



Mandy
M. Roth

CYBER SEX:
DENIAL
OF
SERVICE

Cyber Sex 2:
DENIAL OF SERVICE

Mandy M. Roth

This eBook is published by

Fictionwise Publications

www.fictionwise.com

Excellence in eBooks

Visit www.fictionwise.com to find more titles by this and other top authors in Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror, Mystery, and other genres.

This eBook copyrighted. See the first page of this book for full copyright information.

New Concepts Publishing

www.newconceptspublishing.com

Copyright ©2006 by Mandy M. Roth

Cyber Sex 2:

DENIAL OF SERVICE

By

Mandy M. Roth

© copyright April 2006, Mandy M. Roth

Cover art by Eliza Black, © copyright April 2006

New Concepts Publishing

Lake Park, GA 31636

www.newconceptspublishing.com

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are of the author's imagination and not to be confused with fact. Any resemblance to living persons or events is merely coincidence.

Dear Readers:

This is a continuation of a series that is off the beaten path for me, but I enjoy the characters too much not to continue to write about them. My goal is to entertain, not to isolate. Please know ahead of time that this work is intended to be an erotic, light-hearted departure from the darkness usually associated with my work. Thank you so much for supporting me in this endeavor and I hope you enjoy this as much as I have.

Mandy M. Roth

Chapter One

Planet Fengaria, in the Bagune Galaxy....

Admiral Jonas Myers stared at the hot little number before him. Her breasts were just the way he liked them, handfuls of smooth globes with the ripest of pink berries just waiting to be sampled. Her waist was narrow and her body lean. She looked to be about five or six years younger than him, but he knew better.

She stared up at him with wide eyes, looking almost timid. It was refreshing. Normally, the pleasure-droids he paid for wore no expression. "I like the innocent look, keep it."

She nodded slightly and waited for him to instruct her, as a good little sex kitten should. "Get on your knees and put my cock in your mouth."

Her mouth gaped open for a moment and he thought that she might actually refuse him. "I can get the brothel owner in here, if you want me to." It was an empty threat, but one he knew would make the pleasure-droid respond. There was no way he'd ever put anything through the torture he'd heard the owners could, and would, inflict on their girls. Even if the droids couldn't actually feel pain, Jonas wouldn't bring the wrath of the owner down on them. If he hadn't been hard up for a good long fuck, he wouldn't even set foot in the place.

Without a word, she walked to him as he unfastened his pants. Once his cock was free of its confines, she dropped to her knees and stared up at him with the most amazing pair of blue eyes he'd ever seen. She was so beautiful, more beautiful than any pleasure-droid he'd ever encountered.

Her tongue darted out and Jonas' cock twitched. "Mmm, baby, keep looking up at me like an innocent little virgin and I'll come all over your face before we get started."

A slow smile crept onto her flawless face and he grabbed the back of her head. "You'd like that wouldn't you? You'd like it if I came all over your face, and then rubbed the head of my cock in it. Wouldn't you?"

"Mmmhmm," she murmured as she took his shaft into the silken depths of her hot mouth. Flickering her tongue quickly on the underside of his dick, she damn near drove him over the edge.

Jonas grabbed the wall to steady himself as she added slow sucks and light teeth action to her repertoire. "You're killing me! That's a good girl. Suck it harder."

"Mmmhmm."

Clutching the back of her head, Jonas moaned as she took him deep down her throat. Her gag reflex kicked in and he drew back a bit, surprised by her even having one. Normally, he'd mouth fuck a droid as hard and as furiously as he would a pussy but this beautiful creature before him demanded a more subtle approach. Much to Jonas' surprise, allowing the female to take her time with him, caress his lower shaft as she worked wonders with her mouth over the rest of his cock was actually more fulfilling than mindless thrusts.

Never before had he received a blowjob quite like this one. His legs shook and the fear of giving in and going to his knees was great. The idea of passing out because of phenomenal droid sex wasn't something he relished. Sadly, it looked like it might come to fruition.

Reaching up, she cupped his sac with one hand while she kneaded the base of his cock with the other. Jonas stroked the side of her face, staring down at her as her lips remained suctioned around his dick almost begging him to come. "Baby, I'm about to shoot come all the way down your hot throat."

She nibbled as she sucked on his dick, causing his legs to weaken even more. If she kept that up, he'd collapse onto the floor in no time flat.

"That's it, baby. Suck me like that. Harder, suck harder." Jonas tipped his head back, savoring the moment. His entire body lit with a fury he'd not known before and he was left no choice but to bite his lower lip, hoping to focus somehow. "I should have stopped by Fengaria eons ago ... oh, that's it, use your teeth. Yeah, just like that ... scrape it gently, baby. Scrape it gently."

Jonas laced his fingers into the back of the pleasure droid's long, curly blonde hair and let her continue with what she was programmed to do, make men happy. His schedule at Expedition Central kept him so busy that he'd had little time to seek companionship. Not that he could even date freely. In his position it tended to look bad if he dated his subordinates. Since he was big boss, all females at Expedition Central were below him.

The only thing he really required was a good, long ejaculation every now and then. He wasn't picky. More often than not his hand did the trick. Every now and then the hologram machine proved to be useful but he still longed for more.

The pleasure-droids were just that, droids. They generally lacked any sort of real emotion and normally felt only slightly like a real woman. This one was different, this one's mouth was hot, her breasts soft and her blue eyes full of mystery.

"What do they call you?" he asked, panting slightly as she raked her teeth over his cock again.

She pulled off long enough to speak. "Nora," she whispered before going back to pleasing him.

Nora sucked harder and Jonas' balls drew up. He pulled his cock free of her mouth and watched as a stream of creamy, white cum shot forth from the tip of his dick and onto her outstretched tongue. It was oddly erotic watching her lap up his cum, drawing it in and seeming to savor it. The more that shot out, the quicker her tongue moved, catching it all. The sultry moan she let out caused him to jerk slightly as even more semen broke free of him. She drank it down and continued to stare up at him from under hooded lashes.

The need to pull her up and kiss her passionately was great. As his chest began to tighten his mind wandered. Feelings he shouldn't be experiencing for a machine struck at the wall he kept around his heart, doing more damage to it in a short period of time than any one woman had in his lifetime. The very thought of having feelings for a droid sickened him but he couldn't seem to stop them.

Jonas clutched his cock and reached down to stroke Nora's cheek. "Gods, you are beautiful. I wish women came this way naturally. If they did, I'd never seek another droid or hologram."

He waited a moment for his erection to return. Part of the reason Jonas liked the brothels on Fengaria best was because they provided a token arousal shot upon arrival that was so invigorating he got hard at will. Unfortunately, he normally only had enough time to spend one night with a pleasure-droid and the shot usually lasted three days, leaving him jacking off endlessly back at Expedition Command Center.

With his cock hard and the need to sink into Nora great, Jonas lifted her chin slightly. "Mmm, baby, I want to be in you now."

"I want a shower," she said matter-of-factly.

Jonas was a bit surprised by her response. Never before had a droid requested to clean up after performing an act on him. This was not only new—it was exciting. "Oh, I like the idea of fucking you in the shower."

Nora glanced towards the bathroom and looked a bit nervous. That was absurd. Droids didn't get nervous, did they?

"I ... uhh ... I'll start it for us. Give me a minute and then I'll call you in," she said, sounding more than nervous.

"Don't take too long. I want to slide my cock into you and hear you call my name out."

Chapter Two

Nora Towlahns closed the bathroom door and leaned her head back on it. The sound of thumping metal served to remind her just how insane her evening had been. She still wasn't sure how she'd just managed to end up on her knees before the sexiest man she'd ever seen. One minute, she was running as fast as she could from her crazy brothers who were trying to marry her off to a junk parts dealer and the next she was with Jonas.

Obviously, the place she'd chosen to hide wasn't a hotel after all. When she'd crawled through the window, she'd come face to face with a droid. Instantly, she knew what type it was. Having been born and raised on Fengaria, she knew exactly how to spot a pleasure droid. They were all over-the-top versions of women that some geek in a lab created.

Their nipples stayed permanently erect and every word they said sounded breathy, almost whisper-like. The heavy amounts of make-up and next to nothing outfits also aided in the spotting of them. If that wasn't enough, one had only to look them in the eye for them to launch into a spiel about how they could 'rock your world,' or 'give you so much pleasure that you'd never need a real woman again'.

Hating them was too easy. Being jealous of the droids was pointless. The only thing that made sense was to make small talk whenever she ran across a newer model that was capable of having a semi-sane conversation. They'd told Nora things that she never dreamt possible, yet here she was, in a room with a man that she'd not only sucked off but wanted desperately to try everything she'd learned of too.

Glancing towards the tiny power storage unit in the wall next to the particle shower, Nora prayed that the real droid would remain silent. It had been in power saving mode when she'd mistaken the brothel for a hotel. It didn't notice her presence at first. Just when Nora thought that she'd lucked out for the night with a warm place to sleep, she'd heard

voices in the hallway. It didn't take her long to figure out someone was headed into the room and she couldn't risk discovery.

Unlike most planets, Fengaria had harsh laws about women and what they could and could not do. Running out on her wedding day was a big no-no, punishable by death. Rather than risk her life by being exposed, Nora had opted to pretend to be the droid. The only problem with her scheme was that the real pleasure-droid selected that moment to activate.

After a fierce battle, Nora managed to subdue the droid and shove it into the bathroom. Getting the thing stuffed into the power panel wasn't easy and the idea of attempting to re-cram the droid into the tight spot was even less appealing than the first-time round. As long as no one got in the shower to activate a particle stream, she was safe. The charge that the shower would cause through the main power source to the room would no doubt jump-start the droid. If the droid re-activated too soon she would be in serious trouble. Not only would Nora face the death penalty for running out on her wedding, she'd be doing so minus two hands and a tongue. Lying and stealing, which the law would no doubt consider taking a customer from a droid, was punishable by limb removal.

Great, as if dying wasn't bad enough.

She knew better than to start the charade to begin with. But when Nora had come out and found Jonas standing in the room, his blue eyes seeming to soak in her every movement as he shifted, showing off his god-like body, she threw caution to the wind. If she was caught and got off with only having to marry the parts dealer, Nora wanted to know a night of passion—a night with a man so perfect that she could savor it forever.

Now, as she stood in the bathroom, unsure of what to do next, she took a deep breath. "You want this. You want to share everything with him. Stop being foolish and...."

"Let me in so I can fuck the hell out of you."

The sound of Jonas' voice so close to the door took her by surprise. When it opened, her pulse sped. He poked his head around the corner and ran a hand through his shaggy hair. Every muscle on him seemed to ripple from the action. Her body lit in response to the sight of his. At the rate she was going, she'd experience all that a man and woman could do in a few short hours, forever imprinting on her brain for the sake of sweet memories.

Jonas' cock, finally sated, lay nestled in a thatch of tight black curls. Had she not snuck peeks at holograms of naked men during her studies at the university, she'd have been grossly unprepared to deal with Jonas when he whipped his out and demanded she suck it.

Her family had been irate enough with her for demanding to be allowed to go to the university and the idea of having learned valuable tips on sexual practices while there made Nora snicker.

Money well spent.

Nora couldn't stop her tongue from sliding out and over her lower lip as she drank in the sight of Jonas in all his glory. The urge to drop to her knees again was great. Somehow, she managed to hold back. Thankfully, he was hers only for one night. Any longer with him and she feared she'd end up begging to always be permitted to taste of his cock.

Jonas gave her a sexy smile and moved closer to her. "Mmm, lick that lip one more time and you'll find me fucking that pretty little mouth again."

"Do you always talk like this or do you just do it with droids?" she asked, curious as to just how brazen Jonas tended to be. Sure, she enjoyed the sexually charged banter but she knew men could be tender as well. Perhaps Jonas wasn't one of those types of men. It didn't matter. He made her body burn with need and her inner thighs damp with thoughts of him entering her. That was all she was concerned about. One last night of freedom, or the end of her life if things went badly, left Nora not caring about anything.

He narrowed his blue gaze on her and tipped his head. "Nora, you are so very different than the other droids I've been with. And to answer your question, I say what's on my mind and expect you to do the same."

She licked her lip again and let out a soft laugh as a pained expression came over Jonas' squared features. "In that case, I want you to take me and ram that cock of yours into me so many times that I forget where I stop and you begin. I want you to soak me in your cum. I want to wear it, to taste it, to rub it on me. I want everything."

Growling out, Jonas came at her fast. Before Nora knew it, he had her lifted off her feet and was headed towards the bedroom again. "Computer, turn on lights, lowest level and add soft music—default settings."

Nora giggled. "This isn't a Star Union vessel. This place doesn't have a computer that will bend at your every whim."

He put his mouth dangerously close to hers. "It has you and you will bend at my every whim."

"Will I?" she asked, arching a brow, leaving some of her inhibitions behind her.

The second Jonas' eyes locked with hers, Nora already knew the answer to her own question. This stranger who had entered her life only an hour ago did possess the power to make her submit to him. That wasn't just a shock, it was terrifying.

She wiggled free from his grasp. Backing up quickly, Nora's mind raced for a way to keep distance between them. Experimenting and making lasting memories was one thing, falling in love was another.

Jonas reached down slowly and took hold of his cock, working it at a leisurely pace as his eyes stayed locked on her. Each stroke caused his erection to grow, leaving it rigid and aimed directly at her. "Baby, before the night is out I will have fucked you every way imaginable."

Nora put her hands up fast. "You can't."

"Care to tell me why?" The sly grin that spread over his face told her that he thought this was another sex game.

Playing with her heart was anything but a game. With her life on the line already, Nora wasn't willing to risk that too. The lure of his turgid shaft

was almost too much. Buckling this soon in her stand wasn't acceptable. "I'm not on any form of population control."

He laughed. "Neither are any of the other droids, baby. You aren't equipped to conceive a child but I do have to say that the platform they have you running on is superb. Mmm, if I could really mate with you, I honestly think I would."

As he covered the distance between them, Nora found herself rooted in place. That hadn't gone as planned. No. She expected him to do as many men on her planet did—run at the mention of no population control.

The moment Jonas' hands cupped her breasts and his fingers tweaked her nipples to erect, pebble-like points, she forgot why it was that distance was needed. He was so right, so perfect with his steely body, broad shoulders and blue eyes. Nora stared up and into them as he smiled softly.

"What?" she asked, curious as to what was making him so happy.

Jonas bent his head down low and planted a kiss on each nipple, sending fire throughout her body. He paused a moment and smiled again. Slowly, he slid down the length of her body until he was on his knees before her. He planted a kiss on her mound, paying special attention to the tiny strip of hair she had there. "You smell so good, Nora. That alone is enough to make me want to stay here forever. There's something about you that calls to me. You're too beautiful to be real."

Before she had a chance to respond, he spread the lips of her pussy wide and pressed his mouth to it. His hot tongue flickered over her clit, instantly causing blood to rush to it. Tiny spurts of pleasure went through

her with each lick he took. The addition of tiny sucks left her grabbing hold of his head and weaving her fingers into his shaggy black hair.

He let out a very manly chuckle. It vibrated against her slit, causing even more pleasure. "Mmm, you like that, don't you, baby?"

"Y-e-s."

Jonas added his fingers, sliding them into her wet core and pumping steadily. Nora gasped and pulled his face closer to her, wanting him to lick her more, needing to come by means of his tongue and fingers.

He took her hint and began sucking on her clit once more. The feel of Jonas finger fucking her left her making tiny, animalistic noises as she began to direct the movement of his head, encouraging his to be more aggressive. The second he began to swipe his tongue over her swollen bud in a half-circle motions, Nora's legs tightened and she had to grab hold of his shoulders to stay upright as her orgasm tore through her body.

"Ah, yes."

Jonas sucked at Nora, lapping up her sweet cream and while trying desperately to keep himself emotionally unattached from the droid. Something about her left her continuing to burrow her way under his armor. It wasn't right and it sure the hell wasn't natural. The first thing he planned on doing when he returned to Expedition Central was to see the on-staff counselor There had to be a pill, a shot, something to make his feelings and delusions of a life with a pleasure droid disappear.

Take her with you. Keep her all to yourself.

His conscious had clearly gone insane as well as the rest of him. Though, the idea had merit. Having Nora at his disposal at all times would not only ease his sexual frustrations but would give him a much needed companion.

Snap out of it, Myers. She's not human. Keep an emotional distance.

As Jonas slid his tongue into her pussy and tasted how amazing she truly was, he knew he was failing miserably. His cock, now painfully hard, pleaded with him to be in her. Jonas stood fast, picked Nora up and positioned her above his shaft. The moment the head of his cock pressed into her heated core, he gave into the carnal need to lay claim to her. Driving himself to the hilt, he moaned out as she wrapped her legs around his waist, tossed her head back and joined him in crying out. He took her hips in his hands, controlling her movements, making her take him deep, again and again.

"Uhh ... ahh, there," she panted as he continued to orchestrate their encounter.

Jonas pulled on her, causing her to sink over his erection more, swallowing it into her silken depths, while she was fisting him to the point that he thought he'd explode from excitement and die a happy man. He held tight to her hips and began working her in rhythmic pattern that made his entire body tingle. She felt too good to be just a droid, too real, too perfect.

"Nora, you are fucking amazing!"

Her large breasts bobbed in his face and he managed to catch one in his mouth. Sucking on her nipple while he fucked her standing up, left his eyes rolling back and bizarre animal-like noises coming from him. Soon, the night would be over and he'd have to head back to his ship. The thought of leaving her sickened him.

Don't get attached. She's just a droid, isn't she?he thought to himself as Nora continued to slide up and down on him, riding him the way he always dreamt a woman would—with skill, with passion and most of all with eyes that seemed trained on only him.

Nora clawed at his back, digging her nails in deep, no doubt drawing blood as her pussy clenched down on his dick. Jonas didn't care if she ripped him to shreds so long as she let him find salvation in her silken depths. Increasing his pace, he let out a strangled cry as the walls of her channel held him in a vice-like grip as she hit her zenith.

Giving in, Jonas let himself go, fucking her madly. Thrusting himself in deep and holding there, his jaw dropped as his seed spit into her, soaking her completely. He couldn't stop as more and more semen filled her.

Where the hell is it all coming from?

His locator beeped and he did his best to ignore it. “Baby, that was wonderful.”

Nora's eyes glistened and if Jonas didn't know better he'd have sworn that she was on the verge of crying. Kissing his lips gently, she gave him a soft smile. “Thank you.”

Droids never showed emotion to this extent. Something was very wrong with the situation. His locator beeped again, this time rapidly, signaling it was an emergency. Not wanting to leave Nora's tight body, Jonas carried her with him towards his com unit.

She giggled and he paused. "Droid's don't laugh."

"I know."

Doing his best to dismiss the nagging feeling that Nora was not a droid, Jonas grabbed his communicator from the chair holding his uniform. "Admiral Myers here."

Nora stiffened in his arms. "Admiral?"

He held tight to her ass cheeks, kneading them gently as he locked gazes with her. Her flushed cheeks and swollen lips made her look completely human. The feel of her hot, wet pussy only confirmed that. No droid had ever been able to replicate the after-sex glow like Nora could.

"I'm sorry to bother you during your leave, but General Morris has moved his visit back two days. I thought you would want to know, Sir." Lt. Commander Dirks cleared his throat.

Two more days? That meant he'd have a bit more time to play with his new favorite toy—Nora. Dirks had earned himself a reward for thinking to notify him.

"Dirks, transfer down to planetside immediately. Hook onto my location."

"Sir?"

"Come on, boy, I'm only offering this up once. She's too fine a specimen to pass up. I'm even thinking of buying my own model of her." Glancing into Nora's face, he caught her panicked look. That was odd. He didn't think droids had that capability. He shrugged. The evening was fast proving that he was no expert when it came to sex and the advent of machinery.

"Yes, Sir," Dirks said as he cut communications.

Jonas moved and touched the droid's long, curly blonde hair. It was so shiny, so lifelike—so something he could wake up to every morning. He shook the thought from his head. Nora was a droid and she belonged to someone else. It was absurd to think they had any sort of future. Hell, he didn't even know her droid number.

Easing her to her feet, he traced her lower lip with his thumb. "An officer, under my command, is going to join us. I will handle the fee with your owner. I wish for you to service him as well."

Her eyes widened, as she shook her head no. "Please ... I only want to service you."

Jonas was shocked to hear Nora protest. With the age of models they got in brothels like this, it was easy to tell a droid when it spoke—it always agreed and it never sounded scared. No. Shy and timid could be requested but scared wasn't an option. If men wanted that they had to crawl around in the scummy, low-life brothels that were into that sort of thing.

Newer models obviously had the ability to give any response they deemed appropriate. The idea of this little sexual hole in the ground springing for the finest in droid technology surprised him. It didn't make sense but the pleasure he felt while in her was too much to pass up. Too much to say good-bye to easily and too much not to have someone else confirm just how special she was.

"You will please him as well. Am I clear?"

"I only want to please you."

Grabbing her chin gently, Jonas stared down at her sternly. "I have given you an order and you should be programmed to obey all my requests. I selected the XT model and that includes multiple partners, so get that sexy little ass of yours ready, it's about to get fucked."

"Jonas, please," she said grabbing hold of his upper arm.

Jonas? Had she really just called him by name?

The room buzzed and Jonas turned to see Dirks materialize before him. Dirks glanced up and down the length of Jonas and laughed. "Thanks Sir, but I'm not into that sort of thing."

"Shut-up, you moron. I called you down to share in a bit of fun with the pleasure droid I purchased for the night—but now thanks to the information you shared with me—the entire weekend."

Dirk ran his hand through his unruly blond hair and shrugged. "It has been a while since I've gotten anything more than a hologram romp."

"Great, pick your poison, or should I say position."

Nora let out a soft cry. Jonas gave her a warning glance and felt a stab of guilt in his chest. Exhaling, he rolled his eyes, unsure why he felt the need to partially cave. "If you don't like it, we'll stop, okay?"

She bit her lower lip and nodded. She was so shy, so innocent for a droid that was supposedly versed in every sex act known to man that it didn't seem right. It made him want her more. "Get on your hands and knees, baby."

Reluctantly, Nora dropped down, her eyes seeming to plead with him the entire time. Jonas walked around behind her and kneeled. Wrapping his arms around her, he closed his eyes as he held her tight. She felt so right—like she'd been made to fit there.

Jonas leaned her forward and caressed her spine. Even her back was flawless. The apple shaped globes of her ass cheeks begged for a kiss, so

he leaned down and gave her one. His cock hardened with the promise of feeling her inner depths once more. Sliding his fingers between the lips of her pussy, he growled when he found her dripping wet. "You're still so fucking tight. Gawd, you have to feel this, Dirks."

Dirks got to his knees next to Jonas and touched the droid's pussy. When he dipped his finger in, he moaned. Jealousy ripped through Jonas and it was all he could do to sit idly by while Dirks finger fucked his woman.

My woman?he thought to himself.She's not mine, nor is she even a real woman.

"Sir, she feels so real."

Jonas nodded and grit his teeth. "I know."

"Sir?" Dirks asked. "You sound like you do right before you bite one of our heads off."

Unable to control himself, Jonas pushed Dirks' hand away from Nora and stood quickly. "I'll buy you your own droid for the night."

"Sir, this one you're with willmore than do," Dirks said, licking his lower lip as he stared at Nora's pink pussy, raised up to him like a forbidden offering.

Jonas saw red and he made a move towards Dirks. "You will avert your gaze now. She is mine and I will not tolerate any man touching her. I'll be back with a different droid for you." He glanced at Nora and felt as though he'd been stabbed in the chest when he spotted a lone tear running down her cheek. It was then he knew what he suspected was true. Guilt hit him hard and the need to protect and comfort her took over. He put his arms out. "Come here, baby."

Instantly, Nora turned and moved into his embrace. Stroking her silky hair, Jonas planted a kiss on the top of her head and pulled her to him tighter, shielding her nakedness from Dirks as best he could. "Shh, it's okay. I'm sorry, baby."

"Sir?"

"Wait in the hall for us Lt. Commander," Jonas said sternly. "I was wrong to call you down. I assure you that you will be pleased this night, just not with this droid."

Dirks nodded and did as he was instructed to do. The moment the door closed, Jonas cupped Nora's face and stared down at her. "Droids don't cry, Nora."

Please let what I suspect be true. Please.

She nodded slightly and wiped the tear from her face. "I know."

"Did I force you to do anything against your will?" he asked, afraid to hear her answer.

Nora's brow creased as she shook her head. "No. You stopped it before it happened."

Exhaling, he gave her a soft smile. "No, baby. Did I, when it was just you and me, force myself on you?"

"I wanted you." She tipped her head slightly and narrowed her gaze suspiciously. "Why are you asking me this? Pleasure droids can't be forced into anything. They do whatever their assigned master instructs them to do. They obey every command and have no opinions of their own, Jonas."

"I'm guessing that's a sharp contrast from you and has been extra hard on you since you're pretending to be one."

"Yes, it has been hard to pretend to...." Nora stopped in mid-sentence and stared at him with wide wild eyes. "I didn't mean ... I'm not a ... err ... I mean I am a...."

Capturing her mouth with his, Jonas silenced her as joy ripped through him. She was real. His Nora was real. "Mine."

"I am Desire-Model 4551. How can I please you, Master?"

The sound of a woman's voice coming from behind him surprised Jonas. He pulled back from the kiss a bit unsure if he'd actually heard something

or if it was just his imagination playing tricks on him. As he turned, he found a tall redhead with green eyes that seemed anything but real. She stood with a hand on her hip and her obscenely large breasts pushed out far. Naked and apparently ready to go, Jonas arched a brow as he tried to reason why she was there. "Huh?"

Nora stiffened. "Jonas, I didn't plan on being here with you. I just needed a place to hide. I had no clue that you would be coming in for...."

"Are you married?" he asked, silently praying she'd say no. When Nora glanced away and shook her head, he knew there was more to the story than she was letting on. "Nora?"

"I wish to fulfill all your fantasies, Master. Let me suck you off. You can come down my throat. I will swallow every last drop of your hot cum, Master. You can bend me over and fuck me in the ass. You like that, don't you, Master. I know that you do. My uploads told me that you like to pull out and ejaculate all over my back. Is that what you want, Master? Mmm, let me give you what you want. Let me please you, Master."

Jonas cast a wary look in the droid's direction and grimaced. How could he have thought that was sexy? Overdone breasts, no personality, forced speech and lack of emotion. It was pathetic at best. Now that he'd had a taste of paradise, a taste of Nora, he would never be able to go back to fucking droids and be satisfied.

Desire-Model 4551 moved toward Jonas seductively, opening her thighs and inserting a finger into her already wet pussy. Nora tried to pull away but Jonas held tight to her. "No, baby."

"I can't be here when you," she glanced at the pleasure droid, "fuck her."

"What makes you think I'm going to do that?"

Nora's brows drew together. "Aren't you going to want us both to please you?"

Jonas smiled wide. "Lt. Commander Dirks."

The door to the room opened and Jonas made sure to keep Nora's body shielded. "Yes, sir."

"I'd like you to meet Desire-Model 4551. She's yours for the night. Enjoy her."

"Really?" Dirks asked, sounding like he couldn't wait to sink his cock into the droid.

Jonas chuckled. "Really. You can have this room."

Nora gaze him a questioning look and he couldn't help but smile as he kissed the top of her nose quickly. "I'm taking Nora somewhere special and then...."

"But, sir, droids aren't permitted to leave the establishment."

Jonas stared down at Nora and sighed. The idea that she may be human but working in the brothel servicing thousands of men hadn't occurred to him. "Call the owner in. I want to buy this one."

"Buy me? I'm not for sale." Nora's eyes widened as she shook her head. "No. Don't call him in. He'll turn me over to the authorities. I don't want to go back. They...."

"Go back to what?" Jonas wasn't sure he really wanted to know the answer to that.

Nora shook her head, clearing not wanting to share the details with him. "Can I just enjoy being with you tonight, Jonas? Please don't take this from me."

He wasn't sure if it was the please or just the mere fact that it was Nora asking for something but the idea of denying her was unfathomable. Brushing her long blonde hair back from her soft face, he smiled. "I'll give you whatever you want, baby. And I'll take you away from here. I promise."

Pressing her fingers to his lips, she silenced him. "No promises. Some things are even beyond the control of an Admiral."

* * * *

Dirks glanced around hesitantly, clearly afraid of being reprimanded for nothing again. Jonas nodded at him and then in the direction of the droid. Dirks beamed as he moved towards her. The droid wasted no time in

going to him as she licked her fingers free of come. "Mmm, I want to please you. Let me suck you off."

Dirks moved quickly to her and she dropped to her knees, unbuckling his gray uniform pants as she went. The moment she took Dirks' cock into her mouth Jonas went to pull Nora to her feet only to find her turning around for him.

"Nora?"

Thrusting her apple-shaped ass up and at him, Nora giggled, sounding a bit nervous. Jonas tried to will himself to force her to leave with him, but the sight of her sweet ass and pink pussy combined with the sound of the droid was making as she sucked Dirks off, was entirely too erotic for him to do so.

"What do you want, baby?" he asked, running his hand down her spine slowly. He took hold of his dick with his free hand and smacked the head of it against her ass cheeks several times. "Do you want this in you?"

"Yes."

"We're not alone."

"I know." Nora pushed back, almost taking his shaft into her in the process. "Please, Jonas. I need you in me. I don't want to ... umm ... I want to feel you as much as I can before we part."

"We aren't going to part, baby."

She didn't comment. Instead, she bucked against him again as he continued to smack his cock against the smooth cheeks of her ass, getting the blood pumping more and creating an erection so stiff, so firm that it now bordered on painful. As much as he wanted to take her, he wanted her prepared first. Bending down, Jonas kissed her shoulder first, smiling as she moaned beneath his touch.

Running his hands and kisses down her spine, he continued, slowing momentarily as he reached the small of her back. He kissed the left side of her ass, giving it the tiniest of swats as he went.

Nora moved a bit and let out a sultry giggle as he rubbed the spot where he spanked her tenderly, needing to assure himself that she was indeed enjoying it. "That's it, Jonas. Again. I've been a very bad girl."

"Have you now?" he asked, gently slapping a new spot on her ass and then quickly kissing away the sting. Parting her cheeks, Jonas stared at her pink pussy and tight rosette. Unable to help himself, he kissed his way down her slit and stopped to rim her pink rosette.

Nora's tiny moans and animal-like sounds told him exactly how much she liked what he was doing. Needing to stimulate her even more, Jonas slid his finger into her wet pussy while he continued to lick her.

"Oh gods," Dirks said, his voice hoarse. "There. Uh, there."

"Come on my face," the redheaded droid said.

Nora twisted a bit and glanced over her shoulder at Dirks. When her blue eyes met Jonas' she smiled. "I want to watch them."

Surprised by her request, he simply nodded and turned her a bit, until Dirks and the droid were in plain view. Dirks' gaze flickered towards Nora and Jonas fought down feeling of jealousy. If Nora wanted him to fuck her with other people watching them then he would. He'd known Dirks for so long that he was positive it would go no further than the bedroom.

Jonas added his thumb to the mix, using it to rub Nora's clit. Still finger-fucking her and licking around her rosette, he had her bucking wildly in no time. It was easy to see that Nora was now watching the droid, who was still sucking off Dirks while she moaned and pushed back on his finger. "Do you like that, baby? Do you like to watch?"

"Uh-huh," she panted.

Sliding up her, Jonas slapped her ass with his cock again before driving himself to the hilt in her tight pussy. Nora cried out, gripped the sheets and met him thrust for thrust. She felt so good with her channel fisting him. Too good.

His entire body stiffened as he felt his pending orgasm speeding towards him. He went for Nora's clit, needing to assure himself that she'd come with him. The second he touched it, she tossed her head back as her pussy clenched his shaft. His balls drew in and he released his seed into her, letting her milk him as he did.

"Uh, that's it, baby," Dirks said, drawing Jonas' attention as he continued to fill Nora with come.

Dirks stood in the center of the room, holding his cock as it spurted semen onto the droid's face. She gleefully lapped it up, moaning and sucking as she went. He ran his hand through it, smearing it over the droid's lips and pressing it into her mouth.

Jonas withdrew from Nora slowly and wrapped his arms around her. He buried his face in her hair, breathing in her scent and letting it brand his brain. The woman did things to him he never thought possible. She made him want to not only protect her but keep her close and never be with another.

Dirks and the droid kept going, each pleasuring the other, seeming oblivious to Nora and Jonas' presence. Jonas didn't care. Apparently, Nora didn't either because she drifted off to sleep in his arms. The thought of letting her go, even for a moment, terrified him. Deep down inside, he knew keeping her would be a battle. The scariest part of it all was that Nora might not want him at all.

Chapter Three

"Sir, I think we should get back to the ship," Dirks said, his voice low. The man knew better than to continue to push Jonas, yet he did.

Jonas rounded on him. He narrowed his gaze and glared. "I'm not leaving this planet without Nora."

Dirks nodded. "I understand, sir, but the brothel owner has already told you he doesn't know anyone by that name and he has no droids fitting her description."

Anger welled in Jonas. "I fucking know she's not a droid!"

"Sir?"

The urge to punch Dirks was strong. Somehow, Jonas managed to hold back. All he wanted to do was find Nora, inform her she was to be his wife and get the hell off the planet. So far, that wasn't happening. He'd woken to find Nora gone. She'd managed to sneak past not only Jonas but Dirks and the droid as well. He and Dirks had spent two straight days searching for her with no luck. The town was run down, the people less than friendly and everyone seemed to be interested in getting him the hell off the planet. He suspected they all knew exactly who Nora was but had no plans on telling him.

The stench of the planet was almost as overwhelming as the heat. Fengaria had no natural water system and relied on Star Union vessels to escort the water haulers in and protect from those who would hijack the ship. Water fetched a pretty penny in the Bagune Galaxy due to how rare it was.

Dust blew up and around him, settling on Jonas like a second skin. Dirks coughed but stayed close at Jonas' heels as they headed down another alley. This one was as bad as the rest. In fact, Jonas was hard pressed to tell a difference from one section of the town to another.

They neared the end of the alley and it opened into a large rectangular area. Two men stood on a makeshift stage, addressing a man wearing a powdered wig. Jonas cast Dirks a questioning look and he shrugged.

"I'm as lost as you are, sir."

The man with the wig smacked a gavel on his desk and eyed a tall man with dark hair. "What say you on the charges against your sister?"

"I say she's guilty, Lord Magistrate. She didn't show up for her planned weddin' and she disappeared for almost two days after," a tall man with a scruffy face and a large belly said as he scratched his armpit.

Jonas and Dirks exchanged glances each no doubt thinking the man disgusting and went to move on. The Magistrate slammed his gavel again. "If no one speaks in her favor, death it is."

"Drivas, please," a familiar voice said, catching Jonas' attention.

He turned to find Nora being yanked onto the stage by several men. Her wrists were bound in front of her and ugly bruises covered her jaw and neck. A fury he'd never known lit deep within him. He went for his weapon but Dirks was already stripping him of it. "Give it back," he bit out.

"Can't do that, sir. You'll shoot every man up there." Dirks sighed. "Trust me. I'm not blind. I can see they didn't treat her well but you need to try the diplomatic approach first. If that doesn't work, I'll help you kill them all." A slight, forced chuckle followed.

Jonas knew that despite his laugh, Dirks was serious. He would indeed help to kill all men involved in harming Nora. Clenching his fists, Jonas stood tall, willing himself to appear calm even though he wanted to bash every man's face in who dared to even look upon his Nora.

"I will speak for her."

All eyes, including Nora's, fell on him. She shook her head, suddenly appearing terrified. "No! Lord Magistrate, I don't know that man. He can't speak for me. He can't...."

"Like hell you don't know me, Nora. You're quite possibly carrying my child and I can assure you that you will be my wife before I leave this backwards planet."

A chorus of angry growls sounded around them. Dirks cleared his throat. "That might not have been the best thing to say, sir."

"Which part?" Jonas grinned, no longer caring who he pissed off.

"Umm, all of it."

As a wave of men swarmed in around him and Dirks, Jonas put his hand up. "Harm her or either one of us and I can guarantee you that no Star Union vessel under my command will ever escort your water haulers again."

Dirks laughed from the gut. "Oh, I'd listen to him, folks. He's an Admiral."

The townspeople froze. Several of them backed up. The others went after three men, one of whom had spoken out against Nora. The man narrowed his gaze on Jonas. "We won't let you have the whore."

"My wife is no whore, you ignorant piece of space trash. Continue this and I'll see you strapped to the ass end of my transport vessel."

Dirks nudged him. "On the outside, right, sir? I just had it cleaned but I'm willing to overlook that for the sheer satisfaction of seeing that asshole disengage on take off."

Jonas baulked. "Of course on the outside. I'll not have that thing anywhere near my wife, who is coming with us now or I'll see to it this planet never has water again."

The Magistrate's eyes were wide as he slammed his gavel once more. "Case dismissed." He swallowed hard. "Oh, and by the power vested in me by the Lords of Fengaria, I acknowledge the union and bless it. You are now husband and wife."

Nora blinked twice and then fainted dead away. Dirks burst into laughter and Jonas arched a brow. "That was fast."

"Yeah and your 'wife' took it well."

Ignoring Dirks comment, Jonas rushed to Nora's side and lifted her with ease. His gaze met the Magistrate's and the man nodded feverously. "Very happy for you, Admiral. Congratulations. Best wishes ... umm ... ah...."

Jonas gave him a pointed stare. "You can shut up now."

"Yes, sir."

Chapter Four

Groggy and sore, Nora opened her eyes slowly and took a moment to adjust to her surrounding. The light, barely there, gown she wore rubbed against her nipples, causing them to rise to hardened points.

For a moment, Nora thought she was outdoors due to the sound of animals around her and the greenery surrounding her. It took her a minute to realize she was in a room with artificial lighting. The oversized green plants were like nothing she'd ever seen before. Pink veins ran through the center of each leaf.

"Do you like it?"

Startled by the sound of Jonas' voice, Nora shot up and off the bed.
"What?"

A manly chuckle followed as the plants seemed to part. Jonas stepped through, wearing nothing but a towel. He looked good enough to eat and she couldn't help but bite her lip as thoughts of taking his cock in her mouth beset her. He slid his hand down his tawny chest. "Nora? Something a matter?"

"No," she said a little too fast. "How did I get here? Better yet, where am I?"

"In my home here at Expedition Central."

"Your home?"

He laughed. "Yes and it's your home now that we're married."

Drawing in a sharp breath, Nora looked around the expansive bedroom.
"Married?"

"Nora, honey, are you going to keep repeating everything I say?" He took a step towards her.

"Maybe." Her gaze moved to the top of his white towel as it undid it. As he cast it aside, she whimpered. "Jonas, talk to me. Tell me what's happening."

He was on her in an instant, caressing her erect nipples through the gown and pressing his warm lips to her hers. Tugging on the gown, he lifted it as he pressed his cock to her stomach. "Don't you remember marrying me?"

That was real?

Jonas didn't wait for her to respond. He rubbed his shaft against her bare stomach allowing his pre-cum to seep out and onto her skin. "I can't get enough of you, Nora."

"But, I was supposed to marry a man my brothers selected for me," she said, unsure why it came out when it did.

"Let's just say that the Magistrate thought I was better suited for you."

Reaching down, Nora wrapped her fingers around his cock as best she could. She stroked him as she stared into his blue eyes. "Why did you do it? Why claim me as yours?"

"Because—" He ran the pad of his thumb over her lower lip. "You are mine."

It wasn't the answer she wanted but it was one Nora could accept for the time being. She tried to slide down the length of Jonas' body. The need to take him in her mouth and taste his cum was great but he held her in place. "Jonas?"

"Nora," he kissed her lips, "I love you."

Air swooshed from her lungs as his words hit her. She wanted to deny they could be true but in her heart, she knew. He did love her and she him. Returning his kiss, Nora pressed her body to his. "I love you, too."

Jonas lifted her quickly, laid her out on the bed and eased her legs open. Nora stared up at him as he guided his thick cock to her core. In one thrust, he was buried deep within her. Nora clung him as he moved his hips, dipping in and out of her body. It was impossible not to revel in the moment, feel as if she could soar. Jonas had changed everything. He'd opened her eyes while being temporarily blinded himself and Nora knew she would never get enough of him.

* * * *

Jonas drilled his cock into his wife, savoring every second of it. Part of him still couldn't believe she was really his. Really his wife and with him for always. Another part feared he'd wake up to find it was all a dream. That his trip to Fengaria had never taken place and that he'd never met Nora.

She felt so good, so real that it was hard to deny she was truly beneath him. Pumping into her, he let his body go. Let it do what it had to in order to assure itself she was indeed his. He fucked her like a deprived man, pushing into her so hard that he lost track of where he stopped and she began.

"Yes, Jonas. Yes," she panted. Her pussy clenched around his dick, pulling him back into her depths as her orgasm struck.

Jonas rammed into her and held fast as his balls drew up and cum shot forth, filling her fully. A beeping noise caught his attention.

"Admiral, paramedics are being dispatched," the computer said. "ETA less than two minutes."

"Paramedics?" Jonas asked, drawing out of Nora and seizing a sheet to cover her with. "Why in the hell are they coming here?"

"Your heart rate elevated quickly, sir, and I detected foreign emissions. The moment my sensors picked up a third life form enter the room when no doors had been activated, I followed Star Union protocol. Are you pleased, Admiral?"

Jonas jerked around just in time for the doors to his bedroom to slide open and a team of paramedics to rush in. They froze when they spotted him standing there in nothing more than what he'd been born in. Dirks rushed in behind them.

"Sir, are you ... you're naked!"

"No shit. Really?" Jonas didn't bother to hide his sarcasm.

"Lt. Commander Dirks is correct, Admiral," the computer said. "You are indeed lacking your uniform or any other attire for that matter."

"Jonas?" Nora asked, her voice tight. "What third life form in the room? It was just us and why are they still here?"

"Out! Everyone! Now!"

"Sir, uhh, we need you to sign a release form," a young, newer crew member said as he held out a waiver pad.

Growling, Jonas pressed his palm to it while giving the crew member the evil eye. When the boy rushed away, shaking slightly, he knew he hadn't lost his touch. Only Dirks lagged behind, laughing slightly as he stared at Jonas and Nora.

"What are you looking at?"

Dirks grinned. "A man who just learned he's about to be a father but seemed to miss the hint."

A father.

"Computer, scan my wife. Report findings in regards to pregnancy." He glanced down at Nora to find her wide eyed.

"I'm not...."

"Affirmative, Admiral. She is in the first phases of gestation. Logging in records now. Shall I proceed with scheduling a prenatal visit with Dr. Wextonarie?"

"Yes, and once Lt. Dirks is gone, lock my doors and dim the lights." Licking his lips, Jonas locked gazes with Nora. "I'd like to create some more strange emissions with my wife."

The smile that spread over Nora's sweet face said it all—she was happy. So was he.

THE END

Excerpt from Project Exorcism: Paranormal Payload by Mandy M. Roth, available at New Concepts Publishing!

Lorelei Janelle plopped behind the control panel in the central observation deck to see what vessel had sparked the warning probe's alert system. She didn't like the idea of intruders in their vicinity, but it only happened every now and then so she couldn't complain. As much as she disliked worrying about outsiders, she did enjoy the company. Her nights had been filled by erotic dreams of a man too good to be true and her days were a rude awakening to the harshness of her world. Her nocturnal lover hadn't come to her in two weeks and her fear that her mind had

finally given up generating him was great. It would, of course, wait until she'd mated mentally with him to pull the plug.

"Unit One, this is Captain Vasil of the Alpha Brig Three requesting permission to enter atmosphere and dock. Emergency commission code 327 has been initiated," a deep, familiar voice said in her earpiece.

Her inner thighs dampened and for one brief moment, her breath caught in her throat. Who was this man that sounded so very much like her secret lover? How had he elicited that shocking response from her body with nothing more than his words? Fearing he was another Dsendiyun, she sighed. Lorelei was beginning to think the sex starved planet they came from encouraged them to 'get lost' as close to her people as possible. It wasn't like they got any sort of sexual stimulation while they were here. Not unless they considered being chained together good fun.

Some men do.

Lorelei glanced up at the glass ceiling. Seeing no sign of a vessel nearby, she double checked her radar to be sure she hadn't imagined the entire thing. There was no way she could have received a hail signal yet have the radar detect nothing. The electromagnetic waves that a vessel put out in a non-cloaked state would have shown up before. None did.

Having had many unauthorized vessels attempt to dock in her lifetime, Lorelei knew exactly how to handle them. She tweaked the computer's controls, demanding a more precise reading. Varying the frequency of the waves being sent off, she hoped to initiate a reflection of some sort, allowing the radar system to accurately pinpoint the vessel's location. It didn't work. Tweaking the calibrations even more, Lorelei set the control tower's sensors to ultra in hopes of catching a pattern of bounce backs consisting of the direct opposite waves than they were sending out. If the

outsiders thought they were going to get away with active cancellation they were wrong. Dead wrong.

Much to her surprise, nothing showed up on radar. Having never had one elude her, Lorelei tried another approach. She shifted to the Commission based recognition systems they'd installed many years ago after a sanctified vessel crashed into their red sea. Instantly, a blip appeared on the screen. Zeroing in on it, she brought it up closer and began to run a remote diagnostic on it. The main fuel tank had a crack so large that she knew they'd lost the majority of their liquid fuel as soon as it happened. Their life support systems were dangerously close to giving out and their alternate source of power seemed to be having issues as well.

Who would be stupid enough to enter our atmosphere with that amount of damage?

As soon as the question formed in her head, Lorelei knew the answer. The Dsendiyuns. Once located on radar, they were easy to spot with their flashy crafts and telltale too strong pick up lines. They would certainly have announced themselves to her by now. The tiny bit of thrill they got from trying to make her work at pinpointing their point of entry would have long worn off and she'd have gotten it right within seconds. Not to mention their ability to stay cloaked for long intervals within the planet's atmosphere was almost non-existent. No. Who or whatever approached them couldn't be the notorious romancers from Dsendiyun.

Disappointment shot through Lorelei, catching her by surprise. It had been a long time since she'd been touched by a man her mind did not create. The two weeks that she'd gone without Sevan coming to her nightly felt like an eternity. She missed the feel of his strong arms wrapped around her, the feel of him buried deep within her and knowledge that even though she'd invented him, he loved her. Her body was reaching the point where the desire to reproduce was almost on her. The only problem being, it had transcended her normal boundaries and

infected her mind with a make-believe man whom she mated with in a dream.

It was as absurd as it sounded and although she truly did love the idea of Sevan, she couldn't live her life married to a fantasy. Waking up and crying every morning would get her nowhere and she knew it.

Irritated, Lorelei stared at the radar, watching the blip approach. "No way would a Commission vessel venture into uncharted territory. The ship's probably stolen and I bet it was those damn traders again. Probably want to try to nab off with more of our artifacts or to try to sell us more household cleaning equipment. I will not have my people's legacy sold to the highest bidder, nor do I need the latest and greatest debris remover. Do I look like a domestic goddess? No. I swear I will shoot them on sight if they attempt to take one thing." She wagged her brows and smiled. "If they've come to take me to bed, I'll reconsider. Mmm, bloody hell I'm horny."

Lorelei groaned as her nipples hardened. As much as she wanted to sneak away and 'handle' her current problem, she didn't. Thinking about sex was the worst thing she could do. It only seemed to intensify her craving for it—for Sevan. And there truly were only so many times she could masturbate before her fingers pruned and her wrist hurt. Sadly enough, she'd hit that state long ago.

"Excuse me, Miss, but I am no trader, nor am I a thief. Not to sound shallow here but I tend not to agree to fuck someone until I've had a look at them. As shocking as it sounds, not all men stick their dick in whatever moves. Plus, as overly romantic as this sounds, I'm the last guy you want. I'm holding out for a dream, honey, and to date no woman can stack up to her." He cleared his throat and the sound wreaked havoc on Lorelei's body.

She wanted desperately to come back with a witty comment but the tingling in her pussy fogged her mind enough that she didn't know or care how to respond to his comments. All she knew was that his voice was divine and so familiar that she was positive she knew him somehow.

"My ship's run into a bit of a snag and I need to work on it. If you'd be so kind as to tell your people to open the loading doors I will be out of your hair in no time flat. I'll require some fuel along with the use of some of your tools. I can assure you that each one will be returned in pristine condition. Though, I have been wanting a new set of torch acceleration adjustors."

Lorelei cursed herself for forgetting, yet again, that her voice transmitter was on. She had a bad habit of failing to remember to deactivate it after leaving the main tower. The teasing tone in his voice told her his comment was lighthearted, yet it was easy to tell she'd offended him. Why that mattered to her, she didn't know. But it did.

"Need I remind you that I have just initiated a code 327?" The frustration was evident in the heavy sigh that followed his comment.

Not one to fall for a sexy voice or succumb to guilt, Lorelei readied her inborn defense mechanisms. "Need I remind you that we are not part of the Commission and we do not recognize their laws? If you're seeking Commission friendly territory you will not find it here. We are not a repair station nor are we prone to allowing arrogant arses to dock for giggles. And for future reference you will not take that condescending tone with me again or you will sit there until your ship gives out. I am not one of your disciples, nor will I ever be. And, I'll have you know that basing the choice of having intercourse with someone off appearances places you below a lechranki worm in my book."

"Less than a blood sucking worm that eats its own vomit?"

"Mmmhmm." Lorelei grinned from ear to ear as though she were just a child again. Goading this man had to be the highlight of her month. Why? She wasn't sure but it felt good all the same.

There was some mumbling and then she heard another male laughing. "Shut up, Jordan," the sexy man said, his voice reminding her of Sevan's.

"Always good to know that you are an arse with everyone, not just people you are trying to sweet talk into allowing you to dock. And in case you should have the misfortune of needing repairs this deep into space again, might I suggest you pretend to be mute and allow someone to speak for you. Perhaps sending a holographic image would even work. Just be sure not to model it after yourself or it too will find a rather cold reception."

"Listen lady, you better check that ... ouch! Hit me again and I will toss your ass out into space, brother or not."

Feigning glee, Lorelei clapped her hands together. "Oh goodie, mummy, they come in pairs. Do you think I could have a set of slime lechranski worms to go with the arrogant, ill-mannered boys that wish to dock here? Oh, please, mummy. I've been such a good little girl this year."

Captain Vasil laughed and the seductive sound of it rolled over her, caressing her in places she never dreamed a voice could. Places she hoped he really would touch her. Shocked and a bit embarrassed by her sudden state of need, Lorelei lashed out at him. "Oh my, my, he has a sense of humor. Be still my bored out of its mind heart."

To read other excerpts by Mandy M. Roth please visit her website,
www.mandyroth.com or www.newconceptspublishing.com

Visit www.newconceptspublishing.com for information on additional titles by this and other authors.