

The logo for the band Samhain, featuring a stylized white flower or leaf symbol above the word "SAMHAIN" in a serif font.

SAMHAIN

CELESTIAL
SOUL-MATES

THE KING AND I

OPAL CAREW

Ever had one of those days?

Celestial Soul-Mates, Book 1

Aria's career fills the void that foster care left behind, and keeps her grounded in reality. But recently, steamy, erotic dreams make her think she's working too hard.

A free trip to a luxury resort is just the ticket. Until she's ushered to a "VIP party" and abducted by an alien who insists she's his king's soul-mate. Love at first sight, let alone sight unseen, is a myth. Her increasing attraction to the ship's captain, though, is weak-in-the-knees real.

Captain Tai Gaman's mission was simple. Kidnap Aria and deliver her to wed his twin brother, King Zander. It must be the sibling psychic link that's fueling his own blinding desire for the Earth woman. As the ship approaches his planet and her sexual hunger reaches unbearable heights, it must be simple compassion that won't allow him to let her suffer. One night leaves him stunned, facing an emotional choice. Claim her as his own, or fulfill his duty to the king.

After a lifetime believing love doesn't exist, Aria finds her hands full with the love of two men. And considering the possibility there's room in her heart for both...

Warning: This book is full of red-hot sex and smoking-hot alien studs (and one studette), along with their human abductees who don't mind getting it on with one or more partners. With or without an audience. Watching the heroine find love and the hero lose his heart may cause a strong desire to be beamed up.

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The King and I

Opal Carew

Dedication

To Mark,
my *tanash'ae*.

Chapter One

Aria stepped into the large ballroom where the welcoming party to the luxury resort was in full swing. As she glanced around at the women in glittering evening gowns and the men in well-tailored tuxes, she felt vastly out of place. She'd worn her favorite power suit, tailored and smart, but not glamorous. She tugged at the hem of her trim jacket, then adjusted the waist. Why had she even bothered to come?

A tall, tuxedo-clad man brushed past her, and she almost gasped at the thrill of anticipation that rushed through her.

Oh, yeah. That's why.

Ever since the phone call informing her she'd won this all-inclusive vacation at the Bonavista Resort, all her thoughts had been on the gorgeous, available men she would meet, which was unlike her. With her project deadline looming at the end of next month, she should have turned down the trip.

A black-haired giant of a man, whose broad smile revealed glistening white teeth, nodded as he passed her, a glint in his eye. Her insides quivered and her breasts felt strangled inside the confines of her black linen jacket. Good heavens, she'd never felt so...needy. She'd been waking up every morning from steamy, passion-filled dreams, her body slick with sweat, wanting...needing a real, live man.

A young woman carrying a clipboard approached Aria, a welcoming smile on her face.

"Hello. Are you Aria Jenkins?"

"Yes, I am."

The woman consulted her list. She returned her gaze to Aria and smiled. "Follow me, please."

A passing waitress stopped to offer Aria a red drink in a tall-stemmed, crystal glass from the dozen she carried on a round tray.

Aria accepted it, nodding her thanks, then followed the hostess across the room to a table with four women and one empty chair.

"This is where you'll be sitting this evening. Please help yourself to drinks and appetizers, and someone will come and get you for the orientation in about twenty minutes."

Aria nodded her thanks and sank into the empty chair.

"Hi. My name's Eva." The brunette on her left offered her hand. Aria shook it, aware that her own hand was cold in comparison. Eva wore the typical little black dress, the wrap-around style accentuating her full breasts and trim waist. A simple string of pearls adorned her neck.

"Hi. I'm Aria."

"This is Jenna, Kate and Crystal." Eva introduced the women clockwise around the table.

They all smiled and nodded. Each wore an evening gown.

"I feel a little out of place." Aria fiddled with the clip holding her dark blonde hair in a twist at the back of her head. "I should have worn something else."

"Don't worry about it," Eva said. "You look great."

"Thanks."

"This is so exciting!" Kate, the young woman across the table from Aria, pushed her long, auburn hair behind her ear, her green eyes glittering with enthusiasm. "I wonder what they have planned for us?"

Aria sipped the drink she still held in her hand. Sweet and fruity. She sipped again.

"I don't know, but I hope there are men involved." Crystal, the tall blonde on Aria's right, settled a lascivious gaze on the hard, muscular butts of three guys, gorgeous and in their early twenties, as they passed by.

Aria's gaze followed and she felt the heat creep through her again. She took another sip of her drink, then realized she'd already finished half of it and set it firmly on the table. It would be far too easy to consume too much of the sweet, alcoholic beverage.

"There certainly are a lot of good-looking men here," said Kate.

"And women." Jenna, a woman with a sweet smile and short feathery black hair, glanced up as a pair of blonde women in low-cut gowns passed by. Their generous, round breasts practically bounced out of their dresses.

"Don't worry about those two, honey. They've got lots out here..." Crystal indicated her chest, then waved her hand by her head. "But not much up here. Not like you." She laid her hand on Jenna's. "You've got brains and looks. In fact, you're way better looking than most of the women here."

Jenna smiled at her, but tucked her hand under the table as soon as Crystal drew hers away. Aria certainly agreed with Crystal. Jenna, with her wide eyes, high cheekbones and flawless complexion, was a stunner. In fact, all the women at the table were beautiful. Aria tugged at her jacket self-consciously. Why the heck had she been seated here?

Crystal locked gazes with a man two tables over and sent him a seductive smile. "With all these sexy hunks to choose from, I plan to get laid every night by a different man." She winked. "Or two."

A waitress stopped beside the table. "More drinks, ladies?"

Aria realized her fingers had curled around the stem of the glass again and she'd emptied it. She released it so the waitress could take it away, then tried to ignore the new drink placed in front of her.

"And here comes contestant number one," Crystal purred.

Aria glanced in the direction of the other woman's gaze. The man Crystal had been making eyes with approached the table. He leaned over Crystal and murmured something in her ear. She chuckled, a deep throaty sound, and her lips curled up in a wicked smile. He took her hand and led her to the dance floor

where he drew her into a close embrace. Her red strapless dress, with a light sprinkling of sequins, glittered in the low light. Aria quickly lost sight of them among the crowd of dancers.

Kate giggled. "Do you think she really means it? I mean, that she'd go to bed with two guys?"

"I'm sure it was just talk." Eva's gaze followed the couple across the dance floor as they came into view, wove past several couples, then disappeared into the crowd again.

"I don't know. I think she's up for anything," Jenna piped in. "And more power to her."

Crystal's comment disturbed Aria, not because its bluntness had shocked her, but because she'd been thinking the same thing. Not about two men—she'd never do that—but the part about getting laid, as Crystal had put it. Over the past week the dreams had intensified and a yearning had been building within her. She wanted a man. Or rather, she wanted sex. Her insides were aching with need.

She had never experienced such a powerful hunger. To be in a man's arms. To be possessed. To be cherished.

Maybe grabbing the first guy to show interest would be a good idea. Get laid, as Crystal had put it, and get past it. But something told her not just any guy would satisfy this need.

The song changed and, a moment later, Crystal returned to the table.

She wrapped her hands around her glass and stared into it.

"He was nice, but not exactly what I'm looking for."

"And what are you looking for?" Kate asked.

"I don't know, but I'm sure I'll know it when I find it." Crystal stabbed the cherry in her glass with the sharp end of the swizzle stick and brought it to her lips. She gently tugged it off with her teeth, then drew it into her mouth, closing her lips around it.

Jenna watched her with fascination, then nervously glanced down at her hands when she realized Aria had noticed. Did Jenna admire Crystal's easy sensuality? Aria found herself wishing she could be as open as Crystal and ooze sexuality with such comfort.

"You know, I won this vacation in a contest." Jenna twirled the tip of her finger around the rim of her glass

"Really? I did too," Eva responded.

Kate's eyes widened. "Me too."

Crystal pointed a finger trimmed with a long, well-manicured red fingernail at Aria. "And you?"

Aria nodded.

"Same here." Crystal sipped her drink.

"Omigod." Kate giggled. "What a coincidence."

"Not a coincidence, sweetie. They probably want to get a photo of all of us. You know, for marketing, yada yada yada." Crystal rested her chin on her hands. "And we'll probably have to sit through some long, boring pitch to buy a timeshare."

"I don't think so," Aria chimed in. "We're not exactly the demographic they're looking for and—"

"Ladies, my name is Terrien. It's time for the orientation."

Aria turned her head to see a stunningly handsome man smiling at them with dazzling white teeth. Her breath caught in her lungs.

"Would you all come with me, please?" He drew back Kate's chair.

Kate sent him a glowing smile and stood. "Lead on."

Crystal leaned toward Aria and murmured, "I would absolutely *come* with him. Anywhere. Anytime."

Aria giggled. She couldn't help it. She'd had only two drinks, but they'd left her lightheaded. She and the others stood and followed Terrien. He led them out of the ballroom, then turned left.

"Aren't the elevators the other way?" Jenna asked.

"The normal ones, yes," Terrien answered, "but we're taking the VIP elevator."

"Mmm, VIP. That's my kind of action," Crystal purred to Aria and Jenna.

Kate walked beside Terrien up front, Eva walked a couple feet behind them, and Jenna, Crystal and Aria followed. Terrien led them down a narrow corridor, then pushed open a door labeled "Authorized Personnel Only". At the end of another narrow corridor, they came to an elevator. Terrien pushed a key into a lock on the control panel and the doors opened. They crowded into the small space and the doors closed.

"This doesn't look very VIP to me," Crystal grumbled.

The elevator seemed to speed up. It jostled a little from side to side. An uneasy quiver started in Aria's stomach. Her head started to spin and she grabbed on to Crystal's arm. Crystal placed her hand over Aria's.

"You okay, honey? You look a little green."

Eva clasped Aria's other hand. "You don't look well, Aria."

"I'm sure she'll be fine in a minute," Terrien said.

The doors opened and Kate, Terrien and Jenna stepped out. Aria took a step or two and then her knees started to buckle. Crystal and Eva grabbed her arms and steadied her. Whew, she must have had more to drink than she'd thought.

They entered a moderate-sized room with upholstered armchairs set out facing one wall. The décor had changed dramatically from the coral and green they'd seen everywhere else in the hotel. Also missing were the wooden details. This room was cool blue with very minimalist, clean lines.

Eva led Aria to a chair.

"I don't know what came over me." Embarrassment blazed through Aria.

"The transporter has that effect on some people."

"The what?" Aria turned at the unfamiliar female voice.

A woman stood beside Terrien, who was taking off his suit jacket. The woman handed him a dark green jacket just like the one she wore. It looked like a military uniform of some sort.

“The transporter,” she repeated.

She pushed a button on a small console on the wall beside her, triggering a loud humming. The wall started to slide upward, revealing windows beyond. Aria gasped, echoed by several of the others, as a stunning vista of stars was revealed.

“It transported you to our starship.”

“That’s ridiculous.” Crystal stepped up to the glass and peered outside.

“I don’t know, Crystal.” Kate’s voice sounded on the edge of panic. “Look!” She pointed upward.

Aria followed her gaze. The wall panels continued to retreat over the ceiling, revealing a beautiful, but quite disturbing, view of Earth.

“Oh, my God.” Eva sank into a chair. “We’ve just been abducted by aliens.”

Chapter Two

“You.” The uniformed woman pointed at Aria. “Come with me.”

“We stay together,” Eva insisted as she stepped toward Aria protectively.

“No, actually you don’t,” the woman responded.

As the stranger grabbed Aria’s arm and dragged her to her feet, Terrien stepped in front of Eva, preventing her from rushing to Aria’s side. The uniformed woman led Aria to a door, which slid open as they approached. Aria glanced back to see her bewildered companions led out another door by Terrien and a couple of other uniformed men. Eva mouthed some words to Aria that she didn’t understand, then the door closed behind her.

“Where are you taking me?” Aria couldn’t hide the quaver in her voice.

“To meet the captain.” The woman’s heels clicked sharply on the floor as they marched along. “You should be honored.”

Maybe she should be, but she wasn’t. In truth, she was frightened and confused.

Despite that, thoughts of her steamy, nighttime adventures stirred within her and a sexual buzz quivered through her entire body. A part of her hoped this captain was a tall, dark, sinister hunk who wanted to have his way with her. She trembled in anticipation.

Good God, where is my brain? This is real, not some sexual fantasy. Yet she felt heat flush through her, hotter and hotter, as they progressed.

They stopped in front of a door and her captor pushed a button beside it. A bleep sounded.

“Send her in, Casey,” a deep voice said.

The door slid open.

“You heard the captain. Go on in.”

Fear cooled her blood a little as Aria stepped through the doorway, peering ahead of her to see a sitting room but no captain. The door swooshed closed behind her. She stepped farther into the softly lit room, which looked like private quarters. A big, comfy-looking armchair and couch occupied most of the room. Not exactly how she’d pictured a spaceship.

“Welcome.” A rich baritone voice came from her left.

A tremor rippled along her spine. She spun around.

At six foot four and all muscle, he was the most gorgeous man she’d ever seen. His dark, slightly wavy hair brushed his shoulders and his silver-gray eyes glittered like moonlight rippling on water. Her

heartbeat accelerated at the sight of him. He would definitely be the star of any sexual fantasy. Her insides seemed to melt into a pool and her vagina tightened.

Good heavens, she had to get a grip on herself. This man had kidnapped her!

“Who are you?” she asked.

“I’m Captain Tai Gaman. And you are Aria Jenkins.” He pointed to a chair. “Sit.”

She perched on the edge of the chair, keeping a wary gaze on him. He strolled to the couch and settled onto it, his masculine aura filling the room.

“I’m sure you’d like to know why we’ve brought you here.”

“Yes, please.” With her hands folded in her lap, and her tight, prim words, she must look like a schoolgirl summoned to the principal’s office. She noticed her hands trembling, so she clasped them tighter.

“Relax. I’m not going to bite.” Warmth emanated from his smile.

Relax? Was he kidding?

She stared at him with wide eyes, waiting. He leaned forward slightly.

“There is a power in the universe that takes a hand in our lives—we call it *nata’tai*. It provides the means to keep us healthy, as individuals and as races. To stay healthy, a race must grow. It must embrace other cultures. It must open its gene pool to other races, otherwise it will stagnate. Physically, emotionally and culturally.”

A shiver raced down Aria’s spine. Had she and the others been brought here as breeding stock? Were they to provide genetic material to keep his race healthy? Nausea tightened her stomach into a quivering ball as she imagined herself chained to a bed, a trail of men lined up to impregnate the alien female.

She imagined him first in line, his mouth capturing hers in a passionate onslaught, his naked body compressing her breasts tightly against his chest. She felt her cheeks flush and she tried to drive the thoughts from her mind as she concentrated on his words.

“As a race matures, *nata’tai* gives its people the ability to sense their *tanash’ae*—what you would call their soul-mate—even over great distances. To ensure a mingling of races, *nata’tai* directs the spirits of *tanash’ae*—soul-mates—to be born in different races on different planets.”

“Are you trying to tell me that you’ve brought me here because you think I’m one of these tannashays?” She sucked in a breath. “Do you think that you and I...” Her finger flicked between them. “That we are...soul-mates?”

He raised an eyebrow. “Would that be a problem for you?”

No, a voice inside insisted, but she ignored it and sucked in a breath.

“Yes! Of course it would. I don’t even know you. I don’t intend to marry a man I don’t even know.”

He flashed a devil-may-care grin. “Who said anything about marriage?”

“Oh, I see.” A blush crept up her cheeks. “When you said soul-mate I assumed you meant, you know, love and marriage.”

This was all too much for her. The reality of the situation was finally sinking in. She didn’t even want to think about what he actually meant. That image of the chain and the bed swept through her brain again and not as an attractive fantasy this time. Her head sagged forward as tears pooled in her eyes.

“Aria, I’m sorry. I was teasing you. I’m not your *tanash’ae*.”

“Then why—?”

“Your *tanash’ae* is our king.”

Her head jerked up.

“I’m supposed to marry a king?”

“Does the thought appeal to you?”

“If I believed you, which I don’t, I would be honored, of course. It’s like a fairy tale, in a nightmarish sort of way, but I’m not going to marry some stranger on another planet, king or not. I don’t want to leave my family and friends behind.”

He leaned toward her, his silver gaze piercing her delicately maintained composure.

“Aria, you don’t have a family. You were separated from your mother at a very young age and she refuses contact with you.”

She felt as though he’d stabbed her heart. The pain of long, lonely years in an orphanage, then a group home and foster care, slammed through her.

Of course, anyone would understand why her newly widowed mother might decide to give up her young baby when she barely had the resources to care for her other four children. It had been the responsible thing to do, given the situation. Supposedly, she’d wanted Aria to have a better life than she could provide—but wasn’t being surrounded by brothers and sisters and a parent who loved her a much better choice than leaving her all alone in the world, rejected by the one person who should love her no matter what?

Logic dictated that her mother could not have truly loved her.

Aria stiffened her back against the debilitating pain, refusing to meet the man’s gaze.

“I don’t want to leave my world behind.”

He leaned toward her, his hands folded between his knees. “If he weren’t a king, you could have negotiated where you’d live. Our home world or yours. But in this case, *nata’tai* has given you no choice.”

No choice. Déjà vu or what? She knotted her fingers together and sighed heavily. “Will I be expected to have sex with this guy?”

He smiled, kindness lighting his eyes. “That’s usually what two bonded people do.”

She glared at him. “Why do you think I’d have sex with a strange man after being abducted?”

He smiled broadly. “You mean, you’d have sex with a strange man if we hadn’t abducted you?”

She stared at him blankly. She couldn't believe it. This alien captain was teasing her.

Alien.

Oh, God. Although he looked quite human, he was an alien. A man from another planet.

She felt trapped. Fear and pain built inside her as she realized this was really happening. This man—this alien—had kidnapped her and intended to drag her untold light-years from Earth. She was being torn from her home, again, regardless of what she wanted.

All the tension that had been building in her ever since she'd taken that strange elevator ride curled around her chest and tightened painfully. Dizziness overwhelmed her and breathing became difficult.

Everything went black.

Chapter Three

Tai watched her expression go blank, then her lower lip start to quiver. *Gattra*, she was going to faint. He jolted forward, catching the slumping woman before she hit the floor. He scooped her into his arms, and her softness and warmth pressed against him, magnifying the already intense feelings thrumming through him ever since she'd come aboard. The result was instantaneous. Adrenaline jolted through him. Every cell in his body screamed its need for her. His groin tightened and his penis hardened.

He gritted his teeth against the onslaught. This was his brother's woman. She would soon be his queen.

He laid her on the couch and tucked a cushion under her head.

He'd been aware of her for a long time—the residual effect of the psychic link he shared with his brother—but he hadn't expected that awareness to increase so dramatically with proximity. It was Zander's link, and he was still many light years away.

Tai stroked long strands of dark blonde hair from her face, ignoring the rush of arousal her silky skin triggered. His gaze lingered on her perfect oval face, pretty, curved nose and delicate, full—and very kissable—lips. Her closed eyelids hid her beautiful, cobalt blue eyes and made her seem very vulnerable.

Damn this business. He'd hated the look of fear in her eyes when he'd explained why she was brought here. Clearly, she believed she would be mistreated. The pain lacing her eyes when he'd reminded her of her unfortunate past still scoured his heart like steel wool. With a history like hers, stealing her from her home *was* mistreatment, but as much as the thought tugged at his heart, there was nothing he could do about it.

He fetched a cloth and dampened it with cool water. He knelt by the couch and pressed it against Aria's forehead. Her eyelids flickered open, revealing two vivid blue pools speckled with gold.

"How are you feeling, Aria?"

She pushed his hand away. As her fingers brushed against his skin, he felt heat rush through him. She started to sit up, but he restrained her gently with a hand on her shoulder.

"Relax. You've had quite a shock."

"I don't want to relax. I want to go home." Despite her protest, she slumped back against the cushion. Although she no longer fought to sit up, he couldn't draw his hand away from her shoulder. The need to touch her was too powerful. The sharp sparking of his senses seemed addictive.

"I'm afraid that's not an option."

She scowled. “Of course it’s an option. It’s just one you choose not to consider.”

Her scent, an exotic, spicy musk, filled his nostrils. He found himself easing toward her, his voice softening.

On the edge of his consciousness, a part of him worried that these wild, erotic feelings might swamp his well-trained, highly controlled restraint.

“I’ve already explained why. Once you’ve joined with your *tanash’ae*, you will thank me.”

“I highly doubt that.”

Silence hung between them.

He knew her hormones must be raging. That’s what happened when a *tanash’ae* bond was awakened. Her need would intensify to an intolerable level as they traveled closer to *Sa’oul* and her *tanash’ae*, Zander. He did not intend to allow her to suffer.

She licked her lips. He couldn’t help following the motion with his eyes, watching her now glistening blush-pink lips in fascination.

“So what happens now?” she asked.

Now I taste your lips and show you the heights of ecstasy. He found his head dipping toward hers and stopped, pushing aside the urge to sweep her into his arms and kiss her senseless. “Well, that depends. I’m sure we can find ways to entertain you.”

Her eyes narrowed. “What do you mean by that?”

“Are you at all curious what it would be like to make love with someone from another world?” The words escaped before he could edit them.

She stiffened, her eyes widening. Many emotions swirled through those blue depths—curiosity, confusion, *arousal*—but fear overshadowed them all. He drew away. *Gattra*, he hadn’t meant to be so blunt.

Dahrán, he never thought he would regret the strong link he shared with his brother, but right now he wondered how he would survive the trip home with this woman.

Not that there was anything taboo about sharing a bed with his brother’s woman before they wed. Unfortunately, he wasn’t sure he would survive making love with her, then having to let her go.

He wished he could sense his own *tanash’ae*, but unfortunately, *natat’ai* had not seen fit to bless him with a mate just yet.

She sucked in a breath. “Umm. Would your king approve of that suggestion?”

“Until you are joined with your *tanash’ae* you are free to enjoy physical pleasure with anyone you like. In fact, you are encouraged to experience as much as possible. This special time leading up to meeting your *tanash’ae* is a time of celebration. We feel that sexuality is a wonderful way to celebrate, just as your people enjoy wine and food.”

“Gee, your Christmas parties must be a real blast.” She shifted and glanced around. “So is that why you brought me to your quarters? So we can *celebrate* together?”

Aria felt an electric quiver simmer in her blood at the thought. The heat of his hard, hot body so close to her, the caress of his velvet voice, the musky male scent of him—oh, heavens, she wanted to lean close and breath him deep into her lungs—all threw her senses into scorching chaos.

She returned her gaze to the pair of intense, sterling eyes staring down at her and she drew in a deep breath. Something in those eyes made her fear he saw past her defenses. Could he see the heady arousal swarming through her?

The yearning that had haunted her over the past few weeks had expanded by tenfold since she’d met him. His touch seemed to trigger wild, uncontrollable images. Like his hands stroking her naked breasts, his lips tasting her peaked nipples. She wanted to feel the weight of his body on top of her, the heat of his naked skin against hers, to feel him inside her.

And more... She wanted his arms around her, holding her.

She felt terribly alone. She would welcome the comfort of being in someone’s arms. His arms. She sensed in him a gentleness she could lose herself in.

It also didn’t hurt that he was a truly gorgeous hunk. Despite this crazy situation, all she wanted to do was throw off her clothes and tumble him onto this couch right now.

She swallowed hard.

But he was an alien. And she was supposedly destined to marry a king. Her head just couldn’t get around either of those concepts right now.

He leaned toward her and her pulse thrummed in her ears.

Oh, God, was he going to kiss her? And if he did, would she be able to resist the demands of this crazy lust?

As he got closer, the heat of his body brushed her awareness. As her lips tingled, anticipating his touch, he reached past her and pushed a button near her head.

“Casey, summon the senior crew to my quarters.”

“Aye, aye, Captain,” Casey’s voice sounded through a speaker.

Chapter Four

Aria watched in amazement as he stood and moved away. Her chest deflated as she released her suspended breath. She sat up and straightened her clothes, breathing deeply to clear her head. It seemed they were going to have company.

A few moments later, a buzz sounded. Aria stood and moved to the end of the couch, facing the door, as Captain Gaman signaled the door to open. Four men and one woman—Casey—filed into the room and lined up along one end of the room. Casey stood on the far left and Terrien, the other crew member Aria recognized, stood second from the right.

Captain Gaman strolled in front of them, taking in their rigid stance with approval. “At ease.”

The crew shifted to a slightly relaxed posture. The captain turned back to face Aria. “Let me introduce you to my senior crew. Each one has very special talents I think you might appreciate.” He moved to stand behind the armchair, then glanced at his crew. “First, there’s Baryn.”

The man in the middle stepped forward.

“His field of expertise is women’s breasts.”

Aria felt her cheeks flame. Why on earth was he telling her this?

“On his world, women’s breasts are worshipped. Men learn to bring a woman to orgasm without moving below the waist.”

Baryn smiled at her, his gaze trailing over her breasts then back to her face.

Her cheeks flamed hotter still.

“Next is Larson.”

The man on the far left stepped forward as Baryn stepped back.

“With his lips and his knowledge of kissing, he has made women faint dead away.”

Larson’s gaze burned through her, sending a quivering ache through her belly.

“But don’t worry,” Larson’s deep voice rumbled. “I know how to revive them.”

He stepped back and the woman stepped forward.

“Casey has home court advantage. She knows a woman’s parts from both sides of pleasure.”

Casey stroked her hands over her own breasts, her lips curling up in a cocky grin. To Aria’s complete horror, Casey unfastened the top few buttons of her uniform jacket and slid one hand inside. Her eyelids drooped and her head sagged back in obvious pleasure at her own roving hands.

Aria felt her own nipples harden at the thought of Casey stimulating her full breasts under the conservative uniform jacket and the knowledge that the men also knew exactly what she was doing.

Aria's gaze shifted to Captain Gaman and skittered away again when she saw he watched her intently, his gray eyes taking in her flushed cheeks. Her entire face tingled with the blush flaming her skin. Could he also tell that her breathing had increased? Thankfully, her suit jacket hid her erect nipples.

Why was he doing this? Did he expect her to pick one of them to have sex with?

The captain returned his gaze to his crew and cleared his throat. Casey's eyelids snapped open and she stepped back into line. As Terrien stepped forward, Aria noticed that Baryn had moved beside Casey and slid his hand under her jacket. She leaned back against his chest, the dark green fabric shifting at his movements. His fingers must be stroking her bare, hard nipples, Aria thought. Aria's breathing became more difficult as her nipples distended more, aching to be touched.

"You've met Terrien already."

Aria's gaze shifted to the familiar hunk.

"Let's just say Terrien knows all the right moves."

By way of illustration, Terrien moved his lower pelvis in spirals, pivots and exciting little thrusts. Aria's groin started to ache, as she imagined his penis sliding into her, shifting and circling, stimulating her insides to heights of pleasure.

"He can take a woman to climax lightning fast...or excruciatingly slow. He can also make a woman's orgasm last an eon."

Her vagina clenched as she imagined it clamping around his hard male organ and squeezing it, an orgasm igniting within her like a match to a wick, then burning through her in a scorching flame of ecstasy.

Aria glanced to Casey and Baryn. With her eyelids at half-mast and the way she leaned back against her crewmate in a tense stance, Aria wondered if Casey would orgasm soon. Casey noticed Aria's attention and winked as she shifted her gaze to Terrien and back to Aria again. Aria would bet Casey had experienced some of Terrien's skill.

The last man stepped forward.

"Now, Darrick's qualifications are best appreciated visually."

Darrick unfastened his pants, easing the zipper down slowly, then let them fall to the floor. Aria gasped. He had the largest penis she had ever seen. Probably that any woman had ever seen. Any Earth woman, anyway. It hung almost to his knees and was as big around as her wrist.

"But you can't get a good idea with it like that," Casey crooned. She slid away from Baryn and walked toward Darrick. Her jacket gaped open, exposing most of her breasts, her dark rose nipples peering out occasionally as she walked. Her arms twined around Darrick's waist from behind and she touched his sagging member. Her hands curled around him and she stroked the length of him. She wrapped one hand around the head and the other cupped his testicles. His eyes closed and a half-smile curled his lips. Under

Casey's ministrations, his cock, which had been huge to start with, grew to enormous proportions. Well over a foot long. Darrick and Casey moved toward her.

"Do you want to touch it?" Casey asked.

"No, I don't think..." Aria responded, her throat dry. But she did want to. The sight of it totally fascinated her.

Casey gently guided Aria's hand. She could have tugged it away easily, but she stood mesmerized by the huge, erect cock in front of her. She wanted to touch it. In fact, she wanted to do more than touch it.

Casey guided Aria's fingers around the huge head. Hard. Pulsing under her skin. Casey encouraged Aria to move her hand up and down. Darrick groaned at the feel of her hand stroking him.

"You want to do more, don't you?" Casey smiled. "What woman could resist?" She leaned close to Aria's ear. "Go ahead. Taste him."

The brush of her breath against Aria's ear sent trembles through her.

She stared at Casey. Anxiety quivered through Aria. She was way too close to doing what the woman suggested.

"No," Aria protested, shaking her head as if that might actually convince the inner voice urging her to do it.

"Well, if you won't, I will."

As Casey kneeled down in front of Darrick, Aria drew back. Casey's tongue, slim and unusually long, slid out of her mouth and swirled across the end of him. He moaned at her damp touch. Aria clenched her fists, digging her nails into the heels of her hands in an attempt to stop herself from shoving Casey aside and swallowing that large cock in her own warm, wet mouth. To suck on that incredible, rigid flesh until he exploded inside her.

Casey lapped at the tip of him, then licked him, bottom to top. She positioned her mouth over the head, then drew him into her mouth. Aria looked on, both jealous it wasn't her and horrified that she sat here watching such an intimate act between two other people, especially with so many strangers around.

She wanted to glance at Captain Gaman, to see if he was still watching her, but she couldn't bear to meet his gaze. Her cheeks burned so hotly she feared they would burst into flames.

When Casey had taken in all she could, her cheeks went hollow as she drew hard on his male flesh, sucking him deep into her mouth.

She released him and locked gazes with Aria.

"Look how he suffers with so much skin exposed." With an extended finger, Casey stroked the large part of his giant rod that did not fit in her mouth. "Take pity on him and help me." Casey took him inside her mouth again, staring up at Aria as she slid her lips over him.

Aria reached forward with her extended index finger and touched the exposed, deeply veined flesh jutting from Casey's mouth.

Hot. And incredibly hard.

Aria's eyelids closed as heat rushed through every part of her. She couldn't believe how much she wanted to wrap her mouth around one side of him while Casey took the other side. The two of them would slide up and down, their hands wrapped around him to cradle the entire length in warmth, until he grunted and shot his load into the air. How far would such a huge penis send his stream of semen? How much would there be?

She had to fight the incredible urge to join the other woman in pleasuring that giant penis. Even with all these people watching.

But that's all it would be. A penis. If she were going to have sex with a man, it would be because she was attracted to him—all of him.

Aria shook her head and drew her hand away.

"Ah, too bad." Casey wrapped her hand around Darrick's member and tugged on it, leading him along behind her. "Come on, Darrick, sweetie. I bet one of the other women will be interested."

The other crewmembers followed them out, and the door slid closed behind them.

Aria drew in a deep breath. The other women Casey referred to must be Eva and the others. Aria shivered, wondering where they were and how they were coping. Even though she hadn't known them very long, Aria had felt a connection with those women. If she'd met them back home, maybe they could have become friends.

Her stomach knotted. Oh, God, if this was real, then she would probably never see her home again. Her small, cozy townhouse might not be much, but she'd been there for eight years now and it was the only home she'd ever really known.

And her kitty, Rex. Marcia next door was taking care of him right now, but what would she do if Aria never showed up to take him back? She knew Marcia would probably keep him, but Aria would miss her little furry friend. She loved the little guy.

Her hands clenched into fists. This was so unfair. She had friends at home. People who would miss her.

She sucked in a deep breath and tears prickled at her eyes. Well, maybe not so much friends as acquaintances and work associates. She tended to work a lot, which left little time for socializing. Still, she did go out after work every Friday with her work-mates. At least for an hour or so. Most weeks, anyway. They would miss her.

Her chest tightened as she realized, maybe they wouldn't. She'd received fifty birthday greetings this year, but all of them were on Facebook. She didn't have any close friends. Deep down she was afraid to let anyone get too close. Because if they left, it would hurt too much. Now, it was too late. She'd disappear without a trace and no one would care. Or barely even notice.

God, if she ever made it back home, she'd change. She'd spend more time with people rather than work. Make true friends. Not just acquaintances and Facebook connections.

Chapter Five

Tai took a moment to settle his pulse. Watching Aria flush with excitement while she watched Casey stroking her own breasts had sent his blood boiling. Aria had watched with heated fascination as Baryn had worked Casey to near orgasm. Tai's cock had hardened like a rock when Casey had coaxed Aria to touch Darrick's erection. When she had considered taking him in her mouth, Tai had almost burst on the spot.

He stepped toward her, knowing he had to touch her. He slid his hands over her shoulders. She stiffened immediately and shrugged away, wrapping her arms around herself. He dropped his hands to his sides as she turned to face him, a scowl marring her delicate features.

"Why did you expose me to that?" she demanded.

"Aria, I know that you sense your *tanash'ae*. You probably have for several weeks now. You won't recognize the feeling, but it will translate to a longing for sexual pleasure. What the crew has to offer won't totally satisfy that need—only your *tanash'ae* can do that—but they can reduce the ache to a tolerable level."

Her fingers tightened around her arms as she hugged herself tighter.

"I can't just go to bed with one of those strangers."

A devilish grin turned up his lips. "No one said it had to be just one."

She sighed shakily. "It would only be one."

He raised an eyebrow.

"You mean you'll consider—?"

"No, I mean if I... I mean I won't..." She groaned and paced across the room. "I'm just not comfortable with the idea of being intimate with a stranger."

As he watched her, he realized it was more than just arousal sending her off balance right now. She was still suffering from the shock of being torn from her home. From the idea of being among aliens and going to a new world. And she had to be resenting the loss of control she felt.

But addressing any of those things would not help matters. She needed time to get used to the idea. And once she and Zander consummated their bond, it would be easier for her to come to terms with her new situation.

For now, the only comfort he could offer her was a solution to her physical need.

"The ache will get worse as time goes on. You might want to open your mind to the possibility. My crew has many talents," he went on persuasively, "and could show you a great deal of pleasure."

Aria shook her head, but remembered how close she'd come to joining in with Casey and Darrick. She couldn't believe she'd actually touched him. The memory of the taut, satin skin of his rigid cock under her fingertip washed through her mind. Her vaginal muscles twitched. She was only kidding herself if she thought she could resist the rapidly escalating need.

"I think you might need something to eat," Tai said. "Come on."

He took her hand and drew her to her feet. At his touch, heat shimmered up her arm, then quivered through her body. She'd never felt such an overwhelming awareness of another human being in her life.

But then, he wasn't human.

She drew her hand away and followed him through a doorway to a dining table. He disappeared into another room and then reappeared with two plates of food and two glasses of wine. She ate, too distracted to taste anything.

"So, what is the name of your planet?" She sipped the wine, welcoming the warmth spreading through her.

"My planet is called Sa'oul. It's over a hundred light years from Earth, but there is what your science fiction writers call a worm hole only a few days' travel from here." He lifted a fork full of food to his mouth.

She gazed at him. "You've read science fiction books from Earth?"

"Of course. We get to know a culture as best we can before we visit. It is important for many reasons, but especially to help our new guests acclimatize more easily."

New guests? Abductees was more like it.

His lips turned up in a grin. "Didn't you think it odd that we speak your language?"

She stared at him. Actually, she hadn't, and now she felt like a total idiot. But then, everything had been so surreal. Like a crazy dream.

"Oh, uh... So you learned English...with no accent?"

"Our bodies, including our vocal chords, are a little more flexible than yours."

A shiver went through her. "So...you're not exactly like us, then."

Oh, God, she had to remember that no matter how much he looked like a man—even though an exceptional specimen of a man who made her heart drum faster—he was really an alien creature.

"Is this really what you look like or are you...uh, some kind of shape shifter?"

"This is my true appearance." He smiled gently and placed his hand over hers. "Don't worry, Aria. I'm really not that different from you."

At his touch, heat flared through her, driving away the niggling fear that had begun in the pit of her stomach. Her gaze darted from his, but he'd probably seen the desire spark in her eyes. She drew her hand away. He cleared his throat and leaned back in his chair.

"So, tell me, if you were to consider being with one of my crew, which would it be?"

“It’s pointless to answer that question.”

He sipped his wine.

“So humor me.”

She stared at him and images of his crew showing her their talents danced through her mind. Thoughts of being kissed by Larson set her lips tingling. Her breasts followed at the thought of Baryn worshipping them. Terrien’s expert hip movements set her lower regions to shuddering and Darrick’s enormous member sent her curiosity spiraling out of control. Remembering everything they had to offer, she had no doubt at all whom she would choose.

Her gaze fixed on Captain Tai Gaman. It would be *him*.

Tai watched as her eyes glazed in lust. She was remembering her encounter with the crew. Jealousy twitched through him, but he pushed it aside.

He grinned and leaned forward.

“You have someone in mind, don’t you? Tell me who it is.”

She blushed and stared at her plate.

“No. I told you, I’m not interested.”

“Oh, you are definitely interested. In fact, you’re dying to act on your need. You just won’t let your guard down enough to do it.”

He needed to do something to push her over the edge to help her give in to her need—and he had just the thing.

He poured both of them a hot beverage and then moved back to the lounge and settled on the couch. She followed him, mug in hand, and curled up in the armchair.

“Maybe you’d like to watch some video,” he suggested. He pressed a switch on his entertainment control panel on the side table and four transparent, paper-thin monitors lowered from the ceiling. He switched them on and Aria gasped at the sight of naked flesh.

On one screen a woman with short, dark hair and big blue eyes lay on a bed with her fingers tucked inside her black lace panties, her hand moving up and down, watching a single video screen like the ones Aria watched.

“Oh, my God. That’s Jenna.” Aria’s hands tightened around her mug.

Jenna still wore her evening gown, but the long skirt had been thrust aside, draping over her hips.

Tai couldn’t help but admire the beauty of the young woman. Her breasts stood high and firm above her slim waist and round hips.

Jenna released the small buttons below the deep V-neckline of her dress to reveal one rigid, dark nipple. She stroked it, then pinched. The dark, pink nub compressed between her fingers, jutting out farther. Her head fell back against the pillow and she groaned.

Aria glanced to the next screen and realized it showed the same scene Jenna was watching. She realized it was Crystal in a passionate embrace with the man who'd led her away. His hand was on her breast, and Aria realized with a start that Crystal was stroking his long, erect penis. They parted from their kiss and Crystal smiled broadly. She wore only a red lace demi-bra, her nipples exposed, a matching garter belt and skimpy panties.

She squeezed his erection and pumped enthusiastically.

"I want you inside me right now," Crystal said.

The man groaned, then backed her up to the wall. She guided his cock to her wet opening and he nudged forward, his cock head pushing into her a little.

"Oh, shove it in, baby. I want to feel that beautiful hard cock of yours driving into me."

She wrapped her hands around his buttocks and tried to pull him into her, but he held firm, easing into her slowly. Once fully immersed, he tipped her chin up and claimed her lips in a potently erotic kiss. When he released her mouth, his gaze locked onto hers, holding her mesmerized as he drew back, then he slid forward, impaling her again. He drew back and thrust forward several times, then spiraled his hips against hers. As he cupped her buttocks and lifted her, she wrapped her legs around him and arched forward and back. Aria could see his penis slide in and out of her.

The erotic sight took Aria's breath away.

Tai's gaze shifted to Aria. Although the scene playing out on the screen was extremely erotic, what sent him into a rigid state of arousal was seeing Aria absolutely enthralled by watching it. Her breathing came rapidly and her cheeks had blossomed in a rosy hue. His gaze locked on her fingers, which had slipped over her breast and casually plucked at one nipple.

Aria's gaze shifted to the next screen where the young woman named Kate was totally naked, bound to the wall, her arms and legs spread wide.

Brand, one of Tai's crew, caressed her breasts, stimulating the nipples with light strokes of his fingertips, and her face contorted in pleasure. He nibbled at her collar bone, then licked neatly around her areola while his fingers gently stroked her other nipple.

Tai wished he was in Brand's position, but with Aria's beautiful body laid out in front of him. Heat ignited inside him as his longing for her became nearly unbearable. He wanted to rush over and sweep her into his arms, to taste the sweet saltiness of her flesh.

Hex, a second crewman, stroked down Kate's legs, then slowly upward again, along her thighs, then close to her pussy. Both men leaned forward and took a nipple in their mouths. Kate gasped.

Aria flushed at witnessing the intimate encounter, but she couldn't drag her gaze away. Her own nipples puckered tightly, burning for attention. She realized she'd been stroking one and snatched her hand away. Her face flamed hotter. All the while she could feel Captain Gaman's hot gaze on her.

As the two men sucked on Kate's nipples, one slid his hand down her stomach, then stroked her clit. Kate moaned louder. As Aria watched, Kate shifted and arched. Her eyes fell closed and she groaned, louder and louder, until finally she wailed in ecstasy. From her gasps and the tensing of her body, Aria could tell they were bringing her to orgasm.

The temperature in the room seemed to climb steadily. Aria ran her fingers under the collar of her blouse, desperately wanting to stroke her own breasts.

She dragged her attention to the fourth screen. It was blank.

"Eva? Where is she?" Had something happened to her?

"Don't worry. She's fine. She's just not in her room yet."

Her gaze slipped back to the screen with Crystal, who crouched over her lover, then grasped his incredible cock in her hands and licked the head. It twitched under her attention. She swirled her mouth around him, then licked him top to bottom. Her hands slid around him and she pumped as she swallowed the head into her mouth. She took him deep, then squeezed her lips around the top of the shaft, under the corona.

Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked on him, drawing him deep into her throat, taking every last inch inside her.

He tensed, his face contorted in pleasure. He was coming. Aria could see Crystal's throat move as she swallowed several times. Finally, she released him, then kissed up his stomach to his chest. Surprisingly, he rolled her onto her back and lunged his still rigid cock into her. He thrust again and again until finally she shrieked in ecstasy.

Aria's own breathing almost came in pants now.

She glanced over to Captain Gaman—Tai—as he sat on the couch looking more handsome than a man had a right to. Her body screamed in need. She had to feed this ravenous, sexual hunger and she knew he was the only man who could do it.

Chapter Six

Tai's throat tightened. Clearly, his plan had worked. The need in her eyes was painfully obvious. He leaned forward. "I'll call in my crew." By *nata'tai*, he wished he could be the one to satisfy her.

"They look rather...busy."

Her throaty words drove his heightened state of arousal several notches higher.

She stood and unbuttoned her jacket, then dropped it, uncaring where it landed. He could see the points of her nipples thrusting against the thin fabric of her blouse.

"Tell me, does the captain have any talents of his own?"

Gattra, she could have any, or all, of his crew if she wanted, but she wanted him. Sexual adrenaline rushed through his system and he felt his brain turn to mush. All the reasons why he shouldn't even consider this spun away before he could grasp a single one.

A smile turned up his lips. "My dear woman, a captain must be able to take over for any crew member at any time. I am well equipped to do anything my crew can do." Images of what his crew was doing right now danced through his brain and his voice dropped a half-octave. "And more."

Her gaze settled on his groin and he knew she wondered if he was as well equipped as Darrick. A devilish grin curled his lips. He unfastened the buttons of his shirt and thrust it off, then his fingers flicked open the button on his pants and he grasped the tag of the zipper.

"Stop." Her gaze never wavered from his crotch.

His fingers paused, the zipper an inch down. His chest clenched painfully as he realized she had changed her mind. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes." Her voice turned husky. "I want to do that."

Relief surged through him.

Her gaze slid down the broad expanse of his chest and his tightly muscled, washboard abs—a six-pack, as the young secretary in her office called it—to his partially open zipper. Was that partially open zipper going to hold its ground or start slipping down, bit by bit?

The tip of his cock peeked out over the dark fabric. It had been far too long since she'd been with a man and she'd never been with one as attractive as Tai.

She stepped toward him, aware that her hips swayed in a sensual rhythm and her nipples pushed sharply against her blouse, aching with every movement. She released the top button of her blouse, then the next.

He opened his hands in an inviting gesture.

“Go ahead. Appease your curiosity.”

She stared at his groin and the bulge beneath the fabric. She stroked her finger down his iron hard belly and over the waistband of his pants. Hesitantly, she rested her hand on the bulge.

It grew.

Slowly, she tugged the metal tag of his zipper downward. He wore no underwear so, as the zipper went down, his penis pushed outward. It pulsed and elongated, pushing farther out of its constraint.

Aria caught it as it dropped forward. She gasped at the hot weight of it in her hands, blazing against her palms.

His cock was at least as long as Darrick’s, maybe longer, and she couldn’t even close her hand around it. She had never seen a more beautiful sight.

While she held him cradled in her hands, he pushed his pants to the floor, then kicked them aside.

Tai had assured her he knew all the skills of his crew. Her breath caught at the thought of his huge penis inside her, swirling in exciting movement like Terrien had demonstrated.

She stroked its length with one hand, then decided she just had to taste it.

She knelt and wrapped both hands around it, then stroked it, tip to base. She licked the tip of his huge cock, then wrapped her mouth around him as best she could. His huge, delectable penis throbbed beneath her lips.

He filled her mouth like no man ever had. She twirled her tongue around the ridge, delighted at his groan. She dabbed at the tip with her tongue while encircling his girth in both her hands and stroking his length.

His hands stroked over her hair, then she felt him release the clip holding the tight coil against her head. The loose waves fell across her back and his fingers combed through them. The warmth of his touch as he brushed over her temple and across her scalp sent hot shivers through her.

She sucked on his cock, then released the tip and lapped her tongue the length of him. She swirled her tongue down the shaft in a spiral, then covered the head with her mouth and sucked him as deep as she could, wishing she could pull him deeper. Wrapping her hands around the hard, exposed flesh, she proceeded to suck and lick until his breath came in ragged grunts. Squeezing him between the roof of her mouth and her tongue, she pulsed and fluttered against him. His body tensed and she knew he was close, so she slipped her hands under his testicles and stroked the sensitive spot right behind them. He groaned and stiffened. Hot liquid spurted into her mouth and flooded the back of her throat. She sucked on him until his rigid body relaxed slightly and the stream of liquid stopped, then she slowly released him.

He drew her up and merged his mouth with hers. The feel of his lips triggered a tumultuous mass of confusing feelings inside her. Her lips seemed to blossom in exquisite pleasure.

“*Gattra*, you certainly know how to please a man!”

With quivering hands, he released the still-fastened buttons of her blouse and slid it from her shoulders. She let it fall to the floor. His frank, masculine scrutiny of her breasts, his silver-gray eyes warm and appreciative, made her feel extremely attractive. She reached behind her and released the clasp of her bra. He slipped the straps from her shoulders and drew the lacy garment away from her body.

The feel of the cool air on her breasts made her nipples harden. He smiled and leaned toward them. As he captured one hard nub in his moist mouth, she gasped. He twirled his tongue around it, sending fluttering waves of pleasure spiraling through her. His hand slid over her other breast and a duality of pleasure pulsed through her.

She wanted him inside her. Now. She shoved her skirt to the floor and stripped off her black, lace panties.

“Lie down,” she commanded.

He smiled and stretched out on the floor. She knelt over him and positioned his huge, throbbing cock between her legs, then lowered herself onto him. She was slick with need, but she could only take in a bit of him at first. His hands caressed her breasts as she pressed down, feeling her flesh expand around him as the head of his penis stretched her. Finally, the bulbous end was inside and she sighed at the full, stretched feeling. This was what she’d been longing for. He lay patiently, smiling up at her as she paused, allowing her body time to adapt to him. His fingers flicked lightly over her hard nipple, triggering spirals of pleasure.

Her eyelids fell closed as she eased downward again, swallowing him slowly until every considerable inch of him disappeared inside her. She groaned at the exquisite pleasure of it. He pulsed inside her and she groaned again. She lifted, then lowered her body.

Oh, God, this sexy man’s immense, rock-hard cock inside her felt amazing. She spiraled and it compressed against every part of her vagina. She started a pulsing motion, up and down, as he thrust into her, then pulled out, then in, then out. He went so deep inside she thought she’d weep at the intense pleasure.

She rode an astonishing wave of delight, close to orgasm, but not quite. He rolled her over, then thrust even deeper inside her. A joyful agony surged through her as he pounded into her with deep, long strokes of that incredibly huge cock.

“More,” she cried. “More. More!”

Then it swept through her like a tidal wave. Ecstasy like she’d never experienced before. She screamed at the intensity. It went on and on. It would ebb, then he’d shift and thrust some more and it would climb again, throwing her into another orgasm. Two. Three. Four.

She lost count.

Finally, it built to an unbelievable crescendo and she moaned from the very center of her being. He groaned and thrust deeply, freezing for an instant while they both shattered into orgasmic fragments, then they collapsed.

“My God, that was the most incredible pleasure I’ve ever experienced.”

He kissed her and smiled wickedly. “That won’t be the last time you say that tonight, my love.”

Chapter Seven

When Aria awoke, she found herself wrapped in Tai's arms, his solid chest against her back, his hands folded around her chest and one hand cupped lightly over the swell of her breast.

Nothing had ever felt so right in her life.

Nevertheless, uncertainty scrolled through her. Lust had overwhelmed her and she'd had sex with a stranger. A tightness gripped her chest. An alien. A man who had kidnapped her and torn her from her home, with no intent of returning her. Ever.

How could she have allowed this to happen?

His lips grazed the back of her neck and a rush of desire washed through her.

Oh, yeah. That's how.

"You're awake." His voice sounded husky from sleep. A sexy rumble.

She rolled to her back, staying within the circle of his arms.

"Mm hm," she murmured.

He didn't look like an alien. His silver-gray eyes shone at her with warmth. As she gazed at him, her heart swelled with emotion. Warm and powerful.

A realization swept through her. This was *love*.

She *loved* him.

But how could she love a man she'd just met?

She remembered when Lisa, a woman at work, had told her about the first time she'd seen her baby. She'd said she'd felt instant, compelling love. She'd known she would do anything for the child, even lay down her life.

That's how Aria felt. She could not imagine this man not being in her life. Never seeing his face again. His eyes. His devilish smile. Never hearing his deep voice. Never feeling his exquisite touch.

She would rather die right now than give him up.

And that presented a problem. Because he'd told her she was soul-mate to his king, not him.

She ran her hand across his cheek, feeling the coarseness of new beard growth. He lowered his face to hers. The feel of his lips brushing hers in a heady kiss sent spirals of electricity swarming through her. She matched her mouth firmly to his and speared her tongue between his lips, then curled it around his. His fingers slid along her scalp and cupped the back of her head as his tongue snuggled against hers, following her movements in a warm, erotic dance.

The rhythm of her breathing accelerated. Her hands stroked over his shoulders, then down his back. She pulled him closer and arched against him, crushing her body to his—but it wasn't enough. A blinding need to immerse herself in him, to become one with him, blasted through her.

Her tongue swirled around the inside of his lips while her hands slid to his chest. One stroked the tight, hard muscles of his well-defined abs. The other found his nipple and teased it between her fingertips. She parted from his lips and covered his other nipple with her mouth. Her tongue dabbed mercilessly, then she sucked. Hard.

His quick, indrawn breath encouraged her. His cock pulsed and hardened against her belly. Her hand slid down over his stomach to his erection, then she wrapped her fingers around it, loving the feel of rock-hard muscle under skin as soft as kid leather.

She gazed at him. "Tai, I love you."

The glow in his eyes froze. She felt him withdraw before he even moved a muscle.

He pushed himself to a sitting position, propped against the pillows. "No, you don't."

She sat cross-legged, tucking the sheets around her waist. "Yes, I do." She reached out and stroked his cheek but he pulled away.

"You just think you do. We've shared a lot of intimacy and you're not used to that."

"No." She shook her head in emphasis. "That's not it. I really love you. And if you tell me you don't love me, I won't believe you."

He stared her straight in the eye.

"I don't love you."

Aria's eyes widened as a crushing pain started around her heart, then spread through every cell of her body. She'd said she wouldn't believe him, but now, staring at his icy, gray eyes, she wasn't so sure. Could she have read him so wrong?

"But...the way you touch me..." She cursed herself as tears prickled at her eyes.

His gaze softened. "Don't get me wrong, Aria. I care about you."

Anger flared in her. She flung herself away, wrapping the sheet around her nakedness, then stormed across the room.

"I know, we can be friends, right?"

She clutched the sheet to her body like a flimsy barrier. How could she have let this happen? Tears threatened, but she blinked them back. She'd opened her heart, let love in for the first time in her life, and...

She swallowed the huge lump that had formed in her throat.

Oh, God, he didn't even want her.

"I won't marry this king of yours." She murmured the promise in a quavering voice. "I won't have anything to do with him."

“Yes, you will.”

The kindness in his voice infuriated her. Her back straightened and her head swiveled toward him.

“Are you going to force me?” She glared. “Are you going to hold me down while he takes me? Because that’s what it’s going to take.”

She thought she saw a flicker of pain in his eyes, but it quickly disappeared.

“That won’t be necessary. When you meet him, you’ll know. He is your *tanash’ae*.”

Her heart ached at his calm statement. “I don’t care about your nattatie and tanashays. They mean nothing to me.”

She couldn’t just give up. She had to convince him. Tucking the sheet around her, she walked to the bed and sat beside him.

“The only thing that means anything to me is this.” Planting her hands on his cheeks, she met his lips with red hot passion. Sparks flared as she stroked his lips with her tongue, then ravaged his mouth with pulsing strokes. She brought his hand to her breast, cupping him around her.

When she was satisfied his breath was quick, when his cock flooded with blood and inflated with need, she pulled the covers from him and grabbed his erection, then climbed on top of him, impaling herself on his cock. She stared straight into his eyes as she moved up, then down. Continuing in a delicious rhythm, she pumped him, squeezing without mercy. He twitched inside her. She sped up, thrusting up and down, feeling his huge, rock-hard cock stroking her insides, sending her to heaven. His breathing increased and she knew he was close.

“I won’t make love with anyone but you. I love you. You said I would know my tanashay when I felt his touch. Well, I have felt his touch. There is no doubt in my mind. You are my soul-mate.”

“No, Aria,” he mumbled, then gasped as she spiraled her hips and pulsed her vaginal muscles around him. “You’re wrong.” But his words held no conviction.

Then he stiffened and held her tight. She felt his sperm shoot into her, filling her with his life-giving seed.

She kissed him, rough and hard, then slid her calves under his knees and thrust harder. Rapture erupted inside her and she screamed her release. His hands wrapped around her waist and he moved her up and down, extending her pleasure. Pure joy washed over her, melting her senses into one gargantuan wave of ecstasy. An orgasm so complete, it became the entire universe, consuming every synapse, every atom of her being. As it subsided and she became mortal again, she felt as if she had been reborn. Changed in a fundamental way.

As she stared into his eyes, she knew he was her *tanash’ae*. And he knew it, but for some reason denied it to himself. The knowledge lay buried deep inside him and something in him would not let it emerge.

He drew her close to him and she snuggled against his chest.

“Don’t you see, Aria? I must deliver you to the king. Whatever you think you feel for me is just your mind reflecting your growing awareness of him.”

She leaned back so she could see him.

“You don’t really believe that.”

He stroked her cheek, as if he couldn’t stop himself from touching her.

“Aria, maybe it will help you understand if I tell you the king is actually my brother. He and I share a very strong connection, a sort of psychic bond. I am deeply affected by you, but it’s because I feel his link with you. But it’s his link, not mine.”

“How can you be sure?”

Something flickered in his eyes and she wanted to believe it was uncertainty. “I just do.”

They sat for long moments staring into each other’s eyes. As he grew more distant, Aria felt hope drain away. Finally, she eased off him. His flaccid penis slipped out of her, leaving her feeling empty.

She slumped back onto the pillows and stared at the ceiling.

A few moments later, he pushed himself from the bed.

“I’m needed on the bridge. We should be arriving on *Sa’oul* within the next few hours.”

He disappeared into the bathroom. When he emerged several minutes later, he was dressed in his uniform, his dark, wavy hair damp from a shower. He paused at the door, his back to her for a long moment, then he proceeded forward without looking back.

Once the door slid closed behind him, Aria sank into the pillows and let her tears flow. Her mother had loved her other children more than Aria, giving her up for adoption. Aria hadn’t been important enough to love. Her chest clenched painfully. Now Tai felt the same way. His love for his king—his brother—was greater than his love for her.

Chapter Eight

Tai marched from his quarters, jagged emotions twisting through him. Loyalty to his brother, who was also his king. Knowledge that Aria was to be Zander's wife, not Tai's. Compelling need to be with Aria, to hold her in his arms, to join with her, to have her in his life always.

The memory of her soft, supple body in his arms, responding to his lovemaking, tore through him, ripping at his heart. His feelings for her were stronger than anything he'd ever felt before. Even his feelings for Zander.

He stopped at the door to the bridge and stabbed at the button. The mechanism automatically checked his fingerprint and DNA against the database and the door slid open.

Could it be that Aria really was Tai's *tanash'ae*, not Zander?

He remembered when he'd told Aria that what he felt was his brother's link. *How do you know?* she'd asked him.

He knew because...Zander had told him.

He marched onto the bridge. Terrien and Baryn glanced up from their stations, smiles tingeing their lips—until they saw Tai's face. Their smiles faded and both men locked their gazes on their consoles.

Of course, *they'd* be happy. They'd both found their *tanash'ae*.

He settled into the command chair and displayed the ship's status on his monitor, then stared at it with unseeing eyes.

Zander would not claim Aria was his *tanash'ae* if it wasn't true. Tai could depend on Zander's judgment above all else. That had been clear ever since their parents had died, leaving the throne to the older of the two twins. A difficult task for a thirteen-year-old, but Zander had brought *Sa'oul* to great prosperity and social freedom. Their people were happy and it was because of Zander's excellent leadership.

Tai stabbed a button on his console and his monitor displayed blackness sprinkled with distant stars. A small, orange ball hung in the center. *Sa'oul*.

A tinge of guilt crept through him. Zander had sent Tai to fetch Aria, entrusting his greatest treasure to Tai. How could Tai even entertain the thought of keeping Aria for himself? And what sense did that make? This link he felt for Aria was only a reflection of Zander's link with her. The real link.

He focused on the stats displaying below the picture on his monitor, but a nagging thought kept pushing at his consciousness.

What if Tai's was the real link? What if what Zander felt was the reflection of Tai's link with Aria rather than the other way around?

The thought unsettled him more than he cared to admit.

Aria watched out the small portal in the bedroom. A great orange ball of a planet loomed outside.

Several hours had passed since Tai had left her alone. Casey had come by to tell her they would be arriving soon and Aria should get ready.

Aria's heart sank. Soon she would be transported from this ship and handed over to the king. Tai's brother. She would be expected to fall in love with him and live happily ever after, just like in a fairy tale. This fairy tale would have no happy ending, however. Tai would disappear into space to pursue whatever mission his brother commanded and forget all about Aria, or at least suppress thoughts of her—probably quite successfully. He seemed very good at it.

She sighed, wiping away a tear. She'd been torn from her family at a young age and thrown into homes with no real connection. She would cope here. She would be a queen, or a concubine, or whatever this planet did with arranged mates for their king. She had no doubt she would be well cared for.

She would certainly learn to cope.

The door slid open and Tai stepped inside. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"As ready as I'll ever be." She wore her power suit once again. Irony, since she'd never felt so powerless.

He led her down the corridor to the lounge where she and the other women had first appeared on the ship.

"Where are the others?" she asked.

"They've already transported down."

She nodded. He led her to the door of the elevator—or rather, transporter. The door swooshed open.

He hesitated.

"Aria."

She turned to face him. "Yes?"

Did he have instructions for her? Would he tell her how to behave in front of the king? Give her some last minute etiquette tips?

He touched her cheek tentatively. "I've...this has meant a lot to me. I..." He stared for a moment, his silver eyes full of disquiet, then he tugged her into his arms and kissed her. His lips moved on hers with a quiet desperation. She fought to stay immune, but lost the battle. She slumped against him, her arms curling around his neck.

"*Gattra*, Aria, what will I do without you?"

Before she could respond, his hand slid to the small of her back and he pressed her into the transporter. The immediate feeling of movement and the resulting nausea overwhelmed her. Dizziness slammed her against the wall, then everything went black.

Chapter Nine

Wakefulness came slowly, along with the awareness of a warm, hard body pressed against her. She glanced around the room, trying to get her bearings. The light seemed clearer than she was used to and the air fresher. She lay in a huge bed covered by a thin, sage green sheet with no other blankets or coverings. As she ran her hand along the silky, smooth fabric, she realized it was warm to the touch, as though infused with sunlight. The walls seemed to shimmer, until she watched carefully and realized they were constantly changing color, a very subtle shifting of shades through a range from pale moss green to amber gold.

Hands encircled her waist and lips nuzzled her neck.

“Tai?”

“Yes, my love.” His voice rumbled through her, caressing her insides like a silk scarf.

My love? She must be dreaming. She snuggled against him. If so, she intended to enjoy every lovely moment of it. Shifting his hands to cup her breasts, she let her eyelids fall closed, enjoying the intense feelings of arousal his loving touch brought her. Her nipples peaked, thrusting into his palms.

The mattress in front of her compressed and her eyelids snapped open. Another man sat on the edge of the bed.

Tai. She stiffened. But if Tai sat in front of her, who was behind her? She glanced around. The man behind her also wore Tai’s face.

There were two of him. His hands tightened around her breasts, sending shimmering heat through her. Oh, God, this was shaping up to be the best dream she’d ever had.

“Hello, Aria,” said the new Tai.

She turned to face the sitting Tai.

“Hello, Tai,” she murmured in a throaty purr.

He smiled, that familiar devilish smile she’d come to love so much.

“I’m not Tai. I’m Zander. Tai’s twin brother.”

She stiffened. Tai’s *twin* brother? That would explain the link Tai talked about between them.

Maybe this wasn’t a dream after all.

“You’re right, Tai.” The king’s gaze washed over her face. “She is the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

She remembered what she’d said to Tai earlier.

Are you going to hold me down while he takes me?

“Don’t look so terrified, Aria,” the king said. “Tai and I had a long talk and he told me in no uncertain terms that you are *his tanash’ae*, not mine.”

Rather than looking angry, he smiled broadly.

“You really are a good influence on him,” he continued. “I sent him on this mission to bring you back knowing his link to you was real, not a mirror of mine as I’d led him to believe.”

“Why did you do that?” she demanded, her voice a little shaky.

“When I was put on the throne after our parents’ death, my brother learned to defer to me. Although it was appropriate under the circumstances, it took something from him. He never learned to be himself. To depend on his own judgment where I was concerned. It’s wonderful to have such a loyal subject, but I also wanted my brother. I wanted an equal to help me rule. With you, he learned to speak up for what is his, and I respect that.”

Hope flared inside her. “What will happen now?”

“Well, that’s between you and Tai.” He shrugged. “I assume you’ll marry and live happily ever after, but I can’t speak for my brother.”

Tai’s arms tightened around her. “I’m never going to let you go. I want to marry you. But I’ll give you time to—”

She twirled around and threw her arms around his neck. “Yes!” She didn’t need time; she needed him. Her lips crashed against his in a spine-tingling kiss. His hands stroked up and down her back and she moaned in pleasure.

“Ahem. I’m still here, you know?”

Tai relaxed his hold on her and she slumped onto her back. She gazed up at Tai, then at his brother. My God, looking at the two striking men, both wearing the face of the man she loved sent her head into a spin. What would it be like to kiss two of him? What would it be like to be held by two of him, one in front and one behind? What would it be like to make love to two of him at the same time?

Heat flooded through her. Shocked at her thoughts, she lowered her eyelids, her cheeks burning.

Tai and Zander exchanged glances. Tai smiled and nodded.

“Tai, may I kiss the bride-to-be?” Zander asked.

“Aria?” Tai asked.

A delicious tingle danced up her spine at the thought of being kissed by Tai’s twin. “Well, I guess...”

She sat up, keeping the sheet securely wrapped around herself, and Zander’s hand settled on her shoulder. Warmth spread through her, radiating from his touch. He leaned forward slowly, ninety percent of the way, then held, waiting for her. She closed the remaining distance, watching his glimmering silver eyes.

When their lips touched, lightly and with tenderness, she melted. Awareness zinged through her. A deep, strong, emotional well opened within her.

This was the same feeling she had with Tai. Except, stronger. *Intensely* stronger.

She became lost in his lips, drawn into a depth of feeling that surpassed comprehension. Her mouth blossomed, her lips shimmered in delicious, tingling need. Her body quivered in excitement, yearning for his lips to explore every inch of her.

The feeling was so powerful she recoiled at the intensity.

As his lips parted from hers, thoughts sparked through her brain like lightning.

How could she have made such a disastrous mistake? She had convinced Tai she was meant to be his when in truth she was meant to be Zander's after all.

"Yes, I feel it too." His words reached her in a barely audible whisper, one she was certain Tai could not hear.

So it was true. Her teeth tugged at her lower lip.

No matter what, she would never betray Tai. She knew what it was like to be abandoned by someone who claimed to love her and she would never do that to someone else. Especially Tai, the man who had risked so much to be with her. She couldn't hurt him like that. But as she stared into Zander's intent, silver eyes, her heart ached as she realized she had betrayed him. By choosing to stay with Tai, she condemned Zander to life without his one true soul-mate. How would he cope with the rejection?

Goose bumps quivered up her arms as she realized he might not give her a choice. As king, he could command her to do whatever he wished.

He nuzzled her ear, murmuring quietly, "Don't worry, my love. Everything will work out fine."

She wished she could believe him. Before she could dwell on it, his lips swooped down on hers again and thought dwindled.

He stroked her cheek as he released her lips, holding her gaze as he spoke to his brother.

"Tai, I think your beloved is curious about what it would be like to experience us both in her bed."

She trembled at his words.

"Really?" Tai's smile brightened.

"What do you think, brother?"

Tai stroked her lower back under the covers, sending tingles up her spine. "I think it is quite an exciting prospect."

Chapter Ten

Tai sat up and began kissing the back of her neck and shoulders, his lips sending quivers through her. His hands slid around her ribcage and stroked her breasts. Zander stroked her shoulders, then captured her lips again.

If she had wanted to protest, the time was long past. The erotic feel of Tai pressing close behind her, her breasts cupped securely in his hands, pressed tightly between Zander's body and her own, swamped her with intense, physical need.

Tai teased her nipples to full, rigid arousal while Zander's tongue stroked the inside of her lips. Tai tugged her backward, pulling her on top of him, urging her to lie back. He stroked her hair to one side, arranging it over her shoulder as his fully erect penis stroked between her legs. She felt her vagina grow moist and slick.

Zander leaned forward and licked one nipple, then the other. She moaned. As Zander kissed down her belly, Tai lifted her with his groin, then caught her legs and held them wide. Zander's mouth slid down past her curls to her vulva and he kissed her lower lips. Tai's hands slipped over her breasts and held them in his warmth, pulsing his fingers around them. Zander licked the length of her opening, then his tongue swirled around her clit. She gasped at the sharp but gentle stimulus. He dabbed and sucked and cajoled. Her pulse pounded loudly in her ears and heat washed over her in erotic waves. Heat on her breasts. Heat in her vagina. Heat blossoming from her clitoris. Moisture dripped from her. Her internal muscles clenched, demanding something long and hard to grasp. Zander's skillful tongue increased her arousal.

"Oh, God," she whimpered. Giving in to the ecstasy, she felt the explosion inside her. Her breathing came in gasps as pleasure erupted through her in a cascade of bliss. She wailed with the intensity of it.

His tongue slipped away and he stared down at her, smiling.

Tai eased out from under her, then kissed her deeply. She touched his cheek tenderly, knowing she could never hurt him. And abandoning him would hurt him.

He leaned down and captured her nipple in his mouth. Aria started as a second hot mouth planted over her other nipple. The sight of two of her beloved, each sucking on her breasts, paired with the exquisite pleasure of being doubly pleased, stormed through her. Without warning, she plummeted into another orgasm. Their mouths pressed and squeezed, sucked and licked. The waves of pleasure swept her away on a long, swirling journey of delight, where time stretched and contracted in a rhythm all its own. When she finally collapsed in sated bliss, they both smiled down at her smugly.

“I think she’s enjoying herself,” said Tai.

“You’ve known her longer than me, but I do believe you’re right.”

She couldn’t believe they were teasing her. She reached out and grabbed Tai’s rigid cock and squeezed. She held out her hand to Zander, sending him a look of expectation. He rewarded her with a grin, then stood and quickly shed his tunic and pants. A second later, she felt the weight of his huge cock drop onto her hand. Hot and heavy. She closed her hand around him and stroked. He groaned.

Tai kneeled in front of her, his huge, throbbing cock sliding across her belly, and he kissed her. She continued to stroke both penises as his tongue slipped into her mouth. It thrust in and out, driving her wild. When he released her mouth, Zander drew her hand away from Tai’s rod and wrapped his own hand around it, then positioned the huge head against her slit. Zander slid Tai’s rigid flesh up and down through her slick moisture, then eased the tip into her. She groaned at the exquisite feel of Tai’s cock stretching her as he slipped inside.

Zander’s hands covered her breasts as Tai thrust into her, fully immersed. He drew out, then thrust in again. He spiraled, then tilted sideways, then spiraled again, stimulating the walls of her vagina in an erotic massage.

Her muscles contracted without conscious thought and a warm eruption of pleasure started low in her groin, then blasted through her. She moaned, long and loud, gliding on an elastic ribbon of joy. His grunt of pleasure sounded in her ear as her moans subsided. Her gaze locked on Tai’s face, sweaty and glowing as he gazed back, love lighting his silver eyes. She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him tight against her, loving him with all her heart. He stroked her hair, then kissed her cheek.

“I love you, Aria.”

She sighed, her eyes falling closed. He drew back from her and she gave him a final vaginal hug as his cock slipped free. Her eyes snapped open as an erect penis filled her again.

Tai already? No, Zander’s smiling gaze captured hers.

He stroked inside her slowly, in and out. She glanced at Tai and saw the broad smile on his face as he watched. Her eyelids fell closed as the pleasure built again.

Her fingers curled around the rods of the headboard, then held on tight. Tai captured one of her nipples in his hot mouth. Fierce pleasure spiked through her.

“Oh, yes,” she cried.

Immediately, she was right back in that delicious state of knowing climax was within reach. Zander slowed, then sped up. Fingers found her clit—Tai’s fingers—and lightly dabbed at it.

She groaned in exquisite joy as the first waves of the orgasm overtook her. Zander corkscrewed inside her. A sharp, intense orgasm slammed through her. She screamed in ecstasy.

She rode the short, intense wave in gasping pleasure. She felt him spurt into her. A feeling of completeness she'd never known filled her, knowing she had semen from both the men she loved inside her.

Zander slipped out, then rolled onto his back, sliding her on top of him, her buttocks tightly pressed against his thighs. He hooked his knees within hers and spread them wide, opening her to Tai. Fully erect again, Tai slid his engorged cock inside her. Two hands covered her breasts, stimulating the nipples. Pleasure rings spiraled through her. The cock filled her insides. The feel of being sandwiched between these two incredibly hard and hungry men, filled her with feelings of power and pleasure.

The three of them moved together, undulating, thrusting, moaning, crying out in pleasure. Her orgasm started in her groin and rose through her body like a geyser. She spasmed and shook, screaming in primitive, unadulterated pleasure.

She stayed pressed between them for long moments, enjoying the heat, the hardness of their bodies, the exquisite feeling of being fully sated. Finally, Tai slid off the top of her and drew her into his arms. Zander curled into her body from behind, wrapping his arms around her waist.

She drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Eleven

Aria awoke still cradled between her two hot, incredible men.

She rolled onto her back and took a long cock in each hand and stroked, wondering who would reach full length first. She sat up to lick and fondle first one, then the other. Two pairs of silver eyes watched her intently, glazing slightly as she stroked them to full erection. Drawing one into her mouth and urging the owner onto his knees, she positioned him beside her pillow as she lay back, continuing to suck on his penis with all she had. She spread her legs wide, inviting the other cock into her warmth. The owner obliged her by sliding inside.

He thrust as she sucked. She stroked as he twirled. She moaned, muffled by the hard flesh in her mouth, as he grunted. Warmth spurt inside her mouth and she swallowed, sucking him dry, then she fell back on the bed as waves of bliss flooded through her, mind-numbing in its intensity. He thrust and thrust as she screamed in wonderful agony, then burst into a world of pure sensation. She felt everything at once, as though she were the universe. Every cell of her body seemed activated, and connected to every other cell in the universe. Bliss. Total knowing. Complete understanding. Which slowly faded.

She felt greedy now. Impossibly, both cocks still stood erect. She opened her legs and one of them—Zander—obliged her by sliding into her, deep and hard. He pulled her against his body, then drew her to a vertical position as he shifted to his knees. She wrapped her legs around his waist.

She felt a cock nudge at her backside. Tai's. Oh, God, she wanted to feel it plunge into her, to fill her anal passage at the same time as the other cock filled her vagina. But as she felt his enormous erection push against her, she panicked. "No, it's too big. I'll never be able to—"

"What about this, love?" Tai asked.

She felt something the size and feel of a well lubricated finger push between her cheeks. "Yes." She sighed as the finger—larger than a finger, actually—nuzzled her small opening. "Oh, yes," she sighed as it pushed into her a little.

She arched her bottom toward him. Whatever it was Tai was using slid deeper into her.

"Aria, one thing you don't know about me yet," Tai said, "is that I can control the size of my penis. We both can."

She glanced at Zander, who'd been waiting patiently, his cock happily filling her vagina.

"It's true," Zander said. "We can make our male members change in size at will."

“That sounds like every man’s dream,” she said, flabbergasted, wondering why Tai chose to tell her this now.

“Every woman’s too,” Zander said as his penis expanded slightly within her, taking her breath away. It decreased in size just before it stretched her to a painful level.

“It’s my penis I’m sliding inside you,” Tai clarified. He nuzzled her ear and murmured, “Is that okay?”

Her anal muscles twitched around him. She wanted him deeper.

“Yes.” As he eased in farther, she groaned. “Oh, God, yes.”

He started to move in and out.

Zander followed suit, his huge, hard penis caressing her vaginal walls.

The two cocks sliding in and out of her seemed to stroke each other through her flesh. The exciting sensation thrilled her.

“Oh, Tai, make it bigger.” Instantly, she felt it expand inside her—not to full size—just enough to make her gasp in appreciation. She felt so completely full. He kissed the back of her neck. Both cocks slid up and down, stroking her. She gasped for air, adrenaline shooting through her.

“More, Tai. Give me more.”

He expanded wider and longer, an incredible, erotic feeling.

“I’m going to—” She sucked in a breath. “Oh, God, I’m going to come.”

The men picked up the pace and she groaned as their arms tightened around her. Their rigid spears slid the length of her and, at once, both pulsed in width, their cocks stretching then releasing her tightly stretched sheaths. She shot over the edge, screaming in mind-blistering ecstasy.

First Tai, then Zander grunted loudly and Aria felt the most incredible sensation as both men shot liquid life into her at the same time. Hot and wet. All her muscles went lax, but the men held her tightly between their bodies, continuing to thrust into her. Another orgasm pulsed through her.

Finally, they all slumped. Zander took her lips in a passionate kiss while Tai wrapped his hands around her breasts and nuzzled her neck. She fell back against Tai, still kissing Zander. Tai kissed behind her temple, then nuzzled her ear, his head resting on her right shoulder. Zander released her lips and rested his head on her left shoulder.

She must have died and gone to heaven. Terrified she’d wake up from a dream, she clung to both of them, each of her arms wrapped around one of their arms.

Finally, they eased her back to the pillows and cradled her between their bodies. She fell asleep immediately.

Chapter Twelve

“Aria. We need to talk.”

Aria woke up to see Tai staring down at her. Or was it Zander? Or had Zander only existed in a steamy dream? “Tai?”

“Zander,” he corrected. “Tai is in the shower. I need to talk to you before he comes back.”

She nodded, then pulled the sheet around her and sat up. “The link I feel with you is stronger than I feel with Tai,” she said, her voice laced with guilt. “Even so,” she rushed on to say, “I won’t leave him.” Her gaze locked with Zander’s. “Please don’t make me,” she implored. “You said yourself that it was good that he spoke up for himself and—”

He covered her lips with his finger, stilling her words.

“I don’t intend to make you.” He stroked her cheek with his index finger, arousing every nerve-ending along the way. “You’re wrong that you feel the link stronger with me.”

She stared at him, dumbfounded, unable to believe he was denying their link. Her heart clenched. It was one thing for her to decide to stay with Tai. It was quite another for her true soul-mate to deny her effect on him. How could he so casually shrug off what they had?

Yet another person who didn’t feel she was worth fighting for.

“How can you say that?” she demanded. “You felt it too. I know you did.”

His hands slid over her shoulders. Gentle. Reassuring. “Yes, I did.”

As she stared into his soft gray eyes, she felt the pain of rejection slip away. That insecurity didn’t suit her anymore. It was an old habit she decided to drop, right here, right now. Tai had fought for her. He’d loved her enough to endanger his relationship with his brother. And his king.

The king who sat before her right now. The king who’d made love to her not long ago.

She pulled the sheet tighter around herself. “So you will let Tai and me get married.”

“Yes, if you still want to after I explain.”

“What’s going on?”

Aria froze as she heard Tai’s voice.

Tai walked toward the bed, a white towel loosely wrapped around his waist.

“Your *tanash’ae* is an amazing woman, Tai.” Zander locked gazes with her, his silver-gray pupils holding her attention with hypnotic force.

Tai rubbed his hair briskly with a towel. “Don’t I know it.”

“She gave up being queen for you.”

“She never did like the idea of pairing up with you.”

“Maybe not before...”

Tai froze, then slowly lowered the towel from his head. “What do you mean by that?” Tai’s words came out slow and tight.

Aria glanced from one to the other. What was Zander trying to do?

“When Aria and I first kissed, she felt a stronger link than she had with you.”

Tai’s eyes narrowed. “Are you saying—?”

“No, I’m not saying I’m taking your woman. But I need to tell you that you are not her *tanash’ae*.”

Aria felt a part of her die inside. How could he hurt his brother like that?

Tai’s hands slashed sideways. “No way, Zander. You aren’t going to convince me of that. If this is another test—”

“Not a test. She isn’t my *tanash’ae*, either.”

“What the *heghat* are you saying?”

“I’m trying to tell you that she is *our tanash’ae*.”

“Ours?” Tai looked a little stunned, then slowly a smile spread across his lips.

“Wait a minute, guys. Are you saying I’m supposed to marry both of you?”

“Do you have a problem with that, Aria?” Tai asked.

She remembered their two cocks thrusting into her, and the orgasm to end all orgasms.

“Uh, I don’t know.”

“Aria, kiss Tai,” Zander commanded in a soft voice.

She glanced at Zander in surprise. Tai reached for her hand and drew her to her feet. His lips compressed hers and a tingling spiral of heat swirled through her. Intense. Overwhelming. Just like her first kiss with Zander.

She planted her hands flat on his chest and pushed away from him.

“You’re really Zander, aren’t you?” she accused, glaring at the man who’d just kissed her.

She turned her glare on the man sitting on the bed next, but he shook his head.

“No, I’m Zander.” He stood and took her hand, drawing her to him. He meshed his mouth with hers and the same intense heat thrummed through her.

He drew back, leaving her breathless. “You see?”

“Maybe you’d better explain it,” she suggested, her head spinning.

“It’s like we complete a circuit. We are both meant to be with you. The connection you felt with Tai at first was only half what was possible. When you connected with me, the circuit became complete.”

“So my link isn’t stronger to you than Tai.”

“That’s right. Either one of us will make you feel the same, powerful feelings,” Tai answered. He stroked her shoulders. “But, Aria, it will never be as good with one of us as it will be with both.”

“What are you saying?” Her brain seemed incapable of putting the pieces together on her own.

“I’m saying we are a threesome. We are meant to be together. All of us.”

“And, Tai,” Zander added, “you and I are meant to rule together. That’s always been true, but we couldn’t make it a reality until you found your own voice. Aria helped you do that. Now, if you wish, you can both join me on the throne.”

“It’ll be a tight fit, won’t it?” Aria quipped.

The men sandwiched her between them, one pressing against each side of her.

“It can be as *tight* a fit as you’d like,” Tai rumbled in her ear.

She remembered his cock expanding inside her. “Mmm. I like it pretty tight.”

“What do you say, Aria?” Zander whispered in her other ear. “Will you be my queen?”

“And mine?” Tai echoed.

She grasped Zander’s growing cock and slid her hand under Tai’s towel, her fingers wrapping around his erection, too. She drew them back to the bed, then flung away her sheet and stretched out naked on the bed. “I think I could probably be persuaded.”

She might be leaving behind her townhouse, but it was just a building. Home was where these two men were. Because she loved them.

And they loved her. Joy fluttered through her at the thought.

Zander sat beside her and stroked her breast.

“Wait.” Tai dragged his hot gaze from Aria’s puckering nipples, then shifted to Zander. “There is something we haven’t discussed yet. There is someone Aria will not be happy leaving behind, so I think we should be open to adding another to our relationship.”

Aria stared at Tai. What was he talking about?

Zander’s face darkened and he drew away his hand. “She’s involved with another man?”

Tai turned his head, hiding the wink he sent Aria. “His name is Rex. She’s been living with him for years.”

She almost giggled. He was talking about her cat.

“But she is bonded to us.”

“Zander, she made a commitment to Rex, and we should respect that.”

Zander pushed himself to his feet, anger vibrating from his totally naked, yet formidable body. “No. I will not stand for it.”

He pinned her with his gaze, but she calmly stared back. Even with his powerful air of authority, she did not feel intimidated. With the nature of their bond—the way she could sense the depth of his love at all times—she knew her would never use that authority against her.

Tai's eyebrow arched. "Really? What happened to the two of us ruling equally?"

Zander sucked in a deep breath, then moved to the bed and sat down beside Aria. He took her hand and his gentleness touched her.

"What is it you want, my love? Is this Rex important to you?"

She glanced at Tai, who stood behind Zander with a big grin on his face. He nodded.

What the heck? Zander had put Tai and Aria through hell with his test. He deserved a little good-natured payback. She drew in a deep breath and gazed at him with a serious expression.

"Yes. I really want him here."

Zander exhaled, then released her hand and stood. He paced across the room. "If it is what you desire, and since Tai is agreed, then so be it. This Rex can come to Sa'oul."

"And live with us?" Tai pushed.

Zander's jaw clenched. "Yes, and live with us." He turned to Aria. "But if he does not want to move here, tell me you will not insist on going back to Earth, because Tai and I—"

"If you're worried Rex will be intimidated because he'll be sharing a bed with Aria and two kings, don't be, my brother. Rex is already here, and I think he's quite happy with the situation."

Aria's gaze darted to Tai. "He is?" Had Tai really brought Rex here? She hopped to her feet. "Where is he?"

Tai opened a door to another room in the suite and returned a moment later with a gray tabby in his arms. Her heart swelled at the sight of her beloved cat, and at the thoughtfulness of Tai's gesture. Rex murmured as Tai petted him. Obviously, the two of them had bonded.

"Rex." She grinned as the cat leaped from Tai's arms and sauntered toward her. He nudged his head against her hand and she petted him while he purred loudly.

Zander glowered at Tai. "This animal is Rex?"

"Yes, and Aria would never have been happy leaving him behind."

Zander watched Rex roll on his back and purr as Aria rubbed his soft furry belly. The edge of tension left Zander's expression, and he chuckled.

"Well then, brother, you made a very good decision bringing him along. Welcome Rex."

Rex allowed Zander to pet him a couple of times, then leaped from the bed and curled up in an upholstered chair.

Aria glanced at Zander, then at Tai. "Well, now that that's settled, why don't you show me some of the benefits of marrying the two of you?"

"Our pleasure, Queen Aria," they said.

Both men prowled onto the bed and licked a path up to her nipples. As their mouths covered her erect nubs, she thrilled at the way her life had turned around. From unwanted to loved and cherished by two men. The most powerful men on the planet.

Tai and Zander stroked between her legs. A hot tongue licked her clit while firm, strong fingers slipped inside her.

Yes, indeed. She was glad she had decided to come—she groaned—to the resort.

A brief thought about the other women and how they were doing meandered through her brain, until a long, hard cock slipped between her legs, making thought impossible.

Another cock slipped into her tight anus. Intense pleasure spiked through her. Both men thrust into her. Once. Twice. Again. And again. At the fifth stroke she screamed in agonizing pleasure, followed by first one male groan, then another. Filling her with pleasure. Filling her with love.

She sighed and collapsed on the bed, a broad smile claiming her face.

Her life had become a fairy tale come true. With two Prince Charmings.

Or, rather, two charming kings.

About the Author

Opal Carew writes erotic romance. She was named “Fresh Face of Erotic Fiction 2009” and her books have won the Award of Excellence and the Golden Leaf Award, and been finalists for the National Readers' Choice Award, HOLT Medallion, Laurel Wreath Award, and Passionate Plume Award.

Opal loves crystals, dragons, feathers, cats, pink hair, the occult, Manga artwork, and all that glitters. She earned a degree in Mathematics from the University of Waterloo, and spent fifteen years as a software analyst before turning to her passions as a writer. She lives in Canada with her husband, two sons and two cats.

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Look for these titles by Opal Carew

Coming Soon:

Celestial Soul-Mates: The Commander's Woman

Resisting two magical mischief makers definitely wasn't in the job description.

Vanessa Unveiled

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Vanessa Darby, a bounty hunter and tracker for the Veil Alliance League, figures things can't get any crappier than her car breaking down on a deserted highway. Until the two dimension-hopping renegades she's been assigned to capture lure her to their magical love nest in the woods and entangle her in a web of seduction.

How the hell is she supposed to resist a pair of gorgeous male pookas who possess a wicked talent for bringing the sexy?

Rand and Braeden have searched more than three centuries for their one true bond mate. Now that Vanessa's been dropped into their arms, they have no intention of giving her up. Even if it means agreeing to her terms: If they can't persuade her within forty-eight hours that the three of them belong together, they'll give themselves over to the authorities. But convincing a woman who doesn't believe in love, or the concept of forever, is no easy feat. Particularly with one doozy of a dirty secret from their past waiting to trip them up.

Warning: Two hotter-than-should-be-legal pookas sexin' it up with each other and the stubborn woman they love. One magical hotel in the woods that isn't exactly what it seems. And a unicorn who will forever tarnish the image of the species.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Vanessa Unveiled:

She stepped back into the bedroom just as Rand was shrugging from his shirt. Her breath lodged in her throat. All annoyances aside, he was simply beautiful to behold. His sculpted shoulders were powerful, delineated with sleek muscle tone. A series of intricate symbols inked the right side of his breastbone, drawing attention to his firm pectorals. Like Braeden, his torso was hairless except for the sprinkling of dark hair that traversed his chiseled abs and disappeared beneath the waistband of his charcoal trousers.

He turned toward her, his well-defined stomach muscles flexing. "Is the bath to your liking?"

Despite her best intentions, she couldn't stop ogling his chest. She imagined licking over those delicious curves and hollows. Imagined sucking the hard nubs of his masculine nipples against the roof of her mouth. An intense throb leapt in her clit. She swallowed, corking her whimper. "Y-yes. It's fine."

Disappointment shadowed his expression. For some weird reason, guilt over her less than gushing response settled in the pit of her belly. "No, that's not true."

Rand's face fell another fraction. "You don't like it?"

"Actually, it's amazing." She sighed. "I could easily spend the next forty-eight hours just soaking in that pool."

His eyes darkened. “A delightful way to pass the time. Braeden and I could join you. Soap you from head to foot, paying thorough attention to every inch of you in between.”

She visualized their hands stroking her everywhere, wet, soapy palms gliding over her breasts and pussy. Her nipples beaded. Rand licked his lips and she realized he could easily see her body’s reaction through the thin knit of her turtleneck. He stepped toward her and she backed up, the backs of her knees hitting the ottoman. “I—I think maybe we’d better go join Braeden before he wonders what happened to us.”

Rand continued walking toward her, his gait confident and predatory. “He’s not wondering. He knows exactly what’s going on in here.”

“Nothing is going on in here.” She prayed her declaration didn’t sound as weak as it felt.

“You’re wrong, sweetest. I’m seducing you.”

She gulped. “Well, it’s not working.”

He stopped directly in front of her, so close it was a miracle she didn’t suffer a third-degree burn from the intense heat radiating from his bare chest. The earthy scent of forest and the underlying, potent musk of aroused male drifted from his skin, playing havoc with her hormones. She wanted to bury her nose in all that warm flesh until she was lightheaded and giddy. And then she’d lick and nibble him everywhere.

Rand’s fingers curled around her chin, his thumb brushing the dip beneath her bottom lip. “I don’t believe you.”

“I don’t care what you—” The remainder of her denial fell victim to the lush pressure of Rand’s mouth against hers. Every energy storehouse in her body began lighting up like a bank of slot machines that just hit payload. His lips coaxed hers open with more ease than she cared to analyze and his tongue met hers in a slick glide. Her hands braced against his chest—purely to keep from crumpling in an undignified heap, of course—and Rand’s rumbling groan vibrated beneath her fingertips and inside her mouth. He tugged her closer, one palm moving to the nape of her neck and the other low on her tailbone. Her breasts pillowed against him, and the insistent bulge of his erection nudged just above her pubic bone. The knowledge that all that separated her from his cock were a pair of zippers and some flimsy fabric nearly had her panting.

Rand’s tongue stole another slick caress before he sucked her bottom lip between his teeth. His animalistic growl brought a new gush of wetness between her thighs. “You can’t lie to yourself, Nessie. You belong with us.”

His arrogant assertion acted like a cold dash of water on her desire. She shoved away from Rand and glared up at his passion-flushed features. “I belong to no one. And I told you not to call me by that ridiculous name.”

“You’re the most stubborn twit I’ve ever known.” Tunneling his hands through his dark hair, he granted her a scowl. “You need a good, long fucking, you know that? Maybe it’d manage to dilute some of that vinegar in your attitude.”

She bared her teeth. “My attitude is fine. You’re just pissed because I’m not falling at your feet and begging you to rut away at me. Sucks to realize you’re not so irresistible, doesn’t it?”

And with that big fat lie hanging between them, she stalked from the room.

He was going to make her eat her words. Amongst other things.

Smothering his snarl, Rand dropped onto the cushion beside Braeden.

“Went that good, huh?”

Slashing his gaze sideways, he met Braeden’s sympathetic look. “Humans are exasperating creatures, but that woman takes it to a whole new level.”

“Yet you want her with every breath inside you.” Braeden chuckled in response to Rand’s glower. “I know because I’m suffering the same affliction. She’s like a decadent treat I’ve waited my entire life to unwrap, and the continued wait is damn near killing me.”

Braeden’s choice of words stirred a gloomy brew of worry within Rand. He’d known all along the risk they took pursuing Vanessa. Hell, the delicate nature of their predicament was the only thing that’d kept him from staking a claim on her the first time he’d spotted her five months ago, on that fortuitous and fated day he’d noticed her outside the Veil Alliance’s detainment center. But he didn’t have only himself to consider. Would his heart be able to take the loss of Braeden if Vanessa rejected their bond?

For that matter, would his heart be able to take the loss of Vanessa?

Apparently reading his morose thoughts, Braeden cupped Rand’s cheek. “We promised each other no regrets over doing this.”

“I know. I just—”

Braeden’s mouth stopped any further protest. He licked the seam of Rand’s lips, his groan husky. “I can taste her on you.”

A fierce throbbing coursed through Rand’s cock. Braeden’s innocent pronouncement prodded more wicked fantasies of delving deep inside Vanessa’s dripping slit. He’d pull out slowly and offer his cock to Braeden for a lingering taste before plunging to the hilt in her pussy again and again. Until she was shaking and coming, his name a constant scream upon her lips.

A nip along the underside of his stubbled jaw brought him crashing back to the present. Braeden’s hand trailed low on Rand’s abdomen. “Your skin is on fire. You need sex. Bad.”

Braeden was right. The ferocious demand boiling inside him wouldn’t be appeased by anything less. He clamped a hand on the back of Braeden’s neck, dragging him up for a lush, openmouthed kiss. Their tongues tangled and sparred, amping his insistent desire to full blast. “Take off your pants.”

“Not yet.”

“Yes. Now.” Rand hissed the command through clenched teeth.

Braeden’s mouth curved in mischief before descending over Rand’s stomach. “Patience is a virtue.”

“Fuck that.”

“No, fuck me.”

“My thoughts exactly, you idiot.”

“All in good time.”

Rand growled low in his throat. “Tease.”

Braeden gripped Rand’s zipper, tugging it down. His cock sprang free and Braeden’s laugh caressed over the taut, swollen head before his mouth followed suit. The suction was perfect and sublime. He rocked his hips, his hand riding the back of Braeden’s head. A faint rustling noise slipped past the edges of his awareness. Lifting his focus from his lover’s bobbing motions, he locked stares with Vanessa. Her pupils were huge and dark, her nipples straining against her top. His cock pulsed, swelling inside Braeden’s mouth, earning an appreciative moan from his lover.

“I—I’m sorry. Didn’t realize…” Her hard swallow echoing in the room, Vanessa started to turn tail and run.

“Stay.”

Her foot hovering in mid-spin, she gaped at Rand. “What?”

“Watch. You know you want to.”

Her cheeks grew redder than the anthurium blooms behind her. “That’s ridiculous. I have no interest in—” She broke off when Braeden reached inside Rand’s pants and played with his balls.

She was going nowhere.

Duty...or desire? It will take two men to answer that question...

Wicked Empress

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The Onic Empire, Book 4

Bithia, newly crowned empress of Diola, indulges herself with as many men as it takes to satisfy her voracious passion. Now that it's time to continue the family line, though, her advisors expect the unthinkable: for her to submit to one man from a sexually primitive planet.

Drahka disobeyed his tribe's strict sexual rules once. The shame still haunts him. He longs for a fresh start, but breaking one cardinal rule—a man gives, a woman takes—is not an option. His struggle to learn local customs is complicated by a mentor whose eyes hunger for the empress...and for him.

Viltori is exhausted. He's tried to teach Drahka that there many ways to find pleasure, only to be met with anger, even violence. Touching the handsome primitive only sharpens his unbearable lust for Bithia, making him wonder if execution for failure wouldn't be a blessing.

When Bithia witnesses the results of Viltori's training, she realizes only these two men can fill her empty heart, inspiring her to take command of the throne at last. Except those who've held the reins thus far have a sinister reason for keeping Bithia—and her new consorts—in their place.

Warning: This erotic romantic fantasy contains a lusty empress, a primitive alpha male, a dedicated acolyte with domineering tendencies, copious amounts of hot m/m and m/f/m sex, secret torments, burning desires clashing with duty, and a little bit of meddling by future gods.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Wicked Empress:

Viltori settled into the softest chair he'd ever sat upon as he motioned for Drahka to sit across from him. For a long time they simply sat, using the furniture as a way to teach each other new words.

Even in the unfamiliar room, they fell to their usual form. Point, ask, explain and repeat. Immersed in learning, Drahka was oblivious to the fact that his robe, unlike his trousers, did not stay closed when he shifted about. Each time Drahka moved, he revealed more of his hairy calves, then his thighs. Each time he celebrated his understanding, Drahka lifted the crimson fabric up higher, getting ever closer to the juncture of his legs. After grasping a particularly difficult word, Drahka lifted his hands in triumph, which wrenched his robe apart, exposing his hips, cock and both legs.

Viltori tried not to gape, but the man was huge, hairy and, hottest of all, uncut. Most men on Diola, even those in the barbaric outer regions, were circumcised shortly after birth. Viltori had not known of the difference until he'd traveled to Oughun. As he stood with several other men urinating directly into a rushing stream, they'd excitedly pointed to his differentness. The Oughun men asked a hundred questions and Viltori hoped he'd answered them fully. Oughunian men had never seen a cut cock and Viltori had

never seen one that wasn't. Culturally they exchanged much that bonded them together. Viltori knew Drahka was uncut, and he'd tried to tell Drahka that he should inform Bithia, but when he'd tried to show him this information, he'd lashed out. Oughnians had clearly defined taboos about same-sex touching of any sort.

To his horror, Drahka noticed the direction of Viltori's gaze. Before he could babble out an explanation, Drahka cupped his cock and asked, "What is wrong with my cock?" Lowering his head he said, "You tried to touch, to show me, and I tried to hit you. I'm sorry. Please now show me what is wrong with my cock."

Gulping, Viltori said, "Nothing." Not a damn thing he could see, anyway. He'd like nothing better than to do to Drahka what Rown had done to him earlier. "What makes you think there is anything wrong with your cock?"

"Bithia say something uncute."

After a moment, where he couldn't imagine anyone, even Bithia, calling a cock cute or not, Viltori understood. "Not cut," he said. "Uncut, not un-cute." Briefly, he explained the difference between the two words, then tried valiantly to convey the meaning behind Bithia's comment.

Thrusting his finger at Viltori, Drahka demanded, "Show me yours that is cut." Concern filled his stoic face as if he were genuinely worried that someone had cut up Viltori's cock.

Eyeballing the door, wondering just how much longer Bithia would be gone and if she'd be upset about him teaching her consort this, Viltori moved to a seat that blocked him from view of the doorway. If she did enter suddenly, he could pull his robe closed before she saw what he was doing.

Drahka seemed to understand the furtive nature of their discussion. Frowning, Drahka moved to the couch, sitting next to him. He eyed the door that was well over the high back of the couch. When Viltori parted his robe, showing Drahka his painfully hard, circumcised cock, Drahka leaned over.

Breathing hard enough to brush hot air over the pounding length of Viltori's cock, Drahka said, "You not cut." Reaching out his left hand, Drahka wrapped his fist around Viltori's cock. "No cut." Lowering his head, placing his face a bare breath above the tip, Drahka bellowed, "Ah! Cut off tip!" Pulling back, yanking open his robe, Drahka grasped his own cock and tugged his foreskin. "Cut off tip, not cut up cock!" Proudly displaying his penis, Drahka considered Viltori's for another moment, then grasped him again. Running his fingers up and down, hardening him further, Drahka leaned close again and asked, "When you were cut, were you hurt?"

"I was a baby when they cut me." He thanked the gods for that. He couldn't imagine what having that done as an adult would be like.

"You no feel pain now?" Drahka ran a fingertip along the faint circumcision scar that encircled the hardest part of Viltori's prick.

“No, it doesn’t hurt now.” Of course, that wasn’t quite true. He was so hard and excited his prick truly did hurt. If not for Rown’s generous gift, he would have erupted all over Drahka’s hand.

Drahka nodded, turning his attention to his own cock. “Mine hurts. Bithia’s servants scrubbed under the tip.”

Viltori cast a wary eye to the door, than to Drahka’s hand-held prick. “Does it hurt now?”

“Some.” Frowning, Drahka looked toward the door Bithia had exited. “She take twice, then suck once. Still I am excited thinking of her.”

Nodding, Viltori asked, “On Oughun, do men seek solo pleasure?”

Horried, Drahka yanked his hand off his cock. “I not doing that, just showing!”

“Calm down. I’m not accusing, just asking.” However, clearly by his response, the men of Drahka’s tribe did not masturbate. In a way, such a taboo made perfect sense. His tribe was relatively infertile. Each ejaculation was sacred and necessary for the continuation of his people. Self-fulfillment would be considered the height of selfishness.

Not only had Drahka been a virgin when he’d gone to Bithia, he’d been relatively untouched. If he could have swooned, Viltori would have. Drahka was a blank slate. Anything he or Bithia taught him about their culture he would believe, accept and likely perform. Heady with the erotic possibilities, then cautioned by the ethical dilemma, Viltori reluctantly wrapped his robe around his body.

Following suit, Drahka covered himself up too. “Is looking wrong?”

“No, I’m cold. Did you want to see more?” Gods, why was he asking? He should let this matter drop.

Drahka considered for a moment, then whispered, “Do you do solo touching?”

Technically, he wasn’t supposed to, but then he realized he was teaching and letting Drahka watch him masturbate could be considered a form of education. Or maybe he was just desperately trying to justify doing what he wanted to do.

“Do you want me to show you?” Viltori caught their reflection in a mirror strategically placed across from the couch. They made a wicked contrast: he in white, Drahka in crimson, his finger-length blond hair glowing, and Drahka’s long black hair gleaming. Drahka was bigger, broader, the silk of his robe caressing massive muscles below. Viltori was muscular too, but not like Drahka. In his tribe, Drahka had been a hunter, felling great beasts to feed the entire group. He also cut trees for their fires. Such hard labor gave him a remarkable body, one the elite would pay handsomely to mimic through surgical enhancement.

Drahka nodded. “Show me solo touching.”

Parting his robe, Viltori took his cock in hand, cradling his shaft with his dominant right hand as he cupped his balls with the left. “The trick is not to rush.” Gods no, he wasn’t going to rush. He wanted to enjoy every bit of this encounter. Desperately he prayed to the god of Harvesters that Bithia would not return until he was finished with his lesson.

Drahka watched intently for a moment, then parted his robe. He gripped his cock with his right hand and stroked, fumbling.

“Use your dominant hand.” Viltori nodded to his left.

Drahka switched to his left hand. Now his motions were sleek and exact, mimicking perfectly what Viltori did.

“Slowly?” Drahka asked. “Faster would feel better.”

“Stroke too fast and it’s over too fast.” Viltori had to summon the very depth of his will to continue with his measured, even strokes. “Solo touching is a way to learn to last longer when with a woman.”

“Ah, that is good to learn. Bithia happy with longer lasting.”

“Bithia will be happier with me lasting longer,” Viltori corrected automatically.

“Bithia will be happier with me lasting longer.” Drahka repeated the words, then looked to him for confirmation that he’d spoken correctly.

Viltori nodded, knowing full well his interest at the moment was not with Bithia’s pleasure. His gaze darted between his own hand, Drahka’s, and the mirror where he could see them both. Drahka’s body was big and covered in dark hair. Muscles flexed as he tightened his form to keep his mounting passion at bay.

“Feels good,” Drahka said, squeezing his fist a bit tighter, causing his foreskin to move smoothly up and down his shaft, exposing the slick, dusky-red tip.

Viltori thought he would climax right there. Drahka kept his gaze on Viltori’s hand, mimicking each motion. He followed along so exactly that when Viltori looked into the mirror he felt he was stroking Drahka’s cock. His mouth watered, desperate for a taste of him.

Behind them, they heard a click. Their eyes met, widened, and they hastily jumped to their feet. Viltori had his robe down covering his prick in an instant, but Drahka struggled with the open ends and the tied sash. Before he could determine if the couch was high enough to shield him from Bithia’s view, she looked directly into his eyes through one of the mirrors.

“Tell me, Viltori, exactly what have you been teaching my consort?”



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