked her bald pubic area, and stepped away again. When it was over and she was let down, she heaved a sigh. "I don't know what all that was about, but it wasn't fun."

Gavin helped her back into the gown and cloak, and her sandals. "They were just inspecting the wizard's work, to see if he did a good job. It's finished. We're officially joined now according to Shanuargan tradition. "

"So why do I have to go through all this and not you men?"

"Because it's women who are most fickle and therefore they have to be constrained according to our laws."

"Oh, I see. Beside the inspection of my private parts, what was the last ritual? I didn't see anything since my head was fastened and couldn't feel much."

"They closed you to us. They know you are with child and after that, we are not supposed to have relations with you. So they have locked access to your vagina."

"Oh, that sounds just fantastic. From what I've heard from my sisters, you can have sex right until a baby is born."

"Maybe on Earth, but here they don't believe that."

"When we get home tonight, you can undo that in a hurry. Now to the festivities. How long will they last? I'm exhausted after all this."

"Probably all night, but we don't have to stay that long."

“Good. As I said, I’m exhausted. So let’s get it over with,” she said matter of factly while two women draped her dress over her head and fastened the cord around her waist, then attaching the cloak. When she glanced down, the neckline barely covered her nipples and her aureoles were above it. But when she looked at other women’s dresses, theirs were just as see through. The only difference was their tattoos. Very few had a sun and a small crown. It had to be a sign of nobility, of royalty.

Gavin, Reed, and Lex escorted her to a huge room, resembling a ballroom. Tables laden with food and fruit lined one wall. Music played, but she didn’t see an orchestra. The music was beautiful, haunting almost.

“Do you know how absolutely stunning you look right now?” Reed told her. “You are the most beautiful woman here.”

“Yes, she is. I’ve already heard comments about her unusual eyes. I really like the wedding garments your servants chose for you. The color matches your eyes,” Lex said.

“I agree, but I can’t wait to take those garments off,” Gavin said smiling down at her as she gazed into his eyes, instant heat flaring between her legs.

They sat at a long table. Most conversation floated past her as she couldn’t understand their language, and so she concentrated on the food, the delicious wines and other beverages, and watched dancers perform for them.

Just after midnight, at least according to their time, she convinced her men to take her home. The red balm had worked its wonders and she felt no pain from anything she’d experienced the previous evening, but she wanted to be alone with them. Now that they were legally wedded according to Shanuargan law, the men would live with her. That’s as long as she remained on the planet.

When Amaia examined the reflection of her naked body in the full mirrors in her quarters, she gasped. How could she ever return to Earth looking this way? She had to admit what was done to her nipples and aureole was exotic, and staring at her breasts actually turned her on. Each nipple had a gold ring through it. Around the aureole, she’d been tattooed. Her aureole now resembled a sun with reddish and yellow rays, each ray had a small star shaped stud at the end and the center ray a small crown. “You can start right now by taking the rings out of my pussy lips,” she told Gavin who stood behind her. “I hope this was the only display of public nudity?”

“Yes. If you give birth on Shanuarga, our physician will expect to have to unlock you. But after this, your body will be covered at all times.”

“You can unlock me now since no one will know,” she said, inspecting the

row of neatly locked rings between her legs. In a way, it looked kind of exotic, but no way would she or *could* she live with that. Not only did she find it unsanitary not being able to wash between the folds, but now that she was joined with her men, no way in hell would she do without their cocks for nine months. She craved them too much.

Lex scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bed where he lay her down gently. She sank into the soft gel surface and waited for the other two to join her. Once they did, she spread her legs for them. "Please start taking the rings out?"

They seemed somewhat hesitant, but then she reminded them they'd had sex with her just before the rings were put there, and had that hurt her? She also had to convince them that on Earth it was normal for pregnant women to have sexual intercourse with their husband.

"You know, you might be technologically much advanced over Earth, but your ceremony is tribal, primitive.

"It has been like this throughout the generations."

"Then it's time it changed. I didn't mind the exposure that much. It made me horny to have the guests and your family looking at me in my nude state, to watch us have sex, but the piercings and everything else is downright primitive. I believe there is some backward tribe in Africa that sews up female babies just after they're born. This is similar."

"Now that is terrible," Reed said. "A newborn?"

"Yes. Apparently it hurts terribly when they have sex for the first time because it has all grown together. They also develop infections down there so are more than often deformed."

"Sounds very painful," Gavin said. "I haven't heard of anything like that on Shanuarga."

"Do your women discuss such things with their men? Their sons?"

"No, not really. We know approximately what is done at the ceremony, but we haven't heard of any infections or deformities."

"There you go. Now, please remove that metal from between my legs? Oh, by the way, you said you knew what was all going to happen."

"Well, only what we'd heard via gossip. No one really knows until they go through it. What about the ring in your hood?" Gavin asked as his fingers worked deftly between her legs.

"I'm not sure about that. After you unlock me, I want to see down there. Is there a hand mirror?"

"I'll get it," Reed said and climbed off the bed. Lex was watching Gavin

intently, she noticed, and her libido started to kick in, especially feeling Gavin's fingers working swiftly between her legs.

"How did they lock the rings?" she asked.

"They merely clasp the rings together. I've got most of them out now," Gavin told her. Just a few more to go."

"I've heard of labia reduction surgery back home, but never even thought about it. Those pieces of skin can be annoying, so might be a good thing they removed them."

"I'm finished," Gavin said and handed her a hand full of gold rings. "You can always put the rings back later, or some of them. The holes are permanent because the healing balm has already healed them."

"Here is a mirror," Lex said, handing it to her.

Amaia sat up a bit against the pillows. "Gavin, can you hold the mirror between my legs so I can see?"

He pulled her legs over his shoulders and held the mirror between her legs. She looked so bald down there. Jen and Darla often shaved, but she'd never done so because it looked so strange, like they were little girls again. Now all her pubic hair was gone and it would itch like crazy when it grew back, she knew that from her friends. Her pussy lips looked normal except for the row of tiny holes on each. "Show me between," she said, her voice husky now as desire started to take over. Gavin spread her pussy lips. The inner flaps were gone and her vagina was clearly visible. Just above her clit, she noticed another small gold crown. Her hood had a gold ring through it and so did her clit. She reached down and played with the one in her clit for a moment. The sensation was breathtaking. It made her so horny she was ready for them now. "Show me my anus. I know your wizard did something there, too."

"Lex, can you part her cheeks for me and hold her bottom up?" Gavin asked.

Lex did as asked and she saw the same sun tattooed around her anus and a small gold crown, just like the ones around her nipples. Oh well, since she didn't go around exposing her private parts back on Earth, those didn't really matter. The ring through her navel could stay, too, as could her nipple rings, but the ones through her nose and eyebrow? She'd need to think about those.

Reed handed her a flute filled with Shanuargan champagne. "A toast to our bride," he said holding his glass up. They kinked glasses and drank. While she sipped, Amaia couldn't help but play with her clit ring. She was already on fire, ready for her men, and she made it worse. She wished they'd hurry up and do something about it because she was ready to burst. Then again, what

was stopping her from starting? She quickly drank down the last of the champagne, got rid of the glass, sat on her knees and reached for Gavin's cock. It was already on its way to erection and when she bent down and took him into her mouth, he was hard in seconds.

She sucked and stroked, cupped his balls and at the same time felt her legs parted and a cock seek entrance. Oh, but the sensation was out of this world now that there were no flaps. It felt different, it was exhilarating, it set the blood racing through her veins, caused her whole vagina to pulse with longing. Gavin's hands were on her head as she bobbed up and down sucking and pulling the skin back and forth, her lips tight around his cock. A finger entered her anal passage and suddenly Lex pushed into her. She knew it was him from the size of his cock, but she welcomed the swift stab of pain as he pushed into her. The bulbous head stroked her inner walls as he moved swiftly back and forth. Reed entered another finger inside her anal passage and started to finger fuck her there while his other hand played with her breasts.

When Lex played with her clit ring, she let go of Gavin's cock and screamed out her sudden rush of pleasure this caused. Gavin quickly grabbed her head and pushed her mouth over his cock. She circled its length with her tongue, licked up and down the blue veins that throbbed with his desire. She saw them bulge even more, felt his cock expand within her mouth as she sucked and she knew he was ready to release.

Lex played with the clit ring again as he slammed into her, his cock swelling even more within her and she felt her own release coming. As soon as she felt his body tremble, she let go and Gavin shot his seed down her throat. She swallowed, enjoying the taste of him. Her juices mixed with Lex's cum dripped down. He pulled out of her, but no sooner had he moved away or Reed drove into her and Lex sat beside her playing with her clit ring and setting her blood on fire again. She leaned on her hands and Gavin moved beneath her. He kneaded her breasts, then took her nipples into his mouth, one by one, his tongue through the nipple ring. It caused the same fiery sensation as the ring through her clit. She squirmed and pushed hard against Reed's hips wanting him deeper, needing him to swell within her, to fill her completely. Lex's fingers now entered her anal passage moving swiftly within.

Oh my God, could sex get any better than this?

Reed slowed a bit and suddenly Lex sat on his knees before her, his cock already stiffening, ready for her mouth. Reed moved in and out slowly, one hand playing with her clit ring, the other rubbing up and down her ass crack,

then he entered what felt like at least three fingers and finger fucked her there while the tempo of his cock increased. She sucked Lex's cock, played with the bulbous head that barely fit inside her mouth, sucked the precum from the tip, ran her tongue up and down the silky skin, the protruding veins, until he shoved his cock into her mouth very deep and she clamped her lips around it as tight as she could.

Reed slammed into her hard, several times, his cock swelling, he was ready to come and so was she, again, and again. She'd released so many times, she'd lost count. Lex came in her throat the same time as Reed released and she collapsed on the bed now, breathing heavy, exhausted but oh, what a fantastic exhaustion this was. Gavin's head rested on her chest, his lips around her nipple, his hand encasing her breast, while Lex's head did the same on the other side. Reed lay between her legs his tongue lapping the juices from her seeping vagina.

Could life get any better?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Amaia woke to bright mauve sunlight streaming into her bedroom. It wasn't a dream, it was all very real. She lay between Gavin and Lex, and Reed's head was still between her legs, his face against her pussy.

Hating to wake the men, she carefully tried to climb off the bed, but it resulted in them waking anyway. She needed to relieve herself badly so she hurried to the bathroom. The toilet was the same as the one on the transport, except a different color. No flushing, so no waste going into their rivers or oceans. Gavin had explained to her that sonic waves dissolved the waste into a fine powder that was collected in another part of the house and later used for fertilizer. Earth could learn a lot from the Shanuargan people. But like her men told her, Earth wasn't ready for their technology. Not yet.

The sunken bath that was almost like a small swimming pool, was filled with bubbling water. Flower petals drifted lazily on top and a floral perfume wafted into her nostrils. After relieving herself she quickly got into the water and relaxed. She thought about her wedding night, the exotic ceremony, and fingered her clit ring. Instantly, she felt the heat soar through her body. Oh, the clit ring would definitely stay. Running her fingers between her pussy lips, she felt the smooth skin, instant access to her vagina rather than have to fight with the flappy pieces of skin that used to surround it and she was rather glad they'd performed the surgery, if one could call it that. She giggled. The man had resembled an old wizard, and wasn't that what her men called him? She was sure he'd have to have medical knowledge, but why call him a wizard? She made a mental note to ask the men about that.

Still playing with her clit ring and fingering her vagina, she closed her eyes, only to have bodies disturbing her by entering the bath.

"Good morning, my beautiful wife," Gavin said as he sat next to her. Reed and Lex followed him into the water and sat on the other side of her.

"Are you rested?" Reed asked, reaching for her breast.

“I am, and ready for all of you,” she said huskily.

They didn’t need to be told again. Gavin moved in behind her and sat her atop his cock penetrating her anal passage with one thrust of her body down on it. Reed was in front of her and spread her legs wide. He thrust into her vagina with one stroke. Lex climbed out of the water. She looked up at his taut sack, his cock that looked even more tremendous in the morning, and he straddled her and pushed his cock into her waiting lips. Gavin had to hold on to the side of the bath with one hand while the other held her firmly down on his cock. Lex’s hands were on her breasts, kneading them, playing with the nipple rings, and Reed didn’t ignore her clit ring.

Once again, she was on fire. Fire? It was more like an inferno that raged within her as two cocks started to thrust at the same time and Lex’s moved in and out of her mouth. She fastened her lips around the silky skin tight and gripped the seat so she wouldn’t slide as they fucked her. Oh man, their thrusts were harder than ever, their cocks the thickest she’d ever felt. Their morning glory, isn’t that what men on Earth called their erection in the morning? She’d heard something like it on one of the sex movies she’d watched. Well, she could take their morning glory every day she woke up.

Her body trembled with the desire that built and built until she felt them swell and the tremors that shook their muscular frames told her they were almost ready to come. She matched them and released at the same time as Lex’s cock drove deep into her throat, his cum filling her mouth. She swallowed hard and licked the last drops from the tip before she let go of his cock.

The three men washed her with special liquid soaps. Reed washed her hair, and then they oiled her body. When she stepped out of the water, her skin glistened with a healthy glow. She walked to the far wall and waited for the auto dryer to turn on. It dried her body in seconds, but her hair took a bit longer. The men watched her from the bath, their gazes already hot and horny. When they stood to join her, she absorbed every inch of their beautiful bodies, their magnificent cocks, the taut sacks that held the seed that impregnated her. Their cocks were already hard again, reaching for her, throbbing gently against their abdomen.

Amaia stepped away from the dryer and walked to the bedroom to wait for them. She twirled before the mirror, inspected her bald pussy, the ring through the hood, the clit ring just poking from between her slit. Then she cupped her breasts and looked at the pretty sun around each nipple and the small gold studs and crown. It was really beautiful work and she now loved it.

The gold diamond-studded rings dangled from her nipples. She tugged them a little and felt the delicious sensation shoot through her breasts. They were pierced all the way at the back of her nipples so it wouldn't interfere with breastfeeding. Breastfeeding? The men claimed she was pregnant, but how did they know? She didn't feel any different.

The ring through her nose and eyebrow she'd take out as soon as she was home. Home? That thought suddenly cooled her libido. Leave her men? She didn't want to, but neither did she want to stay on Shanuarga. She'd promised her mother she'd return. That meant she'd have to say goodbye to her lovers and raise a child alone. That's if she was really pregnant. She really needed to discuss all this with them. The thought of never seeing them again after their two weeks together devastated her and tears welled, one slowly trickling down her cheek.

Gavin joined her, all fresh and clean. "You're crying. What is wrong?" He kissed the tear from her cheek.

"We need to talk, all of us."

"About?"

"Lex, Reed, come join us on the bed. We need to talk about something. I don't want to, but better to get it out in the open," she said when the other two men walked in.

They sat on the bed with her. When Lex tried to fondle her breasts, she pushed his hand away. "This is serious. We only have ten more days together before I return to Earth. Even though we married according to your ways, I can't stay here. I hope you realize that? Neither do I want to leave you. I love the three of you with my heart and soul. So the thought of parting with you is very upsetting."

"We have already discussed this possibility and have come up with a compromise, but we didn't want to bring it before you yet," Gavin told her. "We don't want to part with you either. You are carrying our child and we need to be a family."

"Compromise?"

"Yes. We have already put it before the council and it meets with their approval. Now we'll tell you about it since you brought up the subject."

"When were you going to tell me about this?"

"Not long before your departure from Shanuarga. The compromise is, what about if you live six months on Earth and six months on Shanuarga? Would that be acceptable? Of course we would live with you on Earth as well. The council has agreed to send a transport for us every six months, but we

had to agree to only six months on each planet.”

Hope flared in her heart. “Really? That sounds like a solution. I wouldn’t mind that at all. It was the thought of never seeing you again, unless you could live on Earth, or me never seeing my mother again, that devastated me. Maybe Mom could even join us sometimes?”

“Yes, she could. We have jewels we can sell on Earth so we’ll have money. We can buy a house there and come up with other ways to earn an income. You already mentioned if we could harvest the healing balm, we could make a fortune. I don’t think we’d be allowed to transport it in great quantities, but we could bring enough with us and dilute it before we sell it in small quantities. Earth is not ready for such miracle cures, but diluted, it would be very effective for cuts, sores, anything that has hurt the skin. What do you think?”

“Sounds good. This morning I was thinking about the old man in the red cloak, the one who decorated me and cut off the flaps. Why do you call him a wizard?”

“He is one of the oldest remaining physicians. He is what you call a doctor, he is also a scientist, but besides that, he has magical powers so his nickname is Wizard.”

“Oh, that explains it. I figured he’d have to have some medical knowledge to do what he did. I’d like to have my baby back home.”

“We can work around that. We’ll have to come up with a believable story for your friends.”

“We’ll also need to have a wedding on Earth. I’ll need to marry one of you. I can’t marry all three, it’s not allowed.”

“But we can all live together?”

“Yes. No one can stop us from doing that,” she said, smiling at them, feeling complete relief now that she knew they had a solution. “I’m starving hungry. How about breakfast?”

“You mean you’re going to make us wait?” Lex laughed and pointed his erection at her.

“Food first. Unless you have to work, we have all day to play,” she told him, but grabbed his cock for just a moment and bent to kiss the tip. Vaguely, she wondered if all men were this horny, or if they took some kind of an aphrodisiac.

“You make us want you,” Gavin answered her unspoken thought. “Once you’re covered, we can control these beasts.”

“Then I guess I’d best go and cover my body, although the dresses are very

flimsy and quite see-through, so I don't see a lot of difference."

"Right now, you are sitting in such a way I can see your spread lips and your vaginal opening. Your clit is throbbing and it makes me want to touch you there. Your breasts are on full display for us. Even though the dress is flimsy, it will cover those essential parts that turn us on so much," Reed said.

"My stomach is telling me my body needs fuel, so off I go to get dressed," she said as she climbed off the bed and headed for the wardrobe. She chose a light blue dress. Just like the one she'd worn for the ceremony, it consisted of just a front piece and back piece that fell all the way to the floor, the edges set off with gold embroidery. The neck scooped low to rest on top of her nipples leaving the top half of the suns displayed. Two golden clasps held a royal blue cloak in place. "Is this better," she said as she twirled before them.

"Yes, although I'm still hot for you," Gavin said. "We'd better dress and go down to breakfast," he told the other men.

"I guess they don't believe in underwear on this planet," Amaia told them while she watched them put on their tunics. She'd not noticed the evening before, but even their tunics were see through and clearly displayed their black pubic hair. The white tunics fell to mid thigh with a silver cord around the waist. After the men had put on their sandals, they went downstairs to the immense dining room where a lavish breakfast awaited them.

Strangely enough, Amaia didn't miss meat products at all. They did serve some form of eggs, and a lot of fish dishes prepared in various ways. Fortunately, she loved any kind of fish. Every now and then, she did long for a cup of coffee or her mother's herbal tea, but her bag had remained on the transport. She drank the last of her morning beverage that, according to Lex consisted of various fruits and vegetables made into a juice.

After breakfast, she convinced the men to explore the house with her. House? It was more like a small castle. She could hardly imagine that her family owned it, let alone the riches, the jewelry she found in a gilded box in her bedroom, the beautiful vases, and magnificent sculptures.

It was her last day on Shanuarga and her men had told her that it would be a special day, that they wanted to show her a sacred place. They were to leave for Earth that evening. In a way, Amaia didn't want to leave the beautiful warm climate. Apparently the weather was the same all year round and she could really stand that. But to never see snow again? It would be strange, and there was no Christmas on Shanuarga. No, she'd put up with rain, sleet, snow and fog. After Christmas they could spend the rest of Earth's winter on Shanuarga.

The council had agreed to allow her men to go to Earth for one year so she could have her baby at home.

"You do realize it's because you're a royal princess that they're allowing us these privileges?" Gavin said as he drove their hover craft to the special place they were taking her to.

"No, I didn't realize, but I'm glad they've given you permission to stay a whole year."

"We're here," Reed said. The hovercraft stopped and Lex opened the door for her and helped her down the steps. They were in what looked like a deep forest. Strange birds fluttered above her head. What looked like giant butterflies suddenly flew up in a swarm as the four people disturbed their quiet existence. It was as if she walked through a fairy forest. There were exotic flowers everywhere, yellow fern-like plants mixed with greens and purple toadstools. She almost expected a fairy or gnome to appear at any moment.

They walked a while until they came to a clearing. Amaia heard a tinkling sound and saw the clear spring and waterfalls.

"This is our magical spring. Only a few of us are allowed in this area," Reed told her.

"What is its magic?"

"It extends life. The Wizard for instance is over two hundred years old."

"Wow. I don't think I want to grow that old."

"You only grow that old if you bathe here regularly. Most people don't know its location."

"Where is the place where you get the healing balm?"

"We're not allowed to tell anyone where it is. Only Gavin and Lex know its location. They've been sent to harvest it many times," Reed said.

"Did you get some to take with us?"

"Yes, we did while you slept last night. We were very careful not to wake you. We had to do it at night as no one can know that we're taking several large containers full of it with us," Lex said.

"Won't they know?"

"No. We used sanitized juice containers. There are always plenty loaded on the transport in case we are delayed or get stuck on an uninhabited planet or something. Now how about if we go and test the water?"

The men had their tunics off quite fast. Amaia was still pulling her dress over her head and they were already in the water splashing and laughing like little boys. She stood and watched them for a minute before joining them.

Lush vegetation and flowers surrounded the pool. The falls made a rushing tinkling sound as the water cascaded down into the water below. It was gorgeous, peaceful, so undisturbed by humans that it was almost a pity to swim in it, but she did anyway. The silvery sand felt warm beneath her feet and as it squished between her toes. She stepped into the water and waded in up to her chin. For a moment she thought she felt a tingling sensation, but maybe it was her imagination. With long, leisurely strokes, she joined the men.

"It doesn't feel any different from bath water. It's warm, it smells fresh, and it feels wet," she said, laughing.

"But it has magical powers, even if you don't feel anything, although you should have felt something when you first entered the pool," Gavin said.

"I felt a tingle on my skin. Was that it? Mmm, I wouldn't mind one of these in my back yard."

"Right now, you don't have a back yard. When we buy a house we'll build a swimming pool," Lex promised her.

"And a waterfall?"

"Don't know if we can manage that. Also, it's far too cold during your winters for outdoor pools," Reed reminded her.

"That's true. I'm not a polar bear." She climbed out of the water onto some rocks to venture closer to the falls. There was room behind them to walk so she explored and stood under a stream that dented in somewhat. It felt wonderful and she closed her eyes, only to open them again when two arms wrapped around her and hands cupped her breasts. She swung around to face Gavin who looked at her hungrily, his cock fully erect. He took her into his arms and pressed her tightly against his chest, his lips claiming hers. His cock poked between her legs, seeking, needing, but they were in the wrong position. Not for long. He lifted her up so she could wrap her legs around his body and lowered her onto his cock. Backing to the rock wall, he leaned against it and thrust into her while his lips devoured her, his tongue seeking, exploring. He held her waist tight and pushed her up and down as he thrust. She felt her clit ring rub against his pubes and it exhilarated her passion that now flared fully. Oh, she could never get enough of him, of any of her men. Sex this way felt sensational because of her nipple rings and clit ring rubbing against his hard body and she relished every moment, every second of it until she felt him swell. A tremor shook his body, another, his cock thrust very deep and thickened inside her and he spent his seed within her as she screamed her release, the sound hardly audible over the sound of the falls.

Gavin lowered her to the ground, but still held her tightly against his chest,

his chin resting on her wet hair. "We'd best join Lex and Reed. They'll wonder what we're up to without them," she said loudly looking up at him.

He grinned. "They saw me go after you with a very hard erection. I think they know and they don't care. There won't be any jealousy in our relationship."

"That's good to know. It's nice to be made love to by just one man for a change, although I do love our group sessions."

He held her hand as they made their way back to the pool. He dove into the water and she followed shortly behind him. Reed swam up to her and took her into his arms. His cock was ready for her and he lifted her and lowered her onto it. Having sex in the water wasn't that easy, she found, but they managed. Just as Reed was starting to swell within her, Lex joined them from behind her. His cock sought her back entrance and he jabbed at her anus as Reed slowed his strokes. The thick head needed time to enter the tight muscle and it took a few tries before he edged inside. He started to pump and Reed continued to thrust within her vagina. Lex's arms slipped between Reed's chest and hers and he cupped her breasts, played with her nipple rings, sending thrill upon thrill through her breasts, up to her throat, down to her belly. When he let go of her breasts to play with her clit, and the clit ring, she almost exploded right there, but waited, held on until they were both ready. Reed swelled. She felt her vaginal walls stretch to accommodate him. At the same time, Lex became harder and thicker. They came together and this time her shout of release echoed over the pool, through the silence of the forest.

Amaia waded out of the water and saw Gavin lying on the sand now drying his body in the sun. He was watching them leave the water, a small smile on his beautiful lips. When they joined him, she sat between his legs and leaned against his chest. Reed and Lex lay beside them.

"We need to leave soon and get ready for the journey to Earth," Gavin said while nuzzling her hair.

"In a way, I don't want to leave. I still haven't learned enough about Shanuarga, haven't seen enough. Time has flown by too fast," Amaia said, sighing.

"If you don't return on time, your mother would worry herself into illness," Reed said. "After our child is born, we will come back and you'll have six months to explore and learn."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It felt strange to be wearing her jeans, sweater, jacket, and snow boots again. She felt stifled suddenly after having lived so free for the last few weeks. But they had arrived home and for all she knew, there was still a foot of snow out there. Plus, she could hardly appear wearing her spacesuit, no matter how sexy it was. Amaia giggled at that, imagining the expression on people's faces if she walked around wearing the spacesuit. She wiggled her hips because her panties and tight jeans really bothered her right now. Her pubic hair had soon formed stubble. At first, it had itched like crazy until Reed treated it with the healing balm. That at least took the itch away and the urge to rub or scratch.

Gavin and Lex, carrying the containers of the supposed juice, left the transport ahead of her. She followed them and within seconds stood on the same sports field they'd departed from. Reed appeared, too. The men returned to the transport several times to fetch more of the containers and their bags containing their Earthly clothing and the precious gems they'd taken along to sell. Amaia waited impatiently. Now that she was home, she was eager to go and see her mother. There was still quite a bit of snow on the ground. Amaia held on to Lex's arm as they made their way to the parking lot.

"The car is gone of course," she said looking at the near empty lot. "I'll phone for a taxi."

"Is there a phone here?" Gavin asked.

"Oh, there is probably a public phone, but I have my cell phone in my bag. It's been turned off all this time, so it should be still fully charged. How about we go to my mother's house first? I know she'll be waiting anxiously. And you can store the containers in her garage. I really don't have much room in my apartment."

"Sounds good. Maybe she'll make us breakfast," Gavin said hopefully.

"If she knows we haven't eaten, I'm sure she will. The taxi will be here in five minutes."

While they drove, Amaia noticed many houses decorated for Christmas. Christmas was only two weeks away and she was glad she'd be home for it.

"Why do people have snowmen and statues of animals in their yard? And they have lights on them," Gavin said.

"I see many colored lights on houses, too," Lex added.

"It will be Christmas soon."

"Christmas?"

"The celebration of the birth of Jesus. It is celebrated every year in almost each country on December twenty-fifth."

Reed was already consulting his device. "It doesn't say much more than that in our archives. You'll have to tell us all about it."

"I will. Matter of fact, how about a Christmas wedding? Oh damn, take the ring out of my eyebrow and nose, please. I forgot about those."

"Which one of us will you marry legally here on Earth?" Lex asked while he quickly undid the rings and took them out for her.

Amaia rubbed the spots with her finger and hoped no one would notice. "Good question. I love all three of you the same and it's difficult to make a choice. How about you decide?"

"It doesn't really matter to us. Gavin is the oldest. I'd say Gavin," Lex said.

"I agree," Reed told them.

"Okay, just remember, in public or in company of friends, only Gavin can act lovingly toward me. I'm afraid you two will have to take a step back when we're around people."

"We understand. Earth customs are different from ours. It would be unacceptable for you to show affection to three men," Gavin said thoughtfully.

"Exactly. My mother is allowed to know, but she will be the only one. Not even my sisters and brother can know. Like me, they never believed my mother and it's best they don't know that I'm the one who inherited the Shanuargan genes."

Amaia didn't even have a chance to ring the doorbell. Though she had a key, she rarely used it. The door opened wide and Jasmine enveloped her in a bear hug.

"I'm so glad you're home. I knew you'd be okay, but having you flit around among the stars was still a scary thought." She kissed Amaia on both cheeks and looked at the three men waiting behind her and the containers on the front steps.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Come in, come in. It’s cold,” she said, stepping back to allow the men to enter. She looked from one to the other, then at her daughter’s face. “So when is the wedding? Which one?”

Amaia laughed. “Mom, allow us to take off our coats first? And the men need to store some stuff in your garage, if that’s alright?”

“Yes, of course. Have you eaten? Oh, what a silly question. You probably ate on the spaceship.”

“No, actually we haven’t eaten. The men were looking forward to one of your breakfasts. Why don’t you guys go and put the containers in the garage and then join us in the kitchen? There is a door from the garage into the laundry room that leads to the kitchen.”

Within a few minutes Amaia sipped from a mug of steaming tea that she relished more than ever now.

“So, which one did you end up giving your heart to?” Jasmine asked while busying herself with eggs, sausages and toast.

“Actually...all three. Mom, don’t freak out on me, but I married all three of them on Shanuarga. It’s quite acceptable there and normal for a woman to have more than one husband.”

“I’ll be...but you can’t do that here on Earth. And are they here to stay?”

“Yes and no. It’s a long story.”

Amaia was still telling Jasmine everything when the men joined them.

Gavin interrupted. “Did you tell your mother she’s going to be a grandmother?”

“I knew it!” Jasmine exclaimed. “I saw a baby for you, but thought it couldn’t be right, that it was maybe something that was going to happen far into the future.”

“Mom, they say I’m pregnant, but I don’t know anything for sure yet.”

“Oh, if they say you are, then you can be sure. Have your psychic abilities kicked in yet?”

“No. I don’t think so. I haven’t had any great revelations. I’ll have to talk to you about all that, how it all works and stuff.”

“So when is the wedding? And which one? And remember, not a word about this to your sisters and brother!”

“I know, Mom. I thought a Christmas wedding would be nice. And they decided Gavin would be the one. Thankfully, I didn’t have to choose.”

“I’m so happy for you, child. And to have three men dote on you, triple loved, how lucky is that? There is so much to do, a wedding to arrange, get invitations out, to—”

“Mom, hold it. We want a small wedding. Nothing big. Just family and a few of my friends, that’s it. There isn’t enough time, and it’s better that it’s a small wedding.”

“I’m going to get you the most wonderful dress.” Jasmine prattled on while she set plates on the table laden with eggs, sausages and toast.

* * * *

Two weeks flew by. There was so much to do, not only her wedding, but also to sell the gemstones and get the men set up for business. It was cold enough for their containers filled with healing balm. The temperature was well below zero and her mother’s garage wasn’t heated, but they needed to get production going and so Amaia left the wedding arrangements mainly up to her mother and concentrated on research and helping the men instead.

They couldn’t sell several of the precious stones because they were unknown on Earth, but the diamonds brought in a small fortune, enough to buy a house and get them set up nicely. They left house shopping for later and even decided on a very brief honeymoon, just a few days getaway for the three of them to Las Vegas. She had it well planned. There were so many sexy things to do in Vegas, besides gambling. She’d booked a fantasy suite at The Palms, the Erotic suite that cost a fortune, but the guys had made so much money from their precious gems and she knew they’d make a fortune with their healing balm, that she thought it well worth it. She’d arranged for them to go and see Zumanity on their first evening there, not that she needed anything besides herself to get her men in the mood, but she’d heard that Cirque de Soleil’s sexy performance was outstanding and extremely sensual. The next day, she’d booked a tour of the Grand Canyon and in the evening she’d ordered tickets for The Peep Show. She’d also booked a spa experience for all four of them and several more attractions. It was a full schedule. Any spare time in between, they could hit the casino.

Before anything, she’d gone and bought a pregnancy test kit. Sure enough, the men and her mother were right. She was pregnant, so she had to be about four weeks. So far, she had experienced no morning sickness and there was no change to her body as far as she could see.

One by one, the men woke up and joined her in the living room where she sat cross legged on the floor near her small Christmas tree. “Merry Christmas, husbands,” she greeted them and got up to embrace each one. “It’s gift opening time.” She smiled as they hurried to the tree and looked at the

presents. She'd told them everything about Christmas and they were like little boys aware of Christmas presents for the first time. They thought it a very unique Earth tradition and wished they had something like it on Shanuarga. At the same time, Amaia found out that they did have temples where people worshipped, but they believed in a superior being rather than God. They called that being the Creator who was and always shall be. So in essence it meant somewhat the same although the story was different.

Smiling, she looked at their happy faces at their Earthly gifts. She'd bought a watch for each, new shirts and sweaters, socks, belts, and a gold ring. The rings were slightly different. One had two snakes entwined, the other had a dragon engraved into it, and the third was merely a band with an amethyst. That was Gavin's, one they'd use for the wedding ceremony.

They picked up some parcels and put them next to her on the floor. "These are yours, my love," Reed said.

Amaia hadn't really expected anything because the men weren't used to the Christmas tradition, so she was surprised. When she opened the first one, she gasped as she lifted the satin covered lid of a fairly large jewelry box. In it lay a beautiful gold pendant with one of Shanuargan's exotic stones. The pendant was shaped like the sun, just like the tattoos on her breasts, the color of the stone, yellow, blended with orange and beautifully translucent. Each gold ray had a smaller stone at the end of it, a miniature of the stone in the locket, and in the center just below the chain a gold crown. The chain was quite heavy. A matching bracelet and earrings lay in the center of the box and a ring sat in a slot.

"We had that crafted for you before we left our planet," Gavin said. "It is our wedding gift to you."

"It is absolutely breathtaking. Thank you, thank you, thank you!" She kissed them and then returned to her other gifts that were obviously items they'd had help with. Probably Jasmine's work. Some clothing, a negligee, beautiful lace panties, perfume, and a new wallet.

"Guys, I hate to do this today, but I have to go to Mom's to get ready for the wedding. She was already upset that I'd be spending the night here, said it was unlucky to see your intended before the ceremony. But I don't believe that because we're already married."

The minister had kindly agreed to perform the ceremony that afternoon, even though it was Christmas. He thought it fantastic that someone wanted to get married on Christmas and in church. He'd also agreed to let them use the

basement for the reception. Amaia had hired caterers to provide a turkey dinner and they would serve and clean up afterward. She and the men would stay for the dinner and take off right afterward to fly to Vegas. Their luggage was already packed in the trunk of her car as well as their going away outfits.

"We will clean up the mess here and we'll see you soon enough this afternoon," Lex said. "We'll walk you to your car."

"Okay. Don't forget to call a taxi to take you to the church. The address is on that notepad on the coffee table. Your suits are ready. I put all your clothes out for you."

"You seem nervous, Amaia," Gavin said.

"I am, sort of. This will be the first time you'll meet the rest of the family. We haven't had time for rehearsal or nothing because the church was occupied every night before Christmas. I hope you remember everything I explained."

"We do. Don't worry."

Thank goodness you're here. Jen and your sisters are already here getting ready. Your brother is on his way to your apartment. I hope you explained everything to the men, what is expected of them," Jasmine said, sounding quite agitated.

Amaia's oldest sister would be her matron of honor with her younger sister and Jen as bridesmaids. Her third sister was quite pregnant and didn't want to be included, which worked out fine as with Lex and Reed and her brother as best man and groomsmen, she had no idea who would have been a fourth. They had to be at church by eleven since the minister expected them to attend Christmas morning service first. The ceremony would take place after the service at around noon.

"Amaia, go and take off your clothes and put on your bridal underwear, chemise and petticoat. You can wear my robe while the hairdresser does your hair. She's already finished with the girls." Jasmine hurried her into the master bedroom.

Amaia grimaced at Jen who was running around in one of her mother's robes. "I thought I was the nervous one," she said as Jasmine closed the bedroom door. She quickly changed into the new panties, bra, stockings, garters, and petticoat and slipped into the silk kimono Jasmine had put ready for her. Opening the door, she called out to the hairdresser. "I'm ready for you, Carla."

Carla piled her hair in curls with ringlets hanging down and long curls

cascading down her back. When she was finished, she applied subtle make-up. Finally, Amaia was ready for her gown. First she wanted to put on the jewelry the men had given her. She wore all but the ring that she'd left with Lex hoping he wouldn't forget to bring it with him. The necklace, earrings and bracelet looked absolutely stunning against her creamy skin. Carla left the room and Jasmine joined her.

"I don't know where that photographer is," Jasmine muttered while she carefully unzipped the plastic bag protecting the wedding dress. "He was supposed to be here half an hour ago."

"Mom, it's snowing again. Maybe he got held up somewhere. I'm sure he'll turn up. Don't worry so much."

"I can't help it. I'll hold the dress open in such a way that you can put your head through without mussing your hair."

Amaia put her arms in the sleeves and waited for Jasmine to adjust everything. The dress felt heavy until Jasmine zipped it up. The waist was nice and snug and the petticoat now supported the full skirt. The dress was made of heavy white satin and the bodice embroidered with tiny pearls. The round neckline scooped down to her breasts, resting just above her cleavage thus showing off the necklace beautifully. She was glad it was high enough to hide her tattooed suns. It was trimmed with white fur, as were the wrists with a row of satin covered buttons up to her elbows and the skirt had panels of pearl studded in between plain panels of satin. The hem also had fur trim on it and the skirt trailed at the back by about six feet. Amaia hardly dared sit down.

Standing before the mirror, looking at her reflection, she couldn't help but remember the other ceremony and how different this one would be. In the minister's eyes, the other ceremony would be absolutely pagan. But she couldn't help but feel a thrill course through her when she thought about her marriage on Shanuarga and she pressed her thighs together causing her clit ring to titillate her.

"Sit down, child, so I can put your veil on," Jasmine said.

Amaia sat on the stool in front of the dressing table and watched her mother's deft fingers place the veil just behind the nest of curls on top of her head. It, too, was very long. Her mother had insisted on a twenty-five feet veil.

Jasmine stood behind her gazing at her daughter's reflection. "You're so beautiful, daughter. It's hard to imagine you getting married and even harder to imagine that you'll be a mother yourself soon."

The tears in her mother's eyes didn't escape Amaia. "Mom, come on, you've gone through this three times already. It's nothing new."

“Yes it is. It’s new with each child. Where on Earth did you get that beautiful necklace, oooh and those earrings, they’re gorgeous.”

“A shanuargan yellow diamond. A gift from my men this morning,” Amaia told her and winked as she flashed the bracelet in front of her mother. “You should see the ring.”

“Honey, I hope these men will bring you all the happiness you deserve. But I have no fear of that. I can read the love in their eyes, and my reading told me that they’ll worship the ground you walk on. We’d best call your bridesmaids and your sister in here.”

* * * *

Amaia was glad when they finally arrived in Las Vegas at the Palms resort and entered their suite. It was great to be alone with her men, especially in the suite she’d booked. Gavin walked around the spacious suite followed by Lex and Reed in total awe of its red décor. The bed definitely mesmerized them, especially when the bellboy picked up a remote and pushed a button to show them how it worked. It was round and spun around slowly.

“I’m going to have a shower first,” Amaia said. Why don’t you pour yourselves a drink at the bar?”

The bellboy left and the men sat behind the bar. Gavin opened the bottle of champagne that stood in an ice bucket with four fluted glasses next to it. He poured the champagne into the glasses and handed one to Amaia as she scooted past them wearing nothing but a towel. On her way to the shower, she’d turned on music and an exotic dancing tune came from hidden speakers everywhere. She dropped the towel as she stepped into the shower. The floor was made from glass, as were the walls. Warm water started to wash away the exhaustion from the stress filled day and she swayed slowly to the music, very much aware of the men’s gazes on her.

She didn’t touch the champagne. She was pregnant, so no alcohol for her, but she didn’t really need it to relax. The music did its work. She swung her legs around one of the poles and started to dance for them. Though she was no dancer, she’d seen plenty of porn flicks to know the approximate moves.

Bucking her hips toward them, her legs wide, she displayed her pussy for them, then turned, and swung a leg around a pole again. She almost made love to the pole, licking it sensually, running her hands up and down its length. Moving to the next pole, she stopped in between, bent over with her legs spread and swung her long hair in a circle. She then reached and

touched her opened cleft and rubbed up and down it, her juices flowing readily. Straightening slowly, she turned and looked at them coyly, lifting each breast and squeezing them until her nipples were rock hard, poking out at them.

She danced some more around the next pole and then moved right up to the glass to press her body tight against it. She licked the drops of water off the glass sensually, holding their gazes, then turned her back to them again bending over and spreading her legs. She swung her hair back and forth between her legs then lay down on the glass floor on her back, drew her legs up and opened them as far as she could. Her fingers found the clit ring. She tugged it a little feeling the wild fire start in her pussy, course through her veins. This was all so exotic, so erotic, it caused her to be horny like never before. Her juices flowed freely. She ran a finger up and down her naked cleft then licked it sensually while her other hand invaded her vagina. Inserting two fingers into her vagina, she widened it, opening it up to the men's gazes. There was a slim showerhead fastened to the far wall. Sensuously, she danced toward it, grabbed it, then held it between her legs while lying on the glass floor again, her legs splayed wide.

Letting go of the shower head, she spun toward each of their faces while holding her cleft and vagina open with both hands. She felt wicked, oh so wicked. But these men were her husbands, she could do anything with them and for them. When she was starting to run out of ideas and lay with her eyes closed, fingers inserted and slowly masturbating while playing with the clit ring at the same time, she suddenly felt a body next to her.

Amaia opened her eyes to see her men had joined her, all three naked and sporting the biggest erections she'd seen on them thus far. Gavin lay on the glass floor and pulled her on top of him. She straddled him and eagerly sank down onto his cock. Even though they'd had sex every day and every night now for weeks, she still felt tight and his cock was so filled, so swollen, it felt fantastic as it stretched her vaginal walls to the extreme. Extreme? She could hardly wait for Lex's cock, but he was on his knees before her right now, his erection poking at her waiting lips. She leaned forward on her hands over Gavin so that he could take care of her needy breasts and nipples, her ass lifted to accommodate Reed. She felt so utterly relaxed that his entry into her anal passage barely hurt and she breathed in deeply when he thrust in all the way.

Lex's cock filled her mouth and she sucked greedily lapping at the precum that issued from the hole, but he kept pulling out, stopped her from stroking

the skin, from sucking too much. She wanted to taste him, for him to come in her mouth, but then she decided he wanted her elsewhere that night and that's why he was holding out. It didn't matter. She played with the bulbous head, ran her tongue around it, kept lapping at the precum. And every time he stopped, she relished his lips on hers, his fingers in her hair.

Gavin massaged her dangling breasts and tweaked her nipples, tugging on the nipple rings while his hips bucked beneath her, filling her, completing her on this, her wedding night. Reed had driven so far inside her and stretched her so much that she could feel the two of them move together. He'd reached down and played with her clit and clit ring while he fucked her. Oh, these men were wonderful. They merged with her as she'd never thought possible, touched her soul, her heart, and did wonders with her body.

Their seed shot into her, their moans and shouts of release barely audible above the music and her own screams of release. Gavin lifted her hips off him, his cum running down her legs but quickly washed away by the water that cascaded over them, and Lex took his place beneath her while Gavin kneeled in front of her and kissed her.

Lex's cock was ready, oh was it ever. The head was bigger than she'd ever felt before and he had to tug her down gently to accommodate him. When it finally slipped inside her vagina and started to stretch the walls within, she let out a scream of ecstasy. It hurt, but it was such a pleasurable pain, a pain she relished. He took over kneading her breasts, playing with her nipples as he thrust into her a final time to enter her all the way. She felt the big head up high within her vagina, felt it rub the walls, causing her to release repeatedly. Reed, for the moment, spent, ran his fingers up and down her ass crack, then entered them into her anal passage and continued to finger fuck her there while Gavin sucked the life out of her mouth.

It didn't take long for their cocks to harden again for a second round. They laid her on the floor. Gavin and Lex pulled up her legs, one man on either side of her, then her legs back and sideways so her bottom was slightly raised and her cleft opened wide. Reed's head dove between her legs. His tongue played with her clit, the rings, sucked her clit, yanked the ring gently so that she'd get hornier. Hell, could she get any hornier than she already was? She's come so many times, she couldn't remember how often. His mouth covered her vagina, his tongue entering, flicking in and out and then he sucked the juices from her vagina. He kissed her clit, kissed a path up to her navel, played with the ring through her navel, then tackled her breasts while sitting on his knees, his cock between her breasts. Lex sat on his knees behind

her head so she reached back and grabbed his cock. He held both her legs now and pulled them far back behind her head, splayed wide open.

Gavin pushed his cock into her anal passage and inserted several fingers into her vagina, his thumb on her clit and the ring that he tugged and pulled while moving his fingers back and forth fast. Reed pushed her breasts together hard and slid his cock back and forth between them while he fingered the nipple rings and stuck a finger through each one to tug at them. They didn't come. Each time she thought she'd felt them swell, they stopped, much to her aggravation. They were working her into a frenzy, a wild woman begging for sex. She was so much on fire, she didn't have a clue how to douse it unless they took her again in every way possible.

Reed stood suddenly, then lay down on his back beside her, and Lex urged her on top of Reed with her back toward his face, her legs on either side of him. Reed's cock was right in front of her face. She cupped his balls and took him into her mouth while she felt his mouth on her clit and vagina. Gavin sat beside them, stuck his hand just beneath her sandwiched breasts and played with her nipple while Lex inserted his fingers into her anal passage.

Still, they wouldn't come. This was sheer torture. She needed release. A final release and they were just teasing her. Oh, she'd give anything to have three holes down there so all three could enter her at once. Reed rolled her off his body so she lay on her side. Gavin pulled one leg up high over his shoulder, opening her up for Reed and Lex. Reed entered her with one thrust while Lex invaded her anal passage and Gavin's hands were on her breasts and clit ring while his cock sought her mouth.

Finally she felt them swell to extreme, so extreme that she thought her anus would tear from Lex's immense size. She felt the two cocks move within her while she milked Gavin's cock and grabbed his sack with her free hand. Her explosion came the same time as theirs. She swallowed Gavin's cock and milked it to the last drop while she felt Reed's and Lex's jet into her. They lay spent, allowed the water to rinse off the evidence of their love play, until Amaia finally scrambled up and after hugging each of them briefly, headed for the doors and left the shower.

The men followed not long after wearing towels around their waist. "Guys, you've worn me out for now, but there's later. We have to get ready for the show we're going to. The limo will pick us up in half an hour," she told them while sipping on some apple juice.

"You didn't drink your champagne," Gavin said.

"No, I'm pregnant. No alcohol."

“Right. I want a shower just like that in the house we’re going to buy,” Lex said. “I’ll never forget this wedding night as long as I live.”

“Oh, but it’s not over,” Amaia said, grinning at them. “Just wait until after the show.”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The show was over at ten. To say that Zumanity was sensual was an understatement. Though they'd had their wild session of love making before the show and the men had performed several times during it, they confided to Amaia that they were hornier than ever before. The dancers and acrobats were magnificent and sexy as hell and none of it was lewd. It was all extremely seductive, tantalizing, and yes, very very sensual. It aroused a lot of primal feelings within her and had done the same for her men. She'd squirmed in her seat often during the show and had stealthily stroked the men's constant bulges. She could hardly wait to get them back to their suite.

Before they left for the show, she'd ordered some special treats to be delivered to their suite including a bottle of non-alcoholic sparkling wine and more champagne for the men. They, nor she, felt like dinner because their turkey Christmas and wedding dinner had filled them up so much, but she now felt peevish and was sure the men must be craving some food, too.

After they closed the suite door, Amaia was pleased to see the spread that was delivered just before they got back. She especially liked the chocolate-coated strawberries and whipped cream, having a special plan for those. There were wings, a variety of hot finger food, small sandwiches, and fruit. The men took off their jackets and were soon into the food while she went to the bedroom to change into one of the sexy outfits she'd bought for her honeymoon. For this night she chose the black, sexy, crotchless bodystocking and black spiked high heeled shoes. Her clit and vagina still throbbed with longing from watching the show and putting on this sexy outfit only enhanced her libido. After she'd put it on and the high heels, she inspected her reflection in the mirror. It did look very sexy, especially with her clit ring just poking through the slit and her nipples bare in the open bra, her breasts pushed up in enhancement by the wire supports. She applied some fresh lipstick and was glad of makeup that stayed on nowadays. Even after wild

kissing, her lips were still a cherry red. Then she brushed her hair until it fell in waves and curls around her face and down her back. She swung it back and forth a few times to give it more fullness and make her look sexier. Oh, she had fun doing this for her men.

Leaving the bedroom, she sidled slowly up to them and said in a husky voice, “Did you leave me some food, darlings?”

They turned to look at her and stopped eating. They just stared. Amaia picked up the remote and turned on slow, sensual music.

“You look...eh...look—”

“Good enough to eat,” Gavin finished Reed’s sentence.

“Sexy, incredibly sexy,” Lex said. “You could be up on the stage with those dancers and you’d outshine them all.”

Amaia glowed under their compliments. She walked to the counter filled with food, swaying seductively against each man, kissing them on their cheek, then delicately picking up a strawberry and popped it into her mouth, licking her lips, while looking at each of them.

“How about we take this to bed?” she asked them in a deep sexy drawl and turned to go back to the bedroom. Lying down on the big round red bed, she looked at the toy array on it, then switched it on and it began to spin slowly. She lay in as sexy a pose as possible, displaying her wares for them, although the open crotch prohibited her cleft from opening fully. The bodystocking was quite tight, but it sure accentuated her figure. For now anyway. She’d not be able to wear it in a few months.

Gavin, Lex, and Reed stood around the bed, looking at her, absorbing every inch of her. They had discarded their clothing on their way into the bedroom and were naked, their cocks erect. It didn’t take long for them to join her. She sat up and took a cock ring from the pile of toys and quickly slid it over Reed’s cock, then did the same for Gavin and Lex. She had a bit more trouble getting it to slide over the big head, but managed because it was quite soft and pliable. They were dual cock rings, the larger ring fit around their balls, and the smaller around the base of their cocks, while a bed of tiny spikes would help to stimulate her as well as the clit bumper.

“What is this for?” Lex asked, fingering the ring.

“It’s a sex toy, it helps to stimulate.”

“Do we need that?”

She giggled. “Not really, but it’s fun to play with. Now these you can use on me if none of you are playing with my nipples.” She handed Reed the vibrating nipple teasers. “See, you clamp one on each nipple and then you turn on the

remote. And here is an anal stimulator and a vibrating cock. Again, you can use any of these if I have any empty places that crave filling.” Amaia watched the amazed expressions on their faces. “And this is a pussy pump. I want you to use that on me first. It’s supposed to enhance my libido and orgasms.”

“I can’t believe you know about all these things. You were a virgin.”

“Hey, I might have been a virgin, but that doesn’t mean I don’t know stuff. The only reason I remained a virgin is because of my mother’s warnings. Give my virginity away and if I inherited the Shanuargan genes, I’d be an orgasm whisperer for the rest of my life.”

“So you mean you’ve been tempted by other men?”

“I’m not that naïve, for goodness sake. But to satisfy your curiosity, I’ve never engaged in sex play beyond some kissing and fondling, and I’ve never bought sex toys. My girlfriends have them, told me about them and shown them to me.”

Reed attached the nipple teasers to her nipples and turned the gadget on. Instantly, she felt the sensation this caused.

“And now the pump,” she whispered. Lex turned it this way and that until she explained to him how to use it, glad she’d read all the instructions after she bought the toys. “Place the cup over my pussy and hold it down while you turn on the battery operated vibrator and then squeeze the rubber ball to use the vacuum. It will draw more blood into my clit and pussy and heighten my orgasm experience.” She opened her legs wide for Lex and lay back enjoying the sensation of the vibrating clamps on her nipples. “Gavin, would you fetch the strawberries?” she asked sweetly. “And the cream. Reed, the last toy over there is also for my nipples and breasts. Place each cup over my nipples and breasts and turn on the control. It will draw my nipples out completely. Pretty kinky huh?”

“Kinky?”

“An Earth word for odd practices.” She squirmed as she felt her pussy and clit swell under the suction of the pussy pump and now that Reed placed the suction cups on her breasts, together with the already vibrating clamps, it heightened her libido to the point of bursting. “If you do this every day, it will enlarge my pussy lips and clit a lot. I’ve seen pictures of women’s pussies where they were so much enlarged their clits almost looked like small cocks.” Her voice was husky now, tainted with desire. She wanted them to stop soon and needed to play with their hard cocks. She had no idea whether they were getting any enjoyment out of this because they didn’t say anything.

Gavin had returned with the strawberries and cream. Amaia sighed.

“That’s long enough for the pussy pump this time I think. You can put it on again later. I need you, I want your cocks inside me now.” Reed turned off the nipple vacuum. She looked up at the ceiling mirrors. Her nipples looked huge now and the aureole quite swollen. She opened her legs and swung them up so she could see her pussy lips. They looked somewhat bigger, but they probably hadn’t done it long enough.

“Would you like a strawberry now?” Gavin asked, dipping one into the cream.

“Mm, yes, but first you can stuff my vagina full of them and top them with cream and then you can all eat me.”

Gavin handed the strawberries to Lex who kneeled between her legs while he and Reed pulled her legs up and apart so her vagina opened up for them and her ass was raised. Lex started pushing a strawberry into her vagina but it squashed.

“Wait, use the dildo to push it in. It will work better,” she told him.

He pushed another strawberry inside her and this time used the smooth, gel dildo. It didn’t squash. He continued to push strawberries into her vagina until she was filled with them, then he took a hand full of whipping cream and tried to push as much as possible of that inside her, then coated her cleft and pussy lips with it all. He set the bowl and platter on the floor beside the bed. Gavin now joined him between her legs while Reed held her legs apart above her head. Gavin’s head dove down and he started licking the cream off her pussy lips, then from between her cleft, moving aside so that Lex could lap some.

“Leave some for me,” Reed said.

“We’ll fill her again for you,” Gavin said, his voice quite hoarse.

This was turning them on big time and she was glad she’d seen it on a porn flick. Lex sucked a strawberry out of her vagina, then moved aside so that Gavin could get one. After a bit, the rest of them were in too deep so she tightened her vaginal muscles and squashed them so that the juices squirted out of her vagina. Lex slurped them while Gavin played with her clit ring, her clit that felt swollen and pumping with blood and ready to burst from her need of orgasm. “Reed, you want your turn now?”

“No, I think I’d like something else,” he said and pulled her up against him then forward so that her ass faced him. He drove his cock into her all at once and the sensation was earth shattering, fantastic, as the tiny nubs on the cock ring stimulated her vagina and lips and the clit bumper heightened the sensations in her already engorged clit. He drove into her time and again not

realizing that the rings prolonged ejaculation. She'd not told them.

"Reed, as long as you're wearing the cock rings, it will take a long time to come. Take a break, but don't take off the ring," she said and waited for Gavin and Lex.

Lex lay on the bed and pulled her on top of him. Raising her hips he hovered her vagina over his cock, then suddenly pushed down causing her to cry out because she was a lot more sensitive after the suction. Leaning automatically forward she waited for Gavin's entry into her anal passage. They thrust into her in unison and she reeled under the many orgasms she experienced, one after another. Reed leaned forward and pushed his cock into her mouth while Lex grasped her breasts. This is where she wanted the suction pumps, when they couldn't really stimulate her breasts properly, but the nipple clamps did help. He massaged them as they dangled close to his chest, squeezed them hard. She sucked Reed's cock, played with the head, pushed her tongue into the hole, planted her lips tightly around the velvety skin and relished him pumping in and out of her mouth.

Pulling away from them, she pushed Reed down onto the bed, climbed on top of him with her back toward his head and sank down on his cock, then leaned forward with both hands on the bed. Lex sat beside them and pushed his fingers into her anal passage, but then he seemed to remember the anal stimulator and she suddenly felt that inserted all the way. It felt good, better than his fingers, but it felt even better when he also inserted two fingers.

Gavin knelt before her and teased her lips with his cock. Each time she tried to take it into her mouth, he pulled away. She felt him place the breast and nipple suction cups on her breasts and start the pump, then he returned to her mouth and started to tease her some more. Her tongue tried to catch the pearly drops of precum that dribbled down the mauve head. She noticed how engorged he was, how thick the veins bulged. Her stomach did somersaults and her blood pumped so hard she could hear her heart in her ears, echo in her head. If she didn't come to a major climax soon, she'd surely burst. He shoved his cock all the way into her mouth, forced her head backward and he slid his cock down her throat and started to thrust. The suction on her nipples and breasts, plus the vibrating clamps, the stimulator in her ass and Reed's cock fucking her hard brought her to the brink of orgasm insanity.

Gavin finally came. She could feel his semen slide deep down. He jerked a few times until his cock was flaccid and he withdrew and lay down to watch her breasts as the pump did its work. Reed shuddered and came hard within

her. She slowly pulled off him and turned her pussy toward Lex who entered her in one thrust. Her own release and Lex's cum had lubricated her so much that she didn't hurt this time even though his cock was engorged to at least three inch circumference. He felt wonderful and when he constantly thrust into her and she felt the tiny protrusions tickle her vaginal walls, she came together with him. Waves of release washed over her as she felt one orgasm explode after another, releasing juices like she never had before.

As she collapsed on the bed, the nipple and breast suction cups still attached, Lex opened her legs and quickly attached the pussy suction cup. Oh, but they loved this play as much as she did. She lay back panting, feeling the suction on her pussy lips and clitoris start. This time she wanted it to go on longer because it caused unheard of sensations down there and within her.

After a while of lying silently, the men's hands stroking her body, playing with her various parts that were exposed, her anus, the swelling of her breasts, she said softly, "I'm so thirsty."

"As am I," Gavin said. "What about you two? Would you like something to drink? We need to finish off the champagne. There is still one and a half bottle."

"Bring it all in here," Reed suggested while taking his lips from Amaia's neck.

Gavin soon returned with the champagne bottles and her alcohol free bottles in one ice bucket, and a platter of snacks. He placed everything on the bed close to them and popped a savory deep fried item into her mouth. It was deep fried cheese and she munched on it happily. Then he lifted her head onto his lap and filled up her glass with her fake champagne. "I must say I'm surprised by the finale of this evening," he said softly, "but not disappointed."

"I like all this toy play," Reed said and Lex nodded while still pumping. "How long do I have to do this?"

"Not sure. Until my pussy and clit look good in your eyes I guess. I can feel the blood throbbing in my pussy lips and clit, and my nipples are ready to burst loose."

"Do you want to stop?" Gavin asked.

"No, not yet."

"Let me take a look down there," Reed said and sat beside Lex. He pushed her legs open wider and gazed down between her legs. "It has grown quite a lot and is very red," he commented.

"Does it turn you on? Make you horny?"

"Yes. Actually, it does. We've never heard of such practices on Shanuarga."

"I guess Earth's population is perverted then," she said, giggling. "Well, at least some people. I doubt my mother ever engaged in this kind of play, but it will keep a relationship interesting."

"When you're swollen with our baby, we won't be able to do much of this," Gavin said.

"Some of it. My nipples need to be bigger anyway so I can feed my baby."

"I like the look of your swollen pussy, vagina, and clit, but it won't look the same when your hair grows back," Reed told her.

"Do you want me to remain bald then? You'll have to choose, swollen pussy with hair or swollen pussy with no hair." She giggled at that.

"Only if we can shave you."

"You can, but with a normal razor. Matter of fact, you can do that tonight because I don't like these prickles. I have a normal razor with me, but keep pumping a while longer. I want to see how big it can get." And it was turning her on again, sending the blood all down to her vaginal area and clit causing it to long, ache, need and want. Her nipples tingled now and sharp pangs shot through her breasts as the suction cups continued their work.

"Gavin, if you look inside my carryon, you'll find my digital camera. I'd love for you to take photos, just for our personal viewing of course."

Gavin happened to look up. "I just noticed something. There are mirrors above us."

"You only noticed that now?" She laughed aching for them now.

Gavin went to the wardrobe to retrieve her carryon and returned with the camera. "I'm not sure how to use this."

"It's easy. I'll show you." She quickly showed him which buttons to push and he stood beside the bed, his cock rising again at this turn of events.

"Reed and Lex each took a leg and pulled it high above her head, then to the side so her whole slit with the protruding anal stimulator sticking out was visible and the suction cup latched on to her pussy. Lex was still pumping away with his free hand while Amaia reached out and took a hardening cock in each of her hands. Gavin took pictures from all angles, then changed places with Reed and he took photos.

"Lex, you can remove the suction now," she told him. While he released the pressure, and took the cup off her pussy, Reed took more shots, then finally some shots of her protruding red lips and clit.

"You're very red and swollen there, but it looks fantastic. I love it," he said in a husky tone.

"Great. Now the breast cups." Her heart pumped fast, her body tingled all

over. All three of her men sported erections again, big fat ones, cocks she wanted inside of her. First the shave. Since they'd chosen bald over hair, that'd be their task from now. "Gavin, can you get the razor and soap? You'll also need some healing balm to stop it from getting itchy."

Lex took the cups off her breasts and she looked down at her swollen aureole and nipples. They looked quite red and huge, at least an inch long and very wide. Gavin returned quite fast with her razor and liquid soap. He pulled the stimulator from her anus and poured the soap all over her pussy and anal area.

"Pull her legs as far as you can, I need the skin very tight," he told Reed. Lex had taken the camera now, ready to take photos of the shaving session.

"Farther back so her buttocks are up higher," Gavin told Reed.

Her bottom was quite high so Amaia could see almost everything Gavin was doing. He soaped her thoroughly until it foamed, then started to shave. Carefully, he tightened the skin around her clit while he shaved there. It didn't take long because the hair was still quite short, but it was erotic, especially when he opened her swollen lips and shaved their edges and just inside them.

After he wiped the excess soap off, he poured the healing balm over the complete area and rubbed it in. "All done."

Lex took more pictures of her pussy and her nipples, then a few close shots of her vagina and clit before he put the camera away.

"Don't put it away. I want you to take turns fucking me and take photos. Please?"

Gavin moved beneath her and turned her to face him. Knowing the position already, she slid onto his waiting cock and leaned forward so her ass faced Reed. She felt Gavin open his legs wide so that Reed could take his position, then Reed entered her with one thrust. She was so loose now, so lubricated and horny, that he slid into her anal passage with ease, but when he was completely inside, she drew her legs closer together tightening the anal ring around his cock. Gavin played with her enlarged nipples and engorged aureole. She managed to reach his lips and kissed him deeply while they both started to thrust within her. She licked the contour of Gavin's lips, those beautiful, sensual lips, then sucked his tongue into her mouth. He squeezed her breasts hard, massaged, pinched her nipples again and rolled them between his fingers.

Their cocks moved fast, faster, slamming into her backside and vagina, the rings heightening the sensations, the small bar teasing her clit. Reed's arm was around her waist now, and he managed to wedge his hand between her

body and Gavin's, and tug at the clit ring. Oh, the pleasure pain this caused, the hot sensations shooting up her belly, the juices it caused to burst loose from her vagina spilling onto Gavin. Reed withdrew his hand and now she felt him enter the dildo inside her anal passage next to his cock. My God, it fit. She was stretched enough to take his cock and the dildo, too, and it felt sooooo good. She'd have to get them to try that with her vagina. She wished she could look up at the mirror, but instead saw Gavin's gaze focused up above. He was enjoying every moment of the reflection above their heads, she could tell by his hot gaze.

Unable to come because of the rings and their previous releases, they stopped after a while to give her a breather. Reed dove between her legs, flung her legs over his shoulders, and sucked the juices from her vagina. Gavin's lips were now on her huge nipples, sucking them, drawing even more blood into them causing them to throb, to send darts of desire through her upper torso. Reed's teeth played with her clit, then with the clit ring and she squirmed. He sat up between her legs, opened them very wide, then pulled her pussy lips open to expose her bulging vagina, the opening now huge she could see in the mirror above, her clit poking out like a small cock.

Lex handed the camera to Reed and took over. He turned her onto her side, but in such a way that she could still watch them in the mirror. He lay behind her, lifted one leg up high and entered her that way, his fingers on her clit stimulating her at the same time. Gavin lay in front of her still sucking her nipples hard. She ran her fingers through his hair then reached down for his swollen erection and pumped him hard. Lex's large head filled her nicely, but like her anal entrance, she was quite stretched now, but wished for more. "The dildo," she said huskily.

Lex knew what she wanted, what she craved, and he first inserted the anal stimulator into her anal passage, then slowly forced the dildo into her vagina beside his cock. She felt her vagina stretch to the limits with his big cock and the dildo now all the way in. He thrust into her, moving the dildo along with his cock. Oh, it felt so good, so perfect. Glancing up at the mirror every now and then gave her a jolt. Was that woman up there really her? Was she fucking three men? Being *fucked* by three men? But the jolt was one of stimulation, of wanting and wanting. They were turning her into a sex whore. She couldn't get enough of them and they seemingly not of her.

Lex slowed after a while and pulled out, but he left the dildo inside her. "You must be sore by now," he said softly. "Do you want to stop?"

"Hell no, not until you help me come. I'll never be able to sleep."

Reed set the camera on the bed. "Do you know it's nearly four in the morning?"

"Who cares? We can sleep all day tomorrow if we want to. This is our honeymoon, we can do as we please."

"Aren't we going to the Grand Canyon tomorrow?" Gavin asked tearing his lips away from her nipples.

"Not till later," she said, her voice low from the ecstasy she felt. She'd never thought it possible for two men to fuck her at the same time, but it worked in many different positions. Gavin sat up against a pile of pillows and pulled her on top of him pushing her hips down so that he slid into her anal passage. Her breasts felt bare suddenly, but she need not have worried because Lex moved to sit between Gavin's and her legs and drove straight into her open and waiting vagina, his fingers on her red swollen clit and clit ring. As he drove into her, she moved with him, up and down on Gavin's cock, milking it, bringing him close to orgasm. She felt him swell to an immense thickness. His arms were around her with both hands cupping breasts and pinching her nipples. Reed took a few pictures, then set the camera aside and joined them. There was only one way left and that was to straddle both her and Gavin. He placed his cock between her breasts. It was thick, long, and she could just reach the tip with her tongue as he moved his cock back and forth between the breasts that Gavin shoved tightly together now.

If someone could only take a picture of this, but that was impossible without involving someone else, she thought vaguely, her mind somewhat fogged by the desire coursing through her, by her need for release. Her vagina throbbed so hard, it was agony, her clit pulsed and throbbed sending sharp electric pulses all the way through her body.

She felt Reed start to tremble. He moved up, pushed his cock between her waiting lips, and drove deep into her throat as he came. She swallowed hard then licked his cock clean. At the same time, Lex and Gavin shuddered and shouted out their release while she rode wave upon wave of passion, the roar in her ears like the waves crashing against the rocks. She felt her juices flow, mingle with their seed and they went flaccid, but were still inside her.

Spent now, Gavin removed the clamps from her nipples and his cock ring and lay beside her. Lex's head was between her legs and Reed was on the other side of her. They had removed their cock rings, too. She felt her eyelids droop, but there was one more thing she wanted before falling asleep.

"Lex," she said softly. "Are you asleep yet?"

"Almost. What is it, my love?"

“Can you put the suction cup back on my pussy for the night? I want it to be really swollen for you tomorrow and my clit even bigger. And Gavin, can you put the suction cups back on my breasts?”

“Are you sure? Won’t that be uncomfortable sleeping?”

“I’m so tired, I won’t feel a thing.”

They did as she asked and she relished the wonderful sucking sensation on her clit and vagina, and nipples. Her libido was mostly silent for now, just a few thrills coursed through her as the suction did its work, but not enough to keep her awake.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Amaia woke first from being horny as hell. The suction cups were still attached to her so she quickly unattached them all and looked down at her very big and very red nipples and aureole. Had she overdone it? They didn't really hurt, they felt tender, made her horny, but she wasn't sore. She got out of bed carefully, walked to the full-length mirror and opened her legs. Her clit protruded bright red and was at least an inch long now and her pussy lips were very big, much bigger than the night before, also bright red.

Thinking about her wedding night caused her to squirm, but looking at the time, they had to get ready to go on the Grand Canyon tour or forget about it and spend the day in bed. Plenty of time after the tour, she told herself and headed for the shower. Wistfully, she glanced at the sunken bath that was as big as a small pool, but again, no time for that. After she had her shower, she'd need to wake up the men or they'd miss the bus.

She was just about to leave the shower when the three men joined her. "Why didn't you wake us?" Gavin asked.

"I would have now that I've finished showering. We need to hurry if we want to see the Grand Canyon." Their huge morning erections had not escaped her and she knew they would love release before they left, but there was no time for a long session of love. She noticed Lex's gaze on her swollen clit and pussy, while Reed stared at her nipples. "Like it?"

"Yes, it's very exotic," Lex said and reached out to touch her clit. "Does it hurt?"

"No, it throbs, makes me horny. Matter of fact, how about a quickie? I'm sure it won't take any of us long to come."

Gavin didn't need to be told twice. He picked her up so that she could straddle his hips and he leaned against the shower wall pushing her down onto his cock. Reed moved behind her and thrust into her anal passage, his hands against the wall next to Gavin. Lex could do nothing at this point except

grasp her bouncing breasts that seemed bigger this morning and played with them while Gavin and Reed thrust within her. They came fast and she allowed her own release, but kept some back for Lex. When Reed withdrew and Gavin lowered her to the floor, she bent over for Lex. He entered her and it hurt a bit until the still tender walls stretched to accommodate his size. Her flesh had shrunk during the night, she wasn't as stretched as she had been in the early hours that morning. No wonder. They had made love for six straight hours. While Lex thrust, Gavin sat below her and sucked her nipples while Reed reached between her legs and found her swollen clit and clit ring. The ring was almost too small now for the size of her clit. Vaguely, as she felt her final release building, she wondered if she'd continue to use the pussy pump along with the nipple and breast pump, but then she felt Lex swell to bursting and he came as she reached her own crescendo. Her juices and their cum now streamed down her legs and she quickly stood under the shower to wash it all off, then after kissing each man on the lips hurried to get dressed.

The trip to the Grand Canyon was one never to forget. It was magnificent in its raw splendor. She'd put a new memory card into her camera and a fresh battery and they took a lot of pictures. For her friends and family, she got Lex and Reed to take pictures of her and Gavin alone, but there were many of the four of them for their own private album.

When they finally arrived back at the resort and were in their room, she asked, "Do you feel like going to the casino for a while?"

"What is a casino?" Reed asked.

She explained, or tried to explain. There was only one way for them to find out and they needed to eat anyway. "Most people come to Las Vegas to gamble. I chose this place because of the exotic resort and suites and I thought it would be an interesting experience for you, as well as me because I've never been here."

"It's wonderful," Gavin said.

"Yes, and I'll never forget our honeymoon on Earth as long as we live," Lex told her. "Last night was unimaginable."

"Of which I wouldn't mind a repeat," Reed said, grinning from ear to ear.

Amaia saw the bulge at his crotch and knew that the memory of the previous night was making him horny. "We'll go to the casino for a little while. We need to eat dinner, too."

"Do they serve food in the casino?" Lex asked.

"I don't know. I guess we'll find out. I know they serve free booze."

“Booze?”

“Alcohol.” She looked at the guide and shook her head. “I don’t think they serve food in the casino, but there are plenty of places to eat, which means, we can go to the casino for a bit and then go and have dinner. How’s that?”

Gavin, Lex, and Reed found the slot machines very interesting. Besides their new Earth watches, they also wore their own gadget and always carried their little computer in their pocket. Amaia tried a few slot machines. Lost forty dollars and decided to quit. The men were at one machine. It was a dollar machine. Holy hell, that could start costing a lot of money if they lost. But she need not have feared because they won, and quite a lot. She had to make them stop because they were very excited with their winnings. “Guys, it’s just as easy to lose it all,” she told them. “Let’s go and eat. There is a food court at the far end of the casino and the theatre is close to it so maybe we can watch a movie.”

“You wouldn’t prefer to go to our suite after we eat?” Reed asked, sounding somewhat disappointed.

“It’s up to you. I don’t want to come across as a sex crazed woman,” she said, laughing at the same time.

“If you are sex crazed, then so are we. As long as you only lust after your husbands,” Gavin told her as they entered the food court.

“I should hope so. How about we go for a swim instead? They have wonderful swimming pools.”

“That sounds good,” Lex said.

They ordered burgers and fries, but the burgers were so big, Amaia could eat only half of hers. Lex finished off the other half and Reed finished off her fries. She drank the last of her milkshake and the men finished their beer. They then went upstairs to change into their swim trunks, Amaia preferring a bikini. She’d bought shorts for the men especially since she knew they swam naked on Shanuarga and wouldn’t have any. Her bikini was very tiny and made of white crocheted cotton. The panties only had a G-string at the back and the front barely hid and cupped her swollen genitals, the thicker crocheted part just starting above her cleft. The top was similar with a small patch to hide her nipples from prying eyes, but for the rest, there wasn’t much of it, just two little V-shaped triangles with much larger holes crocheted around the center part. It was a very seductive bikini and she wondered how many people there would be in the pool and if she dare wear it. Oh, why the hell not? No one knew her here. She wrapped a towel around her and joined the men who were already waiting for her.

When they arrived at the pool, there were quite a few people there, most of them young, around their age. There seemed to be more men than women, but the women she saw wore small bikinis much like hers with their breasts almost spilling free, except hers was crocheted and lacy. After pushing several chairs together, the men dropped their towels on them and she took hers off and walked to the far end of the pool to the diving board. She climbed up the ladder and then stood on the end of the board ready to dive when she noticed or felt gazes aimed at her. She shook the feeling off and dove in, then swam in long strokes to the other end of the pool. The water was wonderful and crystal clear, lit by submerged lights.

A man suddenly surfaced beside her. "Hi, baby, want to meet for drinks later?"

"I'm sorry. I'm with them," she said pointing at her three men sitting on the edge of the pool dangling their legs in the water.

"Come on in," she shouted at them. "The water is beautiful."

"It smells funny," Gavin said.

"That's chlorine, silly."

"They've never heard of chlorine?" The man beside her asked.

"Maybe it's a bit strong." What else could she tell him? She swam away from the man to below her husbands who now joined her.

"Do you realize your bikini is completely transparent?" Gavin asked.

"Not really. It hides the important parts."

"It's full of holes. I can see your aureole and your pussy lips kind of show between your legs because there is no back to this garment."

"Oh. That's because they're swollen I guess. I don't care. You're here to protect me and none of these people know me."

"If you don't care, then neither will we, but I know on Earth, people don't display themselves that easily," Lex said.

"Well, that depends. Look at the women around you. Quite a few of them have very tiny bikinis on with just a tiny triangle to hide their clit and barely enough material to hide their nipples."

"Yours have holes, theirs don't. Right now your nipples are both poking through a hole and so is your nipple ring," Reed pointed out.

Amaia glanced down and saw that he was right. She quickly adjusted her top. It must have happened when she dove in. The force of her dive shifted the material, but she really didn't care. Right now, she was away from everyone and everything and on her honeymoon where she'd let all inhibition fly away. After getting out of the pool, she walked to the diving board again. Now she

knew why men gazed at her with lustful expressions. Again, it kind of felt good, another turn on, and she didn't give a hoot. It started her libido up again and caused her swollen pussy and clit to throb. She'd be nice and hot for her men when they got back upstairs.

Climbing the ladder up to the diving board, she heard several climbing behind her and she knew her swollen pussy lips were visible to them as she climbed. She didn't look back, didn't care, felt turned on by the sensation of hot men gazing at her swollen pussy lips.

She walked to the end of the diving board and dove into the water, surfacing a minute later to find several strange men surrounding her. She ignored them and swam to the other end of the pool.

"You look so beautiful standing up on that board and when you dive into the water," Gavin said. "Like a water nymph."

"I love diving. I'll give you a bit of a show," she said. "I used to be a diving champion at college. Just stay here and watch me." She climbed out again and when she glanced down she saw the small triangles had shifted again. She left them that way. They'd move again when she dove, so what was the use? Her nipples now protruded quite sharply from a crocheted hole along with the nipple ring.

When she climbed the ladder, sure enough, there were a number of men behind her. It felt exhilarating setting her blood on fire to realize that men were really turned on by her. She walked to the end of the board and turned around to face four men waiting for her to dive. Their eyes were hot, their gazes devouring her breasts and the triangle at her crotch. Just before she dove, she glanced down and saw that from the weight of the water, the triangle had sunk down to display her engorged clit and the rings through her hood and clit. Oh man, that was a bit too much. She'd be kicked out for indecent exposure. She hadn't noticed it when she walked to the ladder. No wonder those men kept following her each time she climbed the ladder. She did a double flip and swam to join her men. When she reached them, she quickly adjusted the tiny bikini bottom.

"Aren't you going to swim?" she asked.

"No. We're enjoying watching you," Gavin told her, a grin on his face. "Can you do any more tricks off that board?"

"Yes, quite a few. You really want to see?"

They nodded. Walking to the ladder, she noticed quite a few of the women had gone, leaving mainly men behind. She decided that a bikini made from crocheted cotton was not a good thing for swimming. But she didn't have

anything else with her, so it would have to do. The small V kept sinking to below her clit and she could feel the swollen lips as she walked. The holes in the top seemed to have become larger with the weight of the water and now nearly her whole aureole was displayed, too, along with the tattoo, studs and crown. And of course the crown above her clit was clearly visible and she'd forgotten about the sun around her anus. Oh damn. In the future, she'd have to wear a one piece bathing suit unless they were in a private area.

Each time she climbed the ladder, a number of men followed her up. Sometimes the same ones, other time different faces. She could imagine what they could see as she climbed the rungs. This time she did a spiral dive. When she surfaced, her men clapped, encouraging her. She didn't even join them anymore but climbed out immediately to head up the ladder again. Not fast enough. Two guys were right behind her. One even dared walk onto the board, but she told him, "One step nearer and I'll call my men down there." He quickly backed away to stand at the end. They gawked at her and she didn't care. As long as they didn't try anything, they could look all they wanted.

"Lady, you're downright gorgeous and those nipples of yours—"

"Never mind her nipples, what about that fantastic pussy? You even seen pussy lips like that?" one of the other men said.

"All mine. You can look, but that's it," she snapped, and did a backward spiral flip. As soon as she was above water, she climbed out back to the ladder. It wasn't until she got to the top that she noticed that her bra had completely shifted and her breasts were bare. The panties hung low from the weight of the water. She might as well be swimming naked. She dove into the pool quickly, and adjusted the top and tried to pull the small V up. But it made no difference. Each time she dove, she'd almost lose the top and the panty drooped, exposing her.

After a while, she'd shown her men everything she knew and she swam to join them. "That's it. I don't know any more dives."

"You are fantastic," Lex said, "And so sexy. Please continue? You're making us very horny."

"Yes, and every man here," she told them. "Haven't you seen them follow me up the ladder?"

"We did, but as long as they don't touch you, we don't care. You know, in our society, we display nudity easily," Reed said. "Please continue to swim and dive. We are really enjoying watching you."

"We could continue this in the sunken bath in our suite," she suggested.

"There is no diving board there. You are so graceful, a water sprite," Gavin

said.

Of course, compliments would get them anything so she swam to the side and climbed out. She adjusted her top as she walked to the ladder and pulled her panties up holding on to them this time. It didn't matter. Men still followed her up to the top. Okay, she'd do a few more dives and then it was time to go to their suite. Her libido was at a high now, she needed satisfaction, and she wasn't going to get it there.

This time she just did a straight dive. Her men were watching her, their gazes hot, their faces proud and that's all she needed. Quickly swimming to the side, she got out, climbed up and without even bothering with her top or panty, she turned to do a back spiral. She jumped up and down several times, felt the crotch slipping, but didn't care, felt her breasts bounce free and then dove. The men who followed soon after weren't fast enough. She was already out of the water tugging at her bikini bottom and top as she climbed again.

Last dive, she told herself. She jumped several times ignoring the men watching her, their hot gazes, ignoring her sinking bikini bottom, and did a triple backward spiral into the water.

She swam to Reed, Lex and Gavin and told them, "Let's go upstairs now? I've had quite enough." With that, she climbed out of the pool, sat on hands and knees for a moment, then stood and quickly retrieved her towel. After winding it around her body, she walked out of the pool area surrounded by her three husbands.

"Now that we're in our suite, you can take it off," Gavin said. "It didn't cover much anyway."

For some reason she felt blood rush to her face. "Good thing they are all strangers. I'd be mortified if there was anyone there who knew me. I'm going to rinse off quickly and then I'd like something to drink and eat. I'm starving, suddenly."

Without waiting for them, she quickly waded into the bubbling sunken bath and rinsed the chlorine off her body, then climbed out and dried herself. She took off the offending bikini and threw it aside. Useless piece of trash, she thought. She'd never wear it again. Then again, after she had her baby, maybe she wouldn't have a figure for it anymore, although her mother was still shapely, even after five children.

"Lex, can you come here for a minute?" she called out to him from the bedroom.

"Yes?"

"Can you put the suction cups back on me? I like what they do and I can

wear them while we eat and drink.”

She lay on the bed and pulled her legs up, her feet resting on the sides. He placed the suction cup over her mound and started to pump. “Tell me when it’s enough,” he said. When she felt strong suction, she told him to stop and he put the breast and nipple cups on her. She slipped into a thin robe and joined them at the bar.

“Why did you want Lex?” Reed asked.

“I wanted the suction cups back on. I like what they do to me.”

“We like what they do to you, too,” Gavin said.

“Yes, and if we don’t do it regularly, I’ll return to normal. So, we have to keep on doing it if you want me this way. Anyway, I love the way it makes me feel, how horny it makes me.”

After quickly drinking down her fake champagne, she nibbled on strawberries and other delicacies. While they were away, the hotel staff had brought in the smorgasbord at her request and several more bottles of champagne and her fake alcohol. While they drank and ate, every now and then she’d steal between her legs and would pump the rubber ball so she’d keep suction going on her pussy and clit. She wanted it to last at least an hour before taking them off again so she made conversation talking about the show they’d watched the night before, the Grand Canyon, the casino. She knew they were quite horny. She saw their cocks rise and slow, and rise again, but they need their cock rings on if they were going to stay hard for a while so she got off her stool and fetched them. She pulled down Gavin’s shorts and quickly slipped the cock rings around his cock and balls, then she did the same with Lex and Reed.

“Are you sure you’re up to more tonight? The baby—”

“Is the size of a pea right now. We can have sex as much as we want. I told you that before.”

“I know,” Gavin said, “but it’s wild sex.”

“The baby is protected. We’ll be fine. And hell, you didn’t think of that last night.”

“When you appeared wearing that garment and asking us to do those foreign things, we did go kind of wild,” Lex said.

“It was wonderful and a night that will remain with us always. And we have pictures,” she said with a smile. Her pussy throbbed by now and her clit even worse. She’d continuously squeezed the rubber ball. Her nipples were tender as were her breasts, but it was that pleasant erotic pain that she craved. “I’ll be back shortly,” she said.

Once in the bedroom, she closed the door and quickly took the other erotic outfit she'd bought out of her suitcase. The outfit was a criss-cross red teddy with soft velour straps, barely a panty that had an open crotch and laces in the front. It came with stockings, garters and two heart pasties to put over her nipples. She'd also bought red high spiked heeled shoes. She removed the suction cups, put the outfit on and twirled before the mirror. She looked damn sexy. Her swollen pussy and clit protruded from the crotchless panty and the pasties over her nipples were kind of useless, but she put them on anyway. The stockings and garters were a nice sexy touch. She wondered how the men would react to this. After brushing her hair and fluffing it and putting on some makeup, she joined them again, camera in her hand. She planted it on the bar and climbed up on her stool, one leg dangling as she faced them.

They were quiet, but their expressions told her everything. Their shorts tented and now that they had their cock rings on, she knew they'd retain their erection.

Gavin grabbed the camera. Did you put in a new memory card and battery?"

"Yes, I did. Go ahead. Take as many photos as you want. You like it?" She looked at all three when she asked the question.

They nodded silently and Gavin was already taking photos of her. She let both legs dangle making sure they were spread so he could get shots of her exposed pussy. Then she slid off the stool holding her glass and danced to the music she'd put on. She twirled, put her empty glass on the bar, and headed for the poles in the shower and pole danced for them. Gavin stood in the open doorway snapping photos of her as she bent, hugged the pole and displayed her pussy for them. After doing this for a while, she left the shower and danced around the room pulling the pasties off her nipples. She sank down on the large, round red couch and splayed her legs for them while she sensuously kicked off her shoes, then peeled her stockings off. She kept the panties and the rest of the outfit on for now. With her back to them, she sat on her knees against the back of the couch, her breasts just over its edge. She spread her legs and stuck her ass out at them. Within seconds, one of them was behind her, penetrating her. Meanwhile, Gavin now stood before her, took a quick picture, then his cock headed for her lips.

They played on the couch for a while, the men taking turns fucking her, but after a while, she decided the bed would be more erotic and more comfortable. She wanted more suction. The men protested, but because she held their erections in her hands and pumping, them giving them satisfaction

that way, Lex gave in and placed the suction cup on her pussy and her breasts again. He pumped until it was suctioned tight to her skin and the same with the ones on her breasts. Then she motioned him to straddle her and she opened her mouth ready for his cock. Pumping Reed and Gavin, she managed to suck on Lex's cock, sucking the precum from the slit, but she would not allow them to come and they lasted for a long time, long enough for the suction so she asked them to remove the cups again. They almost attacked her. This time they were so horny and wanting to come, and by now, so was she. She took them one at a time while the other two fondled her clit, took photos, kissed her, and sucked her huge red nipples.

Reed came first. He had the dildo inside her anal passage while he took her from behind. When he released, she came so hard that a gush of liquid dripped down, mingled with his cum. He took the camera and Gavin took his place. He opened her legs wide and rubbed between the lips first, sucked her engorged clit and played with the ring before he entered her and almost spent his seed as soon as he started to thrust.

Lex rolled her to her back. He lifted her legs over his shoulders and shoved the anal stimulator into her first. He fingered her clit, the engorged lips, played with her clit ring, rubbed his cock up and down her slit, then finally entered her. Gavin sucked one nipple and Reed the other. Oh, she felt so loved, so wanted. She sighed. She'd surely died and gone to heaven. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined married life could be like this. Then again, never had she imagined pleasing three men. Lex started to thrust, his cockring tantalizing her vaginal walls, the small bar teasing her clit. He came and she shouted her release.

They were all tired and she knew this night wouldn't be as late as the previous. "Can you put the suction cups on again for the night?" she asked Gavin while she took the outfit off.

He complied and she snuggled between their bodies to soon doze off.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Regretfully, they got out of the limo and entered the airport. Their honeymoon was over and it was time to return to reality. They'd arrive back at her apartment in a few hours, but she'd made up her mind that after the baby, they'd go back to Vegas for a second honeymoon. She had quite a few memory cards filled with photos for two albums, one for their private viewing, and one for family. Actually, maybe three. One would be X rated. Triple X, for their eyes only.

They traveled first class and sat opposite each other, Reed and Lex together, and she sat next to Gavin. Their honeymoon now almost seemed like a dream, if it wasn't for her swollen pussy lips and clit and her enlarged and engorged nipples and aureole, she'd almost think that none of it really happened. But she had the photos to prove it, too.

Now it was time to start planning their future—to buy a house, to get the men's business going. She had already given notice at work because she needed to be there for them full time. And she had to think up plausible explanations for her friends, her sisters and brother. She had to make up some kind of past for her men, a place they came from, figure out a way to explain why Reed and Lex lived with them. There were a few difficult tasks ahead yet.

After she'd dressed that morning, she was amazed at how her nipples showed through her sweater. Not that it was see through, but the shape of her nipples showed. Oh well, if anyone noticed anything, like Jen, they would assume the enlargement was due to her pregnancy.

Amaia put a hand on her belly and smiled. It was hard to imagine that in less than eight months she'd be a mother. Vaguely, she wondered about her psychic abilities. When would they start and how would she know? She'd have to talk to her mother about it.

They were home far too soon as far as she was concerned. After they

unpacked and she got into comfortable sweats, Gavin suddenly grabbed her.

"The honeymoon will never stop, sweet lady. Are you ready for more of what you had this morning?"

She swiveled in his arms and looked up into his eyes, felt the bulge pressing against her stomach and knew he was horny. When she looked at Reed and Lex, their crotches looked alarmingly large. "Are the three of you always going to get horny together?" she asked. "I'm not sure I can keep up with you."

They laughed. Lex said, "That's funny. We're not sure we can keep up with you. Are you horny right now?"

He didn't have to ask her again. "Reed, the toys are in the drawer of my nightstand." As she talked, she already peeled off her sweatpants, took off her shirt, and stood naked before them. Gavin scooped her into his arms, strode into the bedroom, and deposited her on the bed. They took off their jeans, shirts, and socks and were on the bed with her in seconds. Her bedroom wasn't erotic, nothing like the suite at the Palms, but she thought of another way to make things interesting, and as time went on, she was sure they'd dream up new erotic games. The house they were going to buy or build had better have a great bedroom. If not, they'd design one.

"I'll be back in a minute," she said and quickly hurried to her purse. She took out the memory cards, grabbed her laptop and started to load pictures. After she'd loaded them all, she returned to the bedroom carrying the laptop.

"You were gone a long time," Reed commented.

"Yes. Look at these," she told him as she placed the laptop on the bed. "You can put my suction cups on while we look."

Most of the photos had turned out good. She was especially engrossed by the photos of her swollen pussy lips, vagina, clit and her nipples. "I can't believe that's me," she said softly. "It looks different in the mirror."

"That's you. We're witnesses," Lex said, grinning, "And we love every inch of it and your breasts."

"Told you, if I stop doing it, it'll go away. So if you want me to stay like that, I'll have to do it all the time. But if we're always going to do that, I wish I could get rid of that hair permanently. I don't think I want electrolysis down there."

"We're not complaining. We like your swollen clit, pussy, and vagina," Gavin said while he flipped through more photos, many of them while they were making love. "And we also like shaving you."

"The photos are like the porn flicks I was watching when I had to learn to

become an orgasm whisperer,” she said wistfully. “Especially those little videos you took, Lex.”

“You almost sound sorry you’re not a whisperer anymore,” Reed said.

“Hell, no. I’m glad that’s gone. Oh, look at that little video. How did you know how to do that? I only showed you how to take photos.” She looked at each of the guys.

“We learn fast,” Reed said sending her a wide grin while putting the cockrings on and Lex was slowly pumping the pussy and clit suction cup so she put his cockrings on for him. Gavin put his on, but they continued to look at the photos until they’d seen every one of them. By then she was just as horny as she’d been on her wedding night and she was eager for their swollen erect cocks throbbing for her.

“From the day we joined on the transport, you became our personal orgasm whisperer,” Gavin said while removing the suction cups and kissing her on the lips.

“And you haven’t done half bad,” Reed added.

“Only half bad?”

Lex laughed and put the laptop on the ground beside the bed, then made her lie down. “You’re good, love, damn good, and you can continue your orgasm whispering for us for the rest of our lives,” he said as he drove his magnificent cock into her and pushed the dildo into her anal passage at the same time while Gavin and Reed tackled her throbbing nipples and clit as she pumped their waiting erections.

Her orgasm whispering days were far from over, but now, she didn’t mind it at all because her whispers were reserved for her men.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gabriella Bradley lives amidst rugged mountains. She more than often has a grizzly in her backyard searching for food. Other critters that visit on a regular basis are cougars, coyotes, squirrels, raccoons.

She has been a writer all of her life, though only ventured into erotic works in 2003. Her hobbies include hiking, gardening, swimming, sewing, embroidery. Favorite movies are old timers like *Gone with the Wind*, *Spartacus* etc. Favorite music is Abba.