

A woman in a red bra is the central focus, being touched on the waist by two men in a restaurant setting. The foreground shows a glass of dark liquid and plates of food, including a raspberry-topped dessert and a yellow jelly. The text is overlaid on the image.

THEIR CONSUMMATE
COURTESAN
Sensuous Seasonings

Dee Brice

How do you prefer your courtesan? Covered in custard? Festooned with fruit? Slathered in savory sauces?

A tasty dilemma for Andromedan brothers Kamal and Kaliq. Arriving on Venus in time for the auction of courtesan Eden Solange, the men realize they must pool their resources if they expect to win her.

At a very young age, Eden Solange decided to become the consummate courtesan. Not only will her skills exceed any other courtesan's, but her *prix de virginite* will be the highest in all of Venusian history. No one—especially not her rival Azura Devine—will best her.

When Eden meets Kaliq and Kamal her plans go awry. Their slightest touch short-circuits her common sense and ignites instant lust in them all. The auction ends with Kaliq and Kamal successful. They all retire to her rooms where they indulge in an orgy of the senses—all involving food and the wildest sex any of them has ever imagined.

Will Eden give up her dreams and find happiness with these magnificent lovers? Can Kamal and Kaliq convince her they are her soul mates?

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By

Dee Brice

Prologue

Venus, 2505

Tante, owner and headmistress of Rising Moons Academy for Sensual Pleasures, looked around her elegant dining room and sighed her pleasure. Her students were not only the loveliest and handsomest, they were—or soon would be—the most skillful courtesans and gigolos Venus had ever known. She had highest hopes for Azura Devine, a dainty, bosomy Sednan whose pale blue hair, eyes and skin always drew attention when Tante took her about. Not that she *displayed* the eighteen-year-old courtesan-in-training. While other schools marketed their students at eighteen or even younger, Tante held firm that her students reach twenty or twenty-one before they took their first lover. Her academy had a reputation to maintain and she took pride in her students' skills that went far beyond sensual pleasure.

If only other female students showed Azura's promise. Tante would gladly put them in

competition with each other and reap the profits. Sighing, Tante turned her attention to Eden Solange as her cousins-in-training urged the sixteen-year-old to blow out the candles on her birthday cake.

"Tell us what you wished for," Azura called out, drawing every eye to her—a deliberate maneuver to take attention from Eden.

Tante often wished she could wean Azura from that habit. It lessened the girl's value.

Colette, Eden's best friend, scolded, "You know telling means the wish won't come true."

Which, Tante thought, is why Azura demanded to know. For some reason Azura despised Eden and often made her the brunt of cruel words or pranks.

"I'm not superstitious," Eden announced in her melodious contralto.

Tante often thought men would pay a small fortune just to listen to Eden. If only...

Eden went on. "I intend to become the most legendary courtesan Venus has ever known."

"More legendary than the Goddess?" Azura asked, her sweet tone belying the venom in her pale blue eyes.

"Not so fabulous as the Goddess," Eden avowed, "but second only to her."

"Just how will you attain that goal, child?" Tante said. As head of Rising Moons, she and she alone would determine the *prix de virginité* for her

students.

Eden bowed her head as if acknowledging Tante's sovereignty. Then, raising her almond-shaped, gold-brown eyes, she said, "With your support, Tante, I shall design the most beautiful clothes, play the most soothing music... And I shall study very hard."

Since every student must agree to hard study, Tante suspected Eden had something more in mind. She also sensed the girl's reluctance to detail her plans to her potential competition. Wise and clever—surprising in one so young. Especially someone so lacking in physical graces. Most girls Eden's age had begun to show their feminine features. But Eden's menses were still irregular and her figure remained straight as a stick.

"Who wants cake?" Tante said, her voice encouraging all her students—even those like Azura who constantly worried about their figures—to eat. Today was a special day after all and the cake—prepared by Eden herself—was a confection of Jovian chocolate and custard Tante's cook had proclaimed orgasmic. Diets were meant to crumble to this temptation.

"You must at least taste the cake," she said to Azura who was sidling to the end of the line. An attempt to escape the festivities or a prayer the cake would be gone before she reached it? Tante neither knew nor cared. Well...she did care. No

one in her academy would suffer eating disorders like so many of those silly Earthlings suffered. None of her pupils ever lacked for lovers—even those considered too...Rubenesque by Azura and her ilk.

Eden strode to Tante's side and offered her a perfectly sized slice of cake. Tante noticed the graceful shape of the girl's hands, the slender fingers and the form of her nails. A man might not immediately notice those hands, Tante admitted, but once they touched him, he would remember them. Always.

Meeting Eden's calm gaze, Tante smiled. The girl was a child, true. But she would soon become a woman. With Tante's help, she could become her name...for *Eden* meant *perfect*.

And, Tante admitted, a competition no longer seems impossible.

Chapter One

Venus, 2512

“Where is she? Where is my Azura Devine?”

Eden Solange glanced up at two very tall, nicely built men. The one now leaning over her bar as if he might find Azura hiding beneath it, she wanted to clobber. The other one had hold of the first man’s belt, an apologetic smile on his handsome face.

“I’m sorry, *messieurs*, the lounge is closed until seven this evening.” She continued polishing glasses, hoping the two would take the hint and leave. “For a private party,” she added when both men propped their elbows on the bar and grinned at her. Avoiding their eyes, she took in wide shoulders and chests covered by some barely-there vests and well-muscled biceps and forearms. She could imagine snuggling against those chests, being held by those muscular arms.

The second man spoke for the first time, his

voice a seductive baritone she could listen to for the rest of her life. “We’re here, Miss Solange, for the auction. Came all the way from Sedna.”

They didn’t look like native Sednans. But the fact they knew her name validated them as Tante’s guests.

“Which, Miss Solange, is a roundabout way of begging for something to drink. Maybe some Martian ale?”

Eden sighed. Some days she wished she could forget her training and throw courtesy in the garbage scow. Today, unfortunately, was a day she couldn’t be rude. In fact, today was the first of seven days she’d have to exhibit only her best manners.

“I’ll have to charge you,” she said with an apologetic shrug.

“Hell, honey, we don’t expect anything else,” the first man drawled. “Exorbitant docking fees for our spaceship. Fees—and a hefty tip—for a ride here in one of those flying rickshaws.”

Eden couldn’t help smiling. “Most visitors consider our *rickshaws* major entertainment.” She set two mugs of ale on the bar, expecting the men would demand she flash-chill them. Surprising her, each took a healthy swig and then sighed appreciatively. Fascinated by their powerful necks, she watched their Adam’s apples bob as they took another healthy swallow.

Recovering her senses, she asked, "Have you checked in yet? I need your suite numbers...to charge you for the ale," she hastily added when they shot her speculative, hopeful glances. "If you don't have a suite number, I'll need your names."

"Kaliqkamal," they said together.

Laughing, Eden said, "You'll have to spell that for me."

The first man pointed a thumb at his chest. "I'm Kaliq."

"And I'm Kamal."

They held out their hands. Courtesy demanded she shake those bronzed, long fingered appendages. Extending her hands, she took theirs, startled when sensual awareness shot up her arms, through her breasts and settled in her pussy. Every nerve end tingled.

Kaliq looked as surprised as she felt. Kamal smiled as if he'd known it would be like this among them. They stroked her palms, sending waves of longing through her veins. Then each examined her fingers and nail beds.

"I wager you give excellent massages, Miss Eden," Kamal said, his gaze on her face.

Kaliq stroked her fingers, then curled them inward. Imagining his cock in her hand, she gasped. The sensation of actually holding him felt so real she jerked away.

"N-no surnames?"

“No surnames,” Kamal said.

Two twenty-credit chips appeared on the bar. Eden sighed, relieved to have an excuse to move away. “I’ll get your change. Not even Rising Moons charges twenty credits for ale.”

She turned quickly, avoiding their offers to keep the balance for herself. Her virginity would go on the auction block within a week. Until then, she wasn’t for sale.

When she turned back, she saw them strolling toward the exit. Chewing her lower lip, Eden admired the view. Those wide shoulders she’d noticed earlier tapered to narrow waists, slender hips and flexing buttocks. *Sweet Goddess, are they wearing anything beneath those chaps?* She clenched her fists and fought the too real sensation of digging her fingers into those tantalizing butt muscles. Distracting herself, she forced her gaze lower, taking in powerful thighs and calves. Their being tall made her sigh gratefully. When they mated, she wouldn’t feel so terribly outsized.

Then she remembered that Kaliq wanted Azura. Dainty, delicate, blue-haired, blue-eyed and blue-skinned Azura. Would he pursue Eden’s rival? Or would that powerful connection she’d felt—they all had felt—bring both men to her?

She viciously smothered conjecture. The men would do as they pleased. And yet Eden sent a silent prayer to the Goddess. *Please, Venus, sweet*

Goddess. If they do not choose me, don't let them choose Azura.

Several Hours Later

Spying Tante in the rehearsal room mirror, Eden abandoned her position and stood. In truth, she was grateful for the interruption and an excuse to escape the pose. She'd intended it to present her breasts and labia to her potential lovers, but hadn't yet achieved the perfection she demanded of herself. Moreover, the blasted pose still hurt, which meant she needed hours more to improve her flexibility. Judging Tante's smile, Eden doubted she would have the time.

"They have come," Tante announced. Her fingers rubbed together like a banker caressing gold credits. Her gray eyes darkened with greed.

"Not yet, I hope," Eden countered with a sly grin, knowing Tante would appreciate the ribald remark.

Tante laughed. "Minx! You know I meant they have arrived. Forty men. *Forty!*" She waved both her hands, cooling her heated face, then tucked a strand of artfully streaked dark hair behind her ear.

"By the Goddess! I pray they all do not expect a sample of my skills before they bid." Forty men would compete harder to outbid their rivals,

which would make Tante very happy. But Eden wondered if Kaliq or Kamal could bid high enough to win *her*.

“Samples are not part of the contract, Eden. But you know that.”

Towelng her damp face, Eden nodded. “How then will they decide who wants me?”

“They all want you, Eden, otherwise they would not be here at all. However, although they are all wealthy men—wealthy beyond even my imagination—some will not bid above a certain price. They will settle, er, select other young women whose skills are somewhat less than yours and Azura’s.”

Eden suppressed a sigh. Azura’s virginity should have gone to auction two years ago, but Tante—shrewd and avaricious—had delayed. Competition between her two star pupils would gain Tante even greater wealth and add to her formidable reputation. Rising Moons was known throughout the galaxy for having the most accomplished courtesans and gigolos. To ensure a good turnout for the auction, Tante had sent invitations galaxy-wide along with vids of each of her courtesans.

Eden had hoped Azura would be gone by now, leaving only Colette and Eden as the *crème de la crème*. Colette, Eden’s dearest friend, was more insouciant about the situation—willing to go to

someone who would treat her with kindness, uncaring what her *prix de virginité* might be. Eden cared about her own price. Very much.

"I expect," Tante went on, "the competition for you and Azura will reduce to ten or so men after the first round of bidding."

"Then what?" Eden knew, but needed Tante's reassurance, which Eden found odd about herself. She had devised the competitions herself. With Tante's support, she had trained long and hard for this weeklong event. Now that it—and forty men!—had arrived, she found herself as nervous as a virgin bride on her wedding night.

Would her lover be virile and handsome? Tante had assured her no man above forty could bid for her. But what if he was bidding on some ancient's behalf? What then? And what if he sought only his own pleasure, caring nothing for hers? What if—despite all the other skills she'd honed over the last five years—all he wanted of her was a good fuck?

"Where has The Consummate Courtesan gone?" Tante scolded, somehow reading Eden's fears. "You have outdistanced Azura in every course I offer. You have set standards far above what I expect and have exceeded those set by masters in every category. What troubles you, Eden?"

"I...lack Azura's fairy-like appearance," Eden

confessed. "She is petite and seems in need of a protector. She can expect a certain tenderness from her lover. At least the first time."

"I doubt she will faint at the sight of a man's penis," Tante said with some asperity. She shook her gray silk skirts, settling the fabric over her generous hips and buttocks.

Eden knew Tante knew all about Azura's penchant for teasing male students to early ejaculation. "Nor will I," Eden muttered, then added full-voice, "I hope whoever wins me is at least as tall as I am."

"When you are lying down, who will notice?"

Tante's smile—secretive and sly—failed to reassure Eden. Clucking like a mother hen, Tante shooed her away. "Besides you might be pleasantly surprised. Now go to your room, child. Try to get some rest. You'll need your strength for this evening's event."

Which, Eden silently added, I created myself. *If only I had thought about it longer!*

Chapter Two

K*aliq and Kamal's Suite*

"Then we are agreed?" Kaliq said, nodding at the vidscreen pictures of the auction's top two attractions – Azura and Eden.

"Aye." Kamal pointed an index finger and the screen went dark. "We will pool our funds and pick the one woman who will please us both."

"The Sednan appeals. I like dainty women."

"Because they remind you of your mother," Kamal joked, slapping his brother's shoulder.

"While the brunette is tall, reminding you of your matriarch." Kaliq jabbed Kamal's belly.

Pointing his own index finger, Kaliq restored the vidscreen. The evening's program scrolled slowly, affording them time to read. "It seems we have more than two women from which to choose."

Kamal quirked a brow. "I did not travel all the way from Sedna to bed a lesser woman."

“Nor did I. Still—if either’s price exceeds our funds—I refuse to return to Andromeda without a woman. I’m suggesting we make alternative plans.”

“Give worrying a rest, Kaliq. We can reassess later.” Kamal held up a hand, silencing his brother’s protest. “If necessary.” He refused to mention the connection they’d shared with Eden. He knew Kaliq had felt it, too, but his brother probably considered it a fluke or something in the atmosphere on Venus.

As usual, unwilling to let Kamal have the last word, Kaliq said, “I believe we should begin to decide which of the two we prefer.”

“Based only on physical attributes?”

“Since that is all we know about them, yes. It’s as good a starting point as any other.”

Not yet willing to challenge Kaliq’s obsession with Azura, Kamal said to the vidscreen, “Project full-size holograms of Eden and Azura.” Like Kaliq, he could pretend they had yet to meet Eden. Had yet to feel that instantaneous lust that signified so much more—at least for them.

As if awakened from their dreams, both naked holographic images blinked. Looking as if she could really see them, Azura stretched and shook her curly blue locks, arching her back to show off her breasts. Eden covered hers, half-turning to show one long leg and a rounded buttock. Her

black, waist-length hair fluttered as if a gentle breeze had ruffled the thick strands.

Stripping off towels, the men looked down at their shafts, then at each other. Their enlarging spears showed that each or both women could arouse them.

“Blatant or demure?” Kaliq asked.

“Either, although... Either.”

“Ever the diplomat.”

Kamal shrugged. “Our father liked both kinds of women.”

“Our father loved *all* kinds of women.”

When their shared laughter faded, Kamal drew a circle in the air. The holograms slowly turned, their feminine attributes displayed to perfection.

Azura’s breasts were the size of half-round grapefruits, their areoles and nipples like dark blue raisins against her pale blue skin. *Will they taste like raisins, as well?* Kaliq’s thought flashed into Kamal’s mind. He ignored it and continued his perusal. Pale blue curls covered her mons. For a short woman, her legs seemed long – the kind of legs a man could imagine wrapped around his ass.

Eden’s legs were spectacular enough to give any man wet dreams. Her buttocks were perfect handfuls as were her dusky-tipped breasts. Her nipples played hide-and-seek within her dark hair as she moved her head as if to keep both men in sight. Her slanted golden-brown eyes suggested

she found them both attractive, but was too shy to admit it.

Or maybe that was wishful thinking, each man thought-linked to the other.

"It seems we must await the outcome of tonight's activities," Kaliq muttered, willing his shaft to shrink.

"It may take the entire week before our spears decide." Kamal's remained at the ready—as, he noted, did his brother's.

"Aye. Put the virgins to bed," Kaliq commanded and the holograms vanished.

At last their shafts subsided to their flaccid lengths, still longer and wider than most other men's.

"How many dancers will precede the favorites?" Kaliq asked, ennui lacing his voice.

Kamal recognized his brother's pretense at boredom, but let it pass. "Acrobats. Tonight's activity is to display the women's flexibility. Their muscle-tone as well."

"Ah. Then I suspect Azura will prove herself the better. Petite women excel at gymnastics."

"Don't take Eden too lightly," Kamal advised.

Kaliq chuckled. "It seems each of us has already decided who he wants. Maybe we'll get lucky and not have to pool our funds."

Kamal smiled at his brother, but thought to himself, Don't count on it. That powerful sensual

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connection to Eden made any other choice unthinkable. Kaliq simply refused to admit it.

Chapter Three

T*he First Competition*

The lounge, normally filled with soft lighting and noisy patrons, felt different to Eden. Perhaps it was due to the quietness of tonight's audience, each man ensconced on a chaise capable of conforming to his body size and shape and desired comfort. Perhaps the stage around which they sat seemed foreign because it stood empty. On other nights, singers and dancers and bright lights occupied the large platform. Those lights always made Eden shield her eyes against the nearly blinding kaleidoscope of color and movement. Tonight only soft pinkish-blue light cast an intimate glow from above. Or perhaps her unease was caused by the subtle scent of musk—forty men anticipating titillation. She could almost taste their pending arousal on her tongue. Or, more likely, it was the thought of her future lover seeing her for the first time that caused her

stomach to clench and whirl so frantically. She refused to allow thoughts of Kaliq and Kamal to sway her. She must go to the highest bidder, no matter how much her body lusted for another. She had worked long and hard to achieve her dreams. She would not let a handsome face and sculpted body detract her.

A small, icy hand on hers startled Eden from her morose reverie. Turning, she smiled down at Colette—a vision of loveliness in purple and silver.

Her violet eyes wide, the young woman murmured, “I’m so frightened I may faint. And this ridiculously tight leotard makes me feel—and look, I’m sure—fat!”

“You look beautiful. You *are* beautiful. Moreover, not even Azura can perform so perfectly as you. The ribbon wands are dancing fairies in your hands.”

Tugging the leotard over her generous breasts and down to cover her equally generous buttocks, Colette flashed her gamin smile. “I am rather good with the wands. But I wish I weren’t on first. By the time you perform, Eden, those men will have forgotten all about me.”

Before Eden could rebut her nervous friend, Tante’s magnified voice boomed through the lounge.

“Attention, *messieurs, nous commencerons.*”

* * * *

As Azura finished her performance with the ribbon wands, Kaliq sighed, then muttered, "An indifferent rendition. Lazy and imprecise, lacking enthusiasm. It makes me wonder how she'd be in bed."

"I'm sure she'll do better at other things," Kamal soothed, his attention riveted on the empty stage. His mouth felt dry and his skin itched like a thousand Martian fire ants crawled over his entire body.

You have to endure two more performances, Kaliq mind linked, before Eden appears.

Two? So few as that?

In Kamal's mind, Kaliq laughed.

A girl knelt at their feet. She jutted her small bosoms up along with her tray containing two snifters of Saturnian brandy. "Miss Eden prepared the sweetmeats herself. I wouldn't take anything else if I were you. The other ladies are... They can't cook as good."

The next Azura or Eden? Kaliq thought, taking the entire plate of Eden's sweets.

A courtesan in the making most assuredly, Kamal linked back, placing a five-credit tip on her tray.

"*Merci,*" the girl breathed, her silver skin heating with hues of golden pleasure. The color

lent her rather plain features a shy beauty.

"They start them very young here," Kamal said, surprised by the sadness in his voice.

"Aye." Kaliq sounded equally sad. "But I've heard they learn skills that will earn them more than minimum credits should they elect not to continue their training in...sexual matters." He took a sweet from the plate and bit into it. Myriad flavors exploded on his tongue and inexplicably made his shaft swell.

Kamal could taste the sweet melting in Kaliq's mouth. He snorted at his brother's uncharacteristic euphemism, then almost swallowed his own tongue. Eden stood the center of the stage, her body encased in skin-tight black. Unlike the previous performers with their pastel ribbons, in her hands Eden held two viciously barbed whips.

"A change in the order," Kamal choked out, his spear swelling painfully. He bit into a sweet and felt his spear grow even larger.

Kaliq shifted as if his loose-fitting pants had shrunk. "Nothing like a little dominatrix to liven things up."

Through their chaises, they felt a drum roll flow into their legs, arms, asses and shafts. It sounded like distant thunder rumbling over the nearby Venusian mountains. A panpipe murmured as Eden flicked both whips. Two men on opposite sides of the stage yelped as her whips snatched

one sleeve from each of their shirts.

“She wasn’t even looking at them,” Kamal muttered as Eden leaped into the air, her whips making cracking sounds in time to the music. “And her hair covered her eyes.”

“And she left no wounds,” Kaliq added. “Not even a scratch.”

They watched, gape-mouthed, as Eden ended her performance. With a flick of both whips that trimmed locks of hair from two cringing men, she executed a back flip, then landed soundlessly, the drum and flute silenced as well.

Still as a statue of Venus, she stood in the center of the stage. Then she strolled off, a panther so secure in her realm she needn’t look where she went.

“Paint! By the Goddess, she wears nothing but paint,” a man shouted.

“One hundred-thousand credits,” another called out. Others outbid each other by increasingly large increments.

* * * *

Smiling, her mind whirling and dizzied by the vast sums, Tante stepped to the stage. “Gentlemen...gentlemen, please. The bidding will begin next Torday. Until then, mingle with my ladies. I’m certain you’ll find their conversation as

delightful as their performances tonight.”

* * * *

The first person Eden encountered when she came off stage was Azura.

“I’ll give you points for the whips,” Azura said. “I understand animal trainers are in great demand in the Leonine System.” Swiveling her hips, the Sednan paced away, but turned back for a parting salvo. “But I know for a fact that Kaliq and Kamal aren’t into sadomasochism.”

Colette patted Eden’s back. “Don’t let her get under your skin. She’s just jealous she didn’t think of using whips herself. Which... Why did you?”

“Focus. I needed something to keep me focused on the routine. With every snap of the whips, I imagined Azura howling with pain.”

“That’s not like you, Eden.”

“Azura brings out the worst in me.”

“Not that I blame you. Remember when she cut off your braids while you slept?”

Eden grimaced. “The night I turned sixteen. How could I forget? But it was my own fault. Saying I wanted to be the most famous courtesan...” She shrugged.

“I bet that’s why she insisted Tante delay her debut. What fun was there in winning the highest *prix* of her class with you a year or two behind

her?"

"I never thought of that, but you're probably right. If her *prix* is higher than mine, she can gloat in my face."

"If you win..."

"I doubt we'll see or hear from Azura again."

"Watch your back," Colette warned.

Nodding, Eden thought, And my front as well.

Every muscle quivering, Eden stood in her shower. Grateful for the pounding water that washed away her body makeup, she longed for bed and sleep. But she knew she wouldn't—could not—sleep until her body relaxed and her exhilaration subsided. Emptiness assaulted her pussy and made her knees go weak. She wanted sex. Craved it as she lusted for Jovian chocolate. Her body was at its zenith, needing only a cock or spear or shaft...a man.

Perhaps two men?

Even though she'd focused on her routine, she'd been aware of two men whose eyes never left her the entire performance. Her subconscious remembered the similarities in their muscular bodies and their chiseled faces. Dark hair curled over their high foreheads. She could not see the color of their eyes, but their noses seemed like blades, their clean-shaven jaws, hard and square.

Now, recalling their height, she wondered how

their bodies would fit with hers. If they both won her, which would claim her maidenhead and would the other resent he hadn't been her first? And later would they, the three of them, have sex together or would the men take her one at a time? And was she counting hen's teeth before they'd sprouted?

Her mind filled with erotic images, her breasts swelled and her nipples ached. Her pussy seeped as if preparing for their penetration. She could ease the lust coursing through her, the relentless pounding of blood that raged through her veins. Instead, she schooled herself to patience and savored the myriad sensations—need and longing holding sway above all others—flowing over and through her.

Sweet Goddess, please do not let them choose another. Her lips quirking a wry smile, she added to her previous prayer. *Above all, please, please, please don't let them choose Azura!*

When Eden returned to the lounge, she spotted Azura clinging to the two men Eden wanted for herself. Kamal, much taller than the Sednan courtesan and slightly taller than Kaliq, tried to slide Azura's arm from his. A useless effort, since Azura's forearm and hand slithered right back.

Octopus! Eden focused on Kaliq. He made no attempt to disengage the creature snuggling her

breast into the muscular arm she clenched so tightly.

Men! They always fall victim to the obvious flirt while more subtle women go wanting!

As if her scathing thoughts had broadcast the width of the room, the men's gazes focused sharply on Eden. In unison, they bowed to Azura, then stripped her hands from their arms. They strode to Eden like a matched pair of stallions.

Resisting the urge to fan her heating face, she watched them. They wore the traditional tribal garb of Sedna—cropped, sleeveless vests barely covered their warrior-firm chests and left their arms—muscled biceps she couldn't envelope with both her hands—exposed to the admiration of dozens of courtesans, students and competitors alike. Rippled abs lured Eden's gaze lower. Narrow hips held up billowing, gauzy pantaloons, their bulging cocks and sacs concealed by opaque red fabric.

Eden's fingers curled as if they surrounded those male appendages. Her throat closed, making it impossible to swallow, but her pussy wept...longing to take their tumescence within.

Drawing a careful breath, she forced her gaze lower still, taking in lightly haired, powerful thighs and calves and large, endearingly elegant sandaled feet.

Magnificent, she thought, her held breath

easing out on a sigh.

Their nostrils flared and lust fired in their eyes. Green. *Their eyes are the color of Jovian emeralds with streaks of Plutonian silver.* Ensorcelled, Eden could only stare at them and pray her legs would hold her upright. Had she noticed the color of their eyes sooner, she might have stripped them naked earlier. Let them take her on the bar and her *prix* be damned.

Just when each man took one of her hands in his, again sending sensuous tingles up her arms and down her spine, Tante's voice boomed out again.

"*Messieurs*, I bow to your common demands. The bidding begins tonight." Forty male voices shouted approval, only to fall silent when Tante added, "However..."

* * * *

Enjoying the power she held, Tante continued to let them wait. Sensing the moment they would begin to shout again, she raised her hand. "However, since I know you are all gentlemen and have no desire to slight any of my ladies, you must submit your written bids to me by midnight. I shall inform you privately of the results after tomorrow night's entertainment." She winked. "Which I assure you, you'll find delicious." Her

fingers twitched, already feeling credits sifting through them.

* * * *

“Leave it to Tante to use old-Earth dating customs to build the suspense,” Colette complained good-naturedly.

“Not to mention sweeten her pot-of-gold,” Eden countered, looking at ten tables with two chairs at each.

“Why did our ancestors call it *speed dating*?”

Eden shrugged. “Probably because of the short time each couple spends together. Please, Goddess, don’t put me next to Azura.”

“Might be fun to eavesdrop,” Colette suggested, giggling as she went to find her table.

“As if.” For one thing, the tables were too far away from each other to eavesdrop. For another, Eden told herself she was above that sort of sneaky behavior. *But – oh! – how I wish I weren’t.*

One aspect of her training Eden had truly enjoyed was meeting new people. So she had no problem showing real interest in what each man liked to do—be it his work or hobbies or whatever. But as the evening went by, she found some men kept looking at their timepieces or gazing at a point over her shoulder. One man bypassed her completely. Kamal saved her pride

and came to her table as if that had been his intention all along.

Of all the emotions he and his brother evoked in her, her gratitude caught her completely off-guard. Nor had she expected his kindness. When he took her hand, she felt a jolt of lust, but realized he'd somehow subdued it. It now felt like a minor tingling over her skin—like a fading power shock.

“Good evening,” he said as if they'd never met. “My name is Kamal.” That deep voice washed over her. It held more than a hint of seduction, yet had a solidity. Like a blanket on a cold winter night, she wanted to wrap it around her body and absorb its warmth.

“Eden. Since I believe I know why you are here, Kamal, please tell me something about yourself.”

“You first. Where are you from, Eden?”

The question surprised her. None of the other men had asked her anything about herself. “Earth. You?”

His emerald gaze focused on her face, he waved one hand. She found it impossible to think. The color of his eyes reminded her of tropical plants she'd seen in the arboretum. She remembered the humidity in the glass enclosure and how damp it made her skin feel. Half-expecting to smell peat and decaying mulch, she drew a shallow breath, delighted Kamal's scent was nothing like the arboretum's soil. The aroma of sandalwood

drifted across the small table. Although striking a woody base note, he smelled fresh and clean. Hints of musk underscored it, subtly arousing her. She wanted to taste him.

“Out there, somewhere among the stars,” he said. “What’s your favorite color?”

“Green,” she replied so quickly she felt a blush heat her face, neck and chest. *The exact color of your eyes.* “Yours?” she managed to ask.

“Golden, black and brown. Your skin, hair and eyes in case you’re wondering.”

“I wasn’t. My skin isn’t golden and my eyes... What do you do for entertainment, Kamal?”

His pupils dilated and his nostrils flared. She felt an answering response in her own body. Her nipples hardened and her pussy heated. And he had only touched her hand.

“One day soon I hope to show you my favorite entertainment.”

“Time,” Tante called, saving Eden from making a response. Only the Goddess knew what she might have said.

* * * *

The next morning Tante summoned Eden to her private quarters. Her personal physician—a wizened crone Eden adored—sat at Tante’s side. Both looked so grave, Eden’s happiness at seeing

Arabella evaporated like water on a sizzling griddle.

"I have heard some disturbing rumors about you, Eden," Tante said, looking so disappointed in her Eden's heart ached.

"May I know what these rumors are, Tante?" She knew better than to ask for their source. Tante considered tattle telling the ultimate sin.

"First, that you have had your entire body sculpted."

Eden fought the urge to laugh. Tante would have had to pay for any procedure like sculpting. Tante's frugality wore credits to such thinness they almost disappeared. Not only was sculpting costly, but it took weeks to recover. Tante would never excuse Eden for two days, never mind longer. Moreover, Tante prided herself on her pupils' natural physical beauty and would not allow anyone to alter one of hers.

"I know that rumor is an outright lie," Tante continued when Eden said nothing. "The second rumor is more serious. Only Arabella can attest to its validity." Tante steepled her fingers and stared at Eden so intently she wanted to squirm. "Unfortunately, Arabella is partial to you and every student knows it. Therefore Dr. Dean will examine you."

Eden shivered with distaste. She couldn't mistake the kind of examination Tante intended to

inflict. Over her years at Rising Moons, Dr. Dean had examined her a few times and seemed overly interested in her breasts. The thought of his hands on her body—in her most private places—made her skin crawl.

“Will Dr. Arabella also be present?” Eden asked, her voice betraying nothing of her anxiety.

“As will I.” Holding up one finger, Tante silenced Eden’s objection. “The second rumor concerns your virginity. If you are no longer a virgin, Eden, you must withdraw from the competition. And I shall have to refund all fees to our guests. At least to those who are interested only in you.”

And only the Goddess knew how Tante’s reputation would suffer. She could lose the academy completely.

“I understand, Tante. Where...where will this examination take place?”

Tante patted the bench where she and Arabella sat. “Right here. I’ll not add to the rumors by parading you to Arabella’s clinic.”

“I might prefer it,” Eden said softly. “My vindication would spread as quickly as these lies.”

“Don’t worry, child. I shall take care of any necessary vindication.”

* * * *

"You know Azura's behind this," Colette murmured as she and Eden made their way to the kitchens.

"I suspect she is, but I have no proof. What puzzles me even more is who told Tante about the lies? You know how she despises gossip."

"True. But Azura has a way of making enemies."

"Which means anyone could have started the rumors, knowing Azura would be blamed. Our disliking each other isn't a secret."

"Well...whoever started the rumors, I hope the Goddess curses her forever."

So do I, Eden thought. *So do I*. She wanted to subject the miscreant to Dr. Dean's not-so-tender examination of the liar's most tender parts.

Chapter Four

T*he Second Competition*

The aroma of roasting meat quickened their pace. Thirty-eight men rushed into Rising Moons' elegant dining room. Kaliq and Kamal strolled in, each seeking the woman of his choice.

Kamal spotted Eden at the far end of several long tables, each table containing different kinds of food and hosted by a Rising Moons courtesan. Heading for Eden, he said to his brother, "Life being short, I'll start with dessert."

Grinning, Kaliq countered, "I'm in the mood for succulent chicken." He headed for Azura, his grin fading when he saw twenty or more men lined up at her station. Hearing her sweet voice offering a selection of meats, he decided he didn't mind waiting. "Chicken or turkey?" "Steak or roast?" "Lobster or crab?" The words had never before summoned the need to taste each morsel from a woman's lips. But he wanted to taste them from

Azura's. At last he reached her. What remained on her trays looked over-cooked and dry. He attributed the lack of edible remains to the greedy horde that had filled their plates to heaping.

"Oh dear," she sighed, dark blue lashes fluttering, kissable pink lips pouting. "It will take hours to prepare more. Well, the steak could be ready in a few minutes. But the crab and lobster are the very devil to shell." She held out one dainty hand. "I've dozens of tiny cuts, I labored so long over them."

Taking her hand—any excuse to touch her—Kaliq raised it to his lips. He could feel no cuts, tiny or otherwise. Nor did he feel the instant lust he'd experienced when he touched Eden. Disappointed, but willing to try anything to spend time with Azura, he took a plate.

"I'll take a taste of everything that's left." Her smile felt like a benediction. "Can you sit with me while I eat?"

She stiffened. Had he affronted her? Or was she simply showing off her cleavage? Her full breasts lifted, then fell with her deep sigh. Her lashes drooped, modestly hiding her eyes.

"Alas, I cannot. Tante won't allow us to show favoritism. You must wait until the very last evening to be alone with me." Looking up, she smiled. "If, that is, you are the highest bidder."

Sketching a half-bow, Kaliq smiled back before

he eased away. When Azura turned, he put his plate on a bus-tray and headed for the salads and vegetables. Although he had eaten nothing, a disagreeable taste lingered on his tongue.

* * * *

"Aren't you going to eat?" Eden asked when Kamal remained at her station.

By way of answering, Kamal took a bite of Venusian cracker bread, then chewed. His face wore an expression of serious evaluation. "Interesting flavor."

Eden laughed. "It has very little flavor. Here, try it like this." Breaking off a generous piece from the bread round, she layered it with a string of pale cheese, then a slice of juicy red fruit. "The cheese prevents the melon from dissolving the bread. Together they make a delicious trio of texture and taste. Try it." She held it to his lips, cupping a napkin beneath his chin.

Maneuvering carefully, he managed to take a bite and suck the juice off her fingers. Once again he felt lust jolt through him, saw her gold-brown eyes widen and then glaze. His pantaloons suddenly seemed far too tight for his spear's comfort. Licking juices from his own lips, he saw Eden's gaze shift to his mouth.

"You want to taste me, don't you, Eden?"

“Yes,” she whispered, then looked over his shoulder.

Seeing men lined up behind him, he filled his plate with cracker bread, cheese and fruit. “I’ll come back for your sweets,” he muttered, winking at her before he strode to a nearby table. He was especially interested in the creamy custard dessert and how it would taste when he licked it from Eden’s creamy flesh.

When Kaliq joined him, both men watched Eden.

*It seems, brother, you are coming to appreciate Eden.
Unfortunately, brother, I am not coming at all.*

* * * *

For Eden the evening went by too quickly. She’d wanted time to study the men and how they interacted with the other courtesans. Maybe she could figure out who had spread those vicious rumors about her. But in a short half-hour, all her desserts were gone. Even the man who’d snubbed her last night had smiled at her as he took two sweetmeats.

Kaliq appeared at her station, disappointment clear in his expressive eyes. “I should have followed Kamal’s lead and gotten dessert first.”

“There’s another food competition on the last night,” Eden told him.

"If my brother and I are fortunate enough to be seated at your table."

"A polite way of saying *if you buy me*," she said before she thought. She truly did not want to alienate either one of them.

He took her elbow and, as she had with his brother, she felt a subdued jolt of lust. "Sit with me. And don't tell me you can't. Your sisters are sitting with other men."

"We call each other cousin." She allowed him to lead her to his empty table.

"My brother had time alone with you last night."

"You could have had the same time, Kaliq." She wanted to ask him where he'd gone, but didn't. Perhaps he'd heard the rumors regarding her virginity and had decided he wanted someone else. She didn't know how she felt about that.

Pulling out a chair, he seated her before he sat. The old-fashioned courtesy pleased her.

"I had some business to tend."

"You needn't explain." Realizing she intended to ask him to explain the lust she felt whenever they touched, she laughed.

As if he'd read her mind he said, "Ask away. I don't mind if you don't mind my not answering."

"Are you and Kamal in business together?" That seemed an innocuous beginning.

"Yes."

The twinkle in his green eyes made her laugh. "I should have asked a different way. What business are you in?"

"We collect things."

"Such as?"

"Rare and beautiful things."

Sensing a compliment in the evasive answer, Eden lowered her gaze to the table. His sun-bronzed hand lay within easy reach. Tempting reach. She looked up again. Straight into his steady emerald gaze. His eyes were lighter than his brother's, but had the same effect, bringing images of fetid jungle heat and humidity. Of bodies joined, their sweat, sighs and groans mingling. Scents more pleasant than any swamp – not sandalwood, but something fresh and musky and uniquely Kaliq.

"Where are you from?" she managed at last, licking her lips and imagining their salty sweat on her tongue.

Licking his own lips as if he'd shared her thoughts, he said, "We call no place home as yet."

"Evasiveness seems a family trait." A horrible thought popped into her mind and out her mouth. "Is your business illegal?"

"No!" He sounded as horrified as she felt. "The things we collect we pay or trade for. Sometimes sellers realize they've sold something priceless too cheaply. They may resent us, but their lack of

vision isn't our problem."

"Has anyone come after you or claimed you cheated him?"

"We're not thieves, Eden."

"I didn't – maybe I did mean that. But who am I to criticize? Many men call women like me whores."

"Kamal and I aren't among them." He took her hand.

Under the jolt of lust, she felt tenderness and acceptance – emotions so unexpected tears burned her eyes.

Seeing Kamal approaching, she bade Kalig a hasty goodnight. She needed time to sort through her feelings – feelings she'd never thought to have about the man who bought her.

Chapter Five

T*he Third Competition*

Eden perched on a stool in the middle of the stage, her lute on her lap. A gauzy screen hid all but her silhouette from her audience of forty men. Tante had insisted that, for tonight at least, the women have complete anonymity. Forty men, Eden thought, feeling like Ali Baba among his forty thieves. Perhaps she should feel more like Scheherazade, weaving a thousand tales and falling more and more under her husband's spell—despite the fact he would have her killed when her stories ended.

This particular event was her least favorite. It would reveal too much of her soul. But tonight's storytelling must be truthful and about herself. Tante insisted and would tell the men if any of her courtesans lied.

Sighing, Eden cradled her lute and plucked out a cheery, bouncy melody. She sang about a happy

little girl who traveled with her parents all the way from Earth to Venus. For four years the little family had shared great joy with the students and teachers of Rising Moons Academy for Sensual Pleasures. But midway through the fifth year, the parents died, leaving the girl an orphan. Eden sang and strummed a dissonant note. Continuing the mournful tune, Eden told of Tante's kindness and endless patience. Of her willingness to let the girl remain with her. Of her encouragement to study subjects not normally offered at the Academy for Sensual Pleasures. The melody brightened and built to a crescendo when the girl—now on the brink of womanhood—announced her heart's desire. She would become The Consummate Courtesan, bringing well-deserved renown to Tante and Tante's academy. Eden strummed a final chord—neither dissonant nor gay. It told of uncertainty, mirroring her own uncertain future.

The spotlight went out and Eden made her way offstage. Tante awaited, swiping at tears before giving Eden a fierce hug.

"Well done," Tante murmured. "Well done."

On her way to the stage, Azura hissed, "Sad, sad, sad. So very, very sssad. The men've all gone limp I'm sure. Oh well, I shall roger them up again."

Eden merely smiled. But when Azura took the

stage, Eden hissed. "Snake. She is like a poisonous sssnake in the grasssss."

Standing at her side, Colette giggled.

"Hush," Eden said, her hand over her mouth, stifling laughter.

Azura, who neither sang nor played an instrument, began her story in a little girl voice. As the girl matured, so did Azura's voice. When she finished, her husky voice promised sensual delights between silken sheets and hot, dripping sheaths.

Wanting to say something spiteful, Eden sighed. "I wish I sounded that sultry. I imagine every man and some women, have creamed their pants."

"You sound sultry, Eden. Sultry *and* shy. Men dislike the obvious." Colette sighed. "Even if they won't admit it."

Her friend sounded so forlorn, Eden risked asking, "Have you found any man to your liking?"

Colette's face brightened. "Several in fact. But after tonight's performance, I shan't expect them to line up outside my massage room."

"Then they shall miss the premier masseuse on Venus."

Chapter Six

Day Four

Eden, entering the dining room the next morning, noticed two things at virtually the same moment. First, the courtesans' tables now had three-sided counters around them. Second, Tante sat with Kamal and Kaliq. When they saw her looking at them, Tante's smile widened. The men looked like they wanted to slink under the snowy white tablecloth.

Taking the not-so-subtle hint that their conversation was private, Eden strolled to the table with her name on it. Picking up the card, she discovered a price list was printed on it. This morning's breakfast would include kissing booths. *Kissing and hugging*, Eden amended, reading further and feeling her face heat at the exorbitant cost—especially for French kisses and full-body embraces. But Tante had allowed each kiss would include a *free* piece of fruit. Eden snorted. Tante

probably thought free fruit would relieve the men—or their wallets at any rate.

Curious, Eden went to Azura's station, relieved that her rival's list matched her own. Discovering Colette's and seven other courtesans' kisses were half the cost of hers and Azura's, Eden sent a furious scowl toward Tante's table—her now empty table, damn it!

Seven giggling young women entering the room prevented her destroying the price lists. Besides, Eden reasoned, Tante would simply announce the prices at breakfast, no doubt souring forty male stomachs in the process. At least Tante allowed the men to kiss who they wanted without having to bid yet again. Not exactly free, but perhaps close enough. And maybe they'd feel grateful to finally touch the women.

Younger courtesans and their male counterparts entered from the kitchens. They distributed plates filled with various fruits and bowls of gelati and sorbets at each kissing booth. Mouthwatering sauces perfumed the air on their way to the tables set up for the breakfast diners. Eden followed those aromatic sauces until she reached her booth.

Hearing laughter coming through the dining room doors, Eden snatched a small piece of jicama and chewed it while the men filed in. They obviously had had forewarning about this

morning's activities, queuing up at their favorite's station without being prompted. At that point, Azura made her entrance.

As it was, eight men were already collecting kisses and two others were heading toward Eden. Two more—her men—were missing altogether, leaving Eden to wonder if they were still with Tante.

Since it seemed Azura wore nothing more than a thong and nipple flowers, her entrance was spectacular enough. Men gaped or poked each other's ribs. The two men headed for Eden veered away to stand in Azura's line. Eden's stomach lurched and sorrow clogged her throat. Refusing to give in to the depressing thought Azura would best her, Eden tilted her chin and forced a smile to her lips.

Looking apologetic, a Sednan smiled back. With a shrug and a gesture, he marked their height differences. Eden pointed at Colette, delighted when the man grinned and quickly went to her friend. Thereafter Eden steered every man who looked reluctant to pay her rate in Colette's direction. Soon, to Eden's intense satisfaction, the violet-eyed little vixen had more men in her queue than any other courtesan— even Azura.

Tante began a countdown. "Ten minutes, *messieurs*. Only ten more minutes." Despite her dulcet tones, to Eden she sounded like a nude-bar

barker hustling tourists. Stifling laughter, Eden looked up. Kaliq and Kamal rested their elbows on her counter while they surveyed her trays and bowls. Eden exhaled a sigh. She'd had so much fun steering clients to Colette, she hadn't noticed her own trays remained distressingly full.

Quirking a dark brow, Kaliq said, "Which of these delicacies does Eden like better? Strawberries or bananas?"

"Anything dipped in chocolate," Kamal answered before she could.

"Someone has been telling tales," Eden muttered, shifting her glare to Tante.

"Give us some credit, Eden."

"We've noticed your preference for anything coated in chocolate."

"Mmmm! When..." *did you have time to notice?* She refused to ask them where they'd been for the last hour, instead saying, "Which delicacy do *you* prefer?"

Each man picked up a tray, then pulled her out the back of her kissing booth.

Kamal answered first. "Since we know what happens when we touch each other —"

"We've persuaded Tante to give us a private room," Kaliq finished.

"*Give?*" Eden echoed, then laughed. "Tante doesn't *give* anything."

"We know."

“We estimated how many delicacies remained on your trays then—with Tante’s expertise—calculated how many of each kind of kiss we wanted.”

By the Goddess, they’ve paid a small fortune just to kiss me! The thought of their kisses left her breathless.

“Which is why she gave us the private room.”

Tugging on her hands, leaving the bowls behind, they led her from the dining room and into one Tante used for private scoldings.

“This room... I don’t know how to turn on the lights.”

“Doesn’t matter,” one of them said when the door closed, shutting them in total darkness.

Still holding her hands, they cautiously inched across the carpeted floor. “Ouch!” they all complained.

“Coffee table,” Eden explained, hoping Tante had left the furniture in place. “Left or right a few paces, then forward a pace or two should get us to the couch.” Why she was helping them, she had no idea.

Yes you do. You want to kiss them. You want them to kiss you!

“Since we’re here, let’s unload the trays.”

She hated the dark, especially when she had nobody to hold her hands. A mew escaped her. The man on her left caught her hand again and

guided her around the table. When their knees lightly bumped another obstacle, Eden expelled her held breath. She felt the men sit. They tugged her down. She felt herself falling and prayed for a safe landing. Her bottom landed on hard, warm flesh. Blindly reaching out, she realized her hands had settled between their thighs.

“Mmmm.”

“Tante did say we could pet.”

“P-pet?”

Holding her hands over their burgeoning cocks, they slid their free hands up her torso to her breasts. When they inched their fingers under her blouse and touched her naked skin, lust scorched her entire body.

“No bra,” Kaliq muttered—she thought it was his voice—as he teased her stiff nipples.

“No panties either. Naughty, naughty, Eden,” Kamal scolded, easing his hand between her legs. “Hot, wet Eden.”

“Ahhh,” she moaned when his fingers spread her swollen labia and he thumbed her clit.

Kaliq sucked her nipple. It felt like he’d connected fire between her breasts and her pussy. She jerked.

“We know we aren’t hurting you, Eden.”

“I want...I want to be naked. I...want you...naked, too. B-but first...I n-need you to k-kiss me.” *Sweet Goddess, I am burning!*

“First you must tell us which fruit you like best, Eden.”

“Kisses and fruit. Remember, Eden?”

If they hadn't said her name, she wouldn't have remembered it, let alone... “Ji-jicama.” She knew—thought she knew—it was a root vegetable, but she craved something to crunch. Not cocks, she thought through the lust-haze befuddling her mind. *Hurt...them.*

“Open your mouth, Eden.”

She did, then closed her lips around something firm and round. Something cool and round rolled up her thigh. *Sweet Goddess, do they mean to kiss...*

One man bit off the jicama protruding from her mouth. His lips felt soft yet firm against her own. His tongue swept into her mouth, taking and bringing back the sweet-tart treat. She lost track of what the other one was doing until another cool, round something rubbed her nether lips. Her muscles clenched. But something hot and wet lapped her clit, then fastened over it and the...

Her mind went blank. She could only feel them stripping away her blouse and skirt, shucking their shirts and pants. All the while they kissed her. Caressed her. Licked and lapped, sucked and bit her. Melon juices flowed down her throat, over her breasts and into her bellybutton. Questing tongues followed. A cock? Oh yes, she could smell musk. Taste salt. Swallow cream. Hear her moans

Their Consummate Courtesan

and theirs become pants of pleasure as she squeezed their balls and cocks. Shouting, their voices blending in perfect harmony, their rapture peaked.

And when they all descended, her men said, "*That, darling, tasty Eden, is petting.*"

Chapter Sven

T*he Fourth Competition*

Eden flexed her aching fingers. Looking up at the ceiling, today the color of an Earth-blue sky, she said, "Goddess, were You truly on my side, You'd have delivered Kaliq and Kamal as my first not my last two clients. I doubt my fingers are strong enough now to give them much pleasure."

"Were She truly on *my* side," Kaliq said from Eden's doorway, "She would have sent me first to Azura and then to Colette to work out the cramps Azura left in my back. Can you help me?"

Hurrying to his side, Eden guided Kaliq's arm over her shoulders, then braced to accept his weight. Her concern for his pain overrode the lust she'd come to expect when she touched him. She felt it now as a kind of low-level electrical hum along her skin. Supporting his muscular bulk, she steered him toward her massage table. Easing him down, turning away to collect soothing herbs, she

muttered, "Witch! Hurting a client is unacceptable."

Returning to Kaliq's side, her hands covered with fragrant, healing cream, she found him lying on his back. His cock raised a towel tent between his hairy thighs.

"Azura put a cramp in your cock?"

Kaliq blushed. "She tried."

Eden considered reminding him that sexual touching during the massage was forbidden. But he knew that. And so, by the Goddess, did Azura!

Glancing down, she could only note that Kaliq apparently had not ejaculated. Or—her breath caught in her throat—he had remarkable recovery power.

"You'll have to turn over, Kaliq." He frowned and squinched his face in horrific pain. "I'm not buying your act, *monsieur*. You said Azura put cramps in your back."

"They've moved to my front," he suggested, waggling his eyebrows and flashing an engaging grin.

Laughing, Eden motioned him to lie on his stomach. He made a show of his supposed pain. And another of struggling to find a comfortable position for his still rigid cock. She'd caught another brief glimpse of it when he rolled over.

"Be gentle," he pleaded, his voice muffled by his arms.

"I shall be. And if you behave yourself I'll give you a snack when I finish." He made a lewd suggestion. Whisking the towel off his butt, she lightly spanked him. Just that brief touch made her nipples pearl. It also made Kaliq flush.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" she asked anxiously.

"In a very nice way, aye. Tell me about my snack."

Ignoring his demand, rubbing her hands to release the scents of clove and mint with an undertone of soothing lavender, she began to knead his neck and shoulder muscles. With the lotion on her hands providing a barrier between their skins, she could touch him without lust firing along her nerve endings. Her relief was short-lived.

He has a very nice butt. Too nice. Each cheek was muscular and round. She could imagine him pumping his cock—*Goddess, is he really as big as I think he is?*—into her pussy while she grabbed those rounds and urged him deeper.

He rolled to his back, sat up and then caught her hands. *Goddess help me! He is even bigger than I thought.*

"This isn't going to work, Eden."

"Wh-what?" If he rejected her, her dreams would die. Next to tonight's competition, massage was the most important.

"When you touch me, all I can think about is

fucking you. Aye, a crude word, but it says everything I want to do to you. With you." Releasing her wrists, he snatched up a towel, then wrapped it around his waist. "I'll see you tonight."

He fled. But her torment had yet to end. Kaliq shook his head as he went out the door. Seconds later Kamal appeared. Although his eyes never left her face, she had the distinct feeling he was listening to his brother.

Frowning at her flight of fancy – *Mind reading is impossible!* – she dug into a nearby cabinet. Holding up a pair of white synthetic gloves, she snapped, "Sit on the table. Lie down...on your belly."

"Do you intend to shove the gloves up my ass?" Kamal asked in a mild tone.

"Will you also claim Azura put a cramp in your cock? If so, go back to her for its removal."

Kamal sat. "My brother is a little confused. You see, he'd set his heart on having Azura and –"

"His heart isn't the problem."

"He's having to adjust his thinking."

"If he's thinking at all, his mind lies somewhere below his waist."

Kamal removed his towel. Eden gulped. He was even larger than his brother.

It isn't the size of the man's shaft that matters, Eden remembered Tante harping, but how he uses it.

Tante had also lectured that there was no such thing as too much of a good thing. All Eden could imagine was her pain and wonder how all that—*enormous!*—male flesh would fit. Inside. Her.

“The gloves,” Eden heard herself saying as if far away, “are so you can endure my touching you.”

“I think they are so you can endure touching me. Put them away, Eden. I’m made of sterner stuff than Kaliq. Knowing what awaits me, I enjoy the anticipation.”

She had to do this—touch him all over his magnificent body. Having lost Kaliq’s score, she needed Kamal’s. Otherwise she would never achieve her goal. Being named The Consummate Courtesan was slipping through her fingers. Especially if Kaliq rated Azura, but declined to mark Eden at all.

Looking up, she discovered Kamal lying on his back, a towel modestly covering his cock and balls. I can do this, she told herself as she coated her hands with herb-scented cream.

But when she placed her hands on his rock-hard pecs, she knew she was in for the fight of her life. His flat male nipples puckered. Hers felt like sharp stones poking her thin cotton sweater. Touching his washboard abs made her stomach clench and her pussy ache with longing. She forced her hands lower. Biting her lips, she

massaged his thighs and registered his were less hairy than Kaliq's. Still, she could imagine them rubbing against her own thighs as she moved with him. Before she suited thought to action, she moved quickly down his muscled calves to his feet.

"Did you know that your feet connect to every erogenous point in your body?" *Damn my wayward tongue! I should have bitten it off!*

He groaned. "I am only now discovering that. Maybe tonight I can return the favor."

"Turn over."

When he stayed where he was, she looked up his body. He'd pulled the towel away. His cock rose like a flagpole. Wanting nothing more than to impale herself on it, she whirled away.

This time, Eden fled.

Chapter Eight

T*he Final Competition*

That evening, Tante leaned her ample buttocks against the dining room's grand piano and waited for her guests to quiet. When they quit mumbling to each other, she smiled and said, "Tonight each of my ladies will prepare a traditional Venusian meal for the gentlemen seated at her table." She'd fudged a little, putting two bidders with Joan that she could have put with Eden. Seated one with Colette she might have given to Azura. Since Azura's cooking skills were deplorable, she'd done him a great favor. The men now seated at her table must have ironclad stomachs. Or short memories about the disastrous meal she'd served at the first competition.

"The meal will consist of Andromedan antipasto to start. An entrée follows, cooked to order and including Venusian veal, chicken, pork and beef—one or all if you gentlemen like. You

also will have your choice of pasta with Alfredo, marinara, vodka or Bolognese sauce. Dessert – the fruits, gelati and sorbets of your choice. For those of you who prefer your meal *a la française*, I urge you to reconsider. Well...except for broccoli hollandaise. Amazing the things you can do with hollandaise." She chuckled. "In truth, gentlemen, the only things not on the menu tonight are the ladies.

"Upon completion of your leisurely dining experience you will fill out the evaluations given you. Your bids will indicate how much you enjoy your lady's conversation and the food she prepares for you herself. *Bon appetite.*"

* * * *

Eden's gaze swept around the palatial room. Tante had spared no expense, furnishing the ten tables scattered in secluded corners with her finest china, crystal and sterling silverware. Decanted red and white wines stood on nearby shelves or chilled in coolers. Champagne magnums produced from vines brought from France when the French settled Venus, awaited in icy wine buckets. To Eden, those bottles so resembled enormous phalluses she bit her cheeks, holding back an unladylike guffaw.

Colette winked as Eden strolled by. The sweet

girl already bore splashes of marinara on her chef's jacket and her toque had slipped to a rakish angle over one red-gold eyebrow. Her laughter sounded like wind chimes and encouraged her five patrons to join in her joy.

Nearing her table, Eden noticed her men—Goddess willing hers—sitting with two native Sednans. Purple stripes ran down the center of their bald heads and appealing faces and vested chests. She'd heard that the stripes ended at their cocks. As manly attractions went, those stripes were certainly intriguing. The men stood, but at her nod, resumed their seats. Sketching a low Venusian bow, Eden greeted them in Sednan and then offered each a beverage of his choice.

"Your milk," one Sednan muttered.

Eden ignored him as she poured champagne into crystal flutes.

"Perhaps we should introduce ourselves," said the taller of Eden's men. "I am Kamal."

"Kaliq."

It seemed her hearing failed. She couldn't hear the names the other two men muttered. Her men's voices drowned out all other sounds. She managed a smile, then served her guests the first course. Cold cuts and vegetables and cheeses soon adorned their plates. She had supervised the aging of the cheeses and had prepared the light berry dressing the men spooned over the vegetables.

“All the other cooks—er, chefs—are wearing aprons,” Kamal drawled, his deep baritone flowing over her body like honey.

“You aren’t.” Kaliq completed Kamal’s sentence, adding in his own seductive voice, “Not that I mind. That...um...frock is fetching.”

Eden smiled and avoided looking down at her breasts. She knew her bustier revealed as much as it concealed. Her multicolored gypsy-style skirt fluttered around her legs when she walked, accenting their shape and length. She’d designed and made the outfit herself, intending to wear it on this momentous night. All in all she was pleased with her appearance—especially with her hair. *That* she’d piled atop her head and coaxed tendrils to droop around her ears. Her mirrors reflected an elegant and poised young woman, her almond-shaped eyes glittering with excitement.

“I am a very neat chef, *messieurs*.” Seeing the men had finished the antipasto, she eased away their plates, then refilled their flutes. For several minutes, they talked about their work, but none mentioned where they came from. Well...the Sednans’ markings gave them away, but the other two... Eden found herself making up stories as to where their home world was. At last she eased delicate veal scallops into her sauté pan, then mixed the fettuccini into the pan containing her own version of Alfredo sauce. She served,

awaiting their reactions.

All her guests ate with gusto. She suspected the Sednans would have devoured anything she put on their plates. Kamal and Kaliq chewed slowly, seeming to enjoy every bite. She wondered if they would enjoy chewing on her. Her knees went weak as she imagined the three of them on her wide bed, dining on each other's bodies.

"This Alfredo is thicker than others I've tasted," Kaliq observed before licking a dab of sauce from the corners of his lips.

Kamal nodded. "Delicious...and thick. Is there a reason for the textural difference?"

"*Certainement.*" Tante grinned broadly at Eden's guests. "Whoever at this table bids the highest may either lick the sauce from Eden's body. Or...he may have her lick it from his."

For several moments Tante's statement left them all speechless. At last one Sednan complained, "Yet another bid!" With that, the two left Eden's table.

Eden's melodious laugh drew Kaliq's and Kamal's gazes. "Tante did warn them the process is lengthy," she said.

"Not to mention expensive," Kaliq complained good-naturedly.

"And fattening," Kamal added, patting his flat belly. He nodded at one vacant chair, then pulled it out for Eden.

Noting the other courtesans were seated, Eden joined her men.

“Consider yourselves fortunate. When Tante premiered, *her* tante made the bids cumulative.”

The men whistled.

“May I ask you a question?” She watched her men nod, then lowered her gaze to her own hands. Of their own volition, her fingers fidgeted with her silverware. Linking her fingers, she folded her hands in her lap and looked up. “Why me? I mean when this started you both seemed to favor Azura. So why did you stay with me?”

Kaliq’s blush was deeper than Kamal’s, but even under their bronzed skin, she saw the blushes clearly. Kamal coughed, meeting her eyes and saying, “We found you both appealing, but...”

“I initially thought Azura more appealing, but...”

“A man wants to claim his woman not have her—”

“Claim him.”

Sensing there was more to the story, Eden waited.

Kaliq huffed. “We thought her performance with the ribbon wands lazy.”

“And later we learned she cannot cook.”

Eden bit her lower lip. She desperately wanted to laugh, but felt it impolite to do so. Instead she

murmured, "Most courtesans cannot cook, sirs."

"Then why...why did Tante make such a production out of food? Two competitions devoted to it?"

Eden felt her face heat, but held their curious gazes. "Food – eating – is sensual."

The men's eyes drifted to her breasts defined by her bustier. Her nipples pearly. She could no more hide her attraction to them, the arousal they kindled in her, than she could fly.

"Is there really another round of bidding?"

Eden looked for Tante. Seeing her brief smile, Eden said, "Apparently not for me."

She took their hands. That now-familiar lust jolted through her. Then it felt as though the men banked it somehow. She could still feel it, but was no longer tempted to tear off her clothes and theirs and rut in full view of other diners.

Without a word they all stood. Hands linked, fingers entwined, hips and thighs bumping, they made their way to Eden's quarters.

Moonlight streamed through her undraped windows, her sparse furniture lighter shadows than those falling along the walls.

"Venus has no moon," Kaliq blurted.

"Not a true moon, no," Eden agreed. "But when first terraformed and colonized, the settlers missed their moons." She shrugged. "Sedna has no moon

either."

"It does," Kaliq insisted, earning a glare from his brother.

"We aren't Sednan," Kamal said, a hint of seduction in his low voice. He plucked the ivory combs from Eden's hair, then ran his fingers through the loosened tresses.

"Y-you aren't? Where are you from?" Kamal's fingers on her neck sent hot shivers down her spine. Savoring his touch, she leaned into his hand.

"Most recently we're from Pluto," Kaliq whispered and Eden suddenly discovered her ears were an erogenous zone.

"P-Pluto doesn't have moons either. Does it?"

"Yes, it does."

"You're confusing Pluto with Mercury."

"Besides, we're not originally from Pluto either."

"Oh!" she choked out. They were doing wondrous things to her body, but she needed them...needed them...to "Stop! Stop or you'll spoil my surprises."

They stopped kissing her ears and neck. Looking like very young boys on their birthdays, they said together, "Surprises? More than one surprise?"

"Oh, yes. But we'll need a little more light." Before she could order soft lighting, her

companions pointed and a dozen candles flared, then subsided to a golden glow. "Neat trick."

"Aye," they said in unison, each capturing one of her hands.

Laughing, she pulled away. "Gentlemen, please. I've worked very hard on these surprises. Please allow me to present them to you."

They seemed more interested in surprising her—which pleased her a lot. Still...she wanted to show off a little. "Please," she said again, puffing out her lower lip. Other courtesans—Colette sometimes, Azura often—pouted. Eden considered pouting beneath her talents to persuade, but now...her body urging her to hurry, demanding fulfillment *now* made a pout seem a useful expedient.

"Very well," Kamal said.

"Begin," Kaliq agreed.

Eden whispered something neither man could hear. Two pillowed divans rolled into the room, followed by a low, pounded-brass table. The table tilted from its edge to settle between the divans within easy reaching distance of each.

"Please make yourselves comfortable," Eden said, sitting tailor-fashion on an ottoman and pulling her skirt over her knees. "You may recall that you noticed a specific dish you had not tasted the way I prepared it tonight."

Nodding, his eyes half-hidden by long, thick

lashes, Kamal said, "And you mentioned that food is sensual."

"It *is* sensual. You see it. If artfully displayed, it encourages you to taste it. But first you inhale its aroma. If it smells good, you take a bite. Sight, scent, taste. Depending on the food, you're aware of its texture on your tongue and how it feels when you swallow. Touch. Four of your senses engaged."

"What about sound?" Kalik wanted to know. He looked pleased that he could stump her.

She smiled, the merest curving of her lips. "Remember when I put the scaloppini in the sauté pan? Or before that, the butter and oil? They sizzled, didn't they?"

"Aye," Kalik looked more disappointed than he sounded. Then he laughed heartily. "All five senses."

Eden briefly bowed her head, savoring the small triumph. She murmured. A cart rolled across the thick carpeting, then settled within her reach. "Here, under these domes, you'll find some of those foods you found remarkable. You must decide between you, which you want to sample again and in what order. You may, however, reconsider at any time. But remember, all your selections must involve all five senses."

With that, she left the room.

* * * *

For a long moment, dumbfounded, the men just sat. At last Kamal said, "I guess we should see what's on the menu."

"I was hoping for Eden."

Quirking his brow, Kamal chuckled. "Eden, my dense brother, is appetizer, entrée *and* dessert. Remember what Tante said earlier?"

Grinning, Kaliq said, "Where's that Alfredo sauce?"

After looking at all the sauces, fruits and vegetables on the cart, they returned to the divans.

"First," Kaliq said, staring thoughtfully at the furniture, "we need to put these together." He pushed his divan toward Kamal's until the two were side-by-side. "That's better."

"Not if we can't keep them from rolling around. They could separate, dump us on our asses at a critical moment."

"Maybe we should do away with them altogether. Eden must have a bedroom and we could use her bed."

"Considering the juiciness of the food, I think Eden would dislike the mess."

Kaliq groaned.

A brief examination around and under the divans solved the problem. With the casters locked so they couldn't roll and the divans linked

together so even the most strenuous activity would not divide them, the men sat.

"We need a plan," said Kamal. "We've studied battle tactics and Eden herself gave us hints how to proceed."

"Sight first. Eden naked?" Kaliq, looking hopeful, waggled his eyebrows.

"Getting her that way might disrupt the order of things."

"Do we care?"

"Hell no!"

"Okay, we get her naked." Kaliq stared at Kamal expectantly.

"Then we let her get us naked," Kamal said, improvising.

"Aye!"

"Scent. Bananas, strawberries, melons."

"Fruit salad for an appetizer? Not." Frowning, Kaliq folded his arms over his chest.

"How 'bout tomatoes and cream cheese with a hint of basil? And a champagne chaser?"

"Works for me. I'm getting really hungry." Kaliq looked down. His shaft poked out, tenting his pantaloons.

"For the entrée, Eden slathered in Alfredo sauce."

"Agreed. And for dessert..."

"Fruit salad," they said together.

"With cherries." Kaliq rubbed his hands

together and licked his lips.

“At least one,” Kamal suggested, a leer in his voice.

They sniggered.

* * * *

When she returned to her living room, Eden first noticed her men. How could she fail to notice when they stood like twin gods at the sides of the enlarged, single divan? They’d shed their vests, giving her another opportunity to view them bare from broad shoulders to narrow hips. Just the sight of them electrified her nerve endings.

They, on the other hand, looked very...displeased? Disappointed? Dismayed? Had they expected her to return to them stark naked? Given their frowns at her now, they had.

“Sit.”

Their scowls deepening, they sat. Soft music played in the background and the candlelight grew a little brighter. She began to dance, flirting with them from behind her fan and saying, “Unlike our sisters who must sell their bodies to survive, we courtesans are trained to arouse all our lover’s senses. This—” Her wide sash fluttered to the floor. Her heavy satin robe parted, revealing, then concealing a strip of her body as she slowly turned in a circle “Is but the

beginning.”

They groaned, but scooted to the back of the divan, pillows supporting their backs. As if dining in ancient Rome, they popped grapes into their mouths, their eyes intent on her.

She took up another fan, larger than the first, which she discarded. When her robe slipped off one shoulder, their eyes darkened as if shadows had fallen over a stand of pine trees. Streaks of silver arced like lightning in those green-black depths. She willed herself not to look at their cocks, knowing she would lose her rhythm if she did. Their faces sheened and she could smell a hint of male musk in the air, mixing with the faint aroma of her own arousal.

Taking up two enormous fans made of peacock feathers, she allowed her robe to slip to the floor. A brief glimpse of her naked body was all she gave them. Then she unfurled the fans and used them to hide her nakedness.

“By the Goddess, Eden,” Kaliq growled, nostrils flaring, “if you keep tormenting us, we’ll waste our seed on our own bellies.”

Kamal chuckled. “Continue, Eden. I can bear this delightful torture a little longer.”

Smiling, she went on. Dancing on her bare toes to emphasize her delicate feet, wafting the fans with the music’s faster beat, offering them more and longer glimpses of her naked body, she

swung her head so her hair became a third fan that revealed, then concealed. As the final chords crescendoed, she tossed away the fans and stood before them with only her hair to cloak her.

They sprang to their feet, tore away the skimpy fabric concealing their cocks and stalked toward her.

Sweet Goddess, they are enormous! she thought, a twinge of fear lancing down her spine, but soon replaced by growing triumph. She had caused that increase to them. Soon—*sweet, sweet Goddess, soon*—they would pierce her and bring them all to ecstasy.

Aware of her swelling breasts and aching nipples, of her juices dampening her mons' curls, she felt weak with need. Her knees buckled. Her men caught her, lifted her, then carried her to the divan.

"Let's eat!" Kaliq crowed.

Cream cheese coating his hands, Kamal spread it over her breasts and said, "Aye, let's. Lie still," he commanded, his gaze on her face, his hands now stroking cream cheese down her torso.

"Very still," Kaliq added, starting at her toes and slathering cheese up her calves, working his way toward her thighs and mons.

Eden wiggled. "The cheese is cold and your hands tickle." *Not to mention that your cocks rubbing against me are driving me to the edge of frenzy.*

"We need to cover you completely so the tomatoes and basil will stick."

"T-tomatoes?"

"Aye. And basil."

"Texture, remember? And contrasting colors to attract our eyes."

"And scents to tickle our noses."

"Never mind what they do to our taste buds," Kamal finished, smearing cheese on her lips, then swiping it off with his tongue.

A sigh parted those lips and her tongue darted out, lapping cheese from Kamal's tongue.

Kaliq, placing cherry-size tomatoes on her fingertips, squished one into her bellybutton, then sucked it into his mouth. "Sweet and tart," he muttered, crowning her nipples with tomatoes while Kamal put a few basil leaves around her breasts.

Sitting on their heels, they examined their handiwork. With perfect synchronicity, they put a spring of mint near each of her ears.

"Aren't you going to feed me?" Eden asked, her voice smoky, her gaze fastening on one cock, then the other.

"Maybe."

"Later. When we've eaten our fill of you."

Moving as one, they nuzzled her ears. Their breath warm, their tongues hot, they laved the shells, nibbled on her lobes, then sucked up the

mint, chewing gently on both lobes and herb. Eden moaned, caught somewhere between contentment and lust.

The men kissed, nibbled and licked their way down her neck and collarbones. Reaching her breasts, each lapped up a basil leaf, then sucked the tomato and cheese from her engorged nipples. Eden tangled her hands in their hair. She heard the juicy tomatoes on her fingertips squish, felt those juices squirt through the men's silky locks and her own fingers, and smelled the tang. She arched her back, urging the men to suck harder. They obeyed, using teeth, tongues and lips until she writhed with pleasure and her pussy clenched with tiny spasms.

"Are you cold, Eden?" Kamal grinned down at her while Kaliq tongued more basil and cheese from her breasts.

"N-no." She reached for him, wanting his mouth on her nipples.

Raising his head, Kaliq said, "Her skin feels warm."

"Hot," Kamal corrected, kissing and licking his way down her torso. When he reached her mons, he buried his nose in her curls. She heard him inhale deeply, felt her pussy ooze. Her clit ached, longing for his tongue.

Once again the men moved with perfect synchronicity. Ignoring her attempts to guide

them between her spread legs, they fed the length of her body, then proclaimed themselves too full to eat another bite.

Frustration coursing through her, Eden groaned.

“Don’t worry, Eden.”

“We’ve other ways—”

“Myriad ways.”

“To pleasure you.”

“I am for *your* pleasure,” she murmured, her voice betraying her need.

“What we are doing to you pleases us.”

They glided up her body, reviving the scents of tomato and basil, the slickness of cheese, and rekindling the need that pounded through her flesh.

His fingers toying with one nipple, Kaliq laved her ear. Delighted, Eden shivered. Kamal kissed her lips as his fingers gently plucked and pinched her other nipple. His rough tongue and warm mouth retained the flavors and scents he’d licked from her skin. Mating their tongues, she traced both men’s flat nipples, trailed her fingers lower until she curled them around rigid shafts. The men gasped, then flexed their hips back and forth.

At last, I can please them.

But soon—*too soon*—their hands covered hers, denying her the sensual joy of feeling their iron hardness and velvet skin as they thrust their cocks

into her hands. Sighing her disappointment, she relaxed and heard them grunt. Such a brief and simple sound yet containing both relief and yearning. Somehow she found comfort in their sharing her feelings—tangled and conflicted as they were.

Restless, she shifted her hips. Captured between her body and theirs, their cocks pulsed. Pre-cum seeped along her thighs. Kaliq cupped her buttocks and eased his fingers between them, tickling her tight ring. Kamal's hand drifted to her mons and his fingers slid between her labia, teasing her clit, then easing into her pussy just as Kaliq pushed his fingers into her ring.

"Ouch!" she protested, then moaned. "Ooooh. Good. So good."

As if they had all the time in the world, the men continued to tease and caress her gently. Slowly. At times one or the other would pull back and look at her. That troubled her at first, but she realized they were adapting her lessons about food and teaching her lessons about her own body.

"Sight," Kamal muttered, then kissed her eyelids.

"Scent." Kaliq nuzzled her ear and she could smell the lingering aroma of mint.

She kissed each man in turn. "Taste." Basil, tomato and cheese remained on their tongues.

Fascinated by the changing color of their eyes, she stared at them until, unable to resist any longer, she grasped their cocks. "Touch."

Their hips pumped. Their fingers thrust in and out of her ring and pussy. Their cocks slid between her tightening fingers. She could feel tension building in her. In them. Grunting. Pumping. Faster. Harder. Higher. Ecstasy. Hers. Theirs. Their climaxes went on and on and on until they all shouted. Their cum squirted along her thighs. Her juices drenched Kamal's fingers. Kaliq and Kamal's sweat dewed her own damp body.

Sighing, they all relaxed.

"Sound," she murmured, sated.

Sometime later, she awoke and giggled. They were using her own hair, tickling her cheeks and neck and already puckered nipples. Catching their wrists, she pushed their hands away. Surprised that they allowed it—they were so much stronger than she—she frowned.

"Can someone clean up the mess we've made?" Kaliq wondered.

"Other than us," Kamal added.

"My droid. But why? We'll only mess it up again."

"Remember how you served us something cool—sorbet or champagne—between courses?"

“You said it would cleanse our palates, allow us to taste the next flavor without contamination from the last.”

“I don’t think I said *contamination*, but I remember saying something like that.”

“We want a shower,” Kaliq said, swiping a dab of cream cheese from under her breast. Her nipples tightened as if they still felt the men’s tongues on them.

Kaliq sucked her bellybutton, then stuck out his tongue. She barely noticed the tomato seed on its tip. Her pussy was imagining that tongue plunging, lapping deeper and deeper inside it.

They grinned at her, making her wonder what mischief they’d planned for their communal shower. Her breasts and pussy could barely wait to find out. Neither could the rest of her.

“All right.”

Whooping, they lifted her off the divan, then carried her into her bathroom. The shower started just as they crossed the threshold.

“Tell me how you did that.”

They were reluctant to tell her. She could read it in their eyes, feel it in their arms and hands when they put her down in the amethyst-walled enclosure.

“Why do you want to know?” Kamal asked while Kaliq stood under the showerhead and scrubbed tomato from his hair.

“So...so when you leave I can have the shower waiting for me whenever I want.” The thought of their departure made her heart ache—an emotion a courtesan could ill afford. Especially a woman who intended to become The Consummate Courtesan.

Snaking one muscular arm around her waist, Kaliq pulled her under the spray. Kamal joined them, making her think of sandwiches. They were the bread, she the filling. Their hands, slick with soap, glided over her and she forgot her own name.

“Which do you think is tighter?” Kamal said, easing his finger into her tight ring. “Her ass or her cunt?”

Kaliq slid his thick middle finger into her pussy and thumbed her clit. “Can’t say. Which is hotter?”

“Cunt, definitely. But she likes having us in both places simultaneously. Don’t you, Eden?”

She nodded, too weak, too aroused to say anything. Their bodies slipped and slid up and down hers, urging her to match their rhythm. Lifting her sopping hair off her back, she surrendered to her need to undulate. Skin to skin, they flowed together until she cried their names and her spasms rode her like giant waves crashing against a rocky shore.

“Have you ever known a woman so

responsive?"

"Never."

Too weak to move, Eden forced her eyes open. She managed to glare at their grinning faces, then grunted. They wiggled their impaled fingers, bringing her to another body-quaking climax.

They carried her from the shower, dried her and themselves. The soft-rough texture of the towels made her skin tingle. At last, her legs felt strong enough to support her. Taking a towel from each of them, she dried their swollen balls and stiffening cocks. Curling her fingers around each rigid cock, she led them back to the divan.

"What now?" Kaliq asked.

Eden shrugged. "I don't know. We never trained for entertaining two—" *well-endowed*—"gentlemen at the same time."

Chuckling, Kamal handed his brother a bowl of slightly warm Alfredo sauce.

"In her?"

"No, on your shaft."

Sweet Goddess. Kaliq's bronzed hand slathering white Alfredo sauce over his reddish, engorged cock made her mouth water. Eager to taste him, she climbed onto the divan. His eyes glittering green and silver, Kaliq sat by her head. When she licked her lips, he pulsed.

Kamal spread her legs, then settled between them. Once more she sensed their silent

communication. “Wh—”

Kaliq shoved his cock into her mouth. Quickly, knowing his enormous size could choke her, she wrapped her fingers around it. Now that she could somewhat control him, she licked and sucked the sauce from his cock. “Mmmm,” she mumbled, savoring the taste and scent of sauce and man.

Kamal’s hot breath along her thighs, his fingers parting her still slick labia made her clit swell. His tongue tip took a tentative swipe, then returned to lick all around the sensitive nub. At last, just when she thought she might die from lust, he sucked it into his mouth.

Immersed in sensations, her mind hazed. One hand on Kaliq’s cock, her other cupped his balls. They swelled. His hands closed over her breasts and stroked her aching nipples. Kamal lapped her clit, then drove his tongue into her pussy. His finger eased into her ring.

She licked and swallowed the last vestiges of sauce from Kaliq’s shaft, savoring the salty taste of his pre-cum and his alluring male musk. Kamal sucked and gently teathed her clit. Their hands moved over her, teasing, arousing her to frenzy. Kaliq, his cum erupting in her mouth, shouted her name. Kamal sucked harder on her clit, then plunged his tongue into her pulsing pussy. She shattered. Writhed. Thrust her breasts into Kaliq’s

marauding hands, her pussy into Kamal's face.

Her spasms were only subsiding when they switched places. Kamal smeared Alfredo on her lips, then slathered it over his cock.

"Goddess, she smells good," Kaliq said from between her trembling thighs.

"She tastes even better," Kamal said, kissing her, then replacing his tongue with his shaft.

Tonguing her clit, Kaliq massaged one breast, Kamal the other. His fingers plucked her nipples, matching his thrusts into and out of her mouth. His groans of pleasure blended with her moans as she sucked and licked and gently bit him.

"Juicy. Like an apple. Sweet. Like honey," Kaliq praised, easing his finger into her pussy. "I've found her ecstasy button."

"Not yet," Kamal growled. "I'm not – aye, I am. Yesss. Suck me, Eden. Suck me hard. Yesss."

"Come for me, Eden. Goddess, I want to be in her cunt. She's so tight on my finger my shaft aches. Shit! I'm coming, too."

Kissing her cheeks, Kamal collapsed on Eden's shoulder. Kaliq inched up far enough to kiss her belly, then rested his head on it. Eden, feeling limp as overcooked linguini, sighed.

"What now?" she asked, going cross-eyed watching Kamal's face descend. His darting tongue swept his own cum from the corners of her lips.

“Hmmm?” Kaliq sounded sleepy. “How ‘bout a nap?”

“How ‘bout dessert?” Kamal sprang to his feet, adding, “After we shower, of course.”

“Another shower?” Kaliq complained as he sat up. “It’ll be like sorbet, right?”

Eden groaned. “I’m already turning into a prune.”

Chapter Nine

They bathed, the tub water warm enough to soothe muscles Kamal and Kaliq had not used in a long time. And Eden had probably never used. At least not for sex.

Massaging Kamal's foot, Eden said, "You told me you're not from Pluto or Sedna. Where are you from?"

"Does it matter??"

Why not tell her? She'll find out when we take her home.

Maybe, when she knows, she won't want to leave Venus.

"I would like to imagine you there. With family and friends. W-wives and children. Are you married?"

Kaliq rubbed her shoulders. "Tante's rules forbade married men—"

"Even engaged men," Kamal said, freeing his foot to massage Eden's.

"From participating in this auction."

Somewhat relieved, Eden said, "I knew that. Mmmm. You both could work in our luxury spa. You have a talent for massage. But I should be massaging you."

"We enjoy touching you. Your skin is soft and smooth—like this banana's peel." Kaliq held it up, his lips twitching, his eyes suggesting where he might like to put the fruit.

Laughing, Eden narrowed her eyes in mock disapproval. "Surely you can imagine something better."

Kamal peeled the banana, then broke it in half. Handing a piece to Kaliq, he said, "Legend says when a man feeds a woman from his own hand, she is his forever."

"I know of no such legend," Eden avowed, her gaze shifting between the men and their darkening eyes.

"Imagine it's true. Imagine what it means for a woman to take sustenance from a man's lips."

"Kiss us," they said, each popping banana into his mouth, a small bite poking out.

Liking this game, she kissed Kaliq first. Only enough to take the morsel protruding between his lips.

"Spoil sport," Kaliq teased.

Eden looked at Kamal. Seeing an innocent look in his eyes, she expected some tomfoolery, but was unprepared when the banana disappeared

into his mouth and her lips met his fully. Before she could pull away, his hand cupped her head and he shifted her to lie the length of his powerful body. His rough tongue eased creamy banana into her mouth.

“Wish I’d thought of that,” Kaliq muttered.

“But you didn’t. Come, before we all turn into prunes.”

They dried each other, discovering the soft toweling aroused them as they stroked each other’s nipples, the slick folds of Eden’s cunt, their balls and shafts.

Which of us will take her maidenhead? Kaliq thought-linked to his brother.

Shrugging, Kamal linked back, *Does it matter? Either of us is going to hurt her.*

You’re not playing the elder card?

A minute’s difference in our ages seems unimportant now.

Should we ask her?

Unfair to her as well as ourselves.

“Is something wrong?” Eden asked, looking from one to the other.

“Only that we must decide who...”

“Oh! I hadn’t thought about that. Firsts and seconds and all that nonsense.”

Leading her back to the divan, they held her between them, filling between two slices of hard, warm bread.

"We have heard that women form an attachment to the man who..."

"Deflowers them."

"Courtesans cannot afford such sentimentality. We know we will have other lovers. We can but hope our first will be gentle, allowing us to remember him kindly. Nothing more than that."

* * * *

Looking disappointed, her men eased away. She felt oddly cold and abandoned. "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings."

"What about your feelings, Eden? Do you dislike us?"

"Or care for us more than somewhat?"

"I... The latter. You have treated me like a friend. Like more than just a vessel for your lust. As if I am more than someone you'll forget when you go home. I...I wish it were possible for both of you to be my first."

Again she sensed some silent communication between them. She wanted to know what they were thinking, but her training forbade her asking.

Kaliq retrieved the wide sash her droid had left over the back of a nearby chair. "If it truly doesn't matter..."

"If you truly like us equally..."

"Blindfold me. That's the perfect solution. If *you*

don't mind that I won't know."

"We don't," they said together.

She closed her eyes. One of them lifted her hair. The other fastened the sash over her eyes.

"Is it too tight?"

"Too loose?"

"Perfect. Moreover, my other senses seem keener. Your voices sound deeper. Your scent seems more pronounced. Your flesh feels firmer yet somehow smoother. I wonder how you will taste."

"Later."

"For now we shall taste you."

Lifting her, they placed her on the divan. The velvet felt cool and smooth. She felt them arrange her hair and wondered how she looked to them. Soft groans suggested they found the sight of her pleasing. The scent of vanilla and chocolate wafted in the air. So, they intended to use the gelato she'd prepared just for them and make her their dessert. Her body heat began to melt the semi-frozen confection as they spread it over her breasts, along her thighs, in her bellybutton. Their tongues followed, lapping. As it melted she quivered, wondering where they would begin to truly feast on her. With her aching nipples perhaps? But no. They had yet to finish adorning her body. She could smell cherries even before they garnished her nipples, her belly, her — *Sweet Goddess* — her

pussy.

Unable to halt the words, she said through a chuckle, "Eat me."

They fell upon her like starving men would assault a feast. One devoured her breasts, the other licked her thighs, her clit, then drove his tongue into her pussy. Now she could smell the pinch of hazelnut she'd used to spice the *ciccolato crema* gelato. Could hear them smack their lips. Could taste the chocolate when one of them shoved his tongue into her mouth. His thrusts matched his brother's plunges into her pussy. Her creamy, pulsing pussy.

Someone shoved his gelato-covered, cold finger into her tight little ring. The other, lapping her clit, slid his icy fingers into her pussy. They hurt. Trying to free herself, she bucked and discovered she felt only pleasure. Only exquisite, pounding ecstasy.

"Goddess. God-dess. God-desss!" she cried, clawing at empty air as they shifted her. Making her a sandwich once more. Plunging their cocks into her pussy and ass as her body shattered and she screamed their names. Her cries sounded like curses. Her body, every muscle spasming, felt blessed.

"Sorry," they whispered in her ear.

"We know –"

"We hurt you."

“Good,” she mumbled. “Hurt sooo good.”

And it did. They did. She flexed her hips, savored their fullness inside her body, the slight sting she felt in her pussy when their cocks twitched. They began to move. As one cock slid out, the other slid deeper, filling her, emptying her, filling her again. They tongued her ears, matching the glide of their cocks—their glorious cocks. They kissed her lips, then filled her mouth with their tongues. She could taste her juices on one’s lips and tongue. They lapped, licked, sucked and nipped her nipples. As one they moved faster, plunging harder, deeper. Their grunts and groans echoed her own as she cried out, “Fuck me. Yes. Yesss. Yessss!”

Their cocks erupted. Her pussy pulsed and pulsed, her climax seeming to go on forever.

At last one of them said, “I think you’ve milked us dry.”

“Or drown us in your juices and our own.”

Laughing, she relaxed completely. When they moved her sometime later, she awakened briefly. Long enough to realize they’d put her on her back, their hot, powerful bodies snuggling along her sides. They had also removed her blindfold. Long enough for her to see that their cocks, while somewhat smaller, had yet to shrink completely.

“Not so very dry,” she said, licking her lips and noting their eyes fastened on them.

"You must be sore," Kaliq said, gently pinching her nipples.

"Tender," Kamal smoothed his hand down her torso to her mons, then stroked her clit. When she gasped, he repeated, "Tender."

"A little. Not enough to...ummm...deny us the pleasure of doing it all again."

"Tender enough for us to bathe again and then rest awhile." Kamal kissed her cheek.

Kaliq swept one hand to his shriveling cock. "Despite earlier appearances to the contrary, we need to recover as well."

With a teasing smile, she stood between them on the divan. "Then let us bathe and sleep awhile. So long as you don't blindfold me again, I am content." With that, she headed for her bathroom.

* * * *

Must we?

Aye. Otherwise she may suspect which of us speared her first.

Would you mind her knowing?

Would you?

Then we must –

Blindfold her again, aye.

Grimacing, they followed Eden to her bath.

* * * *

When Eden awakened, she found herself in her bed, her men curled around her like kittens surrounding a mama cat. She briefly wondered if she should feel insulted – that they'd had their fill of her and, sated, needed only her body's warmth.

Uncharitable, she decided. *And untrue.* She'd taken pleasure from them. Felt safe, even cherished in their arms. Fearing she might wake them but unable to resist touching them, she eased her fingers into their hair. The locks felt cool, like waterfalls of midnight satin flowing over and through her fingers. An incongruous scent of dessert herbs combined with male musk drifted to her nostrils when she again riffled their hair. She wanted to sniff every inch of their muscular flesh, discover for herself if their necks and chests smelled different than their hairy thighs or the curls surrounding their cocks.

Smothering a sigh of frustration, she eased from under their sleep-heavy arms. When her breasts were level with their knees they grabbed her arms, then slid her back.

"Hello," Kaliq greeted, blinking sleepily.

"Did you rest well?" Kamal kissed her, using his tongue and fingertips to part her lips for his gentle invasion.

"Stop it," she tried to say. The words sounded more like purrs and need flashed through her

body. "Goddess, you make me hot."

Laughing, guiding her hands to their swollen cocks, they said, "Likewise." As she stroked them, delighting in the contrast of her pale fingers around their iron velvet shafts, they tied the blindfold over her eyes.

"Not again," she complained. "I want—"

"It's the last time." His voice sounded like Kamal's.

"We promise."

"I see no need—" she protested.

"You needn't—"

"See at all."

"Why does my seeing you—or not—matter?" She was uncertain why she kept fighting them when she was already blindfolded.

"It matters to us."

"Next time we'll let you see us." That sounded like Kaliq.

"Look at us as much as you like."

"N-next time?" Anticipating pleasure beyond her most erotic dreams, her body went limp.

"Did you think we'd stop at twice?"

"That we would want to feel your sweet ring and juicy cunt sheathe us only once?"

The questions flew at her like a barrage of bullets. All the while their hands and fingers, their lips, tongue and teeth slowly explored her every crevice, every slit.

"I'm melting." Even her voice sounded wobbly.

"Good."

"Sometimes the second time hurts almost as much as the first."

"We don't want to hurt you, Eden."

"Only bring you ecstasy."

"Transport you to rapture."

Pleasurable pulses already spasmed in her pussy. Her breasts ached, yearned so for her men's callused fingers, their hot mouths.

"P-please," she begged, blindly searching for their cocks. Hoping she could force them into her. Feeling them shift away, she moaned.

"Touch yourself, Eden."

"Slide your fingers in and out of your tight...hot...juicy cunt."

"Pinch your pointy nipples until the pain makes you scream with pleasure. Until you neither know nor care that we watch you."

Embarrassed, she wanted to stop. Craving release, she obeyed them. At last all she could feel was her blood pounding through her veins, coalescing in her pussy. Her heartbeat, fast and irregular, drowned out all other sounds. Two drops of dew fell along the seam of her lips. Licking, she tasted salty pre-cum and inhaled the musky odor of aroused male. Pumping her hips, stoking her clit, pinching her nipples, she drove

her fingers into her dripping pussy. A scream of release ripped up her throat.

"Now!" the men shouted and pierced her front and back.

"Goddess, she's tight!"

"And so hot she's likely to burn my spear."

"Come on, Eden."

"Come for us."

They moved inside her. She felt like she might split in half as they took her higher and higher. She couldn't breathe and yet her nostrils filled with their scent. She couldn't hear anything but their moans and her own panting. She couldn't taste anything beyond their mingled sweat dripping into her open mouth. All she could feel was their cocks driving into her as her pussy and ring – greedy, hot and slick – pulsed around them.

"Goddess...I'm com –"

"So are we!"

Hot juices filled her pussy and seeped from her ring, drenching her thighs and theirs. As if death had struck them all at the same minute, they lay completely still. Every muscle slackened.

When she could draw a breath, she sighed, "Oh...my."

Soft male laughter filled her ears. Then their cocks popping like corks from wine bottles, they pulled away. Hoping to see them before they stood, before they could conceal who had lain

behind her, who atop, she flung away her blindfold.

Glancing quickly from side-to-side, she found them at each edge of her bed, grinning down at her. Summoning a scowl, she scooted to the foot, then stood. "One day I'll blindfold you both and demand you come while I watch."

Their smiles widening, Kamal said, "Since we will imagine you –"

"Bringing joy to yourself –"

"And to us –"

"We doubt our coming –"

"Will take any time at all."

"Men!" With that, she flounced away.

When she crossed the bathroom threshold, they heard the shower start. Then the door slammed shut and the lock thudded into place.

* * * *

"Guess she doesn't want company," Kaliq muttered.

"I could pick the lock." When his brother just stared at him, Kamal shrugged. "Or we could give her some privacy."

They retreated to the living room. Spotting a small alcove, Kaliq strode toward it. "A kitchen. Maybe we could cook dinner for her."

"Us and what master chef?"

Glum, they stared at the curved wall, the shiny countertops and sparkling paraphernalia they couldn't identify.

Spying the sink, Kamal said, "At least we can wash ourselves."

"Put on our clothes."

"Make her think we want more than just sex."

"*Just sex?* Hell, if the sex were any better —"

"We'd be burned to a crisp already."

Startling them, someone coughed. "If I may make a suggestion?" a slightly tinny voice said. "I can prepare a simple meal."

"Wh-who are you?"

"*Where* are you?"

A mechanical hand waved from the wall. "I am Ms. Eden's personal droid." It sighed. "She often becomes so engrossed in her studies she forgets to eat. I remind her. More often than she likes."

"You...you didn't prepare any of *our* food?"

"Did you?"

"Not a single dram, drop or drizzle. Unlike others—one in particular who shall remain nameless—Ms. Eden does not cheat."

The brothers glanced at each other.

Azura had her droid cook on her behalf?

I think she cooked everything herself. It was completely inedible.

"But you could fix us—all three of us—something now?"

“Most assuredly, *messieurs*. I imagine by now you have tired of the fancy sauces and such. Not that Ms. Eden’s are not pleasing to the palate. Every chef she studied with feared she would surpass him. She did, of course. In fact—”

“How ‘bout some steaks. A little potato salad and asparagus?”

“A bottle of your best red wine.”

“Rising Moons’ finest red wine comes from Earth—specifically from an area called Caleefornea.”

Kamal grinned. Kaliq laughed.

“All this way...”

“For a taste of home.”

“How do you like your steaks, *messieurs*?”

“Medium.”

“Rare.”

“Ms. Eden prefers hers medium-rare.” The droid stepped out of the wall, then rolled across the tiny kitchen. It pointed and a door opened in the curved wall. “There is another bathroom through there. You’ll find clean clothes within as well.” When the men just stood there, mouths agape, the droid made a shooing motion.

“Ms. Eden is in the drying tube. You had better hurry. Once she’s ready to eat she does not tolerate waiting.”

Chapter Ten

Feeling more than a little ashamed about her display of peak, Eden felt even worse when she returned to the men. The divans had disappeared, replaced by a round, linen-covered table and three comfortable chairs. Candlelight glowed. The scent of roses wafted on the faint breeze that carried the sea's soothing melody to her ears. To one side of the table red wine aerated in a crystal decanter alongside three tulip-bowl glasses.

The men—*her men* at least for a little while longer—stood at two of the three chairs. They looked...magnificent. Clad in chest-hugging, sleeveless shirts and loose fitting slacks they made her mouth water. She knew what lay beneath the casual garb. She yearned to strip away every piece of clothing and expose the hard flesh beneath to her hands and tongue. Forcing her gaze from their crotches to their faces, she saw that they were nervous. They kept fisting their hands and their

jaw muscles seemed to twitch from clenching their teeth. Yes, they seemed almost as nervous as she felt.

Was this dinner to be the uncomfortable morning-after breakfast when no one knew what to say? Searching her memory, Eden realized Tante's rigorous training had not included a single word about this situation.

"We hope you don't mind," Kaliq began.

"We took advantage of your droid," Kamal continued, "and had a meal prepared."

Their serious expression made her want to laugh with relief. Instead, matching their solemnity, she said, "I don't mind at all. As much as I enjoy cooking, eating someone else's is a welcome change."

As she crossed to them they pulled out her chair. When she sat, Kaliq filled her water goblet while Kamal shook out her napkin, then draped it over her lap. She felt their noses at her hairline. Heard them sniffing.

"You smell delicious."

"Good enough to eat."

Her mind went blank, overcome by their rich voices and her body's immediate yearning to be even closer to them. Her stomach growled, giving her an excuse to say, "I smell steak."

Smiling as if they knew how much they affected her, they sat.

"I can hear it sizzling," Kaliq said as if proud he'd remembered her teachings.

"It looks perfect, too," Kamal said as Eden's droid carefully set down three plates.

"Hot," the droid warned.

"Thank you, D'dan. We can feel the heat."

"Good. Ms. Eden will not burn her delicate fingers." With that, D'dan rolled back to the kitchen.

Eden eyed a heaping bowl of... "What is this?"

"Potato salad," Kamal said.

"Taste it," Kaliq encouraged, serving her a small portion on a side plate.

"And have some asparagus, too."

As if their next breath depended on her approval of the fare, they watched her eat a bite of each. "I recognize the onion, celery and pickles, but what is the other vegetable. The chunks of white?"

"You've never eaten potatoes?"

Eden shook her head.

"Baked? Boiled? Mashed? French fried?"

"Never."

"And the asparagus?"

"No, never."

"Broiled, barbequed," Kamal shuddered, "over-steamed?"

Still shaking her head, Eden narrowed her eyes. "Where do these tasty delights come from? For

that matter where do you?"

Exchanging glances, they shrugged.

Seeming to choose his words with extreme care, Kamal said, "Our antecedents came from Earth."

"When Earth could no longer support its growing population our ancestors moved farther and farther into space."

"And? How far into space has your family migrated?"

"One or —"

"Three..."

"Planets," Eden prompted, "beyond Venus. That would make you from Jupiter. Or maybe Saturn."

"Andromeda," they said together.

"There isn't a planet by that name." She smiled and wagged her finger. "I have studied many, many subjects. Despite my confusion earlier, I can name all the planets, moons and reclassified *objects* like Pluto —"

"In this galaxy."

"But what of the galaxies beyond the Milky Way?"

Feeling dizzy and disoriented, Eden rubbed her temples. "I have heard that there are galaxies beyond this one. I didn't believe they existed."

"They do."

"Oh." The thought of them returning home, of being so very far away made her blink back

sudden tears. If they lived on Earth, they all might meet again—somehow. Someday. Interplanetary travel was common, possible even for a woman of her status—were she willing to risk it. Intergalactic travel... She concluded she could not afford it, even were it common and she could summon enough courage to risk it.

“You aren’t a native Venusian, are you?”

Kamal’s gentle voice brought her back to the present. Back to her men.

“My ancestors came from Earth. My father was Japanese, my mother French. I’m what Earthlings once called Eurasian.”

“No wonder you’re so beautiful,” Kaliq said, taking her hand, then pressing a kiss in her palm.

Kamal entwined his fingers with hers. “How did you arrive here? At Rising Moons?”

“As I told you—sang to you—my parents were sociologists, studying the differences between Venusian courtesans and those on Earth. When they died, I remained with Tante. Who is, by the way, a distant relative on my mother’s side.” Withdrawing her hands, she folded them in her lap.

“When did you decide to...”

“Become a courtesan? When my parents were killed, I decided I wanted to stay on Venus. Tante could not afford to keep me unless I earned my way. She could, however, wait for me to pay her

back. Her other students pay handsomely for their training and – when they take their first lover – a portion of their price is given to them. That way they can maintain a degree of independence. The rest Tante keeps.” Eden smiled briefly. “Recompense for putting up with us for years and years.”

Ending the discussion, Eden cut into her steak.

Kamal recaptured her hand. Despite her struggles to free it and the glare in her eyes, he said, “I have a few more questions.”

“We have,” Kaliq emphasized.

Kamal’s scowl silenced his brother. “Are you afraid to fly? Would you travel on a spaceship?”

Kaliq piped up. “Now that we’ve taken your maidenhead, will you receive a portion of your price?”

“Yes. No. And no.” She wiped her lips, folded her napkin and then carefully placed it on the table. Standing, she said, “Since our time together is almost over, I would like to make love with you one more time.”

“Our time together –”

“Is just beginning.”

Eden laughed. “Whatever Tante promised you, it isn’t true. She may have said my *prix* meant I would stay with you. She meant until you tire of me. She might have told you I would travel wherever you wish to take me. She knows I will

never leave Venus. She might have —”

“Given you in marriage.”

“To us.”

Eden couldn't help laughing. She ignored its hysterical timbre and refused to run away from this confrontation. The men stared at her as if she'd lost her mind. Maybe she had.

“Let me explain something to you. First, I have worked for years to achieve my goal. I conceived the courses in cooking, painting and dancing every girl will study from now on. I have set the bar they will strive to exceed. They may come close, but none will surpass me. My *prix* will remain the highest ever paid for one woman with all the skills and physical attributes a man could ever want. For all the rest of Venus's long history, I shall be known as *The Consummate Courtesan*.”

They continued to stare at her. She wanted to squirm, but stood motionless even when their expressions conveyed pity. She wanted to lock herself in the bathroom until they left. Left her. Left Venus. Left the galaxy. Pride in her accomplishments rooted her where she stood.

At last Kamal spoke. “Everything you've said is true. And would remain true except...”

“Azura's price exceeded yours.”

“Despite the fact that it took five men to buy her. Which significantly reduces each man's costs. But no one will remember that.”

“Only that her total price will make the history books, Eden.”

“If yours is noted at all...it will be a footnote.”

“Knowing all that—”

Covering her ears, Eden ran. Their cruel words had destroyed her dreams—her sense of self-worth—leaving her nothing.

* * * *

“That went well,” Kaliq drawled, glaring at Kamal.

“Didn’t it though.” Raking his fingers through his hair, Kamal strode to the bathroom door. He raised his fist, intending to batter it down, but pulled back.

“I’ll help you break in.”

“No. She needs time to cry it out. To accept—”

“That her life’s dream is dead? We’re monsters.”

“Aye. But we’re *her* monsters. We belong to her as much as she belongs to us.”

“Because we bought her!”

“Because she chose us. There were two other groups who bid for her. When we bargained with Tante, she didn’t hesitate to give us Eden. It seemed she knew Eden wanted us.”

“Maybe Tante should have chosen one of the others. After all, they pooled their funds and

bought Azura." *Ruined* – destroyed – *Eden's dreams.*

"Are you saying it's *their* fault she's upset?"

"Well...no." Kaliq collapsed in a chair. "How long should we give her to cry it out?"

Pacing the living room, Kamal shrugged. "Not too long. She'll find a way to get around us."

"Like how?"

"Like have Tante refund our credits."

Kaliq snorted. "Eden could beg her to do that, but would Tante actually do it? I don't think so."

"I don't either, but..." Stopping at the bathroom door, he rattled the knob. Silence. Not even a teary *go away.*

Kaliq huffed. "Too bad we told her about Azura."

"She'd have heard about it sooner or later."

"We could have been..."

"Kinder? Sugarcoated the news? The outcome wouldn't change."

"Still...if we'd explained our intentions, curbed our tempers."

Kamal laughed. "At least we all lost control at the same time."

"Aye. And now look even more foolish."

They lapsed into silence, neither aware of Eden's droid until D'dan cleared its throat.

"If you care, *messieurs*, Ms. Eden has fallen asleep in her bathtub."

“And you know this how?”

D’dan sniffed, clearly insulted. “I took her blankets and pillows. I also put something in her tea to help her sleep.”

Kaliq surged to his feet. Kamal reached the droid in two long strides and looked as if he would shake information from its metal frame.

“Are you saying...”

“There’s another way into that—”

“Blasted bathroom?”

“But yes. And if you hurry, you can get her to your spaceship before she awakens.”

“Thank you, D’dan.” Kamal pumped the droid’s hand.

“I’ll contact our crew. You pack Eden’s clothes,” Kaliq told D’dan.

“I have sent all Ms. Eden’s belongings ahead. Your crew expects you within the hour.”

“Eden won’t thank you for this interference, D’dan.”

The droid seemed to grin. “It may take some time—and all your manly skills, *messieurs*—but I think Ms. Eden will be most gratified. Most gratified indeed.”

In the end they decided against abducting her and fell to sleep on her wide bed. The click of the bathroom lock awakened them. Rubbing sleep from their eyes, they sat up and watched Eden

stride into her bedroom, then halt midstride.

"Why are you still here?" she demanded.

Pissed, Kamal linked.

Totally, Kaliq linked back.

"You should have chosen Azura. I'm sure she would gladly go with you to...wherever you're from."

"We don't—" Kaliq began.

"Want Azura," Kamal finished.

"Kaliq wanted her," Eden reminded them.

"He did, before—"

"I discovered what a lying bitch she is."

That got Eden's attention.

Completely.

They watched as Eden donned a robe and then sat at her dressing table. Picking up a silver-backed brush, she stroked it through her hair. She seemed to ignore them, but they could feel the curiosity flowing through her.

"Why do you think Azura's a lying bitch?" she asked several minutes later.

"Because she insinuated you weren't a virgin," Kaliq said, his face heating as he recalled Azura's whispered innuendo.

"She told you?"

"She's not only a liar, she's stupid," Kamal observed, leaving the bed to kneel at Eden's side.

"Meaning?"

Kaliq joined his brother on Eden's other side.

"She thought I'd keep what she said to myself."

"That Kaliq wouldn't tell me," Kamal clarified.

"So you told Tante," Eden said, looking at Kaliq.

"I did," Kamal said. "If Azura spread more lies, we wanted to hear them. Since I was obviously more interested in you, we suspected she wouldn't risk lying to me."

"I would have told *you*, Kamal." She smiled at his reflection. "If I wanted to drive a suitor away, he's the one I would lie to."

"Which supports our thinking her stupid."

* * * *

Eden swallowed the achy lump of gratitude in her throat. "Thank you."

They grasped her hands and pulled her to her feet.

"There's something else you should see," Kamal said, leading her into her living room. The table from last night's dinner remained. So did their chairs. In the table's center, a parchment envelope rested, addressed to her in Tante's unmistakable script.

"Did you read it?" Eden asked, looking from one to the other.

"No," they said together.

"But you know what it says."

"We—" Kaliq began.

"Suspect," Kamal finished, pulling out her chair.

Kaliq pressed her shoulders, literally forcing her to sit. They turned as one, stopping when Eden called their names.

"Please stay."

They studied her face for a long moment, then sat.

As she reached for Tante's letter, Eden saw that her hands were shaking. Adding to her mixed emotions of dread and anticipation, her stomach churned and she felt as though a fever had struck her.

"Would you read it, then tell me?" she asked the men.

"No," they said as one.

"Do you know what it's about?"

"We have an idea," Kamal admitted.

"But there's only one way to know," Kaliq added.

The men plucked the letter off the table and put it in her hands. "Read."

She did. She gasped in surprise as tears welled in her eyes. Joy flooded through her followed by an odd sense of deflation. She'd won her heart's desire, but... What was left for her now?

"May we?" Kamal asked, taking the letter from her hand. She could only nod.

Kaliq read it aloud.

"My Dear Eden,

It seems Azura's proclaiming herself The Consummate Courtesan was a bit premature. The bids were so close I had them retabulated and you won, child. Congratulations! It also seems you now have two choices – at least two – for how you will spend your days. The obvious one is to remain at Rising Moons. I am tempted to add And rub Azura's nose in your success. But you are kinder than I am. The second choice is to listen to your lovers. They have something that may suit you even better. Whatever you decide, child, know you will always be in my heart.

Tante

P.S. I told you I would vindicate us!

Eden laughed as she covered her mouth with both hands. The men stared at her as if she'd grown a second head—neither of which had a brain.

"You...you did this, didn't you?" she said when she finally stopped laughing.

"We might have—"

"Had something to do with the retabulation," Kamal finished.

"But Azura's conglomerate played a part as well," Kaliq continued. "They agreed her overweening ego needed pricking. They agreed to letting her believe she'd won."

"And to having the title taken away."

“B-but did I truly win or is it all deceit?”

“You won, Eden,” Kamal assured her.

“Fair and square. The question now is—”

“Will you listen to our proposal?”

Eyeing them suspiciously, she nodded.

“I suppose—” Kaliq began.

“We should begin with a question. What now, Eden?”

“What do you want for yourself?”

Her shrug felt stiff. “In truth, I never thought beyond my goal. For the last five—almost six years—all I’ve thought about, dreamed about, trained for was...this.” Spreading her fingers as if her future lay between them, she added, “How very shortsighted of me.”

“Where we come from such dedication is admired,” Kamal said, taking her hand.

That now familiar, dampened jolt coursed through her with something more than lust under it. When Kaliq took her other hand, she felt as if they were all connected somehow. Not just physically, but emotionally as well.

“I’ll miss you,” she confessed, a catch in her voice.

“You could—”

“Come with us.”

Jerking free, she stood and strode away. “I can’t.”

“Why not?” they said as one.

"I told you – when I sang about growing up at Rising Moons."

"You sang that your parents died," Kaliq said.

"Not how," Kamal added, seeming to make an intuitive leap that the *how* was important to Eden and to their cause.

"Oh." Turning away, she stared out the window. The gray skies heralded a rainy day – something else the original immigrants had missed about Earth and recreated on Venus. She didn't want to tell them. She knew she'd cry, the memory of that loss still tore at her.

"If we don't know what troubles you –"

"We can't help."

"Why do you want to help? I'm nothing to you." As soon as she said it, she knew it wasn't true. They were part of her now, whether she admitted it or not. Tante had warned all her students against caring too deeply for any client – especially the one – or ones – who initiated them in sensuality. Despite those warnings, Eden had grown...fond of Kaliq and Kamal.

Their silence added to her growing list of traits she admired about them. Kindness, courteousness, senses of humor. And now patience.

"They died in a hovercraft explosion," she whispered, hoping they wouldn't hear. Praying they would.

"You are afraid," Kaliq began.

"Of flying," Kamal ended.

"I have family on Earth. Second cousins, I think. They were willing to take me in, but...the very idea of flying petrified me. Tante thought I would outgrow my fear, given time. So she let me stay at Rising Moons. For several years my relatives asked me to come to them and then...they stopped asking."

"We can—"

Eden saw Kamal's reflection make a cutting gesture across his throat. Kaliq fell silent.

At last Kamal said, "We want to take you home with us, Eden. But obviously the decision is yours. All we ask is that you think about what *you* want."

With that they left.

For a long while she watched rain seep down her windowpanes, each drop an unshed tear of hers. Her heart felt empty—emptier than when she'd learned of her parents' deaths. A child's grief felt very different from what she felt now. The thought of never seeing her lovers again threatened to choke her.

Tante counseled making lists of pros and cons when facing difficult choices. Fetching paper and pen, Eden returned to the table and sat. Writing *Stay* and *Go* at the top of two columns, she stared at the otherwise blank page. Under *Stay* she wrote *Replace Tante when she retires.*

But there was no guarantee Tante would ever

retire. By the Goddess, Eden had no idea how old Tante was! Nor was Eden certain she wanted the responsibility of keeping hormonal teenagers from exploring their newfound skills with each other. The younger generation seemed less inclined to value their virginity. And why should they learn the art of setting a lovely table when a droid could do it faster? Better and even lovelier? And if their partner was unskilled in massage, where would they find relaxation for themselves? She enjoyed creating succulent meals, but suspected most students would think it a waste of time. Once they ate, what remained except the mess?

In her imagination she saw Rising Moons declining into nothingness, she powerless to stop it. Telling herself that could happen regardless of what she decided did little to ease her conscience. Stay or go she would feel responsible if Rising Moons failed.

But if she went with Kaliq and Kamal would she even know what happened to Tante's academy? *Tante's academy* stuck in Eden's mind. Rising Moons would always be Tante's regardless of who became headmistress.

Sighing, Eden turned her attention to the *Go* column. She willed herself not to censor her thoughts and wrote *Fabulous sex*. But it was more than sex. It was the feeling of connection, of belonging that she'd miss most if she stayed at

Rising Moons. Despite her deep affection for Colette—an affection they shared—Eden had no other true friends. The students her own age probably resented her. The Goddess knew Azura did! The younger ones probably thought her a snob. Which made staying at Rising Moons impossible—in any capacity except as a temporary lover to strange men

She wished her men were here so she could question them about their home world. The very thought made her realize she'd made her decision. She didn't know what she would do on...whatever planet they came from, but she knew she no longer belonged at Rising Moons.

Chapter Eleven

T*he Andromeda Galaxy*

Eden, feeling as if she were floating on a cloud, awakened slowly. Someone had taken away her bedding. She could feel air caressing her naked flesh. It tickled a little, but soothed her as well. Sitting up, she discovered she was floating on thin air. She shrieked. “D’dan! Stop this...this whatever it is this instant!” She lay back, impatiently tapping her fingers on her naked stomach.

Then she remembered. She had agreed to this journey – Goddess blast all lists of pros and cons!

Kamal floated into her sightline. Seeing his smug expression, she wanted to shriek again. Instead, refusing to let him see her fear and – unwarranted, she admitted – resentment, she crossed her arms beneath her breasts and glared at the ceiling. It seemed as far away as the floor. Being suspended made her nauseous, but she swallowed the impulse to heave. She didn’t intend

to soil the bed she saw beneath her. With her luck, she'd land in her own vomit.

"Good morning," Kamal said, his voice flowing over her like honey.

She closed her eyes.

"I think," Kaliq said somewhere near her right ear, "Eden doesn't want to talk to us." His breath felt warm along her neck.

"Too bad. We'll keep her here until she listens."

"We'd all be more comfortable on the bed."

"I don't know, Kaliq. I can think of a dozen things—pleasurable things—we can do suspended. And far better than we could on a bed."

"Ahh. So can I."

Their body heat flowed along her sides. She yearned for the touch of their warm flesh against hers. Only because I'm cold, she told herself. *This chilly room...that's why my nipples are puckered*, but the chill didn't account for the warmth in her pussy or the emptiness she felt there.

"If...if I promise to listen will you release me?"

"Release? As in put you down?" Kaliq asked.

Kamal said, "Or *release* as in take you back to Venus? Leave you there?"

"The first we could accomplish. Were we so inclined. Which we're not."

"Nor are we inclined to take you back to Venus."

“B-back?” Her mouth suddenly and painfully dry, she could barely ask the question. Her heart beat so hard, she feared it would pound out of her chest. She wouldn’t survive another space flight! She’d die from fright.

“You’ve survived the worst of our trip, Eden.”

“We’ve been in stasis until an hour ago.”

“And if you’re honest with yourself—”

“You’ll admit you weren’t afraid.”

Opening her eyes, she glared at them. “Because I didn’t know we were Goddess only knows where!”

“We know as well. We’re in the Andromeda galaxy.”

“Only ten days from home.”

Swiping unwanted tears from her cheeks, Eden wailed softly, “Why? Why did you take me from everything I know?”

“You belong with us.”

“Don’t you mean *to* you? You bought me, therefore—like a slave—I belong *to* you.”

“Would you prefer we’d left you on Venus?”

“I should have thought longer about leaving. Can you offer anything better than what I’ve left behind?”

“We think—”

“We *know* we can.”

“And we’ll prove it.”

“Right now.”

She tried to fend them off. Using hands, knees and feet, she slapped, pushed and kicked. They laughed. Catching her flailing arms and legs, they forced her to lie still. With her arms imprisoned at her sides while their powerful legs held hers spread wide, she watched their eyes turn black. Her juices seeped, dampening her curls.

Goddess! They haven't even kissed me, yet I am weak with lust.

Kamal kissed her ears, her eyes and her mouth. Tracing the seam of her lips, he coaxed them open, then swept his tongue inside. She tasted coffee and hints of mint and chocolate. She wanted more. More kisses, more hands, more...of everything.

Kaliq stroked her breasts, his callused fingertips circling her distended nipples. Wanting those fingers to pinch and pluck, she arched her back and moaned.

Their hands massaged her inner thighs, making her juices flow. Their rigid cocks pulsed and leaked pre-cum along her hips. She reached out, took their engorged shafts in her hands and stroked until they pushed her away.

"Tell us what you want, Eden."

"Tell us how to please you."

"I...I want you to suck my nipples. Yess. Like that. Lick them. B-bite...yesss!" She thrust her breasts at them, craving every suck, lick and bite. "Harder. Sweet Goddess!"

“Tell us, Eden.”

“Tell us.”

Her fingers fisted in their hair, she begged. “More. Harder. God-dess, I...am...commmm-ing.”

One of them, entering her from the back, drove his cock into her spasming pussy. His hands clutched her breasts. His fingers pinched her aching nipples. The other lay atop her, thrusting his cock into her mouth, fingering and licking her clit. She squeezed his balls. Their cries, her moans, rent the air. Their sweat and musk scented it as well. Like wild beasts, their bodies writhed and bucked, skin sliding over skin, demanding more. Craving more. *Les petites mortes*—those little deaths—building, fusing into one giant orgasm. Eden felt as if she had shattered into a thousand pulsing pieces, each piece surrounded by sated male voices and hot male flesh.

“It isn’t fair,” Eden complained when she’d recovered her voice. “You don’t even have to touch me and I...” Feeling a blush stealing over her entire body, she bit back the rest.

“Feel every muscle tighten as if I might jump out of my skin,” Kamal filled in. Eden felt his arms tighten around her. Safe haven. Home.

“Have my cock harden like a board.” Kaliq’s hand stroked down her belly and his flaccid shaft stiffened along her arm. She could still taste his

cum on her lips and tongue.

“Not exactly.” Eden laughed, then said, “My nipples swell like your cock, Kaliq. But,” she looked at Kamal, “my muscles feel like mush—soft and pulpy and incapable of movement.”

“Your mouth goes dry.”

She licked her lips.

“While your cunt gets wetter and wetter.” She shifted her legs, holding in Kamal’s cum and her own juices as they seeped down her thighs.

“Stop it!” she scolded, barely restraining a laugh. “You know very well what you do to me. Without even touching me.” She chewed her lower lip. “I... Despite all my training, I lose my dignity when you enter the room.”

“Is your dignity that important?”

Eden sighed. Regret for everything she’d lost clogged her throat. “For someone who hoped to replace Tante when she retired, yes. For someone who eventually wanted to teach, dignity is critical. Students respect dignity.” Blinking back tears, she asked, “What is keeping us floating up here?”

“Force field.”

The men pointed and they all gently floated to the bed. Each slipping an arm under her, they snuggled her. A little heartache eased out with her sigh.

“There’s something—among the many things I don’t understand—I need to know,” Eden said

softly, questioningly. Even barely touching them, she could feel their reluctance. And yet again she sensed their silent communication. "You're talking to each other, aren't you? But I can't hear you. That's unfair and rude."

They flinched, then sighed.

Kamal, still looking hesitant, took the lead. "Kaliq and I are almost twins. Our father made love to our mothers and planted his seed in them on the same night."

"Practically at the same moment," Kaliq interjected.

"Certainly within a very short time," Kamal corrected.

"Our births occurred in the same manner. Kamal's only one minute before my own."

They looked at her as if that explained everything. Saying nothing, Eden stared back.

Raking his hair, Kaliq said, "Studies have shown that twins have an incredible connection to each other."

"Even those separated at birth and raised light-years apart feel each other's emotions. Sometimes that connection is so intense, they can *hear* each other's thoughts."

After a long moment Eden said, "Even though you have different mothers, came from different eggs...you can share your thoughts?" They nodded. "Are your mothers related?" Anything to

support the impossible.

"No," they said together.

"We know of at least twenty more like us on Al Sufi, our home world. Some are of different sexes – male and female."

"But most are the same sex."

"Like you." Frowning, feeling frightened and repulsed at even thinking such a thing, she asked, "Can you hear my thoughts?"

"No."

"Sometimes it must seem as if we can. When we touch you –"

"Which is what got us into this –" mess, she thought, but said, "situation in the first place."

They grinned, making her wonder if they'd lied about reading her mind.

"Which is the first question I meant to ask you. Does your touch arouse every woman? Rob her of all common sense?"

"While we might wish that were true –"

"It isn't. It happens only when we – and those like us –"

"Touch our soul mate."

"Oh...my."

"Kamal sensed it when we received Tante's invitation," Kaliq admitted reluctantly.

"You sensed it could be Azura. We knew, however, the only way to *know* was to touch you both."

"Intimately."

"Before the auction ended."

Her inclination to forgive them for seducing her into leaving Rising Moons vanished. "So! Azura was late for breakfast the other morning because you'd taken her to some private room and —"

"No!" they shouted.

"We knew the first night that Azura wasn't the one."

"Her touch never made lust so much as flicker."

"Yours lit an inferno."

Not knowing if she could believe them, Eden kept silent.

"Maybe we should tell Eden a little about her new home," Kamal suggested.

"You mean how green the countryside is? How several natural moons cast their silvery light over various parts of our home world?"

"About those things, aye. And the blueprints awaiting her approval. The shovel our sisters designed for Eden to break ground with."

"B-blueprints? Shovels?"

"For the school we're hoping to have built for you and your respectful students."

"Don't forget the fifty bedroom house we've already had built."

"Oh...my. You think we will have that many students at one time?"

"By the Goddess, we hope not."

“Not at first anyway.”

“Then why so many bedrooms?”

“So that – before you take on any students –”

“We can make love to you...”

“In every bed.”

“On every divan and table.”

“In every room in the entire house.”

Just the thought of making love with them on one bed renewed her craving for them. “Y-you want to make love?”

“Isn’t that what humans do when they...”

“Care for someone more than somewhat?”

“Y-you love me?” Even to herself she sounded breathless.

“Of course.”

“We wanted you—at least I did,” Kamal clarified, “from the moment we viewed Tante’s invitation.”

Kaliq flushed. “I took a little longer to convince, but your cooking convinced me.”

“So! The way to a man’s heart truly is through his belly. As for you, Kamal, *want* and *love* aren’t the same thing.”

Kamal stroked her cheek. “You made us laugh with you. You made us aware of things we’d never noticed before.”

“Like what?” When he didn’t answer, she shoved his hand away. “I thought so. You can’t come up with a single thing.”

“For one thing you taught us that food is almost as sensual as making love.”

She glared.

“For a man...it’s difficult to talk about the *why* of emotions.”

“It— they just are,” Kaliq added.

“Like...why do women cry over someone else’s babies? Or receiving flowers?”

“Or seeing vids with happy endings?”

“Can you say why you love us?” Kamal challenged.

“Just looking at you makes me horny?”

Laughing, her men hugged her.

She struggled to free herself, then stood.

“What?” they said together, sounding and looking fierce.

“I need a moment to think.” She paced away, trying to ignore them and their compelling looks.

Love? A courtesan... I never thought about love. Her parents had loved each other. Completely. Unquestioningly. Eternally. And Eden knew they had loved her. Tante... Goddess bless her, Tante was fond of Eden, but in the end, Eden was just another courtesan. Perhaps more talented than others, but ultimately her sex organs—her pleasure holes—were no different.

She’d hoped her first lover would treat her with respect. Take her with tenderness. Pay the highest price for my virginity, she thought now. *Pride...is*

such a poor companion.

Lust had caught her unawares. True, she'd hoped to feel more than duty when joining with her first lover—and those who would follow. She'd not expected desire. *Desire?* What an insipid word for what she felt when these two men touched her. But was lust truly love? What would happen when they grew old? Or when they discovered they had nothing in common except sex?

They'd said she was their soul mate. Did that mean they would love her for eternity? She had no example by which to judge. Her parents had been married a mere ten years and had died young. But... She'd read the fairy tales with their *happy ever after* endings. As an orphan she'd yearned for that happiness.

Was it possible? Could she find it with Kalik and Kamal? Or was she—with no other choice available—settling?

She glanced at them. They smiled, looking as if their very lives depended on her saying yes. She smiled back. And just like snapping her fingers, she decided. Love—complete, unquestioning and eternal—shone in their eyes. She'd never expected to find it. But it had found her. Kamal and Kalik had found her, Goddess bless them.

She might not love them now, but she was the consummate student. She could learn. And what

pleasure the process could bring them all!

"There is something I practiced for hours and hours. Something you have yet to see." She motioned them off the bed, then took a position in the middle of the spacious cabin. "You'll have to imagine me on a slowly revolving stage. Or you can simply walk around me."

With that she spread her feet, then eased her hands over her head until they touched the floor.

"I can lick your cunt, Eden."

"I can suck your breasts."

"Then I have executed the perfect backbend!"

They circled around her. For several seconds she tried to follow them with her eyes, but soon realized her back was beginning to ache.

"I can't hold this position forever."

Kaliq picked her up. "Just a little longer." Her back soon arched over a stack of pillows. They supported her firmly while allowing her to display herself as she'd wanted. But with her head suspended over the pillows, she couldn't see her men at all.

But... "Oh my." Could she feel them!

Like the feathers on her peacock fans, their fingers trailed up and down her body. Tiny flames ignited along her skin. They merged when one of her men plunged his tongue into her dripping pussy and the other bit one nipple, then the other. Neither was gentle. She didn't care. She loved the

sensations. Their fingers now gripping her like they wanted to rip open her skin and crawl into her body. Or devour her inch-by-inch.

“God-dess!” she cried. Every muscle quivered, tensed and then exploded.

“How many times in a row can we make her come?” Kaliq asked, giving her an upside-down kiss that made her eyes cross.

“I...can’t,” she panted as Kamal pulled on the pillows and her back hit the bed.

“Wanna bet?” they said together, then started making love to her all over again.

A chocolate-covered strawberry teased her lips open. She bit into it. She and Kamal licked the juices from each other’s chins and lips. Kaliq smeared banana over her breasts and crowned her rigid nipples with juicy cherries. She could smell vanilla and yelped when they spread whipped cream over her torso and mons.

“All we need is ice...”

“Cream and hot fudge,” Kaliq said, rubbing chocolate all over his shaft.

“Well, cool hot fudge,” Kamal amended, pressing his fudge-covered spear along her lips.

She licked its tip, then down its length. Moaning, she opened her mouth and sucked him inside. She ate her fill until, at last, she could taste only Kamal. His groans grew louder and he sucked her aching nipples into his mouth, licking,

nipping, and biting. Her pussy spasmed.

“That’s one more time.”

Kaliq used his tongue to lap whipped cream and chocolate from her nether curls. Soft grunts and shifting muscular bodies made her open her eyes. Kaliq pushed Kamal out of his way. With his cock against her lips, he chuckled, then said, “Anything chocolate-covered.”

“Oh yes.” And she swallowed him just as Kamal plunged his cock deep inside her pussy. Her climax ripped through her.

“That’s two more,” he panted. Smiling into her glazed eyes, he lifted her. Kaliq slid under her and spread her buttocks. Anticipation shuddered through her.

As Kamal withdrew, Kaliq surged into her ring. Then Kamal thrust forward again. Eden thought she’d die and rise to heaven, they felt so good.

“God-dess! I remember thiss.” The delicious filling and emptying. The tension building and building and build—

“Ooooooh!” she shouted.

“That’s three,” her men panted, their thrusts matching her spasms. Spasms that shook her entire body. And theirs as their cocks erupted.

With one voice they all said, “Oh...my.”

“Shall we try for four?” she purred, knowing they could not—not yet. But *oh my*, when they recovered...

Epilogue

Al Sufi, *Andromeda*

When Eden and her men stepped into Al Sufi's bright sun, a cheer went up. It sounded as if thousands had assembled to greet them. Shading her eyes, Eden looked down into a sea of eager faces. Children's faces seemed to predominate although she noticed some adults among them. The adults reminded her of the teaching cousins at Rising Moons. Tante insisted that every student of hers received an education so that they could make informed decisions as to their future.

"I don't understand," she murmured as Kamal and Kaliq led her down the gangway into the now quiet crowd. "Why are all these people here?"

"To greet you, Eden," Kaliq said with a cheeky grin.

"Now you've done it," Kamal growled, seizing Eden's arm before she bolted back into the ship.

With no other choice, but to continue, Eden

squared her shoulders, stiffened her spine and forced a smile. As she passed the children, her smile became more genuine, more natural.

"They're wonderful."

"I told you we collect the rare and beautiful," Kaliq bragged.

"We'll explain when we get home," Kamal said. Slanting her a look she could not define, he added, "After we show you around you can decide what you want to do."

"Now you give me choices," she huffed, grinning at her men. "I know, I know. The decision to come with you was mine, so you needn't remind me."

As they walked, Eden noticed that many of the children seemed wary of her. She wanted to ask her men about it, but held her tongue. At last they reached a large house set back from the street. A wide path flanked by shade trees led to the front door. As they neared the entrance, Eden wondered if this was the house with fifty bedrooms they wanted to make love in.

Her men rushed her through the foyer into a large room filled with books and several library tables.

"Sit," Kamal said.

"You said you'd show me around."

"We lied," Kaliq confessed. "I'll get some tea."

"Coward," Kamal muttered. "He'll stay gone

until I've explained everything and have taken the brunt of your anger."

Sitting in a chair that quickly adjusted to her body, she said, "Is there a reason I should be angry?"

"I...we don't think so." As if saying *With women, one never knows* he shrugged. Raking his hair with one hand, he said, "You may have noticed that some of the children looked...apprehensive."

"I did."

When she said nothing more, Kamal sent her a wry grin. "This silence is a new trait, Eden. Normally you barrage us with questions."

Quirking one brow, she remained silent.

"The apprehensive ones are children we've collected throughout the Andromeda Galaxy. They're mostly orphans too old to be adopted or..."

"Their parents abused them," Eden whispered.

"Yes."

Although Eden had never suffered abuse of any kind—except for Azura's—tears burned her eyes. Swallowing the lump in her throat, she asked, "What do you want me to do with them, Kamal? I'm not a psychologist. And the Goddess knows I've never trained to be a teacher."

"Haven't you? Hasn't your entire life been focused on learning new skills? Wasn't one of

your goals to replace Tante? And if she isn't a teacher, what is she?"

A bordello madam, Eden thought, knowing she lied. Many societies would name Tante just that. But Eden knew Rising Moons was so much more than a whorehouse.

"What do you want me to do with them?" she repeated.

"Teach them," Kaliq said, returning with a tea tray he put on a nearby table. "Teach them your determination and dedication."

"Imbue them with your love of learning and help them find their own self-worth," Kamal continued. "As you found yours."

"You gave it to me," she protested, remembering how she'd felt when Azura's *prix* exceeded her own.

"We did not," Kaliq said, scowling fiercely.

"You realized you needed to move on. That's why you agreed to come with us." Looking smug, Kamal folded his arms over his chest.

"I...I guess I did." A thought popped into her mind and out her mouth. "You...you came to Venus looking for a teacher, didn't you?"

"A principal," Kaliq provided.

"A headmistress."

"And the auction...the lust we felt—"

"Was an unexpected benefit," Kamal said, no longer looking smug. Concern shone in his

emerald eyes.

“We didn’t lie about our being your soul mates, Eden.”

As if to prove the point, they knelt at her knees and took her hands.

Desire shot through her like lifeblood in her veins. She suspected they would always feel that connection even when they grew too old to do anything about it. But over the lust lay love and acceptance and friendship. All the emotions that would last all their lives.

She kissed each in turn, then whispered, “I love you.” And meant it with all her heart.

About the Author

Dee believes she was born with a pen in one hand and a writing pad in the other. Determined not to work in an office, this wannabe actress never learned to type well. She still composes with pen and pad, then transcribes her manuscripts onto her computer. Sometimes Dee and her dictation program are best friends; more often they are mortal enemies

Dee lives in northern California with her inspiration, best friend, and husband. She loves to read and, of course, write. Passion's Four Towers, her first published novel, was nominated for a Psyche Award in 2008. His Virtual Assassin finaled in Passionate Ink's 2008 Passionate Plume contest.

When asked about her two recent contracts with eXtasy Books Dee said, "I'm so very glad that Ryan and Carna (Saving Ryan's Privates) and Dominic and Ariadne (Chosen) have found such a wonderful home." And Dee's equally pleased to have a series—Sensuous Seasoning—with eXtasy Books. Who can resist sex and food?