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Ménage Amour

SALVATION FOR THREE

ENDLAND CHRONICLES

LIZA CURTIS BLACK

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The Endland Chronicles 1

Liza Curtis Black

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

For my own ultimate alpha male, who encouraged, edited and believed.

For my sisters. You are always, in all ways, perfect.

For Barb, who laughed, listened and tells me honestly when I'm crazy.

For J & C if they let me choose, I would always choose you.

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Prologue

"Welcome to the Endlands," a smooth female voice announced from the drone that circled the cargo bay.

The drone continued to spin overhead and search the space, red lights blinking, camera monitoring activity when little occurred. Keer flicked a glance at the whirring machine and moved into one of the jump seats wedged tightly against a bulkhead. She felt the ship lurch as the auto-captain began a slow descent, straight to the nearest flat surface. She tensed, holding her breath. Auto-pilots were the generally accepted captains of freighters but she'd rather place her trust in a human or alien pilot. Unfortunately, no human being could land this bucket of bolts without it falling apart. Still, she didn't like being the only breathing decision-maker on a freighter this size. Autopilots were eerie.

"Okay, tinhead, get this thing on the ground." The drone zipped over and blinked its red lights at her, camera focusing. Keer raised a gloved hand and slapped at the whizzing dome, which ducked. "Get lost, mud fly, or I won't miss," she muttered under her breath.

"Mud flies are not prevalent in the Endlands." The information files loaded quickly even in an auto drone. "However, precautions should be taken to wear protective shield gear in case of lunar wind

exposure. Shield gear is available in the..." The drone's files clicked, searching for inventory on the empty freighter.

"Shield gear in place." Keer decided to let the drone off easy. It would hover, searching its data files and find nothing. The hold of the out-of-service cargo ship would have no protective gear. Cavernous and empty, it had been a cheap rental. She had only what her backpack contained to venture into the Endlands.

The ship thumped against the ground soundly. She relaxed her tense posture and leaned into the seat. The drone moved on to weather. "Temperatures in the Endlands on your arrival, 6 degrees Celsius measurement. Remember to protect from lunar wind blast, which will alternate in forty-eight minute cycles with each moon passing. Equipment should be fiber tied. Endland's landscape is shifting constantly. Please refer to your microcompass for bearings.

"Etah, third moon from the planet, provides supply ports and recreation bays for all Endlands travelers, featuring entertainment, credit gambling and automated pleasure for visitors. Consider visiting Etah for your recreational needs." The drone sounded almost cheery at the prospect. "Return travel to Etah is not available."

Keer stopped listening after a moment. The drone couldn't provide her with any information above what she'd already gleaned from the colonists' reports. Just as well she wouldn't be traveling to Etah for supplies or recreation. She carried what she needed in her jump suit and pack. Etah, a moon for space sailors from any port, filled with sex and pleasure droids had never appealed to her, although both human and alien races indulged in the habit.

Keer had read the science behind the droids and the theories of the Terran scientists. The automation of sex with toys and bots was believed to have contributed to the shortage of female humans. She bore witness to what automated sex droids had done to the Alliance ranks. Child-bearing women became scarce in the Inner Planetary range. Sex for pleasure seemed far easier than the emotional entanglement of a marriage contract or love. And then fertility began

to diminish and alarming rates.

While ova could always be fertilized by the machines in the labs and the nursery droids could raise the human and alien offspring, a female of any species who could carry an egg to term was treated alternatively as a goddess and a prisoner.

Keer squelched the thoughts as they crept in. She'd stayed hidden in the human populace of space bondsmen for over ten years. No one would assume a small human female would be capable of tracking fugitives from the Colony Alliance prison ships, much less bear healthy offspring. Her pheromones, carefully masked, had no discernable scent. Scent could give her away to human or alien. Her mother had seen to that.

After being held in a near-prison cell during her child-bearing years, Lhan Teho had resumed her Alliance position as a scientist. Most of her lab time, Lhan spent researching how to mask her natural daughter's fertility. Lhan had implanted the pheromone mask nodule behind the marker chip that all women subjected themselves to at fourteen earth turns.

Keer remembered hearing her mother whisper to soothe her under her breath as she made the laser incision herself, typed in the monitoring data and then calculated the years of possible fertility. Before she slid the chip into place, she placed the tiny nodule in Keer's wrist.

Keer watched in fascination, her arm numbed by the nurse droid that Lhan had then distracted with a "Stop drip" command. The droid recorded only the placement of the monitor chip. The nodule remained unseen. Four more nodules had been made and stored carefully for Keer's use should the mask fail. She carried one with her at all times, hidden in her skin suit or in her sting gun.

Her mother had told her she would have to laser her own skin, without the numbing gel and replace the nodule if she found herself in dire straits. Keer knew if it meant saving her own life and guaranteeing her freedom she could slice her wrist without blinking.

No one would put her in the bondage of a fertile cage to be used by human males and alien alike. Failure was not an option.

Keer shifted in the jump seat, squirming at the thoughts. The nodule might mask her pheromones, but for the time when her fertility peaked, the burning for a mate became nearly unbearable.

After the age of eighteen she had taken to becoming a hermit during her fertile period. She would hide in her living quarters, prowling at night, watching blue vids and attempting to soothe her restlessness. She tried the sex droids but the coldness of a bot's touch had been bewildering.

Keer had been with one fumbling teenage boy in an attempt to stop the burning. He grappled with her in the supply cabin of her mother's lab, his breath smelling of pseudo alcohol and his skin clammy to the touch. Keer found his kisses bearable, praying he could ease that burning that had grown between her thighs. After he'd clumsily kissed her, shoving his tongue farther into her mouth than a Neld Warrior, he had squeezed her breasts to bruising, biting her nipples and handling her so roughly she had nearly screamed at him to get on with the fucking.

She wanted him to ease that scalding heat that no amount of her own rubbing seemed to relieve. It had been over with so fast she barely felt his small cock penetrate. A sharp pain, and then he hunched over her, groaning and crying out in seconds.

"Gods, Keer," he'd said as he pressed his damp forehead against her chest. "You are incredible! I knew you were a hot female!" After that, she used the sex bots until the humiliation of burning the energy unit out, not once but twice during her fertile cycle, had driven her back to suffering alone through her peaks. If a sex bot couldn't keep up with her drive then how could any human male or alien, if she'd even consider it? Her own hand and portable sex toys would have to do.

Over the last three hundred earth turns, males had become experts at finding the fertile females. They banded in groups believing they

could "save" the human race if they imprisoned the remaining fertile females. Then women rebelled.

Women planet-wide took to hiding the fertile females in safe houses that moved from zone to zone to protect the fugitives.

No one questioned Keer's refusal to help hunt her sisters. No one, in this dangerous time, thought a thing of her failure to act as a bond hunter for females at risk.

"They aren't breaking any Colony laws. Have murdered no one, stolen credits or air-pirated a cargo ship," she blandly told her supervisor, Drak Voi. "I didn't know you were such a devoted Alliance citizen, Keer. Are you tellin' me you do this gig because you're a frustrated policing droid?"

"Piss off, freak hunter." Drak left it at that. Keer then resorted to planet gutter talk in a rare show of temper. Drak had hired her and gained her loyalty for as long as he employed her and he knew when to leave the small hunter be.

The other bondsmen laughed when she showed up for the bonding exam. A human female with little bionic implanting other than retina plants and a steel plated arm, the result of a fall from a Terran trawler as a child, couldn't be worth considering. A human who weighed no more than forty or fifty kilos going on a bondsman hunt? Not likely in the world of hunters who trained with Neld Warriors as recreation.

Drak watched Keer stand, spine like steel in her jump skin, with no weapons. Black hair wisped around her jump hood, she barely topped five foot-three. She had more curves than any licensed sex droid he'd seen and well equipped to fill out a skin suit the way Terran Nature had intended. He made no secret that, should she need a volunteer, he would be happy to help her out.

Most males favored the tall Amazon-like females that dominated the bondsmen trade, along with the hissing aliens, natives of Neld. A Neld female came equipped with two legs resembling any human female and two breasts, huge by any species' standard, but skin almost reptilian in nature, cold to the touch with the texture of scales.

The Neld were prized as lovers for their other talents, which included a coiled tongue said to drive aliens and humans mindless. Keer assumed that Drak would be attracted to anyone but a small, seemingly helpless human like herself. Certainly a tall, leggy alien could meet any sexual perversion he cared to engage in.

Drak's tastes ran to protection. He was a bear of a man, nearly as big as the Neld warriors he tested. Drak sported a spiked black and silver earring in one lobe the same color as his military-issue hair.

Keer had seen Drak in torn jump skins before. His chest, muscled and masked with crisp hair, was certainly eye popping to any female, much less one with four days a month of miserable driving heat to contend with. Drak's eyes, the color of a black Terran night, crinkled with laugh lines that gave away his humor. She knew he'd be good in any sleeping quarter he chose to jump.

It crossed her mind at times, thinking surely a man that size could at least ease her feminine needs. She pushed the thoughts away. One didn't dip one's skin gun in the company pool.

Drak realized there would be no sex play with Keer and took a stance as guardian and friend instead. Keer's small stature brought the male combatant innate in Drak's character to a rise. Right up until he saw her take two alien warriors down as they stood over her laughing.

The warriors, over seven feet in height were unprepared for how fast Keer could move. Vulnerability was an illusion Keer had crafted carefully over time, working in front of the reflecting walls of her cabin. She had gauged everything from response time to the angle needed to hit a warrior from below when an alien or human male could be nearly two feet taller than she stood. To be a success, her mother taught her she must use the skill she had been given or implanted. She might need them to save her own skin one day.

The Nelds, unknowing of the retina implants and the strengthened arm, made perfect victims. One warrior even dared to allow his lengthy alien cock to rise from the shields he wore, a direct taunt to Keer and an insult akin to being flashed by a rec port pervert. She

scanned reported weakness in shield armor, blinking as the sensor in her eyes flashed the information to her synaptors. Then she used that to her advantage, striking at them like a viper, one foot flashing out and a sharp elbow used in upswing. The warriors, unprepared for attack, had grunted on hitting the mat, and then reached for sting guns.

"Cease!" Drak interceded. "You two!" He pointed at the Nelds. "Come back next month after you learn to gage the speed of a gifted human female." The warriors' snake-like eyes narrowed, and they hissed curses at him as they left. Drak had dropped a large hand on Keer's shoulder. "Bondsman, you have a job. Report to processing for sign up."

Keer's grudging respect for Drak had grown, and they became friends over time, learning each other's habits.

Drak found that he could send Keer in to snatch a running fugitive who would assume she was defenseless. Eventually those fugitives would find themselves fiber tied and tossed in a cargo hold on their way back to a prison colony faster than a Neld could slip his skin.

The last alien fugitive she had snatched had not been surprised by her attack. He fought her with every slime trick at his disposal. After cutting her jump suit and drawing blood with a sting gun she had finally razor bound him, ignoring his bleeding arms and legs.

"Continue to move and you will sever a leg. Even a Neld warrior wouldn't fight this capture." She tsked at the alien who continued to writhe against the razor.

"Human bitch, I've heard of you. Bondhunter." He spat at her. "Word is out. You won't be tracking much longer."

She'd been a bondsman for ten years, so she reasoned the alien probably spoke truth. But as long as the pheromone mask stayed in place, she would hunt, or she would be forced to run.

This runner had ripped her newest jump skin, drawing blood across one breast. She'd seen the sick desire rise in his eyes when he encountered her blood flowing. She had nightmares about that look

and about being on the receiving end of a hunt that would end in human or alien gang rape.

Hunting for Drak Voi, earning that pile of credits every earth turn, seemed a better alternative than risking capture if the mask failed. That would make her no better than the runners that she tracked.

Keer felt the landing gateway engage, jerking her from her reverie. She zipped her jumpsuit and checked the straps on the pack she carried. Five days' supply in the Endlands was too much to haul so she had settled for two days. She would hope for the best. She didn't want to recall this freighter twice. It was expensive renting a full sized freighter, and while Drak would make sure she got the credits back, she was frugal enough to keep an eye on her Alliance fund balance closely. You never knew when you'd have to jump ship. Her peak would be here soon. She needed to get in and get out of the Endlands before the agony of delayed sexual release started to weigh down on her.

"Keer Teho request away to ground." The cargo hold gate began grinding open. Creaking and protesting, the door finally dropped. A cascade of red dust rose around the metal bridge.

"Two days before the return of this freight. Confirm." The annoying drone hovered in front of her, refusing to move.

"Yeah, yeah, two days, ok?" Red lights turned blue at her answer and the whirring drone removed itself back to the hold.

"Enjoy your stay in the Endlands."

Chapter 1

"Cold as a Horvak Witch," Keer muttered as she stepped out into the red dust. A desolate landscape stretched beyond the ship. No sign of life, just red dust moving in circles above the plain. Far from the Colonists' domed city, no moving creature or plants of any kind dotted the terrain, although Keer's research told of subter lizards that were a danger. Red rocks the size of mountains surrounded the canyon where the freighter landed. She shivered and tapped the wrist of her jump suit to active the heat sensors and then moved toward the Endlands horizon. The three moons, silver slivers, shown across the plain.

Colonists' reports led her to believe her latest runner holed up in a cave miles from the nearest subterranean city. While a domed city could be a relatively safe place in the Endlands, no one ventured out to the rocks. Getting mauled by a subter lizard out for an afternoon meal would not be a not good way to die. She ran two miles to stay warm before she saw the shadow of the overhang described in the colonists' latest missive.

"Jagged cliff edge that reflects back three moons." She checked her microcomp. This should be it. Assuring herself her razor ties were folded into her boot and her sting gun was attached to her left wrist, she flared the cuffs of her jump suit out. Pulling a flame red scarf from the pack, she tied it to her upper arm as was the fashion in the resort colonies. An average tourist snapping cam vids of the cliffs was the image she hoped to present. She sighed, doubting the runner would buy it, but still thought it worth a try.

Pulling a small cosmetic applier from the pocket of the skin suit,

she flipped it open. A mirror reflected her pale face back, and she grimaced. Her lips chapped and flaking, her skin the color of dried milk. It wasn't a pretty picture. Dark hair ran wild around the hooded suit. Her mother and nature had gifted her with long black lashes that framed green eyes but it wouldn't be enough to entrance a runner. She pushed the hood back and ran her fingers through her hair, combing. "Apply," she muttered into the side sensor.

A beam came from the reflecting screen. Keer closed her eyes and waited. Laser manual application of cosmetics would be considered archaic for most females. It was popular to opt for perm surgery but Keer had seen those women when they aged. She did not want to be clown-like at eighty earth turns and unable to afford the adjustment treatments on a fixed credit income.

The light faded and she looked again. Smooth skin, a slight flush provided by the cosmetics, eyes rimmed with ashy color and dewy, pouting lips flashed back in the view screen. A face only a sailor in rec port could love, she thought. Maybe her runner would buy the "tourist out for a walk" bit.

Keer tapped one booted foot against the other and small stilettos appeared where chunked heels had been before. She swayed slightly, heels digging into the dirt. It would slow her down until she could drop the running boots back into place but it would add to the sway that she hoped would lead the runner to her.

Pulling a small pic-cam from her pack, she looped a strap around her wrist and walked toward the jagged cliffs, hips swinging in the heeled boots, pausing and stopping to crouch. She appeared to be filming the cliffs along the way.

She saw the first glint of movement within minutes of nearing the rocks. Casually, she reached one arm across her chest to loosen the red scarf pushing her suit fastener down with the move revealing dusty pink nipples. A little flesh hanging in the cold breeze might help matters along.

Traditional undergarments had been long gone after jump skins

came into fashion. Nothing could help a girl's lovelife like a built-in push-up bra and a second-skin jump suit clinging to whatever curves the Terran Mother had given her. A tinge of heat tingled against her skin at exposing herself, and a quiver ran down her legs. She grimaced. Her peak was coming. She needed more time. She checked the horizon.

The retinal scan showed the runner to be a small man, close to her own size and human. That was a relief. Taking down the huge, hulking Nelds were putting a toll on her. *"So, no fish scale wrestling tonight. Thank the gods."*

She shifted her hips, a purely feminine gesture, and then gave a small gasp and sank to the ground in what she hoped appeared to be a faint. Rolling as she fell, her breasts nearly tumbled out of the loosened suit. She resisted the urge to hiss from the cold. *"Come and get it, boy, before I freeze these twins off and they go to waste."*

He advanced from the north side, evidently sure of himself and his prey, making as much noise as a garbage trawler through the sand and dirt. Stumbling and pushing red gravel in front of him, he half ran. Keer's fingers pulled the sting gun, sliding it down into her grasp.

She could smell him before he got within a hundred yards. She let him roll her over and lean closer, holding her breath to ward off the stench. *Gods help us, he smells worse than a boar herder.* She gave a helpless moan for effect and took a breath, pushing her breasts further out of the suit, and then slipped her tongue out to moisten her lips.

"Bless you, Terra Earth, it's a real female!" He sniffed her appreciatively and ran his nose nearly in her chest, then pushed a rough finger down the open suit fastener attempting to grasp the two globes that jutted directly at his face. One red dirt-soiled hand came in contact with her breast before Keer shifted, pushing the treasure into his palm. When he groaned in appreciation, she pounced, pulling the razor coil out and sending it with a metallic snap down, bonding the runner's legs together. She came up in a crouch, fast, and jerked hard, simultaneously pointing the gun at the runner's left shoulder and

zipping him with a sting.

He screamed before he hit the ground, red dust rising around him. "Bitch! You're a fucking bondsman?" he wailed at her, a hand grabbing the bleed in his shoulder. Then began to shriek as the razor tie cut his legs through the ragged jump boots he wore. "Gods help me!" He writhed for a moment then thought better of it. "They'll find you. You won't make it out of here before they come." The runner had stopped moving against the razor wire and lay still, gasping in pain.

"The Alliance has me registered here, pig-breath. No one's getting caught but you today." Hunter's teeth! What was the man babbling about?

"The lunar winds hide..." he spat at her as she watched him, one eyebrow raised waiting for the wailing to stop. He began to gasp at the pain.

She assessed the dirty man. "Colonists have been looking for you for nearly a full three moon turns." Keer was puzzled. He looked to be well fed. He wore dirty and shredded clothes, but still appeared nourished and hydrated. "Have you been eating subter beetles to survive or stealing from the City?" Stealing more likely, she thought

Subter beetles had an armor coat, although she had heard they made a good stew if you were patient enough to steam the armor away. A lot of runners lasted months in the Endlands if they moved quickly enough to catch food. This particular prisoner didn't strike Keer as smart enough or fast enough to survive the red dust and the lunar storms.

"They give me food if I move the rocks at night." He grunted in pain again. "Have to watch for the lizards but if you stink badly enough they won't catch you." So that explained the smell. He could certainly be successful if stench was his bodyguard.

Even in pain, he ogled her skin, breasts still bursting from the bra inset and low fastener on the jumpskin. She holstered the sting gun and adjusted herself back into the suit, sealing it tight against the breeze.

"Who's got you moving rocks?" Keer eyed him, grabbing for his wrist as he winced. She felt for his tracking chip. Locating the chip, she pressed down, activating the secondary track.

"They're in the subter. Hunting for females." He groaned involuntarily as the razor tie cut another thin line through his dust-covered boots and a trickle of red began to drip onto the clay.

"Females." Keer laughed, hoisting the runner up to his knees and then his feet with her enhanced arm. "Keep pace and the wire won't cut. Try to run and I'll lash your arms too." She activated the callback pouch for the freighter which was probably not yet out of range. The drum of the engines carried over the dust. She started back with the runner at a stilted trot to the dry reservoir of the landing site.

"The Colonists here only have a one-to-seven female quota. They won't let them get away so easily, runner. And no fertile females to be had in the ten planet range." She tossed that in for good measure.

Her pulse had picked up pace at the Runner's claims, but what could he know after months spent hiding in the Endlands? Her skin felt hot as she began the run back to the reservoir, face flushing. *"Not yet, Terran Mother. Please not yet."* She had to get off this planet and back to her own safe living quarters a comfortable half-million light years from the Endlands and from anyone hunting someone like her.

The small man's eyes narrowed as he laughed again. "I move the rocks at night so the City guard won't see the trawler the hunters use or the tracks in the dust they leave behind. They have to be covered to hide from the Colonists. Then the storms come and it doesn't matter. They say the City holds a puny race, afraid of their shadow. Those warriors say a female is coming. And she's fertile. They say it like it's their truth." He paused, thinking. "They'll come for you. Even if you are barren dirt." He grinned, teeth blackened from a phet drug habit that had earned him prison ship time to begin with.

"They're as big as Neld's and they don't sleep, not more than a lunar wind cycle." He cackled to himself. "If they look at you, they'll have you. Something about those eyes. You can't say no to them.

You'll see." He leaned forward, leering. "Wait until the winds come. Wonder if they'll flip a credit for you." He cackled a dry laugh again as he trotted beside her. "You'll be spread wide for one of the hunters. You'll see."

Keer had a flash momentarily in her retina implant of lying, legs sprawled, under a huge man, wild golden hair streaming from his strained features, his back a mass of knotted muscles as he pushed into her. One iron-girded arm bore a twisted metal circlet. He was pounding her mercilessly, driving her so hard her legs flew out with each thrust. His hips grinding against her thighs. She could see her own slickness on his massive cock as he pulled back and then forced the purple-domed head into her sheath.

The picture was as sharp as any view screen image. It sent a spike of heat straight between her legs making her pussy tighten. She nearly groaned aloud. Another large hand lay between her white belly and the hard sweat-slick skin of the blond giant. The hand was pinching her nipple, pulling until the tip was flushed and hard.

Another man, dark haired and as big as the golden warrior, lay underneath her. He pushed in tandem his cock equally as large burrowed in her rear checks.

She was screaming and it was not with fear.

Chapter 2

A noise coming from across the plain snapped her back to reality. Her brain, numb from the hallucination, could not process the sound. Threads of heat pooled in her stomach and descended between her legs. She must not think of the vision she had seen. She could feel the hot moistness building in her sex as the bud between her legs began to swell. Gods, it was going to be too late. . Her pussy was contracting in spasms nearly incapacitating in the burn. She would have to razor bind this runner's mouth and hide in the pilot cabin until the freighter took her to safety.

She stretched out and forced herself to begin a fast jog, pulling the runner with her. He continued laughing wildly as they ran toward the descending freighter, the dust swirling in dark clouds around them.

"Too late, bond hunter. The storms are coming. When the storms come, they come."

The freighter gate dropped and she scrambled up the gangway, pulling the man behind her. Keer pushed the runner into the jump seat and yelled over the rising wind at the security drone.

"Keer Teho requesting return to prison ship *Agreeb*. Now."

The gate began to rise as the security drone repeated her commands and accessed the space coordinates of the *Agreeb*. She watched as the metal wall rose, creaking, pulling the door in a slow ascent. The storm had swirled so much dust into the cargo bay that she could barely make out the shape of a trawler as it flew toward the ship across the reservoir. She saw two figures jump out and begin a forward run.

Even from the distance, they were huge, muscled men with

squared shoulders wrapped in the traditional Endlands robes against the sand, faces covered from the raging windstorm. They did not pause against the blow of the red storm but accelerated the pace.

"Gate *Closed!*" She nearly shrieked the command, knowing full well that it would not hurry the process on the old ship. "Terran mother, get that thing up before they get to the ship. Before they get to me!" The pace of the two giants running across the dirt toward the gate, as if no red lunar dust existed, chilled her blood.

Keer knew they did not come for the runner who continued to laugh from the jump seat. She could see intent in those strides. They knew she was here. They knew she was ripe and fertile, and were coming for her.

As the gate finally reached near closure, she focused on the face of the closest man, terrified. His stare pierced through the dust, the color of Terran sun and precious amber. His hair, the wild gold in her hallucination, escaped the headcover, blowing against his face.

She ran to the gangway, still watching, grabbing a gate hold to pull up as the door closed, and peered out before the latch engaged. The blond giant ripped the cover from his head and looked across the plain at her. His jaw clenched in anger. He cupped his hands and called through the winds of the lunar storm.

"Woman." The voice boomed, echoing into the cabin. Keer gasped. She could hear him. In her mind, the voice resounded, loud and penetrating. Telepaths and hunters. Gods knew what else they were capable of.

"Woman. We come."

* * * *

"Orbit of The Endlands delayed due to lunar storm. Freighter will begin take off in..." The data chip in the security drone whirred. "Five Terran minutes."

Keer ran for the auto pilot. She might not be freighter licensed,

but she knew how to make a climb in a simple ship like this. "Remove pilot." She slid into the forward seat and scanned the console.

"Order remanded."

Silence greeted her, no console path light, no data chips whirring. Gods, this could not happen. Not now. She slammed a gloved hand against the autopilot console, impatient for response.

"*Remove* pilot." No sound returned above the roar of the storm shaking the freighter. Earth seconds ticked as she pounded the console with her words and her hand. "Remove Pilot *now*."

"Manual flight in ops. Pilot must engage." Finally the console flickered back to life. Keer slumped back in relief then pulled the double straps over the seat across her chest and reached for the helmet still snapped into the wall unit. If she crashed this bucket in a lunar storm, she wanted to keep her head intact.

The straining of the engines wasn't a good sign, but they were lifting. She adjusted the controls to heli up and over the storm thinking she could engage the blast engine once she cleared the red dust. The storm filled the freighter with shrieking, rattling metal. Blinding red dust blocked the monitor that would have shown the ascent.

Five hundred clicks up and the freighter should be above the storm. Keer gauged the clouds, watching the console for clearance. She tensed, feeling the rise, the winds buffeting against the ship that sounded like it was headed for space junk. She waited and counted clicks under her breath, hoping they would reach good air, praying for a way off this red dirt and away from the hunters.

It would have worked in theory, she reasoned later, if she could have just cleared the mountains.

Chapter 3

Keer must have lost consciousness briefly after the crash. The reinforced skin of the pilot's cabin had protected her jump seat and her neck but still it was a hard drop. She could feel pain in her arm and wondered vaguely as she lay in the remains of the cabin, the lunar wind howling, if she would have another enhanced limb after this trip.

Her fuzzy brain told her Drak was going to be furious. Crashing a rental freighter would cost more credits than the bloody trip into the Tarvian mine field she had taken when she was a young bondsman.

She blinked. Something warm ran across her face, dripping a red film on the eyeshield she had put into place before the ascent.

Blackness crept in at the edge of her vision. She could hear the remnants of the freighter being ripped apart around her. She thought the lunar winds must be tearing the shell of the ship apart. She moved her head, trying to release herself from under the bulkhead that had collapsed against her. *Drak will come. He'll find me.* Giving into the pain in her head and arm, she stopped moving. Dimly, she became aware of voices, even through the agony that assaulted her brain.

"Cian, she lives. She is wounded, but she lives." Warm hands grasped her shoulders, pulling on the straps.

"No." She tried to shake off the hands, still unable to see. The hands continued to torture her, lifting the metal that surrounded her. "Going to die. Find Drak," she muttered, her teeth beginning to chatter. The cold assailed her as the metal ripped away.

"Woman, you are foolish, and you are no freighter pilot." The voice was firm but gentle, accompanied by more pulling on the belt that held her to the seat. She cried out, the blackness and cold

descending on her. She tried to struggle, to resist with her good arm but even that failed her.

"Cease, my mate. You will not die. Tirin, remove the belt." More hands, warmer if possible, stilled her, and then she was free and falling forward to be caught and held against an impossibly wide, hard chest. She cried out in pain and felt the hands hold her carefully, lifting.

"Find Drak. He'll come for me."

"She has a mate! Who is this Drak she speaks of, Cian?"

She could feel the hunters wrapping her arm, trying to form a splint. Tears leaked from her eyes as the pain came crashing down.

"She has no mate. No human's scent is on her but that of the dead runner. If he did not lay dead, I would kill him now for touching her." Keer felt the tears on her face. She was crying, crying in shame and agony. Lost in the Endlands to two hunters who would lock her away. She had failed her mother after all this time. Failed to keep the secret of her very existence.

"Drak." Keer wanted to wail but her face hurt too badly. How could she activate the tracking chip to send for him when she couldn't see, couldn't lift her arms? The agony continued in waves, then trembling began then as shock set in. "I'm dying." She wanted to be conscious enough to pound her hands against this thickheaded hunter's chest.

"Cian, help her." She was moving, being carried like space cargo, from one hunter to another. This time the grasp was firmer. The heat from the big arms engulfed her and seemed to stream through her agony, numbing the pain, pushing her toward the darkness.

"Sleep. You will heal and come back to us. You will not die. This I swear to you." The rumble in his chest vibrated through her hands, soothing her broken body. She tried to fight the darkness, wanting Drak but somehow the hunter eased her fear. .

They carried her away from the crash. Away from the dead runner and the chip that she needed. Gods knew where she would end up this

time. Her last thoughts were of Drak. He would come for her. She knew he would.

* * * *

The hunters returned to the trawler. Cian folded himself into the rear compartment holding the female to him. Finally she had let the healing sleep take her. He rested her against his legs like a child, holding her to his chest as his lieutenant piloted the trawler across the red dirt to the hidden subter entrance.

He was astonished that such a small human female would be given to him to share with Tirin, his lieutenant commander. She felt as delicate as one of the Telaure flowers that his mother had favored. Small and fragile but lined with firm muscle. He pushed mentally, willing her body to mend itself.

He knew she felt pain and shock. The injury was somewhere in her arm, and bruises and cuts scoured her face and legs. He was aware of the pounding her head had taken in the crash but from the way she had struggled, she had some resource of will left. This mate of theirs was no coward. That was evident. He thought even the tears had been more of frustration and pain. While she might not top fifty kilos, her frame felt firm.

Cian shifted in the seat and let his hands explore her gently. Her hips flared out, and her legs were slim with a curved ass that didn't quite fill his grip. He pushed one hand across her ribs and under her breast, measuring. No enhancement made there by human scientist. She had large, full breasts for a small woman. Still unconscious, she moved against his leg. His cock turned to steel under her bottom in an instant. He grimaced and tried to adjust himself without jostling the woman.

Cian nudged her mentally, sending heat and calm through her brain. Her skin felt cool still under his touch. He worried that she would not be warm enough and lifted her legs, cradling her closer

against his skin and then against his burning rod.

He sent a sharp mental command to his bot implant. "*Stop virile action.*" Then he grunted when the reaction jolted him like a Terran cold shower.

The bot implants could be helpful in battle but using them to kill desire had its faults.

His assessment of this woman told him she would bear healthy children. Strong boys and possibly more strong-willed females would come to he and Tirin if she chose to share children with them .

Cian felt himself smiling, unusual for him. It had been many moon turns since he had smiled, maybe as far back as when he'd been a young soldier. He was the more sober of the warring team. While he was Tirin's commander, he was the silent one of the two.

Cian had become severe over the turns it had taken, waiting for the female. He had grown more quiet, reserved and strained as the time had passed. His ability to heal had developed with his silence, but it marked him as a predator amongst his people.

The few women in the subter compounds that met him feared him. With the healing came the ability to see into the mind, to see thoughts, fantasy, misdeeds and desires. The dark hair and pale grey eyes made his fierceness legendary when neither he nor his lieutenant spoke of their battles above the ground or below. They watched and waited.

Cian told himself he was fortunate to be a hunter who was chosen by decree to have a mate. And to share that mate with his friend and lieutenant, Tirin, would make the blending easier. There would be no blood battles for bed rights between him and his comrade.

Cian and Tirin had shared women in the past. Usually Cian would mind block them from realizing he was a healer and then drive a small hole in their natural inhibitions. Most colony women kept their distance from any possible triad with a native Endlander thinking it would make them a sexual slave to the warriors.

Over the last few moon cycles both warriors had become celibate in an unspoken agreement. They could feel the nearness of the one

destined for them. Cian had spent more than one rest cycle with his own cock in his hand, thinking of green eyes and a fierce tongue on the mate he couldn't find. He'd pictured her under him and above him, his cock stretching her while Tirin drove into her round ass. He'd groaned and stroked himself while he saw her riding his mouth, her hands held behind her by Tirin. He wanted to stroke her with his tongue, sucking the juice from her until she screamed. He needed to hear her groans while she took his cock, pulling the seed from him while Tirin rode her from behind.

They had dreamt together of this small woman and her arrival, spoken to each other of those dreams, which had been the same, shared on the same lunar cycle with matching visions of the dark-haired female with emerald eyes.

They would care for and protect her together. No human scientist would cage her and make her a breeder. He and Tirin, so unlike each other, agreed on this point.

Cian wondered at how the female would deal with two hunters so different in character. Tirin's easy laugh and amazing strength made him as popular with the citizens of the subter as Cian was feared. While the blond hunter was greeted warmly and welcomed into quarters of both men and women, Cian was only called upon when illness struck or an injury was suffered in the subter community.

Hunters with the healing psyche were rare among the populace, so a certain reverence accompanied the visits and requests for help. Day to day, however, only his friendship and partnership with Tirin allowed him complete freedom in the underground city. Cian was feared for his abilities and his fierce expression, usually grim and tight with the knowledge of what any thinking creature was capable of.

* * * *

In the pilot seat of the trawler, Tirin, Cian's lieutenant, shifted

uncomfortably. The piloting of this rough craft above ground was always difficult for a warrior his size. And now the female hovered near him.

He envied Cian his position, holding their mate, able to feel her softness and comfort her. He knew that with Cian's healing gift came the psychological depletion of his mental resources. Cian had seen many thoughts that would turn the stomach of a hardened warrior but had been cautious to report only those who would hurt children or women. On occasion, he had come across a warrior so mentally scarred from battle that he had relieved him of command. But those incidents had become rare. Most of the populace of the subter were abiding citizens that prayed for the success of the Colony and wanted to be left in peace.

It was draining for the big hunter to heal the minds and the bodies of the people in the subtercity. In the last millennium the warriors and their descendants had craved quieter society and left the battles to be visited outside their Colony.

Tirin's telepathic connection to Cian told him that his first in command examined the woman, mentally soothing her injuries and assuring her of safety while, in his own thoughts, he assessed her physically and desire raced through his brain.

Tirin nearly groaned aloud as Cian's hands moved over Keer. He accelerated the trawler. His own need was rising his cock pressing hard against the skins he wore. They needed to lay claim to this woman, to drive inside her and pound her mercilessly so she would think of no other, warrior or human.

His thoughts turned to the human she had called "Drak". He would come looking for her. She had been sure of it in the scattered words she gave them before the healing sleep took her.

"Commander, who is this Drak, do you think?" He pushed the question to Cian through their mental link, addressing him formally to break the persistence of the sexual drive Cian thrummed into his thoughts via the woman. Cian could stroke the woman freely and

Tirin would have knowledge of the touch.

The mate sharing ritual between hunters and all the principles attached to their agreement must be followed. His own frustration was Tirin's, as Cian's was his. They would share the need, burning them until their mate could accept them.

"Someone she hunts with. A...colleague. She respects him. Finds him a worthy male." Tirin's hackles rose. *"Stay those thoughts, Tirin."* Cian felt the anger coursing through his lieutenant. *"She does not want him. He protects her, helps her in her journey. We will treat him as brother."*

Tirin grunted and closed the mental channel between them. While Cian had the ability to force him to maintain the link, he did not do so in deference to Tirin's privacy. His commander had learned many moon turns ago that forcing a link on a warrior whose blood coursed hot did not hold merit. His lieutenant's loyalty was of greater value to him than any information or thought he might hold. Tirin would still feel the pressure he applied to the woman's skin without sharing his own feelings.

Tirin leapt from the trawler as they reached the hidden gate to the subter colony. He approached the mountain under the jagged cliffs edge and pressed both hands into the rocks, mentally pushing the door to reveal itself. There was a faint whishing sound as the rocks disappeared, the hologram vanishing as the metal skin of the door came into view.

Tirin eased back into the machine, piloting forward into the freight elevator. "Subter 3." He issued the command and the glide below the surface began.

"Our mate is well? She continues to heal?" He tapped the link back, unprepared for the blast of sexual heat that met him when the mental path was opened. Cian shook with need, holding the woman.

"Tirin, she is healing...and fertile." Cian answered, suppressing a groan.

"She is in cycle?" Tirin felt his cock pulse, his length growing

uncomfortable in his skin suit. *"Why is there no scent?"* He turned in the pilot's seat to look into the eyes of his fellow hunter. Cian's jaw clenched, a sheen of perspiration on his skin. His hands had stilled, no longer roaming the curves of the woman he held. His look was one of torture, and he sent that torture back to Tirin. Grim faced, his jaw set he answered.

"She is masked. Something hides her perfume from us. This bondhunter, it appears, has survived by hiding her true nature. This is what brought her to us." Cian motioned to him. *"You have but to touch her..."*

Tirin rose and crossed into the passenger bay, crouching beside Cian and the woman. Reaching out to touch her face, he focused his thoughts and opened a wider mental path with the other hunter. The faint scent of ripe Devorian pears came to him, making the surge of need even greater. He was already engorged to the point of pain but grew harder. His gaze shot back to his commander. He struggled to form a coherent thought, and then shook himself. *"She smells of ripe, sweet fruit. Why did it not come to me when she took down the runner? The mask is this effective?"*

Cian shook his head, silver eyes darkening to blue. *"Her fragrance is of a Telauro vine...sweet yes, but heady like musk."* He saw Tirin's perplexed look and gave a sharp laugh and spoke out loud through clenched teeth. *"She calls to each of us with the scent we most desire. I have seen you waste your credits to indulge in Devorian fruit. It intoxicates you. The same for me with the musky vine I spoke of. Her mask may hide her fertility but touch betrays this female to her true mates."*

The woman stirred in Cian's arms. She moved against Tirin's hand, leaning into him, inadvertently shifting against Cian's shaft. *"These injuries must heal and soon, Tirin. Her need will grow as ours. The more time we are in company, and we cannot leave her to her devices, the hotter she will burn."*

Tirin felt Cian send a soothing wave edged with desire into the

female's inner thoughts, again pushing the healing process. He lifted the eye shield of the helmet, knowing it would make the burn in his gut stronger but unable to resist looking at the female he had waited almost one hundred moon turns to find. Pale and bruised, dried blood smeared a cheek, and her face had begun to swell one side.

"She is strong. Another would have died in the crash. Foolish but strong." The hunter sought comfort in the thought that now their mate was safe. Nothing would take the steel from his cock at this moment but impaling this woman, as hard and deep as he could drive. He tried to find the ice in his veins that every warrior called upon but relied instead on his bot implant.

Tirin hissed at the agony of the hormone blast. While his female lay injured, he must shelter and protect. The time for filling her would come soon enough. With Cian's healing gift, they would soon claim the female.

The thud of the landing into the colony's arrival port pulled him up and away from the entrancing smell of Devorian pears.

Chapter 4

She was drifting in a haze of need lying surrounded by heat. There was no pain only the scent of spices and fruit. She inhaled deeply immersing herself in the dream.

Heavily muscled arms slid from behind her cupping her breasts then rubbing her nipples, pulling slowly and releasing. The fingers teased and tormented, then punished just to the end of pleasure and start of pain. She groaned, pushing her breasts into the huge hands and was rewarded with more strong pulls on her sensitized nubs.

A hot mouth began snaking its way down her body. It followed another set of stroking fingers across her neck and down her chest, the tongue swirling into her skin. Sparks traveled in its wake.

She whimpered at the loss of the pull on one nipple, but the greedy mouth replaced it, clamping down on her breast, sucking hard. Pleasure and need rolled over her, forcing her to rock her hips up.

The hands teased, tormented and pulled while the mouth was hard and fierce on her breast. Flames were licking from her wet channel in a direct line with that torturing mouth. Every pull was matched by a pulsing in her weeping pussy. The hot mouth and hand worked her breasts in sync with the agony between her legs.

Fingers slid against her thighs stroking and pushing them apart where she clenched and rocked. She moaned, spreading her legs in a silent plea for relief. She needed that touch inside her to stroke the fire that raged.

Her breath choked as a calloused hand cupped her mound, grinding against her. Losing control, she keened and jerked against the pressure. "Please, please..." she begged the unseen lovers to stop

the torment.

Teeth pulled on her nipple sharply in answer to her begging. Her breast was released back to the massaging pulling hands. She focused on the fading pain while licks and gentle bites were placed across the curve of her stomach.

She tensed, waiting for descent into her curls, but instead, fingers parted her lower lips, letting cream drip across her folds. A rumble came from the anonymous mouth like the growl from a hungry animal. Heat spiked through her brain at the sound of the desire.

Her breasts were released and legs pulled apart until she was stretched to aching. Two sets of hands traced her thighs and sent long thick fingers stroking through her folds.

Her brain flicked through the intense pleasure, telling her she was being examined. The fire removed the thought when a tongue slid down her mound and through her slit. She thrashed wildly at the torture but was immediately held in place, pinned by her shoulder. A warning growl against her thigh stilled her.

A long tongue slid into her heated slit, slowly lapping at the dripping cream. She could hear satisfied groans from two voices and feel the rumbles of satisfaction against her pussy.

"More." She whispered into air.

A growl against her mound from the unseen lover rippled through her. The tongue rasped into her aching channel and began fucking her with inhumanly deep strokes.

She clenched and cried out, clamping down with her body trying to drive more into her pussy. Another mouth descended in answer to her cries, pulling and sucking her clit with carnal force.

She was trembling, riding the wave of heat and need, the feeling so intense she sobbed. Her sensitive nub was trapped and suckled and long fingers then interspersed pulls with licks, pushing her toward the edge of the roaring flame.

Two thick fingers replaced the tongue in her pussy in a deep push driving her straight into the fire. She clenched and bucked while she

spasmed, grinding hard against her unseen lovers' hands and mouths.

She bucked and rode the wave down into a piercing climax. Her muscles tightened and released, pleasure clawing at her. She moaned and gasped, traveling into the descent, but the heat still rolled there, her pussy still tightening around the fingers in need.

The mouth on her clit softened, the tongue gently stroking as she shook, groaning and writhing. Her legs were pulled up, knees bent to expose her completely and tilt her rounded ass into the air.

While the nibbling at her nub continued, the other hot mouth went seeking the bud of her bottom hole.

She was too mindless from her first climax to realize the destination. Everything was such a fulfillment of need that she allowed the searching tongue to lick against her ass without thought. It pressed and slid, tormenting her rosebud. Fingers stroked harder inside her pussy redirecting her from the anal play.

The driving burn rose again as she lifted to work herself against the punishing mouths and fingers. Her clit was sucked against teeth scraping gently, bringing a jolt that clenched her from both pussy and ass.

A welcome, piercing finger slid into her bottom and probed while fingers pushed her dripping cream down the crevice to ease the burn.

The mouth on her pussy and the fingers stroking into her ass developed a steady sensual rhythm. She began to rock, welcoming the fullness, moaning out her need. A wave of tension boiled up from her belly rippling across her brain. She was back on the edge of the fire grasping for release.

As if sensing her agony, the pace increased, fingers pushing hard into her and stoking the flame. The torment continued without pause.

The fire in her veins surged forward and she sobbed as tremors shook her. Her climax expanded, blistering her mind with pleasure as the release traveled over her. She fell into the abyss of pleasure, clenching and moaning until oblivion overtook her.

* * * *

Keer awoke in a bed lined with soft pelts of fabric. In a haze of sleepiness, she moved against the plushness of the blankets and felt heat flare between her legs. Her thighs were sticky with her own cream. She groaned inwardly and pushed her hips down into the bed. She'd never had a dream or vision of such intense satisfaction before. But still, the heat of her dream hadn't stopped the peak. She could still feel the creeping warmth between her legs.

She arched like a cat, pushing hard and bunching the furs against her sex. The fire grew, and she ground hard, dampness leaking her scent onto the bed.

Her attempt to bring her hand down to relieve the driving need in her sex snapped her into complete consciousness. She was splinted and could not move her fingers. All thoughts of the dreaming aside, she came completely awake.

She tried to leap from the bed only to be assaulted by a blinding pain in her head and in her arm. She fell back onto the bedding gasping and waited for the pain to ebb, then eyed her bandaged arm and moved tentatively. She was healing. There was no doubt, but her head felt like a war drum.

Keer surveyed her surroundings. The room was large and dimly lit. Red stone made the walls almost cavern-like. The subter, she thought. She must be below the Endlands Colony. On one wall, a huge open fire filled the chamber with warmth lending to the cave-like appearance. Yet across the room, the doorway consisted of a solid skin of metal as shiny as the newest freights flying out of Etah.

The covers she lay tangled in were a mix of sueded leathers in soft greens and blues. She touched one with her still-operable arm and realized she wore no skinsuit. The hunters had stripped her. Gods knew where her clothing lay. She pushed herself up slowly with her working arm, pulling a blanket around her, the piercing heat set temporarily aside.

"Hunter's balls, already as naked as a breeder," she muttered, swinging her legs over the side of the bed.

"Your skin suit is beyond repair, woman." Keer's head shot up and she ignored the blast of pain at the sound of the deep male voice. The blond giant appeared in the doorway, frowning at her. "You are no breeder. We do not imprison our females against their will in the subter colony."

"Then return my suit or give me another, *hunter*," Keer spat at him. She pulled the blankets around her, attempting to hide her skin that burned under the blond giant's gaze. He was taller than she remembered and filled the doorway like a Neld warrior.

She wondered if he were human. His skin glowed as if ripples of heat lay under the surface. His jaw was too square to be considered attractive, and his features too sharp, but his body was pure art. Heavily muscled, yet he bore scars.

The hunter wore a jumpskin of sorts. More of a tight skinned legging and open tunic than a traditional space uniform. His upper skins revealed most of his well-sculpted chest and his arm, bigger around than one of her legs, had the metal circlet she had seen in her vision. He was, if possible, larger, more impressive, and more intently masculine than any alien or human she had ever encountered.

"Clothing will be brought to you when you are well, mate. You will eat now. You have slept many hours." The voice was deep but gentle, contradicting his appearance.

"What are you serving? Beetle stew?" Keer hurled the insult, trying to find dislike in her for the hunter. He laughed then, showing a blinding smile and wealth of straight white teeth.

"I can arrange a beetle stew if that is what you prefer, but we thought a steak would be more your choice, small bondhunter."

Her eyes narrowed. "How do you know who I am?" Keer's gaze held him. How much *did* he know of her? If he knew of her mother he might suspect her background. That would be deadly.

Dreams of two men helping her heal sexually were one thing, but

them knowing of her fertility was a waking nightmare.

* * * *

Tirin saw her close regard. He could smell the fear in her, mixed with sexual tension. "The freighter log survived the crash, though you left nothing of the freighter." Why would his own mate fear him?

"Say nothing, Tirin. She does not know we are, the two that will complete her." Cian's thoughts reached him, startling him as the canteen bot entered the quarters with the steaming meal. He could feel Cian's approach and kept his silence. Better to let Cian explain this turn.

Tirin moved toward the recessed dressing area and retrieved his own dressing gown of the soft suede, picking a green that would match Keer's eyes. Then he approached the bed. "Please let me assist you. I will not molest you." He demonstrated by holding out the robe for Keer to step in and dropping his gaze to the stone floor.

She eyed him suspiciously, then roused and pulled the blanket tighter. She stumbled in an attempt to navigate into the robe and watch him at the same time. Tirin remained stoic, unmoving. Finally she dropped the cover and pushed her good arm into the fur he held in front of her.

Tirin thought his own restraint admirable as he pulled the fabric across the shoulders of the slight woman, his hand grazing her skin. The mating scent of Devorian pears assaulted his senses. He inhaled sharply and was promptly dealt a blow by the sharp elbow of the woman who stood before him. Tirin grunted and ignored the discomfort, but continued swathing her in his own dressing skins.

She was watching him closely. Tirin kept his eyes downcast but his jaw clenched. No normal hunter could have withstood that nudge with her metal arm. He suspected it cost her dearly to shove up and against him with the injuries she sustained. The woman's eyes began to fog with pain. Tirin reached for her as her knees buckled. "I gave

my word, little hunter. Sheath your weapons, whether it be enhanced limbs or the weapons nature gave you."

He raised the amber eyes to her chest, blazing a path with a look. Tirin watched as her nipples came to life, hardening at the path of his gaze. He could smell her cream, her thighs clenched as she tried to stay upright. While he and Cian had come to her in her unconscious state and soothed her torture, their own cocks waited to drive into her.

He willed himself not to see the inches of pale skin so fragrant to him, and fought with his senses against the heat that radiated from the still warm bedcovers. She was within his reach, finally, after so many moon turns of waiting and watching. The body he was holding was curved and sweet, and it was no mental mirage.

"You are weak, Keer, you must eat."

"I don't want food you idiot, I want you to pound into me until I weep." Their eyes locked. A slow steady smile crept across Tirin's face. She projected her thoughts so strongly he had grasped them without the mating triad.

He pulled her tighter against his chest and lowered his head until they were nose to nose. "Do not call me idiot, Keer Teho, or I will show you well my skills at making you weep. I'll slide my tongue into you and lick the cream from between your legs until I've had enough. Then I will start over, sucking the pleasure from you until you beg, again and again for surcease. I'll fill you until you think you will split apart and then you'll ride me while my commander feeds you his cock and your mouth drips with hot seed. This will be no dream or vision, Keer Teho. It will be a true mating. Idiot, I am *not* unless it's in waiting for you to heal."

"Tirin." It was a one word reminder pathed to him sharply by his commander. Cian was not present, but the mental path lay open. He could not taste of their mate before the bonding.

"It begins again. Lieutenant I am on my way." The echo of Cian's thoughts reflected his urgency.

The commander approached from some distance at the other end

of the subter compound. It had cost him greatly to leave Keer's side, Tirin knew. Duty had called Cian to report on the freighter crash. He left Tirin to guard their mate until the politics of lost freighters disposed of in the Endlands desert could be seen to.

"I wait for you, commander. As she does. Giving her pleasure while she slept has not fulfilled her needs. I find I can keep her busy until you arrive." Tirin let a laugh creep into his thoughts. He rubbed his nose against Keers who still stared up at him, holding her breath, then he inhaled the fragrance of her skin and sent the mental image to Cian. *"Our mate needs the comfort only we can give her."*

Tirin could see the fury mounting in the hot little Terran cat's eyes. After melting her blood with his picture of her riding him in more ways than any sexbot, he was rubbing noses with her. Evidently, she was not amused. Keer turned her head and sank her teeth into Tirin's exposed shoulder.

"Do not draw blood, little hunter, or I will, be sure, bite you as well." She pulled back and looked up at him. "And when I bite you, you will scream." Tirin hissed mentally as he pushed his bots to squelch the sexual heat, unaware that Keer had seen the flash of pain in his eyes.

* * * *

The hunter moved across the chambers and lowered her into a large carved chair by the fire, letting her slide against his jumpsuit. She came close to moaning out loud at the contact with his skin.

The driving pressure of the peak was nearly on her, and she no longer cared that she was trapped with a smiling hunter who called her 'mate'.

She let her gaze drift down his chest to his lower skins. She'd felt nothing but pleasure in the dreaming. If they had invaded her thoughts while she was unconscious, the warriors had done so without their own pleasure. She frowned and watched him silently as he took the

chair next to her.

The sexual tension *had* increased. She was certain of it. Still he had not grabbed her and tossed her into the blankets to get his release. Instead, the smiling man seemed to have a trace of old Earth grace and manners.

Keer tried to match the wandering mouth and lustful hands of her dream lover to this smiling face. But in that encounter, there had been two sets of hands. She flushed and tried to school her thoughts toward the present.

How he and the other man survived in the subter was a question drifting behind the heat that preceded her peak.

"I am called Tirin. I am a First Dominion hunter. My Commander, Cian, and I rescued you from the freighter crash. Why did you try to escape us when you knew it would be inevitable that we would find you?" To Keer's surprise, he seemed genuinely puzzled. She retained enough sense behind the sexual haze to grasp that no animosity lay in his questions.

"I'm a bondsman, a hunter like you and your Commander." Keer tried to shake the sexual stirrings by curling her legs under her and sitting, tensed against the large chair. Her thighs clenched and she stiffened her spine. "I have no mate and I have no intention of taking one. Or two." She gave him a narrowed stare.

"Please eat, little bondsman. Your hunger is great, and you are weak from the injury."

Tirin pushed the food toward her. The scent filled her head. She was hungry and weak, she thought. She looked down at the platter, heaped with Terran beef that he had been cutting for her while she talked, and gave in to his suggestion.

Moments later she realized he had refilled her cup twice with a sweet berry tea and watched her raptly as she ate like a starving rec port sailor.

She took another long drink of the tea and licked her lips, sighing in satisfaction, then saw the ripple of pain pass his face again. What

was that look? Did he find her so ugly then? But he had warned her of what he was capable of beneath the blankets in a manner that suggested he knew what to do with the large bulge inside his skins. That is the bulge that *had* been there before. Her dream hadn't included cocks. A true disappointment, she thought.

If she hadn't been fertile, his suggestion of a group adventure with his commander had very real possibilities. She'd heard of planets with a shortage of females who shared companions. She'd always thought of those women as fortunate if they had a say in the choosing. What woman wouldn't want the attention of two hard warriors in her bed? It was a delicious fantasy but still a fantasy, she thought.

The metal door whished open and the other tall hunter strode in, equal in height to the blond giant and as muscled but without the warm smile. He advanced across the chamber, not acknowledging Tirin and stopped, towering over her.

He also wore the skin suit that molded against his legs and lay open, revealing a heavily muscled chest. Across his olive skin and just below his shoulder lay two parallel scars, equal in length and deep, as if branded with a laser. Keer examined him thoroughly as he watched her.

Here was another beautiful specimen of alien wearing scars that showed rank. Those same markings were etched in Tirin's bulging chest. This man was slightly thicker at the neck but finer featured than the blond hunter, his air of command silent but serious.

She let her eyes trail down his clothing. She inhaled at the sight of a very obvious and growing erection that looked large enough to take care of any woman's needs and then some.

No human male ever looked like these two warriors. Or at least no human male that she had ever seen. The size of that cock was substantial.

Keer pressed against her own heels, tucked under and rubbed her sex wishing blindly for time to release the pressure.

"You are well?" One large hand touched her injured arm. Then

she saw the same grimace pass through his eyes that Tirin had shown twice before.

"You should know. Why bother to speak?"

Tirin's eyebrows shot up at the mental reply that she pathed through his link with Cian. *"We do not link with those that do not request the path."* She heard the deep rumble of his voice clearly in her head. The dark man looked annoyed with her.

He added out loud, "If you prefer, we could converse that way, my mate, but it may form a triad you will not wish to...pursue at this point. We have already learned much of you while you--" he paused and let his eyes flick over her from head to toe. "While you rested."

Keer shifted uncomfortably in the chair. He stood close to her, his hand still maintained contact with her injured arm. No doubt reading her thoughts before they came to her. She inhaled the scent of spice and fruit that had flooded her mind during the satisfying dream. Gods, she was losing her mind. She pulled away from his touch quickly.

"Keer, Cian touches you to heal your injury. Hunters do not touch unmated females. It is part of our pact."

"You can do that? Heal through touch?" She looked again at his chest, willing herself not to let her eyes drop.

The close presence of these men was more than she could bear so close to the peak. She resisted an urge to place her arm back under the hunter's hand and clenched her now dripping thighs, trying to still a desire to grind her hips against something. She was burning and the misery would start again very soon.

"Yes. It is a gift and a burden. May I heal you?" Cian frowned at her, and she knew it cost him to request this of her instead of commanding that she accept his touch.

Against her better judgment, she inclined her head. Her arm had begun to hurt during her meal, the ache deep in the bone. She expected him to lay his hand on her injury. Instead he lifted her up and then took the chair, settling her in his lap against that sizeable and deadly cock.

"I did not agree to be manhandled like a Neld whore!" She started to pull away from him, automatically flexing her uninjured limb. Before she could protest further, a wave of relief came rushing through her relieving the pain.

Keer collapsed against the chest of the dark hunter groaning. Along with the relief came the lingering push of sexual need. "Noooo." It was a moan against the broad chest. "Stop, please."

Another assault of healing came as she leaned into him. "You don't know what you're doing to me, Endlander! Stop!"

The need subsided slightly under his mental push but only to a low simmer. She heard an intake of his breath and felt the grimace pass, that same expression she had seen from Tirin. They seemed to experience pain every time they came in contact with her. Both hunters reacted the same way. Could it be they were so empathic they carried the pain of her injuries as well?

Keer had been an independent female all her life. She had not known her father. He was an unnamed star freight captain that had the correct gene match to be allowed to brutalize her mother. Her experience with men had been limited to nonexistent, other than with the groping boy from her first encounter and then with Drak as a friend.

The Neld warriors were male of course, but they held her in disdain if she wouldn't get on her knees to take their cocks into her mouth. To them, she was nothing. Still she wanted no one, man, woman or alien to suffer her own pain.

"Stop! I don't share my pain at some alien's cost, no matter *what* you are. I can see it hurts you."" With iron will, she pulled herself out of Cian's embrace and slid to the floor.

"It does not pain me to heal you, Keer Teho," Cian answered roughly. In all his experience with healing, he had never had an injured victim assume he might be taking on their wounds to himself. "I am not an empathic psych. I heal with the push you experience, but while I sense your hurt I do not absorb it from you." She stood away

from him, between him and Tirin, swaying slightly, attempting to stay on her feet and deal with the injury on her own terms.

Keer tried to pull the robe together as she swayed unsuccessfully. One round breast was partially exposed, the nipple beading tightly. She saw the desire flash through the silvery blue gaze and then disappear as he grimaced. "There! You do feel pain. I can see it on your face. What is that?" Keer waited for the reply, knowing she had seen pain in his eyes.

Cian scowled but refused to answer.

"You can see that, Keer?" Tirin asked as he drew closer. She could feel heat creeping into her exposed skin from the nearness of his broad chest.

"Yes. It's like a...flash. Only for a Terran second, but I see it. It is pain, isn't it?"

"We do not mind feeling this moment of discomfort, little hunter," Tirin murmured, so close that his breath danced on her neck. Now Cian faced her, watching her expression.

"It is an implant invoked response. We can call upon it when we have the need to have our thoughts redirected." Cian spoke, still unsmiling but visibly relaxed, his shoulders less stiff than when he had strode into the room. "It is unnoticed by others, Keer. Yet you sense this. Have you seen this before in a male?" He inhaled as if grasping for her scent.

"Never. And I have traveled the broad Universe. I'm no innocent." Keer's answer was sharp.

The commander was looking at her rounded breast, down past her legs and then back up her now flushed skin. The path his eyes took burned and she felt moisture begin to drip between her thighs.

"You are fertile. We feel it when we touch you, even briefly. We saw your coming to us in a dream many moon turns ago. You are our path to full circle," Cian continued as she turned in his arms to watch his odd silver eyes flicker again.

"It is not true pain, small hunter. We would not touch you when

you are injured. We gave you relief while you lay in need, but took nothing. No matter how great our need, or yours, we will not force you."

Keer hissed and leaned back, coming directly into contact with Tirin's chest. His well muscled arm slid around her shoulders, bracing her.

Her skin felt hot, her nipples beading. They were torturing her as sure as if they had locked her in a confinement cell. Her eyes dropped to Cian's lips, firm and unyielding. She let a thought drift through her mind of him sliding that nipple between them and then biting the bud, sucking it into his mouth. She gasped and let her thoughts roam.

Flashes of her alternating sucking both of those hard cocks into her throat and then sandwiched between them while they plunged into her had her struggling to breathe.

"Do you need to lie down, small hunter?" Tirin's voice was in her ear. A flush crept up her neck.

Cian moved in, sliding the robe down her injured arm, pushing her into Tirin with his approach. "We should see that you are healed well, Keer Teho."

"You should see to more than that, hunter." Keer thought, grinding her teeth.

Cian's eyes flicked to Tirin, who had raised a brow. "You are injured, mate. We can only come to you when you are in a less delicate...state." Cian growled.

"We?" The peak might be upon her, but she heard clearly through the fog. Hunter's balls, she had been fantasizing about both of them and no doubt they saw it all! It was one thing to picture raw sex with both men, but entirely another for them to think it could happen.

Keer pushed against Cian's chest with her good arm, but he did not budge. He stood legs apart and waited while she tried to move away from him. She only succeeded in becoming more entangled in Tirin's rear reaching embrace. She twisted in his arms and looked up at Tirin, trying to back out of his grip.

"Listen to me, both of you. Go find an Etah sex bot if that's what you are after for relief. I do not participate in ménage with subter..." She struggled to think of a suitable insult. "Cave dwellers!" Tirin laughed, holding her loosely. He let her pull away and into Cian's waiting arms. She was like a child's toy, passed between them.

"Believe us, Keer, we feel your frustration, but it will only grow." Cian's voice was firm and assured as he spoke.

"I'm not fertile. You are wrong! Wrong! There are no pheromones. It's only sexual peak. I have the heat every fifteen moon turns. That is what you feel! I swear on the gods' pact!" She was nearly hysterical, turning back and forth to look at both warriors.

Cian's grip on her increased. "Calm yourself, Keer Teho. No hunter will force you here." His voice rumbled, nearly a growl, dismissing her wariness. The burning between Keer's thighs had become a blistering agony. She felt Cian's mental warmth reach her and knew that he spoke the truth. It went against everything her mother had told her of men and everything she knew from her years of exposure to the corrupt sexual practice of the runners she hunted.

Cian lifted her and carried her back to the large bed. Tirin, ahead of him, pushed away the soft blankets. Cian laid Keer down. She ceased struggling, but watched them both warily from the bed as the lieutenant tucked the skins around her.

"Hear me well, mate, your fertility cannot be masked from us. I can sense it as sure as if my cock were buried inside you and you were screaming while I fill you." Keer knew her fear must be evident.

Cian bent over her, nose-to-nose as she had been earlier with his lieutenant, and then spoke through clenched teeth. .

"We hold *no breeders* here. Once found, our mates make their own choices."

Then he placed his large warm hand behind her head and lifted her mouth to his. It was a full assault. Her own need was raging in her ears and between her legs by the time he had finished stroking her mouth with his tongue and bruising her lips. Her hips thrust upward,

pushing. She had taken her good arm and looped it around his neck, unconsciously drawing him closer, shifting to rub her nipples against him.

Keer thought the blinding agony had been great in past cycles. This was like walking the gates of hell.

Cian's grip tightened. She felt his fingers lace into her hair, twisting her under his mouth. His tongue began to mimic the stroke his cock would take inside her. The heat, taste and feel of his tongue was an explosion to her senses. The fire in her skin skated the line between pain and pleasure.

Abruptly, Cian pulled away, those silver eyes a haze of desire. Then she watched him stride from the room.

The blond hunter eased down beside her when Cian left, seating himself on the bed. She gasped for breath.

"You are well?" His voice was tinged with laughter. Anger roared up, displacing desire. Keer nearly came out of the bed after Tirin, but her legs became entangled in the bedding he had carefully wrapped around her.

"Don't you laugh at me, you cave-crawling son of an Endlands lizard!" She fought the covers blindly, furious at her own lust and enraged by Tirin's amusement. He caught her easily as she started to tumble out of the bed.

"Do not injure yourself or my commander will have my balls and my head. And I would like them to stay intact." He pushed her easily back down with one large hand. Once again she found herself watching the hunter warily.

"I don't trust either of you, and I want out of here. If I am truly your mate," she spat the words at him, "then you have to let me choose whether I stay or go according to your commander."

"You may well leave, my mate, but where you go, we go. And as I said before," he pushed her down farther into the bed with his hand against her uninjured arm and shoulder, ignoring the bionic implant as if it did not exist. "I have a desire to keep my balls intact. I may have

a use for them. Perhaps later you will suck them for me. I would like to feel the lash of your tongue. It would give me the greatest pleasure."

Then he leaned down and followed the path Cian had taken before him, bruising her mouth with force, his tongue stroking hers. While Cian had tasted of spice, deep and heady, Tirin's mouth was fresh like the sweetest fruit she had ever eaten. As before, she clung to him, trying to push herself against his chest and pull him down to the bed. His mouth moved down her neck, sucking hard against her skin. Anger and lust mixed to combine explosively, moisture pooling and dripping down her thighs. She could hear herself making mewling noises like a Terran cat in heat.

"Perhaps you would let me taste you." The warrior growled against her skin, his teeth grazing her neck and pushing down to her aching breasts. Keer moaned, as one large thumb came up to roll her nipple, her pussy clenched in response. The burning was so intense, she wanted to sob. Tirin squeezed and rolled the point in time with the clenching of her inner muscles. The heat was blinding, she was so close to a roaring climax just from his touch that she panted for breath.

Suddenly, he pulled up and away from the bed, his chest heaving. Keer saw the flick in his eyes as he blocked the desire she knew he'd shared with her.

"I am commanded to leave you now, little huntress. Be sure we will return to you soon. And then we will talk of your need and your ability to scream like that Earth cat while you are under my mouth."

She watched him go in agony. She pushed her free arm down, her hand between her legs and realized that the hunter had said "we" again.

She grabbed a cushion from the bed and pushed it between her thighs, crying out. It couldn't happen. There could be no relief from this nightmare. Two hunters and, gods help her, she did want them both. She began to sob at the agony of betraying her mother. The

ever-present hunger that would not let her be was like a knife added to the burn. Finally she slept. Cian, hearing her cries had given her another mental push into the abyss.

Chapter 5

"She suffers, Cian. Can you do nothing for her? "

"She should have healed by now, I know, Tirin." They sat in the galley together over the heavy ale that the subter residents favored. Cian rubbed his hands across his eyes. Tirin had never seen his commander look so frustrated.

"Is it the fever from the fertility? Her need grows stronger, but she does not heal. I thought the pleasure she took in her dreaming would ease her." The dark hunter stood and paced to the galley drone, refilling his drink, a crease developing across his forehead..

"You may be right, Tirin. I hadn't thought of it. She is human with but a few implants to aid her. My knowledge of human physiology is...limited."

"Limited, my commander, to our premonitions I think." Tirin set his own tankard down hard on the bench table. "She was healthy in those dreams." For a moment he and Cian shared the thought of themselves, arms and legs tangled around the small female they desired. The wave of lust was becoming a growing, tangible thing.

"We can heal her. Together, I think. We melded very easily when she pathed to us earlier as a triad. Why not use that melding for healing?" Cian answered, his eyes narrowed. "It would require great restraint. We cannot take her to mate if she does not agree, but we could heal her if she will allow it. We did not touch her physically in her dreaming. She may need that contact to heal. My cock burns for her, but we have this damned honor to abide by."

"How? Forced sleep?" Tirin was puzzled. "I want my mouth on

her so badly I can taste her cream already."

"Our own strengths increase when we rest. You learned that on your first tour of duty as a young warrior. If we can give her the healing sleep, join her in it, all we need do is be touching in the same chamber." Cian began to think out loud. Pushing the tankard aside and rising, he headed toward the door, Tirin at his heels. "She sleeps now. If we join her, call a bot to guard the chamber so there are no interruptions. We should be able to heal the arm that pains her, and then she would be able to accept us." They strode down the cavernous hallway.

As the warriors reached the entry to the chamber, they were both blasted with the fragrant scent of pears and flowers. Cian stopped and turned to his lieutenant. "Enable your shield, my friend, or we will never make it past her scent." Tirin was already wincing with the pain of the release into his brain that would stop the flooding desire.

"Done," he replied through clenched teeth.

It took nearly an hour of watching Keer twist and groan in the bedding to talk her down from her fevered state of arousal and pain.

Cian finally pinned her with his own warm body to the bed and looked deep into her emerald eyes while he pushed her back to sleep. The feel of her breasts and hard nipples against his chest was slow torture, but he had been called upon in battle to bear more pain than the bio-blocker would exert on him to dampen his arousal. Eventually, Keer weakened under his mental push when Tirin touched her hand. He leaned over her as well and tried again to form the mental triad. Her eyes fluttered and she breathed deeply.

"Gods," she murmured as the sleep took her, "how can I want you both?" Cian relaxed against her. Rolling to one side, he pulled her with him.

"Tirin, join us. She may yet wake. I have never felt one so strong before. She would make a fine warrior, this mate of ours." Tirin slid into the bedding, careful of her injuries and took one small hand, then leaned over and kissed the female gently, his lips barely making

contact.

"I can still smell the pears, Cian. I want to push into her and make her scream."

"I know. She fills our senses. Soon she'll ride both our cocks, and it will be her choosing." Cian pushed himself toward sleep and sent the urge to his lieutenant as well, "This will be the rest we have waited for, my friend. At last."

Keer sighed and spooned herself between the two warriors, her splinted arm laying over Cian's broad chest. After the first hour, Cian roused himself, sending a mental command to Tirin. They both listened carefully for any disturbance in the field around the underground compound. Normally, sleeping in forty-eight minute cycles would have rested them both the equivalent of hours of a Terran sleep. Smelling the Telaure vine, he felt the creeping smile that had begun to soften his features regularly in the day since finding Keer. His lieutenant moved closer, easing the woman against him, and his feeling of well-being increased. He pushed them both back into the sleep that his little Terran so desperately needed.

* * * *

Keer woke to feel her arm being unbound. The split unraveling, she tried to sit up, cold suddenly after having been cocooned in warmth while she dreamed.

"A moment, female. Let me rid you of this. You are healed." Cian's rough voice was firm. She could sense, as if she hovered in a corner of his mind, that he fought the rising need to throw her to the bedding and stroke his cock into her. Keer watched him rub her arm carefully, pushing the skin and focusing on the area of the break. He knew she felt no pain. He was in her senses as surely as she was in his.

"*You know it does not pain me.*" She tapped the mental gateway tentatively. The dark-haired warrior continued to massage her arm up

to her shoulder. Keer puzzled that she felt no burning haze with the large dark hands caressing her.

"I have dulled your senses so that you would not suffer while you slept, my mate. The fever will return soon, but this offers you time to...reflect on your wishes."

Keer leaned back into the pillows and watched the dark man as he bent over her arm. She was so small compared to either of them. She thought briefly of the vision she had of Tirin slamming into her. She remembered the lusty dream distinctly. The two warriors had thought only of her needs

She turned to look at the bedding and then she knew. They had both been there. His scent rested on the covers next to her. She looked closely at Cian.

"You slept here with me. Both of you." She was not accusing. It felt right somehow, that they had stayed to protect her.

"You are in no danger in our quarters, bondsman. But above ground we could not be sure you would be safe. If Tirin and I sensed your need, surely others would as well."

Keer flinched at the comment. The pressure of his hands was increasing. He began to massage even her fingers, leaving a rippling warmth in the fingertips.

"In twenty earth turns since my cycles began, no one has ever scented me. You are not human. My mother protected me. You must have some special...alien strength."

Cian pursued his careful assault on her arm, moving up to her shoulders. She tilted her head to allow him access to the bruises from the freighter crash.

"Our senses are heightened, yes. We are not human completely. Let me say we are cousins to you. And older race than the Terrans, our fathers watched as you discovered the science that led you past your own galaxy. We had been to Terran ground long before your people advanced to the skies. We are an old race, a race of warriors. Our genetics are a heightened version of what humans now have

evolved to."

The metal door hissed open and Tirin came in, once again followed by a galley bot, laden with a tray of food. They ate companionably, Keer unusually silent. The men did not open the mental path and left her to her own thoughts.

Both warriors were gracious, slicing fruit for her. Tirin gorged himself on sliced fruit that smelled very sweet. He offered a piece to Keer; his eyebrows raised. "It is a Devorian pear. You will like it." Keer took the dripping slice, biting into the sweetness then licking it from her lips. Cian's grim face flicked slightly. Keer wondered if that was the fierce man's version of a smile.

Once again, she was given a small portion of what looked like Terran beef, accompanied by a fluffy mound of eggs of some kind. She tasted them tentatively and found the flavor rich. Whatever she may have thought of the underground city, they did not suffer from lack of resources.

A bot arrived unannounced and startled her as they finished eating. "It brings bathing linens. There is a heated pool beyond that wall," Tirin told her. "Press the stone and it will open. You might find a bath to your liking as you recover." He showed her how to open the hidden doorway into the bathing chamber. "If you have any other need, call to us with your mind. Cian must report and I should accompany him."

She blanched at being left alone. The warning Cian had given her of other warriors scenting her flared in her mind.

"Do not worry, my mate. A guard bot stands ready outside your door. No one will enter without your permission." Tirin kissed her, latching onto her mouth and stroking her hard with his tongue until she sucked and moaned, squirming against him. He smiled and was gone, following the grim-faced Cian out the door.

Keer felt slightly numb as she stepped into the rock-lined pool in the bathing chamber. The water bubbled, the scent of minerals and salts coming up through the mist. The pain from the crash was gone.

now. She looked at her arm wonderingly. Even the bruising had faded.

The pool was deep and wide. She swam and then floated on her back, relaxing for the first time away from the burning scorch of her own need. She realized that was probably Cian's doing. He had doused her with ice as surely as if she had jumped into a cold spring, something she tried once on earth to put out the burn in her younger years.

Keer was disgusted by the amount of control both warriors had while she was at the mercy of this damned peak. On the other hand, at least there was relief from the blinding pain of the need. She grudgingly admitted that the warrior had given her that instead of fucking her like a rec port paid whore, when both he and Tirin had the opportunity.

. The bot whirled into the room, this time bearing soaps and scented oils. Most were too heavy to suit her but she found a mild, fragrant gel soap with a gentle musk-like scent and lathered it into her hair, reveling in the bath. Her own quarters held a steam shower but that was the limit of her luxury. The rock-lined pool felt decadent, something she rarely enjoyed in her own stark life. She wondered at the two warriors' ability to warm her in bed and silence the raging fire that had burned her in the hours before. A flick of need was beginning in her belly again. On cue she heard the door whish in the bed quarters.

"Keer Teho, you are well?"

Instinctively, Keer blocked the mental path that seemed so intimate in her naked state.

"Hunter, I am still in the bath." She ducked her head under the water, rinsing the foam and came up spluttering. Tirin stood in the doorway, watching her. Keer carefully kept her shoulders under the water, then ducked back to wash the hair from her eyes. As the water streamed from her face, she heard a silent splash. The blond hunter was in the pool with her. *"What do you think you're doing? I don't*

need company, Endlander."

Tirin swam to the corner of the pool and removed a bar of soap from the tray the bot had left. She watched the water streak across the rippled muscles of his shoulders. The blond man ignored her and began lathering his chest and arms. "Did you hear me, Tirin? Go find a sex bot to swim with." Keer splashed water at him, indignant. He looked puzzled.

"Why? We always bathe together here in the subter. The water recirculator must work twice as hard if we do not. Cian and I often use this pool."

He did not approach her or look directly at her, but continued to bathe, rubbing the soap over his skin and against his face. She noted her also bore the scars that she had seen on Cian's upper chest. Warrior's stripes, she thought. They were scarred like a brand of some kind, or an initiation. Tirin wore the marks like a god. Keer watched him silently as the water moved over his body. She had seen Neld Warriors with fewer battle scars. One lay over his ribs, the length of a large knife. Another striped across his back.

As she found a ledge to sit on, she heard Cian enter the bathing chamber. He began to remove his leggings, obviously preparing to join them in the bath. Keer had heard of planets where entire families bathed together. Still, this was culture shock. She eyed the drying robes which would require a dash across the floor to the door.

Cian slid into the pool noiselessly and then under the water, only to rise again like a tawny brown idol from the water. He refused the soap offered to him by Tirin and looked closely at what else was available. "You enjoy that scent?" Cian asked, motioning to Keer with the musky gel in his hand.

Keer blinked at him. She had been focusing on keeping herself under the water up to her chin and establishing how quickly she could make it to the linens.

"I just...picked one," she stuttered, cursing herself for her nerves. She could topple a Neld Warrior, but couldn't focus with these two

beautiful giants so close to her. All that muscle and warm skin in the bathing chamber was mind boggling. But neither warrior had an erection when they jumped into the pool. Both of those beautiful cocks she longed to see were safely pointed downward.

Cian looked to Tirin as he spoke. "That scent is a combination of a Devorian Pear and the Telura vine. Tirin and I find it appealing."

Keer shrugged. It was soap. It was pleasant. "Have you always been able to heal?"

"It is a gift that I have had since birth. I cannot heal all wounds, but your injuries were not as severe as they were painful. While Tirin does not share it, when we complete the triad with you, it makes us stronger in our gifts."

Both men had moved toward her casually, drifting in the bath. Keer was guarded, but did not feel an immediate threat. The two men settled on either side of her, continuing their bath. Keer relaxed slightly as both of them talked without looking at her, ignoring her nakedness as if it were the most natural thing in their universe.

"If you are rested, small bondsman, we will take you out to see the subter city. It will be safe to take the mobile so that you may see where you are. The few warriors that house in the city have gone to check on a disturbance outside the Colony."

Keer listened without commenting. It occurred to her that the disturbance might be the arrival of Drak Voi, who no doubt wondered what his best bond hunter had gotten up to. She would have been sure of it if she had activated the sensor in her arm to alert him to an emergency. She crossed her arms over her chest and slid her hands down to her wrists, feeling for the chip with her fingers.

It was there, the small metal piece under her skin. She realized that Tirin and Cian had stopped speaking and now leaned closer to her. Each with one arm behind her, they effectively blocked her into the corner of the pool. Cian's eyes narrowed as he reached to slide a hand across her crossed arms. The faint burn returned under her skin and pooled between her legs. The peak was returning, nudging at the

edge of her body's defenses. Tirin moved close enough to lean his hip against hers in the warm water.

Keer closed her eyes and inhaled. Another flash of her under Tirin's mouth, her legs splayed while Cian pumped his cock, slick with her saliva between her lips as she moaned, burst through her brain.

The blast of heat between her legs was immediate and scorching. She began to leak her cream into the bath. Keer panted, trying to remember her last thoughts before the sexual haze had fallen into her mind. Drak, she needed to get Drak. "You would leave us without knowing if we speak truth?" Cian grasped her hand under the water, stilling her ability to activate the sensor. Keer's heart pounded hard against her ribs. There was no way to tell if it was from the proximity of the two beautiful men or the fear that she would be trapped in the godforsaken depths of the Endlands.

"Do I have a choice? You said you did not hold breeders." She hissed the words at Cian. He relaxed his grip instantly, but his hand remained, brushing against her skin, creating small electric sparks. The pounding in her chest continued.

Tirin stirred against her. She moved toward him for protection. "My commander will always give you choice, woman. But we would not want to kill your colleague should he breach the underground fortress."

She turned to Tirin and hissed, "Touch Drak, and I will have your balls. And you won't have a need for them. They will be between your teeth." Tirin did not have the sense to hide his amusement. He watched her, eyes dancing.

"Cease teasing her, Lieutenant. Keer, we will wait for your partner to arrive above-ground. You will come with us. Activate the chip if you must do so. It will be easier for him to find us and know that you are safe." *"Now is time. Do not taunt her."* He added silently to Tirin.

"But I like to play with her fire, my friend." Tirin's teeth glinted in the dim light of the bathing chamber.

Keer's hand shot out and Tirin caught it in midair. "You wish to strike me, little hunter? I think you do not." His mouth was on hers before she could move, hot and slick. He enveloped her in the kiss, holding himself away from her, not allowing her to feel his skin yet. He began to stroke the inside of her mouth with his tongue, stirring the heat and fanning the peak that Cian had subdued.

Every rule, every warning and every stern lecture her mother had given her flew from her head. Her body began to burn, and she moaned into his mouth. She let the pleasure take her, sucking his tongue and then catching his lips with her teeth as she wrapped her hands in his hair, trying to pull him closer.

Cian pulled her from Tirin, and she cried out, squirming against him as he held her to his broad chest and stepped from the bath. Tirin wrapped her in the bathing linens as she kissed the dark-haired warrior. Cian's mouth was hotter still. He poured his dominance into the kiss, plunging his tongue in and out of her mouth mimicking the strokes his cock would make. They fell onto the bed, Keer between them. She was writhing in the sexual heat now, burning out of control.

"Take us, small hunter. Let us fill your need." Cian's rough voice continued to feed the flame, but still some small link of sanity remained.

"No, the peak, I'm fertile!" Keer was gasping. The bathing linens were gone and she was surrounded by heat and naked male. The feel of the skin of the big warriors was balm and vice. Keer tried to free herself from Cian's grip and Tirin's leg, which pinned her to the bed. Cian grabbed her, then both hands held her face still to look into his eyes.

"You will bear no child from this mating. We do not impregnate females without a complete triad. Never, ever against their will. It is our creed."

She didn't understand. How could they control their own fertility at will?

"It is true. We can and do control it. We would not mate with you

and give you offspring against your will. Even if you accept us, we do not force women to become breeders." Tirin's soothing tone gave her pause against the burning skin.

She looked from one warrior to the other. So this was how it was to be? Finally, if she could believe them, she could stop the never-ending craving, creeping desire. Tirin dipped his head to kiss her shoulder, his tongue slid against her skin. Cian leaned in against her lips.

"Let us meet your need, Keer Teho."

She looked into his eerie silver eyes, and saw desire and need that matched her own. She held her breath, expecting them to force her. Neither man moved. Cian locked gazes with her while Tirin's hand rested against her, waiting.

Keer took a deep breath and opened her mind, reaching out to them she sensed them both mentally joining her, two strong minds opening to her and waiting for her decision.. She nodded once and pathed her answer, "Yes."

If it was a descent into hell, she would burn all the way.

Chapter 6

The feel of warm male skin engulfed her. She was rolling on waves of pleasure. The dream had been nothing compared to reality. The burning had increased, but four large hands pressed into her skin. Cian kissed her, coaching her tongue into his mouth then sliding into hers. Keer raked her teeth against him, deepening the kiss.

Tirin began a massage, turning her to her side he stroked her skin, hands starting a trail down her side slowly, rounding under her breasts to push at her ribcage. His hands grazed her nipples, working in unison with Cian's stroking tongue. She groaned into the dark man's mouth. She could feel his organ against her thighs as he moved his large body over hers. Her sensitive nub began to burn between her swollen lower lips and she pressed against Cian, seeking his cock.

Tirin began a relentless kneading of her bottom and under her hips to stroke her inner thighs. His fingertips were insistent, pushing her legs apart.

"Relax, small hunter. Open up for me," Tirin insisted as he urged her legs apart. There was no smile in the warrior's voice now. It was a deep growling rumble of need. It pushed Keer over the edge. She bucked against the two men, her ass connecting with Tirin's cock, she rocked against the heat moaning and squirmed in an attempt to pull him closer. Tirin pulled her arms behind her, pushing her breasts into the other warrior's chest. Cian's chest was covered in crisp coarse hair that teased and raked her overly sensitive nipples.

Keer's ears roared with the pounding of her blood. She kissed Cian wildly, driving him against her, while Tirin's command to open herself to him echoed in her brain.

Keer began to press back against the hard rod barely teasing her small bud. She could feel Tirin's cock smoldering against her and could only think of being filled with it.

Cian began a massage under her ribs to her breasts, across her already flaming nipples. She hissed into his mouth, attempting to bite his lips at the stroke of his fingertips around her nipples. Cian chuckled in his throat and pushed down again, almost lifting her, then he kneaded her breasts, circling and pinching with his fingertips, pulling. Keer moaned and gasped when the piercing pull went straight to her pussy. *"Our hunter likes some pain with her pleasure."* She could hear him clearly. He was pathing to them both.

"Cian—" Keer tried to move, wanting to get away from the burning stroke of the fingers and hands to clear her mind. She had gone this far, but her senses were on overload. Cian's grip on her tightened.

"No fear, my mate. We have need as well." Cian's voice took on an edge, teasing but in control. His fingers pulled at her nipples, and she arched against him, her bottom connecting firmly with Tirin steel length.

She lifted her head slightly, trying to twist away from the dark hunter's tormenting fingers, only to have Cian's mouth do a quick descent over hers. Tirin's hands pushed just as Cian's tongue slid past her teeth. Fire ran through her blood and over her skin.

Somewhere in her mind, she felt obligated to resist the onslaught on her senses. Trying to twist away from Cian's kiss, she ended up flat on her back, her shoulders pinned under his hands. The kiss continued with him stroking her own tongue and sucking it back into his mouth. She wondered dimly why she could not feel Tirin. She reached out blindly with her mind.

"So sweet, my small bondsman. Let me have your cream." Tirin pathed to her.

She pulled her legs together, only to feel Tirin's mouth nuzzle at her belly, then his tongue slid down her right thigh. His large hands

pushed her thighs apart.

Keer stopped resisting, vaguely aware of being on the edge of finally fulfilling the piercing painful burn. His teeth pulled at the tender skin of her inner thigh, then at her folds. She was moist and hot, juices dripping down her legs. He was close to where she needed him, but not close enough. She wanted him now, his mouth on her swollen nub. She tried to move Cian's shoulder's away, attempting to catch her breath. The wave of need became so intense, she clawed at him, panicked.

Cian pulled back from her and pinned her with a look.

"Do not think. Feel."

He lowered his lips to her neck, biting and pushing his tongue against her skin. Keer slid her hands over his shoulders, nails still digging into him.

Tirin's mouth continued pulling her lips into his mouth, then nipping the inside of her thighs, almost bruising her, pushing her legs apart. He flattened his tongue and stroked across the line of curls.

"Such beauty, Cian. She tastes of the gods."

She could feel Tirin's breath against her outer lips and knew she grew wetter then she had ever been. Liquid heat ran between her thighs. She closed her eyes and gasped as Cian bit her shoulder. "We have waited for this. To taste you," Cian growled into her neck, tongue lathing where he'd bitten her. He murmured over her skin in a language she could not understand as both men caressed her.

Cian slid down her body, joining Tirin. One of his hands stayed at her shoulder, holding her in place. She felt them pull her legs apart and lift her. She threw one arm over her eyes. Gods, they were looking at her, almost into her. She tried to clamp her legs closed, as the overwhelming need fought with embarrassment.

One large hand gripped each of her thighs and another lifted her hips.

"Like the fruit, delicious inside and out." Tirin pathed to her.

Keer let out a groan as fingers slipped between her lips, pulling

her apart. She cried out, and jerked her hips against the large, thick hand. Then she felt hot breath against her thigh.

"So hot." Tirin's voice ran over her thigh and he breathed in her scent. Another long finger slipped inside her and she clenched automatically, tightening around him. Moaning came from deep in her throat and Cian's grasp moved from her shoulder to her nipple, pulling gently.

"Let us view our mate, Tirin."

The room was dim but she opened her eyes wide, trying to see Cian's or Tirin's face in the light. She was flipped over quickly by Cian and cried out, pushing her tormented sex against the bedding under her, bucking her hips. Hands ran over her bottom, kneading her and pushing her legs apart. .

"Everything in perfection, my female." Tirin pathed as he sank his teeth gently into her cheek. Keer flinched and tensed when she felt her cheeks spread apart.

"You are made for this. Perfect for my cock to slide into you." Cian's voice was rough. She could feel his lips moving against her skin as he looked at her. His tongue flicked rapidly. Keer felt panicked. She'd only had anal sex once with a pleasure bot, and it had been a painful experience that she didn't want to repeat.

"No woman, this is pleasure." Tirin said before he lunged and slipped his tongue against her backside, teeth dragging and nipping. His mouth did a circuit on each cheek, then she felt heat and wetness against the small bud of her ass. She bucked, amazed at the feeling.

No one had ever licked her or kissed her there. Tirin made a growling noise and tried to force his tongue into her, pushing and then pulling out.

Keer felt like every nerve in her body was alive, inflamed. She groaned into the bedding, trying to breathe. Tirin was relentless, alternately licking and chewing his way against her bud, tongue pushing into her between forays. One large finger pressed into her backside and she clenched at the invasion. The nerves were alive

there, tingling, like nothing she'd ever experienced, in a mix of pain and pleasure. Tirin pulled her up, balancing her against his shoulders, his head buried in her cheeks.

Cian wasted no time in a frontal assault. Moving under her, he latched his mouth onto one breast and pulled, tweaking the nipple on the other while his teeth grazed her. His hand moved down to slide two fingers between her legs, and she felt him groan against her skin. "Like a flood. Open up for me." It was a command from a warrior.

Tirin's hands held her back against him. Tongue buried in her ass, he was practically humming into her now, shaking his head against her, biting and licking. Keer pushed back, loving the feeling of him opening her up. Cian moved down her belly to slide her wet lips apart with his tongue, sucking in her juice. He pulled her sex into his mouth hard. Keer pushed down against him, desire blinding her. Tirin tightened his grip.

Finally, an answer to the piercing heat. *"Do not stop. Gods help me, I need this."* It was a blinding mental cry.

"Never, my mate." Tirin pathed while he held her in place against Cian's working mouth. Keer felt her pussy creaming onto Cian's face. She reached down to pull his head hard against her. He growled into her and sucked her hard in response, pushing two fingers into her, his long tongue circling over and over, flicking her nub and then plunging into her hot passage. She cried out at the invasion. He retreated and thrust into her again.

"So tight. Will you take me, small hunter?" Cian's words scorched her brain while he flicked and grazed his teeth across her swollen nub, punctuating his words and thrusting his fingers inside her. *""Will my cock fit in this tight passage? Give me more of you."*

Keer felt him pull away, and would have fallen if Tirin hadn't held her up. Cian turned under her, effectively pushing his head back nearly between Tirin's knees.

"Give her back to me," Cian commanded.

Tirin tilted Keer forward and she found herself face to face with a

furring of black curls and Cian's thick round cock, larger than she had ever seen, pulsing toward her. She reacted on instinct, sliding her hands around his balls and squeezing gently. Cian let out a groan. "Gods."

Keer felt feminine power run through her. They may have been toying with her, but now she would get even with Cian, at least. His mouth latched onto the inside of her thigh, sucking hard, biting her.

She decided to move at her own pace and slid her tongue across the glistening drop at the slit in his massive cock, moaning in her throat while she tasted him on her tongue. He had that musky, salty taste, and she wanted more. She continued to massage his dark balls with her fingers, exploring and slowly twirling her tongue around his head, sucking, eliciting healthy groans from him and laughter from Tirin.

"She will unman you, my friend." Tirin's hands squeezed Keer's cheeks again she tried to push back to him in frustration. Cian's head came up, nuzzling her, sliding his tongue wide against her opening, pushing into her deep. She countered by sucking harder on his length and slowly pushing him deeper into her throat, increasing the vacuum and trying to swallow. She was rewarded with a deep growl. Cian pushed his tongue into her with sweeping strokes, gulping down her juice and groaning between thrusts.

They developed a matching rhythm of her pumping him into her mouth while his tongue thrashed her pussy thoroughly. Keer lost track of Tirin's hands, instead concentrating on the feeling of Cian's warm tongue and pulsing length in her throat. If she relaxed far enough, she was sure she could swallow around him, her mouth as wide as it could go. She sucked hard, hollowing her cheeks, feeling his cock pulsing and growing in her mouth. Her lips were already stretched wide around him. Something flickered in her mind, perhaps she wouldn't be able to take this monster inside her.

"You'll take him bondsman. You'll take both of us." Tirin assured her.

He started a slow assault on her bottom again, his tongue sliding in and out, alternating with Cian. He varied the push with a finger in her tight passage. Frightened by the invasion, she felt herself spasm around him. She moaned loudly, around Cian's hard length.

"Open for me, I have a need to fill you." Cian growling against her pussy, trying to stretch her farther with his tongue.

Keer released his cock from her mouth and drug her teeth lightly against his balls. Cian pressed his mouth against her, capturing her with his lips, grazing with his own teeth. Keer squealed and dipped her head again, this time sucking both his balls into her mouth, her hand wrapped firmly around his pulsing cock. Cian pulled hard on her, and thrust two fingers into her burning channel.

Keer felt herself contracting around his fingers and began to pump against his mouth. The feeling was a phenomenon of need. Waves of heat hit her, and she began stroking him, sucking wildly. Tirin pushed two fingers into her bottom, making her jump and moan. She relaxed around his fingers, pulsing into Cian's mouth. Cian's hips lifted, attempting to reach farther into her throat. Keer's head bobbed up and down over him, sucking hard on each upstroke. She felt the heat building in her belly and moaned steadily.

Tirin's tongue joined his fingers, sliding into her, opening her up. "*Will you scream for us, my mate?*" he taunted her.

She could feel the blood pumping through Cian's cock and knew he was as close as she was. The orgasm hit her like a wave just as Cian released hot fluid against her tongue.

She swallowed convulsively, riding his mouth. Tirin joined Cian, licking frantically at her from her clit to the top of her cheeks. Tirin shoved two large fingers back past her tight rosebud, opening her ass to him. Another piercing wave hit her while her tight ring spasmed against the pressure.

Cian continued to pump into her mouth with what seemed like an unlimited load of hot fluid. She rode the wave, reveling in the feelings of pleasure brought on by something other than her own hands.

Slowly, Keer let Cian's cock slide out of her mouth, swallowing and licking him clean down to his balls. She heard something that sounded like a long slow hum and knew it was coming from the back of her throat. She felt exactly like a Terran cat. A very well fed cat.

Cian tremored as Keer continued to lick him clean, murmuring against his flaccid length. She squirmed, an emptiness accompanying the raging climax. The piercing need dulled, but was still present.

She raised up on all fours and arched her back, stretching. Without warning, Tirin's fingers abandoned her ass. He grabbed the damp drying linens from their bath and wiped his hands carefully before sliding two fingers deep into her pussy. He pulled her hard, lifting her nearly upright. She felt his cock replacing his fingers in her hot, wet, canal and the fire returned.

"God, yes, please, Tirin. I have need." Past denying either man, she tried to pull his cock further into her. Tirin pressed forward, his length stretching her. He was large, bigger than any sex bot she'd used.

"Let me fill you then." Tirin rammed against her, his balls slapping her ass. Two fingers from his other hand drove back into her ass, stretching, while his cock filled her.

Keer stretched around him, crying out at the invasion. Tirin raised her up and slammed deep into her, growling as he stroked. She felt the pleasure licking at her, heightened like a raw nerve. She wanted more than his stroking gave her.

He was huge. She whimpered, stretched tight, wanting more, but unable to clench around him.

Suddenly he pulled out, and she screamed in agitation.

"Gods no, come back. This will kill me—" Tirin responded by lifting her as she writhed onto Cian's hardening cock. Keer cried out as she was impaled on top of Cian.

Cian had only taken moments to recover. His eyes were glittering savagely, his teeth bared when Tirin pushed her down. She began to rock against the huge cock, stroking up and down, the relentless fire

pushing her.

They were both massive. Cian was so big she could only attempt to move around him. She ground down rubbing her sensitive nub against him. She could barely scratch the surface of the climax she need.

"Feel this, my mate" Cian's words seared through her mind. She pounded herself down hard onto him over and over again when she felt Tirin's cock against her ass.

"Yes, gods, yes!" As their skin combined, their own passion funneled into her brain. The mental path was growing, expanding letting her catch glimpses of the desire the two men felt. Tirin poured oil over her, rubbing it into her small opening, pushing one finger into her ass, then two, then three into her.

"Take me, my mate. Let us fill you." The head of his cock was large, and she was sure it would not and could not fit into her small opening. She'd had difficulty with him stretching her pussy. Gods knew how he could fit that massive rod in her ass.

Keer struggled at the initial throb of pain. She felt the tight elastic ring stretch, but Tirin pushed past the sting throbbing into her. He eased into the heat of her small entrance, alternating with her pumping Cian's cock. Her muscles rippled around him trying to adjust. They were big, so large and engulfing, she thought she would split open.

Cian's thoughts crashed into her brain. His pleasure filled her. He was spicy, like bubbling lava in her mind. He coated her nerve endings, coaching her back into another wave of rippling orgasm.

Tirin's hunger, need and warming pleasure, flowed into her mind, an exotic flavor blending with Cian's. She rode the waves, and thrust back against the blond warrior, trying to bring him farther into her. Her cream dripped down between them, easing the sting of the huge cocks that drummed into her.

Cian pushed his hand between them and plucked her nub repeatedly, urging her to continue her own pleasure.

"Ride for us. Take us both." Cian growled. A dim part of her mind realized she was like an animal. It was a mating, a crazed need that finally was being fulfilled.

It seemed they stroked her alternately forever, allaying the burning that she had not been able to fill before. She was gasping, punctuating her words with her breaths. "Do not stop, gods, don't stop, please."

Tears streamed down her cheeks and she began to shake with her last climax.

Tirin murmured into her ear as he slowed his stroke, pushing firmly against her, one arm holding her back against his chest. His cock swelled inside her. She could feel his teeth scrape her shoulder as she shook, still grinding down hard.

Cian pushed up on his elbows and captured one nipple in his mouth, teeth rasping, matching Tirin's bite. The climax came like a tidal wave, pouring the spicy and sweet molten heat of the two men over her. She cried out over and over again, and was aware of the pulsing of the two men into her, hot streams seared her insides.

Dimly, Keer was aware they spoke the same words in some ancient language, chanting them together. The pleasure drained her and she finally collapsed against Cian, Tirin gentling her fall forward.

Tirin extricated himself carefully, kissing her shoulder and he moved from her. She sprawled against Cian, warm and firm. Her fingers wound in the short pelt of his chest hair, holding on for fear of falling into the sexual abyss of blessed relief.

Cian rolled her into his lap, staying inside her warmth, his heat still filling her stretched pussy. She sighed against him, and her eyes closed.

Cian lifted her as he rose from the bed. Still buried deep, he followed Tirin to the bathing chamber.

Chapter 7

The warmth of the mineral-scented water made the sting of their joining less apparent. Cian sat on the ledge, connected to her both physically and mentally. He turned Keer forward, holding his cock inside her. She leaned against him, his chest rubbing against her back.

Tirin began to stroke her body with the warm water and a lightly scented soap. He kissed her, his tongue moved, matching his large hands as they pushed the warm water and soaps over her body. Keer sucked on his tongue lightly, then squirmed against Cian's length.

His cock grew inside her. She could feel the iron pulse. She clenched her thighs, pushing down, finally relaxed enough to ripple her muscles against him.

Tirin pulled away and sluiced his own body with the water, then dove under, rising from the steaming mist like a golden god. Through half-closed eyes, she admired him, the water sliding down over his long frame. He swam back to her, and his hands stroked up her thighs. He pushed firmly against her legs then drug his thumbs between her curls to find her pleasure point.

"No, Tirin...no more." She pathed the thought to him. She grasped his wrists. The feel of the cock inside her stretched like a raw nerve.

Keer pulled Tirin to her and kissed her way down his chest and he rose from the water in front of her. Stepping onto the ledge, his legs on either side of Keer and Cian, he raised himself and her mouth followed. Tirin's cock was a steel length rising hard against his rippled belly. Keer dipped her head to taste him, sucking him lightly, then feeling his groan in her mind, she slid him farther into her mouth sucking hard.

"Like a fire you are, little hunter." Tirin pathed to Keer. He pushed up, balancing himself carefully in the water.

She enjoyed the feeling of power that raced through her at having the large man bend to her will. Keer cupped his oval sac, pulling as she drew his cock into her mouth.

Cian began a rocking movement into Keer, his length coated with her wet pleasure. She coaxed Tirin farther into her mouth, sliding her tongue around him while she sucked as much of his length as she could. He was pulsing, pushing gently in unison with Cian.

The fever of the first joining was over. This was pure unadulterated bliss.

Cian's fingers moved over her, plucking the raw exposed flesh of her small button. It was piercing ecstasy. They were one unit, moving together, reaching for another peak, coming together in the warm water.

Tirin poured his scorching fluid into her throat as Cian emptied fire inside her pussy. She matched them with her own moaning peak of pleasure, mentally crying out their names as she climbed over the edge.

They stayed together in the bedchamber, making love, then engulfing each other in pounding sex, alternatively raging and then fulfilling. They fed her and let her sleep as she needed, but were always ready to move into her again, or lay their mouths on her to relieve the burning of her raging cycle.

Keer was numb to the idea of it. She refused to think, only allowing herself to feel and finally obtain every release and climax that she needed. To finally be fulfilled physically was so out of her mental reach that she could not absorb it.

* * * *

After the fourth moon's turn, Keer slept completely, sated. The two warriors left her side, using the bathing chamber briefly and then

going to check on the day-to-day progress of the underground Colony.

A security bot informed them of the arrival of a Terran bounty hunter above ground. Both Cian and Tirin were surprised to learn that the hunter stayed at the entrance to the colony, watching and waiting for the three days they had gloried in the completion of their triad.

"He is a patient man, Commander." Tirin watched the monitor, while the dark haired, scowling man paced at the surface, scanning the rocks for an entrance.

"I think he is not patient, Lieutenant, as much as he is persistent. He is looking for her, and he will not give up," Cian answered. He crossed his broad arms over his chest and lifted his chin, watching the man slide his hands over the rock carefully. The monitor buzzed. They could hear Drak Voi muttering as he looked for the hidden entrance.

"Give me a hunter's ball, Keer, I know you are in there and I'm going to find you if I have to blow this Endland hell apart. Constant trouble, you are a pain in my Terran ass." Drak pounded his fist against the rock and then stepped back, hearing the hidden metal-skinned door ring hollowly.

A smile nearly cracked Cian's stern face. "Let us go greet our brother-in-arms."

Chapter 8

Keer woke feeling pleasantly bruised and relaxed. She stared at the cavern walls and inhaled the scent of Cian and Tirin that the blankets still held. It was a comfort to know they rested with her as she slept. She found a new jumpskin in the bathing chambers. It matched her own nearly exactly. She dressed carefully, wincing at the stinging satisfaction between her legs.

Keer was humming while she brushed her hair then used the laser applicator, something she rarely did. The reflection screen in the bathing chamber showed she did not really need the laser cosmetics. Her skin glowed, her lips pink and swollen from kisses of every kind.

The one thing she did not feel, that escaped her, was guilt. It puzzled her momentarily and then she shrugged the thought away. So it took two warriors to please her, to make her feel complete. There was no denying they were beautiful men.

Cian, whose grim face hid a nature of healing and unadulterated lust, was a potent lover. When they had joined as a triad, she could feel images in his mind of his healing and the way he dealt justice in his command. He was firm but fair. And hidden in the undercurrent of his mind was the need for his mate. For her. A deep, burning abiding need to be complete.

Keer glimpsed his admiration and borderline envy of Tirin and his easy laugh and gentle ways. She had also seen the part of the puzzle that Tirin completed with his own deep need for a mate, matching and exceeding Cian's with each ebb and turn.

Tirin, with his quick smile and laugh, was as deeply possessive and needful as Keer herself. Glimpses she had seen in the blond

warrior's mind of his turns in battle had been shocking and slightly horrifying, even to a hardened bounty hunter. But Tirin had an ease and calmness that balanced the deep workings of Cian's own thoughts.

These two whole, sexually demanding men wanted her, completely and utterly. And they were both convinced that no other female would do. In each of their minds, she had seen that they would never force her to do anything. While they each longed for children, they did not see or feel that she was a machine meant to breed. And for Keer, that was the one thing she needed to complete their triad.

Cian and Tirin stood in the bedchamber, waiting for her. Cian waited in his usual, arms over chest, proud stance. Tirin leaned a hip against the large chair, eating another piece of the fruit he favored, but his stance was a little too casual for Keer.

Keer had learned to read signs and body language as an art to keep her own skin intact while bounty hunting. Both of these men seemed tense, watchful. While Cian did not try to hide it, Tirin wore a mask over his worry that was unusual for him.

Keer walked to Cian and kissed him gently on the cheek, standing on tiptoe even with the heeled boots to reach him. He unbent stiffly to meet her. She noted his clenched jaw.

She reached out to wipe the juice from Tirin's lips and brought it to her own, licking the sweetness from her fingertips. There was a flicker in Tirin's eyes, but he forced a smile at her.

Reaching behind him to the table, Tirin handed her a carved oblong of black. It was alien marked, she recognized. A valuable piece of art. "It is from the market in Altuden. You know of it?" Tirin asked. The amber gaze was hot again.

"Altuden is a hotbed for the alien sex trade. I've heard of it. I once chased a runner there, through a slave house and into a local orgy." Keer shook her head, flexing her tender thighs together she felt the beginning of the burn. She really was a harlot, she thought. The alien art was phallic, there was no doubt. It seemed even that affected her.

"You were in an Altuden slave house?" Cian thundered. Keer glanced at him, amused. If the two warriors thought she was made of imported Teeg glass, they were in for a surprise.

She let her own voice rise "Yes, you thickheaded hunter. I razor tied the runner and dropped him in a pod that the local prison ship provided. Of course," Keer added, muttering, "that was after I left my skinsuit shredded at the foot of a Neld who wanted to investigate my 'worth' as a sex slave." She cleared her throat and looked back at Tirin. "I doubt that he can yet raise his lizard-cock after the sting I gave him."

Tirin was as intent as Cian, listening to her. "I also took his captaincy jacket, for my trouble. I had to have something to wear out of that hole."

"You **STOLE** the captaincy jacket of a Neld Warrior?" Tirin was the one roaring. Keer wiped her mouth and looked at them eyebrows raised.

Tirin began to stalk toward her. "Do you know what they do with the sex slaves on Altuden? Do you know how they use this 'art' as you call it as?" He picked up the phallic looking object and leaned over her, talking through clenched teeth. "They wire tie them, Keer. They wire tie them to a slaver's cross. Hands to feet." Keer flinched mentally, but kept the reaction from her eyes.

The laughing warrior was outraged, his face a mask of hard intent. "Don't think I don't smell your need again, you foolish Terran. I can taste it on my tongue before my mouth is on you."

Keer watched him carefully, easing her legs apart. Her first instinct was to run, her next to throw herself at him and wrap her legs around him until his cock filled her. She had never had alien domination fantasies, but she'd been surprised at what the gods had offered up to her in the last moon turn.

Tirin's mouth was a hard line. "You will not **EVER** do anything of that foolishness again." Still excited but puzzled, Keer looked at him. It was apparent the normally mild mannered warrior was furious.

"That, warrior, is who I am." Keer thumped a finger against his chest, accenting each word. He growled and reached for her, his arms lifting her against him, hard enough to bruise. They stared at each other, green eyes flashing against amber.

"We have a visitor, little hunter." Cian interceded, his words clipped. "He asks for you."

"Drak!" Keer's heart nearly leapt from her chest. She looked away from Tirin, all thoughts of the Altuden sex toys removed. "Is he alive?" She ran to the door, expecting them to follow her. "Take me to him, now. Please! Cian, please!"

"He is very angry, my mate. He had to be restrained. You understand."

"Cian! Did you hurt him? Tell me you didn't hurt him. Tirin!"

Tirin wore a pensive expression. Cian's eyes were flinty.

"Look, you two Endland cretins. I may be in love with you but that doesn't mean you can hurt Drak." She kicked Cian solidly in the shin for effect and then punctuated the kick with an elbow to Tirin's ribs.

Cian blinked once. The chamber grew quiet as he absorbed Keer's words.

Tirin, was smiled at his commander's expression. "*You knew this how, Lieutenant?*" Cian demanded, pathing to Tirin but broadcasting his thoughts to both Keer and Tirin.

"He knew it because he allowed himself to know it!" Keer switched to spoken word "Dammit, Cian, never in all the moons did I think I'd find two men and one so thickheaded he doesn't listen to his mate's thoughts." she shook her head. "Of course I'm in love with you!" she looked at him, disgusted.

"I want to see Drak now. We can talk about our...arrangements later. You don't expect me to leave, do you?" The dark hunter looked doubtful.

"Gods Cian, why would I consider it? Think, hunter!" Tirin and Cian were unmoving.

"No mate of mine will leave me to hunt for a Terran bondsman." Cian spoke through clenched teeth.

"I am your second, commander." Tirin paused, his stare directly at Keer. "She admits to loving us. She chooses to be our mate."

Keer sank into the large chair and reality hit her like a lightning bolt. How would they deal with this? How would she deal with these two giant men with matching egos? "*And matching sexual needs*" a small voice spoke from the corner of her still-numbed brain. She had to survive and she had to continue to hide her existence from the human males, the barbaric human race that had attempted to defeat her at every turn.

Suddenly, it didn't matter. The worrying about being a bondsman, staying alive, running from planet to space freighter to the next planet became minutia in the detail of her life. What had been so important to her survival now seemed insignificant. Without these two hunters, she couldn't survive because her pitiful Terran existence would not be worth living.

Keer inhaled. "She chooses." Then she threw her arms around the necks of two very pleased warriors.

Chapter 9

It was a torturous trip to the brig to retrieve Drak Voi. Cian and Tirin were not convinced it was safe to take Keer to the cursing, stomping bounty hunter. Keer had finally assured them that their worries were for nothing when she regaled them with tales of Drak saving her life.

Cian's expression had been thunderous when she spoke of her trip into a Tarvian mine field, a holdover from the Alliance wars decades before.

She'd huddled for two days in a solar heat blanket after accessing her tracking chip and alerting processing that she was in trouble. The runner she chased into the field lay in pieces kilometers beyond where she stopped after he hit the first mine. It was a stupid move on the runner's part, but as long as she could return with the wrist chip proving his death, they would be paid.

Many bondsman would kill the fugitive and remove an entire arm to return to the Alliance prison counsel, versus paying freight to take a live body back. Credits were credits, after all. Keer had not become bloodthirsty enough to resort to that, but the trip to Tarva almost changed her mind.

Drak had come to the rescue, blasting through the field, a mine droid detonating ahead of his land trawler. By the time he'd found her, the ice had seeped into her jump suit and her skin was turning creeping blue. Two nights on the Tarva plain were barely survivable even with good planning, and Keer had only planned for a few hours. The cold had overtaken her during the second night. She was nearly mindless with hypothermia when Drak arrived.

After sweeping the solar tent away, he bundled her up in a heat blanket. He'd pressed his body against hers and then run across the field with her in giant strides. As Drak placed her in the back of the trawler, Keer opened one eye in relief and said "Chip" through chattering teeth, still trying to cling to his heat.

"Aw, give me a hunter's balls, you would think of the chip. Half dead and freezing in a Tarvan mine field and all you can think about is the job," he muttered as he went. He sent the drone ahead searching through the gore of what was left of the runner.

Drak returned to the trawler to find Keer still conscious, holding out a shaking gloved hand to him. Drak deposited the chip, blood frozen to black on the shining surface, into her hand. "Chip. Satisfied?"

She'd tried to nod her head, then used her remaining strength to lodge the prize into her suit. Collapsing, she listened to Drak continue to curse. "Next time take a droid with you, Keer. You're my best bondsman. I can't afford to lose your skinny human ass to the subzed." He continued to rustle through the contents of the back of the trawler. He held her tucked under his shoulder, willing heat back into her frame as he searched.

"Vita-heat drink, open up." Surprisingly gentle for a man his size, he cradled her head as she gulped the hot liquid. Unsure of her condition, Drak had packed carefully. The trawler held an aid box and hot packs, along with a stack of solar blankets. An inactivated nurse droid lay sightless in the forward seat. Drak punched one of the packs with a booted foot and then pushed it under Keer's bottom, hot hands rubbing her vital parts as he went.

"Stop movin', I know you're freezing. It'll warm you up." He continued to fuss, and made her finish the vita drink. She began to doze as the heat seeped into her skin.

"Hang on, baby, we'll get you home." He soundly smacked her forehead with a kiss then strapped her in for the ride. Drak Voi definitely had her back

The warriors saw the scene in her thoughts as she'd experienced it Earth turns before. Cian had grunted and Tirin had scowled at her, but they now owed a huge debt to the man they held behind laser bars in the brig.

When Keer rounded the corner into the secured area, following the two warriors' long strides, it was to the sound of Drak Voi roundly cursing the Endlanders.

"Where is she, you grunting Endland bastards? I know she's alive, and when I get out of here—" The sound of flesh sizzling against the solid force field of the secured brig echoed in the chamber. "Where is she? Touch her and I'll blow this rock to the middle Ehta."

Drak looked none the worse for the wear, Keer noted as Cian and Tirin parted to allow him a glimpse of her. "Keer! Did they hurt you? What in the three moons and hell are you doing down here with these Endlanders?" Drak looked like he was ready to toss himself back against the force field when Cian lifted a hand and signaled the security bot to release the field.

"We apologize for your injuries, bondsman. We had hoped not to use force with our mate's...colleague." Both men stood with Keer, flanking her. .

"Drak!" Keer ran to the bondsman and threw her arms around him, hugging him tightly. He wrapped her in a bear hug and kissed her soundly on the head.

"How many times do I have to come after your sorry Terran ass, Keer? Did they hurt you?" He hugged her again and then began to check her for injuries.

"Unhand her, Drak Voi." Tirin's inflection was steel. Cian silenced him with a look.

Listen to her thoughts, Lieutenant. Calm yourself. Cian pathed.

The blur of Keer's racing thoughts swept through the two hunters and their stances relaxed visibly. Cian saw relief and happiness. Tirin heard concern for the dark bondsman and brotherly affection. Her fear of men did not, evidently, extend to this man. They stood silently as

she assured Drak that she was in good health.

"What is this Endland boarshit about mates, Keer? You didn't..." The big man was at a loss for words. He looked from Keer's suddenly guarded expression to the two warriors. Drak's grip on Keer tightened then he released her and stepped back.

"Gods, Keer, how could you?" Drak swept a hand through his closely cropped hair and began to pace the brig. "You've never been close to anything but a sex bot and you turned me down flat! I'd begun to think you desired females."

The hunter was out of his element completely now. He looked to the warriors again. "Gods, bondsman. *Both* of them?"

Tirin and Cian stood, glowering at Drak.

"You think we are not good enough for your small hunter, bondsman?" Tirin spat the words.

"No, as a matter of fact, I don't!" Drak was at a roar and nose-to-nose with Tirin. By the time Keer squeezed between them, and then again between Drak and Cian, she was weary of the shouting. "Fine. I'm going to the galley. Let me know when you're done." She turned on her heel and stalked down the hallway.

The three of them had the good sense to follow her.

* * * *

"You're sure?" It was the fourth time he had asked. They had finally left Keer alone with Drak after she insisted that she would call for them if she had need. Now all she had to do was to convince her friend and boss that she was fine.

"I need time to find out, Drak." Keer was gentle with him. As her protector and her friend, she felt the need to explain herself to him, something she would do for no other man. "I'll be safe here, Drak. They won't let anything happen to me. And I need a break. The runners know me now. We've lost that Terran element of surprise that we had for so many years."

Drak rubbed his face with his hands, sighing wearily. "I don't like it, Keer. They had you hidden for three days. How do I know you weren't brainwashed?"

Keer took the hand of the man she had come to respect and squeezed it carefully. "Do I look like I've been brainwashed, freak hunter?" Drak examined her face carefully, staring at her until she began to blush.

"Give me a hunter's balls, Keer Teho, you're as red as Endland dust!"

"I have to stay with them, Drak. I can't explain it, but there are things that you don't understand." She wasn't sure she completely understood herself. She couldn't think of being without them now, disconnected from them. Cian and Tirin inhabited her mind when she would let them, and they were certainly in her heart.

"What? That you're a fertile female?" Keer felt like she'd been slapped.

"You knew?" Alarm filled her. If Drak Voi knew, then who else was aware of her secret? Gods, this was a disaster! . Her heart began to race, and she jumped from the chair.

Drak glared at her. "Relax, bondhunter. I knew because I was informed." "Informed by whom? Tell me, you freak hunter! Who else knows?" The fear was nearly overwhelming. The door to the galley shimmied open. Cian and Tirin moved in, nearly at a run.

"What disturbs you, small Keer?" Cian's look was of unadulterated anger, jaw clenched he came to stand on one side of her. Tirin stood behind her, guarding her back. While the solid wall of warrior surrounding her was reassuring, she was intent on Drak.

"You will answer her question, bondhunter. Now." Cian was icy.

Drak raised himself to his full height and stood nearly eye-to-eye with the warrior.

"I'll answer her when I'm ready, Endlander. *I* was asked to protect her and *I* didn't drag her into my bed when she was in the heat." Drak's eyes flashed sparks. "And I didn't force her to mate with

my...colleagues." He looked at Tirin with repulsion, and his hand reached automatically for the sting gun that had been taken from him. Keer heard a low growl come from Tirin's throat.

"Cease!" She pushed herself between Drak and the wall of Cian's chest, brushing her hand against the dark warrior to ease his wrath. *Let him speak please. He is still my friend.*

"He will answer you or go back to the brig, and Tirin and I will beat it out of him."

"Drak, please. Does anyone else know? For the gods' sake, you asked me to hunt fertile females! And you knew?" Keer felt a sudden, unusual urge to cry. The bondhunter couldn't be capable of this betrayal. "I didn't ask you to hunt females. I gave you the opportunity to stop hiding from me." he grunted at her. "It was Lhan."

Keer gasped. "Mother? How did you know my mother?" To the best of her knowledge, her mother had never confided in anyone about her own daughter's state.

"She was educated with my sister, my older sister. They were friends before her time came and they took her away. She begged me to protect you before she died. I had thought..." He looked hesitant and uncomfortable but then cleared his throat and continued. "I had thought to mate you myself, if you would have me. It was the only way I could think to protect you from the ones that would lock you up for a breeder. But then, I met you and you..." He inhaled and directed his looks to Tirin and Cian. "You toppled two Nelds without taking a breath. And I knew you could care for yourself with the right support. The right warrior backing you."

Drak took a step closer to Tirin. "Can you say the same, Endlander? Can you protect her or do you want her to rut and breed like the rest of them?" Keer was amazed to see a glimmer of moisture in Drak's eyes. "There will be no breeders here human warrior." Cian spoke through clenched teeth. "Keer Teho is our mate. We go where she goes. If she chooses to hunt, so be it. She hunts with us."

"Wait a gods-damned minute!" Keer was still absorbing the idea

that her mother had called upon a man to protect her when she knew of her innate fear of them. "You never touched me, Drak. And you knew. Why didn't you take me when the peak came and tortured me?" All her theories of males and fears rested here on the answer of a man who had known he could imprison her but had chosen not to.

Drak reached out to her, touching her face gently. "It was not for wanting you, Keer. Every warrior, hunter, or bondsman would want you. But it was not just my choice to make. It was yours. "

* * * *

Cian's hand itched to remove the human's touch from Keer's skin but he could feel her fear fading as Drak spoke. In this moment the human bondsman did more for the triad than he or Tirin could ever hope to achieve.

"Commander, I would strike him now." Tirin request was pathed, searing in his ill-concealed anger. Cian shook his head slightly.

"Let him finish, Lieutenant. For our mate's sake."

Keer reached out to Drak, wrapping her arms around his waist and hugging him fiercely. Cian and Tirin growled simultaneously. "Thank you, Drak. I want you to know." She looked up at him her own tear-filled eyes. "I did consider it, but, we...we were such good friends. It just worked so well....and hunter's balls, Drak!" She began to laugh, her shoulders shaking. "You were the only man I could trust. I didn't want to take to your bed and find out I couldn't. It would have changed things." She shook her head as she released him from the bear hug.

Drak, bent down and pressed a kiss to her forehead. Cian reacted quickly giving him a sharp shove, which Tirin followed, nearly sending him into the wall.

Regaining his balance, the bondhunter stood hands on hips and asked "What goes here, Keer? You can't stay in this red dirt planet. You have wings on your boots like any hunter."

"I told you. Drak. I have to stay with them."

"But you don't have to stay here. If you keep her here, you're no better than the Terran freak hunters that trap breeders." "You do not hear well, Drak Voi." Cian's tone relaxed now that Keer was back at his side, his lieutenant watching over her. "There are other warriors here to protect the Endlands. Tirin and I stay with Keer. Wherever she chooses to go."

"I, well, I'm not sure. I don't really even know this place. I've spent most of my time in chambers." Her words stuttered as Cian pierced her with his gaze. "I was hurt, freak hunter." She added for Drak's benefit.

Cian's eyebrows raised. Evidently Keer was going to leave out the details of what she had been doing the last three days in those chambers. Cian interceded. "The next freighter will not return from Etah for many days, Drak Voi. Stay with us and you will see that we do not mistreat our mates." Cian extended his hand to Drak in formal salute and they grasped arms in the fashion of warriors.

"I'll stay. And you can bet a hunter's balls I'll be watching."

Tirin's grin finally fell back into place. "But not this hunter's balls, bondsman!"

Chapter 10

"Your mind is too full, small hunter," Tirin pathed to her as they lay in front of the fire in their shared bedchamber.

"We can take that worry from you, my mate." Cian moved his leg between hers and rolled toward her on the large bed.

"No. I do need to think without being stroked by you two endless fountains of sex." She patted them both absently and mulled over the coming freighter. She was going to miss Drak. She had gone months before without contact while chasing some elusive runner across the stars, but this would be different.

Keer sighed. Drak, Cian and Tirin had formed an alliance. Their one solid goal seemed to be agreeing on the two warriors watching over her.

"We can keep him here if it disturbs you, Keer." Tirin was matter-of-fact. She looked from his gold stare to the pale blue of Cian's eyes and began to laugh.

"You would do that, wouldn't you? Lock him in the brig for me? I believe you would, Endlander." She shook her head and rose from the bed, grabbing Tirin's green dressing gown. She paced the chamber, watching the fire leap in the deep wall.

"He has a business to run, a business I used to be part of." She frowned and looked at the red stone floor then began to pace again, the frown deepening.

Cian and Tirin watched her silently. *"This is a problem Commander. She is unhappy. That cannot be. I do not enjoy this unhappiness."*

"We have a solution between us, Lieutenant. A life in the Endlands

will dry up our small Teruvian flower, I believe," Cian added.

"We are needed here rarely, now that the Colony is developed, Commander. We watch and wait. The ranks grow. Even a healer is among us now."

"I would see this Terran soil that grows such a beautiful flo—"

"Pear." Tirin's mental laugh returned. *"Devorian pear."*

The trio walked shoulder-to-shoulder into the galley to find Drak Voi. He sat, reviewing a star wire that a bot had placed before him, his dark eyebrows drawn together and an almost evil smile on his face. Keer recognized that smile. It meant he had news, and it was probably new business. Something good by the look of the near-smirk Drak carried.

"Good news?" she asked, knowing the answer.

Drak leaned back with his self-satisfied grin. "Been issued a challenge, bondsman. Seems we have a lost intelligence reporter last seen headed for the *Agreeb* out of the third port of Etah. Something you two Endlanders might be interested in." Cian and Tirin watched, expressionless. "Our little Terran reporter snuck aboard the nasty prison ship looking for captured females trapped in the solitary hold."

"She got onto the *Agreeb* undetected?" Keer was amazed. Not many could do that and live to tell the tale. *"No Terran has ever been on the Agreeb to my knowledge,"* she added mentally to the two hunters, both still expressionless.

"Going to have to send someone in." Drak tapped the metal galley table and attempted to look as though he were pondering carefully. "Now who would know how to hook the *Agreeb* in a sort of unsuspecting fashion? And of course, the bondhunter would have to have some muscle at their disposal." Drak looked from Cian to Tirin and then sighed. "I'll have to send in a couple of Nelds. Only warriors could do this kind of work."

"Insults, Drak? I would think you could but ask." Cian nearly smiled. Keer was watching the dark hunter carefully. The big warrior reached out to caress her shoulder gently. "My mate, it appears you

have a mission and may have need of us."

It only took Keer a Terran moment to realize that Drak Voi was asking her to work with him again.

She looked to the two warriors who now completed her and thought of a life with them. Rescuing Terran reporters wasn't high on her list, but who else could board the *Agreeb*? It would be dangerous, nothing new to her, but with the assistance of her two mates she could go in assured of her own safety.

"We can do it, Drak. You know we can." Drak tried to look doubtful but only briefly.

"Pack your gear, bondsman. You're going in."

Chapter 11

Keer felt the lurch of the ship as it rose, casting a shower of red Endland dust across the horizon. Another security drone buzzed through the cargo bay.

"Etah, third moon from the planet provides supply ports and recreation bays for all Endland travelers featuring entertainment, credit gambling and automated pleasure for visitors. Consider visiting Etah for your recreation needs." the drone sounded almost cheery at the prospect. "Return travel to Etah is not available."

"My mate, perhaps we should consider a visit to Etah." Cian's pale eyes sparkled as he pathed to her and Tirin. Tirin smiled and waited.

Keer laughed, projecting warmth to the two big men. She shook her head firmly her gaze touching them both. "Hunters, you are all the recreation I need."

THE END

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Liza Curtis Black has been writing fiction in various forms for many years until she discovered romantic erotica. Realizing she was addicted, she decided to attempt to write what she was reading and enjoying everyday. Lo and behold, Siren BookStrand loved her work as much as she delighted in writing it!

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