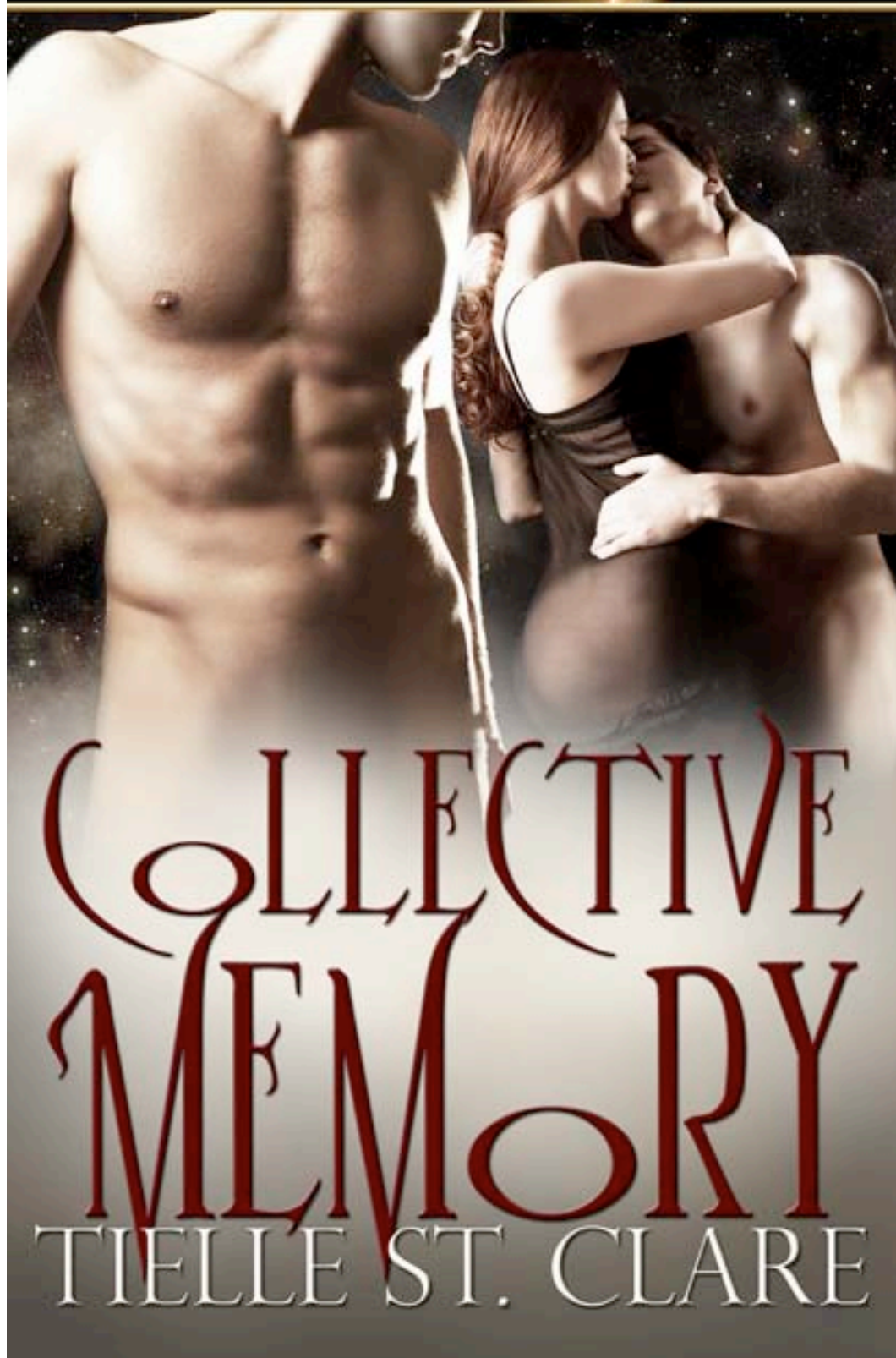


ELLORA'S CAVE **AEON**



Collective Memory

Tielle St. Clare

For Cayl, coming to Earth and taking on a masculine Earthly form is less than convenient. These human senses are distracting and clearly the reason humankind hasn't progressed.

For Devin, escorting Cayl through his first day on Earth is just part of the job...until she discovers the bad guy they're chasing is hiding out in a notorious sex club.

Enter Mace. He's willing to help out and allow them access to the club. After all, Devin and Cayl are two of the sexiest people he's met, even if Cayl does sound like a Sci-Fi convention reject. Mace is more than willing to play along with Cayl's "innocent" act, even though he wants to devour them both.

But there's a dangerous alien on the loose and Cayl's rethinking his opinion on human senses. Suddenly he finds it quite intriguing to see, taste...and touch.

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Collective Memory

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COLLECTIVE MEMORY

Tielle St. Clare

Chapter One

Devin clicked on the icon to start a new file then offered a cool smile to the man sitting stiff and straight in the client chair on the opposite side of her desk.

"Name?"

"John Smith."

Couldn't come up with anything more original?

Devin kept the comment to herself. It wasn't her place to judge.

"Occupation."

"Security consultant."

Naturally.

"Height."

"Six-three."

"Weight."

"Two-thirty."

Solid muscle.

She looked up and filled in the hair and eye color for herself. Eyes – brilliant green, hair – yummy.

She saw the word pop up on her computer screen and hit the delete key five times, replacing it with blond. More like sun-kissed gold but they weren't looking for anything that specific. Too bad there wasn't a place on the form for "tongue dragging gorgeous". That would have been the perfect identifier but no one had asked her.

Devin clamped down on the wayward thoughts. She'd processed many a good-looking client before. Most were assholes. And this one didn't seem to be any different.

She hit print on computer and grabbed the pages as they appeared.

She placed her hand on the small pile next her. "Here is your money, identification, passport. It should be enough to get you through any security you run into." She flipped the packet over. "My contact information is on the back. If you find yourself in trouble with the authorities, call me at once. Don't try to explain yourself."

She didn't wait for the macho protest she was sure was coming. She'd been through this so many times she could recite it in her sleep.

She pulled the top form off the stack and placed it in front of him. "Please sign your true name at the X on the bottom. This is merely a statement saying that while you're on Earth you will not attempt to implant, impregnate, duplicate or in other way reproduce your species."

His lips pressed together in a thin line and his nostrils contracted as if he smelled something foul. "Why would you imagine I would want to reproduce in such a primitive form?"

"It happens. And it irritates the locals."

He grunted then scanned the document, signed the bottom and looked up, directing those cold green eyes at her for the first time.

"Is that all?"

"A few more questions," she said with a tight smile. "Have you been human before?" After working for Interplanetary Customs for five years, she'd learned most aliens took a while to adapt to a human body.

"No, but I'm sure I'll be fine."

"Are you adjusting to the body they've assigned you?"

He rolled his shoulders as if the leather jacket he wore was a little too tight. "It's adequate."

She choked on his words. His body was so much more than "adequate". Damn, why did they waste the gorgeous forms on the temporary visitors? This body should have been kept for someone who was staying long term. The women of Earth would have appreciated it. She sighed but continued through her instructions.

"We should run through a few things to ensure you maintain the health of the body you've been given."

"John" rolled his eyes but didn't bolt out of the chair.

"Do not attempt to stop breathing. Your body needs the atmosphere."

Many species found it a difficult concept. A scent would offend them or they'd decide the air was unhealthy and they'd stop breathing, passing out and causing all sorts of ruckus when they got transported to the hospital.

"You must feed at least twice a day. Three times is preferable."

He nodded. Nutrition in some form was more common.

"And we need to discuss sex." Devin had long ago stopped blushing at this point in the conversation. Sex was the thing that tripped most aliens up. Many species simply divided to make another creature. Earth animals were some of the few to actually require two parents and physical interaction.

The corners of John's eyes tightened and he nodded. "I understand the human reproductive system, Agent Denning. I'm here to capture a killer, not indulge in these intrusive human senses." He gave a harsh shudder like he was trying to shake off a bad memory. "It's no wonder your kind hasn't progressed further with all the distractions."

"Well, we do the best we can."

"So I'm given to understand." He pushed the chair back and stood, towering over her. "Thank you for your assistance, Agent Denning. I'll be on my way."

Good riddance, Devin thought. He was gorgeous but she knew better than most that the outside form had nothing to do with the being inside. Particularly since his outside form had probably been in a cryo-tube five hours ago just waiting to be thawed.

"Good luck."

The door opened before John had a chance to reach it and Devin's boss walked in. "Actually, Devin, change of plans. You've been assigned to accompany Cayl—" He nodded to the alien who had called himself "John". "While he's here."

"What?" She did not want to spend the day—no, strike that, the night—with an arrogant alien who hated humans. She'd done her time in the field. She liked her desk job just fine thank you very much.

"Our bosses and his want the guy he's chasing and they want him caught soon. He's a threat to the entire universe. We don't have time for Cayl to figure out how to function in this world. You'll escort him on his search."

Devin sighed. There was little chance of getting out of this. Cayl—she liked that name better than John Smith anyway—had been her last appointment in a very long day, but the IPC was understaffed like most government agencies and given that they were secret except for a few—okay, three—people in the White House, there was little likelihood they'd get more funding. 2011 was not an enlightened year for space aliens.

"Okay. Any leads? Where do we start?"

Cayl pulled a scrap of paper from his front pocket. "Our last operative was able to transfer this information to me before he was killed." He handed the note to Devin. "This is the last known sighting of Harken."

"And Harken's the bad guy, right?" she asked, looking at the address. It wasn't one she recognized but she was sure she could find it. Girding herself, she grabbed her purse. "Let's go."

Cayl was silent through most of the drive. Unlike many aliens Devin had escorted, he didn't seem interested in the world around him. He wasn't fascinated by the scents or sounds, the types of architecture or sky. One alien had been captivated by the concept of glass and had put fingerprints all over her windows. She'd been a little annoyed but at least he'd been fun.

She listened to the spoken guidance from her dash-mounted GPS, turned the final corner and found a place to park on the street. They had to be close. According to the voice in the box, they had reached their destination.

"It should be right there." She turned east, looked up and almost choked. A low, subtle sign glowed beside the front entrance—Switch.

"Why are you calling on your deity? Do we need assistance so soon?"

"It's a sex club," she snapped, ignoring his questions.

"I don't understand."

"The building where your friend was last seen is a sex club."

"He is not my friend. He is my enemy and I do not understand the term 'sex club'."

"Sex is —"

"I understand human reproduction. I do not grasp the club aspect to this. I thought this was a private activity."

"It's a place where people come to have sex, with their partners, with other people, to watch other people."

"Then let us go. We have no time to waste." He started off. Devin grabbed his arm and yanked him back.

"It doesn't work that way. It's an exclusive club. You have to be a member to go in."

"And are you not a member?"

The snort that erupted from her lips was less than ladylike but she couldn't stop the sound.

"Uh, no." Not her scene — except in wicked late-night fantasies — not her crowd.

"Is there not someone we could contact? Someone who is a member who could escort us into this facility? Perhaps someone from the IPC?"

She managed to crush her giggle this time. No one at the IPC fit into the Switch crowd. It was the place of beautiful people. Beautiful rich people who liked to have sex in public and get their asses slapped by multiple men and oh, why was her pussy getting wet?

Devin shook off the sensation and flipped through her mental Rolodex. Someone she knew had spoken about Switch, had been inside. The conversation was vague and no doubt alcohol laced but she remembered the voice. She just needed the face. It took a moment but the image clicked into her brain. Mace. He was a member. Six-foot-two, black hair, muscles that just made her want to lick him from top to bottom and then retrace her path from the bottom up. Oh yeah, Mace. Perfect. Gorgeous.

He was also completely out of her league and would probably laugh at her when she called him. But her boss had told her this was an important bad guy. Someone who was a threat to both Earth and Cayl's world.

Cayl stared at her, his expression a mixture of annoyance and exasperation.

"We must progress. Standing outside is doing us no good."

"It's too early for anyone to be inside anyway." Switch didn't open until late.

With a sigh, she flicked on her phone and thumbed through her contacts, finding Tammy's name. Tammy was Mace's cousin and might have a way to contact him. It took some finesse and avoidance but she finally got Mace's number.

"This man you speak of, he can get us inside?"

"He can, whether he will or not is another issue."

"If he understands the gravity of the situation, I'm sure he will assist us."

"Right. We're going to tell him what's going on." Shaking her head, reminding herself Cayl didn't understand sarcasm. She'd met one other alien from his world. They

were ethereal beings, no bodies, no senses, no feelings, just minds that thought. Most likely, Cayl had no concept of embarrassment or shame. She tapped in the number and waited as it rang. She didn't expect much. She could hardly say that her client, an alien from another world, needed access to Switch to chase down an interplanetary bad guy.

She listened, half hoping that Mace wouldn't pick up. When his deep voice answered with a curious "hello?" she wished she'd spent that time figuring out what she was going to say.

"Mace?"

"Yes."

"Hi, it's Devin. I don't know if you remember me. We met at—"

"Of course I remember you. You're Tammy's friend. I believe you laughed when I asked you out."

Devin winced. She'd hoped he'd forgotten that, had kind of thought he'd been too drunk to remember, because the only reason he would have asked her out was because he was drunk. And maybe she'd seemed like a challenge. She deliberately hadn't fawned over him that night, had made no attempt to capture his attention unlike the other women, and some men, at the party.

Besides, she'd heard rumors that he was bi. She couldn't compete with most of the female half of the race. How the hell would she be able to attract a man who had his choice of *both* sexes.

"I knew you were joking."

"Was I?"

"Of course. Uh, listen, the reason I called is, I have this friend..."

"Tell me you're not calling me to set me up on a blind date."

"God no."

"Thanks, my ego so appreciates conversations with you."

Devin crushed the sigh that threatened. She wasn't advancing their cause.

"Agent Denning, may we progress?"

She nodded, waving her hand to silence him. He tipped his head to the side and looked at her, irritation flashing in his eyes. *Oh good. Just what I need.*

"As I was saying, I have this friend. And he's..." She looked at Cayl. The leather jacket and arrogance in his expression gave her hope. "He's into the sex club thing. You know, like Switch?"

"Yes..." He drew the word out, making it a question.

"Well, he's only in town for a few days and he won't have time for a membership. I was hoping you could take us in...as your guests."

"Hmm, you want to go as well?"

She looked over at Cayl. His lips thinned in annoyance and his eyes tightened at the corners. Yeah, as much as she'd like to send him into Switch alone, he'd cause a riot within five minutes. He didn't have the concept of politeness down just yet.

"I think I'd better."

Silence hummed through the phone line and Devin winced. Maybe laughing at the guy when he'd asked her out hadn't been the best idea but really, he was tall, built and gorgeous. One of those rich beautiful people. He couldn't have been serious.

"Sure." Mace's response was devoid of emotion. "What time? Where should I pick you up?"

"Tell him that we need access as soon as possible," Cayl interrupted before she could respond. She looked over. He was standing right beside her, obviously listening in. "We will wait for him here."

"You're there now?" Surprise coated Mace's words and rang through the phone lines. *Great, can I look any more desperate?*

"Uh, yes. Listen, this is a little tough to explain. Can you meet us here and we'll talk?"

"That will be interesting. Give me about thirty minutes."

"Thanks." She snapped the phone shut and glared at Cayl.

"Thirty minutes. That is quite a long time, isn't it?"

"No. It's very fast and you're very rude. It's not polite to listen to people's conversations."

"You do not seem to understand the gravity of this situation."

"No, because you haven't told me anything about it. We have a few minutes, tell me now." The instincts of a field agent returned. She folded her arms on her chest and looked at Cayl, her eyes demanding an answer.

"We're searching for a dangerous being."

"More."

"My world is dedicated to contemplation and the search for knowledge. We but rarely allow outsiders in and then only when they show a need to learn and have something to contribute. Harken was brought into our community almost two Earth years ago. No one noticed the greed that encompassed him. A short time ago he left our world and is taking the knowledge that he found there to gain power."

"And that's a bad thing?" Power hungry despots appeared every couple of years in the universe. There was always someone to take them down. The IPC and Earth in general tended to stay out of the conflicts. Unless they directly threatened the planet or humans in general.

"Think of it. One man controlling all the known universes. His knowledge expansive enough to fill those universes. No weaknesses."

Her stomach did a little flip-flop. That didn't sound good. "One guy can't be that smart," she pointed out.

"No, but an entire world can. Our world has a collective memory. When one being learns something, we all share in that knowledge. It has allowed us to progress deep into the mysteries of science, mathematics, physics." Cayl started to pace, his body taking on the stress of his worries. "Harken is using our considerable knowledge to gain universal power and he's using Earth as his home base. We believe he will first take over Earth since it will be a relatively easy target." Devin tried not to glare. "The inhabitants being so primitive they are unlikely to resist."

"We're not just going to let some alien asshole take us over without a fight."

Cayl raised his eyebrows and looked thoughtful. "Humans have, in the past, shown themselves more than willing to follow a charismatic leader. To the point of almost destroying your world. This would be no different."

Devin winced. He had a point.

"We believe Harken's plan is to take over Earth, use the resources and launch the rest of his domination from here. Since Earth is such an insignificant planet it is unlikely that other worlds will rise up when it is taken over."

Devin sighed and pressed her lips together. She was getting a bit tired of Cayl denigrating humans but she let it pass.

"What will you do when you find him?"

"I will destroy him."

"Oh goody." That sort of thing just screamed "paperwork!" "If the last guy hadn't been able to find him, how are you going to?"

"Our beings don't spend much time on Earth. There is little to be gained. You have no expert knowledge in anything except sensory perception, which can be fooled. We find no advancement from taking on a human form and the human mind hasn't advanced nearly to the point that it should. All that—"

Devin held up her hand to stop his tirade. "I get it. Earth is worthless and we're nothing but naked apes. Get back to the point. How are you going to find him?"

"One thing our previous operative learned before Harken killed him was that his being leaves trace elements here. He was able to track Harken to this location. I can track him through those but the trail only lingers for so long. That is why this delay is so dangerous."

"I'll get you inside as soon as I can." She glanced at her watch. "Just a few more minutes."

Cayl continued his pacing. He tugged on the sleeve of his jacket and brushed his hair away from his face. He shuddered and muttered something under his breath. He didn't seem to be adapting to the human form well.

She might have given him a few hints on staying calm, on ignoring human senses but he hadn't been inclined to listen before. And he needed to learn to deal with sensory input.

They waited in silence with only the occasional sigh from Cayl to convey his irritation. Hmm, that sound must be biological. He hadn't been on earth long enough to learn it from a teenage girl.

A sleek black car pulled up behind her Subaru Outback. On alert, she spun around. She hadn't brought a weapon. Hell, she wasn't in the field anymore and suddenly felt naked without her FlintLock. It was one of the few weapons that worked on just about any being from any world.

But this particular creature happened to be human. Fascinatingly human.

Mace pushed open his door and eased the long, lean body out of the front seat. Devin's throat tightened as it did the previous two times they'd met. The only possibility she'd had of carrying on a conversation that didn't sound like a junior high school girl with a mad crush was alcohol and that wasn't readily available and truly, being as she was working it was best not to indulge—but she really wanted a drink.

She swallowed, trying to clear the lump from her throat, and forced her lips into a smile.

Mace looked about as confused as she imagined someone like him ever looked. Really, he had that confidence and demeanor that made him seem invincible, no matter how strange the situation might appear.

He glanced at Cayl then turned to Devin, raising his eyebrows in silent question. The edge of his mouth pulled up like he was fighting a smile. *Great. He's laughing at me.* Her own confidence plummeted even as her irritation rose. She pushed her shoulders back and straightened her spine.

"Nice night," he drawled as he approached.

"Right."

His eyes twinkled at her sarcasm. Or it could have been because he liked to make her uncomfortable.

He looked at her, waiting, not asking, just silently commanding her to tell him what's going on.

"My friend..." She started to call him John but he just didn't look like a John. "Cayl would like to see the inside of Switch. He's into *that lifestyle*."

Mace's eyebrows kicked up and she didn't know if that was because Cayl didn't quite fit the profile of a Switch member or because of her added emphasis on "that lifestyle". It wasn't that she didn't approve. She didn't really understand it and knew it wasn't for her. It was for the perfect people like Mace.

"Is he really?" Mace folded his arms on his chest and cocked his head to the side as he looked at her. Devin lifted her chin and held her ground. "There are other clubs besides Switch. And I'm not—"

"This is wasting valuable time." Cayl left his position near the front of her car and stalked over, stopping between them. He looked at Devin. "You trust this man? He is a competent escort?"

"Well, yes, but we really shouldn't—" *Tell the world you're an alien.* She never got a chance to say those last words.

"My world has sent me to apprehend and destroy a dangerous killer. He was last seen at this location." Cayl pointed to the building. "We require your assistance to gain access to this facility. We can provide monetary compensation if you so require it."

"Monetary compensation?" The edges of Mace's eyes crimped down into deep lines. "You want to pay me to take you inside?" He actually looked offended.

"It is imperative that we access the building as soon as possible and Agent Denning tells me we cannot do so without an escort. It is understood by the known universe that humans will do nothing without some sort of compensation. Tell me what you require and let us go."

"Humans? What are you? An alien?"

"I'm certainly not of this world."

"Wait!" Devin's snapped command seemed to catch Cayl unaware and he jerked to a stop. "You need to just chill for a second."

"Chill, I do not under—"

Devin held up her hand and that was clearly a universal sign of "shut up" because he sputtered to a stop.

She spun around and faced Mace, meeting his stare and not letting her fears take over.

"Listen, Mace, we can't really explain why we need to get inside but we do. It's critical. Would you please just get us in? Then you can jet if you want." She glanced at Cayl, the thunderous glare on his face getting darker by the moment. She returned the glare with one of her own. "We'll do our best not to embarrass you." Her voice hummed with warning but she didn't think Cayl understood the message.

She turned back to Mace. "Please."

There was no laughter in his eyes when he nodded. The grim set of his mouth was unusual compared to the arrogance she usually saw there. "Okay. Let's go." He stepped back and looked at Cayl and Devin, his stare turning to assessment. "You'll do," he said with a chin lift to Cayl. "But you..." He looked at Devin and shook his head.

She folded her arms across her chest, trying to hide, feeling once again like a junior high school girl. She'd developed early and big and had learned the fine art of crossing her arms over her breasts in a weak attempt to hide them.

But she wasn't that girl anymore. "Sorry but you're going to have to live with it. There's no way I'm becoming tall and slim in the next five minutes. You're stuck with my body as it is."

Mace shook his head. "Your body's fine. Hell, your body's great..." Heat filled his eyes and he paused and for one moment Devin thought he might be imagining all the things he could do to her body. Even if it wasn't true, the idea made her nipples tighten and when she shifted her arms across her breasts, a bright shimmer zipped into her core. He blinked and the hunger disappeared from his stare. "But you look like you just walked out of the office after a long, drab day."

"Which I did."

"Maybe but you can't really walk into Switch looking like that."

"I fail to see why her raiment is an issue. We are chasing a killer."

Mace didn't look at Cayl. He kept his stare trained on Devin. "Trust me. This is a place you want to blend." His lips squished together. "Take off the jacket first."

Devin almost protested but realized Mace was right. She dragged off her suit jacket and stood there, waiting for the next instruction.

"Can you pull up your skirt? Maybe tuck it into the waistband?"

The skirt hung to the tops of her knees and that was as much as anyone had seen of her legs in several years. Thankfully, her monthly wax appointment had been last week so she at least wouldn't be hairy. Sighing to hide the whimper that threatened, she tugged her skirt up, folding the waistband over and pulling the hem up an inch.

"Oh, come on, babe, let's see some leg." The laughter in Mace's voice made her jaw clench. She flashed him a glare and dragged the skirt higher, almost to mid-thigh, and stopped.

"That's it. No more."

"That's perfect." The teasing was gone. His voice had dropped to a low, sexual murmur.

Gathering her courage, Devin lifted her gaze and looked at Mace. His eyes were locked on her thighs. He stared and licked his lips, as if imagining his tongue skimming up her thighs. A rush of moisture flowed into her pussy and she pressed her knees together. That only made the sensation worse.

Her movement seemed to jolt Mace and he looked up. "Okay better." The gruff tone made her want to smile. Was she really making tall, strong and studly, hot? Just by pulling up her skirt?

"Now untuck your shirt."

She dragged the tails out. The wrinkled ends and too-big shirt hung down like a sack.

"No." He considered her for another moment. "Here." He grabbed her jacket off the roof of the car. "Take off the shirt and the bra and put this on."

"Are you crazy? I can't walk around without a shirt." And certainly not without her bra. She hadn't left her house without a bra on since she'd been thirteen. Her breasts were in good shape and didn't sag, much, but they were big.

"Trust me. Wearing this jacket you'll still be one of the most covered women in there."

He said it so matter-of-fact that she started to wonder if she'd dreamed the hunger in his eyes. Probably.

She hesitated then finally sighed. "Fine." She looked around. They were on the street. It was fairly quiet but there were buildings around.

"Cayl," Mace called. "Come here and let's cover her while she changes."

Cayl didn't look happy but he followed Mace's instructions, the two large males turning their backs and building a wall around her to the car. Taking a deep breath, she whipped off the white shirt, undid the clasp of her bra and dropped it on the ground. She dragged the jacket up and over her shoulders. The whole process took less than thirty seconds she was sure.

She did up the single button and straightened the collar, tugging on the edges to cover more of her chest. Wasn't happening. She normally wore the jacket open because it was a bit snug. Almost half of each breast was showing through the gap and every breath she took pulled the edges even wider.

"This isn't going to work," she muttered. Mace obviously took that as clearance that he could turn around. Cayl followed suit.

"Damn." Mace's whisper sounded almost reverent. *Asshole*. She knew she needed to lose a little weight. The bastard didn't have to mock her.

She dropped her hands, exasperated. "See. Let me have my shirt."

Mace bent down and snatched it off the ground before she could reach for it.

Her jaw ached from clenching her teeth. She lifted her gaze, feeling the burn of tears stinging her eyes.

But once again, Mace didn't meet her gaze. His stare was locked on her chest and there was no mistaking the desire this time. She took a breath, waiting for him to speak. The movement skimmed her nipples across the cool satin lining of her jacket.

"Mace?"

"Hmm?" He made the noise but he didn't look away.

"Mace." She added some snap to her voice that time and seemed to be enough to get his attention.

He looked up and smiled. "I'd apologize but damn, babe." His voice sounded deep, rough, almost reverent.

Cayl leaned in and looked at her chest. "Interesting." He peered at her open jacket, turning his head to the side, bending forward for a closer inspection. Devin held herself still and finally he straightened. "It is strangely appealing." He looked at Mace as if he could answer his questions. "I do not understand why I find it so fascinating."

Mace's laughter rang down the street. "Because she's got some fantastic tits."

"But it is just a portion of her body. It seems odd. Still, I find myself intrigued." He reached out and placed his hand on the inside curve of her bare breast. It took a moment for her mind to process what was happening. The heat filled her skin counteracting the cool air, sending a warm spike into her core. Her body eased into the caress but then she realized what she was doing.

She slapped his hand and took a step back.

"Stop that."

The tap to his hand made Cayl jump.

"My apologies."

He didn't sound apologetic. He sounded confused.

"I think we're ready to head inside," Devin said, taking control of the situation. Taking control seemed like a good idea because the way things had been going up until now she was going to find herself naked and spread out on the hood of her car...and for the life of her couldn't remember why that would be a bad idea.

Chapter Two

Mace took a breath and tried not to pant as he stared at Devin's almost naked breasts. He'd had dreams about those breasts and had been pretty well assured he would never get a chance to see them naked. When a woman laughs when you ask her out, you figure you're out of the running.

Now he was here, looking at her breasts and about to take her into the sex club scene. He hadn't been to Switch in a few months. He'd basically been hibernating since Devin's rejection. Not that he'd been heartbroken, but having a woman laugh in your face was always a good time to reassess.

He stepped back and looked at his companions. Cayl was hot, no doubt about it. Just what Mace liked in a man—tall, muscular, nice ass—but Cayl seemed to believe he was from a different world. And here looking for a killer.

Mace didn't have a problem with a person's delusions—crazy could be fun—but Devin appeared involved in the delusion.

"We could probably go in. It's a bit early but things will pick up soon."

"Finally. We must search every corner—"

Devin held up her hand again and Cayl blinked and stopped talking though Mace could tell he wasn't pleased about being interrupted.

"We can't just barrel in there. Can Harken recognize you?"

"No, he has not seen this form."

"Harken?" Mace asked. He knew—hell, Devin had told him—that they weren't telling him the truth about why they wanted access to Switch. He was just supposed to go along but damn it, he was going to ask questions when he got a chance.

"The guy we're looking for," Devin tossed out. "Okay, how will you recognize him?"

"I can trace his essence. It is something he cannot hide."

"But doesn't that mean he can trace you?" Devin asked.

Cayl sighed like the answer should be obvious. "No. He is not from my world originally," he explained. "I told you that. This is even more reason why we do not involve ourselves with humans. They do not retain their memories past a moment."

Devin's chest rose in a long slow breath and Mace could see she was doing everything in her power not to reach out and smack the arrogant "alien". Mace could relate. *Gorgeous is one thing but total asshole is another.*

"Harken's original being is traceable. But the signature lasts less than twenty-four Earth hours and we have most likely lost our opportunity for this night because of your delays and strange human customs."

Mace felt his lips pull up into a reluctant smile. This guy really got into his character. He glanced at Devin, wanting to share the "this dude is crazy" moment, but she wasn't smiling.

Her eyes tightened into a fierce glare and her jaw clenched. Mace's teeth ached in sympathy. "We'll do our best. Now—"

Mace tried to temper his smile but damn, Devin was lovely when she was pissed and she didn't even seem to be trying to hide it anymore.

"We're going inside. Mace will lead the way. You—" She stabbed a finger into Cayl's chest. The way Cayl jumped told Mace she'd put some real force behind it. "You will attempt to blend. Follow Mace's lead. Watch what the other males do. And for God's sake don't tell anyone else you're an alien."

She turned and looked at Mace expectantly.

"Damn, babe, this is going to be more fun than I thought."

With that, he grabbed Devin's hand and started forward. She resisted for a moment then came along. He glanced back and Cayl had taken her other hand. *Great, we look like kindergarteners on a field trip.* But he didn't stop. They'd drop hands when they got inside.

Mace led them to the club entrance. This early in the evening, there wasn't a line, not that he ever waited in line here. He'd been a member for years. They knew him on sight. He walked through the dark wood doors and stopped at the membership desk. Mistress Vanessa was working the door tonight. She stood when he entered and leaned forward, her breasts almost tumbling out of the corset that bound her chest.

"Mace, my love, haven't seen you in ages."

"Been busy." Cryptic was always better in these situations.

"I can see." She looked over his shoulder to Devin and Cayl. "And what lovely toys to be busy with."

Mace flashed a smug smile at Devin. "They are entertaining enough."

He waited for her annoyance to show but instead she blinked and pushed her lower lip out in a sexual pout.

"But, Sir, I've been trying so hard." As she spoke, she pulled her shoulders back, opening the edges of her jacket. The slick lining seemed to glide across her skin until her nipples were almost revealed.

His dick bounced in his jeans, pressing against his zipper with a sharp ache.

"I think I need to be punished."

She said it with the right amount of submission and eagerness and he could almost imagine that she really wanted it, if it hadn't been for the mockery in her eyes.

Two could play like that. "I agree." He glanced at Vanessa. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all." Her gaze grew slumberous and sexual. And she licked her lips in anticipation. Mace held back his own grin. He'd fucked Vanessa a few times. She was good fun but Devin was his focus tonight.

He turned his attention to her and watched the light of reality invade her eyes. *Oh this is going to be fun.*

Fuck. Devin crushed the curse in her throat. She'd gotten herself into this, taunting Mace. Now she couldn't brush it off, not without breaking their cover. And it had been her command that they blend.

"Bend over, hands on the table." Mace's low, penetrating voice filled her core and made her pussy clench.

She swallowed but it made no difference to the lump in her throat. A quick glance toward Cayl did nothing to calm her. He stood a few feet away, observing, his clever mind obviously recording everything. God, please don't let him ask questions.

Taking a breath, she leaned forward and placed her palms on the table. She lifted her head and met Mace's stare. The challenge in his eyes shot through her body. She could handle this. It was just a simple spanking. Or at least that's what she thought he had in mind. Vanessa hummed softly, the sound mocking. Whether it was directed at Mace or Devin, she didn't know. Didn't matter. She wasn't going to let some Elvira wannabe laugh at her or Mace.

Devin took the noise inside her and used it to power her resolve. She pushed her ass out and lowered her eyes.

"Please, Sir."

"Very good." Mace accompanied the words with a slow caress to her ass, his fingers measuring the curve. "Nice," he said, his voice low, intimate. "I'm just going to warm your ass a bit, then finish when we get home. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

Her fingers curled against the wood despite the fact that she couldn't grip the smooth surface. She wasn't afraid of being physically hurt. She didn't think Mace would actually beat her and her skirt would protect her from the sting but still the thought of being spanked, in public, made her heart race.

She waited, the anticipation almost too much before she felt the first strike. As she'd expected, the material of her skirt muted the sensation. She could do this. He'd smack her ass a couple of times and then they'd move on.

"Mace, Sir..." Cayl's voice broke through Devin's calm. "If I understand physical punishment, there should be some discomfort. Would it not be better to strike her bare skin?"

Her gasp resonated against the wood desk.

"Why, Cayl, I believe you're right."

No, no, no. He couldn't be serious.

"Help me pull her skirt up." Two sets of hands tugged on the hem of her skirt. Cool air rushed across her skin as they pulled the material high, forcing her to shift to draw it up to her waist. She did a mental flip through her morning and tried to remember what underwear she'd put on. *Please don't let it be the cotton granny panties. Not the granny panties.* She remembered having them in her hand but couldn't remember if she'd actually put them on or —

"Ooh, our slut is showing off for us today."

Damn, the fluorescent-pink bikinis.

She shivered as warmth slid across her skin, Mace's large hand cupping her butt cheek. He gave it a little squeeze. The heat in his hand sank into her pussy and it was all she could do not to press back against him. No, this wasn't good. She had to — a faint hum, high, like a question, filtered through the air. And another hand settled on her ass, covering her other cheek, testing, following the curve.

"Nice." Mace asked, giving her backside another squeeze.

"Yes." Cayl mirrored the action. "Again, strangely compelling. Similar physical reaction to the sight of her bare breasts."

His hand slid down, fingers dipping between her legs. Devin crushed a yelp. His fingertips traced the line of her panties, a breath away from her pussy. Her mind raced with the fact that she was wet, really wet and if he touched her he would know. And he would probably announce it to the world.

"Not so fast, slick." Mace's voice halted Cayl's fingers. "We want to make sure her pussy is nice and eager before we give her any relief."

"Hmm." That masculine, assessing hum told her Cayl had put the concept into his memory. From what she'd read of his world, he wasn't likely to forget. Cayl's fingers slipped away. "Now you will punish her?"

"Almost." A tug on her panties made her shift, giving Mace a little space as he pulled down her underwear, leaving it stretched tight across her upper thighs. "Now, she's ready."

She heard other voices in the background and realized they'd drawn an audience. Devin gulped and forced down the panic — and the foreign flutter in her pussy. Damn, she couldn't like this, right? Not bare-assed in front a group of strangers, waiting to be —

She heard the *smack* to her backside seconds before the sensation jolted her — a sharp pain followed by a slow burn.

"That's a good girl," Mace murmured a heartbeat before he spanked her again. The strokes were hard but not unbearable. Each tap zipped through her body and teased her pussy. She'd been wet before but now... She squirmed as his palm made contact again, needing something more, needing to feel something in her cunt.

"That's it, honey. Your ass turns a lovely shade of pink," he whispered, his breath teasing her hair. Then he straightened. "Just two more." She braced for the blows but still gasped when they came. Her body seemed to move without her permission, her back arching and pushing her ass out.

Mace's hand curved around her ass once again. "Just right. A little warmth but not too much." She whimpered when Cayl's hand joined Mace's, stroking.

"Yes, there is some heat to her skin now. Will this be uncomfortable for her?" Pure curiosity lingered in his voice.

"She'll be fine, won't you, Devin?"

Irritation returned. She'd forgotten for a moment that they were here on a mission and that mission wasn't spanking her ass.

"Yes, Sir," she replied though her answer was spoken through clenched teeth.

Mace laughed and gave her another tap, just for being snotty, she was sure.

"You can stand up. I'll beat the rest of it out of you later...when you can thank me properly."

Fire burned through her chest at the thought and settled deep in her core, enflaming the fires his spanking had ignited.

With legs wobbling more than they should, she straightened, yanked up her panties and tugged her skirt down over her backside. The woman behind the table—Mistress Vanessa—smiled at her, her eyes glowing with a hunger Devin wasn't about to acknowledge.

"Very nice." Vanessa looked at Mace. "Does she play?"

"Only with me."

Vanessa clicked her tongue. "Too bad. I could do wonders with that attitude."

Devin's spine straightened. She didn't have an attitude problem. Well, maybe a little one.

"I'll consider it." Mace's voice rang with sexual laughter but his hand tightened on Devin's hip as if to reassure her that he wouldn't be loaning her out.

It took all her strength not to jab her elbow into his gut.

Instead she stood patiently as he took her hand and led her forward. This time, Cayl didn't grab her other hand. He followed but his gaze tripped across the room, bouncing from one visual to the next. The sights were impressive, even for so early in the evening.

A few steps inside the club and they stood before a small stage. Devin stopped, surprise not letting her progress forward.

In the middle of the raised platform sat a woman, her sheer blouse open, her hands squeezing her breasts, long, sensual fingers tugging on her nipples. A man knelt between her legs, his face buried between her thighs. The woman's hips rocked back and forth in tiny pulses as if the man was fucking her with his tongue. A spark settled

in Devin's already heated pussy. Her body hadn't recovered from the spanking and now this—sexual and hot and purely wicked.

Cayl drew closer, the warmth from his body radiating into Devin's. Mace returned and joined them. She was surrounded by hard male bodies watching a sex show and her pussy was already soaked. The center of her stomach fell away and another rush of moisture flowed into her sex.

From the aisle, Devin could see glimpses of his tongue as he lapped at her pussy. The woman on display groaned and shifted, spreading her legs wider. The man growled and went deeper. She tipped her head back, a long, low groan erupting from her throat, arching her hips and pressing up against his mouth. Devin's body moved in sympathy, her ass rocking back and forth, shallow pulses to match the rhythm.

A large male hand settled on her ass. It had to be Mace's. The gentle squeeze of his fingers eased and made the need worse at the same time.

"She seems to be in a fair amount of discomfort," Cayl announced.

"Huh?" His voice jolted Devin out of her fog. She smiled weakly. "Actually, she's enjoying herself."

"Those are pleasure sounds?" Devin nodded. "Have you made noises such as this?"

"Not recently." She couldn't quite keep the sigh out of her voice.

"I can change that," Mace murmured. She might have been able to ignore the comment if he hadn't leaned in and brushed a kiss right beneath her ear. A shiver raced down her spine and her breath caught.

"You know how to draw these sounds from a female?" Cayl asked. The curiosity Devin had heard in his voice earlier was blended with a rough, husky tone. She glanced at Cayl's face. His gaze was locked on the pair before them. His tongue scraped the inside of his lips as if imagining the taste and feel.

I could show him. No, don't go there. Don't even go there. It's bad. He's a client. He's an asshole and he's an alien.

But he's a really hot alien who seems to be intrigued by sex. And wouldn't he look yummy in my bed. Particularly with a side order of Mace.

The nerves in her body seemed fine-tuned to her thoughts and she pressed her lips together to keep from whimpering.

"I've made a woman scream a time or two."

Mace's arrogance should have been a turn-off but damn if she didn't believe it was true.

"Fascinating."

"You have no idea," Mace murmured. Even without looking she could tell he was smiling.

"I assume that he is sucking on her clitoris and that is why she is moaning."

A garbled moan came out of Devin's throat.

"Well, that's part of it, but there's so much more to licking pussy." Mace's voice dropped, laughter gone, and she knew he was no longer talking to Cayl. He was speaking to her, his lips teasing her neck. "You've got to taste her, lick her, learn every slick fold, slide your tongue into the—"

"Okay. Enough!" She spun out of Mace's hold.

The casual discussion about oral sex was beyond reasonable. She had to take control or Mace would end up describing the whole process and she wasn't sure she could take that, not without melting into a pile of goo right there on the club floor. Cayl looked surprised that she'd interrupted. Mace opened his eyes in a look of shocked innocence. Then he batted his eyelashes at her.

She glared and turned around to face Cayl, cutting Mace out of the conversation. Or trying to but he pressed close, his front to her back, his hand on her hip. She could hardly brush him off without someone in the room noticing and damn, it would be hard, uh, difficult, to get her body to do it anyway. He felt good pressed against, strong, tight muscles, heat. And damn, the hard ridge of a growing erection.

It was all she could do not to rock back against him.

She shook her head and tried to focus on Cayl and their purpose for being here.

"So, how do we find this guy?"

"I simply need to cross his path and I will recognize his trace elements."

"Okay, let's walk around." She glanced over her shoulder and considered telling Mace to stay put but somehow she didn't think he'd listen to her command and why not? They could probably use him. "Can you just take us around?"

"Trace elements?" Mace asked.

She tried to hide her wince. She'd kind of hoped he hadn't heard that.

"English isn't Cayl's first language."

"Uhmph," Cayl grunted. "It's barely a language at all."

Mace looked at Cayl then back at Devin. "Nice friend."

"He's an acquired taste."

"He's also standing right here." Cayl leaned in. The smug superior look on his face did nothing to endear him. "So if you are going to use sarcasm—that was sarcasm wasn't it?" Devin nodded. "Mayhap you would be so good as to wait until I am out of earshot."

"Sorry," Devin said.

"Mayhap?" Mace stared down at Devin. "Who talks like that?"

She grimaced. "I told you it wasn't his first language. Now could we please move? We're attracting attention."

"And we are supposed to blend in, are we not?" Cayl asked, his chin lifting. He stared over Devin's head to Mace. His eyes challenged the other male.

"Sure. We'll blend."

Mace walked away, taking Devin's hand and pulled her through the growing crowd.

Cayl watched for a moment, his own fingers twitching with the need to reach out and touch. The few moments of warmth when she'd had her hand pressed against his had been most intriguing, but many of the sensory perceptions had fascinated him. Particularly the visual of Devin—her bare breasts, her bare ass, pushed out and slightly pink. Cayl didn't understand it but the body he was inhabiting seemed attracted to the female form.

He knew how human reproduction worked. He'd flipped through the previous reports and investigations but somehow he hadn't understood the physical compulsion.

Realizing his escort was fast moving out of his view, Cayl hurried to catch up. There were other females and males around him but his form seemed particularly compelled toward Devin's.

He reached out and grabbed her fingers. She tightened the grip and pulled him forward. Noise rose around them as they moved from room to room. Cayl kept his focus on the search for Harken's trace elements but the human scenarios developing around him scratched at his attention. There was a couple seated deep in a corner. Her blouse hung open, her breasts bare. The male was bent over and sucking her nipples.

Cayl remembered the sight of Devin's breasts. His anatomy review told him she would have nipples as well. Perhaps tight round nipples that needed sucking just like this other female.

He glanced to his left. Devin stared at the couple in the corner, her eyes wide, her breath deeper than before. Those were signs of arousal, he was sure.

She blinked and gave herself a shake then turned, nudging Mace, their guide, forward. *Hmm, mayhap she wants someone to do that to her.*

The idea kept his attention until they turned the corner and came to another small stage. There was a female bent over, a male behind her, sliding his shaft into her, hard and deep. The intensity of the action shocked Cayl. He'd imagined a methodical, rhythmic act. This was powerful and strong, the woman crying out each time the male entered her. The beat became as steady as a pulse. Hard, rhythmic. Cayl's body responded, wanting to move with the same beat.

A faint gasp echoed beside him and he looked at Devin. Her mouth hung open just a bit, the wideness in her eyes had grown and once again her breathing had become fast and shallow.

Cayl's mind did a shift and he inserted Devin into the picture before him. She obviously wanted that. But it didn't seem right. Then he changed the male, placing himself in the scene as well. A strange pressure built in his groin. He looked down. A bulge pressed out on the fly of his jeans. He had an erection. *Hmm...*

He was moving his hand toward it when Mace leaned into his shoulder. Cayl met Mace's intense stare and comprehended the silent question.

"Uh, no. I mean, I don't think so." He scanned the area around the couple, trying to ignore the panting and moaning, and the sounds of bodies slapping together. None of Harken's telltale elements lingered. "No."

"We're wasting time then," Devin announced. The tone of her voice had changed, still out of breath but with a firmness to it. He stared at her face. Her cheeks had turned a delightful pink, similar to the shade of her buttocks when she'd been spanked. His memory told him she might be feverish but she didn't seem inclined to leave for a doctor. "We should keep looking." The sound was brisk and conclusive. With one final glance at the couple, she turned and marched away.

"Damn, I need to get that woman in a pair of handcuffs," Mace murmured, almost as if speaking to himself. He didn't look at Cayl, just followed Devin.

Handcuffs? Cayl knew what they were — the name described the function after all — but why would Mace wish to put Devin in them? Cayl accessed the collective memory and found uses for handcuffs. They were mainly used by police. Mental pictures flipped through his brain, of prisoners, hands bound behind them. Cayl put Devin in a similar pose. It would open the flaps of her jacket and reveal the naked, round breasts beneath and perhaps then he could see her nipples.

Yes, he quite supported Mace putting Devin in handcuffs and hurried after the pair, not wanting to miss if or when it occurred.

Chapter Three

Devin tried to keep moving. In the short time since they'd arrived, the club had filled up and the walkways were growing crowded, people pressing against her. Normally she hated crowds, but tonight her body was humming, almost vibrating with the need to be touched.

Not that she wanted these strangers to touch her. She wanted the two hot, studly guys following her through the club. Both bad ideas. She kept her forward momentum, leading the way and trying not to look too deeply into the shadows. She didn't want to see what was happening. The hints of skin and sounds were enough.

And around every corner there seemed to be another stage, with a couple or trio performing. She tried not to watch but the displays were blatant and sexual and her eyes kept being drawn to the bodies. Butterflies danced in her stomach and her skin tingled.

She forced a long, calming breath into her lungs but all that did was slide her nipples across the satin lining of her jacket. A shiver raced across her skin. She had to get out of here. The overwhelming sexual atmosphere pressed down on her and the urge to do something stupid—like grab Mace and Cayl and rub over them like body lotion—was sounding more and more reasonable.

Home. Finish up. Get Cayl settled. Go home.

"Any luck?" she asked Cayl when they circled back around to near the entrance.

"No."

"What's this guy look like?" Mace asked. "Maybe I can help."

Cayl blinked and met Mace's curious stare. "I do not know what his current form looks like. His trace elements will linger after he has passed and I should be able to track him in that manner."

The edges of Mace's eyes squinted down. He watched Cayl for long moments as if trying to decide if the guy was mocking him. Finally, Mace looked at Devin.

"We don't know what this guy looks like?"

"No." She sighed. "But Cayl will recognize him if he sees him."

Mace nodded. "Listen, why don't you two find a table and I'll go have a word with Vanessa about new memberships. This guy is fairly new right?"

"Yes!" Hope flared in Devin's chest. "He came to Ear—uh, town about ten days ago, right, Cayl?"

"Yes. Ten Earth days."

"Earth days. Right." This time when Mace looked at her, there was intent in his eyes. He was going to demand some answers.

"We'll be over there." She tipped her head toward a couple of open tables.

"I'll find you."

Her chest was tight as she took a breath. Mace wasn't the knight in shining armor type but he knew the club and he'd been some level of protection. Now she was left on her own in a sex club...with a curious alien.

She took Cayl's hand, led him across the aisle, and moved a few tables in. Unlike most clubs she'd been to, where the tables were crammed together to accommodate maximum bodies, these were spread out to allow for maximum viewing to those walking by, even allowing small bulges in the paths for people to stop and watch.

The lights were dim enough that if someone wanted to hide, they could but somehow she didn't think the people who came here chose that option often. Most seemed too eager to see what was happening around them. Even couples wrapped in octopus embraces took a moment to look up when she and Cayl walked by. The gazes seemed to invite them—to watch or join.

Devin ignored the people around her and kept her focus on the empty table in the corner.

Cayl tugged on her hand, pulling her to a stop. Devin looked back. Cayl's gaze wasn't on her. It was on a couple at a table right beside the aisle. Devin had done her best not to look. Now she had little choice. The woman was wearing what looked like a bra and boy shorts, only the bra was open and the man was vigorously sucking on one nipple. His hand covered the woman's other breast, squeezing and rubbing.

Her already tight nipples seemed to grow even more taut and press against the slick jacket lining. The woman opened her eyes and smiled, a dazed sexual smile that made Devin's stomach drop. A flutter moved through her pussy, heat and liquid filling her core. She shifted and pressed her knees together, trying to ease the ache. It made it worse.

"Come on." She yanked on Cayl's hand. "It's rude to stare."

"But is that not the purpose? If they didn't want people to watch, why would they do it in public?"

She didn't have an answer for that. She just needed to find them a seat and get her body back under control before Mace returned because jumping him was sounding more and more like a good idea. Not that he'd be interested. He was probably a god in the sex world and could have any woman he wanted. He wouldn't want someone like her—a little too plump, a little too boring. Still, the bodies she'd seen around the room hadn't been perfect. Not all of them anyway. Gave her some comfort that Mace might—

She stopped herself. What was she thinking? She wasn't. And that had to stop. She needed to remind herself this was work and nothing more. Mace was just helping out. Out of the kindness of his heart. Right.

And dammit the bastard had spanked her! Her cheeks grew warm again, the memory sending heat through her body. How mortifying. How embarrassing.

How arousing.

She flinched as her conscience jumped into the conversation reminding her she'd been wet and hot while he'd spanked her, as if every stroke was a tap to her clit.

Brushing away the thought, she wove her way to the empty table and sat on the cushioned bench, jumping at the slight sting in her backside. Oh, Mace was going to pay for that.

Cayl sat down beside her, his eyes scanning the walkway and the tables around them. She couldn't tell if he was looking for Harken or other couples to watch.

"What do we do now?" he asked after a few moments. "Are we just going to hope that Harken walks by us?" The snotty tone had returned. Good to get back to normal.

"No. Mace is asking about new members. This guy most likely got a membership if he's come here more than once." It felt good to talk about their case. Her mind shifted focus from the rampant sex around the room to finding Harken. This is good, she thought. *Think about finding the megalomaniac and maybe when Mace comes back you won't drag him down on the bench and beg him to finish the job he started with his spanking.*

Devin groaned. Her conscience tended toward sarcasm but it was a good point.

"We will sit here until Mace returns?" Devin nodded. "It would be best if we blended in, would it not?"

Her mind trapped in her own thoughts, she answered Cayl's question without much consideration.

"Yes."

Cayl shifted, turning toward her. His hand reached behind her shoulders and pulled her close.

"Wait, what are you doing?"

"You agreed we should blend in? All of the other human couples are embracing. Should we not do the same?"

She blinked and couldn't deny his logic.

"I guess."

"Then we should kiss."

"Oh! Okay, right." She turned to face him. "We should kiss." The delicious ache in her pussy swelled but she took a breath and tried to ignore the sensation. This wasn't a real kiss. It was business and Cayl had never kissed anyone. She would have to take control.

She put her hands on his shoulders and stared into his eyes.

For five seconds, his eyes went blank, almost black, then he leaned forward, drawing her near as he did so, and placed his lips on hers. Devin braced herself for a quick buss on her lips, or worse, a bad kiss.

His mouth moved, soft and gentle at first, exploring—like a man experiencing the sensations for the first time. These weren't the awkward caresses of a first-timer. He turned his head, matching their mouths closer, sucking lightly as he rubbed his lips against hers. His hand slid down her back and eased her closer, pressing her breasts to his chest.

The wicked distraction of his hand on her back caught her attention long enough so she missed the fact that he had his tongue in her mouth, teasing and playing with hers. Her thoughts short-circuited. The heat and wicked taste filled her mouth and flowed through her body, sinking into her core. She squirmed on the soft bench, wanting to be closer, needing to be closer.

Only Cayl shifted, not moving away, but he lifted his head and looked at her chest. Even beneath the thick material of her suit jacket she felt the intense green stare, like a caress to her breasts.

Devin swallowed and forced her lungs to breathe slow and deep, hoping to calm her speeding heartbeat. But her mind was still locked on that kiss.

"I thought you'd never been human before," she blurted out. "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"My species has a collective memory," he said absently, not shifting his stare, his one hand flexing like he wanted to reach for something but didn't quite have the courage. "I merely accessed a previous visit to Earth. Was it not done properly?"

"No, it was great. Perfect."

His head came up. "Then we should do it again so as not to attract attention to ourselves."

A tiny part of her mind acknowledged that he sounded as eager as she felt but the portion capable of coherent thought disappeared as he kissed her again. Her toes curled inside her shoes as he worked his tongue against hers, tangling with it and drawing her inside his mouth.

As if moving under their own power, her hands slid into his hair, the soft strands slipping between her fingers, teasing her skin with light strokes. He grunted and leaned forward, pressing her back against the wall, giving her no chance to retreat. The strength and power called to something in her and she whimpered, wanting more, wanting to feel him on top of her, inside her.

This is bad, but oh so good. You shouldn't be kissing the alien. It's bad, bad.

But the words faded as Cayl sucked on her tongue. Shivers skipped down her spine and she moaned. Her body vibrated with the need to be closer.

As if he heard her plea, he sat up, placed his hands on her waist and picked her up. The strength in his arms was incredible. The world spun as he lifted her, flipping her around. The twirling stopped abruptly. Devin looked down. Her legs straddled his thighs, her knees digging into the soft cushions. The boring black skirt she'd worn to work this morning looked sexy and hot hiked up almost to the top of her spread thighs. The thighs she normally hated for being too big looked strong, sexual.

She blinked and looked around. Her back was to the aisle, giving them some illusion of privacy.

She lifted up on her knees, not wanting to crush his legs. He didn't seem to notice or didn't care. His eyes locked once again on her chest, watching the breathy rise and fall of her breasts beneath the gaping jacket.

She gulped and glanced over her shoulder. People might see them.

"We really should —"

"Open it," he commanded in a voice that warned he wouldn't be denied.

The sound sent a shock into her pussy. Mace had used the same voice when he'd told her to bend over for her spanking. Something deep inside her reacted to the power flowing from Cayl. Her throat tightened and she couldn't find the words to protest.

Her fingers trembled as she reached between her breasts and worked the button, undoing the simple clasp but keeping the edges closed. They were in public. Not that anyone she knew would come to a place like this, but why take chances. For all she knew the director of the agency was a closet submissive and was even now having his ass whipped in some private room.

The frightening thought disappeared as Cayl reached for her. One hand stayed on her back, supporting her, the other brushed aside the flaps of her jacket, baring her breasts. She gulped and looked around, wondering if anyone could see, if anyone was watching. No one seemed to be paying attention to them but still...

"Cayl, we shouldn't —"

He didn't lift his head. His gaze never left her breasts. "Hush, Agent Denning, we are blending in."

He placed his hand on her stomach, spreading his fingers, as if he wanted to absorb as many sensations as possible. Long curious strokes whispered across her stomach. An invisible band squeezed Devin's chest as she watched his hand move across her skin.

Heat flowed through his touch, sinking into her flesh. Devin held herself still as his fingers drifted upward, teasing and testing the lower curve of her breasts, first one, then gliding over the other. A low hum rumbled from his throat, the sound part curiosity, part hunger.

The sampling caresses seemed to make him want more. He curled his fingers beneath her breast and lifted as if testing the weight.

She held her breath, allowing herself to be explored.

His tongue slipped out between his lips and touched the corner of his mouth. He flashed a look to his right, to the other couple and the man sucking on the woman's breast.

Devin braced herself and opened her mouth to protest, to tell him this really wasn't a good idea.

But Cayl didn't move forward. Instead he rotated his palm over her breast, gliding his fingers over the already tight nipple. Devin gasped. Warmth flowed through his

palm as he rubbed a long slow circle across her skin. Her nipple popped forward. He pulled his hand away and looked at the protruding peak.

"Fascinating."

A corner of her mind rebelled at being a "learning experience" for his species. That part was quickly silenced by the dominant side that loved the way his hand stroked her. He circled her nipple with one finger, watching as it tightened, his eyes glowing—literally glowing—bright green.

"Most intriguing," he murmured as he leaned forward. The hand at her back pulled her up, arching her spine and positioning her breast to his mouth. Cayl leaned down and skimmed his nose across her skin as if testing her scent first. Another hum and he flicked his tongue out, a quick brush along the curve.

He tilted his head and gave another glance toward the couple in the corner as if gathering ideas. Devin felt like she was barely breathing when he returned, focusing on her. He opened his mouth and slid his tongue slowly around her nipple. Bright shivers ran into her pussy.

It didn't make sense. Her breasts weren't usually so sensitive. It had to be the atmosphere, the fact that they were in public and that her panties were soaking wet. But that didn't make it right. She should stop him.

"Cayl, that's—"

He held up his hand, stalling her halfhearted protest.

"Please. I am exploring this fascination with the female breast." Exploring? Her brain briefly protested at being a test subject but the throaty gravel of Cayl's voice told her he wasn't as unaffected as he might want to believe.

He gave another lick and returned his free hand to her other breast, soft fingers stroking back and forth across her nipple.

"Most compelling, Agent Denning. I would understand why the human male is so intrigued."

Devin didn't have an answer—women had been trying to figure that out for years—but her ability to think disappeared. He opened his mouth over her breast and sucked. The wicked shiver turning into a zap, flowing into her core and making her squirm. She couldn't stop the gasp that followed. Cayl raised his eyes as if to monitor her response. The green in his eyes seemed to sparkle with tiny silver lights. That couldn't be real—Cayl was in a human body—but it was beautiful.

She cupped her hand along his cheek. The glittering lights seem to grow brighter. He dropped his gaze and focused on her breast, sucking her nipple into his mouth. Her back arched, instinctively trying to give him more of what he wanted.

Cayl released a noise that sounded suspiciously like a growl then drew hard, as if he wanted to swallow her whole. Heavy pressure flooded her pussy. Her fingers gripped his hair, holding him in place. *Damn, he's a fast learner.* He licked and sucked,

focusing his attention on one breast, tasting her, learning. He explored, seemed to monitor her reaction, and repeated the ones that interested him.

The club, the mission, everything disappeared. All that mattered was the hot, wet pressure against her nipple, the long seductive draws of his mouth, sending sweet pulses into her pussy.

Movement fluttered around her and her eyes drifted open. She blinked and realized she was staring up...at Mace.

"Having fun?" he drawled.

She tried to nod but couldn't find the strength. Cayl lifted his head.

"It is quite fascinating. You were right about her having fantastic tits. They are most intriguing in my mouth." He looked at her other breast then up at Mace. "Mayhap you would give attention to the other. I would be most interested to see her response to two males sucking her pretty tits."

Without seeing if his suggestion was being followed or perhaps he didn't really care, he returned to what he'd been doing, licking, kissing. Driving her insane.

Mace's presence made it so much more real and she tried to move away but the pressure, the need was too deep for her to retreat. Without lifting his head, Cayl shifted her until she was positioned against the table, leaning back, her jacket spread wide and her breasts bare and open for anyone to see. That should have panicked her, but instead another sliver of arousal pierced her flesh. She wanted to be seen, touched, fucked.

Mace planted the heel of his hand onto the table and leaned over her.

"Is this what you want, Devin?" She blinked and nodded, her voice locked deep in her throat. A light flared in Mace's eyes and he bent forward, not moving toward her breast but to her mouth. She opened her lips ready to meet his kiss. He teased her with a brush of mouth to mouth, a caress using his lips. She stretched up, silently pleading, wanting more, needing.

The edge of his mouth kicked up in a half smile as if he was pleased by her hunger. If she'd had the strength to protest, she might have but he covered her mouth with his, his lips meeting hers and his tongue sliding inside. God, she didn't think it could get any worse. Better.

Heat rushed through her pussy and she moaned, arching up into the kiss.

Unwilling to lose the strong suction of Cayl's mouth, she sank her fingers into his hair and held him in place as she offered her mouth to Mace. She lost herself in sensation—Mace's mouth ravaging hers, Cayl's lips drawing deeper and deeper.

The shoulder of her jacket was pulled down trapping her arm. She couldn't move, would only let herself be displayed and touched. Hot, strong hands moved across her body, her breasts, her stomach, the insides of her thighs. No part of her body seemed untouched.

Mace finally lifted his mouth and Devin gasped. Her head spun at the loss.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous," he whispered against her lips then dropped down onto the bench beside Cayl.

"She is most intriguing," Cayl agreed. "I do not quite understand the fascination but..." He looked at Mace, as if searching for an explanation. Mace didn't answer. Instead, he put his hand on her breast. His fingers were rough compared to Cayl's soft skin. Mace flicked his thumb across her nipple.

Cayl stared, watching the caress. Mace bent down and placed one light kiss to the tight peak. Sensitized beyond reason, she arched up into the delicate caress.

Cayl's fingers tightened on the outside of her legs. "She is aroused." It was a statement, not a question, lust and need shimmering beneath his words.

"Hell yes," Mace asked. His fingers pinched her nipple, just a shade too hard, just a bit too much. The pain shifted in her body, like the spanking, becoming pleasure, and sending a lovely shiver into her pussy.

Cayl slid his hands up her thighs, wrapping his fingers around her ass. "Is she hard as well?" Devin sat up and looked down. The hard bulge of his erection pressed against his pants. His eyes darkened. And he shook his head. "No. She would not be hard. She would be wet."

Before she could even think to protest—not that she was really sure she *could* protest—he slipped his hand under her skirt and zeroed in on her sex, his fingers bumping into her panties.

"Hmm, her covering seems quite damp."

"Covering?" Mace asked. He flicked his tongue across her nipple as if promising it he would return and looked at Cayl.

Displayed for both males, Devin remained still, waiting, anticipating.

"The material covering her pussy."

She gasped. She was almost sure that word hadn't been in his "collective memory" but then remembered Mace had used it.

"Listen, we—"

They ignored her.

"Oh, her panties." Mace's voice shifted from confusion to teasing. She still didn't know if he believed Cayl was an alien but he seemed willing to play along.

"Panties. Yes." Cayl blinked and ran his fingers along the front panel, then under the lace opening at the leg. "That makes clear sense." She gulped, because they were so casually discussing her underwear. "But feel—" Cayl slipped his hand out, grabbed Mace's wrist and pushed his fingers beneath the shallow hem of her skirt. She braced herself for a hard slam but there was just a brush across her upper thighs.

"Easy, man." Cayl flinched at the reprimand. Mace shook his head but didn't pull his hand away. "A woman's pussy should be approached gently. You want her to invite you back in." His fingers whispered across the front of her panties. "Hmm." He repeated the stroke, a little harder. "Do you shave, baby?"

“W-wax.” The word came out breathy and soft, so soft she wasn’t sure Mace had heard her until the light in his eyes flared and Devin knew she was in trouble. Mace’s hand curved around her thigh. Ever observant, Cayl watched and matched the touch.

“Nice. Spread your legs a bit more, baby,” Mace growled.

Devin’s cheeks burned.

“Please—” *Stop*. That’s what she was going to say. *Stop*. Except the word wouldn’t come out of her mouth. She inched down farther into the booth and pushed her knees wider. The skirt rose until it reached the crease between her thighs and hips. Hot strong hands slid around and cupped her ass, easing the material higher.

Breath caught in her throat at the thought that others, people walking along the pathway could see her ass. A shiver clenched her pussy. She wiggled and the movement pushed the skirt even higher. She leaned on the table to stay upright. Cayl’s hand supported her thigh, his fingers wickedly close to her pussy.

Mace seemed know what she was doing. “That’s it, baby. Let them see your pretty ass.” His words were accompanied by a soft stroke to her pussy. “But only we get to see this sweet little cunt.”

She nodded her agreement. He smiled and leaned up, placing a kiss on her mouth, rewarding her for giving him the answer he wanted. He flicked his tongue across her upper lip then returned to his place beside Cayl.

“Let’s pull this little bit of nothing away.” He tugged on her bikinis, pulling the sides down, stretching them across her spread thighs. Mortified, a whimper escaped her throat. “Shh, it’s okay, baby. No one but us can see you. Just us.” His words stroked her skin just as his fingers did, tempting and soothing at the same time. “And we want to see your bare pussy.”

She pressed her lips together, holding back the sounds echoing in her head—pleas for more, begging for them to stop. If she allowed herself to speak she didn’t know what would come out.

Hot rough fingers slid across her skin, along the tops of her thighs—Mace’s touch gentle but deliberate, Cayl’s more cautious, a bit awkward. He was taking Mace’s advice to heart, approaching carefully.

“This is most intriguing.” Cayl spoke the words so softly she wasn’t sure he knew he’d said them aloud. The caresses drew closer, inching past her panties, the taut material biting into her skin. “Mace, this cloth is irritating and blocking my exploration. May we not remove it?”

She barely heard the words when she felt the “snap” of the elastic and her panties fell away. She gasped and sat up. Those were twenty-dollar panties and...oh!

Cayl’s fingers brushed the final inches of her thighs and whispered across her slit. “So smooth. I had not expected such softness.” His fingertips dipped between her pussy lips. “Yes, this is where she is wet.” He lifted his gaze to Mace. “You were right to advise caution when approaching. It is most delicate and sensitive.”

He pressed forward, grunting as his finger slipped between her wet folds. Moving by instinct or that damn collective memory, he brushed his thumb against her clit even as he slid one finger into her pussy.

As he penetrated her, they both froze. Breathing seemed unnecessary as he watched her. He held his hand still...and then began to thrust, slow and deep, pressing against the top of her pussy as he stroked her.

"May I put two inside her?" he asked, the question directed to Mace.

"Hell yes."

Cayl pulled out and pressed two fingers into her passage. She moaned as her pussy rippled around his slow, deliberate penetration. The sensation—so deep inside her—sent shock waves through her body. A ripple ran up her spine and her back arched. Twin growls tore from Cayl and Mace. As if they coordinated it, they leaned forward, moving as a unit, each latching onto a nipple. The strong suck drew another cry from her lips.

"I—M—Ma..." Words wouldn't form in her brain. The steady pulls to her nipples competed with the wicked rhythm of Cayl's fingers pumping inside her. He seemed to move by instinct, working her cunt, teasing her.

Their hands held her steady, held her in place as they sucked.

She pumped her hips up, unable to stop her body from moving, needing him deeper. "Fuck, that's pretty." Mace's breath surrounded her nipple, heating the tight peak before he lapped at it.

"She is slick and tight," Cayl said, his voice full of wonder. He tightened his grip on her ass and held her in place as he drove his fingers deeper, harder into her pussy. She cried out, meeting his thrusts. "I believe she is close to her climax. How do I help her reach it?"

"Rub her clit." Mace whispered the words, then reached down and added his touch. His finger slipped between her folds, just teasing. The delicate caress flooded her pussy with liquid.

"Yes, continue. I believe she is near." Cayl's fingers pumped harder, faster. He stared at her pussy, his green eyes glowing in the dim light. Part of her mind came awake—his eyes were actually glowing—but she couldn't pull away. "Come. I wish to feel it."

The hunger in his voice blended with Mace's caress and pushed her over the edge. Wicked vibrations rippled through her body. She clung to the two solid objects as the rest of her world exploded. She would have screamed if Mace hadn't been there, his mouth muffling her shout as she came, her pussy contracting around Cayl's fingers.

As the world returned to focus, Devin became aware of two things—voices murmuring and the fact that Cayl's fingers were still inside her. She lifted her head and took a quick survey. At some point she'd dropped forward, her head resting on Mace's shoulder. She still straddled Cayl's thighs but Mace's body held her upright.

Soothing words whispered through her fogged brain. Mace's voice telling her how beautiful she was, how sexy, how he wanted to spread her out on a bed and lick her pussy until she screamed, fuck her. Hands still moved across her skin but the touches were light, comfort replacing arousal.

Feeling almost drunk, she lifted her head. Her bangs fell across her eyes and scraped her fingers through her hair and pushed it back away from her face. Her cheeks burned as she came back to reality and she couldn't look at Mace or Cayl.

"We should —"

Before she could finish, Mace reached around and tugged her skirt down. The material fell over her ass. He gave her a little nudge, encouraging her to push up on her knees. The hem slid back to the top of her thighs, shielding her bare pussy. Shaking her head to clear some of the fog, she looked at him. He smiled, then looked beyond the table to the three people standing a few feet away...watching. Devin gulped.

Vanessa stood with another woman and a short, stocky guy. The man wore only leather shorts and a collar around his neck.

"You sure she doesn't play?" Vanessa asked. The predatory tone in her voice made Devin shift a little closer to Mace.

"Only with us," Mace answered. He patted Devin's ass, then left his hand in place, the movement blatantly possessive.

Cayl's fingers slipped out of her and he put his hand on her hip as if claiming ownership as well.

"Too bad." Vanessa looked at Devin and winked, then returned her gaze to Mace. "I hope that information helps."

"I'm sure it will."

The mention of the word zapped Devin back to the reason they were there. She twisted around and looked at Vanessa. "Information?"

Mace grabbed Devin's jacket and tugged on it, pulling it shut and turning her back around.

"I'll tell you about it later." The command in his voice warned her to obey. Her normal reaction would have been to smack him but in this atmosphere and with the cover they'd already established, she lowered her eyes.

"Yes, Sir."

The hand on her ass tightened as a reward.

"Good night, Vanessa," Mace said. His tone was neutral. He stood up and shielded Devin as he eased her off Cayl's lap. Cayl groaned as she pulled away. Not really meaning to she glanced down. He was still hard. Sympathy aches flared in her pussy.

Cayl stood as well. He looked a little more disheveled, a little more dazed now. He cleared his throat. "You have knowledge you wish to share with us?"

"Let's step outside."

Mace was in full command as he took Devin's hand and led her through the now crowded room. Her mind blanked on the reality that all these people might have seen her, might have watched as Cayl had finger-fucked her, and she wouldn't have noticed. Wouldn't have cared. In those few moments all that mattered was Cayl's fingers inside her and Mace's mouth on her.

She'd forgotten all about the alien bad guy they were chasing.

Mace practically dragged her from the club but she didn't resist. They had found no traces of Harken and really she needed to be away from the overwhelming sex in the club.

Cool night air draped across her skin and Devin sighed. Every nerve sizzled, firing beneath her skin. She lifted her chin, arched her back and let the breeze flow over her, cooling her.

"Careful, baby." Mace's voice rumbled just above audible sound. "You'll find yourself bent over the hood of your car and fucked until all the neighbors come out to watch."

Devin jerked to a stop and looked down. Her jacket, which had provided minimal coverage early in the night, was open and her breasts bared to the world. She'd walked through the bar, flashing her chest at every patron.

Mortification settled like a weight on her soul. She yanked the edges of her jacket closed.

"Why didn't you say something?"

Mace scoffed. "Seriously? Did I mention you have fantastic tits?"

"But I—"

"He is correct. They are most impressive," Cayl agreed. "And delicious as well."

Chapter Four

Mace watched and even though the light was dark he could tell Devin's cheeks were bright red. He didn't understand why. She was gorgeous. Round and soft and sexual. She didn't seem to realize how attractive that combination was. Didn't know that given half a chance, he'd have her home, spread eagle on his bed and filled with his cock.

His *hard* cock because fuck, seeing her orgasm almost made him come, but he'd held back. He wasn't a teenager and coming in his jeans was uncomfortable. But damn, as soon as he got home...

He glanced at Cayl. The guy had a hard-on as well. Not unexpected. Of course, if Devin had been straddling *his* thighs, there was no way she would have left the club unfucked. There were rooms, places where he could have had her.

He didn't know what to think about Cayl. The guy was strange. There no denying that. Mace couldn't decide if Cayl actually believed he was an alien or if it was some kind of Star-Trek-Star-Wars-Super-Fan kind of thing.

But he was hot and Mace could put up with strange for hot. He had in the past. Those encounters hadn't always ended well but Cayl didn't seem violent.

Devin wrapped her arms around her waist. Mace guessed she meant to hide her tits but she didn't seem to realize the pose just lifted her breasts and made the cleavage deeper.

"Okay, no more talk about my chest." Devin's announcement had the opposite affect than she wanted. His gaze – and Cayl's – dropped to the intriguing inches of skin revealed by the gaping jacket. "Mace." He heard his name but didn't look up. At least not until she snapped her fingers. "What information did you get from Vanessa?"

"What? Oh, right." He hated that moment of disorientation when his mind shifted from sex to the real world. "She said there were three men who joined the club in the past two weeks." He pulled out the piece of paper he'd been prepared to show Devin, except that he'd found her almost naked and having those pretty tits worshiped by Cayl. "She gave me their names..." Devin reached for the paper. "With the understanding that she had an option on you when I was finished." Mace could have kept that last bit to himself but he wanted to see Devin's reaction.

Her eyes widened, then tightened down at the edges, suspicion flowing from her stare.

"I hope you told her to 'bite me'," She snatched the paper from his fingers.

"She likes to do that anyway."

Devin glared and looked at the note.

"You have his name?" Cayl reached out and grabbed the paper. "Which one is he?"

There were three names on the list.

"No idea." Mace shrugged.

Devin took the paper again. "I will research these names tomorrow morning and we'll figure out who arrived..." She stopped and offered a weak smile to Mace. "Uh, who fits the profile."

Those weren't the words she'd intended to say. Devin was definitely keeping something from him...or trying. Fortunately for him she didn't conceal her responses well. She'd tried to hide her submissive nature but he'd recognized it almost immediately. The spanking had proved it. His palm tingled at the memory. A couple of more strokes and she would have come.

"Well..." she announced, the tone almost official. "Thank you for your help." She offered him her hand as if they'd just completed a business meeting. What the fuck? He'd had her nipple in his mouth less than fifteen minutes before. His fingers had been on her clit when she'd come.

And she wanted to shake hands?

"We'll handle it from here." She whipped a quarter turn and faced Cayl. "Now, where am I taking you?"

Cayl stared back. "Are we not investigating these names?"

"Not tonight. It's too late. I'll check them in the morning."

Cayl crossed his arms on his chest doing a surprisingly good rendition of a five-year-old in a pout.

Devin sighed. "Everyone I need to talk to about these men will be asleep."

Cayl grimaced and released a matching sigh.

"I forgot. The human form needs to rejuvenate. Most primitive but if it cannot be avoided."

"It can't." The tight clench of Devin's jaw intrigued Mace. "We need sleep. All of us." She included Mace in her statement then turned back to Cayl. The exchange intrigued him so Mace stepped back and watched. "Where am I taking you?" Devin asked again.

"I don't understand."

"Where are you sleeping? What hotel has been reserved?"

Cayl shook his head. "The Council did not arrange lodging. We all assumed that it would take less than a day to track Harken because I knew where to begin and this is such a —"

"Primitive world, I know," Devin finished, fumbling to get her phone out of her tiny purse, presumably forgetting that her jacket still hadn't been buttoned. Mace took the chance to get another look at her breasts and noticed Cayl was doing the same. Mace felt his mouth pull up in a wicked half smile. Possibilities raced through his brain.

He could imagine the both of them, naked and in his bed. Devin cuffed and stretched out on the mattress. Somehow he thought Cayl would appreciate the sight.

"Fine. I'll find you a place to sleep." Devin tapped on her phone.

"He can stay with me." The offer was out before Mace could stop it. Then realized, what the hell? If nothing else, he'd get to see Devin again when she picked Cayl up. She'd no doubt be wearing a suit of armor by then but now that he knew what her naked breasts looked like, he could call up the memory whenever he wanted.

"That will be fine," Cayl said, speaking before Devin got a chance. "All I need is a place to rest this human form and you can provide that?"

"Yes."

"Very well." Cayl lifted his chin and looked down his nose at Devin. "Agent Denning, since you will not assist me tonight, I will be resting with Mace. You may collect me in the morning and we will continue our search."

As if that concluded the night, Cayl spun on his heel and headed toward Mace's car.

Devin's eyes squinted into a vicious glare. "Take care of him."

"I will."

"I'll be by in the morning to pick him up."

"You need my address."

"No. I have it," she snarled as she turned away. The flaps of her jacket fluttered open and Mace was only sad that he wasn't in front of her, ready to enjoy the delicious display.

Wait. She had his address? He'd done everything he could to get his home address off the web, out of reach. How the hell did she know where he lived?

"Let us go," Cayl commanded.

Mace did a slow turn and stared at his new passenger. Alien or not they were going to get one thing straight. "It's my house, my rules, my schedule."

* * * * *

The sounds of shuffling dragged Mace out of his bed and down the hall to his guestroom. He stopped by the door. Footsteps padded across creaking floorboards and back again. Cayl was obviously having a hard time sleeping. Unable to resist, Mace pressed his ear up against the door. Step, step, grunt, and what? A whimper? What the hell was going on?

Mace tapped on the door, opening it as he poked his head inside. Cayl stood in the middle of the room, moonlight streaming across the floor, his hands propped on his hips, his jeans hanging low. His shirt was gone, thrown on the floor like he'd ripped it off in a fit of irritation.

"You okay, man?"

"I do not understand how you do it."

"Do what?"

"How do humans shut off these senses long enough to find rest?"

Mace hid his grin. So the guy was going to continue his "I'm an alien" routine. That was okay. He could play like that.

Cayl spun around and glared at him. "If I could possibly get used to the scent of the bedclothes, there is the constant hum of your food storage unit and the tree brushing against the roof." He paused. "And if I could ignore all of that, my shaft has remained hard since we left that club making it impossible for me to sleep."

Mace let his gaze drop to Cayl's crotch and sure enough, there was a distinctive bulge that indicated the poor man was in some discomfort. *Oh yeah. I can definitely play with that.*

"How am I to correct this?" Cayl demanded.

"Correct it?"

"It's obviously defective. I was given to understand a male's shaft got hard when the human was preparing for intercourse. I am alone and quite obviously not preparing to have intercourse, so why is it hard?"

"You were hard at the club," Mace pointed out.

"But Agent Denning, who is female, was present and rubbing against me." *Agent Denning?* Mace had to ask Devin about that. "That was a logical explanation. The body believed it might have some chance at penetration."

The edge of Mace's mouth kicked up. He could almost believe this guy didn't understand fucking. But the way he'd kissed Devin and sucked her tits...fuck, that had been hot.

Cayl's mouth crinkled into an irritated line. "I don't know what to do when one is alone."

"Okay, um, you..." Hmm, how did he explain this? "You rub it. You know, put your hand on it."

Cayl shook his head and sighed. "I tried that. Touching it only makes it worse."

Mace's smiled broadened into a full-blown grin.

"You have to kind of do it for a bit. It gets worse before it gets better."

"You've done this?"

"Many times."

Cayl pulled open the button fly and shoved them down, his cock popping out as it was freed and stretching long, hard and thick.

"Please show me this technique. I cannot tolerate this sensation much longer."

Show him? Come on. You can do it. Give a hand job to the hot guy in your spare room who thinks he's an alien.

There were all sorts of reasons why he shouldn't do this—first and foremost being this guy might be insane—but the thick cock pushed aside the concerns. He walked across the room to where Cayl stood. Cayl's broad chest tapered down into a ripped stomach. *Hmm. Nice. Hard and firm. Thick.* He shook his head when he realized he'd moved past describing his chest and returned his attention to Cayl's cock.

Cayl tipped his head to the side as if to urge Mace to hurry. Demanding little shit. Except he wasn't little. Not where it counted. Not anywhere.

"Well, you just..." *What the hell, just do it.* He reached out and curled his fingers around the base of the shaft. Cayl's sharp inhale warned Mace it wouldn't take much. The guy was on the edge. "You just stroke it." He slid his hand up, tightening his grip, letting his fingers tease the round head. A garbled cry erupted from Cayl's throat.

"Ahh!"

Cayl might be insane but he wasn't faking the hunger. Mace gave another pump and felt a shudder run through Cayl's body. Mace kept his eyes down and worked his hand over the thick cock, every stroke drawing a reaction from Cayl—a groan, a shiver. *Fuck the guy is responsive.* Strong fingers dug into his shoulder as Cayl punched his hips forward, driving his cock into Mace's grip.

"Mace, please you must—"

Mace looked up. Cayl's wide eyes stared back at him—a mix of panic and fear.

"Surely there is some resolution soon?"

Demanding, Mace thought again. The command, the urgency in Cayl's glare made Mace draw back.

"Yeah, but why rush it?" He took his hand away from Cayl's dick and placed it on his hip, stroking lightly with his fingers.

"Because it needs to end." Cayl reached down and grabbed his own cock, giving one quick hard stroke. Another groan broke from Cayl's throat.

"Oh no, babe." Mace gripped Cayl's wrist and pulled his hand away, grabbing the other hand as well. "That's mine."

"Yours?" Cayl blinked and looked into Mace's eyes. "How is that possible?"

The literal track of Cayl's thoughts made Mace smile. "It's mine to play with, mine to tease."

"You said you would fix my affliction."

Mace spun Cayl around and pushed him backward. "And I will. I just want to play a bit first." Cayl's feet caught in the dark jeans and he fell. Right onto the mattress. Perfect. Mace stripped the tight denim off Cayl's legs leaving him naked.

Their conversation—ha—and Cayl's irritation seemed to have eased his desperation just a bit. His cock was still hard but the annoyance his face had transformed into partial curiosity.

"Relax, babe. You'll get what you want." Mace dragged his t-shirt up and over his head, tossing it to the side. Cayl's gaze dropped to Mace's chest. He licked his lips as if

imagining the sensation, remembering the club and sucking on Devin's pretty tits. Mace's cock gave a twitch. That had been sweet. She'd been hot and hungry. Watching her come – with Cayl's fingers inside her and Mace's teasing her clit – had inspired him. He wasn't going to let her go without being inside her.

"Where has your mind gone?" Cayl asked, pushing up on his elbows.

"Huh?" Mace shook his head to clear it.

"You are no longer thinking about curing my affliction, which seems to be fixing itself."

"We can't have that." Mace climbed on the high bed. He left his sweats on. Cayl might not be ready to return whatever favor he received. "And I was thinking about Devin. And the club."

The clinical curiosity left Cayl's eyes and heat returned. "She was most delicious."

"Uh-huh." He crawled up the mattress until he lay beside, just above Cayl, looking down at the strong, masculine body. He reached out and skimmed his fingertips across the flat peak of Cayl's nipple. The gasp that burst from Cayl's lips drew a smile from Mace. He looked at Cayl, fingers still teasing the tight nub.

"Fascinating." The word came out a little more breathless. "Is this what Agent Denning felt when we sucked on her?"

"Something like this, I'm sure. Feel good?"

"Yes." Cayl's fingers grabbed the bedspread at his side, holding himself back. "Would you...?" He hesitated. As if he wasn't sure he should be asking.

"You want to feel my mouth?" Mace bent down and opened his lips, let his breath heat Cayl's skin. "Maybe I can make you scream."

"I don't think –"

Mace stroked the flat of his tongue across Cayl's nipple. His yelp halted the words.

Mace lifted his eyes. "Not a scream but I can work with it." He licked again then moved the tip of his tongue over the pink surface, teasing it, making the tiny peak stand up. Cayl squirmed, his leg twitching and sliding along the bedspread. Mace paused long enough to glance down. Cayl's cock was quickly returning to full hardness. *Nice. More.*

Letting himself sink into the pure sensuality of the hard body beneath him, Mace opened his mouth over Cayl's nipple and sucked, long, deep pulls. Cayl's reaction was immediate. He cried out and his hips swung up, cock fucking the air. Not bothering to hide his smile, Mace lapped at the nipple, soothing, calming, then he pressed his teeth against the taut skin and bit down, gently, not too hard. Enough.

A jolt moved through Cayl's body and his shout rang through the room. A strong hand gripped the back of Mace's head, pulling his hair almost painfully. Mace allowed Cayl's hands to guide him and kissed his way across Cayl's chest, repeating the caresses to the other nipple.

"Mace. What is this?" Cayl's hips rolled, twisting and finding Mace's thigh. He pressed up, rubbing his cock against Mace's leg. "You had said to ease my affliction but it is worse, much worse."

Mace lifted his head. "And better, yes?"

"No...I mean, yes...maybe... You must make it stop."

"Soon, babe. Soon." Mace pushed up on his hands and shifted, sliding his knee over Cayl's hip so he straddled the strong body, their cocks pressed against each other, the deep color of Cayl's bare cock against the soft gray of Mace's sweats.

Cayl cried out. "Please."

Mace could almost believe the guy didn't know what he was asking for. He slid down Cayl's body, pressing kisses across his chest, dragging his tongue over the tight ripples of Cayl's abs. A faint sheen of sweat teased his tongue as he lapped at the skin. The seductive sense of need filled his head. Unable to resist, he licked again, craving Cayl's response.

Cayl twisted beneath him. Mace recognized the movement—wanting to escape but needing more. He pressed the heel of his hands into Cayl's hips, holding him in place. The man's abs were lovely, tight and ridged and when Mace had time he wanted to spend long hours licking and sucking tiny hickies on that skin but he didn't think Cayl could last tonight. The subtle and not-so-subtle pulses of Cayl's hips told him he'd better get a move on if he wanted Cayl's cock in his mouth. And he did.

Moving past those delicious abs, Mace turned his attention to Cayl's cock. Mace wrapped his hand around the thick base and raised the shaft, sliding his hand over the hot skin. He paused, giving Cayl enough time to look down, to watch. Mace bent down and ran his tongue up the full length of Cayl's cock. The man arched off the bed like he'd been electrified. "Mace! What is this...?"

"Relax, babe, it only gets better."

"I—I am not sure I can tolerate better."

That drew a smile from Mace. "Sure you can. Just feel." He repeated the long lick up Cayl's cock, a little slower, a little harder. Cayl dropped back onto the mattress and released a low moan. That worked for Mace. Gave him a chance to focus on Cayl's dick. The thing was damn fine—hard and long and thick. Mace didn't let many men fuck him but when he did, he liked a nice long cock...as long as the man knew how to do it and took his time.

He grinned against Cayl's cock. He was anticipating something that probably would never happen. He pushed aside the thought and took his own advice...just feel. He swirled his tongue around the top and then gave a couple of quick licks, finding the sweet spot right beneath the head. Cayl jolted beneath him.

"Mace!"

Good thing he didn't have neighbors right next door.

He rubbed his tongue across the same place then rose up and sucked the first few inches of Cayl's cock between his lips. He was almost too much for a mouthful but Mace wasn't going to stop halfway. Cayl's hand slammed into the back of his head, trying to push him down as Cayl thrust up. Mace pulled back, yanking his mouth away.

"Not so fast, sweet thing. Choke me? I'm not coming back."

Cayl's chest rose and fell in harsh breaths. "You must help me."

"I will. Just lie back and enjoy."

"I do not understand why humans seek this torment," he muttered but he dropped back on the bed. With a dramatic sigh, he plopped his hand onto the mattress. Mace smiled and returned to fluttering his tongue up the thick hard shaft. Mace could have continued to tease him, keep him just on the edge of coming but the guy looked miserable. Pissy too but mostly miserable.

He lifted the pretty cock, stopping just before he put it his mouth. Cayl lay back on the bed, fingers gripped firmly in the bedspread, eyes squeezed shut, his chest rising and falling in fast tight breaths.

"You need to let go a bit, babe," Mace said. Then he pushed the head of Cayl's cock into his mouth, lashing his tongue across the bottom, letting him feel it. Then he closed his eyes and pushed down, taking as much of Cayl's dick into his mouth as he could.

A long, low groan vibrated the bed but Cayl didn't reach for him again. Mace pressed one hand against Cayl's hip, holding him down for when the need to thrust became too much. He wrapped the other around the base of Cayl's cock, stroking, matching the rhythm of his mouth.

Cayl's body struggled against the grip he had, wanting to thrust but he didn't want to be choked. He kept up the pressure on Cayl's hip, holding him down, but sucking harder each time he retreated. Cayl seemed to think this was a reward for behaving and gripped the blankets beneath his hips even harder, keeping himself still. Mace took him as deep as he could, letting the thick head into his throat before pulling back.

Cayl's shout rang through the air and if his mouth hadn't been filled, Mace would have smiled. Instead, he sucked a little harder on each retreat, his head bobbing faster. Panicked words emerged from Cayl, running together into one long confused babble about torture and pleasure and why would humans—

Mace got no warning—but then maybe neither did Cayl—except a scream. Cayl came, filling Mace's mouth with hot streams. He swallowed, taking in what he could, pulling away when it became too much.

He bent down and lapped at a drop of come that had splattered on Cayl's hip. That taste called him to more and he flicked his tongue across those beautiful abs, working his way up Cayl's body, stopping and sampling bits of skin, licking his flat nipples. The strain in Cayl's muscles vanished and he moved into each easy caress, his hands leaving their frantic grip on the bedspread and sliding up Mace's arm, his shoulder.

Mace rose up, over Cayl, hands pressed into the mattress, he rubbed his still hard cock against the rippled abs. He could come this way, savoring the stunned, satisfied look in Cayl's eyes, rubbing his dick against those tight abs. But he wanted one more taste.

He bent down, watching Cayl's eyes widen, then perception set in. He thought Cayl might pull away but after a moment's hesitation, Cayl pushed up, opening his mouth, meeting Mace's kiss, driving his tongue into Mace's mouth.

He groaned as Cayl kissed him. For just having come, the guy had energy. Cayl threw himself into the kiss, sucking and tasting. Made Mace wonder what it would feel like to have Cayl's mouth on his cock.

Cayl nudged his shoulder and Mace drew back, allowing Cayl to push him away. Mace sighed to hide the groan and dropped onto his back. He should have rubbed off on Cayl's stomach while he'd had the chance. But seconds later, Cayl followed him over and down, mouth returning to his, tongue exploring with heady deep kisses that blinded Mace. Cayl rose up, his free hand skimming down Mace's chest, fingers tripping across his nipples. His precise touches sent tiny shivers into Mace's chest.

"You are likewise afflicted." Cayl's hand moved purposefully down Mace's stomach, aiming for the hard cock pushing against the thin material of his sweats. "Is it not customary that I should assist you as well?" It was phrased as a question but Cayl didn't seem to be waiting for an answer.

Mace raised his eyes and met Cayl's stare. Heat reflected back and him and damn if it didn't look like Cayl's eyes were sparkling. They stared at each other, neither moving, waiting.

"Yes," Mace said, answering the question Cayl hadn't asked.

Cayl's body moved by instinct or hunger—he didn't know, could only observe as his hand reached down and slid over the thick bulge in Mace's pants. Unexpected heat filled his hand. Touching his own shaft had been interesting but this was different, more powerful. *Fascinating*.

He tightened his fingers around Mace's erection, finding the sensation strangely appealing, and scanned the male form beneath him.

Cayl forced oxygen into his lungs. Agent Denning had told him he couldn't stop breathing but she hadn't warned him there would be times when it would be difficult to catch his breath—like when he'd had his mouth on her nipples and his fingers in her pussy. Or when Mace had brought him to orgasm. And now, with Mace stretched out beside him, the hard shaft almost pulsing beneath his hand.

The methodical portion of his brain told him to pull back, that increasing his knowledge of the human senses would do nothing to elevate the collective awareness of his world, but the heat beneath his palm distracted him long enough that he was able to push aside the cautionary voice.

After all the man had assisted Cayl when he was afflicted. It was the least he could do. *Quid pro quo*.

Clinging to that bit of universal logic, he hooked his thumbs in the waistband of Mace's sweats and tugged them down, not bothering to pull them all the way off. There was little point when the thick cock popped out. Breath locked in his throat.

The shaft on his own form appeared longer but Mace's was quite wide. He wasn't sure how he would be able to get it into his mouth.

Cayl licked his lips. There was a drop of liquid leaking out of the tip. The sight tempted him beyond his imagination. He wanted to capture that drop on his tongue, experience the flavor. He cupped the shaft in his hand and squirmed down to the bottom of the bed, his mind focused on getting that cock in his mouth.

He rolled over, wanting to be between Mace's legs but the cursed cotton material was in the way. With a grunt that seemed to convey his irritation quite admirably, he dragged the cloth down, over Mace's feet and tossed it to the side, unconcerned where it landed. Freed, Mace shifted, spreading his thighs and creating a space for Cayl.

The thick shaft and the sac beneath fascinated him. The images he'd viewed prior to arriving in this world had not clearly defined the intriguing aspects of this portion of the male form. Discovering a need for a better view, Cayl crawled between Mace's strong knees, intrigued by the hair on Mace's thighs, but kept his focus on the cock he planned to ease. He shifted his stare and gasped. The truth jolted him.

"Something wrong?" Mace drawled. Cayl lifted his gaze. Mace lay on the mattress, one hand cradling his head, so he could watch Cayl. The lazy, sexual display made Cayl's mouth water but he focused on Mace's query.

"Having had my fingers inside Agent Denning, I do not understand such a large item fits inside her." Cayl opened his mouth and looked at the rounded head, trying to calculate if it would fit inside. "Or how my mouth will accommodate such a thick rod."

Mace chuckled and Cayl felt the little hairs at the back of his neck stand up. And his cheeks felt strangely warm. He didn't care for the combination of sensations.

"You'll be fine, babe." Strong fingers slid up his neck and cupped the back of his head, pushing him down, toward the thick shaft. "Just do what feels natural."

"Nothing feels natural." He lifted his head, fighting against the pressure pushing him down. The smile that had seemed so ever-present in Mace's eyes disappeared.

"Then don't do it." His voice was flat and Cayl felt a strange response in his chest, an ache he didn't understand. "No one's forcing you." Mace shifted, starting to roll away.

Cayl caught his leg, pushing him down, spreading him wide. He didn't comprehend the urge but he didn't want Mace to escape him.

"No. I want to but the human form is so foreign to me. And fragile. I do not know what will bring pleasure and what will bring pain."

He watched Mace's face to see how he reacted to Cayl's confession of ignorance.

That smile that made his groin area tight curved the other man's lips. "I'll let you know if you hurt me. Just do what I did to you."

Cayl nodded. "That is most logical." He inched back and scanned the male form beneath him once again. There were so many options. So many places he could experiment with touch. "I just don't know what to do first."

His gaze fell to the cock, hard between Mace's legs.

"It seems most precise to begin at the top and taste everything." A hiss escaped Mace's throat but Cayl couldn't pull his attention away from the thick rod resting in his hand. "But I desire most to sample your flavor here." He skimmed his fingers across the round head, collecting the thin drop that had lingered. It sparkled on his skin and Cayl lifted his hand to his mouth. His tongue flicked out and caught the clear drop.

The foreign flavor danced on his tongue. He licked his lips, wanting more.

A hitch in Mace's breath caught Cayl's attention. He looked into the man's blue eyes, darkened by the hunger, and then back at the hard cock in his hand, made harder by his touch. "You like to see me sample your taste?"

The muscles at Mace's throat convulsed. A new pleasure surged through him, settling in his groin, even though he was not the one being stroked. *Hmm. Perhaps this is why humans enjoyed the sensual torment of each other.* Deciding to explore this sensation further, Cayl raised his eyebrows and waited for Mace's response. He nodded, a quick brusque movement. Cayl's cock swelled.

"Most intriguing." He didn't understand the way his voice changed, deepened. It wasn't intentional, but emanated from the body he inhabited. His mind swirled with the possibilities but the need to taste took precedence. He bent and flattened his tongue at the base of Mace's cock, mimicking the caress that Mace had given him. Slowly, he stroked up, following the prominent vein like a guide. The muscles in Mace's thighs tightened and Cayl could feel the strength, feel the way he struggled to find relief.

Cayl recognized the movements from when Mace had tormented him and wasn't prepared to release the other man just yet.

He swirled his tongue around the head of Mace's cock, pulling back when he saw another pearl of liquid appearing. He raised his gaze and met Mace's stare as he swished his tongue across the tip and swallowed the single drop.

"You tasted more of me, did you not?" Cayl asked. He flicked his tongue across the cock head, loving the way he could feel Mace's response.

"Yes."

"And I will taste more of you but first I want to explore." He licked another long line up Mace's shaft. "Do not orgasm until I have you in my mouth."

"I'll try."

Cayl snapped his head back. He wasn't used to anyone, especially humans, disobeying his orders. "You will wait. I wish you to come in my mouth. You will wait," he said again.

There was another tightening of Mace's throat but he nodded.

"Very good." He whispered the words against the smooth skin near the base of his Mace's shaft. He flicked his tongue out. The muted, salty taste intrigued him, as did the scents.

Inhaling deeply, he realized he could experiment with all five of the human senses during his exploration. He breathed in the fascinating smells as he tasted the skin. His fingers tingled as he slid them through the tight curls at the base of the shaft. He kept his eyes open as he stroked his tongue up the full length of Mace's cock, enjoying the deep ruddy color of the shaft.

Yes, that was four of them but how did he incorporate –

Mace groaned and rolled his hips up. Ah yes, there was the final sense. Hearing. He lifted his gaze. Mace's eyes were closed and every muscle in his body taut. Cayl felt no guilt at stopping Mace from coming – after all, the same had been done to him – but he couldn't resist the taste and feel of Mace's cock against his tongue.

He licked the broad head of the shaft. Mace released another groan and Cayl's cock twitched. He glanced down. Fascinating. His shaft was hard again. He pressed against the sheets, rubbing his cock against the material. It didn't feel as good as Mace's hand or his mouth but it still felt pretty good.

The need to explore held his attention but he found himself returning to the same places time and again, enjoying Mace's reactions, savoring the way he twisted with need. Yes. This gave him a much better understanding of why humans indulged their senses so deeply. He tried a few more exploratory licks to Mace's cock then slid his hands around the base, down to the heavy sac beneath.

He dipped his head and licked at the heavy balls between Mace's legs. Another long heavy groan erupted from Mace's throat. The sensation shimmered through Cayl and Mace's fingers slid into his hair. Such a simple caress but the more Mace petted him the more he wanted to please, to bring pleasure. *Hmm*. The section of his brain used for observation blurred and he let himself fall into his senses.

He raised up and caught the head of Mace's cock in his mouth. The thick shaft almost overwhelmed his mouth but he took in what he could, sucking as Mace had done. The head tapped the back of his throat and his body reacted, almost choking.

"Sorry, babe," Mace moaned. His fingers slid into Cayl's hair. The light caresses sent shivers across his skin. "Wasn't ready for you to suck quite so hard."

Cayl pulled back. "I have hurt you? I should not touch you there."

"No, babe, you're fine." A strange shiver ran through Cayl's chest at the endearment. "You're doing great."

"Good. I would continue my exploration." Mace moaned and the muscles rippled along his jaw as if he clenched his teeth. "And I am ready to taste you coming in my mouth."

"Thank God."

Mace couldn't hold back much longer. He wanted to let Cayl "explore" but he couldn't take much more. Fuck, this guy was a wet dream come true. Didn't have much skill but damn, he learned fast. Took guidance—either with hands or groans. Mace cupped his palm around the back of Cayl's head and nudged him forward, wanting that mouth back on his cock.

The sight of Cayl's lips opening and sucking in the head of Mace's dick almost made him come but he held back. He wanted to feel this. Cayl moaned as he pushed down, taking more of Mace's cock into his mouth. Mace stared, couldn't look away. Cayl seemed lost in the sensations, slurping and licking, sucking hard as he pulled back. Testing every point on Mace's cock.

"Stop teasing, babe," he muttered.

Cayl lifted his head, his lips rosy and puffy, his eyes practically glowing. His fast breaths hot against Mace's skin. "I was not teasing." The words were right but the bright green eyes belied the claim. He flicked his tongue out and licked the sensitive place just beneath the head. Mace couldn't stop his groan. "I am experiencing."

He thought he heard laughter in Cayl's voice but so far the guy didn't seem to understand teasing. The thought left Mace's brain as Cayl stroked his tongue up the full length of Mace's cock, opening his mouth and sucking in the head. Mace gave the back of Cayl's head a little nudge pushing a little more into Cayl's mouth.

Cayl gave another of those deep-throated moans. The sound sent a wicked vibration through his shaft. Fuck, it wasn't going to take much more. Cayl started to move his head, bobbing up and down, sucking each time he drew back. It took a few pulses to get the rhythm but then he was moving, rocking his cock into Cayl's mouth, Cayl sucking and groaning.

Sparks began at the base of his spine. His fingers tightened on Cayl's head and he pumped his hips up. Cayl froze, just keeping his lips tight as Mace fucked his mouth.

Mace did his best to keep his movements small, not wanting to choke the guy but Cayl seemed to want it, moving again, taking Mace deeper, humming and moaning, sucking him until Mace couldn't take it anymore. He cried out, hoping to warn Cayl but the words wouldn't form. Pleasure shot through his spine and he came, spilling into Cayl's mouth.

Chapter Five

Devin stood in the corner, arms folded, coffee cup in hand and watched the two men move around the kitchen. Cayl didn't know how anything worked but Mace patiently gave him instructions—how to use the toaster, where to find jelly, what was the purpose of jelly. Funny, she never would have expected “patience” to be one of Mace's virtues. In fact, she hadn't thought Mace had any virtues.

They worked together, bumping into each other. Sharing the space comfortably. Almost intimately.

A squiggle of an idea lodged in the back of her brain. No. Couldn't be. *He wouldn't.*

Cayl reached in front of Mace to get the salt off the counter. His arm brushed across Mace's chest. Neither man reacted. If anything, Mace moved into the touch.

Cayl picked up his plate and turned around setting it on the table. He looked at Devin.

“Are you sure you would not like some nutrition?” he asked, taking his seat. “I'm sure there is plenty.”

The eggs and bacon and buttery toast smelled incredible but she could just feel the pounds paste themselves to her hips. She held up her travel cup of coffee.

“I'm good.”

Mace moved to the table. He put his plate down and set a cup of coffee in front of Cayl. Again she was struck by the intimacy of the scene. It took a moment for her brain to process what she was seeing.

“Oh my God!”

Cayl's head snapped toward her. Mace was a little slower to respond but he looked up, even as he sat down.

“What did you do?” she accused, looking past Cayl to Mace. Of course, she knew what Mace had done to him. It explained the casual touches and the subtle satisfied aura that surrounded Cayl.

Mace just gave her one of those arrogant half smiles.

Cayl looked at her, the corner of his eyes crinkling in confusion, then looked at Mace. Mace just shrugged and picked up his fork. Cayl followed suit, mimicking Mace's movements, adding salt, a bit of pepper, taking a bite, more pepper. When Mace seemed to find it properly seasoned, so did Cayl and they began to eat. It took Cayl a few bites to get the skills down—scooping eggs on his fork seemed a particular challenge—but once he did, he moved quickly through breakfast.

When he'd finished, he wiped his mouth on a napkin and nodded. "That is curiously satisfying. Not at all like the last time I was forced into a physical form. The creatures absorbed their nutrition through the skin. It was time consuming and tedious." He nodded to the empty plate. "This was a much more enjoyable experience, making the nutrition palatable is quite an ingenious plan."

"We do our best," Devin interjected. "And we should get going. We're searching for your killer after all." She knew she sounded snippy but couldn't quite keep the annoyance out of her voice.

"Of course." Cayl pushed away from the table. "I will get my outer garment." He walked out of the room.

"It's called a coat," she yelled after him. When he'd cleared the doorway, she spun around and glared at Mace. "How could you?" Righteous indignation filled her chest and pushed her shoulders back, her spine stick straight. How was she going to explain *this* to her boss?

"How could I what?" The innocent and wide-eyed blinking only elevated her irritation.

"Fuck him."

"I didn't."

She dropped her chin and glared harder. "Really."

"I might have shown him how to ease certain pains."

"You turned my alien gay." She couldn't keep the accusation out of her voice.

Mace laughed. "Not exactly. He still finds the prospect of fucking you quite intriguing."

Her spine snapped straight and her chin rose. "That wasn't what I was worried about."

"Really?" Mace stood up and walked over to her, stopping inches from her body, sharing her space. He lowered his head and put his mouth near her ear. "Are you sure you didn't go to bed dreaming of that hard strong body fucking you? His lips on your pretty tits? His cock slamming into you over and over again?"

Oxygen seemed in short supply as she tried to answer. Mace pressed closer, his thigh brushing against hers. It wasn't just the image of Cayl fucking her that made her heart pound, it was Mace, so close, so sexual. Her muscles strained to move, to accommodate his body.

"Or maybe it was both of us." His lips teased her ear. "Inside you. One in your mouth, the other in your pussy." Her mouth opened just a little as she struggled to find enough air. "Or both of us fucking you. Him in your pussy and me taking that sweet ass."

A garbled whimper broke from her throat. Her pussy clenched reacting to the words, the mental pictures—hot strong male bodies surrounding her, filling her. The

sensations from last night flooded her core. "We'd fill you up. Drive you crazy. Fuck, I want to feel you ass against me as I come inside you."

Her body seemed in control. Without her command, her head turned, lips open, begging for his kiss. Mace was there. Hot and strong, accepting her invitation. He took her mouth, a dominating kiss that called to that submissive side she hadn't acknowledged until last night.

Every nerve screamed for her to sink into his arms. She reached up, and cupped the back of his head in her hand and held on. His mouth moved on hers, tongue stroking hers, taking command, telling her with his kiss that he would be wicked good at licking her pussy.

"Are we sharing another embrace?"

Cayl's voice snapped her out of the fog. Devin jumped away from Mace, breaking his hold and stumbling back against the counter. Her mind took a moment to catch up but she shook her head.

"No. No embraces." She repeated the head shake to make sure he understood. "We're leaving. We have work to do."

"You are correct. We have rejuvenated and fed. It is time to work." Cayl stepped back and looked at her. After a few moments of observation, he tipped his head to the side. "I do prefer the raiment that shows your tits."

"Breasts! They are called breasts." She shot visual daggers at Mace but he didn't seem to care. He was struggling not to laugh. She tugged at the bottom of her jacket and flipped her hair back over her shoulder. Attempting to appear composed, she nodded once. "Well, thank you, again, for all your help," she said with what she hoped was a brisk, professional tone.

"My pleasure."

It would have been an appropriate response if she hadn't known he meant it literally. She glared and Mace winked. The urge to growl almost overcame her but she pushed the sound deep inside. Instead, she rolled her shoulders back, turned and started for the door.

"Will I see you tonight?" Mace asked, the teasing in his voice lingering.

"It will depend on our success." Cayl answered before she could say "no". "If we are not able to trace Harken today we will need to return to the club and wait for his arrival."

Devin squished her lips together. She wanted to tell Mace his help wasn't needed but dammit, it was. "Right. But hopefully we'll find Harken and we won't need you anymore."

She was pleased with the slightly snotty tone of voice but Mace only grinned.

"I'll be waiting for your call," he drawled.

That wicked voice reminded her that seconds ago she was pressed against his body, hands on her skin, lips —

She shook her head. She needed to focus. Find Harken, send Cayl home and get Mace back out of her life.

She walked back into the living room and headed toward the front door. Cayl followed and Mace took up the rear. Without looking back, she stepped onto the porch and down the short walkway. It took her a moment to realize Cayl was no longer behind her.

She stopped, backed up, looked around the corner of the house. Three heartbeats later, Cayl appeared, his eyes a little glassy, his lips a bit redder and the beginning of an erection pressing against his fly.

For a moment, she expected him to blush, or stammer but he had no concept of shame or embarrassment. Sex was merely a human physical activity.

He saw her waiting and scanned his gaze down her body, his eyes pausing on her chest before continuing the journey to her feet and back up. She'd worn trousers today and granny panties to ensure what happened last night wouldn't happen again. The stinging in her ass hadn't lasted long. The ache in her pussy still hadn't ended.

Cayl met her stare and she wanted to come up with some sarcastic comment about him quickly turning into a male but he did it innocently. He was just following the dictates of his body.

"Let's go," she sighed. They walked around the corner of the garage where she'd parked in the driveway.

Devin pulled her car onto the road. The first task would be to go Switch and see if Cayl could pick up Harken's traces in daylight. If that didn't work, she'd head to the office and research the names Mace had given them.

As she drove, her mind went back to Cayl and Mace. She didn't want to know what happened between them. She *didn't*. Except she did. A corner of her brain was curious but she didn't want to just ask. *It's none of your business*. But that didn't stop her from wanting to know.

How could he?

And was it any good?

Taking a breath, she glanced at Cayl.

"So, did you sleep well?"

"I did. This form obviously needed the rejuvenation."

"Yes. Humans need approximately eight hours of sleep a night."

"Hmm." Cayl's hum drew Devin's attention. "I don't believe I received eight hours of sleep. The sensory input that the human form receives is overwhelming and made it difficult to find a restful state."

Devin nodded. She'd heard the same from other clients.

"But after Mace showed me how to relieve the affliction in my shaft, I was able to find the rest this form needed."

Her foot slipped off the gas and the car lurched. "Uh sorry. He helped you?" As soon as the question was out of her mouth she knew she would regret hearing the answer but that "can't stop staring at a train wreck" part of her brain wanted to know.

"Yes. It was quite illuminating."

She could have almost believed his clinical tone if he hadn't squirmed in his seat, his shoulders pressing against the seatback and his hips giving the smallest thrust upward.

"First with his hand and finally with his mouth, he brought me to release."

As if she'd been there, the images pummeled her brain—*Mace sucking Cayl's cock, Devin watching from the corner of the bed, her fingers pumping in and out of her pussy. In her dream, Mace lifted his head and held out his hand, calling her.*

"Come fuck him, baby. I'll ride that sweet ass while he fills your cunt."

She moved, putting her fingers in his and allowing herself to be dragged seduced.

"Agent Denning, does that red light not mean stop?"

The calm inquiry shattered her fantasy and she jammed her feet on the brake, her car squealing to a stop a third of the way through the intersection.

Luckily there was no one behind her or coming at them. She slammed the car into reverse and pulled back behind the white line.

"Are you all right?" he asked, concerned.

"What? Oh, yes. Fine." She wasn't. She was thinking about sex—with an alien—when she should be concentrating on finding this killer. She forced her lips into a smile. "What were we discussing?"

"That Mace sucked my cock last night."

She gulped. He didn't quite understand social norms, that one didn't speak about such things. "Right and it made it so you could sleep."

"Well, I couldn't sleep right then. I had to relieve him of his affliction as well." He blinked and stared at Devin. "It seems impolite that one party would find satisfaction in the sex act but the other party not."

Oh, that all men thought like you.

She kept the words to herself and just let Cayl speak.

"So, I explored his genitalia with my fingers and tongue." The words were clinical, almost brusque, but the deep undertone in his voice made Devin's pussy shiver. "Quite fascinating. Captivating even. It was different from stroking you to a climax but quite pleasurable as well. I wasn't expecting to enjoy his shaft in my mouth but the sensation was intriguing. As was his orgasm."

"Glad you enjoyed yourself," she all but snarled as she flipped the car into drive and powered through the intersection.

"Yes, I did. And again this morning. My shaft was hard when I awoke and Mace once again was kind enough to assist me."

"And then you assisted him?" she asked trying to keep the bitterness out of her voice. After all, she'd been the one fondled and caressed to orgasm by two gorgeous men. She could hardly deny Cayl – and Mace – the same relief. But with her, it had been accidental.

"Of course. That is only fair." He stared forward, silent.

A strange pressure seemed to fill the car and Devin glanced at Cayl. The edge of his mouth was pulled up into a soft smile as if he was reliving some particularly fond memory.

"What?" Devin asked exasperated.

"Oh, I was just thinking that we were quite efficient this morning. He joined me while I stood beneath the shower and I was allowed to suck him off once again."

She considered his words and wondered for a moment if Cayl had gotten "allowed" confused with "had to" but no, Cayl's command of vocabulary was quite precise.

"Good for you."

Cayl nodded. "It gives me a bit more understanding into the human animal. It is not that you can't progress, merely that there are too many temptations to distract you. And you are not strong-minded enough creatures to ignore the distractions."

* * * * *

Devin's day didn't progress well from there. Harken's trace elements were present but too faint and scattered for Cayl to track.

They'd arrived at her office and she'd spent fifteen minutes begging her boss to replace her as Cayl's handler. She wasn't the best person for this job, she'd insisted but when her boss had asked why, she hadn't had an answer. How could she tell him that she wanted to fuck the alien? And his human lover. There had to be a regulation that prohibited that.

The final blow to her returning to her safe, quiet desk job was Cayl insisting that she remain as his escort so he didn't have to go through the tedious process of explaining his mission once again.

So, she was stuck with him.

And the images of him and Mace together. Naked. Fucking.

It made the day quite long.

Devin sat down at her desk and did a search on the names Mace had gotten at the club. One was clearly a legitimate member. Another didn't appear during her initial search but after a bit of work she found him in another database, one that indicated he'd just gotten out of prison on a sex crime conviction. She set his name aside to mention it to Mace.

The final name was nowhere in their system. Not in any database, government or public. His name didn't even appear when she Googled him and she hadn't thought that was possible.

"We've got a name," she announced to a stoic Cayl. He'd started out pacing in front of her desk but when she'd snapped at him, he'd taken a seat. That had almost been worse. He'd sat, staring at her, waiting for her to make some pronouncement.

"Then let us go find him."

She shook her head. "We don't know where he is. He doesn't exist in our system."

The edges of Cayl's eyes tightened down. "Then why have we wasted this time looking through your primitive computer systems? It does us no good."

"Yes it does," she explained, hoping her voice stayed calm and measured. "We know what name he's using on Earth. I'm scanning right now to see if he's got credit cards in this name. That will tell us where he's been shopping. I've set up alerts so if he uses that name again, it will flag it. This will help us track him."

"I can track him."

"Yes, but only if you happen to run across his trace elements. This is a much more logical method," she pointed out. Cayl was all about logic.

Cayl tipped his head and his lips pursed. "I suppose there is some method to your investigation. Fine. We will try it this way and when we do not find him—"

Devin's lips twitched with the urge to growl.

"We will return to the sex club. They will be able to find him for us, correct?"

"Probably. Let's just try it my way for a bit."

Cayl was clearly not happy but he nodded.

Devin sighed, her relief needing an outlet. She had to find Harken today. If she didn't, that meant another trip to Switch and having to call Mace and ask for help a second time. She didn't think her pride would survive that.

* * * * *

Devin stared across the room filled with half-dressed, writhing bodies. *To hell with my pride. My sanity won't survive.*

Her search for Harken had been unsuccessful. She'd found out where he'd been shopping—home improvement stores mainly—but no recent activities allowed them to follow him.

So, they'd ended up back at Switch. Cayl had been insistent, almost eager. And when she'd tried to tease him about wanting to go to Switch just for the sex, he'd gotten stern and used that superior tone to say it was purely for investigative purposes.

Ha! She didn't believe that for a second. Particularly not when Cayl requested she wear something slutty, something that showed her "tits". That had prompted a long

discussion about words used to describe the human body. She was pretty sure Cayl had dismissed most of what she'd said.

She'd thought about Cayl's expectation that she wear something slutty but no way was she going out bare-breasted. Not again. Instead, she wore a short black skirt, black bra and a mostly sheer white blouse. She was pretty happy with the look. It had been one of those outfits that after two glasses of wine at lunch and a convincing sales clerk had seemed like a good idea, but she'd never found the courage to wear. Until tonight.

At least her breasts were covered. Mostly. They were pushed up and well-displayed but at least her nipples were hidden. Unless she took a deep breath, which she wasn't going to do. She was going to stand there, calmly, watching the crowd and oh my...

She inhaled long and full, her nipples tingling as they flirted with the edge of her bra. She wasn't sure she was ready for this.

The Switch crowd was different tonight. The room practically hummed with lust. Last night it had been early and a weeknight. Sexy but not insane. Tonight—Friday, after ten, and these people were ready for sex. Ready to fuck.

Mace had insisted that they arrive late, saying that no one showed up early on Friday. It would make them stand out.

And since she'd set Mace up as the expert on the club, Cayl had agreed. Plus, Mace had offered to take them out for more "nutrition".

Despite her irritation—at being overruled and at not being able to find Harken—Devin enjoyed dinner. Mace was interesting and sexy. She sort of regretted laughing when he'd asked her out. It hadn't been intentional. He was a hot, sexy guy. She was a little bland and slightly overweight. She'd assumed he'd been joking so she'd laughed first. Looking back, that might have been a mistake.

At dinner, he'd been polite and interested in what she had to say. Flirtatious but not over the top. It still confused her that a guy like him would be interested in a someone like her but the memories of last night wove through her mind—bent over the table, Mace's hand flat on her ass, hot fingers inside her, driving her to come. It had made the meal a complicated mix of reality and fantasy.

Even Cayl had been reasonably pleasant with only a few disparaging comments tossed in about human's lack of understanding and knowledge.

Cayl had made a one-eighty on his "exploration" of this world. Where last night he disdained the senses, tonight he indulged them, tasting each food—even if it didn't come on his plate—touching the tablecloth, stroking Mace and Devin. The one thing that had remained consistent was his fascination with her chest.

He is definitely a breast man and he should be here now. She stared, her eyes locked on the stage in front of her. Two men knelt beside a woman with small, perky breasts, their mouths latched onto her nipples. Without touching any other part of her body, the woman appeared close to orgasm. Just from having her breasts sucked.

Her pussy clenched, liquid heat filling her core.

A strong arm slid around her waist and dragged her back against a hot male chest, holding her place as a hard, thick cock pressed against her ass. Every protective instinct she had reared up. Her hands curled into fists and she tensed, ready to jab her elbow back. Only her surroundings stalled her reaction.

She was at a sex club, after all. This was probably normal behavior.

The hand on her stomach slid up, fingers teasing the lower curve of her breast. The wispy brush of a fingertip across her skin and the low masculine rumble snapped her mind into focus. It was Cayl, his hand flat against her abdomen, his cock grinding against her ass.

"I have checked the exits and found no trace of Harken." He spoke against her ear, his words conveying information but the tone was pure seduction. "I cannot track him in the weak light but if he had been around, I would have sensed some traces. I do not think he has appeared this evening and may I please open the clasp of your breast restraining device?"

She nodded, the business portion of her brain trying to take over.

His fingers dipped under her blouse and flicked the front clasp of her bra open with a skill high school boys would kill for. She gasped and stared down at the cups spreading open.

She slapped her hand across her chest.

"Wait."

"Why?" Cayl's hand was there, surrounding one breast, his thumb flicking across the tight nipple. "You find pleasure when I touch your tits, do you not?"

A tiny portion of her mind screamed that he obviously hadn't learned the lesson about calling them "breasts" not "tits" but she couldn't care. Not now. Not when he circled her breast with his hand, holding it, cupping it as if he just wanted to feel her.

"The woman before us seems most pleased by the males sucking her tits. It has been over twenty-four hours since I have had my mouth on your breasts and I would like to explore the sensation again." He squeezed her nipple between thumb and forefinger, just enough pain to send delicious shocks into her already wet pussy. "I would have you in my mouth again."

Yes! Devin managed, barely, to keep the word trapped in her throat. Her mind raced through myriad possibilities, conflicted between what she wanted and what she might regret later.

"I just do – uh, don't want to be put on display."

"Hmm." Cayl hum vibrated through her back. "Then we should find a place where I may sample you in relative privacy."

He dropped her breast like it was on fire, grabbed her hand and started leading her away. Devin tugged free long enough to reclasp her bra and then took Cayl's hand again. There was a strange portion of her head space that wanted this. Wanted to be touched and fucked in public. And when would she have another chance? Once Cayl

found Harken, he would leave. And she would have no reason to call Mace and certainly no reason to come back here.

This might be the last night.

Her last chance.

The wicked woman inside that she'd never let free rose to the surface. She let Cayl lead her over to an unoccupied table. He dropped into the chair and grabbed her hips, pulling her close, spreading her legs so her knees moved along the outside of his. Breath caught in her throat as a slow sensuous hunger filled her body. The constraints and concerns faded and Devin let herself fall. Heat swelled in her pussy. She relaxed into the Cayl's hands as he guided her forward, sitting her on his thighs.

Her black skirt inched up, crunching at her hips, stopping at the point where her panties showed.

"Intriguing color," Cayl murmured as he reached between her legs and stroked his fingers across pale green front panel.

When she'd gone home to change into "slutty" clothes, she'd changed underwear as well, losing the granny panties and putting on a thong. Despite her conviction that her professionalism and control would keep her from ending up in a situation that revealed her panties, she had remembered the previous night and knew better. It wouldn't take much for her to end up bent over a table with Mace spanking her ass and she wasn't going to take the chance of having frumpy panties bared to the world.

Plus, she was going out with Mace and Cayl and she needed every bit of sexual ammunition she could find. The thong helped. It allowed the skirt to brush across her ass, teasing caresses that reminded her of the heat of Mace's palm.

"You are hot already, perhaps wet?" Cayl's question broke into her thoughts even as he slipped one finger beneath the silk lining and teased her pussy lips. The caress shocked the truth out of her.

"Yes."

"The sight of those men sucking that woman's tits was most arousing." He reached up and undid the top two buttons of her blouse. "But I find the sight of your breasts much more compelling."

Annoying reality slammed into her brain and she sat up. It was happening again. Her thighs were spread, her underwear just moments from being disposed up and Cayl was already unbuttoning her blouse.

"Oh no." Not again. Not that last night hadn't been, well, delicious but still, she was a professional and she really shouldn't let an alien use her as a science experiment. Particularly not when it brought her so much pleasure. There was probably something in the rules about this.

"But Agent Denning, you said we should not be conspicuous, did you not?"

"Yes, but —"

"And the others in the room are engaged in sexual activity or watching others. We have no one around us whom we could view." As if this explained all it needed to, he tugged open another button of her blouse.

"But —"

Cayl brushed aside the edges of her blouse and placed his hands on her breasts, his palms brushing the lace of her bra. Devin gasped. He trailed his fingertip along the edge of the cup.

"It is quite intriguing," he said looking up, over her shoulder. She glanced to her side and realized that Mace had rejoined them.

He looked like pure sex tonight—a beast in his element. The dark suit combined with the wicked hunger in his eyes made him dangerous, a sexual animal that Cayl seemed to find equally as interesting. He scanned Mace's body and licked his lips like he was remembering the taste. As Mace leaned closer, Devin crushed a whimper. She was surrounded, overwhelmed by two sexual dominant males.

"That's a pretty bra." Mace ran his fingers along the edge of the cups.

"Yes. When she covered her tits tonight, I was distressed but I can see it is most fascinating. It heightens my curiosity to see them naked again. Do you find this true as well?"

"Definitely," Mace murmured as he bent down and covered her mouth in a kiss that fried every synapse in her brain. He teased her lips with his tongue, asking, demanding entrance. She groaned and opened her mouth, wanting his taste. Heat swelled in her breasts as Cayl's hands slid beneath her bra, cupping her, fingers teasing her nipples.

Mace drew back, giving her a moment to breathe. And in that split second her conscience reminded her why they were there. Seeking a killer. She moaned. These freakin' intrusions of reality made it difficult to forget the world, sink into the rampant sensuality of the room and the two men who tempted her.

But the sooner they found Harken the sooner she could go back to being her normal boring self and not some wannabe sex goddess. A tiny crack formed in her heart but she ignored it. She had a mission. She blinked hoping to clear the double vision created by Mace's kiss and tried to sit up. Cayl's hands and lips didn't allow her much movement and the strong steady pull of his mouth on her nipple made the edges of her vision wobble.

"Uh, w-what did the front desk say?"

"They don't have him logged in for the night yet but that doesn't mean anything. They look at ID cards but they don't always write everyone down."

Her mind captured what he had said but the ability to respond faded. Cayl continued to work her breasts, lips sucking, fingers flicking across nipples, every stroke a bright, new shimmer into her core.

"We must wait then until he arrives..." Cayl's words blurred against her skin as he kissed then sucked one nipple deep into his mouth. The soft swirl of his tongue rippled through her pussy. Her gasp filled the shallow space between them even as she reached out for Mace, needing his solid presence.

"We should —"

Cayl drew on her nipple and blanked the words from her brain.

"Don't worry, baby," Mace murmured. "We'll keep watch for him." His hand slid around her back, down her ass. He squeezed the soft flesh and moaned against her mouth. "Fuck, you've got a great ass baby. Want to feel it against me when I'm deep inside you."

She gasped and a rush of moisture flooded her pussy.

"My dick, filling that slick, wet cunt." The words vibrated into her pussy, low, rumbling sounds that teased her senses. "Fucking you hard, coming inside your sweet pussy."

Delicious heat enveloped her pussy as Cayl's hand slid over the barely there coverage of her thong. He lifted his head, eyes glowing, breath fast and harsh against her skin. "She is getting wetter," he said, his voice shimmering with amazement. "Just from your speaking."

"Our pretty little slut likes to hear what we're going to do to her." The hand covering her ass retreated for a moment then returned with a sharp smack to her butt cheek. The shock zipped through her body but did nothing to clear the sensual fog covering her brain.

Cayl's fingers skimmed across the front panel of her panties, pressing lightly into her slit. He tapped her clit, a teasing stroke that increased the sweet tension. "This is most fascinating. That she would become aroused just by your words, without touching her. Perhaps I should remove my hand and we could test the limits of this phenomenon."

"No..." She groaned and grabbed Cayl's wrist, holding him in place, rocking her hips up, pumping his fingers against her clit. "Don't. I —"

She tried to form a coherent thought, plea, anything but nothing came out. She could only hope that Mace understood and would help.

"I think she needs both of us. You stroke that pretty cunt while I kiss her soft lips and tell her how sexy she is, how much we want to fuck her."

Cayl nodded, eyes wide and curious as he dipped his finger beneath the thin panel. Hot fingers slid between her pussy lips, slipping into her passage. The sudden invasion drew a faint gasp from Devin's mouth.

"That's it, honey. Let those fingers fill that sweet cunt." Mace whispered the words against her lips. Cayl slipped his finger into her passage and slowly began to pump, rocking in time to Mace's voice. The world began to blur. "Fuck. Your cunt is going to squeeze me so tight when I fill you, fuck you. Ride you hard."

The words combined with the caresses to her pussy and she cried out, clutching the solid objects in her world – Mace and Cayl, wanting, needing what they promised. She pumped her ass up, driving Cayl's fingers inside her.

Deep masculine groans teased her skin, both males drowning in her pleasure. Mace's voice grew indistinct – sexual whispers against her lips, splintered by kisses and wicked spanks to her ass. The actual words no longer mattered. Only that he kept talking. And touching. Cayl's fingers worked her pussy, fucking her in slow steady strokes while he worshiped her breasts, moving from one to the other, murmuring against her skin.

"Sorry to interrupt –" The new voice barely shattered the sensual haze covering her mind. Devin opened her eyes and blinked until the cocktail waitress came into focus. "But it's company policy. This section is reserved for actual bar customers." Devin's mind began to clear. "I'm Jessica, your waitress. Can I get you anything?" She winked at Devin. "Anything else, that is?"

"Diet soda," she announced by instinct while her mind shouted "tequila shot" but she knew that wasn't a good idea. her inhibitions didn't need to be lowered any more than they already were.

"Bring us a couple of beers," Mace ordered, tipping his head toward Cayl. "Whatever's on tap is fine."

"Thanks." The waitress wrote down their order. "I'll let you get back to it then." Her eyes made a quick trip around the three of them and she licked her lips. "Have fun."

Devin nodded then turned back to Mace and Cayl. Focus was returning. She could almost think.

She opened her mouth to speak and Mace was there, covering her lips in a devastating kiss. This seemed to be the trigger for Cayl. He spread her jacket open and quickly returned to sucking on her breasts.

"Wha-what about our drinks?" she mumbled through thick lips when Mace gave her a few seconds to breathe.

"We'll stop when they come, if you don't come first."

Chapter Six

Devin gasped as his words stroked her bare skin. Mace's lips bent into a smile seconds before he kissed her again. One hand gripped her ass, the other skipped up her thigh, urging her to spread her legs wider, joining Cayl's exploration of her pussy. Need raged inside her. She moved with the delicate touches, opening her thighs. Both men groaned, hands sliding between her legs, beneath the edge of her panties. Fire spun through her pussy as they touched her, strong fingers dipping into her passage, teasing her clit.

They moved together caressing her until she rocked against their hands. Strong muscles supported her back as she pumped her hips up, thrusting against their fingers, driving them into her pussy.

A click sounded next to her head, intruding on her climb. She glanced left. Jessica, the waitress, put the next glass down on the table with a snap.

"Damn, that looks like fun." She leaned forward—her impressive breasts bulging out of the tiny tank top she wore—giving all of them a full dose of her cleavage. "Anything else you'd like to try?"

Cayl lifted his head and looked at Jessica's breasts as if he was actually considering the offer. And why wouldn't he? He was a male after all, even if it was just for a few days. He pursed his lips and continued the intense concentration on the waitress's well-endowed chest, finally turning his gaze back to Devin. He slowly shook his head.

"No, thank you. I'm quite content with the pleasure I have before me."

The waitress sighed.

"Too bad, 'cuz she looks like she's having a great time."

Cayl nodded. He dipped his fingers back into her passage, thumb sliding across her clit. Her thoughts blurred for a moment. "It is clear that she is enjoying intense sexual pleasure."

The waitress giggled. "You talk funny. Kind of like that other guy."

The fog evaporated and Devin's head snapped around. Cayl straightened as well, practically throwing her off his lap. Only Mace's hand saved her before she tumbled to the ground.

Cayl opened his mouth, his focus locked on the waitress. Devin could see the demand in his eyes. Feeling a little steadier, she dug her fingers into his shoulder, warning him to be silent.

"What other guy?" she asked in what she hoped was a casual tone. She cocked her hips to the side and leaned into Mace. He moved forward, taking her weight and keeping silent.

"Don't know his name. He's been coming in for about two weeks now. Bright blue eyes, glasses, dark hair. Talks real stern and funny." She smiled at Cayl. "Just like you."

"Is he here tonight?" Devin leaned as far forward as Mace's hold would let her. "I didn't think there was another one like my guy in the world. I'd love to meet this man." She winked.

Jessica's eyes widened. "He's that good of a fuck?" she asked, breathless. Devin nodded. "I wondered about that. This guy looks kind of stiff." She glanced back at Cayl. She giggled and shrugged. "Well, I guess you can never tell by looking, huh?" She looked around the room then shook her head. "I haven't seen him come through tonight. He usually comes in every couple of days, hooks up with a new girl and then leaves." She nodded to Devin who returned the purely feminine look.

"Well, if you see him, maybe you could point him out?"

The teasing light in Jessica's eyes dimmed a bit but she shrugged. "Sure." She glanced at the table, the edges of her mouth curled downward. "How should I charge the drinks?" Devin sighed. She wasn't going to get any help from that waitress.

"Just put them on my account," Mace said. She nodded again and walked away.

Devin waited until Jessica was out of hearing distance before she turned. She was all business once again.

Mace shifted, trying to ease the pressure on his hard-on. Not that he was the only guy in the room who had a hard-on—it would be kind of odd if he didn't—but it made it a little difficult to focus. Of course, Devin's open jacket and those gorgeous breasts didn't help. Damn, Cayl had been working her hard. Her nipples were puffy and pink, probably very sensitive but she seemed to like Cayl's rough touch. Mace groaned. She'd been wet, slick, ready to be fucked.

"Okay, we know what he looks like now—"

Mace shook his head and tried to focus on her face. His mother had trained him to be a gentleman—not that it always worked—and part of that was to look a woman in the eye. He didn't think his mother had ever imagined this situation.

"All we know is he has dark hair and blue eyes."

"And glasses," she pointed out.

"Oh, that's going to help."

She tipped her head to the side and looked a little bit smug. "There aren't that many guys here wearing glasses. Probably doesn't look cool enough."

"Still there are enough men with glasses that this guy is going to be impossible to pick out."

"He's got bright blue eyes, the waitress said," she pointed out. She nodded to Cayl. "Like his."

Mace looked at the other man and realized his eyes went beyond bright to almost glowing.

"That is probably why he wears the glasses," Cayl said. "To hide the intensity of his gaze. It is the one thing that we retain from our original form."

Mace clenched his teeth together, holding back words that he was sure would make him look like an idiot but damn, he was almost starting to believe Cayl—and maybe this guy they were looking for—*was* an alien. Great. They've dragged *him* into their insanity.

"We should search for him," Cayl announced.

"In this crowd?" The club was jumping tonight.

"We could go stand at the entrance monitor who comes in."

Mace looked at Devin and saw she was thinking what he was thinking. "That probably isn't a good idea," Mace said. "The bouncers in this place are jumpy and well trained. They don't like gawkers."

"Then how are we to find him?"

"I'll make a circle of the club." He shook his head. What the hell was he thinking? *Sure. I'll go look for the alien.* "See if I see anyone with dark hair, glasses and glowing blue eyes." With a sigh that Devin echoed, he slipped his fingers from her pussy. She moved, standing up, the skirt falling to cover that sweet ass.

"I should come with you."

"No." Cayl grabbed Devin's hand and yanked her down on the bench beside him. "Mace will search. We will blend with the crowd." His free hand was already sliding beneath her blouse.

"Oh no," she said, her voice breathy. She grabbed his wrist and pulled it away. "We have to keep watch here in case he goes by. Neither of us will be focused if we're, you know, blending."

Mace knew he could have left to wander the room but he wanted to see how this played out.

"But you said we would be conspicuous if we sat and watched."

Devin's throat tightened in a frantic swallow. The sight made Mace's cock bounce. Fuck he wanted to see her swallow his dick.

"Well, maybe we could touch, just a little."

She looked up at Mace—her eyes pleading and hungry at the same time. Needing one more taste, he leaned in, took a quick kiss, and turned away even as Cayl reached for Devin. By the time he got back she'd probably be naked and spread-eagle on the table. Not that he had a problem with that. He just wanted to be there when it happened.

He frowned and pushed through the crowd, nudging people out of his way, keeping his eyes peeled for someone with glowing eyes. He'd found a couple of candidates but they were female and on closer inspection he decided they were wearing contacts.

Mace completed his circuit of the room, returning back to Cayl and Devin. It looked like she'd managed to stay upright and fairly clothed. Cayl's hand was inside her blouse covering one breast, tweaking the nipple and soothing it, even as his mouth was locked on hers in a kiss.

Mace watched for a few minutes, leaning closer until one of them noticed him.

Cayl lifted his head. His lips had that just kissed look – pink and puffy and wet.

"You've returned." Cayl sounded almost drunk. He blinked and shook his head like he was trying to clear it. "Did you find our quarry?"

"No one fitting the description. Any luck here?" He didn't even bother to try to keep the teasing out of his voice. Hell, they hadn't noticed him until he was practically on top of them. And damn if it didn't look like Cayl was blushing. The low light made it difficult to see and from what he'd learned in the past twenty-four hours, not much made this guy blush.

"No, uh, we didn't see him either." Cayl jumped to his feet. "I will search. You will stay here and monitor..." He lifted his chin and there was a definite burn to his cheeks. "You will stay here. I will return."

"I don't think—" Devin never got a chance to finish her protest. Cayl slipped into the crowd leaving Mace alone with Devin. Or as alone as they could be in a packed club with people practically having sex around them.

There was no actual fucking going on. That was one of the club rules. There were rooms for that. But nakedness, fondling, sucking, spanking...all encouraged to watch or participate in.

Devin sat up, her lips showing the same bee-stung glow as Cayl's, closed the front clip of her bra and tugged at the hem of her skirt. She squeezed her knees together, looking almost prim—despite the fact that her skirt barely hit mid-thigh, her blouse was still unbuttoned and every breath she took threatened to spill her breasts out the top of her bra.

And damn if the proper image didn't drive Mace to debauch her. Wouldn't be hard. He could tell that she was struggling to remain calm but her body was still humming. She hadn't come when they'd both been touching her and she didn't have the satisfied glow of someone who had just climaxed.

This could be fun, he thought. Keep her on the edge, until she begging for it.

He took the seat beside her and draped his arm over the back of the booth. Except for the kiss that morning, this was the only time he'd been alone with her. He leaned in, toying with her hair.

"So, what shall we do while we wait?"

Her shoulders went back a little further. "We're not really waiting. We're watching. Monitoring."

"Like you and Cayl were?" He brushed his nose along her cheek, light swirls moving closer to her ear. He flicked his tongue out and teased her earlobe. She gasped

but didn't move away. Mace knew he had her. "Because, fuck, you looked hot. I could probably come just watching the two of you."

"We...we..."

He placed his hand on her knee and let his fingers circle the smooth skin, sliding to the inside. Her legs were still squeezed together, tight but he touched, just teasing, asking for entrance. He pressed a kiss on her ear, then bit down on the lobe. Another startled gasp escaped her mouth but once again, she didn't move, except to relax the pressure between her legs. Oh yeah, she liked a little pain.

He slid his fingers up between her still-closed thighs. She wasn't pushing him away but she wasn't quite ready to let him in.

"Honey, are you still wet? Soaking those almost-nothing panties?"

Devin groaned and turned her head toward him, offering her mouth. Mace couldn't resist the invitation. He pressed his lips to her, opening, sliding his tongue into the warmth of her mouth. Heat encased his fingers as he slipped deeper between her legs, the tight hem of her skirt stalling his progress.

He didn't let it stop him. He shifted, sliding his other hand down her back to her ass and lifting, giving him just enough room to inch her skirt up higher.

"No, please." She whispered the words against his mouth but even as she protested she spread her thighs letting him in.

"Just want to touch you, baby," he murmured back. The liquid fire of her pussy coated his fingers, drenching his hand. "Fuck you're hot. Want to be inside you, fucking you."

He gave her ass another squeeze wishing he had her bare flesh in his hand, knowing the thong she wore would leave her open, ready. Unable to stop himself from touching her, he slid his finger up and down her slit, pushing the tight material of her panties into her, soaking them in her pussy juice.

"Mace, please." Devin's fingers gripped his shoulder, holding him. She pressed up, almost standing, rolling her hips against his fingers. He knew what she wanted. He avoided entering her or touching her clit, just teasing her, tempting her for more.

The need to taste her clouded his thoughts and he kissed her, driving his tongue into her mouth, overwhelming her as he'd been overwhelmed. He pushed aside the silk panties and plunged his fingers into her cunt. Slick hot liquid coated his fingers as he captured her cry.

Fuck she was close. His plan of tempting her without letting her come vanished. He wanted to feel it, wanted her pussy to squeeze his fingers as he fucked her.

He drove two fingers into her pussy, growling as the slick tight walls gripped him. Cayl was right. He would barely fit in her, but he needed to be inside her. Needed to fuck her.

"I have found no one who fits Harken's human description."

The voice shattered Mace's intent and he snapped his head back. Cayl stood beside them, his arms folded over his chest, looking a little pouty.

"And I can assume that you two did not spot him as well considering you were focused on each other." Cayl lifted his chin and his nostrils contracted. "She is clearly about to come. Had I known you were going to bring her to climax so quickly I would have stayed."

A revelation filled Mace's thoughts. Cayl wasn't jealous. He just didn't want to be left out.

"Well, she hasn't come yet. You can still help." Mace wasn't sure what made him offer but the words were out there so he couldn't call them back.

Cayl's face lit up like a five-year-old being offered ice cream.

"That would be most intriguing. Might I have my fingers inside her? I do enjoy feeling her contract around me. That was most fascinating —"

"No." Devin popped up, hoping her head stopped spinning before her feet stopped moving. She swung away, thankful that she skirt had dropped and she was once again covered. She had to regain control. This was her project, her investigation. It didn't matter if her panties were soaked or not. She was going to complete it.

"I'll go look." She was pretty sure the effort was pointless but it gave her a chance to cool down, calm down. She'd give them a taste of their own medicine. "You two sit here and wait. I'll be back in a few."

Cayl looked at her, those bright eyes almost reproachful. Then he shrugged and the righteous anger disappeared from her body. He sat down next to Mace, close, thighs touching. Mace looked up, that same freakin' smug smile on his face.

"I guess we'll just fill the time until you get back."

Before she could move, Mace wrapped his hand around the back of Cayl's neck and pulled him close. Their lips met in a masculine kiss that looked almost like a battle, each male struggling for dominance, until finally Cayl relented, easing back against the cushions, Mace moving over him.

The center of Devin's stomach dropped away. The sexual heat between them enflamed the need in her.

Focus. Focus. Find Harken.

She heard the words in her brain but it took a moment to convince her body to move, to turn away.

Neither man seemed to even notice that she stood there. They were locked in that wicked kiss, hands slipping around waists, Cayl reaching out and placing his palm on Mace's hard-on.

She crushed a groan and spun on her heel, looking out at the bustling crowd. This was good. She could get away from them and when she returned, she'd be in control.

It sounded like a good idea except Cayl and Mace weren't the only sexy sights in the room. She plunged through the crowd, caught up in a wave moving toward a stage.

Two women straddled each other—head-to-pussy—licking, sucking, screaming. The sounds alone drenched Devin's cunt. Sleek feminine hands slid across curves, fingers pinching small, pert breasts. She crushed a groan, her nipples aching in sympathy.

Her fingers fluttered with the need to dip between her legs. A few fast strokes and she could come. One of the women seemed close as well, lifting her head and pumping her hips against the other woman's mouth.

This time, the whimper escaped.

She spun around and tried to find something a little more neutral to take her stare. *Focus. You're a professional. Think about your mission.* The nagging, strident voice helped and she scanned the crowd of men and women watching the two women lick each other. None fit the description of Harken.

Forcing her feet to walk away from the scene was harder than she would have imagined. She'd never, well, rarely, fantasized about being with another woman but those two had been hot. And really it wouldn't take much to send her over the edge.

She pushed her shoulders back and moved through the crowded walkways. Bodies pressed on her from all sides. Normally she hated crowds but tonight she wanted to press back, wanted to rub up against the hands that reached out to her.

The room blurred, blending into one long, lazy sexual dream—bodies and lips, fucking, touching. She looked up and realized she was back to the table. The memories of her pass through the room were fuzzy, filled with staged scenes, couples and trios touching and kissing. She looked at Cayl and Mace. They didn't even seem to know she'd been gone.

She opened her mouth to speak but the sight before her stalled the words in her throat—Cayl, shirt open, six-pack visible and lickable, Mace's fingers pinching his nipples, strong hands stroking those rippled abs. Mace was still clothed but Cayl had his hand on Mace's cock, rubbing, pumping.

And they kissed, hot male lips moving against each other, the battle of male wills obvious even from the distance. Damn they were gorgeous together. The only thing better might be fully naked, hands stroking strong muscles.

She groaned, the sound slipping from her throat without her command.

Mace slowly lifted his head and turned to look at her. Cayl blinked but it didn't clear the confusion in his gaze. They both looked drunk on the passion.

"I, uh," she swallowed and tried to find the right words. "I didn't see him," she finally announced. "I think we should go and come back in the morning when Cayl can track him."

It was logical and practical but so not what she wanted to do. Still, she had a mission, a job. And right now, that meant finding Harken. Not stripping off her clothes and making a dog-pile of the two men before her.

Mace sat back, the bulge in his dark jeans hard and impressive. She gulped and focused on Cayl. He had been the methodical being in this investigation. Surely he would understand her logic.

He rolled away, sitting on the bench, legs wide, cock hard. Damn, it looked like he was displaying himself, offering his cock for her use.

Need coiled in her core and she tried to press her legs together but that only made it worse. She needed to leave, needed to get home where she could pull out one of her electronic toys and relieve this ache.

"Is it wise to leave our quarry unwatched?" Cayl asked, shifting just a little, seeming to rock his hips forward, showing her more, distracting her for just a moment.

"We, uhm, won't find him tonight, not with this crowd. But you and I will come back in the morning and you can search for him. If he's here tonight you'll be able to track him tomorrow, right?"

"Yes. His trace elements will linger in the atmosphere."

Mace's mouth bent up in a smirk. "So if you can trace him tomorrow by these 'trace elements,' why not now?"

Devin glared at him. He obviously thought Cayl was just some nutjob—though what that made her she didn't want to think about—but he didn't have to mock him.

"It is too dark," Cayl replied. He seemed to have no sense that Mace wasn't completely serious. "The only way I would be able to sense him in this weak light is if I stumble across his path moments after he'd walked through."

"Ah, so your Spidey-Sense needs light, huh?"

"I do not understand this phrase."

"Okay, that's enough." Devin found herself clenching her teeth and pulling her lips back just a bit, warning Mace to back off. He shrugged but let it go. "Let's get out of here."

Cayl sighed. "I suppose you're right. The crowd tonight is too dense. It will be unlikely that we will find Harken this evening." He made the pronouncement and looked at Mace, regret filling his gaze. "We should depart."

The statement was followed by two long, deep groans as both men stood.

"Are you okay?"

Mace lifted his head, a sardonic smile curving his lips. "I need to fuck so bad I can taste it."

His voice slid into her core like a thousand rabid butterflies. He stopped next to her, bent down so his lips were right beside her ear.

"The only thing hotter than fucking you?" He snagged her earlobe with his teeth and bit down. A bright shimmer whipped into her pussy. "Would be all three of us together, me inside that hot wet pussy, Cayl filling your ass. Riding you hard until you screamed."

The words swirled through her, illuminating her already sparkling nerves. It would be so easy. All she had to do was say yes. Or nod or even groan and she would find herself filled and fucked just like he described. But the more noble angels won the battle.

"We should go." She would have been more proud of herself if her voice hadn't sounded breathy and shaky when she'd said it.

Mace's hand tightened on her waist and she was glad for it. Her knees wobbled and Mace's support helped keep her upright. She swallowed and deliberately turned herself toward the door. She focused at that small goal—get to the door without begging to be fucked.

Breathless and every nerve tingling, Devin led the way out of the building. Well, "led" was a bit extreme. She walked, knees trembling, Mace's hand under her elbow guiding her, Cayl's hand brushing against her ass with each step. There was no way it was an accident, but she couldn't find the strength to tell him to stop. It felt too good, reminding her of Mace's offer—her, double penetrated, hot hard cocks filling her.

Last night had been bad enough but she'd at least been able to come...tonight...

She whimpered when she thought of it. She'd been close, so close but that damn waitress had to interrupt. Devin mentally slapped herself. *No. This is a good thing.* They'd gotten a lead on Harken. They knew they were on the right track. Hopefully he would show up tonight. Then all they had to do tomorrow was return and track his "trace elements" around town.

Then this would all be over and she wouldn't find herself half naked letting an alien touch her. Or getting her nipples worshiped by Mace and Cayl. Or feel Mace's fingers inside her, pushing her toward—

The sexy image filled her head and clouded her vision. Her toe caught a crack in the sidewalk and she tipped forward. Her reactions slowed, she saw the pavement heading for her face, but couldn't respond.

Strong hands wrapped around her waist and shoulder, both men grabbing and catching. Cayl hauled her up and slammed her against his hard body, drawing a grunt from her chest.

"That would have been most painful, Agent Denning," Cayl pointed out. "The walkway appears quite rough and your skin is so soft." As if to prove his point, he slipped his hand beneath her blouse and rubbed her stomach. "So soft." He held his hands in place then pressed her tighter against his body, the hard ridge of his erection grinding into her ass.

Normally, a guy rubbing his hard-on against her wasn't a huge turn-on except she knew he was hard because he'd been touching and kissing *her*. And Mace. The thought just made her want more. Heat from his body flowed into her core and melted her. She pressed her hips back, pushing her ass against his groin.

"Are you okay, honey?" Mace asked, tipping her head up. She blinked and tried to respond appropriately. The words wouldn't come so she nodded. "You sure? You look a little dizzy."

The laughing undertone nudged her pride and she straightened. *What the hell is wrong with you? You've become a sex-crazed fiend!*

She took a deep breath and tried to gather the professionalism that seemed to have disappeared when she put on her thong this evening.

"I'm fine," she said though she still sounded breathless. That probably had more to do with the tight grip of Cayl's hand around abdomen than anything else. Or so she told herself. "I'm fine." She repeated the phrase to make it more real. Tapping Cayl's hands, she waited until he released her then stepped out of the way.

She flipped her hair back away from her face and tried to find her center. Two nights spent in a sex club...well, it was enough to send anyone into a tizzy.

"Well, we'll start again in the morning. Cayl and I will track Harken. Since we know he was most likely here tonight, we should be able to follow his trail, right?"

Cayl nodded. "In daylight, I can detect his trace elements." Cayl's lips pressed together as he thought.

"So you think he's got a place around here?" Mace looked at the neighborhood. It was a mix of boutiques and trendy lofts. Not the most likely place for an alien to set up.

"Could he be driving?" Devin asked.

"The bad guy alien knows how to drive?" Mace's smirk echoed in his voice.

Devin glared at him but Cayl didn't seem to notice the faint mockery.

"Yes. It is likely he learned to drive. He has been here a week longer than I have and already I am capable of operating your human transport. It should not be difficult. The sun's light will brighten his elements and I will be able to track him."

Mace rubbed his palms together, like a greedy man before a pile of gold. "Great. We'll see you in the morning."

Devin started to nod then the truth of what she was agreeing to hit her. She jerked to a stop. "What? No." She looked at Mace and he had the nerve to open his eyes and attempt to look innocent. Almost pulled it off too if it wasn't for the glitter in his gaze and a hint of a smile. "Not going to happen."

Mace hadn't technically fucked Cayl last night but Devin had no illusions that if she let the alien go with him tonight, Cayl would get a whole new world of experiences, experiences he probably didn't need during a two-day trip to Earth. They had a reputation to maintain after all.

"I'm only trying to help," Mace said.

She pressed her lips together and exhaled long and deep through her nose. "Right. Cayl, you'll stay with me tonight."

Chapter Seven

Devin paced the length of her room and back again, eyeing her bed, knowing she should be in it, sleeping. It was well past three a.m., hours beyond when she and Cayl had arrived at her house and she'd gotten him settled in the room next door.

That was part of the problem. He was right there. She stared at the wall. Just a few feet away. Hot strong muscles and lips that seemed to love to lavish attention on her nipples. The peaks of her breasts tightened at the memory – Cayl's lips and tongue, his moaned pleasure as he sucked.

She growled and spun around, stomping off the other direction. This wasn't helping. Nothing helped. Not the shower, not trying to make herself come. She'd never been good at that. Always felt silly with her own fingers. She wanted someone else's fingers. She'd considered pulling out one of her toys but they all made noise and she so didn't want to explain *that* to Cayl when he decided to investigate.

He'd probably find it fascinating and want to watch. A hot flush ran through her body as the image filled her brain—her, spread out on her bed, the pretty pink Pixie vibe sliding across her clit. Damn, she could just imagine Cayl and Mace using that wicked little toy on her. Or watching her as she did.

The rest of the picture evolved in her head, Mace stood beside Cayl, both of them naked, watching her, whispering to her how sexy she looked just as she was ready to come.

She whimpered and knew she needed to escape. She whipped around walked into a wall. A human wall. Well, an alien wall in a human body. She yelped and jumped back.

"Cayl, what are you doing in here?"

He glanced back at door she hadn't heard open.

"I heard you pacing. When I was doing so last night Mace was kind enough to come in and relieve my affliction." He looked down at the tight t-shirt and tiny purple panties she wore. "Are you afflicted as I was? I am most willing to assist you."

"Uh, no."

"You are not aroused? Your nipples appear tight." His eyes sparked as he stared at her chest. That talented tongue slipped out and touched the edge of his lip as if he was remembering her taste.

Her nipples contracted even more, almost to the point of pain.

She folded her arms across her chest. The light brush of her forearms didn't help.

"Well, that's because I'm cold."

"Then I will warm you. Our forms pressed together generate warmth that alone we do not possess." Before she could protest he had wrapped his arms around her. The bulk of her crossed arms created a workable barrier, not letting them close—because it would be too easy to just rub up against that hot, strong body. Then they'd generate some heat.

"That's okay. I'm—"

"This will not help." He stepped back and Devin sighed with relief.

"You're right. It..."

He grabbed her hips and spun her around. Before her world stopped turning, Cayl was there, behind her, cuddled up, his cock against her ass. "Oh yes, much better," he murmured, placing his hands over her stomach, fingers splayed as if he wanted to touch as much of her as possible.

"I had not really understood Mace's fascination with your ass but pressed up against my cock like this, I believe I more firmly grasp the concept." His hand slid up, beneath her t-shirt, cupping her breast. "I still find the sight of your tits most inspiring though your ass would also, no doubt, make me hard."

She tried to think of some sarcastic comment but her mind had drifted away. The flick of his thumb across her nipple grabbed her attention and she gasped. A delicious little shiver sank into her core and tugged on her control. It would be so easy to just push her ass back, grind against his cock. He would take over and follow the human instincts. It would be easy. Wonderful.

The dim portion of her mind tried to protest, to vocalize that this was a bad idea but all that came out was a groan as Cayl's hand covered her breast.

"I do so enjoy the feel of your nipple pressed against my palm." He eased his hand around and cupped the lower curve. "And the weight...most intriguing." She swallowed and tipped her head back to draw in a full breath but the slight movement seemed to be enough to tempt Cayl. He squeezed her breast and pressed a kiss on her throat.

"I am beginning to understand the appeal of being behind the female. I can have my hands on your tits and still feel the press of your ass against my shaft." Holding her in place, he rocked his hips forward, pressing his cock into the split between her ass cheeks.

He groaned. "The heat between us is immense, is it not?"

She nodded and tried to find the breath to speak but his hand slid from her hip downward, fingers slipping beneath the waistband of her pajamas.

She dropped her head backward, arching her back, pressing her breast into his hand. "The feel of you in my mouth has made me hard all day and into the night. Your taste lingers on my tongue. Even though I know it is a memory, my body feels it again."

Her cry rang through the room and she couldn't do anything else. She spun around and flung her arms over Cayl's shoulders holding him, pressing her mouth to his, opening, begging for his kiss.

He responded almost immediately, his tongue plunging into her mouth, his lips sucking lightly on hers. One hand squeezed her breast and the other grabbed her ass and pulled her up against him, guiding her, magically positioning her clit against his cock.

Devin's fingers delved into his hair, locking him in place, the sleek strands teasing the backs of her hands.

Moments, hours later, Cayl twisted his head, pulling back from the kiss. He didn't go far. He bent forward stroked his teeth across her lower lip, biting down at the end. The nip sent a shiver into her pussy. "I would taste you," he whispered, adding another bite to her lips. "Having experienced Mace coming in my mouth, I desire to compare the flavors. And the sweet scent of your pussy has teased me through the evening hours. May I not lick you?"

The hunger in his voice penetrated her core and she groaned, pressing her lips back against his. He drove his tongue into her mouth, a fast hard stroke then retreated and dropped to his knees.

He grabbed the waistband of her panties and dragged them down. A soft moan escaped his lips as he pushed the material out of the way.

"So soft," he whispered, his fingers trailing up the insides of her thighs. Her knees trembled but she held herself in place. The need from earlier in the evening exploded inside her. The nagging, logical voice pointed out this was a bad idea reared up but desire slapped it back. He scooped her up and placed her on the edge of her mattress. Devin fell back, catching herself on her elbows, sinking into the reflected hunger in Cayl's eyes.

"Let me see your tits," he ordered. There was no pleading, no curiosity, just sheer need and power in his voice. It reminded her of Mace, telling her to bend over so she could be spanked. A shiver skipped into her pussy. Cayl stared, his eyes filled with command.

Trembling, needing, she grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt and pulled it up, over her head and threw it toward the side of the bed. A low growl rumbled from Cayl's throat, a sound so instinctive she didn't think he even knew he'd made it. "Lie back. I wish to see you spread out before me."

Every word brushed across her skin and the strange desire to submit to his commands controlled her muscles. She sank back onto the mattress and separated her thighs. Cayl's hands slid between her knees and pressed, guiding her legs open, spreading her.

Heat swelled in her pussy as he stared down at her, his hands skimming across her stomach, up to her breasts. Wicked fingers teased her nipples. As if unable to stop

himself, he leaned forward and gave a long slow lick across one tight peak. She moaned, twisting beneath his touch.

"I would linger here but the scent of your pussy is too captivating to ignore." With a kiss goodbye to each nipple, he slid down, knees between her spread thighs. He took a deep breath and trailed his fingers down the crease between her thighs and hips. "So fascinating. The male and female of the species are so different yet both intriguing."

The muttered observation dulled some of Devin's excitement. She pushed herself up on her elbows, ready to tell Cayl she'd changed her mind. But before the words could come out of her mouth, Cayl turned his head and placed an almost reverent kiss to her skin. He sighed and his tongue flicked out, taking a small sample.

"Yes, most intriguing." There was that word again but there was nothing clinical in the tone. He leaned forward, his attention focused on her pussy. Breath caught in her throat. The sight of Cayl anticipating the first taste shot tension through her body. He licked his lips against then pushed forward.

His fingers spread her pussy lips and he dipped his tongue cautiously against into her passage. He froze and then groaned. He looked up, eyes glowing—sparkling with tiny lights. "I will spend long moments with this flavor coating my tongue."

He delved his tongue between her pussy lips as Devin gasped. The touches were scattered as if he tested her response. He pressed his tongue to the top of her passage and stroked back. A deep, heavy moan vibrated into her pussy and fluttered against her clit. Cayl lifted his head. The lights swirled in his eyes.

"I had not thought the taste of you could be any sweeter. I was incorrect." As if that explained everything, he bent down and plunged his tongue into her passage. Another heavy groan shimmered into her cunt, wicked vibrations that teased her clit even as he tongue-fucked her pussy.

Sensations zipped into her core, overwhelming her. His tongue pumped in and out, shallow, strong strokes. Devin cried out and grabbed the back of his head, holding him in place, wanting more, needing it. Cayl fought the strength of her grip and lifted up. His stare met hers, the green sparkles glittering like diamonds in his eyes.

"Yes, Agent Denning. You must guide me. How am I to know what you like without some instruction?"

Devin groaned. *A lover who was willing to try things and still take advice. Perfect.*

"J-just do it again."

"My pleasure." And he did. Again and again, dipping his tongue into her pussy, drawing back to circle around her clit. His hungry moans electrified her skin, every sound teasing her cunt, making her want. God, so good, but she needed more.

"Please." She rocked her hips up, offering her pussy.

"How do I make you come?" he asked, barely lifting his head.

"My clit," she gasped. "Lick it. Stay there."

He placed a kiss on her pussy lips then trailed his tongue up the inside of her slit to her clit. It had been wicked when he teased, now the focused attention twisted everything inside her, making it tighter, hotter. She squirmed but Cayl pressed his arm across her hips, holding her in place.

His free hand slipped between her legs and two fingers pushed into her pussy, fucking her with deep slow strokes. He pulsed his tongue against her clit, tormenting her with each touch. The wild tension swelled in her pussy until she couldn't contain it. She screamed and the delicious ache erupted dispersing into her limbs.

Cayl raised his head and his fingers slipped from inside her. She moaned, missing that sweet penetration. He rose up and leaned over her, eyes glowing, lips shiny with her liquid, shoulders tight with restraint. He pressed forward. His cock teased her wet entrance, every muscle in his body taut and strained. He looked feral, ready to pounce.

"Where is a shield?" he demanded.

"What?" Her mind tried to focus on his question but his cock tapped her opening and she spread her legs wider, needing him to fill her. Her fingers twitched on the bedspread. She wrapped her hands around his wrists and slid up. The hair on his arms tickled her palms. So strong. Hot. Yummy.

She pressed, savoring the resilience of his muscles. Her gaze followed her hands and she tracked across those powerful chest muscles. Unable to resist, she pulled herself up and pressed her teeth into the thick pectoral muscle.

Cayl groaned, catching the back of her head and holding her in place as she licked the tiny bite.

"Agent Denning, I am quite on the edge and would be inside you when I come. Do you have a shield?"

She blinked and looked at his face. The lust in his eyes – and maybe the fact that he called her "Agent Denning" – penetrated the sexual fog that clouded her mind.

"Uh, the drawer. In the drawer." She pointed to the bedside table and hoped that she actually had condoms. It had been awhile but she was pretty sure she'd kept her "someday" supply current.

Cayl twisted, his hips never losing contact with her thighs as he reached over and yanked the drawer open. He tossed aside a few things then seemed to find what he was looking for. He came back with the narrow strip of three.

"You will help me." It wasn't a question. He handed her the packets and stood back, hands on his hips. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up in pure feminine rebellion but she looked at him for a heartbeat and recognized the desperation on his face.

A smile she couldn't quite control tugged on her lips.

She'd done this. She'd made him wild and desperate to fuck. To fuck her.

She sat up, keeping her legs spread, and pressed her breasts forward, putting herself on display, loving the lust in his gaze. The sparks in his eyes turned into flashes

of heat. She trailed her finger down his chest, skipping across one flat nipple and down to the rippled abs. It took her a moment to realize he was naked. Hard and thick and naked. She didn't know when he'd lost the rest of his clothes and at this point, she didn't care. He was there, ready to fuck her.

She finished her trip downward and curled her fingers around his cock. Silky heat teased her palm even as tension shot through his muscles.

"Oh my."

"May I now come inside you?" he asked, his voice gruff.

Her smile broadened. "In just a bit. Let's get you ready."

"I believe I am ready." His chin lifted and the corners of his mouth tightened down. "My shaft is hard and I am most eager to have you. Mace tormented me in a similar fashion and I do not care for it."

She grinned and couldn't find any sympathy but she also knew she couldn't tease him any longer. She needed too much.

She snagged the strip of condoms and pulled one off.

The irritated crinkle of his mouth faded as she tore open the packet. "You are most fascinating, Agent Denning." He leaned over and placed his hands on the mattress next to her shoulders. "Most compelling." He bent down, capturing one nipple between his lips. Wild heat zipped into her core and made her pussy flutter. Cayl groaned as if he felt her pleasure. He bit down, soft pressure against her nipple that sent another jolt into her cunt.

Devin tipped her head back, pressing up, offering him more. She squirmed, needing him to fill her.

"Agent Denning, I—"

Devin shook her head. "No."

Cayl froze. "You do not want me to fuck you?"

"No. I do. Call me Devin." She slid her hands across his cheek, fingers teasing the lower curve of his lip. "I'm not Agent Denning. Not here."

Light flared in his eyes. "I understand. Here you are Devin. Here, when I am about to put my cock inside you."

Hearing the words almost sent her over the edge but she held back. She wanted to feel him inside her, have him fuck her. He placed his hand over her pussy, fingers teasing her opening.

"You are wet and eager. I shall fuck you now."

Thoughts swirled in her brain, too fast, too bright for her to capture and understand. She moved by instinct, rolling the condom on his cock, stroking his shaft as she covered him. An invisible band surrounded her chest as she fought to breathe. This was going to be inside her, hard inside her. She couldn't resist gliding her hand up the full length and back again.

"Enough." He pulled her hand away. "You tempt me too much and I wish to be inside you when I come." He gripped his cock and pressed the head to her entrance, easing forward.

Devin gasped, her gaze locked on his cock. Her brain struggled to process it all—the sight of him entering her, the almost painful stretch, the heat. Too much input. She collapsed back on the mattress and closed her eyes, taking him in, his penetration slow but steady, stretching her. His cock was wide, long but not too much. Perfect to fill her pussy.

Cayl focused his attention on Devin's face. His body resisted the commands of his mind, the instructions to move slowly when he wanted to pound into her cunt. In private moments today, he'd taken time to investigate the human reproductive acts more fully. They were much more than just functions. They were pleasure and as Mace had said, he had to move slowly if he wanted to be invited back.

And from the way her pussy gripped his cock, he definitely wanted to return to this sweet passage.

Devin released a groan that Cayl couldn't interpret. He stopped.

"Is this too much? Would you wish me to stop?" The words came out of his mouth because it was against his basic nature to cause another being pain but even as he asked the question his mind and body joined a concert of silent pleading that she said "no."

Her eyes popped open in shock. She shook her head, her hair falling in a tempting scatter around her face. Cayl pressed forward, the sudden urge to place his lips on hers taking control. He sank his fingers into the sleek blond strands and covered her mouth in a kiss. He drove his tongue into her mouth, needing to be inside her in all ways.

Her groan matched his. He pulled back, a breath between them, keeping his lips against hers, he asked, "May I continue to fuck you?"

He retreated, easing his cock back an inch or so before pressing forward. Her fingers tightened on his shoulders and he took that to mean she wanted more of his cock. She stretched, arching her back and pushing her breasts into his chest. He savored the softness but his gaze latched onto the sleek line of her throat.

A strange desire filled him. One that made no sense but he wanted it—wanted to bite that taut skin, leave a mark to show the world she belonged to him. He knew males often became possessive of their mates but this made little sense. But he couldn't deny the urge.

"Do you like having my cock inside you?" he whispered, scraping his teeth against her skin.

"Yes." The response was more gasp than spoken word.

It took him a moment to realize she liked his voice, liked the words as he fucked her. He remembered Mace whispering to her, telling her what he wanted to do to her.

"You like having my cock fuck this tight little pussy?" He rocked forward again, almost sinking himself fully into her. Her slick passage gripped him as he retreated, not

far, just teasing her with the thought that he might pull out. Nails bit into his skin. "That's it. Let me have your cunt. Let me have it. You feel so good."

She groaned and twisted in his grip. The delightful wiggle teased his skin but the desire to have her, to control her, drove him on. He wrapped his fingers in her hair, tightening his grip, holding her in place as he drove forward, the last inches of his cock sinking into her. She cried out and rolled her hips up, as if wanting him even deeper.

"My cock is fully inside you." He pumped his hips to show her proof. "I'm going to have you now."

This time when he retreated, he pulled back until only the tip remained inside her. He held his breath then pushed back in, slowly, feeling every inch of her pussy accept him, letting her feel every inch of his cock. Her chest rose and fell in heavy breaths doing enticing things to her tits, making them shake and tremble.

A low groan broke from her throat, the pretty noise making his cock even harder. He sank to the hilt again.

"Yes," she moaned and pressed up, plunging his dick inside her. He ground his teeth together and held himself in place as she took her pleasure on his cock. She twisted, arched her back and slid her pussy up and down his shaft. Cayl held out as long he could. The slick heat surrounding his cock, the steady pressure of her pumps, tore at his control until he couldn't take it.

He grabbed her hips and held her in place.

"Agent Denning...Devin...I must move." Before she had a chance to respond, he pulled back and drove deep, hard, fast. She cried out, moving with him, meeting his downward stroke, her fingernails biting into his skin with an almost painful pleasure.

The seductive dazed look had returned to her eyes and Cayl knew he wanted more, wanted to make her come, feel her come around his cock. He tried to focus, maintain his concentration, but the need to come rose inside him. He moved, harder and deeper, craving the feel of her pussy wrapped around his cock, hoping that she was with him, but knowing that he couldn't hold back the powerful urge.

Devin groaned and clung to him. *So close. Just a little more.* As if he heard her mental plea, he rose over her, pounding his cock into her. Every stroke sent new shivers through her core. She lifted her hips, meeting him, sinking into the sexual rhythm. He pressed higher, finding that point to caress her clit and fill her pussy with each stroke. Those sparking eyes watched her, a wicked stare that seemed to see into her. He braced himself with one hand and slid the other to her breast, squeezing lightly, pinching her nipple. The hint of pain turned to pleasure.

Delicious little shocks fluttered through pussy, drawing her higher. One stroke, then another and the delicious tingles started in her cunt. Her nails bit into his shoulder holding him as her orgasm zipped through her body. Her pussy contracted, squeezing his cock, holding it inside her.

Cayl growled and slammed into her. Hot, strong hands grabbed her ass and pulled her up. He didn't stop, fucking hard and deep. Every thrust sent another little jolt through her clit, drawing out her climax.

"Yes, Devin!"

Cayl's shout vibrated her ears and she sighed as he collapsed down, knees between hers, his softening cock still inside her.

"Cayl?" Her voice sounded vague and dreamy even in her own head. He kissed her shoulder and didn't seem inclined to move.

"That was most incredible, Agent Denning," he whispered.

She smiled. They were back to "Agent Denning".

"I would have you again but from my experiences last night, this form takes awhile to recover."

She nodded. She needed time to recover as well, but it was nice to hear.

"But I do not wish to leave your presence. I would continue to touch you." He slid his cock out of her pussy, removed the condom with a skill that impressed her, disposed of it, and returned, stretching out beside her, his head resting in one hand. With his free hand, he reached out and stroked the backs of his fingers across her breast. "I had understood the only purpose for human sex was reproduction but now I realize the pleasure is a purpose all of its own."

His single-minded attraction to her breasts returned. He stroked them delicately, sliding down the bed to position his mouth over her nipples.

"Do you mind if I sample you once again?" he asked, his eyes sparkling. "The feel of you in my mouth has grown quite addictive."

Languid satisfaction flowed through her veins and she couldn't do anything but nod...and cup the back of his head, guiding him to her nipple. The peaks were sensitive, close to raw from the long sessions of sucking at the club but even that little bit of pain turned to pleasure. His tongue caressed her skin, soft and delicate, the touches like breath across her skin.

He lapped and licked, allowing himself to be distracted and drift down her abdomen to her hips. Moving with the fluid motion, Devin opened her legs. Cayl seemed to take that as an open invitation and rolled between them.

"Most delicious," he announced, stroking his tongue up the crease between her thigh and hip. Devin shivered and Cayl raised his head. "You find that pleasurable, yes? I should do it again." Before she could answer, he dipped down and repeated the caress, light and teasing, every flick of his tongue seeming to find a new sensitive spot.

His fingers stroked the insides of her thighs, keeping her legs open. He dipped his tongue into her slit, flicking his tongue across her clit. The caress sent a jolt up her spine. This time when Cayl lifted his eyes there was a wicked light.

"Do not worry, Agent Denning. The taste of your pretty cunt is inspiring my form to recover quite quickly. It will not be long before I may be of service to you again."

Devin gulped and nodded. Her mind raced ahead. He would be ready soon. If she'd been standing she would have swooned. Somehow, she knew a second time wouldn't be enough. She was in for one hell of a night.

Chapter Eight

Devin looked through the peephole and yelped. *What is he doing here?*

A knowing smirk curled Mace's lips, almost as if he could see through her front door, could see her cowering behind the wood frame. *Don't be silly. He can't see you but he probably knows you're there. Open the door. There's nothing to be embarrassed about.*

Except for maybe fucking the alien you're supposed to be assisting.

It wasn't anything that Mace hadn't done, she mentally pouted. Of course it would have been easier if she hadn't been a bit sanctimonious when she'd discovered what they'd done. She closed her eyes and dreaded Mace's response when he found out.

If he found out. And idea sparked in her brain. There was no reason for him to find out. No visible sign that she'd spent most of the night beneath Cayl. Or on top of him.

She shook off the memory and took a deep breath. Going for cool and serene, she opened the door and tipped her head in curiosity.

"Mace. What are you doing here?"

The laughter in his eyes grew. For a moment, it looked like green sparkled deep in his gaze, reminding her of the glittering lights in Cayl's eyes, but it disappeared and all that remained was the deep blue.

"Cayl left his shirt at my place yesterday and since he didn't come back, I thought I should bring it by."

Her reflexes had to be slowed from the previous night of almost nonstop sex because instead of taking the shirt from his hands and slamming the door shut, she stood there as Mace came forward, brushing by her and slipping into her house.

"Is Cayl up?"

"He's awake." He was up most of the night, she added silently. "He's in the kitchen." She opened her arm toward the dining room. Mace had never been to her house and she wasn't quite sure how he'd gotten the address but it was probably the same way she'd gotten his phone number.

Mace nodded. "I'll just give him his shirt then." He walked off, weaving around the dining table and going into the kitchen.

Devin held back, gathering her calm. There was no reason for her to worry. There was no visible sign that she'd spent the night fucking Cayl. She would walk into the kitchen and smile, act like the professional she was.

She pushed open the kitchen door and stopped in her tracks. Cayl had Mace pressed up against the refrigerator, their mouths locked in a deep kiss. Mace's hand cupped Cayl's ass, holding him in place. Sexual heat surrounded them and spread out,

capturing her in its web, sinking into Devin's pussy. The muscles in her thighs strained as she fought the urge to walk over and join them.

Instead, she pushed her shoulders back and cleared her throat.

There was no immediate response but long moments later, Mace lifted his head. Laughter filled his gaze as he looked at her. Cayl turned, his lips wet from Mace's kisses.

"Are you done?" she drawled, hoping her tone radiated an arrogance she didn't quite feel. Mace grinned.

"For now."

"Mace was just providing me with my good morning kiss. It is as lovers do, yes?"

Cayl watched her, seeking an answer.

"Uh, yes. That's what lovers do."

He nodded. "It is a most enjoyable way to begin the day. Though it seems odd that humans would deliberately arouse themselves just before heading off to their employment." He shook his head and looked down. The impressive bulge of his erection pressed against his black jeans. "Most distracting."

As if that was enough to ponder, he stepped away from Mace and approached the stove. Devin watched from a distance. This would be his third attempt at scrambling eggs. He whisked the eggs and milk together then dumped them in the pan. Steam and sizzle rose from the skillet as he dragged the spatula through the mixture.

Mace leaned on the counter, supervising.

"Nice."

Cayl lifted his head as if pleased by Mace's approval. "I made enough for you."

"Thanks, babe." He punctuated the thank you with a quick kiss. Then turned and stared at Devin.

Devin fought the urge to fidget. There was no reason. Mace didn't know. He couldn't know. But the twinkle in his eye told her he suspected something.

"So." He folded his arms and pressed his hip against the counter. "Did you sleep well?" He looked at Devin. The smug look on his face made her cheeks warm but she lifted her chin, ready to tell him they'd slept fine. And they had. When they'd slept. But before she could reply Cayl looked up. Devin opened her mouth to protest, knowing she would be too late and Cayl would announce that he hadn't slept at all.

Instead, Cayl nodded. "Oh yes, I slept most soundly. My body is quite rejuvenated." The strain drained from Devin's body. He wasn't going to tell. Cayl returned to his attention to the skillet, scrambling the eggs. "It is amazing how well the human body functions after several hours of sex followed by a few hours of deep sleep."

An undignified squeak broke from her throat.

"Interesting." Mace flashed a grin at Devin but placed plates beside the stove. "I'm glad Devin was able to assist you."

"She was most kind," he assured Mace. "She eased my affliction several times and I was able to ease hers as well."

"Were you? That must have been...fun."

"It was most intriguing. The female form does not take nearly the same time to recover as the male. She was slick and hot within moments of my tongue touching her pussy."

Devin gasped.

"Was she?" The laughter had disappeared from Mace's voice.

"Oh yes." Cayl dumped eggs onto a plate. "Have you not fucked her?"

Mace looked at her, his eyes blazing once again with hunger. A band tightened around her chest, need flooding her core. Damn, after last night she should have been immune to needing sex but she wanted Mace.

"No, I haven't."

"You must," Cayl insisted. "I don't know how a male could be in her presence and not wish to be inside her."

Again, Mace kept his eyes trained on her. "Well, wishing and actually doing are two different things."

She had no control of the bright red of her cheeks.

"I'm sure that Agent Denning would be willing to fuck you as well." Cayl looked at her with expectation in his eyes. "I can vouch for his prowess. I'm sure he could give you much pleasure."

"I'd do my best," Mace said. The laughter left his eyes and she knew he was dead serious.

Cayl nodded as if he approved and placed three plates on the table. "Tonight, if we don't find Harken, we will return to your lodging and you will fuck her." Devin gasped. Cayl either didn't hear the sound or didn't care.

He tipped his head to the side as he thought. "We could both have her, could we not? That idea is most fascinating and it seems quite possible." His voice dropped to that low, husky rumble that told her he was no longer thinking logically and was aroused. "I think I must explore this possibility. We could—"

"Not discuss this anymore," Devin blurted out. She pushed her shoulders back and tried to find her center. It was her house and her body dammit. Cayl was planning her sex life and Mace was just sitting there letting him.

"Why? Does the idea not appeal to you?" Cayl stared at her, his head cocked further to the side, waiting silently for an answer. Mace stood beside him. He mirrored Cayl's pose though there was a bit more humor in his eyes.

Appeal to her? How could it not? Mace and Cayl. Together. Naked. And her the center of their attention. The heat from her face faded and rebounded in her core. Her pussy clenched. A little sore and sensitive from last night, she still reacted, her body preparing to take them.

She forced a breath into her lungs. The brush of her nipples against the lace bra made the fluttering sensations worse.

"Hum..."

"You find him attractive, do you not?" Cayl looked at Mace. "I cannot imagine that he is not considered attractive by most humans."

"Thank you," Mace said modestly which Devin ignored.

"Yes, I find him attractive. That isn't the problem."

"Then what is?" Cayl pulled out his chair and sat down. Devin watched as Mace followed suit. It seemed like a perfectly typical breakfast scene...if they hadn't been planning a three-way sex adventure. Cayl grabbed the salt and his fork and started to eat. Every other bite he looked up, encouraging her to answer.

Devin flipped through all the answers in her mind and none of them were good reasons why she couldn't sleep with them both except she didn't do that sort of thing.

"Well, I just can't..."

Mace raised his eyebrows, challenging her. The arrogance actually helped her. Gave her the strength to answer.

"Sex isn't something that you just do casually. Or I don't. I don't just hop into bed with men I don't know well."

Cayl swallowed then looked at her. And before he ever spoke she winced.

"You did with me." There was nothing smug or judgmental about his tone. It was just an observation. Then he smiled. "And look how well that turned out." He nodded and took another bite. "I think we should try it this night. It will further my education in human sensory receptions. You will enjoy it."

That seemed to settle the situation for Cayl.

Devin started to protest but she looked at Mace. Not really sure why. She wasn't expecting any support from him but she also wasn't expecting him to be laughing. It was silent but his head was down and his shoulders were shaking. She stared daggers at his head until he finally looked up. His lips were squeezed together to hide his smile.

But the look in his eyes was pure challenge and damn, she could never resist a dare.

"Fine."

Mace's spine snapped straight and his eyes popped open.

"If we don't find Harken tonight, we'll do it tonight." The convulsive swallow in Mace's throat sent a spike of confidence into her chest. "I just hope you two can keep up with me."

Cayl continued eating. Mace seemed unable to function. He stared at her, eyes blinking, lips parted like he couldn't quite catch his breath.

"Eat up. We need to get going." Feeling a boldness she never would have expected, she winked. "And you're going to need your strength."

* * * * *

For a den of iniquity, it looks rather plain in daylight.

Devin shook her head and followed Cayl around the corner of the building. Switch looked different in sunlight. Just a building. No indication of what went on here each night. She felt her cheeks warm, remembering what had happened to her in this building.

They'd gotten a later start than expected. Cayl's "morning kiss" from Mace had turned into what she was sure was fast, mutual jack-off session. She'd just kept her head down and stayed at the other side of the house. She didn't need to hear or see them together. Hell, she'd already committed to having sex with them later on. If they didn't catch Harken.

She groaned at the thought. If Harken had returned to Switch to hunt last night, they would most likely be able to track him, which would mean he would be captured and Cayl would go home. There would be no night of wild sex with two gorgeous men.

Telling herself she was relieved, because really she didn't want to have sex with both of them...she paused. No, that wasn't true. She *did* want to have sex with them but it wasn't right. Real women didn't do that sort of thing.

Or maybe they didn't do that sort of thing because they didn't get a chance.

And she had the chance. A really good chance. Except they would probably find Harken and then Cayl would leave.

"Agent Denning, are you listening?"

"I'm sorry, what? No. I wasn't." She blinked and looked up.

"We must proceed to the west. That is where his trace elements lead."

"You found him? I mean, his elements?" Her heart started to pound and disappointment nudged at her heart. If they found Harken today, not only would she lose her one chance to be part of a three-way...she would never see Cayl again. And in the past two days she'd become fond of him.

"As I have said." His lips squished together in irritation. He didn't like to be questioned. "We must proceed west."

She nodded and grabbed a hold of her waning professionalism. She was going to help Cayl find Harken.

It was too bad she had to choose between saving the world and having great sex.

"If you will get your conveyance, I will follow the trail." He pointed toward the mountains and started walking.

With a sigh, she turned and walked around the building and back to her car. The sun was getting warm. After Mace had finally left—an air of satisfaction clinging to him and a smug grin on his face—she and Cayl had stopped by the office.

His bosses and hers had demanded an update. They would have been trapped there even longer if Cayl hadn't finally announced that instead of talking about finding Harken, he was going to go *find* Harken. He'd nodded to her boss then walked out of the room, leaving her no choice but to follow. As dramatic exits go, it had been quite lovely.

Now, they just had to find Harken or they'd both be back in that tiny little room. It had given her a chance to see one of Cayl's kind in his natural form...which was nothing. An amorphous blob that glittered red and black. The voice didn't speak so much as transmit directly into her brain. She shuddered. The sensation beyond creepy. They had to find Harken.

She drove around and picked up Cayl at the corner. He nodded forward and she hit the gas, easing the car down the road. The drive was mostly silent with Cayl concentrating on the invisible "traces" outside the car. He gave directions but didn't elaborate, leading her through town to a section of abandoned buildings.

It looked like a scene in a movie. Or an episode of *Law and Order*. Bad guys always ended up in abandoned warehouses. Damn, she hadn't even known this place existed.

"Here?"

"Yes." Cayl reached for the door handle before she'd stopped the car.

"Wait." She slapped her hand on his chest and slammed on the brakes. "Now...now you can get out."

Cayl looked at the hand on his chest then up to Devin's face. The realization that he'd been ready to jump out of the moving vehicle had barely registered. He blinked to clear his vision. He'd been looking through a different color spectrum, tracking Harken's trace elements. She had saved him from sure pain and damage to his form.

"Thank you."

She smiled and he was again surprised at how much value humans placed on simple words. "Thank you" and "please" seemed to make things much easier.

He climbed out of the car, startled when Agent Denning exited as well.

"Where are you going?"

"With you."

A foreign ache swelled in his chest translating into thoughts in his head. She couldn't go. There might be danger. Harken was dangerous.

Odd. There was no reason to presume that she was not as capable as he was yet he felt the unusual urge to protect her. He shook off the sensation. It wasn't logical. And having two against Harken could only be a good thing.

Still, as they started toward the building, he made sure she walked near him and he put himself at the entrance first.

Harken's trace elements were dominant here. As if Harken had walked this path many times. There was no way to tell if he was inside but Cayl wasn't afraid. Harken was a coward at heart.

When Cayl thought back on his interactions with the Harken being, he realized there had been signs that the being wasn't dedicated solely to the intellectual pursuits. But as they said, "past knowledge is obvious to all."

He pushed open the door and stepped inside. He shifted senses once again. The human faculties blurred as he listened for Harken's presence. Despite being in a human form, there was no way to hide his being, *his spirit* for lack of a better word.

He closed his eyes to block one human sense and listened. Harken was not near.

"He is not here."

"Are you sure?"

"As I have said." He didn't understand the human need to question a statement.

He walked forward. The traces of Harken's spirit swelled toward the back of the room, behind a half constructed wall. Something important lay back there. He followed the glowing path of Harken's elements, conscious that Agent Denning—Devin, he corrected himself—came with him.

They moved around the wall and her gasp was only seconds behind his. He stared at the equipment. Harken had a full laboratory set up. Complete with a digitizing Bromin-Markus Manipulator and a Partial-Particle Composer. Cayl could barely believe Harken had been able to build the sophisticated equipment. And how had he generated the correct power structure for something like this? Human electricity didn't carry the right signal, couldn't energize something this complex.

"Oh my God."

"Yes, I believe now is the time to call on your deity. Harken is much further along than I would have imagined."

"We have to help her."

He looked up and discovered that Devin was not at his side. Instead, she had moved across the room, toward a large table. And she was not alone. There was a human on the table. A human female. Naked and strapped down, with clamps and wires attached at various points. He knew from his recent experiments with Mace and Devin that the locations of his clamps were particularly sensitive. Harken had done his research.

"That's how he's done it." He'd used the minute pulses in the human body, millions of interactions between cells, captured and collected. It would still take a huge amount of energy to operate his equipment but this human organic power would carry the right signal.

The woman started to squirm, her hands curling up, arms fighting the ropes that held her. A slow whirring reverberated from the end of the table. The strange sound stopped Cayl in his tracks. He took a breath and felt the strange sensations moments before the energy erupted. Electricity crackled through the air and obviously traveled through the wires connected to her human body. The woman tensed. A scream vibrated around the gag that filled her mouth.

A strangely sympathetic pain lodged in his chest as he watched. The poor woman's body strained, her back arching, straining as the shock ripped through her. The jolt lasted only seconds and she collapsed on the table. A tear leaked from the corner of her eye.

"We're here to help you," Devin announced reaching for the woman's hands.

The wrongness of the situation flared in both his human and original form instincts.

"No! Don't touch her."

"What? We can't leave her like this." Devin protested but she froze.

"We won't but let me look at it first. I want to make sure he hasn't hidden any traps around her."

The woman moaned and fought the bonds that held her hands over her head. Her legs were tied down but her struggles were weak.

"See if you can calm her. Tell her we will free her. I just want to..." His voice trailed away as he lost his thought. He walked around the table. Devin's voice murmured in the background. The sound was soothing to him and it seemed to work on the woman. It only took him moments before he traced the flow of the energy.

Harken had attached clamps and nodes to the sensitive portions of her body—nipples, clit, the space between her toes—and seemed to be sending random electrical shocks through them. The pain no doubt triggered the emotional fear response that he needed. That was the kind of intense energy that would power his equipment.

It was quite ingenious though a bit brutal. He couldn't imagine torturing Agent Denning's tits in such a painful way. A woman at Switch had worn clamps on her nipples but she seemed to find pleasure in the pain. This seemed all pain with none of the pleasure.

"Give me a moment to figure it out." He scanned the pattern of the wires. If he were going to design such a device, he would create it to transfer the power of each anode from one to the next so if one were removed, the others would take over its position. The more clips they removed, the more energy that would flow the remaining points causing intense pain and possible permanent damage.

"Can't you just unplug it?" Devin asked.

"What?"

She pointed to the extension cord plugged into the wall and Cayl realized he'd been speaking aloud. "Oh, that might work." He did a quick inspection to make sure there wasn't a back up battery that would surge electricity through the woman. It looked like

a simple rheostat. Five different knobs connected to the wires that controlled the energy into each clamp. No backup, no power surge feature.

Cayl grimaced. Harken wasn't even a credible torturer.

The machine began to hum as if energy built inside it and the woman on the table moaned. They had to move quickly. He grabbed the extension cord and yanked it from the wall.

The woman's moans turned to whimpers, soothed by Devin's words.

"We're going to get you free."

She reached up and started to untie the woman's hands.

"No, wait."

"We have to get her free. She's terrified. And in pain."

"Yes, but I must also stop Harken. Undo the clamps while I think." Cayl looked around. The woman's hands were bound with a simple rope, the fiber leaving harsh red marks on her skin. He stepped over to the table. The woman flinched as he drew near. Cayl finally looked at her face. She looked familiar. The waitress from the club the previous night. Jessica.

"I will not hurt you, miss. I want only to free you." The muscles in her arms relaxed a little. "Untie her legs first," he commanded, moving to her left leg as Devin took her right. The knots had tightened because of Jessica's struggles so it took them longer than he wanted to undo them.

Once her legs were free, Cayl walked back to the head of the table. "I'm going to shift you just a little. I'm trying to make it look like you got yourself free. Do you understand?" Tears fell from her eyes but she nodded. He grabbed her wrists and pulled them up.

With her legs free, she was able to slide the few inches he needed. He pulled the rope between her hands taut and rubbed it fast and hard against the post that held her bonds in place. If the woman had tried this herself it would have taken her days to break through, but once the rope began to shred, Cayl added his strength to it, shearing the strands.

He continued to rub, leaving traces of shredded rope. Harken had shown a remarkable lack of caution. He clearly didn't believe humans could break free from such a simple restraint pattern.

The rope tore between his hands. The woman groaned, her jaw clamping down on the gag.

"Why is she making noise? She is free." he demanded.

"Her arms are probably sore from being in that position for so long."

Devin helped Jessica sit up and removed the gag. It was shaped like a small penis. "Humans are so confusing," he muttered.

"Are you all right?" Devin asked, rubbing Jessica's shoulders.

"I-I think so. What's happening?"

"We're getting you out of here." Devin lifted her head and looked at him. "Right?"

"Yes, we should leave."

Devin helped the woman to her feet and they started toward the door. She whipped off her jacket and eased Jessica's arms through the holes. It wasn't much but it would cover her enough to get to the car.

Cayl glanced around to make sure that he had removed their presence and that he knew the room for his return.

Devin wrapped her arm around the waitress and guided her out of the building. The only thing that gave her strength was the woman's fear. Her own legs trembled. In the years she'd spent in the field she'd never faced an actual evil alien. Most of the aliens who came to earth were seeking refuge and knew better than to screw up or they'd be sent home.

But whatever Harken was doing, it involved torture and perhaps death.

She assisted Jessica into the car and turned to Cayl. He seemed remarkably calm which just made her want to scream.

"What do we do now? How do we stop this bastard?"

Cayl's head snapped back as if he was shocked by the vehemence in her voice.

"We will stop him. First we must get the civilian away."

"Should you wait here? For when he comes back?"

Cayl shook his head. "No. He would likely sense my presence and run. I know where he is and we know he returns here at night after he has chosen his victim."

It took Devin's beleaguered mind a moment to catch up. "And he'll have to pick a new victim now that this one has escaped."

"Yes. We must assume he hasn't drawn enough power yet to launch his plan. We will return this night." Devin nodded. "As I drive, you will ask the woman what Harken did to her."

"Me?" A squeak came out along with the question. What was he thinking? She didn't know how to interrogate someone, particularly not someone who had been abused by an alien. But if she didn't do it, it would be Cayl and that would no doubt cause Jessica to panic even more.

Still in shock, she didn't protest when Cayl snatched the keys from her hand and went around to the driver's side.

"Wait."

He didn't.

He opened the car door and looked over the roof at her. "This is your first time on Earth and I know you haven't driven since you've been here. How do you know how to drive?"

"Do not worry yourself," he said, his voice more soothing than smug. The hair on the back of Devin's neck stood up. He'd learned that trick from Mace no doubt. "I can operate the vehicle. I will draw on our collective memory."

Another squeak tore from her throat but Cayl ignored it.

"All will be fine. You will see."

* * * * *

"Why did you let him drive your car in the first place?"

Devin's jaw ached from clenching her teeth. Mace's question, Mace's *presence*, wasn't helping. But she'd needed a ride. After all, the tow truck would only take you so far.

"I couldn't let him question Jessica." The waitress had been completely freaked out. Understandably to Devin's way of thinking. "And he had been doing fine." She'd climbed in the back seat and talked with Jessica, alternating between comfort and interrogation.

Jessica had said Harken had been at one of the tables in her station toward the end of the night. She remembered him ordering his drink but not much after that until she'd woken up naked and strapped to the table. Devin didn't push on what had happened to her after that. She knew enough. Harken was a bastard and had hurt her. That's all Devin needed to know.

They'd delivered Jessica to her sister's house. Devin had pulled out her government badge—not the one for IPC but a more generic, less volatile, identification—and assured Jessica they were investigating the situation and her attacker would be brought to justice.

Devin had also called her office and had an IPC doctor meet them to sedate Jessica, maybe blur some of her memories. Who knew how much Harken had told her? Cayl had wanted to continue, finding out every bit of Harken's plan but Devin had rejected the idea. The more Jessica spoke of it, the more real it would become.

Besides, they knew what Harken was planning. They knew where he hid out and they knew where he hunted.

They'd left Jessica with her sister and driven away. That's when Devin should have taken over the driving but she'd been thinking about Jessica and had climbed into the passenger seat.

Cayl seemed to lose focus after that. She couldn't tell if he was thinking about Harken or sex. The way his eyes kept drifting to her legs told her she would have been safer if she's worn trousers. And so would her car.

She stared at the crushed fender and wheel well and sighed. She had to count her blessings. The car wasn't drivable but either she or Cayl had been hurt.

Cayl's regret was momentary, made even shorter by Mace's arrival.

"We should get going."

Devin raised her eyebrows in question.

"I thought you needed time to change."

"For what?"

"Switch. Cayl says we have to go back."

"What? Why?" They knew where Harken was hanging out. She spun around and glared at Cayl. He looked back at her with bland eyes. He wasn't trying to fake innocence. He truly didn't seem to understand why she might object. "Can't we just go find Harken? Wait for him outside that warehouse?"

Any other man would have shrugged. Cayl lifted his chin.

"Would it not make more sense to collect him before he takes another woman? Would we not have to explain to another woman that she was abducted by an alien? I believed that you wished to keep this fact a secret. We know he hunts at Switch. Since we have removed his current subject, he will be looking for another. His equipment will demand more power. Jessica was able to give us a much better description. We should be able to spot him in the crowd. My logic is unassailable."

"Yes but...damn." She couldn't go through another night of being touched and kissed and licked and... Her pussy clenched and she crushed a groan. Another night and if they didn't catch Harken, she had agreed to go to bed with both of them.

"Come."

No doubt, she added in the silence of her brain.

"We will return to your dwelling and you may put on your slutty clothes."

As if that decided it, Cayl stalked toward Mace's car.

Devin stood for a moment, not sure what to do.

She looked up at Mace, silently asking for some sort of support. He just smiled and shook his head.

"Baby, if you think I'm going to pass up another chance to see you in your 'slutty' clothes, you don't know men very well."

Chapter Nine

Cayl cocked his head to the side and watched the couple before them with a critical eye.

Even after just two days Mace knew that look. A question—something out of left field—was going to follow. They'd left Devin alone at their table and Mace had led Cayl through the back rooms of the club. Cayl had said he was looking for "traces" of Harken but he'd spent more time watching the various pairs and trios fuck than doing any actual searching. Not that Mace minded. He figured Cayl was insane anyway. Too bad he seemed to have convinced Devin that his insanity was real.

"I must confess," Cayl finally announced. "This has me confused."

"What?"

Cayl lifted his chin toward the two men. The big guy in back slammed hard into the other male drawing a long, heavy groan from his throat. Mace felt his own cock twitch. He'd been in both positions and enjoyed it.

"I was given to understand that the purpose of sex was procreation and that a female needed to be involved."

Mace nodded.

"Then why are two males engaging in this behavior?"

"Because it feels good."

The leather daddy pounded his cock into the young man's ass, eliciting another shout-groan-plea.

Cayl glanced at Mace, his eyebrows angled in.

"Hmm." With that clinical detachment Mace knew was only skin deep, Cayl returned his gaze to the viewing window. "Having placed my cock inside Devin, I understand the pleasure the larger man is experiencing but my knowledge of human anatomy reveals no clitoris in the male being penetrated. Why would he allow this to happen?"

"It's something you kind of have to experience to understand."

"You have done this?"

"Yes."

The light flared in Cayl's wicked stare and Mace could read the man's mind. Curiosity as well as arousal made the idea intriguing. He wanted to fuck. More importantly, he wanted to fuck Mace.

Mace's lip pulled up into a half smile and he shook his head.

"I have a rule...no one fucks me unless they've been fucked. It's a delicate process and I want someone who understands."

Another shout rang from the viewing chamber and the young man shot, his body sagging forward as the leather daddy drilled him again and again, finally grimacing as he came.

"It doesn't seem delicate to me."

"All the more reason to experience it first."

"Humph." Cayl nodded and slapped his palm on Mace's shoulder. "Very well. If we do not catch Harken this night, we shall try it."

He turned away and started back down the hall, no doubt returning to Devin, probably announcing that he and Mace were going to be fucking later. Damn, the man had no shame, no embarrassment. Part of him appreciated that. Cayl seemed open to anything, everything—gathering experiences for his "collective memory"—but he wasn't sure he liked being used as an experiment.

He watched Cayl's butt as the guy walked away.

Then again, if it allowed him to fuck that ass, he could put up with being a lab rat for a few more nights.

And maybe get fucked. He didn't bottom for many guys, mainly because he rarely found someone who could top him, really dominate him with power, not brute strength. Something told him that Cayl—with his logical mind and forceful demands—might be one of the few.

He followed Cayl into the main club area. Cayl had taken up his position beside Devin—practically inside Devin. They kissed, Cayl's mouth on hers, his tongue no doubt in her mouth. His hand was up under Devin's dress, and from the slight distance between her thighs, nestled against her pussy.

Devin pulled away as Mace approached—the dazed, almost drunken look in her eyes tugged on the strange bit of jealousy he wasn't expecting. But the question was—who was he jealous of? Did he want to be the one ravishing Devin or be ravished by Cayl?

Either. Both.

Devin cleared her throat and shook her head as if trying to reorganize her brain. "Any luck?"

"With Harken? No. With giving Cayl more ideas on ways he can fuck? Yes."

Devin blinked and looked at him. Mace shrugged and couldn't stop his smile. Alien or not, the guy was freakin' sexy. And interested in sex, which made him perfect for Mace.

Cayl lifted his head from kissing the space just behind Devin's left ear.

"Come, she enjoys us both. We must prepare her for taking us later this evening."

Devin might have been ready to protest but whatever Cayl did with his hand between her legs crushed her words. She jumped and stared at Mace, her eyes pleading, wanting.

He sank down beside her, taking his place at her right.

"Mace...I—"

"Shh, it's okay, baby. We've got you." He turned her head and covered her mouth with his. The sweet submission of her lips clouded his brain. She opened to him, moving into his embrace even as he reached for her. They surrounded her, hands sliding across skin and material. Mace reached up and undid the button of her jacket. The darkness and the flaps of material hid her breasts from the rest of the world but allowed him and Cayl open access.

"I find this most fascinating," Cayl murmured. "Her pussy gets wetter with every stroke to her tits." Cayl didn't pull his hand out from beneath her skirt but he flipped the side of her jacket open so he had access to her breasts. He caught Mace's gaze and seemed to command him forward.

Without Cayl speaking, Mace knew what Cayl wanted him to do. It was like some quiet voice in his head guided him. He bent down, cupping the luscious round breast before him and sucked the tight peak into his mouth. Devin gasped and arched her back, pushing into the touch.

Mace looked over. Cayl's mouth was latched onto her other breast, that strong mouth sucking, working her nipple to what had to be the point of pain. Devin didn't seem to mind. Her eyes were glassy and her skin flushed a lovely red.

Mace traced his fingers over the breast before him, waiting, feeling Cayl's rhythm. He lapped at the tight peak and let his senses overtake him, reacting with the unconscious knowledge of Cayl's movements. He matched Cayl's pulses, sucking lightly, flicking his tongue across her nipple while Cayl's fingers fucked her cunt.

Devin's moans flowed through his senses, blending with the strange sensations he imagined came from Cayl. She twisted in his hold, demanding more. He closed his eyes and sucked, drawing her flesh deep into his mouth. A soft sob broke from her lips and her hands clutched the back of his head, holding him in place as she pumped her hips up, rocking against the fingers Cayl had inside her.

"Come for us," Cayl commanded. "Come now."

Her body seemed attuned to them and she cried out, hips pressing up. Tension rippled through her muscles. Her fingernails dug into his skull but Mace savored the pain.

"She has more pleasure in her," Cayl announced. "Suck her tits a little longer and I will work her clit."

Mace's head spun as he followed Cayl's instruction, returning to sucking her nipple. Devin moaned and arched into his touch making his cock brutally hard. Fuck. They needed to fuck. They needed to be inside her.

Mace reached for the peak Cayl had just abandoned and pinched, hard enough to draw a gasp, adding a bit of pain. Devin's fingers pulled on his hair, almost dragging him away but he knew, could tell she wanted more. The pain just made it better.

"That's it, baby. Let me feel it too." Her head dropped back and she moaned, rocking her hips up, sending Cayl's fingers deeper into her pussy. Mace retreated. He needed to see, needed to watch. Fuck, she was gorgeous—spread out, almost naked, lost in her need. He rocked his cock against her hip. It wouldn't take much and he'd come in his jeans like a teenage boy.

Cayl growled. The sound so basic, almost feral, that it filtered through the sexual haze covering Mace's brain. He watched, his lips returning to Devin's pretty breasts as Cayl's arm pushed Devin's legs open, forcing the tight skirt up above her pussy so Mace could see. Cayl's fingers filled her cunt, driving fast, hard, going deep. Fucking her.

Cayl lifted his gaze, sharing this with him, meeting Mace's stare as he pumped inside her.

"Come for us, female. Let us be your pleasure one more time."

Devin seemed unable to ignore Cayl's commands and she shouted, arched her hips up to meet his thrusts. Her pussy clenched around his fingers and sweet pleasure flowed through her core, spreading out into her limbs. Only Mace's support kept her from collapsing right there.

He held her safe as she floated down off her orgasmic high. She wasn't sure how long she drifted but finally, he eased her upright. She blinked, looked at Cayl then at him.

Cayl didn't seem to understand the female need for cuddling after the orgasm. Mace pulled her forward and covered her mouth in a kiss. Devin opened her mouth and just took what he gave, letting him take her weight, be her strength.

"You're beautiful, baby," he whispered against her mouth. "I love seeing you come."

He kissed her again, unable to resist the taste of her pleasure. When he finally pulled back, her eyes were dazed but blinking as if she was trying to focus. Cayl watched, his assessing stare trying to figure out what had happened in those few moments.

Mace leaned over and pressed his lips to Cayl's ear. "Kiss her. Show her that you still want her."

"I do."

"Show her."

Cayl blinked and Mace recognized the reaction. Cayl thought it was obvious but a woman might not. Following Mace's instructions, Cayl leaned forward and pressed his mouth to Devin's, a light, almost sweet kiss. "You are so intriguing, Agent Denning. If

you would permit it, I would put my mouth on your pussy and lick you to another climax."

Devin's smile was a bit dizzy and vague. She looked at Cayl but then turned to Mace, drawing him in.

"I could go for that..." She paused, the look purely female, purely wicked. "Later."

Mace nodded. Cayl followed. "Then we will have you later. I will have you in my mouth while Mace shows me the pleasures of having my ass fucked."

Devin's gasp and double blink made Mace smile. She looked at him with wide eyes. He shrugged. "I told you I'd found different ways for him to fuck."

* * * * *

The words rang through her head as she walked on wobbly legs to the bathroom. Mace fucking Cayl? Cayl fucking Mace? And her? Heat flooded her pussy. Her unsteady legs weakened and she reached out, putting a hand on the wall to keep her upright. She didn't doubt she would be included, attended to, even if her boys fucked each other.

She shook her head. Three days and she was thinking of them as "her boys" and accepting three-ways, and fucking and public sex. It would have shocked her more if it didn't feel so freakin' good. The orgasm—orgasms, plural—from moments before had weakened her knees and blurred her thoughts. She could only think, later, that was why when the stranger grabbed her arm, she didn't react. She turned and looked at his face.

The evil and hunger in his gaze immediately scared her but it was too late.

"You seem like a lusty one. Come with me."

A pinch in her skin gave her a moment's warning before the haze overcame her mind.

"Wha—? I don' unnerstand." Her lips felt fuzzy, her head filling with fluff.

"I need the energy. Come with me."

Mace and Cayl.

Those were her last thoughts before the world turned black.

* * * * *

Cayl clenched his hands together and tried to ignore the tension in his shoulders. This human body reacted in ways he didn't understand. Almost as soon as Devin had gone to the bathroom, he'd grown uncomfortable.

He searched again for a connection to her but he hadn't come inside her—not fully—not enough to establish a bond. But still, he'd spent enough time with his mouth on her pussy that she'd entered him. Just enough to tell him something was wrong.

Mace assured him that human females often wanted a moment alone after they'd experienced their passion so publicly. Still, it didn't seem right. She should be with them. They could taste her decline from the sexual heights.

And she would be safe with them.

Cayl squirmed, the strain in his muscles too strong to ignore. The hairs at the base of his neck practically vibrated. The annoying sensation sent a ripple down his spine.

"I don't like it. I think something is wrong," Cayl announced. Mace would ignore him. He would know there wasn't a strong enough connection between Cayl and Devin to warrant such a reaction but he couldn't deny what his human form was telling him.

He looked at Mace, waiting for his denial. Instead Mace nodded. "I think you're right. Let's find Devin."

As a unit, they started toward the restrooms in the back. Cayl scanned the area, looking for signs of Harken. The glitters that warned him that his enemy was near erupted as they moved near the door of the women's room. It had to be very recent for him to detect the traces in the weak illumination.

"Harken."

"Fuck. Here?" Mace's body went tense and Cayl nodded feeling his lover, his partner accept the strain as he did.

"Yes." Unconcerned about the females inside, Cayl punched his fist into the women's room door. "Devin?" He ignored the feminine yelps and listened for her sigh or grunt of irritation. There was none. He let the door swing shut. "She is gone."

"Harken has her?"

Cayl nodded. "I would think so. Fuck." A tiny corner of his mind was shocked by the curse word that broke from his lips but he ignored it. It helped relieve his tension and focus his mind. The important thing was finding Devin. "How could I have missed him? He was here and I—"

Mace's hand landed on his shoulder, halting the words spewing from his mouth.

"Stop. Self-recriminations later. Let's find Devin. You found his place today, right?"

"Yes."

"And you said you left it intact. So he'll feel safe there."

Cayl listened to Mace's words and tried to focus his thoughts, ignoring the raging emotions that flowed through his chest, warning that his female was being harmed, that she'd been taken.

"Yes."

"So, let's go there. He needs Devin alive right?"

"Yes, but the more pain she is in, the more energy he draws."

Mace gave one quick nod of his head. "Then let's get there. Now."

* * * * *

Devin came awake to an insistent slapping to her butt. It wasn't the sexy spanking that Mace and Cayl had given her. This was annoying and kind of painful. Again, not in the fun, sexy way. It just hurt.

She blinked and tried to process on her surroundings. She was bent over a sawhorse, her ass in the air. Stiff leather cuffs bound her hands to the ground. Her head hung down and she could see her breasts, bare, her legs and feet bare.

Okay, just assume you're bare-ass naked and some crazy asshole – Harken – is slapping your ass. Not good but Mace and Cayl will notice that you're not there.

Unless they are fucking each other and then they wouldn't notice an earthquake.

"Are you awake?"

She tried to hold still and ignore the low slimy tones but a painful stroke across her ass sent a shock up her spine.

"Do not attempt to fool me, human. I'm far too intelligent to be fooled by your weak attempts at deception."

"What's happening?" she asked in her best breathless, groggy voice. Her mind streamed through the events of the evening. He stepped in front of her, but from the angle she could only see from the waist down. Her eyes locked on the riding crop dangling from his fingers.

Fuck. This is going to hurt. She lifted her head further, just enough to get a glimpse of the room. She'd been here before. This afternoon. *This is Harken's lair and he's going to –*

She stopped her thoughts. He's not going to do all the horrible things that he'd done to the other women. Because Mace and Cayl would realize she's missing and come after her.

Unless they're fucking.

He flicked the riding crop out and slashed it across her thighs. Devin bit back the cry and did her best to hold still. *Talk to him, distract him. Give Cayl and Mace time to get here.*

Clinging to that thought, she forced her head up even as he hit her again with the crop.

He raised his arm, drawing back for another strike. *Stall. Delay. Do something.*

"So, is it true you're an alien?"

He yanked his hand back and Devin crushed her smug smile.

"I mean, all the other girls say it, that you're spooky and you aren't like the other men." She paused and made her voice as breathy as she could given the circumstances. "But I think you're really a creature from another world." She just needed to delay.

Surely, please God, Mace and Cayl would notice she was gone. Cayl had become quite possessive in the past two days. He should wonder where she was...if Mace didn't distract him.

Harken smirked. "Well, you're smarter than you look, definitely smarter than the average human."

"So you are an alien?" She added a little tremor to her voice. Something about the way he carried himself warned her to let him lead, let him think he was in charge. Fighting would only make it worse...at least until the point that he started to actually hurt her, then she was giving it all she had. "Where are you from? Do you really have antennas?" She blinked innocently.

The arrogance in Harken's stare increased. "The plural is antennae. It's really a wonder that humans haven't destroyed themselves long before now. And no, I don't have antennae. I am a being of energy. All-powerful. You will bow before me." He chuckled. "Well, *you* won't actually bow before me. You'll be dead." He tipped his head back and released an evil laugh that matched the sounds from the most diabolical cartoon bad guy...only he wasn't joking.

She twisted her wrists, trying to see if there was any give but the leather bands held tight.

"You won't get free. My last power source somehow managed to free herself. I won't allow another to get away. I shouldn't have had to hunt for another slut until next weekend." He ran his hand across her naked hip. "Luckily I found you. You'll do nicely."

"Why me?" she asked. She didn't know how long she had before Harken hooked up his machine. It wouldn't kill her immediately but she wanted to avoid whatever pain she could. *Come on Mace. Realize I'm missing.* Cayl was too fascinated by the whole sex thing it was possible he'd forgotten his mission. *No. He wouldn't forget. Even in the height of it, he knew why he was here.*

"I saw you with those two men. Any female who can take two men and still want more has the kind of energy I need."

So, he hadn't recognized Cayl. That was good.

Harken went over to the machine and began fiddling with the wires. Devin remembered Jessica—naked, tied up and connected to that vicious box. She'd been beyond pain. Devin swallowed and silently begged Cayl and Mace to find her.

A faint whirring behind her made Devin squirm enough to look around. The platform that had held the previous girl rose from the ground. The ropes had been replaced by metal chains. She was never going to be able to get free. Not on her own.

"Curious thing, aren't you?" Harken asked when he saw her looking. She dropped her gaze back to the floor. "I am most interested in seeing how you respond. You have a natural energy about you and the fact that you already had marks on your ass tells me you don't mind a little pain. That's good. Because you'll definitely feel pain once I get you strapped down."

He sounded positively cheerful about the prospect.

Unable to stop herself, she tipped her head to watch him. He ran his hand across the table as if testing its smoothness. A satisfied smile bent his lips and he turned and walked back to her side.

He didn't speak as he unhooked the chain holding her hands in place. The cuffs remained locked around her wrists but she didn't let that stop her. She swung her elbow back, grunting as she connected with his jaw. Harken bellowed as he fell back but his focus on her didn't waver. He straightened and slapped her, his open palm slamming into her cheek. Pain radiated down her spine.

Lights sparkled behind her eyelids and she groaned as the room swirled.

"Do not attempt to strike me again," he said as he dragged her across the room. He scooped her up and dropped her on the flat surface. The cold metal sent a shiver through her skin. "I wish to save all of your pain for when you are strapped in."

Her head still spinning, she opened her eyes as Harken dragged her hands above her head and connected the cuffs to the chains. She struggled but his strength overcame hers. Once he stepped back, she yanked against the restraints but the metal and leather held. He reached down and placed two flat tabs on her breasts, one near each nipple. He held up a black box with a row of buttons.

"Now, behave like a good little slut while I get you strapped down."

Her lips drew back in a snarl. There was no need to play nice. He was going to kill her in the end anyway.

His hand slid along the inside of her thigh. She struggled to hold herself still, to not flinch even as his touch made her stomach roil. She waited, needing the right moment. His fingers wrapped around her ankle and she kicked. The top of her foot connected with his throat and a garbled shout erupted from his mouth. The triumph lasted only a moment. Pain shot through her body, every nerve firing at once.

Her scream echoed through the room. It lasted only seconds, resounding back to her, swirling through her head as she collapsed onto the table, a low whimper remaining in her throat. Harken jerked her leg to the side, tied it down, then stomped to the head of the table. He bent over her, his eyes glittering, rage pouring out of his stare.

"You're ruining everything. There is nothing like that first jolt of pain before your body has adapted. I could have gathered much energy from that but now I've missed it because you wouldn't behave."

She briefly considered a sarcastic "I'm sorry" but Harken probably didn't understand sarcasm any more than Cayl. Instead she went for the classic "fuck you".

Harken shook his head. "I do not understand the human fascination with procreation." He stepped back. "But perhaps I could experiment on you before the machine takes all your energy."

Revulsion ran through her core and she had to swallow to keep from vomiting.

Harken moved around to the other side of her body. She considered fighting as he strapped down her other leg but she wasn't prepared for another jolt like the previous

one. Instead she took a deep breath and tried not to flinch when his fingers stroked her calf.

"I knew you'd be a feisty one when I saw you with those two men. Human females are such sluts. Do you know how many have left the club with me? Hoping to have sex with me? Stupid cows."

Rage—at Harken's arrogance, his chauvinism, his being a screaming asshole—welled up inside her.

"Listen you alien asshole—"

His head snapped up. His eyes drilled into her. Cayl's eyes had glowed, sparkled when he was excited or upset but it was nothing to the fury blazing out of Harken's stare.

"This isn't some human speculation. Who's told you? How do you know?"

Devin clamped her lips shut. She wasn't going to give him anything to go with.

"How do you know?!" His scream scraped the walls but Devin stayed silent. The box trembled in his hand as he fumbled with the buttons. Even knowing it was coming she couldn't prepare herself.

Fire pierced her breasts and ripped through her body. She arched up on the table and screamed.

"Tell me. How did a human slut learn about me?" She didn't get a chance to answer. He sent another jolt through her, one scream blending into the next. He asked another question but she couldn't understand the words. Her mind retreated, hiding from the pain until silence returned.

Cautiously, she opened her eyes. Harken stood over her. His hand raised, finger hovering over the button.

"Now you know what happens when I hit this." He tapped the black box. "Tell me how you knew."

"I told her."

Chapter Ten

Harken's head snapped up so fast she thought his spine might break. He spun around and stared at the door. Pain drained Devin's muscles but she found the strength to press up, knowing, hoping it would be her rescue.

Cayl and Mace filled the open space, both looking huge and dangerous. And pissed off.

"Who are—?" Harken stopped. His beady eyes squinted down and Devin could tell he was using his other senses, trying to see beyond Cayl's human form. "Cayl?" A curious humming noise buzzed from his throat. "What are you doing here?" he asked, though it was obvious he didn't care much about the answer.

"Stopping you."

Harken scoffed. "So arrogant. Always believing you're right." He moved away from Devin, toward the counters. The movement appeared casual but Devin didn't trust him.

"Watch him."

"Shut up!" Harken's command was followed by another jolt to her core. Her screamed burned the inside of her throat. She collapsed onto the table and tried to focus on pushing the pain from her senses.

Gulping in a breath, she watched the scene. Harken stood beside the counter. Cayl stood about ten feet back. Harken's fingers fluttered over the buttons and she knew she would get at least one more shock before this was over. Mace inched toward her, moving slowly so Harken's attention remained on Cayl. They seemed to have a plan, which gave her some comfort, but she really wanted someone to get that controller away from Harken.

Harken waved the box in front of Cayl, dramatically tapping button.

"Stay back, unless you want to see your little slut screaming in pain."

"Hear," Cayl corrected. Mace took another step.

"What?" Harken's eyes squinted down until they were only slits and he peered at Cayl.

"Technically we would 'hear' our little slut scream in pain. To 'see' her it would have to be something like writhe in pain."

"He's right." Mace spoke for the first time.

Harken's gaze flashed left, his eyes popping open as if surprised that Mace was there at all. That moment of distraction seemed part of the plan. Cayl lunged forward, slamming into Harken. The box flew out of his hand. Devin braced for the pain. The box

spun in the air and headed toward the ground. Even if it didn't land on the button, she was sure there was going to be feedback of some kind when it struck the concrete.

Cayl shoved against Harken and threw himself into the air, stretching out like football player making a catch. His hand snagged the box, inches from the ground. Like he'd been doing it for years, he kept rolling, coming to his feet.

"I've got this," he announced to Mace. "Get her free."

Mace was already working on it.

He reached for the cuffs around her wrists.

"Are you hurt?"

"I'll live. Get those things off my breasts." If that box got bumped, she wanted to be free.

Mace nodded and ripped the silver tabs off her skin. The tiny burn as the adhesive pulled off actually felt good.

"Better?"

Devin nodded and Mace returned to undoing her hands. She watched his face, so relieved to see him. He met her gaze then glanced down at her body. Shaking his head, he unbuckled the first cuff.

"Under any other circumstance..." he murmured. He let the words trail away but Devin knew what he meant.

"And under any other circumstance, I'd let you." A hungry spark flared in his eyes and for a moment she thought he might act on the situation they both imagined. His eyes did another quick scan down her body. A low groan broke from his lips. The sound momentarily distracted her.

The cuff around her left wrist released, followed moments later by the other. Devin sat up, working the minor stiffness out of her shoulders.

Mace ran to the foot of the table and started working on her legs. He glanced up as if to see how the battle across the room was going.

"Holy shit. He's got a light saber."

She followed his stare and gasped. Harken *did* have a light saber. Cayl didn't. Cayl crouched down, moving in a slow circle around Harken. Harken moved with him.

"You cannot stop me. I am superior to you in all ways," Harken announced. "I will destroy you and then blow this puny planet to rubble."

"And he's read one too many comic books," Mace muttered.

Devin sat up and tore at the cuff holding her right leg. Mace finished with the other and helped her off the table.

"Here." He shoved a black key fob into her hand. "Get in the car. Call for help."

Devin stared at the gray triangle in her palm. He really expected her to just go hide in the car? When Cayl was being attacked?

She watched as Mace stalked forward. Harken swung at Cayl, then spun around and whipped the light sword at Mace. Harken didn't appear particularly skilled, and there were no cool sounds like they'd had in the movies, but none of that mattered. Everything that came into the path of that light saber caught on fire. Streaks flared along Cayl's sleeve, but he slapped them out. That didn't make it hurt any less, she knew.

Harken slashed the saber downward, burning through the legs of the table Cayl crouched behind. The metal counter tipped over. A dozen or more bits of electronics tumbled off the top and fell on Cayl. He cried out as a block slammed into his head. A grim smile curved Harken's lips. He swung again, the light spinning within inches of Mace's chest.

Mace backed up, creeping back toward the torture table Devin had recently occupied. He was weaponless and Devin had no idea what one used against glowing sword of light that instantly burned anything it touched.

As if Harken had completely dismissed her presence, he turned his back on her and stalked after Mace.

Devin slipped between the bits of burning equipment and knelt down beside the dazed Cayl.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes. Why are you still here? You must run."

She rolled her eyes. "I'm fine. Do you have something to stop him?"

"Once he is immobilized yes but I have nothing to combat his light sword."

She watched Harken cut through the table with one slice.

"We've got to get that thing out of his hand."

Even as she said the words, she was moving. Harken had dismissed her, wasn't paying any attention to her. Good. Better he underestimate her.

Mace shoved a crumpled piece of metal between him and Harken but he was fast running out of obstacles to throw in his path. Devin did the only thing she could. She ran and jumped, landing on Harken's back.

She'd seen it a dozen times in movies. The heroine jumps on the bad guy's back and wraps her hands around his neck, holding him while the hero comes to the rescue. Well either that was a Hollywood invention or she was heavier than most movie heroines because when she jumped on Harken's back, he went down. Hard. She fell with him, her knees scraping against the concrete floor as he hit.

The thud of his chin hitting the ground was almost overshadowed by the skitter of his light saber across the floor. The glowing blue light vanished as it left his palm.

Harken groaned and Devin jumped up, suddenly aware that she was naked and straddling Harken's back. She shuddered. Not where she wanted to be.

Cayl offered his hand and dragged her back. "You should have stayed out of the way."

"I brought him down," she pointed out.

"But you put yourself at risk. I heard Mace distinctly tell you to leave. You did not follow instructions."

Harken lifted his head.

"We'll fight about it later. Now do something with him."

Mace watched as Cayl pulled a slim black rectangle from his pocket and pointed one end at Harken.

"What is that?" It almost looked like a camera, which probably wasn't a bad idea. Get pictures so they could prove —

A bright light shot from the end of the box and surrounded Harken's body. Mace froze. Harken's form shimmered and rose, floating in the air inches above the ground. Harken twisted. His mouth opened but no sound came out. Or no sound made it through the strange barrier. The light encircled him, wrapping around his body, until his struggles bent the force field. Cayl tapped the box and the white light turned red.

Harken writhed as his body started to crumble. Tiny bits fell off his form and landed on the bottom edge of the light box that held him. The struggles grew stronger but quickly ended as Harken dissolved, like he'd been erased, one pixel at a time. Mace heard his own gasp as the last traces of Harken settled into a two inch layer of dust.

Cayl flicked his thumb across the bottom of the controller. The light and what remained of Harken's body vanished into the tiny black box. Everything that was Harken was gone.

"What the fuck was that?" Mace demanded when his voice returned.

"It is a device that eliminates waste," Cayl replied, his voice once again cool and clinical.

The truth drilled into Mace's brain like a corkscrew, slow twisting images becoming real. Cayl really was an alien. And Harken really had just vanished in front of his eyes.

He looked up and met Devin's stare. Only she wasn't really looking at him, there was no explanation or comfort in her eyes. She stared back but there was a blankness, a distance in her eyes that tugged Mace's heart.

God, what had she gone through before they'd gotten there. He glanced at the space that had recently held Harken's body and growled. He wanted Harken to return if for no other reason than he could beat the hell out of the guy. A fury he hadn't expected shot through him.

"We must destroy the workspace," Cayl announced.

Devin nodded but didn't move.

"Uh, Cayl, maybe you could lend her your coat?"

Cayl's head popped up and he looked at Devin as if seeing her for the first time. Devin's hands fluttered at her side as if she wanted to cover herself but knew it was silly. They'd both seen her naked. Still, Cayl stripped off his jacket and offered it to Devin.

She dragged it on over her shoulders. It covered her but the hints of skin revealed as she moved teased Mace.

"Let's get this done." The hesitant look in her eyes belied the brisk tone of her voice.

She and Cayl moved to the wall of strange boxes and electronics. Cayl murmured about composers and fluxers. Devin nodded but her movements were still sluggish, as if her mind wasn't able to direct her muscles to move. He decided to keep a close watch on her.

Mace didn't understand most of what Cayl said but he looked around to see what he could do to help. His gaze landed on the light saber. That was definitely something that didn't need to be found lying around. He picked it up and turned it over his hand. Three buttons lined the side. Holding it away, he pressed each of the buttons in sequence. Nothing happened.

"That's about it," Cayl announced. Mace spun around and shoved the light saber in his pocket. He'd ask Cayl about it later.

He looked at the other side of the room. Wires lay in twisted bundles. Burn marks surrounded holes in panels. Cayl had done a good job of stripping the equipment.

Cayl pointed his black box toward one final piece of equipment and it crumpled into the dust. "That's the last."

Devin blinked, but the light in her eyes was dull. She wrapped her arms around her waist and dropped her gaze to the concrete floor. She looked alone and strangely lost.

Need swelled in his chest—the need to fix it, to take away the pain.

Mace stalked across the tiny space, stopping in front of Devin. She jumped and looked up as if she hadn't seen him move.

"Are you all right?" he asked. The growl in his voice made him almost inaudible. Devin didn't seem to hear him.

Even knowing Harken was dissolved into particles the size of dust didn't ease Mace's memory of Devin leaping onto Harken's back, protecting him. Damn, she'd been the one being rescued. She should have stayed on the sidelines and let them rescue her.

Devin finally reacted. She nodded, slow, precise movements. "I'm fine."

A minute tremble whispered beneath her words and caught Mace's attention. Yes, he was furious that she'd thrown herself into the fight once they'd freed her but the quaver in her voice pulled him back. He needed to help her. Focus her. She was probably breaking apart inside.

"There is little else we can do here," Cayl announced. "I have destroyed the technology that didn't previously exist on Earth. The only option left for a clean departure is for us to set fire to the building which Agent Denning will not allow me to do."

"No. Nothing draws attention like a fire," Devin said. The words sounded a little more stable but her eyes didn't land on anything longer than a heartbeat. "Uhm, we should go. Get this reported and uh, get Cayl back to his world."

Cayl straightened. "There is no need to rush. I have summoned the transport for the morning hours. We should return to Mace's house and proceed with our plans."

Plans? It took Mace a moment to catch up with Cayl's suggestion. Then he remembered. They were going to fuck, the three of them...

Denial reared up in his soul. They'd just vaporized an alien. Devin had been kidnapped and abused. He shuddered. The sight of her splayed out, naked, screaming in true pain would remain with him forever. What she needed was peace and calm. He looked at Devin and the sight stalled his thoughts.

Cayl's jacket hung like a tent around her shoulders. Her arms hugged her waist like she was trying to keep her body together. But her spirit was panicking. She needed something. Something intense and strong. Life-giving instead of terrifying. Something that might give her focus and let her release some of the excess energy skimming beneath the surface of her skin.

"I think that's a good idea." He wrapped his arm around Devin's back and slid his hands beneath her knees. Her soft cry and the desperate way she grabbed his shoulders told him she was more out of balance than he'd believed. "Let's get you home."

"I shall drive." Cayl's announcement drew a garbled protest from Devin but Mace only sighed and sent a baleful glare at the alien. "I have learned my lesson. I will keep my attention forward despite the most intriguing distraction of her naked form." Cayl protested and defended at the same time. "And you must comfort Agent Denning."

That was the one bit of logic that worked. Mace sighed and moved around to the passenger side of the car. Cayl opened the door and Mace sat down in the front seat, still holding Devin.

"I'm fine," she said weakly, attempting to sit up.

"Just stay still. Cayl's going to get us home safely." He raised his voice to make sure Cayl heard him. Cayl grunted in response and started the car. Her skin felt cool to his touch. "Cuddle up, baby, let me get you warm."

She moved into him, dropping her head on his shoulder. The jacket floated open and she turned, pressing her bare skin against him. He couldn't have stopped his hands if he'd wanted to.

Heat would help, a little quiet would help, but then she was going to need something to release the horrible strain in her muscles. With no goal in mind, he let his hands wander over her body, up her sides, stopping to cup her breast, feeling the nipple respond to his touch, then moving on, the outsides of her thighs, her knees. Nothing particularly sexual but leaving no part of her untouched.

She squirmed within his hold, her hip rubbing against his cock. It wasn't intentionally sexual but there was no way he could glide his hands across Devin's naked body and not get hard. Just wasn't happening. She drew her knees up and

snuggled deeper, sighing. Knowing where he was leading her, where he wanted her to go, he couldn't resist the opportunity. He slipped his hand beneath her hip and ran his finger along the length of her slit.

A jolt ran through her body but she didn't pull away or lower her legs. He took that as an invitation and repeated the motion. The soft flesh was a little hotter, a little wetter this time. He lingered, letting his fingertips dip between her pussy lips. Fuck, it was all he could do not sink his finger into her cunt. She wasn't ready for that but she would be. She wiggled, coming out of her fog just a little.

"That's it, baby. We're going to take you home..." He paused, giving her a chance to focus on his words. "And fuck you."

She gasped but didn't retreat, instead pushing against his touch. Slick liquid teased his fingers and he knew he had her, or had her body. Her mind was still a little distant but he would fix that.

The drive home went faster than he expected. He didn't know if it was because Cayl drove like a bat out of hell or because he was wrapped up in soothing Devin but it seemed moments after they left the warehouse, they arrived at Mace's house.

Devin tried to sit up when they arrived but Mace held her in place. Keeping her in his arms, he opened the door and lifted her up, carrying her toward the door.

"I can walk. Now."

"Be still." He gave her ass a quick tap, a little warning of what was to come. She squeaked and he saw the last little bits of her tension easing. She was focused on him.

Cayl went ahead of them, opened the door and stepped to the side as they entered.

"It is most intriguing," he said. "The way my jacket flutters around her ass. It teases me to see more."

Mace chuckled. "Why do you think lingerie is so popular?" Mace replied. Reality struck him again. All of Cayl's comments, that Mace had thought were merely odd, were actually Cayl, learning about this world. It gave everything he'd said and everything they'd done a different meaning. Damn, he really had been the first to give the guy a blowjob and get one in return. Between him and Devin, they'd been Cayl's first everything.

Well, he hadn't been Cayl's first fuck—yet.

Mace carried her up the stairs, yelling to Cayl to close the front door when it became obvious the alien was just going to leave it open. He moved right into his bedroom.

Hoping that they'd end up back here tonight, he'd made a bit of preparation, clean sheets, a supply of condoms, lube—just in case—and even a soft flogger. Nothing too painful but just something that would make her skin tingle, give her something to think about. He hadn't planned on chasing down a real alien before they made it to his bedroom but everything would still work for the purpose of healing Devin.

He placed her feet on the floor and waited for her to straighten. She scooped her tumbled hair out of the way and pulled her shoulders back. The starch had returned to her spine. Mace couldn't stop his smile. This was the woman who had laughed at him when he'd asked her out. The tiniest bit of fear lingered in her stare and he was going to take care of that.

"Take off the jacket." He filled his voice with every bit of command he could find.

Devin blinked and shook her head as if she was preparing a protest but even as she did, her fingers gripped the jacket lapels and pulled them back, dragging the material back over her shoulders, leaving her body deliciously bare.

"I'm not sure this is a good idea," she murmured, her voice low and a little forced as if she felt like she should protest but didn't really want to. He listened to the desire beneath her words, the vibrating hunger that told him she needed this.

"It's a very good idea."

"And you did promise," Cayl added from the doorway. He stepped through the opening and walked directly to Devin. His eyes wandered up and down her body. After a few minutes of that intense perusal, she started to squirm, her arms fluttering at her side as if she wanted to cover herself.

"Staring is rude," Devin said, the tone was weak and held little of the prim, proper tone that usually filled her voice.

Cayl shook his head. "You are stunning. You should be naked for all to see." A pretty pink tinged Devin's cheeks. "And I was looking to assure myself that Harken did not harm you."

Mace didn't see any marks on her but that didn't mean Harken hadn't hurt her. He'd frightened her, made her vulnerable. Mace needed her to know she was safe with them.

"Are we going to fuck her now?" Cayl asked, glancing at Mace but quickly returning his gaze to Devin's breasts. For an alien, he'd quickly become obsessed.

Devin opened her mouth—as if she had some way to stop them—but Mace jumped in.

"I think before we have her, she needs to be punished."

Chapter Eleven

"Punished?" The word squeaked out of her throat. "For what?" That was stronger. "I was the one who got kidnapped."

"Yes, and when we came to rescue you, you refused to stay on the side and let us handle it."

She shook her head and crossed her arms under her breasts, plumping them just that extra little bit. Damn it was hard not to stare but he kept his gaze locked on her eyes.

"I'm a trained agent. It's my job to protect my charges."

"We did not need your protection. You were wounded and should have relinquished the battle." Cayl gave a sharp nod. "I agree with Mace on this. You should be punished." He looked up at Mace and the lust flowing from Cayl's stare almost knocked him back. "Will we spank her as we did before? She looked most intriguing bent over. It would be even better if we could fuck her afterward."

Devin released a few garbled squeaks he assumed were protests but she made no move toward the door. Her breath got deeper and her cheeks a little pinker. She might deny it but she liked the idea.

"I think spanking her ass will be the perfect punishment."

"I shouldn't be punished," she said again. "I did what I was trained to do."

"But when a crazed alien is running about trying to kill us, you stay out of the way. I almost had a heart attack when you jumped on him."

Her chin went up. "What? I'm being punished because you got scared? That hardly seems fair."

The edge of his mouth pulled up in a half smile. "No one said life is fair. Bend over."

"But—"

Cayl put his hands on her hips and turned her around so she faced the end of the bed. "It will be more comfortable if you place your hands here."

He nudged her forward until her hands hit the crossbar at the bottom of Mace's bed. Devin grabbed the rod and braced herself. She hesitated for just a moment then her body seemed to take control and she moved into position—pushing her ass out, spreading her legs.

Her pale skin showed three thin streaks of pink, like a cane had been used. The tiny hairs at the back of Mace's neck stood up. Harken had hit her? Harken had dared touch

his woman? His lips pulled back in a growl and he imagined Cayl clicking some button and bringing Harken back so Mace could kill him.

Devin squirmed, drawing Mace's attention back to her. *Let it go.* He had to control his emotions or he might end up actually hurting Devin. He took a long slow breath in through his nose and released his stress. Harken was gone. Now Mace needed to take care of Devin. He rubbed his hands over the pink streaks.

"Does this hurt baby?"

Her breath caught but she shook her head. "Not too much."

"Hmm, it will hurt will I do it. Enough to make you feel."

She wasn't quite ready to give in completely. "Wait, we should –"

"Hush, baby, just take your punishment like a good girl and then we'll fuck you."

"Yes," Cayl whispered. He stroked his fingers up the back her thigh, along the sweet curve of her ass. "I would fuck her while she is bent like this. I wish to feel her ass against me while my dick is inside her. And you could be inside me as well."

Mace's cock leapt in his jeans. Fuck, as if the thought of having Devin wasn't enough, Cayl was offering his ass.

"Spread your legs a little more, baby. Let's get your ass pink and then we'll move onto the fucking."

She cried out, but lifted her right foot and placed it inches away, giving him a delicious space between her thighs, enough to see her pretty cunt. Hints of bright liquid glittered at the very top of her thighs. She might protest but she was turned-on, wanted this.

And a damn good thing because it would take a natural disaster to make him stop now.

"That's it, baby. Damn that's sweet." He couldn't hold back any longer. He reached out and skimmed his fingers up the inside of her thigh, teasing her pussy lips, just testing. Heat and liquid coated his fingers. It took all his restraint not to plunge his fingers into her but he wanted to wait, wanted her begging to be fucked before he filled her.

He straightened and looked at Cayl, his partner in this. Cayl crossed his arms over his chest and watched. He *almost* looked like a critical observer but the hunger hadn't left his gaze. It grew, those eyes shining like stars in the night sky. It was freaky weird but pretty hot all the same.

Mace watched the round ass presented before him and flexed his fingers. He started with a quick sharp smack to each cheek, savoring the muted glow of her skin. It wouldn't take much to make her pink.

"Nice, baby. So sweet."

He punctuated his words with two more fast taps to her ass. Devin bit her lip and tried to hold back a cry. It hurt. Sort of. But it felt good too which made no sense. None

of it made sense. She'd been doing what she was supposed to do. She'd been the one who —

Another smack landed on her ass, this one a little harder, made her head snap up.

"Pay attention," Mace said. "Concentrate on this." This was a flurry of sharp spanks that made her ass burn. She groaned and it was on her tongue to tell him to stop but the delicious pain blocked the sound. She couldn't like this, shouldn't, but every stroke shimmered into her pussy as a deep caress.

"Please." She didn't know what she was asking for, just that she needed. Mace did.

"Soon, baby. Soon you'll get fucked. Get filled with hot hard cocks." The image flooded through her core and she groaned. "That's what you want, isn't it, baby?"

"Yes." The word slipped from her mouth, an almost silent whisper, but it reverberated through her head. What was she thinking? She should stop them. She should *want* to stop them. But every nerve in her body buzzed. Her pussy ached. Her ass burned with each touch and she wanted more—to be surrounded and filled and fucked.

Mace's hand came down on her ass once again. The burn zipped into her cunt. The terror of the evening faded, her thoughts clouded by sensation, blurred until the corners of her mind glowed with twinkle lights. Every spank jolted her body, pain turning to pleasure as it filled her pussy. It was all she could do not to close her legs, try to find some relief. But the heat and liquid dripping from her cunt was too wicked, too seductive. She pressed up on her toes, pushing her ass back, meeting Mace's next stroke.

"That's it." Strong rough fingers slipped between her thighs. The added sensation sent a new rush of moisture through her pussy. "Fuck, Cayl, she's soaking wet."

Reality tried to invade her thoughts, reminding her that she was bent over, offering her ass to two men but lust overcame her embarrassment and she squirmed, trying to guide Mace deeper, wanting more.

"Please."

"She sounds most eager," Cayl murmured even as another set of fingers slipped between her legs. Cayl moved deep caressing her pussy lips, dipping his finger into her passage. "I would say she's more than ready to be fucked."

Mace's hand disappeared and moments later, Cayl's touch followed.

"Not quite. Soon. Just a few more. I want her ass burning when I fuck her."

That was all the warning Devin received before a series of fast sharp blows rained on her buttocks and thighs. The burn became an ache, filling her, consuming her. She danced beneath his blows, wanting more, needing something, needing his cock. Needing to feel him inside her.

"Fuck me!" She arched her back and pushed out her ass. "Please fuck me." The words were almost a sob but minutes, seconds, heartbeats later he was there, filling her,

sinking that thick hard cock into her pussy. She cried out as he drove in, her mind blurring.

She didn't know who fucked her, which man. Didn't care. Only knew he needed to keep on, needed to fill her. Thick and strong, he plunged into her, slamming hard, giving her what she needed. Thoughts swirled through her head and then evaporated, mysterious visions that held no meaning. Her senses were in control.

Tight fingers gripped her hips and held her in place as he thrust forward, every stroke trying to go deeper. Devin worked her ass back, meeting his thrusts, taking everything he had. She didn't know if she could come. Didn't matter. Feeling mattered. Having that huge cock batter her mattered. She needed this.

"Fuck, Cayl, help me. She's flying."

Slick hot fingers dipped into her slit, teasing her clit. A bright tingle zipped into her cunt, blending with the wicked fucking from Mace.

"That's it, baby. Feel us. Take me."

She moaned, Mace's voice filling her head, driving her on. She slammed her hips back. He drove in deeper. The wicked finger teasing her clit fell into rhythm, pressing and sliding. Devin's blurry mind seemed to focus, drilling down into the center of her core. The hard solid cock fucking her, the seductive finger stroking her, the two diabolical caresses working together until she couldn't resist. Every muscle in her body seemed to tighten at once, a brief moment of tension before bright pleasure sparkled through her skin, flooding her pussy with delicious waves. Heat and release radiated from her core.

The strength left her body but strong hands caught her, held her in place as Mace continued to pound his cock into her. Driving deep, again and again, filling her until she cried out. She gripped the blankets, holding on as every stroke battered her senses, taking more, demanding more. The wicked tension in her pussy spun higher as Cayl stroked her clit.

"Again. Let me feel it again," Mace demanded, his voice rough and at the edge of control. He plunged his cock into her again, deep, holding himself inside her. His shout rang through the room. She groaned and buried her face in the blanket. Mace's cock pumped inside her, easy pulses as he moved through his orgasm.

"Amazing." Cayl's breathless, almost worshipful tone caressed her hot skin. "Will she come as hard when I am inside her?" His fingers spread across her ass, the heat from Mace's spanking lingering, not too painful, just enough.

"We can hope." Mace's rough fingers joined the teasing on her ass. Strange that she could distinguish their touches without seeing them. "Let's get our pretty girl spread out and you can have her." A powerful pause filled the space around them. "While I have you."

Devin shivered and groaned. She wanted to see them together. Fucking. A rush of liquid flooded her pussy and she groaned.

"Hmm, I think she likes that idea."

Mace wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her up, his cock still buried in her, still half hard. By the time he got them spread out and slicked up, he'd be ready to go again. Devin's cunt contracted around him and he couldn't stop himself rocking inside her once again.

"So tempting, baby, but Cayl's been waiting all night to have this pussy and I want a turn at his ass." With a squeeze to her hip, he pulled back, finally slipping out of her slick passage. A soft, wordless sound escaped from deep inside her as if she hated him leaving. Cayl supported her while Mace got rid of the condom.

She swayed in Cayl's grasp her eyes glassy as he spun her around. Her lips hung open and her breasts rose and fell in long, deep breaths.

"She looks well fucked," he said unable to keep the smug tone from his voice.

Cayl stepped closer, his head tilted in that observation pose. "I have seen this sight before, last night when I pulled out of her. Perhaps she is done for this night."

Her eyes fluttered open and she gasped.

Mace chuckled. "No, I don't think she's done. She wants to you to fuck her." He slid his hand between her legs, cupping her pussy. Hot liquid drenched his fingers. "She's still slick and wet, ready for more cock."

She moaned and twisted as if she was trying to get away.

"Poor baby," he murmured, dipping his finger into her slit. "Don't worry. We're going to take care of you."

He scooped her up in his arms and carried her around to the side of the bed. Part of him wanted to toss her into the center of the mattress but he didn't want to shatter the sexual haze that enveloped her. He leaned forward and placed her in the middle of the mattress, leaving space for him and Cayl. Cayl finished stripping out of his clothes, dropping his trousers on the floor and stepping out of them.

Mace licked his lips and let his eyes wander up those tight rippled abs. Then down to Devin's soft round form spread out on his bed. His cock twitched. Fuck, with these two around, he'd always be hard.

Cayl didn't waste time. He climbed onto the bed and moved over Devin, nudging her legs apart until she spread them wide. Her gaze cleared for a moment but she met Cayl's hungry stare and lifted her knees higher. Cayl moaned and slipped his hands beneath her thighs, drawing her legs up and around him.

"So soft. I would be inside her." He skimmed his hands across her stomach, up to her breasts, pausing to tweak the nipples. Her back arched and her hips rocked up, sliding against Cayl's bare cock. A trio of moans filled the room. Fuck, they were hot together. Mace stood back for a moment, slowly removing the rest of his clothes. He'd fucked Devin fully dressed but that had been hard and fast. This was going to be a slow, wicked full-body fuck.

The light saber controller bounced against Mace's thigh as he undid his jeans. He stepped back and placed it on the dresser. He'd ask later. Surely Cayl knew how it worked. He was curious about the damn thing but now was not the time.

He draped his shirt and jeans over the chair and reached into the beside table for a couple of condoms and lube. He looked back at his lovers. They were engrossed, enmeshed in each other. Cayl lay between Devin's legs, one round thigh pulled up around his hip. Lips locked in a soul-deep kiss that made the center of Mace's stomach drop. He'd watched a lot of porn but he'd never seen anything so sexual as those two, wrapped in each other, kissing, almost fucking.

He almost hated to interrupt—he could come just from watching them—but Cayl was getting close to moving inside her and he needed to put on a rubber. And Mace had been promised Cayl's ass. There was no way he was going to miss out on that.

A smile tugged on his lips as he thought about all those tales of alien abductions and anal probes. It was time that he got a bit of revenge.

He crawled up on the mattress, his added weight drawing Cayl and Devin out of their intoxicating kiss. Mace couldn't resist the offer. He bent down and took Devin's mouth, sinking his tongue between her lips.

She moaned and wrapped her tongue around his. Cayl made a noise that sounded suspiciously like a snarl.

Mace pulled back, not far, just enough to glare at Cayl, a warning that he had to share Devin.

But Cayl wasn't looking at him. Or not his face. He was staring at Mace's cock. Or more importantly, his cock where it pressed against Devin's stomach.

"You are going to put your shaft inside me."

Mace nodded. Cayl tipped his head up to meet Mace's gaze.

"You will strive to keep the experience pain free." It was spoken as a command but Mace could hear the question beneath the words and perhaps a little fear.

"It will only hurt in the best way."

Cayl swallowed, his throat convulsing, then he nodded. "How am I to be inside Devin at the same time?"

Mace's lips pulled up into a smile. If Cayl stayed around he would have to introduce the man to porn.

"We'll get to that. I need to get you ready first. Don't want it to hurt." He wanted Cayl to enjoy it enough to want more.

"And what am I to do while you get me ready?" The clipped tone of Cayl's voice sent up alerts in Mace's brain. Mace sympathized. He tended to get a little testy when he felt the situation was out of his control.

"You could give our pretty little slut a tongue-fucking that she'll never forget."

Devin, quiet up to this point, gasped. The tiny lights—which Mace realized he'd hadn't been imagining—flared in Cayl's eyes.

"Yes. I could spend those moments with my tongue between her thighs. An excellent suggestion."

Devin yelped as Cayl lifted her up, pushing her to the top of the bed. She landed with a soft thump and before she could close her thighs, Cayl was there, kneeling between her legs, his mouth zeroing in on her pussy.

Mace watched, fascinated by the changes in Devin's expression. Shock, a bit of outrage and then stunned pleasure. Ahh, Cayl must have found his place. She blinked and looked up at Mace, her mouth dropping open as if she wanted to speak. Or maybe just beg. Her open lips tempted him.

Fuck, it would be so sweet to plow his cock between her lips, fuck her mouth while Cayl ate her pussy. But tonight he was going to have Cayl's ass.

He leaned over her, covering her lips in a deep kiss, sinking his tongue into her mouth. Cayl's rhythm moved through him. The sexual pulse moved through him. He could feel, knew what Cayl was thinking, what he wanted next. Mace matched Cayl's pattern. Devin moaned, shifting against him, rocking her hips against Cayl's mouth.

The sound sent delicious vibrations into Mace's lips. One day he would feel those same sensations around his dick, but tonight, he pulled back. Devin chased his lips but sighed when he moved out of range. She dropped back on the pillows, mouth open and a little swollen. Fuck. It was all he could do not to shove his cock between those pretty lips. Another moan broke from her throat and she moved, rocking her hips up against Cayl's mouth.

Mace shook himself out of his daze. He had to focus. Cayl was going after Devin's pussy. He couldn't lose that as a distraction.

He grabbed the lube and squeezed some onto his fingers. Cayl glanced up but immediately dived back into Devin's pussy.

Knowing it would be cold and a shock, Mace tried to go slow, easing his finger into that virgin ass. Hot and tight. He struggled not to move too fast. He pushed one finger in. The ring of muscles resisted for a moment then relaxed enough to let him in.

"Fuck, that's it." He wasn't even aware he'd spoken until he heard the words echo through the room, whispering above Devin's moans. "So tight, baby. You're going to squeeze me."

Cayl grunted and arched his back, pushing his ass into Mace's hand.

"Yeah, that's it." He pumped his finger in and out a few times, just to tease Cayl with the sensation then pulled back and added more lube and pressed forward using two fingers. The tight hole made his dick throb. Fuck he was going to come before he even got his cock inside Cayl's ass.

Cayl shifted beneath the penetration but didn't pull away. He held himself still, letting Mace's fingers fuck him. The strong muscles of Cayl's butt drove Mace crazy. He wasn't going to be able to wait, to slide three fingers into that tight ass. He needed it now. While he was still able to go slow. He pulled back, added lube and went forward, easing the third finger inside. Cayl tensed. *Ease up, babe. Don't make this harder.*

The muscles locking his fingers out clenched then relaxed, allowing Mace to push deeper.

A corner of his mind recognized that he hadn't spoken the words aloud but somehow Cayl had heard him.

The thought didn't last long. The heat wrapped around his fingers took all his attention. He worked his fingers in and out, slow steady thrusts, just a few times, just enough so he could take Mace's dick. He stroked the hot flesh inside and found Cayl's gland.

Cayl cried out and Mace had to move. Now.

He came up on his knees behind Cayl, his cock aiming for that tight hole. His hands trembled as he put on the condom and stroked lube over his dick. His heart pounded in his chest. He'd fucked dozens of guys before. He liked to fuck, no question about that, but this was different. This was Cayl. And somehow despite Cayl's inexperience, Mace knew Cayl was strong enough to top him. Maybe even make him ask for it.

But first, he was going to fuck Cayl, give him a taste. Let him experience the vulnerable sensation of having someone inside you.

Mace shifted his gaze and stared at Devin. Her eyes were glazed and unfocused from Cayl's tongue-fucking. From the way Devin's eyes were crossing, Cayl ate pussy the way he sucked cock, strong and with a lot of suction. Her back arched off the bed, pressing her tits high, even as her knees tightened around Cayl's shoulders. Without lifting his head, Cayl pressed a hand to her stomach, soothing and caressing, easing her back down on the bed.

Damn, she was beautiful, stretched out, her nipples high and tight, straining for more.

Mace's cock twitched at the sight and he couldn't wait any longer. He pushed in, meeting resistance.

"Relax, baby, let me in."

Cayl lifted his head and his back rose in a deep breath. Mace pressed forward, and the muscle relaxed, letting him in, allowing him inside. He moved slowly, wanting this to be fun not painful. Torture but in the best way. Cayl grunted and Mace knew he was feeling the burn. He eased back, put more lube on his dick, then returned, the path easier this time, letting him go deeper. Cayl's ass clamped down and Mace froze.

"Okay, baby, just relax. It won't hurt if you relax."

Cayl struggled to follow Mace's instructions but his body rebelled at the invasion. He retrieved the memory of the two men in the club and Mace's assurances that this was pleasurable.

He hadn't found it thus, so far.

Hot slim fingers brushed his shoulders, Devin's touch soothing and distracting.

He stared down at the slick, pink pussy spread before him. He'd become quite addicted to the taste. He breathed in the seductive scent, allowing it to flow through his

body. Delicious, powerful. He leaned forward and buried his face in her wet flesh, dipping his tongue into the slick passage. Her delicate gasp drove him on, grabbing his attention...or at least distracting him long enough that Mace was able to enter him.

A bright burn moved through his ass as Mace pushed forward. Cayl braced himself, ready to take the pain as best he could. Only it slowed then stopped. Mace was inside him. He held his breath, waiting. The strangest urge moving through his body. He needed to move. No. He needed Mace to move.

"Mace, I have need. You must do something."

Instead of giving him what he needed, Mace popped him on the ass. Cayl lifted his head and stared at Devin. She understood the males of this planet.

"Why will he not give me what I want?" he asked.

She laughed softly. "He's just teasing." Her fingers scraped through Cayl's hair. "But you can return the favor when you fuck him."

He nodded, seeing the wisdom in her words. "Yes," he said, looking back over his shoulder to the man buried in his ass. "You may tease me as you like but when I mount you, I will do likewise."

His words were tough and his tone commanding but Cayl found himself gritting his teeth as Mace chuckled and pulled back just an inch before punching forward and reseating himself in Cayl's hole. The burn returned but it wasn't as bad, it was even quite pleasurable once it faded.

Mace retreated and pushed forward, not too hard, just strong and deliberate. The sensation swamped Cayl's body and he put his forehead down on Devin's stomach, his mind swirling, adapting to the penetration of his body. Mace pulled almost out then changed the angle a bit and pushed in deep.

A spark ran up Cayl's spine. His eyes popped open and he was sure he made a noise.

"Again. I would feel that again."

"Demanding thing," Mace growled but repeated the motion sending another jolt through Cayl's system.

He cried out. "Yes, again." After that he lost the ability to speak. If it hadn't been for the hard pounding in his ass, he might have been able to observe the phenomenon more clinically but all he could was experience it. Mace's speed picked up. The almost constant thrusting made Cayl's brain swirl. Warm hands slid into his hair stroking him. He knew it couldn't be Mace as his fingers were digging into his hips.

His cock bumped against Devin's leg. It would not take much for him to come but he wanted to be inside Agent Denning when he spilled.

"Stop!"

Mace froze, his cock buried deep in Cayl's ass. Harsh fast breaths blew across his neck. "What?" Mace demanded between pants. "Are you hurt?"

Cayl struggled himself to breathe and speak. "No. I would be inside Devin when I come. To join the three of us." He bent down and licked her slit in one long stroke. "She is still wet." He lifted his head. Devin watched him with those wide brown eyes. "May I finish inside you?"

Her fingers traced his jaw and she nodded. With Mace helping him, he pushed himself up, reaching for another covering. Devin wiggled beneath him, sliding down, positioning her cunt to his shaft. Subtle teases—her lips whispering against his, her pussy opening for his dick—stretched his control.

He sheathed his cock in the latex and placed the head against her opening. He understood the need to protect this lover but one day he wanted to feel her, naked on his cock as he fucked her.

Thoughts disappeared from his brain as he pushed forward, easing his cock into her passage. The slick, hot walls clung to his shaft burning him even through the thin sheath.

As he pushed into her, Mace slipped out, his cock almost sliding out of Cayl's ass.

"No! Do not stop," he commanded over his shoulder.

Mace chuckled. "I'm not going to stop babe. I want to feel you fuck her." Mace thrust forward, jamming his cock into Cayl's ass, driving him forward, deeper into Devin's pussy. Her cry rang through the room as her pussy tightened around his cock.

"Yes, fuck me. And I will have her."

Mace groaned and pulled back. Cayl moved with the motion, sliding his cock out of Devin, stopping when he couldn't take any more. He looked down at the beautiful woman beneath him. Her eyes looked hazy and vague as if she was lost in her senses.

"Most intriguing." Then his ability to speak seemed to disappear. Words formed in his mind but he couldn't find the muscle control to voice them. He tried to distance himself, to observe the phenomenon but impacts to his senses made it impossible to concentrate.

Mace moved inside him, filling him, his strokes growing stronger and harder. Every thrust drove Cayl's cock into Devin. The combined sensations seized his brain. He could no longer think. He could only feel. Only fuck. He heard a shout echo through the chamber and knew it was his voice. Mace's cock tapped that point inside him and the resulting jolt to Cayl's senses was too much.

He shouted again and came, driving forward, hoping he had lasted long enough to bring Devin to pleasure as well. The sweet grip of her pussy contracting on his cock and the quiet gasp ringing through his head gave him hope that she had climaxed as well. Mace continued to pound his ass, once and again before he grunted, holding himself deep in Cayl's body. Even without the flood of cum into him, he knew from the sounds that Mace had found his release.

For a moment, none of them moved.

* * * * *

Sunlight cascaded through the window, leaving bright streaks across dark sheets and pale limbs. Cayl pushed himself up on his arm and looked at his lovers. They were tangled together, arms and legs draped over and under each other, Devin's hand wrapped around Cayl's waist, holding him within their bond.

He'd learned so much in the past three days—and three nights. Humans were not at all logical but they were more easily understood if one didn't expect logic.

Actually quite fascinating if one didn't expect logic.

He watched the sun's shafts move across Mace's hip then onto Devin's thigh. The sweet curve matched his hand perfectly as Cayl had held her open, tasting her sexual flesh. *Most fascinating.* His cock twitched. He looked down. He was hard. Not unusual. Being around these two seemed to have that effect on the form he'd been given. Loaned. The word rang through his brain, a reminder that he didn't have long before his transport arrived.

The sun shafts moved higher, filling the room with light and warmth. His lovers seemed to react. Mace groaned and his eyes fluttered open. The edges of his mouth pulled up in a smile. Cayl licked his lips. He would be happy to wake Mace with oral pleasure and he had been promised the opportunity to fuck Mace's ass. The ache in his own ass reminded him of Mace's fucking, slow and steady but he'd been relentless, driving Cayl to come, pushing him deeper inside Devin.

His cock swelled at the memory. She'd been slick and tight and so sweet, ready to take him. He moaned as the memory overwhelmed him. The temptation was too much. Did he fuck Devin? Or did he take his turn at Mace's ass?

He wanted both. The transport would be there soon and he didn't know who to have first.

Mace's eyes fluttered awake and he looked around as if confused where he was, or perhaps who he was with. A strange rumble started in Cayl's chest, the ache increasing when he thought of Mace with someone else. Someone besides him or Devin.

He recognized the emotion—jealousy—but still, it was strange. He knew he had no claim on Mace or Devin but the thought of them fucking another male made his heart rate rise.

Knowing his time was short, Cayl leaned over and stroked the flat of his tongue up the length of Mace's cock. The shaft swelled and Mace groaned. The sound seemed to wake Devin. Her eyes snapped open and after three days he recognized the caution in her gaze. Unable to resist a greeting, he placed a kiss on her lower stomach, just above her pussy, flicking his tongue out to capture her sweet flavor. He would sample her once again, after he fucked Mace.

Cayl eased forward, sliding between them, one hand sliding up the inside of Devin's thigh and into her slit. The other wrapping around Mace's cock. He didn't want to let either go.

As he considered how he would make his lovers both come, the first summons arrived. The subsonic voice announced that he had moments before the transport arrived.

A new pain filled his chest as he looked at his lovers. Their forms fascinated him. Despite the fact that he had touched them all over, he wanted more, wanted to repeat the experience, perhaps learn them with his tongue as well. He wanted to fuck them and be fucked. But it was time for him to return to his world. The ache in his chest expanded. He rubbed his sternum with his fingertips. He didn't understand this sensation.

There was no time to ask Mace or Devin about it. The second summons followed fast on the first. It was time for him to leave. Cayl stumbled from the bed, his cock hard, aching to fill Mace.

Mace looked up, his eyes blinking and clearing the sexual need that fogged his vision.

"What's going on?"

Devin sat up and looked at Cayl. He shook his head and returned her gaze. She grabbed the edge of the sheet and pulled it up, covering her breasts.

"Cayl?"

"I must leave."

Mace sat up as well. "What?! Now?"

"The transport will arrive within moments. I must return to my world."

Disgust twisted Mace's mouth. His eyes crinkled in irritation. "You've got to be kidding me."

Mace's lovely erection wilted.

"No. I must leave but I would thank you for sharing these experiences with me. It has greatly expanded our knowledge of the human situation." He swallowed, his throat strangely constricted and his eyes were stinging.

"Glad we could help," Devin drawled but a smile shone in her eyes.

"Fuck that. We weren't—"

The final summons tugged on his being.

"I am called. You will not be forgotten." He took a final breath. "You are part of our memory." Forever.

The words slipped from his mouth and he was taken.

Mace wanted to growl. What the fuck was going on? Cayl wakes them up, then leaps from the bed like he's been set on fire?

He shook his head. He was freakin' tired of this alien shit.

Cayl's eyes turned white. All white. His mouth dropped open and it was as if every bit of life evaporated from his body. He crumpled to the ground, lifeless and pale.

"Cayl!" Mace leapt forward, his hand reaching out, his mind racing. *Call 911, start CPR. Do something.*

Devin yanked him back. "Don't touch him."

"But —" He's dying, he finished silently. *He's dead.*

"Stay back!" The harsh command had barely cleared her mouth when Cayl started to smoke, as if he was combusting from the inside. The body burst into flames and Mace yelped and jumped back.

"What the hell?" The flames flared then disappeared. Within seconds the body crumpled into dust like a scene from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

Mace turned to Devin. He knew his mouth had to be hanging open and his eyes looking a little wild. Before he could ask the crazy, cluttered questions flying around his brain, a rush came through room. The remains that had been Cayl swirled into a tiny dust devil that spun and vanished.

Feeling like he'd been punched in the chest, he managed to force out the words, "What the hell just happened?"

"They called him home." Devin's voice was quiet but he could hear the loss burning beneath her words.

Chapter Twelve

Mace walked around the edge of the garage, his mind already in his kitchen. He'd prepared everything that morning. All he had to do was pull it out of the fridge and stir-fry it. He'd wait until Devin got there to do that. Which should be in minutes. He'd been late getting free from work.

They'd been seeing each for the three weeks since Cayl had "gone home" – wherever the hell that was – trying to figure out what kind of relationship they had, if they had one.

By mutual, but reluctant, agreement, they'd decided no sex – or no *more* sex – until they'd gotten to know each other.

It had been good. They'd talked almost every day and spent a dozen evenings and all the weekends together. The first few meetings had been strained and awkward without the sex to occupy them, but they'd relaxed and talked, slowly letting the physical side of their relationship return. They'd started out with chaste kisses at the front door. Last night, they'd been inches away from being naked in her driveway.

Mace was pretty sure tonight they were going to end up in his bed. His heart felt like it flipped over in his chest. It would be odd without Cayl there. Mace shook his head. He wasn't going to let this chance pass. He was pretty damn sure that Devin could be "the one" and he'd just have to get over thinking about Cayl.

He started up the lighted walkway to his door but jerked to a stop. There was someone on his front step. *Cayl*. The name flashed through his mind and his heart gave a little leap but he brushed the reaction aside. This guy had black hair and looked younger than Cayl.

"Can I help you?" Mace asked, a hint of challenge in his voice. He didn't like the surprise of some stranger on his doorstep.

"Hello, Mace."

His eyes tightened at the edges as he stared at the other man, trying to place him. Nothing looked familiar except maybe the eyes. He was damn sure he didn't know this guy.

"Do I know you?"

The stranger unfolded himself from the front porch, his long legs carrying him the few steps to meet Mace.

"Perhaps you do not recognize me in this form."

The voice was different but the words, the formal cadence were all familiar.

"Cayl?"

He nodded. "Yes." He held his hands out to the side as if to display himself. "They had to give me a new body. The previous form was not available."

"No, because it disintegrated into dust on my bedroom floor."

He nodded in that clinical way that screamed "Cayl".

"That would explain why it wasn't available." His voice was devoid of concern. It was truly just a shape to him. Cayl looked down at his own body. "This one seems fully functional though I believe the shaft is bit larger than the previous model."

"Larger?" Mace was glad he didn't squeak when he asked the word. Cayl had already been nicely sized.

"Yes. I hope that won't be a problem."

"No. No problem." His mind flipped through their last encounter. Cayl had never gotten the chance to fuck Mace. Now he was back.

Cayl took a step closer. Those piercing green eyes glowed in the dim light eliminating any doubts in Mace's mind that this was Cayl.

"I have been studying Earth customs. Is it not normal to greet a lover with a kiss?"

"Hell yes." Mace wrapped his hand around the back of Cayl's neck, ready to pull him close but Cayl didn't wait. He pressed forward, meeting Mace's mouth. His lips were soft but opened easily, accepting Mace's tongue, welcoming him in, sucking, reminding Mace of the eager way Cayl sucked his cock. He moaned and slid his fingers into Cayl's hair, holding him in place.

Cayl let him lead in the beginning, then subtly took control. Mace's cock jerked. He loved a man strong enough in sheer sexual power to overwhelm him. He groaned as he thought about Cayl fucking him, taking him with that big, fat cock. But he wasn't giving in that easily. Cayl would have to work for it.

He turned and pushed Cayl up against the wall of the garage, moving close, rubbing his cock against Cayl's growing erection. Cayl dragged his mouth away, grabbing a quick breath and saying, "Fuck, I've missed that."

Mace didn't give him a chance to say anything else, taking his mouth again. Taste and texture exploded in his brain and he had to have more. Cayl's hand slid down his back, cupping his ass and squeezing, pulling him hard against the thick ridge that pressed against Mace's dick. Almost too much but damn he didn't want it to stop. He rocked his ass into Cayl's hand, savoring the almost painful pressure against his cock as they rubbed together.

The crisp tapping of shoes on cement filtered through the lust-filled haze and Mace lifted his head. Devin turned the corner and jerked to a stop. Her mouth dropped open and a strangled gurgling noise came from her throat.

He knew what this had to look like—lips swollen, Cayl's hand on his ass, cocks hard and hips pressed together.

"Damn it, Mace, I knew you couldn't keep it in your pants but can't you at least keep your boy-toy out of sight." She jammed her heel into the ground, whipped around and stalked off.

"No, Devin. That's not it. Wait! It's—" He ran down the walkway, Cayl close on his heels.

She stopped at her car and spun around. "What? You expect me to just fall into bed with this one too?" She tipped her head toward Cayl and said, "He's cute and all, but despite appearances, I'm not that big of a slut." She grabbed the car door handle and yanked up.

Mace opened his mouth to correct her but never got the chance.

"You do not appear to be wearing your slutty clothes but it is good that you find this form pleasing"

She froze. And blinked, staring at the empty space in front of her before she lifted her head. The shock in her gaze gave Mace a smug, warm feeling inside. He recognized the reaction because it mirrored his own.

"Cayl?"

"Yes. This is the new form they have given me. The other was unavailable."

"It burned up on Mace's floor."

"So I understand. Still, neither of you seems to find this one displeasing. I believe it is acceptable."

Devin gulped and looked at Mace. His lips formed a crooked smile.

She cleared her throat. "It's lovely. Gorgeous, in fact. A little young but gorgeous."

"And bigger," Mace inserted.

Devin's eyes grew wide.

"Bigger?"

"Bigger."

"Yes," Cayl confirmed. "My shaft appears thicker than the previous version. Not much longer but definitely wider."

"Oh my."

"Mace was giving me a returning kiss." Cayl closed the distance between them. "Would you not wish to give me one as well? I am most eager to taste you in this form."

"Yes but—" Questions filled her head but they disappeared when Cayl put his mouth on hers. Though the body was different, he came to her with the confidence of a familiar lover, opening his mouth and flicking his tongue across her upper lip, asking for entrance. She welcomed him inside. He was right. The taste was different but the hunger, the need, was pure Cayl.

His hand slipped inside her jacket and closed over her breast, squeezing and running his palm over the tight nipple as if to assure himself she was the same.

Damn, he did love her breasts.

"We should probably move this inside." Mace's voice—part laughing, part annoyed—broke them apart. "My neighbors might not be so understanding."

"Of course. And your bed is inside. We can fuck in comfort."

As if that decided it, Cayl turned and stalked back to Mace's front door.

"When did he show up?" she asked her mind still racing through the reality.

"Just now. He was on the step when I got home. He didn't come through your offices?"

Devin shook her head. She'd had to tell Mace about working for IPC, after all he knew for a fact that aliens existed and contrary to movie lore, they didn't have a flashy thingy that erased memories. She worked in the Temporary Alien Visa division. Cayl must have requested a permanent residency. That would have taken place down the hall.

She looked at Mace and winced, remembering, feeling just a bit guilty at having accused him of having a boy-toy.

"Listen, I—"

"Don't worry about it," he said.

"I shouldn't have jumped to conclusions."

He shrugged. "It wasn't a far leap. When I'm not in a relationship, I'm a bit of a slut. But when I'm with someone, I'm good at being good." He winked. "Let's go find Cayl."

They followed Cayl around the corner of the garage. He stood on the front step.

"My shaft is afflicting me. We must hurry so I can find relief."

"Packaging has changed but that's Cayl all right," Mace murmured.

She stifled a giggle. "Cayl, before we get to any curing your affliction, I've got a few questions." She tried to sound stern and it worked. Even Mace's eyes went wide.

Cayl nodded and hung his head like a five-year-old who'd been told he couldn't go out and play.

Mace opened the door and the three of them moved into his living room. Devin waited until the door was shut then turned to Cayl.

"What are you doing here?"

"My shaft is afflicted and I believed that one or both of you might be willing to assist me."

Definitely Cayl. "I understand why you're in Mace's house. What are you doing back on Earth? What is your mission this time?" She glanced at Mace and he nodded, encouraging her to ask one more question. "How long are you staying?"

She and Mace were just getting it worked out between the two of them, making it *just* about the two of them. She didn't know if they had a future but would it survive another visit from Cayl?

"I have no mission." His head shook with a twitch. For the first time—ever—Cayl looked like he had lost his confidence. "I have been separated."

There was a finality to his tone that sent an ache through Devin's chest.

Mace must have heard it too. He moved closer, putting his hand on Cayl's arm. "Separated? What does that mean?"

"I have been separated from the memory of my world. They have cast me out and told me I am not welcome to exist within the collective."

"You've been banished?"

"What happened?" Devin stepped forward taking his hand. The edges of his mouth curled down.

"I returned after my mission, having destroyed the threat of Harken and, while they complimented me on that aspect, they did not care for the experiments into human senses I conducted." He cleared his throat. "They believed I had passed from observation into indulgence, that after the first encounter there was no reason to return to the same two forms and conduct further experiments."

He pulled free of Devin's grip and turned away. "They believed I should have moved my experiments to other forms so as to gather as much input as possible and I was unable to explain my attachment to you two in specific."

"They banished you because you liked sex?" Mace asked, incredulity ringing through his voice.

"And because you didn't want to sleep around," Devin added.

"Not initially. I logged my experiments and even shared with the collective my understanding. That was when I was reprimanded for not expanding my experiments beyond the two of you."

"So why did they banish you?"

Devin and Mace waited.

"I reviewed the memories of us."

Devin flipped through what she remembered of their nights together. It had been wild and a little wicked but she didn't see any "problems".

Cayl sighed. "I retrieved the memories of the three of us from the collective several times...each day. Which of course strengthens them."

Devin's lip twitched but she succeeded in holding back her smile, until she glanced at Mace. His eyes twinkled with understanding. Cayl had been thinking about them, reliving their fucking. Jack-off material. If Cayl had had a body of course.

"Apparently, the others in the collective found it quite distracting," Cayl continued. "And leadership has been inundated with requests for exploratory missions to Earth."

Mace lost whatever battle he'd been waging to remain stoic. He started to laugh. "You mean sex with us was so good, dozens of aliens want to come to Earth to experience it?"

"Yes."

Cayl's pragmatic reply drew a chuckle from Devin.

"Good to know we're popular with the alien set." Mace tilted his head. "Hmm. Are we going to have random aliens showing up wanting to fuck us? Not that the idea isn't interesting. We could become an alien tourist attraction." He winked at Devin.

"No!" Cayl's shout made Devin jump. He shook his head. "I explained to the collective as I was being separated that you two belonged to me and were not available for experiments with others."

Devin shared a look with Mace. "Feeling a bit possessive?"

"Well...yes. I found you. I am the first. The others will just have to find different specimens."

"Specimens?" Mace shook his head. "We're not your class science project."

Cayl's confidence and, yes, arrogance, seemed to be returning. He lifted his chin and sniffed. "Of course not. It was merely a term that others from my world would understand. You were each discoveries made by me. I am not willing to share with another."

Devin felt her mouth drop open. She wasn't sure if Cayl was possessive of them as lovers or as experiments. Then again, she wasn't sure Cayl recognized a difference between the two.

"But this has led us away from the main discussion," Cayl said.

"Which is?"

"Relieving my affliction. And Mace's." He nodded to Mace's groin. His cock was hard and pressed against his black jeans. "I would believe that you are similarly afflicted, Agent Denning, but it is not possible for me to tell from this distance. And I do not like the heavy coat that you wear. It hides your tits from my sight."

Devin's cheeks grew warm. How quickly she had forgotten Cayl's direct approach to sex. She glanced at Mace. They had been "dating" – which seemed a little strange after the nights at the club and that one incredible night in his bed – but she'd gotten to know Mace better. She liked him. Without the sex between them, they'd had to talk and learn each other.

Not that the sexual heat had eased between them. She'd spent more time with her vibrator in the past three weeks than in the two years she'd had the thing. And tonight, she'd been intent on seducing Mace.

Guess she'd still get her wish. Only it would be Cayl and Mace.

"Maybe we could have dinner first," Mace suggested, backing away. His lips formed a flat line.

Devin squinted and peered at him. Food before sex? Even Cayl cocked his head to the side.

"You wish to wait to relieve my affliction? Is it because you were not being truthful when you said you approved of this form?"

"No. I very much approve of your form." Mace shook his head. "But I think we should slow it down."

It was Devin's turn to gape. "You? Saying no to sex?"

"Has he been ill, Agent Denning?" Cayl tipped his head to the other side and stepped forward, observing Mace with those inscrutable eyes. "This is most unusual behavior for Mace, is it not? Even in my short time on earth I learned that he rarely refused the offer of sex."

Mace grunted and it almost looked like he was blushing.

"I was being considerate. I thought you all might be hungry."

Cayl shook his head. "I ate before I came. A most satisfying fast-food burger."

Devin shrugged. "I'm fine. I snacked at work."

"You're okay with this?" Mace asked, drilling his stare into Devin's. "What happened to taking it slow? Getting to know each other? The whole 'let's see if there is a relationship before we fuck' thing."

Devin resisted the urge to smile. Poor Mace. He was trying to be such a good boy.

"And I think that's important and since Cayl's going to be around for a while we can do that, but..." She unbuttoned her coat. She'd gone home after work and changed...matching bra and panties and a low cut dress designed to tease him into ripping it off her. "Tonight's special, don't you think?"

She curled her fingers around the front of Mace's shirt and drew him close, pressing up on her tiptoes to get close to his mouth. He resisted her pull for a millisecond then bent down, letting her brush her lips against his. "Don't you think we should welcome Cayl home properly?"

Mace's stare locked on hers. She recognized the hunger in his eyes but there was also a glimmer of something more serious in his gaze.

She took a step back and dragged the edges of her jacket away, letting it slide off her shoulders. It hit the ground with a soft thump.

"Agent Denning, you're wearing your slutty clothes."

She crushed her smile and kept her attention on Mace. While it wasn't as slutty as she'd worn to the club, it revealed a lot. The sheer top floated around her hips. The skirt hit mid-thigh. Her intent had been to make Mace wait until after dinner, seduce him with teasing looks and hints of skin. Now she was using the direct method.

"I came here, dressed for you."

The corners of his eyes tightened down and he nodded. He looked like he was going to pout.

He glanced at Cayl then back to Devin and sighed. The bit of drama eased the clamp around Devin's heart.

"Fine, he can join in but if he's going to stay around, he's going to have to live through three weeks of no sex too."

"What?!" Cayl's mangled shout made Devin smile. "I'm a visitor to this world. I do not believe you are allowed to be so cruel to me."

Mace's stare didn't leave hers until finally she nodded.

"It will be good for him."

"Good for our 'relationship'," Mace added.

"I still think that is an extreme punishment," Cayl protested.

Mace looked at Cayl then back at Devin. "You have no idea."

Cayl harrumphed and sighed. "We will discuss this later. I believe we should proceed with the sex plan. My shaft is still hard though this long discussion has removed some of the starch to it."

"Well, we can't have that," Mace drawled. He winked at Devin and grabbed her hand, starting for the stairs.

Cayl followed behind them, his fingers brushing the walls and railing as if relearning the world through this new body. "It is good that you agreed to proceed. If you had not I would have believed it was because you were afraid to take my shaft inside your ass."

Devin's mind blanked for a moment and her foot caught the stair. She landed with a thud against Mace's hip. She'd forgotten about that agreement between them. Mace seemed to have as well. He caught her and pulled her back upright.

"Uh, no. That wasn't the reason." Mace continued up the stairs.

Cayl's voice followed them to the top. "Do not worry. I will have Agent Denning first to allow you to become used to the idea once again. Then when I fuck you, I shall be able to last a long time, torment you the way you did me."

Mace stumbled—or his knees weakened. Devin couldn't be sure. He caught himself and straightened, looking back at her.

"Seriously, you have to put him on a three week drought."

She smiled and slid her hand down the front of his tight jeans. The hard ridge of his cock burned through the material. "I will. Just not tonight."

"No, not tonight."

The low rumble of his voice sent a shiver down her spine and she leaned in for a kiss, needing to taste him, to reestablish the connection. It had been too long. Oh, they'd kissed in the past three weeks but there had been a barrier between them. Tonight that was gone.

Mace bent down and pressed his lips to hers. Heat shimmered between them and Devin pressed up, needing more of that delicious warmth. Wicked, wet heat flicked at her lips and she opened, welcoming him in.

Sexual need flowed into her muscles and she stood on tiptoe, draping her arms around his neck. The kiss went on, long slow caresses that filled her mouth, teased her lips until she felt every caress deep in her pussy. She tipped her hips forward, rocking against the hard cock pressed against her cunt.

Dreamy, wicked images filled her head. It had been three weeks—normally not a long drought for her but now she knew what it was like, how it felt to have both these men inside her.

Mace trailed kisses along her jaw, down her neck, bringing the sensitive skin alive. Hot delicious licks drew a groan from deep inside her. She tilted her head, offering him more.

“Oh my.”

“Hmm?” Mace hummed the question but didn’t stop the seductive kisses.

“Look.” She punched his ribs, just enough to get his attention.

Mace lifted his head and looked to his right—Cayl, naked, hard and spread out on Mace’s bed.

“Damn,” he whispered.

“That’s what I’m thinking.” Devin leaned into Mace’s embrace, sighing as he pulled her hard against his body. Trapped against Mace’s explosive heat, she let her eyes wander down Cayl’s new body. His cock was definitely bigger. Thicker. She raised her eyes and looked up at Mace. “You ready for that?”

Mace shook his head. “Not tonight.”

Cayl sat up and his lower lip curled down in a pout. “But you said that I would be allowed to fuck you. I have retained the memory. I wish to feel my cock buried in your ass.”

The bold statement and pure male hunger settled into her core, heating her pussy, making her squirm at the memory.

“You will.” A smile painted Mace’s voice. “Just not tonight. We need to do a little preparation before we put that—” He nodded at Cayl’s cock. “Anywhere near my ass.”

“Fine.” Cayl sighed and flopped dramatically back on the bed. “But I will still be allowed access to Devin’s pussy, will I not?”

Devin blinked.

“I think that can be arranged,” Mace drawled.

Devin spun out of his embrace, putting at least a little distance between them.

“What makes you think you get to decide that?” She lifted her chin and pressed her shoulders back to prove she wouldn’t be bullied.

The right corner of Mace’s mouth kicked up into a dangerous smile.

“Baby, it’s obviously been too long since we’ve been naked if you can’t remember that.”

A wicked flutter teased her pussy and she remembered what it was like—to have Mace in full-dominant mode, how it made her want to submit.

Cayl rolled over and crawled to the end of the bed. The body belonged to a stranger but the lights in his eyes glowed with Cayl’s hunger.

"Mayhap she should be punished for her insolence," he suggested, his tone eager. "I have not experienced spanking her, only watched you do so. Perhaps I should expand my knowledge."

Devin felt her mouth drop open. "Wha—?"

"I think that's a lovely idea." Mace tipped his head toward Devin. "Help me get her naked."

"Hmm, yes. I do enjoy her slutty clothes but I would like free access to her pussy and tits while I administer her punishment."

Her throat tightened. Her fight-or-flight instincts told her to bolt—but the lust in Cayl and Mace's eyes held her in place. She reached for the buttons at the top of her blouse.

Hot male bodies pressed close around her.

"We'll do it, baby."

"Yes," Cayl agreed. His fingers slid beneath hers, taking over the task. Devin held herself still, letting them peel the clothes from her body. Such a basic act but delicious shivers raced across her skin with each touch. The blouse opened, the bra stripped off, Cayl became less concerned with finishing the job and more focused on reacquainting himself with her breasts.

His fingers stroked the smooth curves and flipped back and forth across her nipples, seeming to delight in the way the peaks scrunched even tighter. The caresses were light and teasing but every stroke sent flutters into her pussy.

Each nerve ending seemed to tingle in response, remembering what it had been like with these two men. Letting her eyes droop closed, she moved into Cayl's caresses and relaxed into Mace's warmth.

"That's it, baby," Mace murmured as he pulled down the zipper of her skirt. The material released around her waist and dropped to the floor. Mace slid his hand around her naked hip and nudged her legs apart so she had no choice but to step out of the fallen skirt. "Damn, you did dress to fuck, didn't you?" His fingers slipped under the thin strap of her barely there panties. They matched the bra that had disappeared beneath Cayl's touches.

Mace moved his hand down, cupping her pussy through the silk. "So wet."

Cayl looked up. "She is. Already? Hmm, I have missed the slick liquid on my skin." He licked his lips.

Her knees weakened. The desperate need in Cayl's stare flowed into her pussy like a caress. She gripped Mace's shoulder, using his strength to keep her upright.

"Hmm, after she's been punished, perhaps I could taste her."

Mace nodded. "Come on, baby. Let's get the pretty ass nice and pink and then have you spread out for our cocks."

She walked to the end of the bed, knees wobbling with each step. She'd been in this position before but her mind had been confused by Harken's torment. Tonight, she

knew what to expect, knew that the heat on her ass would flood her pussy, make her desperate to fuck.

And she knew how excited it made her men. She stopped, inches away from the bed, and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties. She pushed her ass out and tugged on the red silk, letting the material scrape across her skin. A low grunt rumbled from one of her lovers, Mace she thought. Cayl was much more vocal.

"I have missed the sight of her ass," he announced. "My memories are good but the reality is much better."

Wiggling a little more than necessary, feeling none of the insecurity she thought she might, she eased the panties down, letting them fall to the ground. She glanced over her shoulder, her eyes meeting Mace's, knowing he was the one she had to push just little more.

"Would you like me to spread my legs...Sir?"

Mace's eyes practically glowed and she remembered how before Cayl left, the glitters from Cayl's stare seemed to be invading Mace's gaze.

"Bend over, baby." Mace's voice was more growl than human sounds. "Hands on the crossbar and yes, I want you to spread your legs."

Cayl hovered, his body practically vibrating. This new form had less control than his previous one...or now he knew what he'd been missing. He wanted to touch, to run his lips and tongue all over his lovers and slide his cock into their tight holes.

He was a little disappointed that he wouldn't be allowed to fuck Mace tonight but he didn't want to hurt him and if his larger shaft would cause pain, he would request another form. He would suggest that to Mace as a solution. Later. When he could think again.

His short time away had diminished his ability to control these wild senses.

He reached out and stroked his fingers down the sleek curve of Devin's ass. The warm flesh trembled beneath his caress. Cayl looked at his other lover, wanting to experience the different sensations he had with the male.

"You are still wearing your raiment," he accused. "I have no access to your skin with the cloth covering you."

A slight smile curved Mace's lips. "Don't worry. I'll undress here in a few minutes." Mace reached out and hooked his hand around the back of Cayl's neck, tugging him forward. Cayl allowed himself to be drawn forward. Mace turned his head and Cayl shifted to match, hoping, wanting another kiss. The strong masculine mouth covered his and he groaned as Mace pushed his tongue inside. It would be so easy to fall into the embrace, to beg Mace to fuck him, but he wanted to feel Devin's pussy around his cock.

Mace pulled back, leaving a breath between them, his lips brushing Cayl's as he spoke. "I think we should take care of Devin first. She hasn't had any cock in three weeks and I think that sweet cunt needs to be filled."

Cayl couldn't contain his groan. His cock leapt at the images that filled his head. The human imagination was a powerful thing. It went places that his memory could not go, anticipating, making him crave the sensations.

"Yes, we must fuck her. I would feel her on my shaft."

Mace's eyes twinkled but the glitter that resided in Cayl's own gaze had faded in the three weeks he'd been absent. A growl echoed in his throat. He'd liked seeing his lights in Mace's eyes and needed to renew them.

During his time away, he'd researched how the lights had been transferred and it had been through their sharing. He needed to come in Mace's mouth and have Mace come in his and the lights would return.

He licked his lips, imagining the sensation of Mace's cock sliding across his tongue. He hummed.

Mace chuckled. "I like wherever your mind went," he drawled. "Let's get her fucked and then you can tell me what put the smile on your lips"

"I will tell you now. I was imagining sucking your cock."

Mace flinched. The movement was small, just barely noticeable. "Damn, all right." He looked Devin. "Still with us?"

She straightened and turned, her eyes wide as she watched them, her lips slightly open. Cayl let his eyes trail across her breasts to her pussy. Her hand rested between her thighs, her fingers curled against her pussy lips.

"I think our discussion has aroused her. She is stroking cunt."

Mace's head snapped up and he followed the line of Devin's arm. "Naughty girl. We didn't give you permission to touch yourself."

Her shoulders moved back and her chin lifted but Cayl could still see the hunger surging through her body.

"Now is the time to administer the punishment, yes?"

Mace nodded and reached down, plucking Devin's hand from between her thighs and drawing it up, carrying it to his mouth. Cayl realized what Mace was doing and leaned in, wanting a taste as well.

The mellow flavor hit his tongue and he groaned. He lapped at her skin, catching every bit of her pussy juices.

"I cannot wait to punish her. I must taste her now."

He didn't wait for Mace to approve or disapprove. He dropped to his knees and spun Devin to face him. He dived in, spreading her pussy lips with his fingers and trailing his tongue up the full length of her slit.

Her shocked cry filled his head and he hummed, flicking his tongue against her clit. The memories of his earlier visit resounded in his brain and he remembered what Devin liked, how she enjoyed having her clit sucked and how she liked feeling his tongue sliding into her passage. He fluttered his tongue along her pussy lips.

The delightful noises she made when he sucked her clit grew muffled and indistinct. Those sounds belonged to him, he'd created them.

He looked up, ready to demand that Mace release her mouth but the sight stopped him. Mace indeed had his lips on hers and his tongue, no doubt, sliding his tongue into her heat. His hand covered her breast, squeezing the firm mound, his fingers pinching her nipple. A gasp whimper teased the back of his throat as she arched into the touch. A new rush of fluid drenched her pussy.

He wanted all of it—to touch her and Mace and to have their hands on him. It was too much.

He wrapped his hand around his erection and stroked. The sight of his lovers in an embrace, the scent of Devin's cunt, the delicate flavor lingering on his tongue had aroused him so only a few passes were needed and he was coming. The pleasurable sensations started in his cock and rippled into his muscles. His come spilled across his fingers and he groaned.

Mace lifted his head, that dangerous smile curling his lips as he looked down at Cayl.

"Feel better now?"

"Yes." He felt his lower lip push forward. "But now I will not be able to fuck Devin."

"I think you'll be able to get it up again soon enough," Mace said with a wink. "That's a young body you've got there."

"Hmm, yes. I remember reading that a younger male has a faster recovery time." He leaned forward and gave Devin's pussy another lick. His cock gave a small twitch. "I will have to experiment with this."

"Won't that be fun." Devin's comment was supposed to be teasing but it came out more breathless, hungry. Mace smiled. Devin tipped back her head. Lust ripped through her gaze and Mace needed to taste her. He bent down and took her mouth in another soul-deep kiss. Her body moved against his, her hips rocking as she fucked herself against Cayl's mouth.

Needing to connect to them both, he reached down and slid his hand into Cayl's hair, feeling his movements as he ate Devin's pussy. Fuck, he could practically feel what Cayl was doing to her. Every shallow pump of hips rubbed against his cock.

He slid his hand into Cayl's black hair, letting the strands slide through his fingers. Cayl turned his head and kissed Mace's wrist, a quick hot connection before he turned back, driving his tongue into Devin's cunt.

She arched her back, moaning into his mouth.

"That's it, baby," Mace murmured against her lips. "Fuck, that's so hot." He skimmed his hand up her abs, letting his hand mold to the soft curve of her stomach.

Heat radiated from her body. He trailed his fingers up, hand cupping her breast and savoring the heavy weight in his palm.

"So sexy. He's going to make you come." He bent down and placed a hard, fast bite on her neck. "Then I'm going to fuck you, ride you hard, fill this sexy little pussy that you've kept from me for three weeks."

He pinched her nipple, giving her the slightest pain, a sensual reprimand for keeping him from her.

Her gasped and pressed her chest forward, offering him more, silently begging.

"So pretty." He brushed the backs of his fingers across her nipples, keeping the peaks tight and hard. "We'll have to take you back to Switch and put you on stage, fuck you in front of everyone." He took one tight nipple and pinch, sending a delicious shot of pain into her pussy. "Let everyone see how our pretty slut loves to be fucked, to be filled with cock, riding both our shafts."

The words filled her brain and Devin cried out, rocking her hips forward, driving her clit across Cayl's tongue.

Wicked contractions moved through her pussy and she clung to Mace, holding him, using his strength to keep her upright.

Cayl hummed and dipped his tongue into her passage, teasing that first hypersensitive inch with the hard tip then drew back and sucked on her clit, light deliberate strokes with his tongue. Tremors ran through her pussy and a scream escaped her throat.

As if her orgasm was the last straw for him, Mace ripped her out of Cayl's grasp, tossing her on the bed. She landed and bounced but the heavy male body rising over her gave her no time to panic. Mace yanked his jeans open. His cock bounced free as he shoved the denim down, not bothering to take them completely off. He guided the tip of his cock to her entrance and stopped.

"Fuck, a condom." He started to pull back.

"No," Cayl commanded. "Do not leave her. I will find the cover."

She heard him fumble through the bedside drawer but she couldn't see, couldn't move beyond spreading her legs wider, her knee wrapping around Mace's back, holding him. The head of his cock tapped her opening.

Mace reached over his back and dragged off his shirt. Devin moaned and stretched out her hands, needing to touch. All those delicious, strong muscles bared just for her. She pressed her fingertips into his pecs, and sliding down, teasing the flat nipples.

His hands tightened on her hips as he pressed into her caresses.

"Fuck me," she commanding in whisper. She squirmed, trying to work his cock inside her.

"Soon, baby..." He pulled one hand free and gave her ass—or what he could reach of it—as smart tap. The pain turned to pleasure as he petted the same spot. "Hold on. Just a few minutes and I'm going to be inside this tight little pussy."

She moaned, unable to speak, her body trapped in full-on sensual response. Mace slid his cock between her pussy lips, not entering her, teasing her, coating his cock with her pussy juices.

"Here," Cayl announced. The square packet changed hands. "I do not care for the taste of latex," he said. "We much assure ourselves that you are disease free so we may fuck without the cover." He reached between her thighs, his fingers sliding between her pussy and Mace's cock. "I would love to see your thighs coated in our seed." He met Mace's stare. "That would be a sensual sight, would it not?"

"Fuck yeah." Mace leaned back, not far, just enough to roll the condom up his cock.

"And should I come inside you both, I will be able to protect you better."

Mace looked over. "Protect us?"

"Yes, when we combine fluids you take a little piece of me inside you." Cayl pressed up on his knees and leaned in to kiss Mace. "The sparkles will return to your eyes and as before we will be able to share thoughts through our own collective memory."

Mace blinked. Devin could see his mind focus on Cayl's words and not on fucking her. There she was—naked and ready to fuck—and her lovers were talking about alien physiology? I don't think so.

"Please." She released a soft moan and arched her back, displaying her breasts and capturing her lovers' attention. She deepened her already husky voice. "I need you."

Mace's eyes glowed—not with the glitter that filled Cayl's but with a purely human hunger.

"Our little beauty needs to be fucked." The way he drawled the words made her ache.

"Yes, Mace. Put your cock in her and I will provide attention on her tits." Lust flared in Cayl's gaze as he bent down, his lips latching onto one tight nipple and sucking her. The strong pull sent a lightning jolt into her pussy. She gasped and blinked her eyes open, staring up at Mace. The edges of his lips curled up into a dangerous smile.

Mace locked his gaze on hers and lined his cock up to her entrance. Breath caught in the back of her throat. She looked up at him, waiting. He nudged the head into her cunt, just the tip. That smile grew wider and he moved.

He grabbed her hips and thrust into her, filling her pussy in one long stroke. Every nerve fired. She clamped her lips down to hold back the scream, the pleas for more.

Mace drove forward until he was fully seated in her pussy. One heartbeat and the pulled back, a slow, steady retreat. She wrapped her leg around his back and tried to pull him inside her, harder, deeper.

"Slow down, baby. I've been three weeks without being inside this pussy. I want to feel all of you."

Despite her best efforts, Mace wouldn't be rushed, he fucked her in long deep strokes, giving her just enough, balancing on the edge but not quite sending her over.

Cayl was with her every step of the way. With each thrust, he groaned as if he could feel Mace inside her. Cayl focused on her breasts, licking and sucking, adding wicked bites to her nipples that made them sing.

She lost herself in the motions, the sweet tugs, the delicious thick shaft riding her pussy. She rocked back, driving Mace deeper with each stroke, clutching Cayl to her breast, craving every bit of sensation flowing through her body.

"Please," she begged again. The word barely left her mouth when Mace leaned over her, pressing high on his hands, plunging his cock into her in hard, steady thrusts, each stroke brushing across her clit.

Heat swelled in her pussy and she cried out, screaming as the orgasm raced through her body. Her pussy tightened then released, delicious pleasure flooding her limbs.

Barely aware, she felt Mace thrust into her once and again before his body tensed over hers. His shout was joined by Cayl's and she felt a hot rush of come flow over her stomach.

Devin let her head drop back on the bed, exhausted, her body humming with the lingering vibrations of her orgasms. Hot male bodies moved against her sides.

The rough denim teased her skin but she couldn't react, couldn't move, barely had the brain power to keep breathing.

"She is so delicious," Cayl murmured. "Even now I can taste her on my tongue."

Mace hummed his agreement. Her eyes fluttered open and she was pretty sure she was smiling. Mace leaned over her and placed a soft kiss on her mouth. He shifted away and Cayl took his place, his lips on hers. He explored her mouth with a slow sensual kiss, then dropped back beside her.

Strong male fingers rubbed her skin, letting her float.

"She is so beautiful," Cayl whispered. "We must cuddle her now, yes? So she will let us fuck her again."

Mace nodded and let his arm cross her chest, cupping her breast.

Cayl matched the position, fingertips tweaking her nipple.

"How long until she recovers?" Cayl asked. "I have not been inside her since returning, and while having her come against my mouth and watching you fuck her was most intriguing, I fear my cock has remained hard and would do best should I be allowed to fuck her."

A whimper escaped from her throat. Mace chuckled. "I think she likes that idea."

Cayl hummed and slipped his hand between her legs. "But she had not been punished yet, has she?" he asked.

Her eyes snapped open and she met the hot, arrogant stares of her lovers.

"No, she hasn't," Mace answered.

"Then when she is recovered, I will spank her then fuck her. Is that acceptable?"

He directed the question to Mace. Mace's smile widened and damn, if his eyes didn't sparkle with laughter.

"I think that's perfectly acceptable."

Devin gasped. They were making decisions to fuck her again without including her in the plans. She opened her mouth to protest but Cayl wasn't done.

"When we are done and we all need rest, we will begin the preparation for me to fuck your ass."

This time it was Mace's head that snapped up.

"Uh..."

She couldn't help but giggle. Mace looked at her and her giggle turned into a laugh. Cayl was definitely going to keep them both on their toes.

About the Author

Tielle (pronounced “teal”) St. Clare has had a life-long love of romance novels. She began reading romances in the 7th grade when she discovered Victoria Holt novels and began writing romances at the age of sixteen (during Trigonometry, if the truth be told). During her senior year in high school, the class dressed up as what they would be in twenty years—Tielle dressed as a romance writer. When not writing romances, Tielle has worked in public relations and video production for the past twenty years. She moved to Alaska when she was seven years old in 1972 when her father was transferred with the military. Tielle believes romances should be hot and sexy with a great story and fun characters.

Tielle welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

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