

Descendants of the Light 2: Genesis

Eve Vaughn

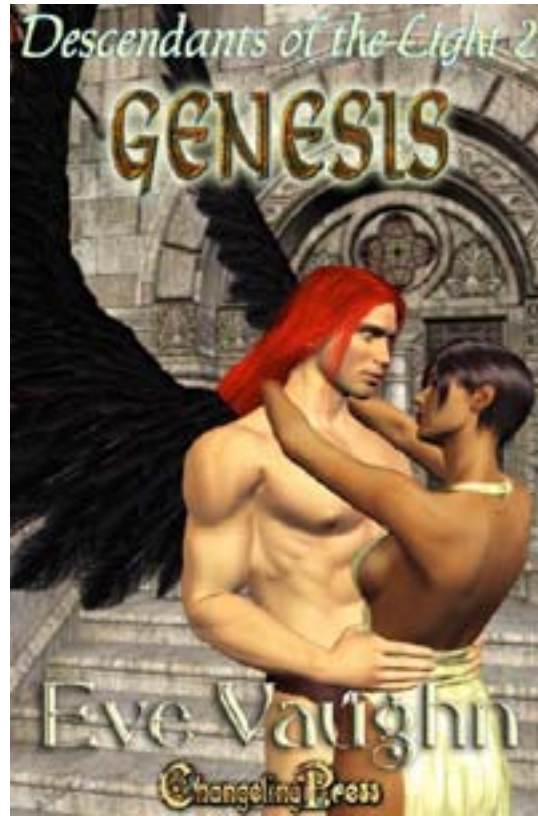
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**ISBN: 1-59596-160-7
Formats Available:
HTML, Adobe PDF,
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:
Changeling Press LLC
PO Box 1561
Shepherdstown, WV 25443-1561
www.ChangelingPress.com**

**Editor: *Carolyn Robinson*
Cover Artist: *Bryan Keller***



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Prologue

H'trae: Zerus, 495 H'trae years ago

"My Queen, why do you look so sad? The victory celebration has begun."

Dyshira turned her brown gaze to her faithful servant, Sema. "Does it really show?"

"I know it's not my place to say, Your Highness, but I'm worried about you. I can't remember when last we saw you smile."

"I appreciate your concern, Sema. I... I think I just need to be alone right now."

Sema bowed before exiting the queen's opulent chambers. Dyshira rested her head against the window as a tear escaped her eye. Each passing day with Garm was worse than she'd ever imagined it could be. He was a heartless beast. When Garm used her body without a thought for her pleasure, she let her mind go blank, pretending she was back in Tiearen with her people. She missed them very much, especially the father she'd not been allowed to see since she left home.

"Dyshira!"

She'd grown to abhor that familiar roar. She turned, forcing a smile on her face. "Yes, my king."

"Why are you hiding in your room? We are celebrating a victory. As my queen, you should be there by my side. Change into a pretty illsa dress and join the feast."

"I do not mean to offend, sire, but I am not feeling well."

"Then make yourself better. I will not have you naysay me, woman."

"I have already explained I am unable to heal myself." She tried to inject as much humility into her voice as possible.

Dyshira gasped as she spied the angry look in her husband's silver eyes. She was familiar with that particular look. A wave of fear washed over her.

His eyes took on a bright glow as he stalked toward her. She fell to her knees, losing her ability to breathe under his malevolent stare. It felt as if a fist were squeezing her heart. She

refused to beg for mercy, however. Perhaps he would kill her this time, but she would be demmed if she gave him the satisfaction of begging.

As Dyshira hovered on the edge of consciousness, Garm relented. She was still more valuable to him alive than dead. He stood over her tiny body, unrepentant, wings flapping behind him as she lay on the floor gasping for air. "You will not dare talk to me in such a manner again. You have provided me with no heirs in the five H'trae years you have been my bride. Even your beauty can no longer hide the fact you are useless to me, save your powers. I will have your complete obedience or you will live to regret it. Do you understand, Dyshira?"

"Yes, my king."

"Good." He ran his tongue over his lips. A new look entered his eyes, one that made her more fearful than his anger. Without warning, he fell on top of her body, ripping her gown away.

An intense hatred for him welled up within her as he plunged into her as though he were a wild beast. One last thought crossed her mind before she let her mind wander -- she would have to kill King Garm.

Chapter One

Planet Earth: Present Day

"If those bastards think they've heard the last of me, then they have another think coming! I saved that kid's life and as thanks I get suspended. I can't believe I might lose my hospital privileges for doing my damn job! Does that make sense to you?" Genesis's eyes welled up with angry tears.

"You can get hospital privileges somewhere else. You're a brilliant doctor." Eden patted her sister on the shoulder in reassurance.

"Do you honestly think they will give me a good reference to go elsewhere? Hello?" Genesis's hand tightened on the steering wheel.

"Gen, I understand your frustration, but you don't have to speak to me like that."

Genesis bit her lip. "I'm sorry."

The problem preying on her mind now was whether she would still have a place to work at week's end. Genesis knew Randolph had been looking for an excuse to get rid of her from the beginning. It didn't matter that the child probably would have died if she hadn't helped him. She'd broken hospital protocol.

"Hey, Gen. Where did you go?" Eden's voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

"Oh, I'm sorry, hon. What did you say?" Genesis took her eyes off the road to look at her sister who was twirling one long braid with her fingers.

"I was just saying we've been driving for hours. I need to stretch my legs. Where are we anyway?"

"I don't really know." Genesis drove to clear her mind, with Eden tagging along at times. Somehow this time they'd ended up in what looked like Redneck Junction. "I

think we should go to the next town before we get out of the car. I'm not waiting around for men in white sheets to come out and greet us."

Eden giggled. "This place doesn't seem so bad. You're being silly."

"I'm not being silly. I've see places like this in the movies. Do you ever see any black people in them?"

"Before we go, could you turn down that dirt road?" Eden pointed to the little turnoff up ahead.

"Why?" Even as Genesis asked the question, she felt the need to do exactly that. They drove for about half a mile before they came upon a little shack.

Eden stepped out of the car as Genesis pulled to a stop. "Eden, get back here."

Ignoring her sister, the smaller woman walked toward a mangled looking car. It was as if someone had ripped the roof off of it.

"Have you ever seen anything like this?"

"I think we should get out of here."

"I suppose we should start heading back. I have a lot of book reports to grade tonight." Eden sighed.

"Yes, and I have to sit around twiddling my thumbs while I wait for that pompous asshole Hawthorne to convince the rest of the board members to get rid of me."

"Being negative about it won't change anything. You're a fighter, Gen. We'll get through this."

"Listen, little Miss Sunshine, everything isn't all goodness and light. I've been fighting since the minute I earned my medical degree. I've had to jump through hoops to do the only job I ever really wanted. I'm sick of it. Has it occurred to you that maybe I'm just too tired to fight anymore?" Genesis ranted.

The stricken look on Eden's face was enough to stop her tirade. There she went again, snapping at her sister when she wasn't to blame. "Eden, I'm --"

"Genesis, look out!"

Before she could react to her sister's scream, a pair of arms wrapped around her from behind.

* * *

Three down, one to go. Prince Kalian was behind the dwelling relieving himself when he heard the voices. The strange Earth language was unintelligible to him, but there was no mistaking the voices were female. He found it disconcerting to know one of the four women who showed up would be his bride. His greatest concern was for the safety of his people, but if taking a The'Ran bride was the price he had to pay, then so be it.

As Kal walked around the dwelling so he wouldn't be noticed, he spied two of the most attractive women he'd ever seen. One was small in stature even for the Earth people he'd encountered, while the other one was at least a head taller. They possessed the loveliest skin he'd ever seen. There were races on H'trae who were darker than the pale people of his race, but none possessed the dark brown smoothness, which made him itch to touch it.

His breath caught in his throat as he got a full glimpse of the taller woman. She was perfection personified, with the fullest, most kissable lips he'd ever seen and dark eyes that flashed with fire. Her hair was short, hugging her perfectly shaped head, accentuating her high cheekbones, giving her an almost pixie-like look.

Her long slender body was curved in the right places. His cock stirred at the thought of his pale pole thrusting into her warm dark pussy. He'd never been so affected by the mere sight of a woman. He looked forward to sampling her at the Feast of the Flesh. The thought of his brothers also touching her made his fists clench.

How was it he could react so strongly to a woman he'd just seen? Could there really be such a thing as his perfect mate? He didn't know, but he intended to find out. As the object of his study raised her voice at the smaller woman he was brought back to the situation at hand. He needed to get the two women inside before they got away. As if he were in battle, he grabbed the unsuspecting maiden from behind.

The dark beauty flailed and fought him like a sitla beast. The wee one attacked him, hitting and kicking. Kal yelled to his brother. Thane came running out of the dwelling, plucking off the little woman who still fought on like the fiercest Ceyan warrior.

Kal felt a certain admiration for these women as they displayed a courage any man would be proud to possess. The two Ceyans carried the women into the dwelling, not stopping until they reached the room where they kept the golden one. With the door firmly closed and locked, Thane let out a huge sigh of relief as the women continued to pound on the door from the other side.

Thane frowned. "Those two are quite fierce. The little one tried to kick me in the balls! Is this some strange Earth fighting maneuver?"

"I don't know, but did you see their skin?" Kal asked with an eagerness not normal for his usually sedate demeanor. "I have never seen anything like it before." The woman had gotten under his skin.

"Yes, they do have lovely skin. I remember it being said the The'Ran people were all different shades, which was one of the reasons the women were once so sought after."

"The taller woman, she was magnificent. They both were, but she --"

"She may be your heartmate." Thane smiled at his brother with a knowing expression on his face.

Kal tossed his long dark-red hair over his shoulder. "Please don't start again about your notion of heartmates. I have seen no evidence such a thing exists."

"You are starting to sound like Rohman. Of course heartmates exist. I have waited for mine for what seems like an eternity. One with hair the color of darkest night, and eyes like a *tela* stone."

"What makes you so sure your woman will have such features?"

"I have dreamed of her as she will have dreamed of me."

"How is this so? If there are things such as heartmates, why does mine not haunt my dreams?"

“Why don’t I possess the powers of your mind lock? It is the same thing. You have your gift and I mine.”

“If such a woman exists for me, do you see what she looks like? Does she have dark skin?”

“I can’t tell who your heartmate is, my brother, but when you find her, you’ll know.”

Kal grunted at his brother’s explanation.

“Well, I don’t have your gift. How do I know for certain someone is my heartmate?”

“Quite simple. You’ll know with a kiss.”

Chapter Two

Genesis pounded on the door. "Open this door immediately," she rasped, her voice hoarse from yelling.

"Gen, you've been at it for over an hour. Come sit down so we can think of a plan to escape," Eden beckoned.

Genesis turned around to look at her sister. "How can you just sit there as if you don't have a care in the world? We've been kidnapped, for God's sake."

"Obviously banging on the door isn't going to get us anywhere."

"She's right. I've been here for a day and I've already tried just about everything I could think of to get out of here, but those two goons don't even speak English." The blonde woman in the corner spoke for the first time since the sisters had arrived.

Genesis glared at the woman. "Maybe you didn't try hard enough."

The blonde turned bright red. "Fine, suit yourself." She looked away, but not before Genesis caught the flash of fire in the woman's eyes.

She sighed. The last thing she needed was to make an enemy in a situation like this. If anything, they should have been trying to work together to form an escape plan. "I apologize. I guess you can say I'm not at my best right now."

The blonde offered a shy smile. "It's okay. This situation wouldn't bring the best out of anyone."

"You said you've been here for a day. How did you get here?" Genesis walked over to where the blonde sat, plopping down on the floor next to her.

"It's really weird. I was sitting at home when I felt the sudden urge to drive. The thing is, I live in Ohio, and I've never ventured this far by myself, but I just felt compelled to keep driving. When I finally felt like stopping, this is where I ended up. The really strange part is, the minute I pulled up, the two guys were standing outside

this house, as if they were expecting me. I panicked and was about to turn my car around and hightail it out of here, when almost like magic, they pounced on my car as if they could fly. Blackie, the one with the black hair, ripped my roof clean off, and Red tore off my driver's side door."

"That's not possible." Genesis looked at the blonde as if she'd lost her mind. *Am I in the Twilight Zone or does this chick need medication?*

Catching her sister's look, Eden shook her head. "Remember the car we saw out there?"

"Holy shit! That can't happen!" Genesis denied.

"Well, it did. I wouldn't make something like that up. Something is not right about those two men out there." The blonde raised a brow as if daring Genesis to challenge her again.

"Look, I'm not trying to call you a liar, but you have to admit it sounds a bit farfetched," Genesis reasoned.

"I understand, but it did happen. My name is Hope Jensen by the way."

Genesis took the hand offered. "Genesis Johnson, and this is my sister Eden. In other circumstances I would say it was a pleasure to meet you, but this is a little awkward."

Eden shook hands with Hope before sitting back down, staring into space. Genesis shook her head. It was just like her sister to daydream at a time like this. "She doesn't really say much," Genesis explained to Hope.

"I don't think I would speak much either if I always had someone to speak for me."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"I didn't mean anything by it. I just noticed you've been speaking for her since you got here. I can't imagine it being different in any other situation."

"You don't know me!" Genesis could not believe this woman's audacity.

Hope smiled. "I know it sounds weird, but I feel like I know you."

A stinging retort was on the tip of her tongue when she paused. Genesis felt a connection with this woman as well. *I am definitely in the Twilight Zone.* She slumped against the wall, the cogs in her mind spinning. There had to be a way to escape. Just then, the door opened.

In walked the one Hope called Red -- the man who'd dragged her inside. This was the first time she got a really good look at him. Genesis's jaw dropped. She wasn't the type to gawk at a good-looking man, but this prime specimen had to be one of the hunkiest hunks she'd ever seen. Her heart began to race as she surveyed him from head to toe. He was huge!

If she were to guess, he stood at least six-foot-ten if he wasn't seven feet, with a body Mr. Universe would envy. His lean yet muscular body was so perfect her mouth watered. The strong, handsome face looked as though it was carved from granite. His entire being exuded power and strength. Her eyes locked with his unusual silver ones.

Genesis had never particularly cared for men with long hair, but the flame red mane cascading down his back made her itch to run her fingers through it. She could just imagine the red tendrils lightly brushing her nipples as he trailed kisses over her body. Her pussy contracted at the thought of his pale hand against her dark body. The erotic image made her mouth go dry. Her eyes strayed to the significant bulge his jeans couldn't disguise. His cock was probably as big as the rest of his massive frame.

Unconsciously, her tongue snaked out to moisten her lips. She returned to her senses when he emitted a loud grunt. *What the heck am I thinking? I should be planning on escaping, not thinking about fucking him.*

When he stepped forward, she noticed for the first time he was carrying a tray of food. Placing it on the little table by the door, he started to speak in a deep guttural language she didn't recognize. Genesis pulled herself up to her full five-foot-eight-inch height. "Why are you keeping us here?" she demanded, trying to steady her now trembling body.

Again, he spoke in the strange language.

"I don't understand." Genesis shook her head.

Red took another step forward, his eyes never leaving hers. When he reached out to touch her face, she flinched but didn't move away from his caress. In the back of her mind she was aware Eden and Hope looked at them with curiosity, but it was as if she and this hunk were the only two in the room. He was a stranger and her jailor, yet his touch felt so right for some reason. *Fight this hold he has over you, girl!*

She shook her head, feeling like she'd just come out of a trance. Genesis smacked his hand away. Anger flared in his eyes before they took on a strange glow, causing her to take a step back. She clutched her head as a wave of dizziness struck her.

The giant strode out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

Chapter Three

Kal looked out the window, pacing back and forth, impatient for the last The'Ran to arrive. He was anxious to return to Zerus so he could finally sample the dark-skinned beauty's sweet lips again. Once was not enough. Last night had been by far his most uncomfortable night on Earth with her being so close, yet he was unable to do the things he wanted to her.

He should have been able to control his urges. He was after all a prince and general of the Royal Ceyan Guard. Duty and honor were values he placed above all others, yet one look at this woman made him forget. Knowing he was not allowed to touch any of these women until the Feast of the Flesh filled his heart with conflict. His younger brother Thane was sure it was their right to take the women of their hearts, but Kal was not.

Still, he could not shake her image from his mind. She was smaller than the women he was used to, but taller than the other two The'Ran women they were holding. Her slender, lithe form was gently curved in all the right places. When he'd first seen her, it had taken every ounce of his self-control not to cup her breasts in his hands, and squeeze her round bottom. He had the urge to rip her clothes off to see if her nipples were darker than her skin. He wanted to know what they tasted like.

He was most fascinated by her skin, so dark and smooth, as if kissed by the sun. Granted, the wee The'Ran also had the beautiful dark hue to her skin, but the fire he sensed in the taller one excited him like no other woman. Even the way she walked made his cock react. With back erect, head held high, and a bold sway to her hips, she carried herself like a queen.

Kal couldn't remember when a woman had ever stood up to him the way she did. He found this intriguing. When he'd reached out to touch her cheek to see if her

skin felt as soft as it looked, she'd smacked his hand away. Angrier more with himself for his lack of control than her action, he had nearly put the mind lock on her, but fortunately left the room before he could.

Later that night, Thane had taken the women outside one by one so they could relieve themselves. Kal had wanted to be the one to take *her* out. He'd let her walk ahead of him, enjoying the seductive sway of her hips and pleasingly round bottom. His cock began to ache, and his control snapped. When he reached out to halt her, she'd turned around on him with a resentful glare in her eyes, but his attention had been focused on her lips.

He'd grabbed her, pulling her roughly against his body. When their eyes locked he noted her dark eyes widened in what looked like a mixture of surprise, fear, and... desire. Aye, she was not as adverse to his touch as she'd indicated. Kal took two steps and pushed her back against the dwelling, his hungry mouth descending on hers. He knew touching her meant treason, but didn't care. He had to have her.

By the stars she was sweet.

Kal was so hot for her he didn't notice her fists beating against his shoulders or when she finally surrendered. He felt her fingers dig themselves in his hair, and her touch felt wonderful. Her lips parted, granting his tongue entrance. Never had a kiss inflamed his body like this one.

Kal rubbed his crotch against her heated body. Her body seemed as though it were on fire! The feel of her hands against his skin drove him wild with need. He tore his mouth away from hers to press his lips against the pulse of her throat. His body pressed harder against hers as his hands glided up her torso to cup her breasts. He squeezed the taut mounds in his hands, drawing a deep moan from within her throat, signaling she wanted him too.

Tasting her mouth was not enough. He wanted to spread her creamy thighs apart and run his tongue over the tiny jewel hidden there. She wrapped her legs around his waist, melding their bodies closer together still. Kal felt as if he would finish before he could begin. His cock was ready to burst.

He didn't care about the consequences. In that moment he didn't care about anything but burying his cock in her pussy. Dropping to his knees, he lowered her to the ground, pushing her top up, eager to expose her breasts to his gaze. She wore another small layer over the dark globes. Why did people on Earth wear so many clothes?

Pushing the covering aside, he sucked in his breath at the sight of her beautiful breasts. They were small but perfectly shaped, crowned with the darkest most suckable looking nipples he'd ever seen. They jutted up at him as if waiting for the gentle caress of his mouth. Kal ran his tongue over one hard peak, savoring the taste of her skin. He suckled a mound into his mouth, taking his time with her.

She moaned over and over again, writhing beneath him, enticing his body to greater heights of passion. The scent of her pussy drifting up through his nostrils nearly drove him mad. Lifting up just enough so his hands could work their way down her body, he cupped her sex in his hand. She screamed out in desire. He rubbed his hand between her legs, his eyes never leaving hers.

"You are so beautiful," he whispered to her.

She stiffened as the sound of his voice broke the spell. She began to wiggle beneath him, this time to get away. She began to yell at him in the strange Earth language, and his reason slowly returned to him. What just happened here? He'd never lost control like this before, never felt such urgency. He knew that he couldn't penetrate her until after the ceremony, but his lust for her overwhelmed his senses, making it hard for him to think properly. If what Thane said was true, this woman was indeed his heartmate.

Kal had lain on top of her, ignoring her angry shouts, until his throbbing cock was under control once more. When he stood up, pulling her with him, she too had looked as if she could not believe what had happened.

That was yesterday, and since the incident, she avoided his eyes, and when she did look at him, it was with anger and shame. He didn't want to care, but when she looked at him that way, it made his heart hurt.

Kal wondered how long Thane would be. He'd taken the golden The'Ran outside to relieve herself. It had been a while now. Perhaps he needed to investigate. Just as Kal was going outside to see what was keeping his brother, he heard a call. It was the woman. He went to the room to see what was wrong.

* * *

Genesis hoped this worked. If Hope did her part, she was taking her time in the outhouse, holding Blackie up. Now it was her turn.

"Are you sure this will work, Gen? I have a bad feeling about this."

"Shh! Just do what I tell you and it will work out."

"But I don't want to leave you behind."

"You're going to have to. Just get in the car and drive off. Don't look back. The keys should still be in the car."

"But I --"

"Not now, Eden. Are you with me in this plan or are you going to stand here and argue?" Seeing the worried expression on her sister's face, Genesis took her hand. "Sweetie, I know how scary this all is, but if one of us can get out of here, I would rather it be you."

"I'll come back with help," Eden promised.

Genesis smiled. "I know, sweetie."

She then turned to the door and let out a loud scream. Not a minute had passed when Red opened the door. Her heart began to beat erratically. This would have been much easier if the incident the day before hadn't happened. How was it possible she could react to a man who was holding her captive and why did her panties get damp whenever he was near? It was maddening her nipples tightened at the very nearness of his body, as if feeling the heat emanating from his body and remembering his touch.

Genesis trembled as he walked over to her, his mysterious silver eyes looking at her as if he saw right through to her soul. His gaze contained a possessiveness, which made her take a step back. How was it possible she could react to him this way with just a look? *Okay, girl, you can do this.*

Staring into his eyes, she licked her lips in a seductive motion, watching as his eyes strayed to the movement of her tongue. She knew he liked what he saw as his eyes flashed with the same naked desire she'd seen in his eyes the day before.

He took a step forward, reaching out for her. She remained still until he was in front of her. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her sister moving. Before he could also take notice, Genesis jumped into his arms, catching him off guard. He tumbled backwards with her in his arms, slamming into the wall.

As Eden took off, Genesis lowered her lips to his. Her mouth moved over his, slowly, seductively, and hungrily. What started off as a means of distraction soon became quite real. Her escape plan was forgotten.

She traced the outline of his lips with the tip of her tongue, teasing his hard lips apart. Needing no further urging, his mouth opened under hers. Their tongues met, dueling for supremacy. She grasped his face in her hands to deepen the kiss. His strong arms tightened around her waist, crushing her tender breasts against the hard muscular plane of his chest. He moaned into her mouth.

She could feel herself responding to the skillfulness of his mouth, her pussy begging for relief. She could feel his cock through his jeans as he ground it against her. Sweet Jesus, he was huge.

Pushing her away slightly, he lifted his head to give her a long hungry look as if he could not get enough of the sight of her. His eyes rested on her parted lips. No one had ever looked at her with such a savage, possessive passion. Genesis shivered when he began to rain urgent kisses all over her face and throat.

Her hands grasped his shoulders, as she tossed her head back, granting him further access to the column of her neck. His strong, even white teeth nipped at her delicate flesh, and she nearly creamed in her panties. His tongue snaked out to lick the skin he had gently bitten, before working his way back up to her mouth. This time he controlled the kiss, dominating not just her mouth but her body as well with unbridled ecstasy.

The feel of his rough hands roaming so freely over her breasts, back, and ass made her head spin. Genesis was riding a tidal wave of pleasure. Caught up in the rapture of his touch, she didn't realize his hand had slid into her slacks to delve inside soaking wet panties, until she felt his fingers brushing against her labia. She cried out in delight as his finger slid up and down the slick folds of her pussy before sliding into her wet channel.

He fingered her, causing Genesis to shudder uncontrollably against him. She thought she would lose her mind when a second finger joined the first. "Oh, God yes!" she cried as she rode his fingers, wanting more. She wanted to be naked underneath him, fucked until she was deaf, dumb, and blind. She wanted to be branded by him, possessed by him.

The need to feel his cock between her legs drove all reason from her mind. Although his fingers felt heavenly, it wasn't enough. Her hands went to the zipper of his jeans, pulling it down, and then unbuttoning the button. She slid her small hand eagerly inside and froze. What the fuck? She pulled her hand out, backing away from him. He took a step forward to pull her back, and then he paused.

She heard the sound of a car zooming off and then a loud yell.

Red looked around the room, as if suddenly realizing they were alone. His eyes began to glow. Genesis gasped at his sinister look as he started to rant in his language and she was sure he was about to throttle her when they heard a loud yell from outside.

He glared at her before storming out of the room. He closed and locked the door behind him. "Let me out of here, you big ape!" She was angry at herself for getting so carried away. She didn't know how long she stood there beating at the door before it was opened again.

Red strode in with Hope tossed over his shoulder. He dumped the blonde unceremoniously, his eyes narrowing as they fell on Genesis. She raised her chin with defiance. They stared at each other for several moments before he left the two women alone.

"What happened?" Genesis asked after the door closed.

“Eden was running out of the house just as we were rounding the corner. She’d just gotten into the car when Blackie saw her. I jumped on his back to stop him from going after her and she got away.”

Genesis closed her eyes in relief. Now Eden could go get help and they would soon be free, but why did that thought disturb her so much? “That’s good.”

“That didn’t sound very convincing.”

“Am I supposed to do back flips?”

“No, but... never mind. Something weird happened out there.”

“What?”

“When I was on Blackie’s back, something started moving up and down.”

“Like what?”

“I didn’t get a good look at it because I was clinging to him too hard, but it felt like something trying to burst out. Have you ever seen the movie *Alien*?”

“Eww. Are you sure?”

“Absolutely.”

“Maybe it’s a condition he has.”

“Genesis, it was moving. What the hell kind of condition is that?”

“Like I would know?”

“Well, you’re a doctor. Haven’t you ever heard of anything like that?”

“No.”

“That’s why I think they’re aliens. Think about the weird things that have happened since we’ve been here, the glowing eyes, ripping my car apart, and that thing in Blackie’s back.”

Genesis didn’t know what to say. The evidence had been staring her in the face and she’d chosen to ignore it. She was the last person to believe in extraterrestrials, but what other explanation was there? On the verge of responding, she heard another commotion outside the room.

“Oh, no! Blackie must have caught Eden,” Hope cried.

“No. It doesn’t sound like her.” The two women were silent as they strained to hear what was going on. The sight that greeted them when the door opened was of Red, carrying a struggling woman. He deposited her on the floor before leaving the room again.

“I’ll be damned,” the woman muttered.

Chapter Four

"We feel the same way," Hope said in answer.

The woman gasped, turning to the two women sitting in the room. Genesis glanced at the newcomer who looked vaguely familiar. She was striking, with her blue-black hair framing a perfect oval face, and clear green eyes. Tall for a woman or a man she walked with poise and grace like she were on a catwalk. She looked familiar, but Genesis would've remembered meeting this Amazon.

Were these men collecting women? What were they doing here? Were these men some kind of sexual perverts creating their own little harem? Did they plan on killing them all? They didn't look like sexual deviants or serial killers but neither did John Wayne Gacy or Ted Bundy. She glared at the door. If she had laser vision, he would be dead on the spot.

"What's going on here?" The newcomer asked, echoing her thoughts.

"We don't know, but we all felt this strange pull to this location. I was home and woke up with the strangest urge to drive and mind you, I live in Toledo, for chrissake. I just kept driving and driving, ending up here and that's when they grabbed me. I've been here for two days now," Hope answered.

Genesis could hear the tears in her friend's voice, and her helplessness in the situation was making her angry. In the beginning she'd thought Hope was a crybaby, but after spending a day in this hellhole, she understood why her friend was a watering pot. If she allowed herself to, once she started crying she wouldn't stop.

She didn't like to feel this way, not knowing what her fate was and worried sick about her sister. Things like this didn't happen in real life to people like her. *I'm just a regular girl from Jersey. Why me? Why any of us?*

She could lament until the cows came home, but she knew it wouldn't do them any good. In her training as a doctor, she'd been taught how to deal with a crisis situation. Always able to keep a cool head in a difficult situation, Genesis couldn't understand why she was falling apart now. She was supposed to be the strong one, but now she felt weak.

"They? You mean he's not the only one? Wait a minute. You said all of us. I just got here, so how do you know this was how I came to be here?"

Genesis shifted her attention to the woman. "We didn't know. My sister got away."

Unable to contain herself any longer, Genesis hopped to her feet, running to the door. "Do you hear that, you big ape? She's going to the police and your asses are going to jail!"

Red appeared in the room just as she expected. He towered over her looking angry. He was probably still smarting over the fact she had tricked him, but she didn't care. He and his companion were kidnappers and she was tired of waiting around for them to decide what they were going to do with her.

If this was her time to go, she planned to go out fighting. Her emotions were running so high she had finally reached her snapping point. Lashing out with her feet and fists, she attacked him, letting out all of her pent up emotions from the past week.

He stood unmoving under her assault as though she were nothing more than a bothersome fly. This only served to anger her even more, causing her to hit and kick him harder.

Soon, it wasn't just him she was hitting, but she was lashing out at everything and everyone who had given her grief. She was lashing out at the punks who had killed her mother, the circumstances which had caused her to shut down her practice, that bastard Randolph Hawthorne, and just fate in general. Once her arms and legs started swinging, she couldn't stop.

Unaware Red's eyes were glowing, she felt a sharp pain in her head far worse than anything she had ever felt in her life. She clutched her head as the room started to

spin and get dark. The last thing she heard before passing out was a loud piercing scream.

* * *

H'trae: Zerus

When Genesis opened her eyes, her head hurt like a son of a bitch. She looked around at her surroundings and gasped. Where the hell was she? This wasn't the same Godforsaken shack she'd been held in for the last couple of days. The room she was in was one of the grandest she'd ever seen with its high ceiling and expensive looking décor.

She shivered, realizing she was stark naked. Where were her damned clothes? Genesis grabbed a cover from the bed and wrapped it around her body. The last thing she remembered was being in the shack with Hope. Eden had gotten away. She prayed her sister was safe, because God only knew where she was now.

Taking in her surroundings, she walked to the opposite side of the room and pulled back the curtain on two glass double doors to see what was behind them. She tried the handle to see if it was open -- it was. Genesis walked out onto a balcony and gasped at the majestic splendor before her.

It looked like a fairytale world. Bright colors teased her eyes. The field below her was the greenest green, the sky was the bluest blue, butterflies floated freely, and a rainbow crowned the sky. The trees surrounding the grounds seemed to be singing. Singing? It must be her imagination.

A large butterfly flew her way, but as it got closer, she realized it wasn't a butterfly at all. Her eyes widened, because damn her if it didn't look like a little person with wings. A fairy? The little winged creature got closer and Genesis found herself backing up. It came closer. "Shoo!" She swatted at it.

The little fairy dodged her hand, flying right at her. It leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek before flying away. She raised her hand to touch her cheek, feeling a small damp spot where the fairy had kissed her.

Her jaw dropped when she spotted two big white horses with golden horns protruding from their foreheads, running over the fields as though they didn't have a care in the world. Genesis rubbed her eyes. Now she knew this was just her imagination. There were no such things as unicorns.

Get a grip, girl. This is obviously a dream.

Then why did it all feel so real? Unicorns and fairies weren't real, but then again, neither were men with glowing silver eyes. When she felt a hand on her shoulder, she let out a loud screech. Genesis quickly turned around to lash out at whoever was behind her.

To her surprise, Red stood there with an indiscernible expression in his mysterious silver eyes. He caught her flailing wrist in his hand effortlessly. "What do you want from me?" she demanded. Genesis lashed out with the other hand, but realized too late it was the hand holding the cover secure around her body.

The cover fell to her feet and she made a move to grab it only to find her other wrist captured in his hands. "You bastard! Let me go, dammit!" She struggled but he held on to her without breaking a sweat. He took both of her wrists in one of his large hands and pulled her roughly against him.

He said something to her in that gibberish language she didn't understand. She was about to tell him so when his mouth came down on hers. Genesis twisted her head away. "Oh, no you don't, mister. I'm not going to allow you to use my body against me again."

Red gripped the back of her scalp to hold her head still before he swooped down to capture her lips again. This time he wouldn't allow her to turn her head away from him. She kept her lips firmly shut, but his tongue was relentless as it pushed past her teeth, filling her mouth.

She bit down on it and he grunted, pulling back to give her a furious glare. At that moment, Genesis feared for her lip. *Oh, dear Lord, what have I done?*

He carried her back inside the room and in three strides sat on the bed with her. At first she didn't know what he was about to do, but when he turned her face down

over his lap, she began to struggle in earnest. She was mortified she was lying face down over his lap without a stitch of clothing. God, her head hurt and this big brute had her over his knee.

His palm came down so quickly over her exposed rear she barely felt its tingle at first, but after the next whack, she yelped. It wasn't as though it was painful exactly, although it did sting quite a bit. Genesis cried out more from the humiliation. Who the hell did this bastard think he was to spank her as though she were a child?

She struggled against him but he held her firm with one strong arm while his other hand continued to whack her on the butt. Tears of frustration and humiliation filled her eyes and she slumped over his lap. No one had ever treated her like this before, taking the power out of her hands. She was supposed to be in control of every situation, but why did she feel so helpless now.

To her chagrin, Genesis burst into angry tears. Damn him for doing this to her. She hadn't cried since she was a little girl. The hand that had been swatting her bottom now gently caressed it. Genesis was surprised when he transferred her to the bed face down. She turned away so she wouldn't have to look at him. "I hate you," she muttered. That was another thing to add to her humiliation. She didn't really hate him. She just didn't understand why all this was happening to her.

He sat next to her, running his hand up and down the length of her spine, stopping at the small of her back. The gentle touch of his fingers caused her to shiver. Red ran his hand over her throbbing body, rubbing her as though to soothe the aching flesh. His fingers trailed lightly over her crack to her labia. She gasped at the sudden contact, feeling the heat coursing through her body.

She realized it would be useless to pull away from him because he would only pull her back, but her traitorous body didn't want to pull away. She wanted to feel those fingers inside her, touching, caressing, and fucking her. A tear slid down her cheek. How was it possible her body would react this way to this stranger's touch? This wasn't the first time she asked herself this question, but it still amazed her each time he touched her.

He leaned down to murmur something in her ear. Although she didn't understand what he was saying, Genesis instinctively knew he was trying to comfort her. She refused to turn her head around to look at him and she thought she heard him sigh.

Red gently flipped her body around and she instinctively tried to cover her breasts with her arms, but he captured her wrists in his hand, pinning them over her head.

To her horror, she could feel her nipples harden under the intensity of his silver gaze. "Please let me go," she pleaded softly although she knew he didn't understand what she was saying.

He caressed her face with one large palm, making her gasp at his gentleness. His hand left her face to trail down her neck to the valley between her breasts. She felt a slight throbbing in her pussy, but this was the good kind of throbbing.

Genesis couldn't imagine what he was thinking as he looked at her like this, but it was obvious he liked what he saw because there was no mistaking -- the blazing fire in his eyes was definitely lust.

He dipped his head and took one stiff nipple into his mouth. The forceful sucking motion made her pussy contract and she lifted her hips. She didn't want to enjoy this, but her body seemed to have other ideas. His tongue swirled around the sensitive peak. The erotic picture of his red head suckling against her breast made her moan.

Red transferred his attention to her other nipple causing her to cry out. "Oh!"

He lapped her nipple with the broad side of his tongue, making tiny pulses of pleasure shoot through her nerve endings. This sexual torture was far worse than the spanking, because he was making her body turn against her.

When he let go of her wrists, instead of pushing him away, she dug her fingers into his thick red mane, holding his head against her breasts. She loved the feel of his hair between her fingers. He scooted his body up the bed, covering her body with his.

This time when he kissed her, she didn't fight him. Genesis welcomed the invasion of his tongue, delighted with the burst of sensation swimming through her body. She felt as though she were floating on a pleasure cloud. Everything about this man turned her on, his touch, his scent, his taste.

He ground his cock against her thighs and she felt the urge to be fucked beyond reason. She whimpered when he lifted his mouth from hers, leaving her wanting more - - needing more. Damn him for making her feel this way.

She pulled his head back down to hers. Genesis stroked his back and froze. What the hell? There were two large lumps in his back.

As though sensing her hesitation, he lifted his head to look down at her, giving her a questioning look. The doctor in her took over as she ran her hands up and down his spine. Red shivered with pleasure, not realizing she was examining instead of caressing him.

It was funny, because she didn't feel he was sick. It was odd. When the lumps suddenly moved, she snatched her hands away. Yuck! Was she in the middle of some horror movie? She scooted away from him with apprehension. He stood up then. When his naked back was turned to her, not only were the large lumps in his back moving, they seemed to be trying to break free. There were two long thin slits on his back that were barely noticeable, but she noticed, when she saw something black poke out of his skin before retreating.

Genesis covered her mouth to stop herself from screaming. Oh dear Lord, this was not only a dream, this was a nightmare.

She watched as Red walked to the other side of the room and picked up a huge glowing red rock, which rested on a table. What did he plan on doing with that thing? He came back to her then holding the rock out to her.

Genesis had no idea what he was trying to do, but it seemed he wanted her to take it from him. After what she'd seen on his back, she wasn't sure she wanted to take anything from him. The thing he held glowed and she had no idea what it would do to her if she did touch it. She shook her head, but he continued to hold it out to her.

“No,” she whispered, scooting away from him.

In a sudden movement, he grabbed her hand, placing it on the rock. She tried to snatch her hand away, but was surprised to find she couldn't. He took her other hand, placing it on the other side of the rock. Genesis felt a shock hit her body, making her fall back.

Her body began to shake as some kind of transformation occurred. Red really was trying to kill her! She couldn't stop shaking, until suddenly, the rock fell from her grasp.

Red took the rock from her hand and placed it on the side of the bed before taking her in his arms.

“How do you feel now, my beautiful one?”

Holy shit, she understood him!

Chapter Five

"I can tell by the look on your face you understand me. Good."

"What did you just do to me?" she wanted to know.

"I did not do anything to you, but if you would like, I can do plenty to you. Just say the word."

"I don't want you to do anything to me, I want -- wait a minute. What language is this and how am I speaking it?"

"It's H'traen, the most commonly used language in our world. If you would prefer we could speak Ceyan," he said, switching dialects in mid-sentence. This had to be a dream, because she understood every single word he was saying.

"I don't understand! How is it I understand you? I've never even heard of these languages before. I sure as hell don't know how I'm speaking it."

"You've always known how to speak it. When you held the Crystal of Tiearen, it jolted your memory. I can understand why you would be frightened, but there's no need. I'm here and will make sure you're not alone in this process."

"What process, what the hell are you talking about, and where am I? I saw a unicorn and a fairy, those things aren't supposed to exist."

"Maybe not on Earth, but we're no longer on Earth. This is H'trae. To be more specific, you are in my homeland of Zerus."

"H'trae, Zerus? I've never heard of either. Okay, look, am I on *Candid Camera*? Am I being punk'd?"

"I'm not sure I know what you're talking about, my beautiful one."

"You know, a hidden camera show, and stop calling me that! I'm not your anything."

"But you'll be my mate. We'll be joined after the Feast of the Flesh and you'll bear me many fine strong sons. Maybe then I'll allow you to have a daughter, but only if she has your beautiful skin. It's quite lovely. I've never seen anything like it." He reached out to touch her as though fascinated.

"You'll allow me to have a daughter? Are you nuts? What the hell are you talking about?"

"I don't know of this hell you're talking about," he said, trying to touch her again, but she pulled away from him, hopping off the bed.

"Oh no you don't, mister -- uh what the hell is your name anyway?"

"Hmm, this hell you mention sounds like a swear word. It's not worthy language for a future princess of Zerus." He cocked his head to the side, studying her with a serious expression on his face.

Was this guy for real? "Look, whoever you are, I --"

"Prince Kalian Omari Iyo Modikahn is my formal title. I'm also general of the Royal Ceyan Guard, but you may call me Kal."

"I don't care if you're Mel Gibson, this joke has gone far enough, and while we're at it what in the world is that thing in your back?"

"Mel Gibson? Who's he?"

Was this guy for real? "Okay, Genesis, snap out of it," she muttered, pinching herself. "Ouch." Okay, so maybe this wasn't a dream. But how was she seeing things that weren't supposed to exist?

"Is pinching yourself some strange Earth custom? My brother Thane told me his mate had done the same thing."

"I'm not your damn mate."

"Yes, you are. I sincerely hope you learn to curb your tongue and learn not to naysay me."

"You arrogant beast!" She moved to strike him, but he caught her wrist in his hand. He brought her opened palm to his mouth, giving it a light kiss.

"I wish you wouldn't try to strike me. Do you know what happens to women who disobey their men, my beautiful one?"

"I don't care because you're not my man, and if you call me your beautiful one just one more time, I'm going to throttle you."

"I only speak the truth. You're very lovely. What would you like me to call you, *jihar*?"

"My name is Genesis."

"Jeh-neh-sis." He said her name slowly. "It's a pretty name for a pretty woman."

She snatched her wrist from his hand. "I can't believe you're just sitting here as though you don't have a care in the world, telling me I'm supposed to be your mate! I have no idea where I am, I saw things I had no business seeing, and for the love of God, what the hell is in your back?" she shrieked in near hysteria. It didn't make her throbbing head feel any better, but she wanted answers -- now.

Kal stood up, looking down at her. He hunched his shoulders over and before her very eyes he sprouted wings. Genesis closed her eyes before rubbing them. Surely this was all part of some weird dream. When she opened her eyes, he was still standing there with large black wings flapping behind him. There was an amused smirk on his face and she longed to wipe it off.

"How did you do that? People aren't supposed to have wings. Tell me this is a dream. Tell me this is a nightmare," she demanded.

"I assure you, Genesis, wings are a very common thing among the Ceyan men... well, the warriors at least."

"It's just not normal!"

"According to whom? There are many races on H'trae who possess wings. They're not as abnormal as you think. Perhaps on Earth they were."

"H'trae? Oh yes, this planet you're trying to tell me I'm on. I can't be on another planet. I'm from New Jersey. That place is weird enough for me to handle. You can't just kidnap someone and tell them they're on another planet."

"My brother and I didn't kidnap you."

"Oh yeah? Then what do you call bringing me here against my will? Will you tell me where I really am or not?"

"After all the evidence you've seen, do you still require more proof?" He raised a dark red brow.

Kal had a point. If this wasn't a dream, how else could she explain his glowing eyes, the unicorn, the fairy, and his wings. It defied all reason. Things like this didn't happen to people like her. Alien abductions only happened to people in the Midwest named Bubba.

She was at a loss for words, saying the first thing that popped into her head. "If you're an alien, you'd better keep your anal probe away from me or I'm going to introduce my foot to your nuts," she threatened with bravado.

Kal cocked his head to the side and studied her for a moment, not saying anything. The fact he didn't say anything at all was more disconcerting than if he'd responded to her threat.

"Well? Say something, damn you!"

"What exactly do you want me to say?" He shrugged.

"Say something. Anything."

"I think you're beautiful."

"Not that! Tell me why you've brought me here, and if you'd be so kind, I would love some aspirin. My head is killing me."

"I'll have one of the serving women send in a tonic for your head. It will make the pain go away. I apologize for putting the mind lock on you, but you gave me no choice."

"Mind lock?" she asked in confusion.

"Yes, when I rendered you unconscious. Sometimes if I stare too hard, it can give the recipient a nasty headache. Look, I can see the bewilderment in your face, but I can't explain the situation to you if you continue to yell at me. Will you at least let me explain why you were brought here?"

"Well, you do owe it to me."

“Without interruption?”

She pursed her lips mutinously.

“Jen-neh-sis!” The tone of his voice made her snap to attention.

“Okay, okay. There’s no need to yell,” she muttered.

Kal sat down next to her on the bed. Genesis scrambled for the covers to shield her naked body from his roaming eyes. “You have a beautiful body. I wish you wouldn’t hide it from me.”

She simply glared at him.

He sighed. “I suppose I should start by giving you a little background information. Once, there lived a tribe of people on our world called the The’Rans. They were sought out for their great healing powers. Some were said to possess a power so great it could heal any ailment. Several hundred years ago, there was a pact between the Ceyan and The’Ran people. You see, Tiearen, the The’Ran land, lay between Duras, land of the Shadow People, and ours. The Shadow People were scavengers and wanted Tiearen for themselves. That’s where our people come in. In exchange for twenty The’Ran women a year, the Ceyans agreed to protect Tiearen.”

“Don’t your people have their own women?” Genesis asked, wondering what all this had to do with anything.

“Only one out of five Ceyans are born female, so you can imagine the difficulty most Ceyan men face in finding suitable mates. In most cases, Ceyan men journey to Xanadon to purchase a wife.”

“Purchase? Do you mean to tell me there’s slavery on this planet?” she asked incredulously.

“Please hold your questions, Genesis. To get back to what I was originally saying, this pact between our people and theirs was just as welcome on our end, because the women of The’Ran not only possessed special skills, which benefited our people, but they also possessed a great beauty. Our people prospered under this pact. The women’s powers healed the sick, kept our lands healthy, and some of the women were able to heal beasts. This pact continued for many years, up until the reign of King

Garmonian. No one really knows why the pact was ended, but it happened during his reign. What we have been able to piece together was the Shadow People did eventually ravage Tiearen and the The'Ran people died out, and to everyone's knowledge, there were no more The'Rans."

For some reason this story kept Genesis riveted to his every word. What he said seemed to touch her on levels she didn't quite understand. She felt a deep sorrow for these The'Rans -- a connection of some sort. "What happened to the Shadow People? Were they allowed to get away with it?"

"That's another mystery. They too died out a very long time ago. Now you know what happened in the past, perhaps you'll understand the present a little better." He paused. "Not very long ago, our people were struck with an illness that has no cure. Those who suffer from it experience much pain, and then death. Many of our people have died already. My brothers and I have searched in frustration for a cure to this ailment, but to no avail."

"Oh, no. How awful for you."

"Thank you. It has not been an easy time for us. We thought all hope was lost until my brother Thane realized that perhaps the The'Rans are not all gone. We learned there were four remaining descendants. However, they were on a world we'd never heard of, Earth."

The significance of his words hit her. There was no way she could be who he claimed she was. "No," she whispered in denial.

"Do you deny you have powers?"

"I have no pow-" She broke off. Could this explain her special gift? Was it why Eden was able to do certain things? She wanted to deny it, but the words wouldn't form in her throat. This was all just too weird. Genesis nearly wished she were back in the hospital battling it out with Hawthorne. At least that situation she could've dealt with, but this was absolutely too much.

Kal wore a knowing expression on his face. "So do you see why I brought you here? I would do anything to save my people, and I don't regret it. I will do whatever it takes. The welfare of my people is very important to me," he said fiercely.

What he said made sense. Had she been in his position, she probably would've done the same thing, but it didn't mean she was happy about it.

"What makes you think I'll be able to help your people? What if I fail?"

"Failure is not an option. You and the other women are our last hope."

They fell silent. Genesis searched his handsome face. Something else struck her. "You said I was supposed to be your mate. What were you talking about? I'll never consent to be your anything."

"You will. The Feast of the Flesh is our bride-choosing ceremony. I intend to have you," he said with a determination that sent a chill down her spine. The feral expression in his silver eyes filled her with an excitement she didn't dare admit to.

"I hardly know you!"

"We have many years to get to know each other. One thing you will learn about the men of my race is when we want something, we take it and it doesn't take us long to make up our minds. I wanted you from the moment I saw you, and I know you wanted me too." He reached for her then, pulling her against his hard broad chest. Kal cupped the back of her head before bringing his down to hers.

Genesis tried to twist her head away, but he wouldn't let her. Mere seconds passed before she found herself surrendering to the deliciousness of his kiss. Damn. No man had the right to know how to kiss this well. The forceful stroke of his tongue exploring her mouth sent shivers through every single one of her nerve endings.

Her tongue darted out to greet his, circling and tasting it. His taste and scent infiltrated her senses. She was lost. No one had ever made her feel this way with just one kiss. She had to be crazy to allow him to do this to her.

Yes, I must be crazy, but let the insanity continue. She could feel her pussy contract. She wanted this man. When he lifted his head he looked down at her. Genesis couldn't move or respond to save her life.

“I don’t understand this power you have over me,” she whispered.

“Because we were meant to be together. You’re my heartmate.”

“I can’t be. We’ve only just met.”

“Maybe so, but our hearts have known each other from the beginning of time.”

The funny thing was, she believed him.

Chapter Six

"How is your head feeling?" Eden asked.

"Much better, thanks. I think the tonic the serving woman gave me did the trick along with that thing you did. You should've been a doctor. You have healing hands." Genesis sighed. Her head had hurt like a son of a bitch when she woke up, but the biggest shock had been finding out they were no longer on Earth.

Red was an honest-to-God prince! After he'd kissed her until she couldn't think straight, he explained who the Ancient Ones were, and how they'd discovered there were more The'Rans. He also explained the Feast of the Flesh. She wasn't happy at the prospect of his two older brothers inspecting her as though she were a piece of meat.

It would take some getting used to the fact she wasn't completely human, but in a way she no longer felt like a stranger to herself anymore. She now knew she possessed her special gift for a reason.

After a long talk and deep kisses, Kalian had told her he needed to prepare for the ceremony. As he was walking out of the room, he shot her a hungry look that made her pussy grow wet with longing. She wondered what his cock looked like outside of the loincloth. He looked large as hell, at least larger than any man she'd ever been with.

She was happy to see Eden was faring better than herself when she came to visit Genesis. "I'm glad you're feeling better, because there is more Prince Kalian didn't tell you."

"What more can be said? I'm on another planet with winged people, I'm apparently one of the last remaining descendants of a race of healers, and I'm supposed to save the people of Zerus. Did I leave anything out? Oh yeah, I'm not human. That about sums it up, doesn't it? You know, the least they could've done was to give us some decent clothes if we're supposed to save their people." Genesis looked at her dress

in disgust. After being bathed by a couple of blue women, she'd been given this dress they called *ilsa*. It was a shimmering, yellow, see-through material leaving nothing to the imagination.

When she'd tried it on, it wrapped around her body leaving her shoulders and arms bare. There was a long slit at the thigh and she felt like a total prostitute. Hadn't they heard of underwear on this planet? The dress did feel good against her bare skin, but she certainly didn't feel comfortable having her business on display.

The outfit they'd given Eden was much worse. It was the same see-through material in pink, but hers was a bandeau style top, which only wrapped around her breasts. Her sarong-type bottom was slit at the thighs. Eden's midsection was bare. Genesis sincerely hoped it never snowed on this planet.

"Well, while you were still unconscious, Prince Kalian visited my room."

Genesis's eyes narrowed. "He didn't touch you, did he?"

"Heavens, no. That's your man," Eden teased.

She could feel her face grow hot. "He's not my man!"

"If you say so." Eden gave her a sly smile and a nudge. She wanted to wrap her fingers around her little sister's throat.

"Okay, spill it." Genesis held her breath.

"Did Prince Kalian explain exactly what the Feast of the Flesh entailed?"

Genesis shot her sister a wary expression. She had a feeling she wasn't going to like what Eden had to say. "Whatever you have to say, get it over with. It can't be any worse than anything I've already learned today."

"Well, during the Feast, we will have to stand naked before the king, his brothers, and a whole bunch of other men searching for a mate." Eden dropped the bomb as if she were reporting the weather.

"What! Are you kidding me?"

"This was how it was explained to me. The king will be the first to test the women, and then he makes his choice first."

Genesis didn't think she liked the word test. "What kind of test are you referring to?"

"The men get to test the participating women. The highest ranking male will go first."

"That still doesn't tell me what 'test' means."

Eden explained all she'd learned while Genesis was unconscious. Listening to her sister in stunned silence, she felt as if her head would explode from everything she took in.

"Gen? Are you okay?"

"No. How can I ever be okay? Learning the other stuff was one thing, but knowing I have to stand in a line while I let some random male touch and poke me however he wants is too much. I'm not letting any strangers stick their fingers or tongues inside of me. Uh-uh. Not this girl."

"Are you just saying this because you fear Prince Kalian won't be the one to select you?" Eden asked.

"Of course not! Are you crazy?"

"Am I?" Eden lifted a delicate brow.

Genesis opened her mouth to respond, but what could she say? Sometimes her sister had a way of knowing things others didn't. "How can you be so calm about all of this? You just sit there and tell me this like it doesn't matter to you, like this is normal."

"For the first time in my life, I feel normal. Don't get me wrong. I was as frightened as you were when we were brought here, but when I came to, I felt like I was home. I felt like this was where I was always meant to be."

"How can you say that? This isn't home. Our home is on Earth, not here with blue women, cat-faced people, and winged men!"

Eden gave her a calming look. "Gen, you know you can be honest with me. All our lives, we knew we weren't like other people. Remember when Mama used to tell us stories about a world of magic and legend? This is the place."

"They were fairy tales, Eden." Even as she said it, Genesis realized she was losing this argument. There was no other explanation for the sights she'd witnessed earlier.

"Maybe that's what she thought too, but where did the idea come from? Do you know how many times this place has haunted my dreams? I feel we were meant to be here."

Genesis gave her sister a long look. This couldn't be her little sister sounding so adult. She should've been the comforter, not the other way around. She shook her head in denial, not wanting to admit to what they both knew was true. "No."

"Yes. When we were kids, remember, you admitted to me you didn't feel like the other children. Now it's time to admit it to yourself."

"But I'm --"

"Scared? I know. I'm scared too." Eden squeezed her hand.

Genesis snorted at their role reversal. No one would've been able to tell Eden was scared in that moment.

"What if we don't like our husbands? I'm not sure I like the idea of an arranged marriage."

"You like Prince Kalian, don't you?" Eden asked with a shrewdness that surprised Genesis.

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm no dummy. When the two of you went to the outhouse the night we arrived, something happened, and before I escaped, I saw the way you looked at each other."

Genesis could feel her face grow hot. The thought of being Kalian's bride did make her heart race, but still there was this ceremony to get past. "But how will I know someone else won't pick me?"

"If he's your destiny, you're his."

"Aren't you nervous about who will pick you? Have you seen the other brothers?"

“No, but I understand they’re twins. It should be interesting.”

Genesis’s eyes narrowed. “You don’t seem nervous at all. This will be your first time with a man.”

Eden pursed her lips, looking at her sister as if she had been the one to lose her mind. “Now come on, Gen, I’m twenty-three. Of course I’ve had sex before.”

“When? Who was he?”

Eden giggled. “I knew you would react this way. That’s why I never told you about it, but it hardly matters now, does it?”

Genesis wanted to say more, but she supposed her sister was right. She suddenly remembered something she had to tell Eden when the door opened.

Kalian walked in, tall, proud, and practically naked except for a loincloth. Her mouth watered, and Genesis forgot what it was she had wanted to tell Eden. He walked over to the sisters before bowing to them.

He turned to Eden without taking his eyes off of Genesis’s face. “My lady, can I please have a word alone with Genesis? My men will escort you back to your room. The Necromancers will be there shortly to prepare you for the ceremony.” Kalian’s deep sexy voice sent shivers down her spine.

Eden nodded, getting up. “Don’t worry, Gen. We’ll get through this together.” They hugged before two Ceyan guards appeared to take Eden back to her own room.

When they were alone, Genesis felt awkward. Things were different now. “You and the wee one are very close,” Kal observed.

“She’s my life,” Genesis replied, looking into the depths of his silver eyes.

“Now you will start a new life. When she is chosen by one of my brothers for a bride, and I choose you, the two of you will be separated.”

Her eyes shot up at him. “We all won’t live here?”

“Nay. I have my own palace. It’s where I train the Royal Guard. It’s not as large or fancy as this palace, but it should be to your liking.”

She couldn't believe she was sitting here talking to him about this when only a few days ago she had been fighting to save a job she was probably going to lose. "You sound so sure we'll end up together."

"I know we'll end up together," he said with a confidence she wished she felt.

"How do you know? I don't like the sound of the Feast of the Flesh. I don't want someone else touching me."

"I don't like the idea myself, but it's the way of our people."

"If you're so sure that we're going to end up together, then why do I have to be included in this ceremony, and why do you have to participate?"

His deep silver eyes searched her face for a brief moment. To her surprise he laughed out loud. She glared at him, smacking his muscled chest with her hand.

Kalian grasped her hand, bringing it to his lips. She gasped when his tongue snaked out of his mouth to run along her fingertips. Genesis yanked her hand away from him. "You didn't answer my question -- what's so damn funny?"

"You are, *jihar*."

"This isn't amusing. I'd appreciate it if you'd answer my question."

"Would you like the long or the short answer?" He cocked a red brow at her.

Well, there was one similarity to Earth here, the men were just as exasperating. "Just give me an answer!"

"You already sound like a wife," he chuckled.

Genesis glared at him.

"Okay, I will behave." He gave her a sheepish grin that made her heart melt. "I guess I should start from the beginning. Among our people, there's a thing called a heartmate, the one being that's the perfect match for your heart and soul. You can imagine the conflict one faces when they're of royal blood. You must marry for duty instead of love, and you're expected to make a good match. Do you follow me so far?"

Genesis nodded, unable to tear her eyes away from his handsome face. She reached up to caress his jaw line. His body shook at the feel of her soft hand against his skin.

"If you keep that up, woman, I'm going to fuck you senseless, and we both know that's not allowed until you're prepared for the ceremony."

"Why?"

"Let me finish my story first. As I was saying, as members of the royal line we're expected to make a good match, but it was said, somehow, destiny always seemed to find a way to put true lovers together."

"That sounds beautiful."

"Unfortunately, I've seen no evidence of it, until I met you. My own sire and mother weren't in love, at least I don't think my mother loved my father."

"How sad."

"He was a hard man to love, or even care about for that matter. I think they were unhappy together, so it should be easy for you to see why I'd think so little of the emotion."

"I suppose, but if destiny has a way of putting true lovers together, why didn't your father and mother find theirs?"

"No one really knows for sure and therein lies the problem. Now, I think I should leave. The Necromancers will be here shortly to prepare you for the ceremony."

"Can't you call it off?" Genesis felt uncertain about the entire ceremony business.

"It's up to my brother, the king." He looked at her with a penetrating stare. "For you, I'll ask, *jihar*."

She sighed in relief.

"I can't promise you he'll relent. My brother can be quite difficult when he wants to be. In the meantime, you'll still need to be prepared for the ceremony in case Rohman wants it to continue."

She shot him a look of apprehension. "What exactly do they have to prepare me for?"

"You've touched my cock. Do you think you're able to handle it right now?"

Genesis slapped her forehead. She had nearly forgotten about that. It was what she was going to warn Eden about before Kal had entered the room. "That monster would rip me apart."

"Not after you're prepared. Now, no more arguing, woman. Will you trust in me?"

A few days ago, the only two people she'd trusted were her sister and herself. Was she willing to put her trust in this Ceyan? She closed her eyes to listen to her heart. When she looked at Kal again, she knew the answer was yes. She didn't even need to say the words because he seemed to know.

"I must go now before I'm tempted to touch you, because if I do I won't be able to stop myself." As he turned to leave, Genesis called out to him. He turned around to see what she wanted.

"If we're heartmates, I'd like to get one thing straight with you."

"What is it, my beauty?"

"If you ever do that mind lock thing on me again, I'm going to kick your ass."

Chapter Seven

As Kal entered the hall, he ran into Rohman. He'd been waiting for this meeting since he had come back from Earth. "Brother, walk with me for a while. We haven't really had a chance to speak since you and Thane returned from Earth. Tell me, what do you think of these women?" Rohman asked.

Kal fell into step with the king. Now was the time to tell his brother of his interest in Genesis. Despite his reluctance to believe anyone could be his perfect match in the beginning, she had changed his mind. He admired her grace, her beauty, and especially her spirit. In the short time he'd come to know her, she'd inspired within him many emotions: anger, sadness, pride, and an uncontrollable lust, which threatened to drive him to the edge of sanity. Aye, he was willing to stake his life she was his heartmate. His gut twisted at the thought of his brothers touching her in her most intimate places. Once his *cheka* was around her ankle he would never allow anyone to touch her. Never!

"Kal! Where is your mind? I asked you what you thought of the The'Rans." Rohman broke into his thoughts.

"My apologies. I think all of the women are quite lovely. In fact, I would say they are by far the comeliest women I've ever seen. Thane was correct in that assessment of them. They are a bit on the small side, but I believe they will make us fine brides and give us many heirs."

"Do you think I care what kind of brides they will make? One wench is the same as any other. What I want to know is if you've seen evidence of their powers?"

Kal couldn't understand why Rohman was so adverse to these women. "I've seen no evidence, but the crystal reacts to each of them."

"I hope for the sake of our people they are indeed our saviors."

"We all hope so."

"Yet, like Thane, you seem to be more caught up with lust for these women than with the well-being of our people." Rohman turned to look at his younger brother as if trying to figure him out.

Kal's face grew hot. This was his brother and his king, but he wasn't his mother and wouldn't have his loyalty to his people questioned, not even by Rohman. "I don't appreciate your insinuation. The reason I went to that awful world was to find these healers to save our people. I've thought of nothing else."

"Apparently not, when the first words out of your mouth is how lovely these women are. I hope you are not becoming soft," Rohman taunted.

Kal took a deep breath to calm himself. The feathers of his wings rippled with the anger simmering within him. He responded through clenched teeth. "I want all this to be over with and the health of our people restored, but when this plague has ended, and I feel in my heart it will, these women will still be here as our brides. You're going to have to reconcile yourself to that."

"Unfortunately," Rohman muttered.

"What is it you have against them? If you feel so strongly about them, and you don't care which woman you take, then call off the ceremony. I've made my choice." He halted his steps.

Rohman lifted a dark blond brow. "You've chosen? How is that so when I haven't chosen? You're starting to sound like Thane. Do you know he challenged me earlier?"

"He wants the maiden Raven. If he feels for her what I feel for Genesis then I can understand why he would challenge you. I believe Genesis is my heartmate."

"Between our other brothers, I would've thought you would be the least likely to fall for such nonsense. Did these two women spread their legs for you and Thane while you were on Earth?" Rohman threw Kal a look of disbelief.

“What the *farken* is wrong with you? When you speak of my woman, you will speak of her with respect,” Kal snapped. He advanced on his brother with wings flapped open.

Rohman stood still as if daring his brother to strike him. Kal was mere inches from his brother when he came to his senses. He had the distinct impression Rohman was testing him.

A humorless smile formed on the blond Ceyan’s lips. “I didn’t think you would do it.”

Instead of feeling angered by Rohman’s words, Kal felt a wave of pity for his brother. Something was terribly wrong. There was a time when he would never have contemplated attacking his brother. Rohman had changed, and Kal felt sad for the person he once was. “No. I wouldn’t strike you. You’re not worth it.”

Rohman grasped Kal’s shoulder as he turned to leave. “I haven’t dismissed you.”

Kal shook Rohman’s hand off, turning to face him again. “You’re becoming more unbearable with each passing day. Be careful or you’ll become like Father.”

“You say that as if it were a bad thing.”

Kal’s eyes narrowed. “You can say this knowing what he did to us and what he did to our mother?”

“I wouldn’t waste my sympathy on our mother if I were you. She brought this all on herself. Save your concern for our people.”

“You are constantly putting her down, yet there’s no justification. She’s been a dutiful queen and a good mother. Why do you treat her so? What has she done to deserve your scorn?”

“It’s no concern of yours. If she wants to tell you what a fine queen and mother she’s been, let her tell you herself. Be careful though, women like to lie.”

Kal glanced at Rohman, wondering what he meant by his last statement.

“The ceremony will take place as planned tonight. I will speak no more on this matter.” This time it was Rohman who turned to leave. Kal watched his brother’s retreat. The king was stopped when the serving wench known as Ani crossed his path.

She smiled up at him coyly. A self-satisfied smile crossed her pretty green face. The king whispered something to her causing her to giggle. Rohman grabbed Ani's arm and headed toward the sleeping chambers. Kal's fists clenched and unclenched. He wanted to mind lock the arrogant expression from Rohman's face.

Kal couldn't see what his brother saw in the lazy servant who should've been dismissed a long time ago. She was much too proud for a serving wench. Knowing of Rohman's contempt of women, it was a puzzle why he always seemed to choose that particular servant to take to his bed.

His heart clenched in fear at the possibility of the king choosing Genesis in the ceremony. She was a strong woman, but was she strong enough for Rohman. The thought of Rohman claiming *his* woman made him angry. He couldn't allow that to happen.

Calm down. If she is your destiny, she will be yours.

The words echoed in his head from a prior conversation with Thane. Kal never wanted anything to be truer in his life.

* * *

Genesis lay in the steaming pool of water as two servants bathed her body. It seemed almost ages since she'd arrived here. The cat faces of the serving women attending her no longer fazed her, but there were a lot of things she still needed to get used to. She trembled, still coming down from the high she had just been taken on. When she first saw the faceless creatures who entered her chamber, she'd panicked. They'd tried to ease her mind with an intoxicating wine.

The strangest thing happened after that. The Necromancers' faces shifted to take on the form of Prince Kalian. Not knowing if it was the wine or the fact the Necromancers looked like Kal, she had soon found herself flat on her back, being rubbed, stretched, and fucked.

When they were finished, they left as quietly as they came, leaving her panting and exhausted. It almost seemed as if it had all been a dream. This entire adventure

seemed as if it was a dream. Things like this didn't happen in real life, at least not to girls like her, but she could no longer deny her feelings for Kal.

The instant attraction she'd felt for him was way too strong. Just being apart from him now made her sad. She longed to be in his arms right now. When they'd kissed, it felt so right.

There really must be something to this heartmate thing. Why else would her thoughts be consumed with images of him? She should've been thinking of the fact she wasn't completely human or what would happen to her sister, and the heavy burden lying on her shoulders in regards to saving the Ceyan people. Wanting him as much as she did should've been the furthest thing from her mind.

Insecurities assailed her mind. How was she going to adjust to life in this world, and what would happen if she and the other women couldn't save the Ceyan people? She also wondered what life would be like without her sister. How would Eden manage without her? The bigger question was, how would she manage without Eden?

From an early age, Genesis had always been in charge of her life. She'd set goals for herself, taken care of her sister, and never lost sight of what needed to be done. She'd always been so sure of where she was headed, but now it had all changed in the blink of an eye.

Knowing her fate lay in someone else's hands scared the hell out of her. Kal had seemed so sure they would be together, and she wanted to believe him.

"It's time to rise, my lady," one of the servants said to her.

Genesis shivered as the cool air hit her body. She let the women towel her body. It would take some getting used to being pampered this way, but then again, maybe not.

Once she was dressed in an *ilsa* gown similar to the one she'd worn earlier, one of the serving women approached her. The woman attached a jeweled collar with sparkling stones around Genesis's neck. They were the most brilliant colors she'd ever seen.

Her hands went to her throat.

“What’s this?”

“It’s the bride collar, my lady.”

“It’s very beautiful.” Genesis gasped in awe as she faced her image in the wall, which was also a mirror. She almost didn’t recognize herself as she stood there in her shimmering see-through gown. Her face was bare of make-up, but her smooth chocolate skin never looked healthier. Even her hair, which had been combed to frame her face, had a shimmer to it that hadn’t been there before.

“It’s time, my lady,” one of the servants spoke softly to her.

Genesis had never felt more frightened in her life.

Chapter Eight

Kal shifted back and forth on the balls of his feet, anxious for the ceremony to commence. He stood near Rohman's throne with his brothers, Thane to his left and Aarik on the other side of the throne. All along the walls of the room were unmated males from all over Zerus who'd come in search of brides.

Sighing with impatience as the entertainment dragged on, he wished they didn't have to have this ceremony in the first place. He'd already made his choice. Normally he enjoyed the Dancers of the Mist, with their golden bodies dipped in pixie dust and their seductive movements, but the swaying of their nude, glistening bodies did nothing for him.

They moved closer to the four of them. One dancer shimmied over to him with a seductive look in her pale eyes, wearing a big smile on her face. Her long blonde tresses flowed past her bottom. She brushed the tips of her breasts against him before leaning back to gauge his reaction. He gave her an indulgent smile as she turned around to grind her backside against his cock.

It seemed the more passive he remained, the more aggressive the dancer became as she tried to elicit a response from him. She turned back around giving him a coy smile as her hands cupped her breasts as though offering them for him to sample. He knew it was customary to fondle the dancers to show appreciation, but he didn't want to. There was only one woman he wanted to fondle.

When Kal remained still she pouted, her bright eyes filled with displeasure. He gave her an apologetic smile, but that wasn't enough. If he didn't show his appreciation for the dance, she would be shamed. Reluctantly, he ran his hand lightly over the dancer's full round breasts and a brilliant smile spread across her face.

Kal tweaked each hard nipple for good measure. The dancer moaned as she threw her head back with obvious pleasure. His masculine vanity got the better of him, and his fingers trailed down the center of her belly to rest on top of her hairless cunt. "Oh, Your Highness," she moaned. His fingers parted the now damp lips of her pussy before finding her little button.

The dancer's eyes widened with delight. Even though he touched this woman's body, Kal wished it were another body he was touching -- one with delicious dark skin and subtle curves. Realizing he had probably done enough, Kal removed his hand.

After giving him a look of longing the dancer turned around and began to rub against him. As she danced, Kal couldn't get Genesis out of his mind. More than anything he wanted to get her alone and plow into her. He could just imagine how tight her sweet pussy would be around his cock.

The dance seemed never ending and he didn't think he could wait any longer to see his beloved's face.

Judging from the way Thane kept glancing toward the entrance of the hall, Kal knew he was not the only one anxious to get things moving. "Easy, Thane. You will make me more nervous than I already am."

"It's easier said than done. I see Aarik isn't enjoying the entertainment much either," the dark-haired Ceyan pointed out.

Kal looked to his right at his brother Aarik, identical twin to Rohman. It was sometimes hard to believe two people who looked so much alike could be so different. Aarik was as fierce a warrior as any of them, deadly when crossed, but his sensitive, understanding nature was the reason why they all went to him for counsel if there was a problem they wished to discuss.

At the moment, Aarik's eyes kept shifting from the dancers to the entrance. Despite his look of seeming concentration, Kal knew his brother was no more interested in the festivities than he and Thane. He wondered which The'Ran Aarik was interested in.

Thane had already made it clear to all Raven was the woman of his heart, and Kal, now knowing what he did about heartmates, reasoned Aarik's choice was either Hope or Eden. Not that he wished either of those women any ill will, but he hoped for Genesis's sake Aarik had his eye on Eden. He felt sorry for any woman Rohman picked, but he didn't want his woman to worry, and she would if her sister were joined with one like Rohman.

As the Dancers of the Mist finished their performance, the royal musicians began to play, making Kal straighten up. This was the moment he'd been waiting for. A string of unmated women were led into the hall, and pulling up the rear were the four The'Ran women.

The four women held each other's hands as they walked huddled close together. Kal's heart went out to each of them, but it was Genesis who made him want to rush over and pull her into his arms. By the stars, he wanted her. His cock stirred and his pulse raced.

When all of the women were lined up in front of him and his brothers, Rohman stood up. "Greetings to all of the participants of this season's Feast of the Flesh. As all are here to find a mate, these are the rules that will govern this ceremony. I will have the first choice of the women, followed by Prince Aarik, Prince Kalian, and then Prince Thane. When we have chosen our brides, the next in line to choose will be any Ceyans who serve in our Royal Guard, the highest rank proceeding first and so forth. From then it shall proceed by age, oldest to youngest. The joining period will follow."

Rohman then turned to the women lined up in front of the throne. "You may all disrobe," he said in his most officious tone.

Kal caught Genesis's eye. She looked at him as if asking if this was the way things were supposed to be. He wished he could take her away from this, but he couldn't. Briefly nodding to her, he noticed quite a few of the other men in the room looked at Genesis with lust-filled eyes. His eyes narrowed when he caught one Ceyan licking his lips as if he anticipated feasting on her body. Kal took note of this man, because he vowed to have his tongue ripped out.

He turned his attention back to Genesis, watching her as she slowly undressed. He gasped as her gown fell to her feet in a puddle. She had the most magnificent body he'd ever seen. The even tone of her smooth dark skin made him want to cover every inch of her body with kisses. The tips of her breasts were hard and ready for his hands and mouth. His fingers itched to glide through the patch of hair covering her woman's treasure.

Kal couldn't shake the image of his cock filling her, as she screamed out his name. He didn't know how long he stood there staring at her, but his attention was drawn to Rohman, who stepped forward to examine the women more closely. It was customary for the king to inspect each woman, although the brothers knew it was a mere formality since Rohman had to pick a The'Ran bride in order to satisfy the pact with the Ancient Ones. The Ceyan participants didn't know this so they all tried their best to gain the king's favor.

As Rohman assessed each woman, some of them boldly appraised him back. A few licked their lips, and some cupped their breasts forward for Rohman's touch. One woman went as far as to finger herself when the king stood in front of her. Kal shook his head at her boldness. These women obviously didn't know what his brother was like. All they saw was a king who could provide them with pretty clothes and jewelry. In a way, Kal almost felt sorry for his oldest brother, but knew such an emotion was wasted on Rohman.

Seeming to be in the spirit of the ceremony, Rohman cupped the bold woman's sex, giving it a gentle squeeze. The woman moaned with delight. Kal watched as she threw her arms around Rohman's neck, pressing her body to his. The king dipped his head, kissing her long and deep, lifting her up against him. By the time he was finished, setting the woman back down on her feet, she looked dazed as though she didn't know what had just hit her.

Rohman gave the woman a curt nod of dismissal before moving on to the next woman. "I want my kiss too!" the next woman shrieked out loudly enough for the entire room to hear.

By the stars! The woman who yelled out had to be the ugliest woman he'd ever seen -- or at least he thought it was a woman. She was thin to the point of emaciation. The few teeth she possessed protruded out of her mouth. Her nose, which took up most of the space on her face, was twisted and crooked, plus her eyes were crossed. The poor woman had probably upset one of the woodland creatures because surely someone had cast an ugly spell on her.

Kal didn't envy his brother's position, because all the women had to be inspected, regardless of looks. A slow smile formed on his lips at the brief look of distaste on Rohman's face as he bent down to kiss the woman. The hideous creature jumped into Rohman's arms and wrapped her legs around his waist. She began to press kisses all over his brother's face and the room filled with snickers because no one dared to laugh out loud at the king. It seemed to take some effort for Rohman to pry the woman off of him, but he finally did.

Kal shuddered at the thought of when it would be his turn to inspect the women. The thought of that thing pawing him so freely was enough to make his cock shrivel up.

The next few women Rohman inspected were not as bold as the first two women had been and things started to run more smoothly. The other men in the room looked at the line of women with longing in their eyes, impatient for their turns. Kal was bored and getting more so with each passing minute.

He got the distinct impression the The'Ran women were not enjoying this part of the ceremony. He looked to Genesis once more who wore a stormy expression on her face. He gave her a pleading look to stay her temper. The last thing he wanted was for her to face his brother's wrath, not that he wouldn't do everything in his power to protect her from it, but he didn't want her to be in that position at all.

He stood as motionless as a statue as Rohman reached the The'Ran women at last. Hope was the first of the four to be surveyed. Rohman ran a hand over her breasts, causing her to shiver. Kal could not tell if it was from fear or pleasure. The king continued to run his hands over Hope's pink flesh. "Turn around," he commanded.

Her eyes were downcast, but she complied with obvious reluctance. Rohman palmed her buttocks and squeezed. Hope gasped, turning around abruptly. She lifted her hand to strike Rohman, but her hand halted in midair as though she remembered where she was. So the golden one had more spirit than he had originally thought. Good for her.

Kal caught Aarik's movement out of the corner of his eye. Aarik stepped forward, but stopped himself. Rohman turned to look at his twin, and Kal knew the twins were communicating telepathically. Whatever was being said, Aarik didn't like it, because he turned a deep shade of red.

Rohman turned back around to Hope, giving her one final look before moving on. The next woman he went to was Raven. The midnight-haired beauty looked straight ahead, standing very still as if the king wasn't standing in front of her. There was fire in that one. He knew Thane would have his hands full with her.

The defiance of her stance seemed to amuse Rohman as he slid a finger over her pussy. She was handled in much the same way as Hope had been although Raven was even less compliant. Whenever the king touched her, she would flinch away. Rohman pulled her against him, seemingly holding her in a vice. Raven struggled to free herself from his grasp, pushing at the king's broad chest to no avail. "Your disobedience will get you in trouble, woman," Rohman said to her. He bent down and brushed his lips against her temples. Raven shot him a look so fierce that if looks could kill the king would be dead on the spot.

On his left, Kal could almost touch the anger emanating from Thane. They all knew Rohman was taking delight in touching the women the way he was. When Rohman walked over to Genesis, he knew exactly how Thane and Aarik had felt.

He felt murder in his heart as Rohman reached out to cup one dark breast. "I will kill him," Kal muttered under his breath. His wings began to beat erratically, and the blood pounded in his head. Rohman tossed a look over his shoulder, like he was taunting him.

The king caressed her face, looking as if he was about to kiss her when she twisted her head away. She took a step back and Kal was pleased she didn't enjoy his brother's touch. Rohman's eyes began to glow and Genesis's head snapped forward, making it obvious he was using his powers to make her comply.

"You *raztah!*" Kal charged forward only to be held by his brothers. The other participants in the ceremony looked at each other, trying to understand this confusing turn of events.

The amused look on Rohman's face said it all. He was enjoying this. Kal knew he shouldn't let his brother see his actions affected him this way because the more he reacted the more Rohman did.

"No. Do not do it, Kal. This is what he wants. Don't give him the satisfaction. Think of our people who've come here to enjoy themselves." Thane tried to calm him down.

"Why is he doing this?" Kal asked in confusion.

"He is teaching us a lesson," Aarik said, sounding sad.

Kal didn't care anymore, he was going to mind lock Rohman. If that meant a challenge then so be it. Before he could do it, Rohman moved on to Eden. The king stood frozen for what seemed like several moments. The impassive look on Rohman's face was unreadable. Rohman didn't even touch the little one, only staring at her as though she were an oddity to behold. Eden craned her neck up at the king, her dark eyes unwavering from his face. Kal held his breath, wondering what was about to happen next. It seemed as though the entire room had fallen silent.

"I've chosen." Rohman's voice boomed ominously through the hall.

Kal stopped struggling, going very still. To his surprise, Rohman stepped closer to the wee one. "You are the one." With a swift movement, he picked Eden up and tossed her over his shoulder before exiting the hall.

"No!" Genesis cried out.

* * *

What the hell had just happened? That mean-looking bastard had barely glanced at her sister, and in the blink of an eye, he'd taken her. Genesis threw Kal a helpless glance. He too seemed stunned by the sudden turn of events.

Before they'd been led down the hall, the women had been informed of what would happen. She was aware each brother would closely inspect each woman in the ceremony by 'testing' her, but she hadn't expected the choosing part to happen so suddenly. Genesis hadn't liked the way the king had looked when they all walked into the room. His arrogant, proud features, though handsome, seemed too cold and unfeeling for her taste. The way he'd just stormed off with Eden certainly didn't endear him to her.

"Do something!"

Raven grabbed her arm. "You knew it was going to be like this."

Genesis yanked her arm out of Raven's grip, turning to glare at the taller woman. "I didn't expect that big brute to take Eden like that!"

"She's going to be okay. I know it," Raven assured.

"How the hell do you know that?"

"When he touched me, I sensed it. If I thought for one minute he meant her harm, I would've gone after him myself."

"But he seemed so nasty." Genesis was unconvinced.

The dark-haired beauty frowned. "There was something more to him. I just couldn't put my finger on it."

"Eden is much stronger than you think," Hope joined in the conversation.

Genesis had no response to this. She was beginning to discover these things about her sister. Could it be possible Eden had been the strong one all along? The thought was disconcerting. Eden was her *little* sister, for Christ's sake.

"Look, the king's twin is next," Raven said, straightening up.

Genesis eyed the blond giant who was inspecting the other participating women. He looked exactly like the king, yet he didn't. The coldness she had sensed in King Rohman didn't emanate from Prince Aarik. He walked down the line giving each of the

women a polite glance. A few bold women attempted to hold his attention, but he smiled, giving them a playful pat on their bottoms before moving on. He didn't seem as interested in touching the women as the king had, that was, until he reached Hope.

Maybe if the king had looked at Eden the way Prince Aarik was looking at Hope, Genesis could've felt better about her sister's match. Prince Aarik caressed Hope's face. He spanned her throat with his hand before letting it trail over the tip of one plump breast. Hope shivered, and Genesis knew it was from pleasure. Hope and the prince looked at each other as if they were the only ones in the room. The electric charge the two of them created between each other was so thick it made Genesis long for her own love.

As if he'd read her thoughts, Kal cleared his throat loudly enough for his brother to hear. Aarik blushed with embarrassment. He reluctantly walked over to Raven and with barely a glance at her he walked over to Genesis. She looked at him, feeling wary. There was only one Ceyan's touch she was interested in. Aarik shot her an amused smile. "Don't worry. My choice has been made," he whispered with a wink.

Genesis relaxed when he turned to the crowd to make the announcement of his choice. Walking over to Hope, he held out his hand to her. Hope took the blond Ceyan's hand. As he led Hope away, Genesis's heart began to beat faster. It was now Kal's turn. If he touched any of those other women, he would be in for it. She wouldn't share.

Kal walked down the line in the same manner as Aarik had. When he was about to move away from one brunette, she threw her arms around his neck.

"The bitch!" Genesis hissed. Kal seemed to be taking his precious time pushing himself away from the persistent woman. Genesis was ready to commit murder. The woman was pressing kisses against Kal's chest, and Genesis was about to walk over to them to put her foot up both of their asses. Kal finally broke free.

He had a sheepish expression on his face by the time he reached her, and she was pissed. "Did I not tell you we would be together, *jihar*?" he asked when he stood in front of her.

She glared up at him. "Did you enjoy that woman throwing herself at you?" Genesis folded her arms across her chest in an angry stance.

"What man would not react to a beautiful woman?" he said with a smile in his silver eyes. The fact that he seemed to find her jealousy amusing ticked her off even more.

Her hand rose to slap him across the face, but he caught her wrist, bringing her hand to his mouth to kiss her palm. "But she was not you. Now, are you ready to go to my chamber with me? I think if I can't fuck you soon, I will explode."

She trembled with anticipation, wanting to be fucked as much as he wanted to fuck her. Kal turned to the crowd, announcing her as his choice before lifting her into his arms.

As he carried her from the room, Genesis looked over her shoulder to see how Raven fared, but her friend's green gaze was firmly pinned on Prince Thane.

Chapter Nine

"I finally have you alone." Kal deposited Genesis on the floor when they reached his sleeping chambers. "I didn't like those other men looking at you," he said through clenched teeth.

"Now you know how I felt when those women were pawing you. I swear I was ready to strangle someone," she admitted.

He laughed. "I know."

Genesis glared at him. "You big jerk. That wasn't funny. You're mine!"

"And you're mine." His voice was a gentle caress.

Looking up at Kal, her heart felt like it would burst with love for him. It was strange she would feel this way about this red-haired hunk on such a short acquaintance, but she couldn't think of how she'd lived before he'd come into her life. Being here with him like this seemed to be the only thing that mattered.

His silver eyes stared into hers. He looked at her as if he were trying to commit every line and curve of her face to his memory. The heat of his gaze sent tiny pulses of pleasure through her veins. "You are so beautiful," he said, cupping her face. She felt beautiful. No one had ever looked at her the way he was right now. She didn't know that a look could be as intense as the one he was giving her at that moment.

"You're beautiful." She ran her hand over the hard plane of his face. Genesis rubbed his shoulders, before skimming his wings. It would take some getting used to but because they were a part of him, she loved them.

Kal's thumb traced the curve of her bottom lip in a slow sensuous movement. Her lips parted as she gasped with pleasure at his touch. He slid his thumb between her teeth, and then withdrew it. He repeated this several times, mimicking the motions of

lovemaking. Genesis's body went up in flames. She didn't know how much longer she would hold up under the onslaught of his slow seduction, and he'd barely touched her.

She nipped at the thumb before she sucked it, pretending his cock was sliding in and out of her mouth. Kal sighed as she licked and kissed it. He bent over to crush her lips with his. It was as though fireworks began to explode around them with this kiss that shook her very foundation. Her world began to spin around her as if she were on a merry-go-round of passion. The exquisite sensation of his lips moving over hers filled her with an unbounded lust. Nothing felt more right in this moment.

He was so big, so strong, and so hers. Genesis reveled in the way his hard muscular body felt against hers. This was so much more than an ordinary kiss; it was a claiming. He possessed her mouth, threading his fingers through her hair. Kal tilted her head further back to deepen the kiss. His tongue stabbed forward. She moaned into his mouth, savoring the taste of him.

The throbbing of her pussy made her ache for him. She was so damn hot she could hardly stand it. She needed his cock! Her legs threatened to give out, as she grew weak with lust for him.

He lifted his eyes to look down at her, not bothering to disguise the naked desire she saw in his eyes.

"Please make love to me," she begged, rubbing her body against him. Genesis couldn't remember wanting anyone as much as she wanted this man.

"I fully intend to, my love." He pushed her until the backs of her legs touched the bed. She fell back against the mattress as Kal stood over her looking down with eager, hungry, possessive eyes.

She melted beneath his silver gaze. Genesis was high on the power of her feminine sexuality, knowing she had been the one to inspire such a look in his eyes. She propped herself on her elbow, knowing he liked what he saw. She tweaked a dark nipple for his benefit to gauge his reaction. His breathing became shallow and his hand rubbed his cock as though he was relieving some built up tension.

Genesis wanted him to take the loincloth off. She needed to see the rest of his magnificent body. "Take off your loincloth."

"Are you ready for my cock?" He gave her a wicked grin.

"Yes!"

"I do not think you are," he teased. She knew Kal was aware of how hot she was for him. Two could play that game.

"I'm ready, but maybe you are not ready for my pussy."

He raised a dark red brow. "Is that a challenge, my lady?"

"What do you think?" She sucked on her finger, to entice him.

His eyes flashed, following the tempting movement. "I think you talk too much."

Kal stripped the loincloth away and untied a few strings that seemed to have been binding his cock. Her eyes widened. "Holy shit!" she exclaimed. Genesis already knew his cock would be thick because she had touched it before, but she didn't realize it would be so damn long. It looked like an arm holding an upside down apple. It was a monster!

"There is no way you're sticking that thing in me." She scooted away from him.

He grabbed her ankle, pulling her to the edge of the bed. "Oh, but that is where you are wrong, *jihar*. I will stick this *thing* inside of you, and your body will be so rocked with pleasure you will be begging me for it."

"No!"

"Yes. Why do you think the Necromancers had to prepare you? You were warned Ceyan men are not built like human men."

"No shit," she muttered.

"Trust me. I will be gentle with you, but first, I want to find out if your pussy tastes as good as it smells." He knelt down in front of the bed with his hand still on her ankle. He pulled her to the edge of the bed until he was eye level with her cunt. He lowered his head, inhaling deeply, as if he couldn't get enough of her scent.

Genesis shivered uncontrollably when he rubbed two fingers against her slick folds. She lifted her hips to meet the thrust of his digits. Kal slowly stroked her labia, making her purr with delight. His fingers grazed her clit, causing her to cry out.

His eyes met hers when he lowered his fingers, inserting them into her hot channel.

“Oh, yes. Oh, Kal, that feels so good.”

“You are so wet for me.” He sounded pleased with himself. Waves of fire licked throughout her body, threatening to consume them both. He finger-fucked her, making her wild with desire. The animalistic pleasure spread from every nerve ending in her body. The build-up in the pit of her stomach was nearly more than she could take. Her body had never been taken through so many wonderful sensations, shaking her to the very core of her being.

Kal’s fingers stroked her with a slow, steady rhythm. Her breathing became short and shallow. “Do you like this, my beauty?”

She moaned in response, unable to speak, too caught up in the rapture of his touch.

Kal inserted a third finger inside of her, increasing the pace of his hand. “Do you like this, Genesis?” he asked again.

What was he doing? The man was going to drive her insane with lust. “Yes!” she screamed, writhing and twisting beneath the onslaught of his fingers. Just as she reached her peak, he removed his fingers. She sighed with disappointment, but it didn’t last long because his mouth immediately replaced his hand. His mouth latched onto her clit, nipping, tugging, and caressing it with his tongue. Genesis dug her fingers into his hair, grinding her pussy against his face.

The erotic torture of his mouth on her was making her head spin. “Please, Kal. I can’t take any more. Please!” She wasn’t sure exactly what she was begging for, but she needed it badly. Kal continued to eat her pussy as if he hadn’t heard her. Bursts of fire shot through her, signaling she’d reached her climax. He was still not finished.

Kal orally pleased her until she came again. He lapped her juices as they oozed down her thigh.

"By the stars, you taste so sweet, woman," he muttered against her cunt, sending jolts of electricity from her head to her toes.

"Your mouth feels wonderful," she groaned.

Genesis lay weak underneath the ministrations of his mouth. When he finally lifted his head, he wore a self-satisfied expression on his face. "Did you enjoy that, my lady?"

"You know I did, you big ape. Were you trying to kill me?" she panted, still coming down from the magnificent high she'd been taken on.

"No. If you were to die, so would I," he answered her seriously.

Her eyes filled with tears. She loved this man. "Oh, Kal, that was so sweet."

"You are sweet."

"If you keep talking like that you're going to make me cry."

"As long as they are tears of happiness, I think I can live with that." He gave her a soft kiss. "I need to be inside of you now, and you are slick and ready for me." He smiled as he stood up. He lifted her to place her at the center of the bed before covering her body with his.

Genesis gulped, trying to sit up. She had nearly forgotten about his giant cock. "I... I don't know if you will fit."

"I will fit." He pushed her back against the bed.

"But --"

His mouth covered hers before she could protest further. Once again she was caught up in a tumultuous storm of pleasure. Her tongue met his, wanting to taste more of him. His hands slid up her torso to squeeze her breasts. "Oh, Kal," she cried as he twirled her hardened nipples between his fingers, pinching and rolling them. His hands felt so good against her heated flesh.

He lifted his head to kiss the pulse of her neck. "Did I tell you what beautiful skin you have?" he muttered against her throat.

“Did I tell you that you have a beautiful everything?” she answered back, squirming underneath him, yearning for more.

His cock pressed against the juncture of her thighs, hard and thick. She stiffened. “Relax, *jihar*.” He kissed her sweat-dampened brow.

He knelt over her, parting her thighs with one hand, and holding his cock in the other. He nudged the head against her wet opening, demanding entrance. She gasped as he eased into her. “By the stars, you are tight, woman.” He gritted his teeth.

“It hurts a little,” she whispered.

“Tilt your hips higher and wrap your legs around my waist.”

She did as she was told. He thrust further inside her channel. Genesis screamed in pleasure-pain. She felt like she was losing her virginity all over again. It hurt like a son of a bitch, but the sensation of him inside of her was like none other. It felt as if she’d waited for this moment all her life, to be joined with this man like this.

He was motionless, waiting for her to adjust to his size. “Are you okay, Genesis?”

“Yes.” Even as she spoke, her body began to respond to his cock deliciously stretching the walls of her pussy. Kal surged forward, going deeper inside of her, still working at a slow steady rhythm, taking his time, savoring the feel of her pussy wrapped so snugly around his cock.

Genesis’s palms rested against his taut muscles. His heart beat beneath her hands and beat faster with each thrust. Her hips bucked against his, meeting him thrust for thrust as he picked up the pace. She felt ripples of delight seize her senses as their lovemaking took them on a journey of passion and excitement.

He cupped her bottom in his palms. “You feel so *demmed* good, woman. I could fuck your pussy forever. *My pussy*,” he grunted, branding her with each stroke of his cock.

Her fingers dug into his flesh, as she hit the most awesome climax she’d ever experienced in her life. It felt as if a volcano erupted inside her. “Kal!” she screamed. He plunged into her with savage abandon. His fingers gripped her thighs, and he

shuddered over her, shouting her name. Genesis felt the gush of his seed filling her channel, before Kal collapsed on top of her.

They held each other, content to just be in each other's arms. Kal's cock was still planted firmly inside her. "Now I know you were trying to kill me," she laughed.

"No, I think it was the other way around. My heart nearly gave out on me," he joked.

"Oh, stop it. I'm sure your heart is perfectly fine. You can't be that much older than me."

"I'm seventy-six H'trae years old."

Genesis looked at him incredulously. If she was being honest, he looked younger than her thirty-five years. "You don't look that old."

"Maybe not on Earth, but here, I look my age."

"How long do people live on your world?"

"It's hard to say. If one is fortunate enough to live a full life, a Ceyan can live a little over two hundred years. It really depends on the race of people. There are some races who live much longer. When your people inhabited Tiearen, I believe the The'Ran life span was similar to ours. It may not have been so on Earth, but now that you're on H'trae, your body will adjust to our time."

"Hmm, are you sure you're going to be able to keep up with me, old man?" she teased.

"Is that another challenge I hear?"

Genesis poked her tongue out at him. "What do you think?"

"I think I love you." His mouth covered hers as he speared her with his cock.

Chapter Ten

"I can't believe it. It's finally over. You can't imagine how nervous I was. If you put me through something like that again, I'll kill you," Raven laughed as Thane carried her down the hall to his chamber.

He practically kicked the door in when they reached his room. He walked over to the bed, placing her on her feet in front of it. "Didn't I tell you not to worry? I knew we would be together. Maybe next time you won't doubt me," he said, pulling her into his arms before brushing his lips against hers.

"You are so full of it. You were just as nervous as I was. I saw your reaction when your brother touched me." Raven raised a brow, smiling at her beloved Thane. All through the ceremony, her heart beat erratically as fear coursed through her. Only days earlier she'd been a successful supermodel with the world at her feet. She had it all, money, fame, and fortune, but she was also miserable.

It wasn't until Thane came into her life that she realized what she'd been missing: her purpose in life and true love. To learn she was one of the last descendants in a dying race of healers had blown her mind. What was even more daunting was the fact she was supposed to become the bride of one of the Ceyan princes. Apprehension ate at her as she resisted the idea, but it seemed as though her heart felt otherwise.

Prince Thane was the man she had been waiting for all her life to fill her lonely, meaningless existence. She reached up to caress the hard planes of his handsome face. Her fingers brushed over the thin but sensual lips. His silver eyes looked down at her with love and she felt her heart contract. She wanted him badly. From the moment he first touched her, she longed for more. Raven had dreamed of him and knew he was her destiny.

"I admit I was a bit uneasy, when Rohman fondled you, but I knew you would be mine and he knew it too."

"Why do you think he did it? To be honest, although he was touching me, his eyes kept darting to my right. He could barely keep his eyes off of Eden. I think he was quite smitten, but I'm worried about her. She's so tiny and gentle and your brother is so big and... mean. Well... not exactly mean. I didn't feel evil within him, but he's certainly fierce." She frowned. Raven couldn't quite describe the sensation whirling through her body when the king had touched her.

She had resigned herself to the fact that she could feel people's souls through touch. She sensed no evil from King Rohman, but there was an immense pain emanating from within him. It was as though he hid the great sadness within him by putting up a wall between him and everyone else, not letting anyone get close to his heart.

"If I have learned nothing in the past few days, I've learned there is more to the wee one than meets the eyes. Do you remember when we were back on Earth? She'd escaped, but when I captured her again, she fought like a *hekha* beast. I have no worries about that one. Perhaps I should worry about my brother," he chuckled.

"I hope so. I want everyone to be as happy as we are right now," Raven sighed, standing on the tips of her toes to kiss his jaw. Her heart swelled with love as she looked up at his handsome face. "Make love to me, Thane. I've been dying for this from the moment you first touched me."

"As have I."

He cupped her face in his calloused palms as he lowered his head. His lips ground fiercely into her causing her pulse to quicken. Raven wound her arms around Thane's neck, pressing her body against his broad physique. Her mouth opened under the insistent probing of his tongue. His taste was like no other. It was masculine, tangy, and wet. She couldn't get enough of him.

Raven shivered as his tongue explored the deep recesses of her mouth. Her nipples tightened as her pussy grew damp. Thane's fingers threaded through her hair

before massaging her scalp. His large erection pressed against her stomach and she knew he was as hot and ready for her as she was for him. For many months before he claimed her, she had dreamed of her black-haired warrior, kissing, licking, and fucking her. Although her dreams were wonderful, they couldn't compare to this reality.

Her body was on fire for his touch and she didn't know how much foreplay she could stand before she demanded some cock. Thane ripped his mouth from hers, grabbing a chunk of her hair. He gently pulled her head back so her throat was exposed to his intense gaze. "You have such beautiful, silky white skin. I can hardly believe we are finally here like this now."

"Neither can I. Please, don't stop kissing me. If you stop, I think I'll die."

"I would never let that happen, *jihar*. I love you."

She knew he meant those words, because she loved him too. Raven sighed as he planted kisses on her throat and she gasped in delight when his teeth lightly grazed the tender flesh.

"As beautiful as you look inside this lovely *ilsa* gown, I'd like to see you without it. Will you take it off for me?" he asked through short breaths.

"Only if you take off your loincloth. You have no idea how long I've imagined you without it."

She stepped back, and ran her tongue seductively over her lips before untying the knot holding her gown together. It fell down into a puddle at her feet. Raven cupped her breasts, lifting them up for his inspection. She tweaked her nipples with her fingers.

His jaw tightened as his eyes went from silver to nearly black. Thane took a step forward to take her into his arms, but Raven stepped back. "Uh-uh. You can't touch me until you remove your loincloth," she said, smiling at him.

"You are a cruel woman. You will soon learn not to tease me so."

"Will you go back on our bargain? I'm disappointed in you." She pouted playfully.

“Very well, my lady, but I can’t promise I’ll go slowly the first time. You are making me delirious. I don’t think my cock has ever been so *demmed* hard.”

“Why don’t you stop talking about it and just show me, or is Prince Thane Dacro Blaisdan Modikhan ashamed of what’s between his legs?” she teased.

“You are a saucy wench,” he growled, practically ripping the loincloth off of him. His cock looked as though it had been bound against him, but when he set it free, Raven gasped. Her eyes widened in amazement. She’d known he would be large, but nothing quite prepared her for this.

“Do you think I have anything to be ashamed of, my lady?”

Raven shook her head, unable to speak. Even if she wanted to say something, she wouldn’t have been able to get the words out. She stepped forward, reaching out to touch it. Her fingers touched the velvet-like head. Her mouth watered as she wondered how much of it she could get into her mouth.

“I want to taste it,” she murmured, licking her now dry lips.

“Only if I can do the same to you.”

“You already had your turn earlier. Didn’t you say you would do whatever it took to please me?” she asked him, although her eyes never left his cock.

“Yes, my lady.”

“This would please me. Very much,” she said before dropping to her knees before him. She noticed he stiffened when she lifted the long shaft into her hand. It was nearly as long as her forearm and so thick she could barely get her fingers all the way around it.

Getting it into her mouth was one thing, but the thought of this monster inside her pussy, stretching her walls to their very limits, made her shiver.

Do not worry, jihar, that is why the Necromancers prepared you, so you’d be able to accommodate my size.

“You know I don’t like you reading my mind,” she chided lightly, before running her tongue along the side of his dick.

Thane gasped. “Your thoughts are now mine.”

"You Ceyans sure are a possessive lot," she murmured. Raven opened her mouth over the mushroom-like head of his cock, savoring the very male taste of him.

"That feels so good, woman," he sighed.

She intended to make him feel even better. Raven slid her lips over his cock, stuffing as much of it into her mouth as she could get. She let his dick touch the back of her throat before slowly pulling back and repeating the process.

Thane's fingers dug into her hair, guiding her head over him, creating a steady back and forth motion. Raven's free hand drifted between her legs to finger her clit. She was highly turned on by the sense of power she felt at being able to elicit such lusty responses from him. It pleased her to know he enjoyed the ministrations of her mouth. Her pussy dripped her juices on the floor, her thumb and finger rolling her clit between them.

"Oh, Raven. You are going to make me explode in your mouth," he groaned out loud.

She pulled back to look up at him. "I wouldn't mind."

"I do. I want to wait to release my seed in that pretty little pussy of yours. If you keep this up, woman, I don't think I will be able to."

"That wouldn't be a bad thing." Raven winked up at him.

She bent down and swirled her tongue around his cock head before dipping her head lower to lick his balls. The tangy muskiness of him filled her nostrils and taste buds.

"By the stars, woman, what are you doing to me?" he moaned.

"Showing you how much I love you." Raven licked and suckled on his sack until he was literally shaking.

She took her time bathing his cock and balls with her tongue before taking the thick hard rod back into her mouth. Her mouth sucked forcefully in a frenzied motion. She wanted him to lose control. She wanted to taste his essence pouring down her throat. Raven wanted it all.

It seemed, however, Thane had other ideas. He yanked her to her feet, dragging her to the bed. Before Raven could so much as utter a word of surprise he was on top of her and his mouth covered hers.

Thane's kiss was hungry, like a man who'd gone without food for days. A thrill washed through her because she knew she was responsible for driving him to this savage lust.

Her body felt as though it were near bursting at the delicious sensation of his body rubbing against her. She lifted her hips to brush her pussy against his cock. It was as hard and ready for her as she was for it. He pulled back on his knees and spread her legs apart as wide as they would go.

Thane guided his cock to her moist entrance. "You have no idea of how long I've dreamed of this moment," he sighed before gliding into her.

Raven's breath caught in her throat. Despite the fact that she had been prepared to take his length, it was still a shock to feel his large cock inside of her. "Are you okay, *jihar*?" he asked with a worried expression on his handsome face.

She lay very still as her body adjusted to having him so deeply within her. "You are so big."

"And that is a bad thing?"

"Not at all." She smiled, reaching up to stroke his face. She tilted her hips up against him. "Does that feel like it's a bad thing?"

"Not at all. It feels very good. Your pussy is so tight, so wet. I don't know how long I'll last."

"I don't mind, as long as you're satisfied."

"I want to make sure you're satisfied."

"You already satisfy me. Very much. Now are we going to talk or fuck?" Raven bucked her hips against him.

"You know the answer to that." And with that he lifted her hips and slammed deeper into her quivering flesh.

“Oh, Thane!” she screamed out in pleasure-pain as his cock stretched her pussy to its absolute limits.

She wrapped her legs around his waist and reached up for him. Thane hauled her up against him, with his cock still firmly inside her cunt. Her arms tightened around his neck as she buried her face in his chest. He guided her up and down on his dick.

“This is the best pussy I’ve ever had,” he murmured, slamming into her tight sheath. “By the stars, Raven, I could die inside of you and be a fulfilled man.”

Her pussy muscles tightened around his cock, making Thane groan against her neck. His mouth sought hers and his tongue thrust between her lips. It darted in and out of her mouth, mimicking the motions of his cock.

Raven had never felt such an intense sensation in her life before. Although she had many lovers through her life, no one came close to what she felt now, with the man she loved. No one’s cock had ever felt this delicious, or wonderful inside of her. She didn’t know if she was so turned on because of her strong feelings for him or the fact he was such a skillful lover, but she didn’t care. All that mattered was this moment, right here and now.

Raven knew in her heart this would be the man she would be with until the day she died. She bounced up and down on Thane’s cock, never wanting this moment to end, but she was so close to her climax she could taste it. She sensed, however, that he was holding back for the sake of her pleasure. It was so touching he wanted to please her, but she realized he ached for release.

Raven squeezed her muscles around his cock as tightly as she could, trying to milk his cock of its seed. “Raven!” Thane cried out. His cock seemed to contract before squirting the evidence of his climax into her.

She squeezed him tightly as she too lost control of her body, convulsing against him as wave after delicious wave of pleasure flowed through her body from the top of her head to the tips of her toes.

He pushed her back against the bed. "That was wonderful, Thane. Will it always be this good?"

"I think so. Did I not tell you that you were my heartmate?"

"Yes, you did," she said meekly, giving him a light kiss on the neck.

"Don't doubt me again. We're meant to be together."

They were silent for a moment as they held each other. Raven's fingers stroked his back.

"Thane?"

"Yes, my lady?"

"Are you worried about this sickness... I mean, what if there's nothing I can do?"

He lifted his head to look down at her. "Are you still worried about that?"

Raven nodded. The thought of saving his people weighed heavily on her mind.

"To be honest, I'm worried too, but the Ancient Ones have no reason to lie. You and the other three women are our saviors, and you'll be heroes to our people."

That worried her as well. Raven wasn't sure she wanted to be anyone's hero. "But --"

He silenced her by placing his finger over her lips. "Shh. We're allowed five moon risings together after the Feast of the Flesh before we're required to attend to any business. In the meantime, my cock's getting hard again."

"So soon?"

"You have that effect on me, my beautiful one."

"Thane?"

"Yes."

"Will you make love to me this time with your wings out?"

"I thought you didn't care for them. That's why I sheathed them."

"Well, it's different, but I've never done it with a winged man before."

He grunted as he hunched his shoulders over. Large black wings sprouted from his back, spanning wide over them. Raven gasped in awe. They were so beautiful. She couldn't imagine why she'd been so frightened of them in the first place. Her hand

glided along the edge of dark feathers. It was so soft and warm beneath her fingers. As she explored the texture of his wings, they seemed to move beneath her touch.

"I suppose they no longer frighten you." Thane lifted a dark brow.

"No. I think they're great. Umm... can you do tricks with them?" Raven smiled mischievously at him.

"What kind of tricks?"

"Sexual ones?"

"I am shocked, my lady. I didn't realize you were so wanton," he said with mock surprise.

"So I'll take that as a no."

"I didn't say that. Spread your legs for me and I'll show you exactly what they can do."

Epilogue

Genesis and Kal stood on the balcony of their room and looked out at the setting sun. She couldn't remember ever seeing the sun that particular shade of gold, orange, and red, blended together but not quite. Kal's arms were wrapped tightly around her waist as she leaned her head against his chest.

She was happier than she had thought possible. Who would've thought she'd fall so madly in lust and love with this redheaded giant? She still felt a little disconcerted at the prospect of trying to save his people. Doubts flooded her mind. What if she didn't have the powers to help his people? She shuddered at the thought of the Ceyans' extinction.

Kal bent over and kissed the top of her head. "What're you thinking about, my beautiful one?" he asked.

A shiver swept up her spine. She loved the way he called her that with such reverence in his tone. "I was just thinking what a beautiful sunset this is."

"Aye, it is, but there's something else on your mind. Tell me what troubles you."

He turned her around to face him. She had to crane her neck up to meet the deep probing of his silver eyes. "I'm just thinking about what will happen if me and the other women can't save your people."

"Are you worried about that again?" He took her chin between his fingers and stroked her face.

"Yes."

"I'm just as worried as you are. You have no idea what it's like to witness your people dying and there's nothing you can do about it. I feel you and the other women will be our saviors. I don't know how, but I just do. Stop worrying about it for now." Kal lowered his head and captured her lips with his.

His tongue darted forward to slip into her mouth. Genesis parted her lips, allowing him entrance. His kiss excited her like no other. Her heart raced with love and her pussy clenched with desire.s

She wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing her breasts against his broad naked chest.

"I love you," she whispered as he lifted his head from hers.

His face lit up with what looked like joy. "Do you mean it, *jihar*?"

"Of course I do. I've only ever loved two other people in my life -- my mother and my sister, but the love I feel for you goes much deeper. I never thought it was possible to feel such an intense feeling in so short a time for another person."

"I know what you mean. I feel the same way too. When you're not with me, my thoughts are constantly on you. I think I need you more than food to eat -- air to breathe," he said, running his fingers along the side of her arm.

"When you first brought me here, I couldn't think of anything except going home, but now, I think I finally am home."

"It pleases me to hear you say that." He smiled at her.

He was so handsome it made her heart flip and her breath catch in her throat. They fell silent as they held each other.

"Do I really have to wear this thing?" Genesis looked down at the gold band around her ankle, breaking the silence.

"Yes. It's very necessary. This proves you belong to me," Kal explained, kissing her on the neck. They'd made love well into the night, not stopping even when servants came to see if they were hungry. She rested her head against his chest.

"You already know I belong to you."

"In our land, any unprotected woman can be claimed, if she isn't wearing a *cheka*. All Ceyan women wear them. When they are born, until the time they are joined, they wear the *cheka* of their fathers, and when they are joined, their husbands'."

"What's the worst that can happen if I don't wear mine?"

"Do you plan to find out for yourself? I would rather you didn't."

"Well, tell me what could happen."

"You could be claimed by another, or you could be sold and used as a slave. A beautiful woman like yourself would be quite valuable on the market in Xanadon."

"What's Xanadon?"

"A land of barter where the slave auctions are held. If you ever leave the palace grounds, you'll have the escort of the royal guards."

"If I would always have guards with me, then why would I need this? It seems like this law is more for the women who wouldn't have the benefit of royal guards."

"It happened to my mother."

Genesis gasped. She'd caught a brief glimpse of Queen Daliah on the way to the ceremony the night before. She was still a very beautiful woman. Genesis especially remembered the sad look she saw on the queen's face, and she couldn't help but wonder what or who had put it there.

"But everything turned out okay. I saw her last night."

Kal frowned as though he was trying to remember something important. "That's the thing. Everything didn't turn out okay."

"How do you mean?"

"When it was learned my mother had gone outside of the palace without her *cheka*, my father was furious. Then, I believe he was worried because she didn't return for a very long time. Men were sent out to search the land. My father even went out to look for her."

"What happened?" she asked when he stopped.

"I am not really sure. No one talks about it. The only two people who seem to know anything about it are Rohman and Aarik."

"What about your father?"

"He never returned from the search. He was killed."

"Oh my! How awful for you."

He grunted. "I guess my sadness stems from the fact that I can't say I miss him much."

She gave him a funny look. That was an odd thing to say about one's father. Genesis would have pressed for more information if it weren't for a tingling sensation she felt in her body. This time it had nothing to do with Kal. Ever since she'd arrived on H'trae, she felt like she did when she got feelings about people when she was on Earth, but this time it was stronger, as if being on H'trae made her more in tune with her powers.

"Is something wrong?" Kal asked, seeing the expression of worry that crossed her face.

"Yes. Something's very wrong."

"What is it?"

"Shh. Let me think for a minute." Genesis sat still. The tingling sensation in her body grew stronger, until the build up sent a wave through her body that made her convulse.

Kal looked panicked and began to shake her. "Tell me what's wrong. You're scaring me, woman."

She looked at his worried face and gasped, "I saw death. Someone in the palace is dying."

"From this mysterious ailment?"

"I believe so. I've never felt a sickness like it before."

"Who?"

"I'm not certain. I feel it's someone connected to you somehow. I'm almost certain that whoever this is, you share a bloodline. It might be one of your brothers."

To Be Continued...

Eve Vaughn

Eve Vaughn has enjoyed creating characters and making up stories from an early age. As a child she was always getting into mischief, so when she lost her television privileges (which was often), writing was her outlet.

Her stories have gotten quite a bit spicier since then!

Eve likes to read, bake, make crafts, travel, and spend time with her family. She lives in the Philadelphia area with her husband and pet turtle. She loves to hear from her fans, so feel free to contact her at EveVaughn10@aol.com or join her yahoo group at www.evevaughnsbooks-subscribe@yahoogroups.com.