



FERAL FORCE

By

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“Excuse me, commander Goro, but I don’t understand what you mean by bond mate. Don’t we all eventually become were-mates through the standard blood-exchange bond?” Although, everyone knew Goro, the biggest manipulator in the universe aside from the emperor who Goro killed months ago, couldn’t be trusted.

“Asha, Thrax is a bondsman, a unique telepath from a solar system on the other side of the universe, a telepath who can sense a mate’s biorhythms. He will mask your medium power, preventing you from drawing the !Dakos to this quadrant.” Goro locked his fiery orange gaze upon me. “It’s imperative we prevent these uncooperative cyborgs from locating The Order’s training facility.”

Whatever. First, it was *join the cause and become a were-assassin*. Then, I hear *oops, you’re the wrong kind of psychic we’re looking for*. Now, they want me to mate with this extraterrestrial who can save their asses from my unruly power. And I’m supposed to believe my manipulative commander? “So, you’re going to dump me on his space station?”

“I apologize for the callousness in our action to distance you from our base. But our duty is to protect the cadets and were-mates who guard free thinkers from the Mawshwucs.”

Mawshwucs, legendary vampires, are still causing trouble among the free-thinking refugees left behind after the emperor’s death. That means I’m the problem. I stared out the glassy viewport’s window at our shuttle drifting up to dock inside the space station.

The Mawshwucs just kept sucking the life out of everything. I should have stayed on Earth and happily clung to my meager existence as a computer analyst. Then I would at least know what the future held. Safe familiar boredom. Here, I’m getting shafted with some alien who probably has extra limbs or bug eyes. And since sex created the mate bond, the *shafted* part of that brief blow-by-blow of my pathetic life resonated quite literally. I followed Goro’s swinging knee-length black leather coat through a hissing doorway and to the end of a long corridor illuminated with blinding white light.

White noted the good guys. Right?

Another door hissed.

Goro’s broad shoulders led me into a space of equal brightness and stepped aside, revealing a humanoid sitting with his back to us, knees jutting out in his cross-legged meditative position.

Just like the psychics who ran and flew spacecraft. Why was he meditating? Maybe praying for a new hairstyle. He had almost waist-length black and white dreadlocks. Not a hairdo I’d encountered yet. But his white shirt and snug pants were standard non-were-assassin free-thinking in color. Whereas, black leather suited mercenary work.

“Forgive our intrusion, Thrax. But I must depart at once to ensure the !Dakos don’t follow me if they’re attracted to Asha’s harmonic force.”

Great. Literally dump me here. I’ll be perceived as a pain in the ass. I’d rather be a mascot. Something told me that wasn’t happening.

Goro cast me a determined stare and brushed air past my body.

Gone. Abandoning me in the middle of BFE outer space three months after my volunteering for psychic service. What kind of idiot Earth woman put herself in this situation in 2013?

I'm just dreaming this nightmare.

I'll wake up soon.

Thrax rose gracefully.

Lengthened by his lean build but actually standing only about a head taller than me. Why wouldn't he turn? Was he hiding something? A hideous face?

He turned, the dreadlock twists barely moving, exposing the most amazing painted or tattooed mask with chartreuse skin. Except for a wide white band cutting left to right beneath his eyes spanning down to his finely-carved lower lip. A strange sketched triangle like a black goatee pointed down from his sensuous mouth. Probably another tat. But those dark eyes were what demanded my attention.

"You are the one?" he asked in a soft insistent tone.

I guess so. "Yes."

"Come to me, Asha. I must unite our biorhythms." He extended a white palm.

Not tainted chartreuse.

I was suddenly there, sliding my palm across his smooth warm skin.

Heat. There was so much delicious comforting heat. Pulling me beneath his dark assessing stare. Beneath that tangle of ropes. His hair.

A tingle riddled through my cells until my body shivered.

Nice. Even though the reaction could be little more than a blaring warning.

His soft mouth covered mine.

Forcefully. Hungrily as his hands snaked up and down my back, exploring my ass, pressing me against what had to be something as hard and rigidly male as any guy packed back home. Then his arms snaked upward to lock me inside his tight embrace.

As if I'd want to escape all the security flooding through my core.

What a silly notion.

His head withdrew enough where his barely-split lips hovered, his black gaze studying mine. "My bonded," he whispered and dropped that exquisite velvet mouth against my neck.

Pressing. Massaging. Setting a chill loose to tease me into clinging to the muscles hidden beneath his shirt's cool fabric.

A wave of molten heat gushed down inside me to curl low in my belly.

Gods, to merge with the serenity.

Become one with the life beating beneath my palms. Oh to find buttons, a zipper, or Velcro on this shirt. To slide my fingers inside the seam against the supple flesh that had to lay beyond that hidden opening. Who cared if we hadn't gotten beyond first names and only spent a few minutes in the same room together? All I wanted was to lie down and spread my legs. Welcome his peacefulness. Have him whisper anything he wanted.

Sink into my soul.

Show me what it's like to be *your bonded*.

He hoisted me into his arms, never relinquishing his hypnotic mouth's suction of my neck. And then I settled atop the softest fur. Fur so white I could only feel it as the light whitewashed the fluff with the gift of invisibility.

He just stood there, magically opening a seam down the front of his shirt, revealing the same chartreuse and white bands of color along his midline. He plucked one arm at a time from the shirt's encasing sleeve.

Muscles. Not too many. Just enough to run your hands across. Bet they were as warm as his hands and mouth.

My core begged Thrax come to me.

Hurry. I yanked off my standard cadet black boots and wriggled out of my black leather pants and top until the silky fur caressed my bare backside.

He shoved his pants down.

And out the longest cock popped.

Ready for duty. Not what I expected. Striped black and white. Like a snake. *Hmm*. Snakes aren't good. But the black rings were balanced with white.

"Touch it, my bonded."

Better to be bit on the hand than internally. Find out if he had any hidden surprises. I curled my fingers around the silky length of his rod.

His pulse throbbed in my palm.

He threw his head back, dreadlocks slipping behind his shoulders, and he groaned.

Nice reaction. I stroked the firm length of his shaft.

He fell toward me, his chest stopping at the end of his arms where his hands braced him overhead.

His desire puffing through his nostrils, Thrax was beyond gorgeous.

And I had him by the tail.

"I'm going to make you mine now." His intense stare spoke louder than his whisper.

I could send my own little messages with a squeeze or two.

His glinting gaze flicked back and forth between his dancing erection and my gaze.

"Each dark ring I earned as I mastered the skills to protect my bonded."

Well, that didn't make sense. "I thought you were born with your power?" One I could quickly become addicted to.

"Weakness stabilized by strength." He leaned down, caught my mouth in a gentle love bite, and raked his teeth across my lower lip.

Gods! I'll be his weakness or strength. Just fuck me senseless.

His bite released my lip. He thrust the tip of his nose against mine and stared into my eyes as if he could see into my soul. "Bondsmen must earn the right to safeguard those requiring protection. I have passed the tests set before me. And I claim my bonded."

Claim whatever you want.

His cock flinched in my fist as if demanding its territory.

Be my guardian. I drew my fist up his rod's solid thickness, gliding my light grip, until the smooth damp tip was buried inside my grasp. "Claim me, Thrax."

He moaned, shoving his chest into mine, pushing my back into the fur. He breathed hot breath against my ear and gently nudged my hand from his hard-on.

All this waiting was going to be the death of me. Wasn't he here to prolong my existence?

His mouth covered mine again.

His tongue dipping between my lips, testing. Just to have him sink into my aching channel.

My hips rocked against his lanky form with a mind of their own.

"Please," I gasped into his mouth's void.

He growled.

The kind of sound only wild animals made. Looks like he didn't get to bond often or at all until staking his claim. Good. I'm not the sharing type.

His hips tilted off me.

Yes. Now. I lifted mine to help him hit the mark.

He released me from his kiss and chuckled. "They say there is nothing like mating with a bondsman."

That beaming smile lit up the darkness in his black eyes. Only making my heart ache for hard rough sex. "I wouldn't know. You haven't shown me what it's like yet."

His ebony eyes barely flashed at me.

He thrust his hips. The smooth head of his rigid length wedged inside my tender flesh.

Driving my breath from my lungs. Making my soul quake from the superb pressure. Oh, to gnaw on his collarbone. To roll him on his back and grind his cock into a nub that wouldn't surface for air for a week.

He paused mid-stroke. "Have I injured you?"

"No. Harder. Faster."

He rose a bit on his knees and passionately started pumping into me.

Building my inner need with every unnerving stroke of the tip of his cock across my G-spot. Driving me into a wild begging frenzy. My little squeals heightened into blatant cries of enthusiasm. I clawed my fingernails into his back and rammed my hips with equal force into his strokes.

And gasped for air.

Precious, life-sustaining air.

He dragged in a curdling breath of his own and plowed home.

Hammering his striped club into me, over and over.

My neck arched. But I couldn't stop. Wouldn't stop. Not until he'd squeezed every last atom of oxygen from my body. And that seemed his intent. To mark me with measured patience or unleashed fervor.

Yes. The legends about sex with a bondsman were true.

We screamed together.

My soul exploded in a shower of liquid heat.

Amazing, beautiful warmth.

Ecstasy ricocheted through me.

He continued impaling my convulsing channel with frantic thrusts, choppy movements, shortening to grind to a frantic halt.

Sticky and wet, we seemed glued together at the juncture of our thighs. Like we became one. Hopefully, time will prove our relationships a joining of minds more than simply sex.

Although sex was good.

"Our essences are melded," he whispered against my ear. "Our biorhythms united. Now that I share my protection with you, I'll show you how it will be between us." He marched sucking kisses across my cheek to my lips, graced them with a sweet kiss, then those lips trekked down my neck.

All the way down to my breasts. Friction tickling from the ends of his dragging dreadlocks.

He pushed my mounds together and began nipping at one taut beaded nipple.

Pull. Suck. Tug.

Driving my need to jolt through my core.

Yes. Thrax tended to my needs. My boring future beamed brightly regardless of my disobedient psychic medium power. The feral force. One that gifted me a bondsman.