



Brenna Lyons

Daughters of Man  
*Prize Match*

*Daughters of Man:*  
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An erotic short story by

Brenna Lyons

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# Chapter One

Sabine pressed her cheek to the bulkhead and listened to the speaker on the other side. An amplified voice blared orders for offloading of the matches.

*Of me. Of all those like me.* Her heart pounded in apprehension.

Despite what the priests on her home world had said, it was hard to anticipate being claimed as mate to a male she'd never met. What if they were wrong? What if the male wasn't kind? What if she felt no attraction to him?

"Sabine!" Anlu shouted, rushing to over to take her hands. "Isn't it wonderful? Sakk, at last."

She managed a strained smile in return. "Yes, I know."

*How old will he be? How needing of a female?*

"They're beautiful, you know."

Sabine stared at her, darkening in the realization that Anlu was gazing longingly at the tips of her miniature wings.

The wings had been both a blessing and a curse to Sabine.

Because of them, Sabine hadn't been required to bear a child to the priests before becoming mate to a Sakk male. It also meant that she'd been granted freedom until her twenty-second yan instead of being bred at eighteen. The rare winged matches, no matter how small or malformed the wings might be, were revered; as such, they went to claim uneducated in the touch of another male.

Because of the wings, males would fight to claim her. Only the strongest and highest-ranking would have the chance to become her mate. Where Anlu might be claimed by an older commander as a level-two match, only a general or master general was in Sabine's future. He would be a man twice her age.

*At the least.* Sabine prayed he would not be much older than that. A man twice her age was still prime, but she'd heard that some matches were given to men nearly three times her age, men so late in prime it was unlikely the match would produce her required heirs to him before he died. Such a match would be forced to take another male not of her choosing. The idea of enduring the choosing twice terrified Sabine.

Anlu sighed. "I wish I had wings."

*I wish you had them instead of me.* Sabine bit back the unkind thought before it could take the shape of words. Instead, she nodded and grasped Anlu in a hug.

"Sabine!" Their nest mother waved her over, then fussed with Sabine's clothing and hair-feathers as soon as she was within arm's distance. Finally,

Cholla smoothed the unruly feathers on Sabine's wings.

As a second-generation Sakk-born, Cholla's wings were full and majestic. One wrapped around Sabine in a show of motherly protection.

"Your mother would be so proud," she cooed.

Sabine nodded, words sticking in her throat.

She could barely remember her mother. Because of her wings, Jollee had been permitted to nurse Sabine for five yans instead of the usual two for temple-born children.

Had Sabine's wings been full-sized or near to it, she would have traveled to Sakk with her mother at two yans of age and been raised as the child of whatever male became Jollee's mate. But Sabine was a short-flight, so she'd been left on the seed planet when her mother came to Sakk to be mated. Sabine had often wondered if it wasn't kinder to lose their mothers at two, as the wingless young did. Surely, having no memories of her had to be better than being taunted with them.

All her life, Sabine had been told how Jollee had walked the carpet, dressed in purple as Sabine now was. Her mother had stood on the dais proudly, the dame of a winged young one to an unwinged male...strong, healthy stock. In the end, a general had taken her to mate. According to the tales, Jollee had produced three young for her general, one a fully-winged female.

*Could her general not have loved me, too?* There was no purpose in asking it, of course. The law was the law.

The door opened, and Cholla's mate slipped in. He wound an arm around Cholla's waist and closed Sabine in with a mirrored wing. "The word has spread," he informed her. "The males know a winged female is up for claim."

Sabine tried to force her breathing to even.

When she'd boarded the warship, she'd done so wrapped in a cloak, her nest parents' wings at her back and their bodies pressing in close around her. Of course, the warriors knew what that signified. In moments, their numbers had doubled...tripled...then more and more, all whispering and peering at her. She'd bolted into the nest compartment the moment they reached the doors and had collapsed into a bed far from the doors, shivering, listening for sounds of pursuit that hadn't come. Cholla had stroked calming hands down her back and face.

*These males will be older...more starved. And I won't be permitted a cloak or guards.*

Cholla and Lut each took one of her hands, offering silent comfort. Then they separated and motioned the two dozen matches into the presentation line.

As the only level-one purple-clad match, Sabine would lead the line. Women who wore purple were those that had caught pregnant with winged female young within a yan of sexual congress with the priests and those that were winged themselves.

The level-two red matches like Anlu—those that had produced wingless female young or a male in a reasonable period of time—would come next.

The level-three blue matches—those that had taken more than a yan to catch pregnant, even if the result was a winged female—would end the procession. With the need for females, even the blues were guaranteed to be chosen.

If a match caught later than the norm, she would likely be claimed by a man of rank, but a younger male not as concerned with time to produce his two or more young on her. The more young any woman produced, the more likely that there would be two or more females of her line, which was good for all of Sakk.

The only matches that did not travel to Sakk to be mated were the ones who had not produced young. The Sakk males were assured of strong stock for mating. If the match never caught, she remained with the priests as a concubine, worker in the temple, or even a nest mother and mate to a temple-born male without the urge to be a warrior priest.

The doors opened fully, and the mated pair stepped aside. Taking a deep breath, Sabine led the way down the purple carpet laid out for them.

She paused at the door to the claim stadium. There were so many males, it made her head spin. Though an accurate count was impossible, it seemed there were at least two hundred males for each female disembarking. It hardly seemed possible that there could be so many males in need of a mate, but she knew there were more...hundreds of thousands more of mating age, perhaps millions.

Matches were brought in every five turnings, alternating from seventeen seed worlds. A small group might have only five matches in it; this one was among the largest.

Males were ordered, she knew. The highest-ranking and those who'd waited the longest had priority. They were closest to the carpet and the dais. The younger men, those with less rank, and those who hadn't tried for a mate before were further removed.

*Mine will be one of the closest.* She had no choice in that.

Still, the females were not at the mercy of fate. They were told they could refuse a male who gave them cause to do it. Sabine suspected most females accepted their first out of fear or awe or the belief that males so deprived would have no self-control.

She had no such intentions; her male would be kind or be refused. Sabine may have no choice in whether or not he attracted her, but she had the right to demand a kind touch.

That in mind, Sabine straightened and stepped out onto the carpet between the parted crowd. A series of gasps and prayers went up from their ranks at the sight of her. She kept walking, focusing on the dais. The males knew their boundaries; there was nothing to fear.

That self-assurance lasted only until the rush of movement caught the corner of her vision. Sabine side-stepped, turning to face the male in question. A hand closed on the edge of her wing, and she struck for his face in a panic, turning and scampering the opposite direction the moment she connected with flesh. She stumbled, landed against a wall of muscle, and grasped fabric to catch herself.

The sound of screams from her scattering nest sisters had her heart pounding hard in her ears. The uproar from the males overlapped with it. They piled on the one who'd touched her. Angry shouts overpowered screams of pain.

Sabine squeezed her eyes shut, pleading for it to end. She'd heard males killed each other for females sometimes. A particularly gruesome scream had her hunching her shoulders. She pried one shaking hand out of the cuzta she'd fisted and pressed it to her ear, turning her head to mute sounds to the other in the chest she'd claimed.

Soothing sounds surrounded her, working their way to her shielded ears, muting the sounds of waning battle. Her grip loosened in response. She was protected; even her skin seemed to warm again.

Silence fell, and Sabine released her grip on the cloth beneath her cheek. The wings surrounding her eased back, and she straightened, trying to regain her composure. Sabine looked up, intent on thanking the male who'd shielded her, but the words lodged in her throat.

His hands were fisted at his sides. He hadn't touched her, which was a good thing for him. Battle-pumped as the other males were, they might have turned on this male next. His body was rigid, his expression tense. He stared down at her as if in shock that she'd run to him...or anger that she'd touched him.

Sabine pulled her hands back, breaking the connection with him. She took an unsteady step away from his body. Her shoulders bunched and released, her wings fluttering nervously.

Then Cholla and Lut were there, guiding Sabine to the center of the carpet. Cholla cupped her cheek, wiping away the sheen of tears from beneath one eye. She smoothed Sabine's hair-feathers and whispered assurances that she was safe.

Lut stood to the side her attacker had come from, his wings spread wide. Sabine glanced down, her stomach lurching at the stains that could only mean blood spilled.

*Great quantities of blood. Surely, he's dead.*

Cholla drew her face up again. "Another won't dare," she breathed. "Can you continue?"

Sabine started to answer in the negative. She wanted nothing more than to return to bed.

In the distance, she could vaguely hear Anlu's panicked cries. "I can't. I cannot go out again."

Angry grumbles from the males made Sabine shiver in awareness of their violent natures. They were emotionally charged and in need. If Sabine begged off, which they would allow after such an attack on her person, most of the others would do the same. Even if the claim-maker rescheduled the claiming for a day out, there might be additional violence, as a result of her refusal.

She nodded, and Cholla took her arm, turning toward the dais. The nest mother raised her free hand and motioned the claim-maker that there would indeed be a ceremony. The grumbling of the males died off abruptly at the move.

There was a moment of silent expectation; then more of her nest sisters came forward and took their places at her back. A few might choose to wait for the next claim day, but the majority would not, if Sabine continued.

Cholla took the first two steps with her, then released Sabine's arm and let her continue on alone. Her breathing hitched at the loss of support, but she raised her head and focused on the dais again.

Two steps up from the floor, she turned, hoping for one last look at Cholla to bolster her waning courage. Instead, she met the gaze of the male who'd shielded her. Her heart tripped, and she turned away, hurrying to the far end of the dais as instructed.

\* \* \* \*

Sahtahn ambled toward the dais, his gaze locked on the prize match, the winged female. His skin was oddly sensitized in memory of her touch, and her scent echoed in his mouth and lungs.

He'd initially dismissed her as cold, a female who knew the lengths males would go to in order to claim her, and smug in the knowledge. That determination had lasted until the attack and not a moment longer.

Her panic had been no act. She'd trembled, clung to him, whispered prayers...not for her own safety but for peace. Her nesting pair had soothed the worst of her fears, but they hadn't been able to calm her completely. He was amazed she'd chosen the carpet when so many of the lesser matches had abandoned it for the day. All told, only sixteen of the twenty-four had made the walk to the dais.

Even now, she fidgeted, her gaze darting back and forth. As the males closed on the dais, she backed away on bare feet that didn't stay still.

Sahtahn hadn't intended to try for the prize match, but something in her frightened eyes said she was more than that. Those eyes said she was worth whatever fight it took to approach her for a claim.

The claim-maker motioned for silence. At his nod, the winged match took a single step forward, not as close as she was meant to be, but in consideration of the attack on her person, no male alive would dare press the issue. If one did, he'd likely find himself as dead as the attacker now was.

"A winged female," the claim-maker announced.

He didn't need to state that she was short-flight. Any fully-winged female born on a seed world came to Sakk with her mother and was presented at private claim. The only type of winged female that came from seed worlds as adults to general claim were short flight.

"A winged female," he repeated. "Born of a wingless female and a short-flight male. Twenty-two yans old, untouched and uneducated. She is first born of four, all winged, half female yield...one a fully-winged female. One a fully-winged male. In excellent health. Her interests are in poetry and music."

All of that made the young one even more of a prize. She came from strong stock, which meant her young would likely all be fully-winged. She was healthy, which meant a mate might get three or more young from her. And what home would not welcome sweet female music and poetry to soothe the body and mind?

Of course, few males paid attention to the interests of the female before a claim. It was the duty of the male to accommodate her pursuits. Considering the ease a female brought to him, it was the least comfort a man could offer, beyond her care and well-being. To have a woman in his bed and beneath his wing and roof, any man worth his wings would cater to the little things...and the large...that would make a mate's smile shine.

Had he been the only man of his station present, there would be no question that Sahtahn would have the right to approach her, but others would vie for her, and he would have to fight. There was little question of that.

The claim-maker gave the males in the crowd time to weigh the facts for themselves, and the rising musk in the air attested they'd come to the same determination Sahtahn had.

The young female took a calming breath and raised her head, turning her gray gaze on the crowd. She paled a notch, one small foot shifting back, hesitating, then forward again. Several men close to Sahtahn tensed at the move.

"Who would claim her?"

The invitation to begin the process sent a ripple through the crowd. Hands shot up. Some lowered when faced with the competition. When it was down to three, Sahtahn added his intent. One of the others bowed out.

"I see three," the claim-maker shouted. "Any additions?"

Sahtahn glared at the younger of the two vying for the female's favor, daring him to the foolishness of challenging his better. His hand shook, then retreated.

"Two. Any who wish to bow out?"

He met the challenger's gaze. It was clear that they were both intent.

"Two it is. Retire to decision."

Sahtahn looked to the young match in question, tipping his head reverently. Sakkan willing, she'd be sharing his bed shortly.

She swallowed hard and tipped her head in reply. Then she was gone, led away by the nesting pair who'd prepared and transported her. The warrior priests would handle the lesser matches. The prize match was always handled by the nesting pair.

"General Sahtahn, if you would."

He turned toward the claim-maker's steward, noting that his competition was already at the young male's side. Sahtahn waved him on, falling into step in the procession, as the claim-maker moved on to the first of the red matches. They strode through the crowd and into a training room.

Without comment, Sahtahn started stripping off his weapons.

"There are formalities, Sahtahn," his competitor barked.

*Ah. So, my reputation precedes me.* “I will not yield. By your colors, I can gauge we are of rank and wait. Unless you mean to yield, this can only be decided one way.”

“The claim-makers will decide that.”

Sahtahn nodded, but he finished removing his weapons.

His competitor did no such thing. He stood, feigning nonchalance, though every muscle was strung tight.

There was nothing to say. They both knew what the stakes were. They were both willing to fight to win the right to approach her.

At last, one of the claim-makers entered the room. It wasn't the one who'd stood on the dais. That wasn't unexpected. Leaving males waiting to fight for a prize match while lesser matches were arranged was a sure way to return to find one or more of them dead in dishonorable, armed matches. If the wait looked to be extended, another of the priests entrusted with deciding claims was sent to handle the decisions.

The priest in question scanned his gaze over the pile of weapons, his eyes widening. “General Sahtahn? You have something you wish to say with this move?”

It was time to make himself clear. “I believe this one is worth fighting for. All other factors being equal, I am prepared to win the right to approach her.”

He considered that. “Then you realize I could make no other decision.”

Sahtahn tipped his head in acknowledgement.

The claim-maker turned to the other. “General Aghen? Are you prepared to do the same?”

Aghen strode to the far end of the counter without a word and started shedding his weapons onto the surface. Sahtahn ambled into the fight ring, making a show of waiting for his opponent.

He didn't have long to wait. Aghen turned and entered the ring. He assessed Sahtahn for a moment. “You will not yield?” he asked simply.

“Never.”

Aghen attacked, going for Sahtahn's midsection. Sahtahn swung away, driving his elbow into his competitor's spine. Aghen staggered but didn't go down.

He turned back, bringing his fist around in an arc to take Sahtahn's temple. Ten yans of training young warriors wasn't wasted. Sahtahn leaned out of the arc, then swept Aghen's feet.

Sahtahn didn't waste a moment. He landed astride Aghen and delivered well-placed blow after blow. He didn't stop until his opponent was unconscious beneath him.

That unpleasant task accomplished, he rose and strode to the claim-maker. The offered steaming towel stung against his abraded knuckles.

The priest bowed his head in formal acknowledgement that Sahtahn had won the chance to approach the young female. “I assume you wish to freshen—”

“I wish to see her.”

The claim-maker cleared his throat. “General—”

“Deliver my weapons to my aide.”

“But you are—”

He smiled. “Full of adrenaline and testosterone but still in control of myself. The young one was attacked. One male has already died for her. She will worry herself ill if I do not go to her quickly.”

The claim-maker hesitated, then waved the way to the far door. The two warrior priests guarding it moved aside to let them pass.

## Chapter Two

Sabine paced the floor, her stomach in knots.

Cholla gathered her into her arms, rocking Sabine as she had after every bad dream and attack of nerves, for as long as she could remember. "All will be well, I promise you."

"How can you know?" There was a hitch in her voice that Sabine couldn't banish.

"Oh, young one. I know it. You are the hopes and dreams and needs in the flesh and bone and feather for them."

"What do I do, Cholla?" Misery made her feel weak and nauseated.

Her brow furrowed. "You have seen the other females with--"

"But I have never... I almost wish--"

"No. Oh, Sabine, no. Having your mate for your first is magical. I know. To Anlu and the others, their mates are...any men. Perhaps better on the sheets or worse than any others they've known, but there is no thrill of discovery for them."

A light knock sounded at the door, and Sabine jumped in response.

"It will be Lut." He'd left to see to the rest of the claims.

Sabine nodded her readiness to face her nest father.

Cholla raised her voice to a welcoming shout. "Enter, please."

The door slid open, but the man behind it wasn't Lut. It was the one who'd aided her, the final male who'd offered to claim her.

He strode in, stripped of his weapons, his hands abused from the challenge match. He was taller than she'd first assessed him to be, a green-eyed version of the depictions of Sakkan himself. He had gleaming dark hair feathers with white above the ears. He was likely twice her age, still in prime.

A claim-maker stood in the doorway behind him, warriors at his shoulders. With two females in the room and Lut not in attendance to protect Cholla, it was their duty to act as her protection from the male who would claim Sabine.

*To protect Cholla, but unless he injures me, they will make no move to stop him from whatever he intends.*

Cholla released her and moved away, leaving Sabine alone to face him as she'd always known she would be. "Do you require anything more?" the nest mother asked.

Sabine shook her head, at a loss for any delay she could legitimately invent.

Her nest mother turned to leave.

“One moment, Mother,” the man requested. He called her “Mother,” though Cholla was surely only a hand or little older than he was.

Cholla raised an eyebrow in surprise. “General?”

“I should like a proper introduction, if you please.”

“Of course. This is your mate, General.”

“If she accepts me,” he interrupted.

Sabine’s heart pounded in apprehension. Did he believe she would refuse him? Was he so needing of a woman he was warning her he would be rough with her?

Cholla smiled. “Her name is Sabine.” She turned to go.

The general cleared his throat, hinting at more.

The nest mother stared at him, her brow creased. “I apologize, General, but I do not know your given name.”

He took a step closer to her and whispered in Cholla’s ear. It was so ridiculous a move, Sabine found herself swallowing laughter.

The warriors in the hall didn’t find it funny. They tensed, and the claim-maker had to wave them to a halt. Sabine sobered at the move, her awareness of the situation returning in a rush.

The general took a step away from Cholla, and her nest mother smiled. The warriors eased at the distance. Cholla motioned to the general, drawing Sabine’s gaze back to him.

“Your mate, Sabine. His name is General Sahtahn.”

The general closed the distance between them and laid a soft kiss on Sabine’s cheek, breathing her name.

“General,” she greeted him in return. His scent was a potent mix of sweat and man that made her want to investigate.

“Sahtahn,” he corrected her gently.

She repeated it, closing her eyes to savor her first moments near him.

“Will there be any further need of me?” Cholla asked.

“No.”

His negative reply overlapped hers.

The door closed behind her, and Sabine opened her eyes. She met his intent gaze, and a niggling of fear settled in her breast at what would happen next. Her wings fluttered, and he smiled.

“Are you offering, young one?”

She stepped back a pace, expecting Sahtahn to pursue. He didn’t, and her breathing eased.

“Offering?” she managed to ask.

“What solace and pleasure and companionship women offer men. Your wings tease me, but you may not be aware of the offer...or mean to offer, I know.”

He confused her. “You’ve given me no cause to refuse you.”

Sahtahn motioned her to a chair, and Sabine sank into it gratefully. Once she

was settled, he chose another...not the closest but not the furthest either.

"That wasn't what I asked," he noted.

She fought for the words to answer that.

"What is it?" he asked.

"You confuse me," she admitted.

He smiled. "In what way?"

"You are my mate."

"If you accept me," he corrected her. "Are you?"

"This is a circular discussion."

"I agree." Sahtahn paused. "Are you saying you believe you *must* accept me?"

"You make my head spin."

He groaned. "How I wish I made it spin in arousal."

Sabine stuttered out nonsense in her attempt to either assure him that he did or plead for him not to say such shocking things.

"Do you believe you must accept me?" he pressed.

"You won the challenge." *Of course, I must accept you.* But she couldn't force the words forth to say that.

"I won leave to approach you, not the right to force you to me." Sahtahn leaned closer. "Do you understand the difference, Sabine?"

She nodded. "I believe so." Sabine tried to order her thoughts.

"Is there some reason this confuses you?"

"I am...unaccustomed to matches having choices. Past freedom from abuse," she hastened to add.

Sahtahn cocked his head to one side, seemingly weighing her words. "You've seen the priests with other matches," he guessed.

"Of course." There was no choice for the others in it. There'd been no choice for Sabine, either, though the law said Sabine could not engage the priests, while the others had to do so.

"What do you wish of me, Sabine?" His voice was low and soothing.

It wasn't a question she'd thought would be posed to her. How did one answer such a thing? For that matter, what did she want?

His hand traced the line of fasteners on his cuzta. "Do you want to see the body you'd be accepting? Do you want to touch it?"

She nodded, in a daze at the idea of such a thing.

Sahtahn started undoing the fasteners, and her mouth went dry. His skin appeared a patch at a time, until he was fully nude and semi-erect.

Sabine stared at him, hardly daring to breathe. The priests had never looked like this. But then, they were priests; though they were warrior priests, in many cases. Warriors like Sahtahn took on any real threat. As such, the priests' bodies were lean and light, compared to the bulk of a man who hefted a sword with regularity.

He moved to the closest chair, and she started to retreat in shock. Was he

going to take his comfort and pleasure?

A soothing sound left his lips. His hand closed around her wrist and drew her hand to his chest. His cock came to readiness at her touch.

“Oh, yes,” he groaned. “Have you touched a man before?”

“It was not allowed.” Sabine touched Sahtahn, hard bands of muscle, slight imperfections and scars, and the tickle of his chest feathers.

“Have you been permitted to see? I know you have seen them plant their seed in your nest sisters. Have you seen their nude bodies move?”

Sabine nodded. “They were different, though.”

“How?” He tensed as she trailed a fingertip along his cock and wound her fingertips in his male nest. His breathing went ragged.

Wary of pushing him too far, she moved her hands up his chest, playing at the nubs of his nipples. Her own nipples hardened with his, and his musk took on a potent edge.

“How, Sabine?”

“Their bodies were smaller and unmarked. And—” She touched his wings. The flight feathers were stiff and thick, unlike the wispy fluff of body feathers and her wing feathers.

He groaned again. “They had no wings.”

“A few had small wings...like mine, though most were smaller than even my wings. Aside from Lut and Cholla, I never saw fully-winged people until I entered the arena for claim.”

On the rare occasion a match produced a fully-winged female to the priests, she was permitted to walk the carpet with her child at two yans of age. Any male that claimed her also claimed the child as his own. A fully-winged male born on a seed world was sent to another seed world to be raised and trained as a priest at the same age. It hadn’t happened in Sabine’s memory.

Lost in thought, she continued stroking at his wing. There was something soothing about touching his plumage.

Sahtahn closed his beautiful green eyes. “You never touched the priests’ wings...or those of your nest parents?”

“It wasn’t allowed. Even Cholla and Lut didn’t permit that intimacy.” She was more than mildly surprised that Sahtahn did.

He gasped, jerking against her hand, his cum spraying his chest and abdomen.

Sabine reeled away, landing hard against the next chair in the circle and collapsing into it. Her face heated as she made the connection. There was a reason she’d never been allowed to touch the wings of others, but he’d allowed her to touch his. “The wings. You find it a...a sexual pleasure.”

He smiled. “I could show you. It would leave you intact and not tie you to me.” It was seduction itself, and he hadn’t touched her.

“Would I need to disrobe?” Though he was comfortable with his own nudity, Sabine was less bold with hers.

His eyes opened, and his expression was solemn and serious. "No, but I suggest we move to the bed. I will not take any steps you are uncomfortable with. I will not take anything you do not offer freely. You have my vow."

Sabine moved to the chair she'd fled and reached a hand out. She ran her fingers through his cum, spreading it over his flat stomach. His gaze heated, and her body awoke to sensations not unlike those she'd felt watching the other matches with the priests.

She forced the words to accept him out. "Yes. I want to feel..." *What I've been denied all these yans.*

Sahtahn rose, assisted Sabine to her feet, and led her to the bed. He let her get comfortable on the mattress, her legs folded beneath her, and then joined her.

The first touch was so light as to barely fire her nerves. Still, she gasped at the way her body begged for him. Her nipples peaked against the cazta, and her slit went wet and warm.

Sahtahn glanced at the former, then met her gaze. He massaged at the knuckles along her stunted span, and she shivered in delight. A strange tremor built in her womb, and a sensitive slick pooled on her inner thighs.

At the first stroke down her feathers, she pressed against him. The move was instinctual. Sabine gasped at his arm circling her waist, anchoring her to him.

"Do you wish me to stop?" His breathing was ragged and his eyes dilated.

"Can you..." How did one ask for sexual favors from a male? The priests did what they pleased with the young wingless matches. If Cholla asked Lut for such things, she'd never seen it.

"Yes."

*Why wasn't that a question? It must have been, and I misunderstood him.* Sabine swallowed slowly and tried again. "Can you... Would you bring me to climax as I did for you?"

His smile made her heart flutter in excitement. Her wings went wild in response, beating madly against her shoulders. They ruffled her hair feathers.

"Oh, yes. That I will do, Sabine."

He stroked at her feathers, and her wings went unnaturally still to facilitate his touch. Though she'd had little control over them in her life, the move was purposeful. It invited him to touch; it begged for it.

Sahtahn held her close to his body with one arm, using the other to pleasure her. His breath stirred the presentation curls against her cheek, a dizzying sway of deep brown hair feathers.

The massage where her wings met her shoulders, coupled with his rigid cock pressed to her belly, was too much. Sabine spread her legs around his, pleading silently for more.

*Is this how they do it? How they arouse a female until she begs for a hard cock between her thighs?*

Sahtahn drew her closer, his breath stirring her wing feathers along with her hair feathers. He combed her wings, and his breath ruffled them.

*I'll beg. Sakkan, I'll beg.*

He did it again and again, and she screamed in a mixture of arousal and frustration. Sabine was empty, aching, needing all he had to give.

"I'm offering, Sahtahn. I'll accept you. Please." Sabine pushed up, seeking the length of his cock.

Sahtahn stilled her with his restraining arm. He buried the other in her wing feathers and potent pleasure knifed through her. He bunched them, smoothed them, stirred them with his breath.

The pressure in her womb built, driving her towards madness. It crested and crashed. Waterfalls of sensation stole her breath.

In the end, she lay fully against him, her mind spinning, trembling hard. Sahtahn eased her to the surface of the bed. Sabine waited for him to push up at her cazta, to take what she'd begged him for.

Sahtahn made no such move. He smoothed her hair feathers, humming a soothing song.

The riot in her body subsided. "I—I offered," she managed. Didn't he want her? She'd thought all men craved a woman's body.

"That was no offer, young one. It was a frenzy. It is well enough to make them one, once you are educated. For now, the offer must be separate."

She nodded, though she didn't understand him. Sabine closed her eyes, letting sleep take her.

## Chapter Three

“Sahtahn?”

He turned to her, his heart hammering at the half-unfastened cazta. “You wish to show me your body?” He’d hungered for it, but he’d allowed Sabine to set the pace. With her misconceptions, that was necessary.

She nodded, but there was a plea in her eyes.

“Or do you wish me to reveal it?” His cock rose at that thought.

“And to touch,” she breathed, her gray eyes dark and wide in her uncertainty.

*Sakkan, yes.* “Do you wish anything more?” he asked. Her second climax had been into his massaging fingers at her female feathers and her nub. He’d salivated to do then what he wanted to do now.

She swallowed hard. “The offer stands. I am not in a frenzy now.”

Sahtahn closed the distance between them. “Your hesitation proves you’re not ready, young one. I will know when you are.” He started unfastening her cazta.

“I am ready,” she breathed.

“You are ready for something,” he agreed. “You are not prepared to bind yourself to me.”

Sabine traced the line of feathers from his belly to his cock. “What am I ready for?”

Sahtahn parted her cazta. “My mouth.”

She laid a lick over one of his nipples, and his cock complained again at the wait. She moved to the other, testing his responses while he stripped the last of her clothing and tossed it away. He hadn’t worn his cuzta since he’d shed it the evening before, seeking to make her at ease with him faster...perhaps to encourage her explorations.

He backed away, drinking in the lines of her lithe, young body boldly. Sahtahn circled her, making the same inventory of her lovely back.

“Are you ready for my mouth, Sabine?”

“Yes.” There was no hesitation in it.

Sahtahn offered his hand and led her to the bed, memories of her sleeping in the shelter of his wings making his cock weep. He positioned her on her knees, shivering at the excited movements of her wings.

Sahtahn knelt at her back first, burying his mouth at the center of her neck, laying kisses down her spine to her wings. Little flicks of his tongue at the join of

wing and shoulder drew mews of delight from her.

“More. Sahtahn, I—”

He stroked his hands down her soft belly to her female feathers, teasing at them. “You wish to climax to my mouth.” He lapped at her wing bases, groaning at her rising scent. If he touched her inner thighs, he knew he’d find her oiled and ready.

“Yes. I do.”

Sahtahn rounded her, laying kisses along her jaw and lips. She responded in kind. Little nips and kisses gave way to serious consideration. Sabine gave herself to his tutelage; her lips and tongue played at his.

She moaned her protest as he moved on, burying both hands in his hair feathers. Her back arched at his suckling of her breasts.

One hand left his hair and circled his cock, stroking him. Sahtahn let her experiment. Perhaps giving Sabine control of his pleasure was just what she needed to calm herself to the idea of him binding her.

She shifted, bringing his cock to her slit, and Sahtahn drew away.

“I wish to feel your climax,” she pleaded.

“You are not—”

“Outside.”

Sahtahn’s cock pulsed at the invitation. “If I allow you to do this, there is no question that I will claim you. My seed in a position to—”

“There is a question now?” Hurt laced her voice.

“Not for me. I want you to be sure.”

She shifted toward his cock again. Sahtahn cupped her head in his hand, tasting her lips, letting her pleasure him.

“You will come to my mouth afterward.”

“Yes. I will. I want to.”

Sabine positioned herself astride his knees, playing the cum-soaked head against her nub, then her slit. Sahtahn slipped one hand between them, parting her slit but creating a physical block to full insertion. She teased at the newly-uncovered flesh, moaning.

He gasped. “If you do this—”

“I know.” She stroked him, speeding them toward the possibility.

Sahtahn parted her lips, visions of him moving his hand and letting her take him in driving him toward climax.

*Even this carries the chance of a child*, he reminded himself. He traced the line from her breastbone to her female feathers, imagining the line of dame’s down that would form on the spot, feathers so small they were felt more than seen.

That was where his thinking mind parted company with his hyper-stimulated body. Their mouths parted as his cock erupted. Sahtahn ground his teeth, seating his cock against his fingers, sealing it to her untried flesh.

Sharp sounds rushed from Sabine’s mouth, and she threw her head back, her

hair feathers tangling with her wings.

\* \* \* \*

The beat of Sahtahn's seed against her inner body was mind-altering...breath stealing. Sabine floated in semi-awareness, her heart racing, her muscles clenching.

At last, she collapsed against him, numbly noting that she was grasping hard at his shoulder, making deep scratches. Sabine pulled back with a cry of dismay, reaching for the sheet to dab at them.

Sahtahn gathered her to his chest, soothing her.

"But your shoulder—"

"Leave it."

"Sa-Sahtahn—"

He laid a kiss on her forehead, a low sound of satisfaction rumbling from within his chest.

"I do not understand you," she complained.

His smile was slow and comfortable, making him look a decade younger. "It is a compliment that you forget yourself in the heat of passion."

Sabine worked at that. "Will you...? Forget yourself?"

"Most likely. I nearly have."

Her stomach lurched.

His smile faded. "I would never hurt you, Sabine."

She nodded, abruptly self-conscious.

"What is it?"

Her mind locked on their discussion before she'd enticed him to climax. "Will you be claiming me now?"

He seemed to consider it carefully. "Not until your barrier has been taken."

"But you said the chance of a child..." Was he uncertain about her and lying to buy time to make a decision?

Sahtahn stroked his fingertips up and down her spine. "If something was to happen between the binding and the loss of your barrier... If they sent you to another in claim, he would believe you breached."

"I could tell—" There was something hard and unforgiving in his eyes that stunned her to silence.

"Reason it, Sabine. Use my knowledge of men to your advantage."

She nodded.

"You know the other that would claim you if I fell."

Sabine searched out a memory of the other general. The way they'd glared at each other had frightened her, even safely on the dais, as she'd been. "Yes. I saw him." But was he any worse than Sahtahn was?

"He would come to you, a man beaten to unconsciousness, a man denied—in his mind—your precious barrier by the man who'd bested him." He paused.

“A man denied, in fact, the joys of your early education in bed pleasures...of being the first to touch you, to hear your sweet cries of climax, to climax to your touch and see the wonder in your eyes.

“He would come to you angry and frustrated, without patience. Still healing from his own wounds, he would have little concern for yours, emotional or physical. Worse, he would come for you in the knowledge that you, possibly, carried for the man he hates so desperately.”

Sabine swallowed a lump of fear. “And would you have come to me like that, if the positions were reversed?”

“I would not have lost you.” It was a simple statement of fact.

Sabine smiled at that, and Sahtahn smiled with her.

\* \* \* \*

The water lapped at Sabine’s wings and she gasped, her arms trembling, even braced as they were on the edge of the bathing pool.

Sahtahn chuckled darkly, his hot breath puffing over her sensitized nub. “I have not even touched you yet.”

“You’ve touched.” She licked her lips. *And now he means to taste.*

As if he heard the thought, he lowered his head, laying a kiss at the bundle of nerves and needing flesh. She bit her lower lip, releasing it on a gasp at the long, leisurely lick of his tongue.

He licked again and again, tracing every line of the flesh between her thighs and the soft upper reaches of her inner thighs as well. At the stroke through her seam, she forgot her position and arched up, nearly slipping off the edge entirely.

Sahtahn was there, cradling Sabine to his broad chest. He lifted her from the bathing pool and stepped out. She thought he meant to take her to the bed, but he strode to the sitting area, instead, settling her on a chair.

He met her gaze and sank to the floor, spreading her knees wide. She buried her hand in his hair feathers, tugging lightly. He didn’t smile at her willingness.

Gone was the patient man. Sabine had no question that the man between her thighs was a general. Pleasure so intense it bordered on pain sliced at her, leaving a bleeding of her strength in its wake.

Climax rushed at her. It stole cohesion, past the continuing erotic assault. Sabine fisted her hand in his hair feathers, her arm tightening of its own volition to draw him closer. Sounds surrounded her, sounds she vaguely noted emanated from herself.

Then it was over. Sabine was curled to Sahtahn’s chest with no memory of leaving the chair. One of his hands was buried in her hair feathers, and Sakkan’s night song whispered against her ear. She panted, coated in sweat rather than the sweet-smelling bath water.

His cock was hard against her hip, and Sabine shifted against it.

He groaned. “You are so very ready.”

"I am," she agreed.

Sahtahn guided her mouth up to his. The knock at the door stopped him a finger's width from her lips.

"Leave us, for Sakkan's sake," he shouted toward the door.

Sabine gasped at the curse. Though he was a military man, Sahtahn seldom cursed. Or perhaps he seldom did around her.

"It is Nest Mother Cholla. I must speak with Sabine, General."

"Not now, Cholla," Sabine begged.

Sahtahn parted her lips, his kiss hard and full of promise.

"By decree of the claim-makers, I must."

He drew back slowly, his muscles tensed. "A moment," he commanded. Without a word to her, Sahtahn dressed Sabine in her cazta and donned his cuzta.

Her heart pounded in apprehension. "What does this mean, Sahtahn?"

He hesitated, his expression stricken. "It means the master claim-maker has some concern about our mating. Cholla will question you on the matter while I stand in the corridor...most probably under guard. Cholla may further request a medical examination of you. If Cholla or the healers determine the concerns are unfounded, I will be allowed to return to you."

"And if she decides they are founded in some truth?"

Sahtahn was silent so long, Sabine was afraid he wouldn't answer her. "*That* would be a decision the claim-makers would set down. It would depend entirely upon what concerns were raised."

That announcement set her teeth on edge. They could remove his right to claim then. *They could kill Sahtahn.* "What concern is there? You have done nothing that should cause concern." She would tell them that. Now...before the claim-maker did something unspeakable.

He shook his head. "It could be any number of things. I cannot say for certain."

The knock came again, a harder knock that indicated a man warning that their "moment" had come to an end. If they were not admitted, they would assume the worst and force their way inside. If that happened, there was little question that it would go badly for Sahtahn.

He pulled Sabine to him and parted her lips in a final, searing kiss. Then he took his leave with a nod and strode to the door.

Despite his anger, Sahtahn tipped his head politely to Cholla and waved her in. His jaw tightened as she passed him, and Sahtahn stepped into the corridor without a backward glance.

Cholla watched the door close then turned, her eyes assessing, as if she was looking for some sort of abuse.

*That is the concern? They believe Sahtahn has been abusing me?*

The nest mother was in motion a moment later, pulling Sabine into her arms.

Sabine clung to her, needing comfort in the face of losing Sahtahn. "What is it?" she asked bluntly. "What concern does the master claim-maker have? And

why?” What could possibly make the other males think this was necessary?

Cholla sighed. “You wish to be Sahtahn’s then?”

“Yes. More than anything. Please, Cholla. If you say the concerns are unfounded, the claim-makers will allow—”

“He told you that?” Her eyes narrowed in a look she’d often used when she believed one of the young guilty of some misdeed.

“I *asked*.”

Cholla relaxed slightly. “You would, at that. He could hardly refuse to answer such a question. Did the general put you at ease?”

“As well as he could. What assurances could Sahtahn give? Fighting will see him killed. From his description of the process, he will not even be permitted to speak in his own defense.” *And they can kill him without even hearing his side.*

Her nest mother led Sabine to the sitting area, her gaze scanning the room. When they were seated, she took Sabine’s hands in her own.

“What concern is there?” Sabine asked again.

Cholla’s gaze strayed to the bed, then returned. “The other who wishes to claim you...”

“I saw him.” Sabine controlled her fear, praying she showed no sign of it. Cholla might believe Sahtahn had said or done something that would make her fear another male.

He had, but he’d only told her what she knew to be the truth. If they gave her to the other male now, a simple medical exam would be completed first. He would know her intact, but the rest remained unchanged.

She’d been educated in many sensual delights by the man who’d bested him. If Sahtahn was to be believed—and *I do!*—the male would come to her impatient, angry...perhaps unkind, and she’d always feared that.

Cholla’s voice brought her mind back to the discussion.

“The second male vying for you, if there is one, is always permitted certain...information, until you choose to bind yourself to the first. It allows him to make decisions on whether to abandon his place as your second or not. It was that male who raised the concerns.”

“Of course. That only stands to reason. The general has hopes I will refuse Sahtahn, but I have no intentions of doing so, Cholla. Please inform the claim-makers that his concerns are unfounded.”

Her relief ended at another eye movement Cholla made toward the bed, a fleeting look at best. Sabine searched for some oddity the nest mother might be observing, but nothing stood out in her mind.

“What is it? *What* is the concern?”

“The second is concerned that there has been no request for bio-chains. Since the room provides evidence that Sahtahn has breached you, I must assume you have refused to be bound to him. Has your general—”

Her face burning in embarrassment at having such an intimate discussion—nest mother or not, Sabine shook her head. “Sahtahn has not breached me.”

Cholla paled, and Sabine's heart skittered in terror. She'd said the wrong thing. Sahtahn wouldn't be permitted to return to her. Her nest mother didn't understand.

Sabine hurried on, trying to put her at ease. "He wishes me to be ready for such a life-altering event, Cholla. Sahtahn... He is allowing me pleasures...time to touch and...and experience. Can you fault him that?"

"I cannot. It is most caring of him to do so, and I trust you are pleased with what he is teaching you."

Sabine smiled at that, a hum of awareness still singing in her belly. "Most pleased, Cholla."

"But his adversary can and will fault Sahtahn for what he is doing. The second sees this as *his* time being stolen, his moments with you."

Sahtahn had said much the same thing. Sabine nodded grimly. "Yes. I see how he could think such a thing."

Cholla squeezed her hands lightly. "I can purchase your Sahtahn another day of time at most. Are you prepared to let him bind you? Or will you chance losing him and being forced to the second?"

"I wish to be bound." She only hoped Sahtahn meant he would breach and bind her when he'd pronounced her "ready."

Cholla nodded curtly. "Then convince him."

Sabine worked to form words that wouldn't come. At last, she blurted out the question. "How does a woman do such a thing? Will you tell me?"

The nest mother's smile was wide and somewhat wicked. "Ah...my young one... I know the priests taught you all of Sakkan's songs. Surely, one answers your question."

She worked at that, considering each of the songs she knew and dismissing them, one at a time. The answer left her gasping for breath in shock. "Uumae," she whispered.

"Should I help you prepare yourself for your mate, Sabine?"

*As Uumae's servants prepared her.* A joyous sob bubbled up. "I would be most grateful if you would, Cholla."

## Chapter Four

Sahtahn paced the corridor, reminding himself that Sabine was safely inside the claim room. There was no other door for the nest mother to sneak Sabine out of...or some other male to enter through to cause her injury or distress.

He glanced to the nest father and the two warriors, tensing involuntarily. If the decision went against him, neither of the women would emerge. A fourth man would approach, and—*by Sakkan*—it would take all of them to subdue Sahtahn in his rage and loss.

*If I lose Sabine, I would rather die than live without her.*

The door opened, and his tension bled away. He met the nest mother's eyes, tipping his head in acknowledgement.

*In thanks. It is only by her generosity and understanding that I will be allowed to approach Sabine again.*

"The accusation is unfounded," she announced. Though she would not have emerged to face him under any other circumstances, it was tradition that she announce it openly.

The warriors relaxed their stance. Her mate nodded grimly and let out a relieved sigh.

Sahtahn let out a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. "My thanks, Mother."

She raised a brow. "For deciding for you?" There was a hint of censure in it, as well there should be, if she truly believed he meant that.

"No, Mother. For taking the time to investigate fully." Cholla had spent more than a full ses-time with Sabine, a ses-time during which no one would tell Sahtahn what he stood accused of. "I appreciate the care I have seen you take, for Sabine's sake."

"I could say the same of you."

He smiled sheepishly at her tactful wording. It wouldn't do for her to discuss his mating in the company of other men, even the nest father that had raised Sabine and had a mate of his own.

That settled, Sahtahn moved to round her.

"General Sahtahn?" Her voice held a caution that brought him up short.

"Yes, Mother?"

"You know who raises these concerns and why he does."

"I do." Sahtahn had never questioned that it was Aghen.

"One concern is easily dismissed. A second is not. The sooner the

competitor to your lady is dismissed formally, the better for everyone's peace and comfort, most of all...Sabine's."

Sahtahn nodded, lost in thought. "Again, I thank you." Nest parents rarely offered such pointed direction to the claiming male. She must be confident that Sabine would be best mated to Sahtahn.

"Then thank me a third."

"I do not understand."

"You have won her heart, General Sahtahn. Do not let another have her."

She stopped short of saying such a thing would crush Sabine, but even the warriors—who had been pretending not to hear the sensitive conversation—shifted uncomfortably at the implied danger posed to the young match.

*She loves me.* Sahtahn hadn't dared hope the match he found himself bound to would. "You do have my thanks, Mother Cholla." He tipped his head to the nest father. "We will speak again...when I am a bound man."

With that, he left them and closed himself into the claim room. He started to search Sabine out, his body and mind rioting at the sight that greeted him behind the closed privacy drape to the sleeping area.

Sabine stood at the foot of the bed, clothed only in a soaked sheet that clung to her body and revealed her as if she was nude. On her abdomen, her nest mother had inked the historical phrase "only yours."

Her meaning was clear. No matter what cunning trick she had to hatch, Sabine meant to be his alone. She was dismissing Aghen in the only way a woman dared.

Her voice rose in Sakkan's seduction song, and Sahtahn started removing his clothing, his cock hard and ready to grant her wish.

\* \* \* \*

It was all Sabine could do to keep singing. She let the story echo in her mind as she sang.

The god-man Sakkan loved the fair Uumae, but another—Ragen—wanted to bind her to him. Uumae's father, being a man that favored chance and wagers, demanded a game of chance and cunning to decide which man should have her.

Uumae devised the test. She would greet each man wrapped only in a bed sheet. The man that could tell her father what two words were written on her body without touching her or the sheet would have her as mate.

She called to Ragen first. Try as he might to peer through the weave, he could not make out the words. In the end, he guessed at "my choice" and was dismissed.

When it was Sakkan's turn, Uumae motioned with her eyes to bathing pool. Sakkan understood her meaning and fetched a rinse bucket of water from the pool. He poured the whole of it over her. Through the wet fabric, he could easily make out the words "only yours."

Ragen argued the trickery used in making the bed sheet opaque, but even Uumae's father had to admit that Sakkan had not broken the rules. He had touched neither Uumae nor the bed sheet and had read the words correctly.

The rest was lost and her voice faltered at Sahtahn's approach. His erect cock pressed to her through the sheet, and his arms encircled her.

"And should I claim you as Sakkan claimed his Uumae, young one?"

His cock jerked at that. It was a sign that he was excited by the prospect of it, she guessed. Bits of the song rushed through her mind, a tapestry of pleasures, some of which she didn't fully understand. "Yes." The word came out weak and pleading. "Yes, please. Like Uumae."

Sahtahn untucked the sheet and opened it, pulling Sabine to his body by the fabric circling her. "We will pause between stanzas twelve and thirteen to bind."

His cock jerked again. Sabine was starting to see the patterns in his excitement spurring his shaft to such reactions.

She nodded in response, noting that the twelfth stanza marked the end of the first claiming of Uumae.

"We will bind, if it pleases you to enter the code to retrieve the bio-chains that will make us one," he qualified.

It was always left to the woman to do so. The males did not trust other males to act honorably, if they had the ability to retrieve the chains for themselves.

"Yes. I will retrieve the bio-chains."

"We will not be leaving the claim room until we have exhausted the whole of the seduction song," he continued. "Does that please you? Or should I save such a feast for another day?" His eyes darkened. "A time when you are accustomed to such excesses?"

"That is—" Sabine called it to memory. *Two hundred stanzas. Seven sexual encounters.*

"Only the beginning of your education, as it was Uumae's. Tell me, Sabine. What is your pleasure?"

*Uumae was virginal when Sakkan came to her bed as mate and educated her.* "Make me your Uumae."

In the next heartbeat, the sheet was on the floor and Sabine was in his arms, length-to-length with him. Sahtahn carried her away from the bed and toward the bathing pool. The water started rushing at his tapping of the controls.

Sahtahn parted her lips in a deep kiss that announced she was his. His hands slid down her buttocks and thighs, then wrenched her legs apart to admit him. His wings extended, nearly touching over her head to form a break while he settled her to the wall beneath the waterfall. He eased the wings away, letting the water course over them both.

*All according to the seduction song.*

The wall was warm against her back, and the waterfall rushing over her was cool, the two sensations warring around her body. The water did for Sahtahn what his hands and mouth were too busy to accomplish; it brought her nipples to

hard points and teased them. It massaged at the base of her wings, arousing all of her at once.

*Surely poor, wingless Uumae did not feel half as good in the water with Sakkan.*

She begged forbearance for the sacrilege silently. *It is only that I am uneducated and in awe of Sahtahn's touch*, she explained herself to the gods. *Please, forgive me my impetuous thoughts.*

Sahtahn's mouth closed on hers again, and his hands positioned Sabine. She was spread wide around him, her knees over his elbows. He lowered her to the crown of his cock, playing between her slit, then thrusting up hard.

Sabine reared back, scratching at his shoulders in overwhelming and conflicting emotions. Sahtahn took up Sakkan's seduction song, brushing the tones against her lips.

The waterfall coursed between them, massaging at their joined bodies. The sensation was sublime, prompting a moan from her. Sahtahn smiled. He started moving again, gaining speed and depth as her sounds and movements became more frantic.

Explosions of fire and ice sparked all over her body. Sahtahn's eyes slid shut, and he pounded hard and fast, the song coming in fits and starts that were strangely lyrical and suited to it. The combination compounded her climax, making Sabine's head spin wildly. Her hands tightened, and she shouted out in pleasure.

Then he joined her, the pulse beat of his cum soothing one ache and fanning the flames of several others.

A prayer to Uumae left his lips, a whispered plea that Sabine would sing Uumae's joy with him many times to come.

She smiled at that. "I think I am singing it."

His eyes opened, hot in promise. "Tell me when you are certain."

"Bind me, Sahtahn. I have heard the bio-chains multiply even the strongest of joys."

"Have you?" he teased. Sahtahn lowered Sabine to her feet in the pool, bending his knees to accomplish it without leaving her body. "And how powerful is your joy, young one?"

Sabine trailed her fingers in his damp wing feathers, shifting her body over his cock, testing his feel.

Sahtahn groaned at the move. "Yes, young one. I am yours to touch. Tell me of your joy."

"If the bio-chains do amplify it much, I may faint away entirely at your touch."

His cock jerked inside her, testifying that he was pleased at her words. Perhaps hearing it aroused him.

*In the yans to come, I will learn what pleases him most.* Sabine didn't question that she would use that knowledge to both their pleasure.

“The bio-chains can wait for ten more stanzas,” he decided.

Her heart ached. Was he still unsure? Was she so displeasing. “Why?” He’d said he would bind her now.

“Because my cock will breach your mouth next, and the last thing I want is either of us fainting the first time that happens.” He fisted his hand in her hair feathers as the song said he would while she pleased him.

“And then we will bind?” she asked.

Sahtahn smiled a satisfied smile. “Oh yes, Sabine. We will. You have memories of my mouth for comparison,” he mused. “I wish memories of yours to do the same.”

Her body clenched around his length, and Sahtahn groaned again. His jaw clenched, as if he was restraining himself.

“Then you shall have the comparison.”

## *About the Author*

Brenna Lyons wears many hats, sometimes all on the same day: former president of EPIC, author of more than 80 published works, columnist, special needs teacher, wife, mother... In addition, she's a member in good standing of ERWA, MWW, RWU, WPM, IWOFA, and Broad Universe.

In her first seven years published in novel-length, Brenna has finaled for eleven EPIES and won two of the coveted awards. She has also finaled for three PEARLS (taking Honorable Mention second to NY Times Bestseller Angela Knight), two CAPAS, a Dream Realm Award, and has taken Spintetinger's Book of the Year for 2007.

Brenna has been termed "one of the most deviant erotic minds in the publishing world...not for the weak." (Rachelle for Fallen Angels Reviews) She writes milieu-heavy dark fiction, mainly science fiction, fantasy and horror (in 21 established worlds plus standalones), poetry, articles, and essays. She teaches classes in everything from POV studies to advanced editing, networking to marketing. Brenna loves talking to readers and can be reached via her site at <http://www.brennalyons.com>.