

Miznari

By Stephanie Burke

Chapter One

"Fucking, disrespectful...assholes!" Miznari's tirade was cut short by the rim of the wine glass filling her mouth.

She chugged deeply of the red wine, grimacing at the vinegar taste of the thin watery crap.

"Fucking assholes," she hissed as she slammed the glass back on the table and promptly refilled it with a hand trembling with anger and frustration. "Dickless wonders!"

But as the headboard began to slam against the wall rhythmically and the grunts and moans of pleasure began to bleed through to the living room, the bottle bypassed the cup altogether and found a new home, right up against her lips.

Within three gulps, the low moans changed to impassioned screams and the bed began to make a raw grating sound as it was slid across the floor.

"Fuck *this shit!*"

With a scream, the bottle was hurled across the room, almost poetically it spun top over bottom, raining down a sanguine waterfall on the carpet, only to shatter against the bright white wall across from her.

"I don't believe this shit!" she screamed as she lurched to her feet and tugged on the shirt she pulled from the haphazard pile of clothing before she fled the room and the scene of the crime.

"I don't have to stand for this shit!" She snatched a half-filled glass from the table and eyed the liquid remaining inside.

Her anger carrying her forward, she marched determinedly toward the front door, the glass held triumphantly in her hands...and tripped on the throw rug, spilling more red wine across the white carpet.

She froze for a moment, thinking of Mike's wrath, then an evil grin spread across her face.

"Weeeee!" she shouted as she took a big gulp, filling her mouth with the repugnant stuff, puffed out her cheeks, and sprayed his pristine white living room with the bitter crap.

Only thing it's good for, she thought as she watched polka dots and spatters cover the sea of recently white carpet. They landed and spread, like millions of tiny little Rorschach ink blot tests. It was fascinating, really.

“Too good for him, for them,” she snorted as she watched the wine sink in and stain, almost like little drops of blood. The only evidence of the murder that had taken place here. She looked back on the dead body of her relationship with both her lover and her best friend, and scowled again.

“It was to be my fantasy! Mine! You selfish bastards,” she growled.

But who knew that Mike, her extremely open and experimental boyfriend of almost a year, would possess latent gay tendencies? Once they were all naked and rolling around on Mike’s huge bed, suddenly she realized that she had become a third wheel, an unwanted third wheel.

What tipped her off? It may have been the way they almost literally shoved her to the side so that they could grope each other. It may have been the sexual lingo going on around her, Mike’s excited, “Dude, I’ve never seen one that big!” before he practically knocked her out of the bed to get his lips around it.

It may have even been Aaron’s guilty look at her as Mike pulled him away from her rapidly drying cunt to suck face with him.

But her biggest clue was Mike’s startled, “Fresh fish on the line,” comment as he first got a good look at Aaron in the nude. Sure Aaron was hung, but damn! His girlfriend – repeat, girlfriend – was standing right next to him.

Finally, she got to her feet and turned to look at the sweaty duo rolling around in the bed. Aaron had turned and reached for her, trying to either get away from Mike or to get her back into the bed, but then Mike did something guaranteed to block all conscious thought from Aaron’s brain. He deep-throated him and began to hum.

Aaron’s eyes slammed shut and Miz slammed the door on her way out.

“It was supposed to be a thing of beauty,” she muttered as she sidestepped pieces of broken glass, snatched her purse from the side table, and casually knocked a few of Mike’s precious crystal pieces on the ground. When they didn’t shatter, she hefted the backpack she used as a pocketbook, and dropped the weighty thing on top of them.

That got ‘em, she thought as a muffled crash signified the passing of a family of crystal dogs.

She looked back once more as masculine screams began to fill the air. She recognized Mike’s preorgasmic scream and knew that he would last only minutes. You recognized things like that when you have been lovers for so long, she decided. But this is not the way the story was supposed to have ended.

In her reasoning, all three of them would have been screaming and roaring, and laughing their way to the best full-body orgasms they had ever felt. Instead she was on her way out the door and out of a relationship, too. Snorting, she turned and slammed the door, making sure that it struck hard enough to vibrate the wall and knock down a few specially framed pictures of those damn dogs Mike was so fond of.

She listened for a second then started to grin as she heard three tell-tale crashes. *Bingo!* Calm planning and thoughtful action did pay off! So did her physics classes on the effect of motion.

“Bum, um, bum, and another one bites the dust-a!” she sang as she stalked barefoot, bare bottomed, clad only in Mike’s favorite shirt, to the elevator of the penthouse suite. “And another one gone, and another one gone, another one bites the dust!”

When the elevator doors opened, she peered in and saw a distinguished older man standing there in his three-piece suit, one foot poised to exit as he caught sight of her.

“Here,” she said sweetly as she reached her hand into the backpack and emerged with the purple dildo. “Compliments of Mike Cosner,” she added as she slapped the thick fake schlong into his hand.

The man eased past her and made for his door, shooting furtive glances behind him as he went, but she noticed he eyed Mike’s door speculatively and that he didn’t drop the dildo.

Damn, I may have just done the bastard a favor, she thought as she pressed the button for the garage level.

When she got there, she ignored the curious looks as she made her way toward her truck, her ‘91 fire-engine red Jeep Cherokee Laredo. It was a little old and worn, like her, but it was reliable. Also like her, she decided, as she pressed the remote entry, tugged on the stubborn door, and slid behind the driver’s seat.

She turned to find something to throw on. It was getting rather cold, and she pumped the heat up to the max. She knew it would take a few moments to warm up, so she needed a blanket or a towel or something. But as she stared at the collection of stuff in her back seat, the sketchpads, the makeup kits, the in-line skates, the skateboard and the coiled bungee rope that rested under the Navajo blanket she finally spied, she felt a wave of depression come over her.

Was this how she lived her life, from one thrill to the next? She huffed as she wrapped the blanket around her body and stared at the lighted garage, thinking about her existence. Was there anything sexual that she hadn’t tried?

Probably not, but that last attempt at a three-way didn’t count. Frankly, she’d kind of lost her taste for the whole thing. And then there were her sports, her jumping, and kamikaze biking. The white water canoeing and trick boarding. Not to mention her stint as a BMX trick-rider that had ended with a leg broken in three places and an appreciation for wheelchair sports. She had learned to race her souped-up wheelchair after that one, and actually had done some neat two-wheel tricks with it.

But was that all she had in life? That and the comic book, the makeup, the book covers, and her correspondence with her two friends. They may have

seemed straight-laced and boring, but she envied them. They knew where their life was going, they had purpose.

She only skated through life looking for the next thrill, the next adrenalin rush, and the next near-death experience she got high off of. And that depressed her even more.

And driving barefoot was no big thing to her. After all, she was a nature nut, an outcast, an extrovert, and an extremist. It was par for the course in a day for her. But as she started her car and slowly drove back to her hotel, a hotel room she shared with Aaron, she decided that the emperor had plenty of clothes.

Clothes for sports, clothes for partying, clothes for everyday life. Clothes for seduction. But the damn emperor was barefoot! Fuck clothes, she had no shoes, no grounding, no roots! And from her point of view, that was much sadder.

Chapter Two

His head slammed back against the tangled blankets on the sleep pad as he twisted his wrists inside of the padded cuffs. Sweat rolled from his body in rivers as his eyes, dazed and dilated, stared sightlessly into space. His breathing, already ragged, increased in rhythm as he felt his muscles began to tense, his back arched, and a burning tingling began at the base of his spine. Rolling his head from side to side, he bit his lip, his small fangs drawing blood that blended with the sweat running down his face as his body bounced on the padding.

“Yes!” the excited woman above shouted as she felt his balls draw up in their sac, and felt his substantial cock grow even more within the tight clasp of her body. “Yes! Soon it will all be mine!”

But nothing else was said as his body tensed, his mouth opened in a silent roar, as his release tore through his bound body, as his cock exploded deep within her, depositing his fluid into her hungry body. With a silent scream on his lips, Kell jerked upright and was struck by waves of nausea.

“That should do it, my prince,” the woman sneered as she stared down with cold silver eyes at the prone man. “After this, it will all surely belong to me.”

Her last words echoed in his mind as his eyes popped open and he struggled to regain his bearings, to find out where he was. Earth, he remembered, as he rolled to his knees and attempted to gain his feet. As he rose, he began to shiver as his body, not dressed for the chilly climate, reacted.

The small loin-skirt, all he could steal as he made his escape, was not a fit garment for a prince, let alone a lost traveler on the run for his life. But he had little choice in the matter. Stinza had seen to that.

Stinza was a pirate, and a good one, too! He almost admired her tenacity. The League had been trying to stop her for some time, but with little success. She always seemed to be a step ahead of the authorities and remained a menace to the twelve League planets and the people they served.

But he had learned something about Stinza after she attacked his ship and decided to keep him in sexual bondage. She wanted to go legitimate. She wanted to be a ruler. And she didn’t want to rule just any world.

She wanted his world. The whys and what-fors were easy enough to figure out. Female succession.

Lorndale was a matriarchal society, with the males happily being warriors and philosophers and peacefully co-existing with the female of the species, who were known to be the best mediators and peacekeepers. On his homeworld, the

arts flourished. The warriors, male and female, trained not only mind and body, but spirit, and were formidable strategists.

Anyone gaining control of his people would have a formidable army at their disposal, the technology to create weapons of mass destruction, and would gain the upper hand when negotiating with other planets, League and non-League alike. And Stinza wanted that control.

Whore of nations, he silently spat as he replayed the destruction of his ship one last time. Three shots and it was over, his scout hunter overtaken by her heavier dreadnought, his communications shot, his body taken captive. He doubted that his quick alert to his guard had gotten through the jammer they used before they blasted him out of space, but he did manage to send off a distress call.

Twenty-three rotations, he thought as he looked around his barren surroundings. Twenty-three rotations around this backward planet that Stinza knew his people would avoid. No one wanted to be detected by this unenlightened colony of carbon sacks; no one wanted to disturb their growth and development. And no one wanted to fall victim to their brutality that survivors of crash landings reported.

So Stinza circled this barbarous world and tried to get issue from his seed, something that was doomed to failure. But he remembered when Stinza discovered why her prodigious drug-induced couplings with her captive prince yielded no pregnancy.

“How dare you!”

Uh, oh, he thought as Stinza barreled into the room, her usually pale face a mass of red fury.

“You have an implant!”

He would have shrugged if he wasn't tied so tight, but the smug expression on his face said it all.

“Damn you, Kell!” she snarled before she snapped her fingers and two burly women entered the room.

“I know what you are, my prince,” she hissed as she bent over his prone body. “And I know what your seed is worth. You will deliver unto me what I most desire and then I will find a way to make an example out of you.”

“Find it, remove it, and drug him with our most powerful aphrodisiacs,” she snapped at the two zombie-like women. Then a wicked grin spread across her face. “Use the ones that mimic a mate-bond. I want a baby by this glowbug, I want him to lust after me more than his own life. I want him broken. Then you and the rest of the crew can have him.”

Not good, Kell thought as he fought down panic. If they could successfully mimic a mate-bond... And if she managed to break him, to turn him into a starving creature willing to do her every whim... If he remembered correctly,

there were both male and female members in this particular crew. Not that he had anything against same-sex couplings, it was just that he didn't think the men would take care in deflowering his royal ass. And the women...well, looking at the two who now eagerly bounced over to his pad, declined frequent bathing.

If he willingly let them abuse his body...

It was time to leave.

As he mentally worked over the plans he had been formulating, one of the women ran a glowing medical scanner over his body. Within seconds, she found the implant. While she was neutralizing its effectiveness with a powerful burst of radiation—thank the Creator that she didn't opt for surgery—the other female was shooting him with an aphro far more powerful and far more dangerous than the ones Stinza had been using before.

Almost instantly, he felt a wave of heat pass through his body, felt his cock engorge with blood until it was throbbing most painfully, dripping pre-cum like a faucet. His skin began to take on a very agitated glow, becoming so sensitive that even the recycled air circulating in the room caused him to writhe and tug against the bindings that held him.

"And we'll leave him for an hour or so," Stinza smirked as she stared at his prone body. "Just to make sure he really wants to sow his seeds with me. His body will believe that it's bonded with the first female who puts out enough sexual scent trails. That woman will be me."

Giggling, she and her crew left the room, leaving Kell to his new torment, and to begin his desperate flight for freedom. But he knew that in this condition, he would not make it past the first guards before collapsing into a hungry lust-filled heap. There was only one thing for him to do.

Closing his eyes, he tried to ignore the flush of heat that seemed to surround his body, and tried to concentrate on his inner mind, to reach the part of him that would allow him to enter into his secular form, the energy form that would negate the effectiveness of the drugs while allowing him an added advantage most people never knew about.

The second form was a big secret among his people and hopefully would stay that way after he was gone from this captivity. He closed his eyes...and pictured himself flying. Within seconds, a glow floated from within his body, a glow that managed to lock away the effect of the powerful drug, while his new form subsumed the old.

There was a brilliant flash of light, and then Kell, first and only son of Landu and Kellista, was no more. And in his place was a small blue-winged creature. A creature with knowledge to operate a matter transference chamber that was easy to locate and enter when everyone was searching for a seven-foot man.

It was nothing for him to slip through a vent, fly low to evade a few dazed pirates, slip into the berth, and launch a transfer sequence before Stinza knew he

was missing. The only problem, there was only one place to go. He knew he had to find safe haven and fast. Stinza would be able to track this transfer, and the only place he could lose her was the small blue planet with a large yellow sun.

Like a flash of lightning, he was zipped from the berth to land on what seemed to be a cold stretch of barren land. But in the distance, he saw lights. It was the logical place to go, he decided, if he wanted to evade Stinza and seek some type of help. He started walking, his body shivering with cold, but his eyes glowing with the fire of determination.

Chapter Three

“Oh God, yes!” Miz groaned as she tossed her head from side to side. Sweat beaded up on her forehead as her back arched off the bed, lifting her breasts as if in supplication to some unknown god. “Mmm,” she groaned again as shards of white heat shot through her body, radiating from around her swollen clit to strike different parts of her body.

Her nipples felt so engorged she was sure they were going to pop. Her arms and legs trembled with the strain of holding her body as it writhed on the tangled sheets. Her mouth opened, her breaths panting as one hand fisted in the rumpled bedclothes. Heat, waves of red heat, washed over her body, making her toes curl, her butt tremble, her wetness form a pool beneath her.

Then she felt it, that moment when her body took over, that all conscious thought was taken away. Her clit began to burn, her thighs began to shake as a small scream escaped her dry lips.

“Yes, yes, yes!” she whimpered over and over as her body tightened, drew in on itself, then suddenly imploded, sending clenching waves of release spinning throughout her body. Her inner walls clenched, jerked around the hard tube that drilled her cunt, trembling against the unyielding hardness that still drove into her, striking her sensitive areas, quivering against her spot, making tears run from her eyes. And in the very next second, a wave of hypersensitivity filled her, making the hard touch seem almost painful.

“Not real,” Miz groaned as she pulled the buzzing vibrator from her body with a wet sucking sound, its humming growing louder now that it was out of her body. Suddenly, it was all just too much! Her desires, her new awareness of her situation, her self-pity! It grew into a large knot inside her stomach, a knot of bitterness and regret.

Her orgasm was not real. It was as fake as the lifelike latex toy that had given it to her. There were no tender kisses to help ease her into the afterglow. There were no warm arms to hold her in comfort, to share the experience and to bask in the heat as it slowly faded from her body. There was nothing there for her, because it wasn't real!

“Not fucking real!” she screamed as she lobbed the fake dick across the room and watched dispassionately as it exploded into three big pieces, its batteries dropping to the carpet as it gave its last buzz of life. “It is not real!” Tears filled her eyes as she stared at her long-time companion as it gave up the ghost.

“It was not real, you are not real, and I am fucking alone.” Her previously sated body curled around itself, huddling for protection from what her mind

would not let go. Her life was empty, as empty as her cunt now that her toy was broken. What was the point of her even existing?

The sports? The people who hung around while she was making waves, but never visited her in the hospital when one of those waves wiped her out? She was as fake as the people she made up for cover shoots. She was as unreal as the models she posed, as two-dimensional as the characters she drew on the covers of books.

There was no Miznari! It was all a lie! She was some scared little girl who was still afraid of the dark and slept with stuffed animals.

"I've got to get out of here," she croaked, her voice ready to give way to the screaming sobs building up inside of her. "I'm going for a walk." She didn't know why she was speaking out loud. It somehow made her feel all the more pitiful. She hushed and quickly threw on some clothes, snatched her key from a bedside table, and her backpack from a chair.

Sniffing and fighting to hold back the tears that threatened any minute, she made her way out of her room and into the deserted hall. She knew her eyes were red. She saw them reflected back at her in the metallic doors of the elevator. But it was the black look on her face that scared her the most. If she had no purpose, why was she still here?

Was she thinking of suicide? Her brain screamed denials as her heart said...maybe. What was the use of being here if it benefited no one, least of all, herself?

The elevator doors opened and Miz was greeted by a group of people, all in strange otherworldly costumes, giggling and having the time of their lives. She pushed her way in and stood in front of the doors, slamming her finger on the lobby button, trying her best to ignore the sounds of the shining happy people.

Why the hell were they so happy? There was a bug of some kind, with three beer bellies and a beard that was longer than the hair on her head! There was the shortest Amazon she had ever seen, wielding a plastic sword and seeming to possess the world in her hands. Then there was this horse-looking thing that she couldn't tell – was it a man or a woman?

But they were all happy, their radiance contrasting starkly with the emptiness that was eating its way into her soul.

The doors could not have opened up faster. As soon as they began to slide to the sides, she exploded like a bullet from a gun. She made it three feet before she stopped again. All around her, the lobby had been transformed into something that looked like Mars! There were space creatures everywhere, alien and warriors, models and writers, reporters and curious readers.

The old Miznari would have jumped at the chance to join the fun, to be a part of the shining glittering throng. But with her awakened eyes, all she saw was the plastic façade and the nothingness it offered her. Her face dead, she turned and

made her way to the exit, pushing past a group of fairies and vampires on their way inside.

She needed air! She couldn't breathe. But there were more of them in the parking lots! People everywhere, sucking up the air, mocking her with their happiness, their smiling faces and their lives filled with purpose, even if that purpose was just to enjoy themselves for the night.

It was too much! She couldn't take it! Turning, she made her way to the rear of the building, to the Spectacular Mountain Range, and cold empty fields that backed the new hotel. Breaking into a run, she felt the tears flow freely as she scrambled over scrub grass and rocks, as she sought to escape, to make the pain go away.

She would run! She would run until nothing could find her, nothing could hurt her, until her mind went cold. She would run until her legs fell off!

She ran, her feet pounding on the hard-packed earth, her legs jarring with each punishing stride, her breath rasping in her body, her tears flowing freely. She ran. She ran until she was suddenly airborne.

A frightened shriek sprang past her lips as her arms wind-milled to keep her balance. But she was flying. Up, up, up! Then down, down, down. And the hard earth was waiting there to catch her fall. She landed with an audible oomph that tore the air from her lungs and sent her skidding across the rocky ground.

"Damn," Miz grunted as she slid across the earth on her chest feeling every hard rock and soft lump of flesh...

Soft lump?

"Oh God!" she grasped as she struggled to her feet, looking around for what she fell on. Were there skunks in Virginia? Was it a cat? It was too little for a cat! A rat? EWW! Rabies? Was it a snake or a...?

It glowed. Miz rubbed her eyes in disbelief as she stared down at the crumpled bit of glowing flesh that lay in the indentation her body made as it skid across the fresh black mountain soil.

It was no more than a foot long, and it glowed faintly blue. There was a set of wings with strange black...tattoos, but one wing lay at an odd angle. It was covered in long bluish-white hair that shifted as its breaths moved its chest frantically in and out.

"Miz," she gasped to herself as she stared in disbelief. "You landed on Tinkerbelle!" Bending over, she tentatively reached out her hands to touch it, jerking back with a moan as it gave a lurch and tried to sit up.

"Don't move..." she trailed off, not knowing what to call it. "Don't move. I have to check you for...damage?"

The thing shuddered then turned its head in her direction, and Miz was caught by a pair of almost milky-white blue eyes. It shook its head, and as she

watched, it sat fully up, wincing, as its movements pulled at the injured wing on its back. It cradled one arm as if it hurt, as it seemed to gather its bearings. It glared at her, she knew, but as it used one hand to toss its hair behind its back, she noticed that it was a he. It was wearing a loincloth of some rough-looking material and he was not happy.

“Oh geez,” Miz moaned as she practically danced from foot to foot, wanting to get close to help it, but not sure if she should. Finally, reaching a decision, she reached down to touch it, and watched as it began to more than glow! The thing lit up like a drunken Southern belle at a Rough Riders convention.

Was it going to hurt her, seek its revenge, cast some spell? Whatever it was doing, it glared up at her as it began to glow brighter and brighter! Then in a flash, it seemed to explode, blinding Miz as she desperately tried to see what was going on. As her sight cleared, she noticed that he now lay prone on the ground not moving, not glowing.

“I killed Tinkerbelle!” Miz groaned as she stood looking down at the small fairy. “No, I killed Tinkerbelle’s brother!”

Chapter Four

Stealth was never a game plan with Miz, so the skulking through the lobby filled with partying people, rather than making a grand entrance, was hard! But she had to do what she had to do! And what she had to do was sneak the little glowbug back into her room without letting anyone in on what she had. She stuck her head around the corner, Tink bundled up in her jacket, and began, as unobtrusively as possible, make her way to the bank of elevators across the room.

"I hope I don't have to explain this," she muttered to herself as she tried to remember if there was ever a penalty placed on those who killed a fairy. She needed to bone up on her fairy lore, she decided as she made it another few feet without being noticed.

Hunched over a bit, she cut her gaze to the right and the left before darting around an aging Joan of Arc, and sidestepping around a six-foot Yoda. "Almost here," she muttered, wondering when she had picked up this habit of talking to herself, when she collided with a large form and found herself falling back on her ass, where she bounced twice, clutching her bundle to her chest.

"Watch where you're going!" she growled as she looked up and groaned. "Aaron," she sighed as her shoulders drooped. "What did I do to deserve this day?" she asked herself again, rolling her eyes as she realized she spoke out loud and Aaron's face was now filled with guilt.

"Miz, let me explain," he stuttered quickly, reaching down to offer her a hand.

Now Miz was in a quandary. Should she accept his hand and his unspoken agreement to listen to him while exposing a glowing blue fairy that she couldn't explain and quite possibly murdered, or should she be a total bitch and get up on her own, giving him the unspoken clue to fuck off?

Decisions, decisions, decisions! Bitch won out. Snorting, Miz carefully moved one hand from her bundle and braced herself on the floor. Then with a million-dollar smile on her face, levered herself to her knees, then rolled to her feet, not jostling Tink at all. Once at her full height, she smiled at Aaron...then turned away, cutting him off before he could speak a word.

But Aaron was a persistent little bugger, well, after seeing him in the buff, big bugger. "Miznari, wait! I have to talk to you! Give me a chance to..."

"Make a scene?" Miz hissed as she realized that they were becoming the focus of a small group of partygoers. Anything that would spread gossip seemed

to attract this group, and she wanted none of this to reach her friends. They didn't need to know what a complete fuck-up she had become.

"I only want to talk," Aaron sighed, running his hands through his short dark hair in frustration. "I never meant for this to happen, honey! You have to believe me!"

That was true, she thought as she watched him stare at her, eyes filled with emotion. She remembered how he reached for her, trying to make her a part of the scene or to get him out of it, before Mike dropped low and made the Vacu-suc people ashamed of their suction and the Floor Devil people jealous.

"I know, Aaron," she sighed. "But I just need..."

"Need?" Aaron asked, puzzled by her sudden quiet.

"Time," she gasped, backing up suddenly, clutching at her stomach. Tink had begun to move, so at least he wasn't dead! But he didn't seem all that happy either. And the last thing she could explain was a twelve-inch anatomically correct—she had to look—fairy bursting out of her stomach like some creature in a horror movie. And to make it worse, he was beginning to glow! She knew without looking down! She could feel that tension tightening his tight little body and hear that familiar huffing.

"Miz?" Aaron asked, stepping forward, concerned. "Are you okay? What's wrong?"

"Nothing!" she all but shouted as she backed up a bit more, hunching over to hide the glow that would surely be breaking out soon. "I just need to go to my room and...think."

"You are acting weird, honey! Are you ill?" At his words, several concerned people began to murmur and approach offering assistance.

"No!" she shouted making them all gasp and back up a bit. "I'm fine! I just need to get to my room!" Then the huffing became louder and a glow began to peek out from around the edges of her jacket.

"What the...?"

People began to gather, curious about what was going on. If this was some convention stunt, it looked to be getting a big draw.

"It's...It's nothing, Aaron! I have to go!" But Tink took that moment to start glowing like a June bug. Shafts of white and blue light exploded from her jacket, blinding her and a few others as they leaned in close to see what was what.

"Miz!" Aaron called out, shock in his voice, and he stared wide-eyed at her abdomen. Suddenly, the jacket jumped, and almost jerked right out of her arms. In fact, it pulled away about a foot before she was able to jerk it back into the safety of her stomach.

"What the hell?"

“Damn!” Miz gasped as she struggled to hold on to the suddenly gyrating pouch. She had to take a step back and brace herself as Tink nearly jerked her off her feet in a bid for freedom.

“Miznari!” Aaron gasped, wide-eyed as he watched Miz do a weird form of a tango as she tried to keep control of whatever was bundled in her jacket.

“Uh, gotta go?” she gasped at a particularly hard jerk, then yelped as the jacket ripped out of her arms. She watched, as if in slow motion, as the jacket flew a foot into the air, flopped open, and a bedraggled blue fairy spilled out.

There were gasps of amazement and wonder as the tiny man with the crumpled wings tried to flutter them, but one listed to the side while the other rapidly beat, the result of which was he was going nowhere! Before anyone could speak, Miz reached down and snatched him up, bundling him in the jacket again and smiling sickly at the crowd.

“What the hell is that?” Aaron asked, his eyebrows rising up to almost get lost in his hairline as he gaped at her and the buzzing jacket.

“Um, what?” she asked, her voice breathy in shock. “You never saw a blue fairy vibrator before?”

Chapter Five

"It's in the wings," she whispered as she leered at a woman who looked suddenly interested in owning a blue fairy of her own.

"Uh," Aaron began, but Miz grabbed his hand and pulled him to the bank of elevators.

"Time to test it out, lover!" she choked out as she pulled Aaron toward the elevators.

"Way to go, dude!" some yahoo called out as the elevator doors opened and Miz almost knocked the exiting people aside to get to its safety. "What a wild woman!"

Smiling sickly, she hit the button for her floor and let out a huge sigh. "Thank you, God!" she muttered as she sank against the far corner, but groaned when she looked up and realized that Aaron wasn't buying it.

"Blue fairy?" he asked, arching one eyebrow as he took in the panic on her face.

"Newest in feminine pleasure," she chuckled, then sobered. "And I need all the feminine pleasure I can get after tonight."

Aaron winced and ran his hands over his face. "I'm trying to tell you what happened," he began. "But I think what you are hiding is more important."

"It's a..."

"Don't lie to me Miz! You never could do it well to begin with, and I can always tell when you are. And I have never heard of a Blue Fairy Vibrator, and I should know! I damn near own a sex toy shop, Miz! Spill it!" He never got any further because the doors slid open and Miz rushed out into the empty hallway, holding the buzzing package close to her body, Aaron hot on her heels.

"It's nothing! Really!" she called out, not sure why she was reluctant to tell her best friend in the whole world what she had done. Like murdering creatures of legend was something to be ashamed of! Well, not murdered. He was obviously alive!

Holding tightly to her package, she swiped her key card and dashed inside just as the jacket again exploded from her arms. This time it landed on her bed before the jacket opened, spilling a very irritated looking fairy onto the rumped covers.

"Oh, shit!" Aaron whispered, awe in his voice. "It's alive!"

But Miz's eyes were on the tiny creature. He narrowed his eyes at her before struggling to stand up, looking a bit dazed and alarmingly cute as he moved. He tried to wiggle his wings again, but winced and gasped silently as the movement obviously caused him some pain.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Miz wailed, wringing her hands and dancing from foot to foot like the mourners in a Greek chorus. "I am so sorry!"

The fairy glared at her as he attempted to straighten his good wing, but winced again as if moving his arm caused him more pain. He paused to glare at her one more time, cradling his arm to his chest, before he began to really buzz and glow. Miznari recognized him doing this from out in the field and shielded her eyes.

"Shit!" Aaron gasped as light exploded and caught him unprepared.

But Miz, who had her hands covering her eyes, looked down and saw a frustrated fairy spitting fire with his eyes.

"What is that?" Aaron gasped as his eyes recovered.

"It's a fairy, Aaron! A blue fairy!"

"And what is it doing here?" he asked stepping to her side and staring in awe at the small, well-formed man.

"I kind of went for a run..."

"In the middle of the night? Are you daft?"

"And I kind of...fell on him."

"You fell on him," his voice was devoid of emotion.

"It was an accident!" Miz wailed as she stared at the fairy and he stared back.

"You fell on the greatest find of the twenty-first century?"

"It was an accident!" Miz wailed again. "And he's not a find! He's hurt and I have to fix this!"

"How are you going to fix...this?" Aaron shouted, pointing at the fairy who transferred his glare from Miz to him, making him jerk back as if punched.

"It's a 'him', Aaron. And I don't know how, but I have to fix this!"

* * * * *

I must have landed on a colony for the mentally deranged, Kell thought as he stared at the dark woman who had fallen on him and the tall man who argued with her. He couldn't understand a thing they said, not until he came into contact with one of them, but the female appeared remorseful, and the man frightened. As he watched the two spouted their gibberish, he tried to take stock of his injuries.

He knew that there was some wing damage in addition to his arm, because when he tried to take his corporeal form, the pain caused him to black out. But he

knew that he had to take his normal size soon and get away from these two insane ones. He had a mission! He had to get back and warn the Royals that that creature knew their secrets and was conspiring to rule!

Closing his eyes, he began the trance that would lead his mind to calm during the physical transformation. He felt his energy begin to glow around his body, like an aura, then the pain struck him in waves! *Not again!* he thought before a wave of darkness overtook him.

* * * * *

"He's dead again!" Miz screamed out suddenly as the fairy tilted over and passed out. "What do you do for fairies to bring them back?" she cried out, turning to Aaron and gripping the lapel of his jacket.

"Buy them a drink and do the oral kiss of death!" he replied, just as frantically as he watched the little blue man pass out.

"Aaron!" Miz turned and glared at him.

"I'm a vet! How would I know? I don't do fairies! Um, unless you count Richard, but that was a one night-stand and I swore I'd never do another drag queen as long as I lived!" Aaron replied, running his fingers through his hair and shaking as he tried to think.

"Think of something!"

"Clap!" he shouted as he snapped his fingers. "You had to clap for Tinkerbelle, remember?"

"Clap? This ain't no children's book!"

"You got a better idea? And they had to know something! They were the ones who told us about Tinkerbelle!"

"Clap?"

"Clap!"

So they clapped! They leaned over the small body and they clapped as if their lives were depending on it.

"Not working!"

"Tell him you believe in him!"

"What?"

"That was the second half! You had to scream you believe!" By this time, Aaron was almost as frantic as Miz.

"Okay! I believe!" she screamed. "I believe in you! I believe!"

"Way to go!" a muffled voice screamed from behind their closed door. "You da man! Got a standing ovation and all!"

But Miz and Aaron ignored the colorful commentary as the fairy blinked once, then jerked to a sitting position, hands over his ears.

“Yes!” Miz screamed. “Yes!”

“Work it! Work it!” screamed the jokers, but again they were ignored as Miz dropped to her knees beside the bed and gazed at the blue fairy.

“We did it, Aaron!” she sighed, calming down. “We saved him!”

Chapter Six

What was wrong with these beings? Kell thought as he tried to protect his delicate ears from the raucous noise that now filled the room. What had happened? Oh, he thought. I tried to take my true form again.

He winced as he brought his injured arm down again, glaring at the two. Well, at least they brought him out of the dark.

* * * * *

"He's hurt! His arm!" Miz breathed, eyeing the fairy carefully. "Fix it, Aaron."

"I don't know nothing 'bout fixing no fairies! Besides, shouldn't we call the government or something? He may be dangerous!"

"Didn't you see Alien Autopsy?" Miz glared at him. "The next thing you know, they will be dissecting him for parts or something. We have to fix him and let him go."

"Go where?"

"Well, he was behind the hotel, out in the field. Maybe they live out there somewhere?"

"In the wilds of Virginia?"

"Stranger things have happened," she muttered as she turned to glare at him. "Like your boyfriend making a play for your best friend and getting the goods."

Aaron blushed. "Well, he didn't actually get the goods," Aaron sighed.

"Well, from the level of the 'Oh Gods' that were being bandied about, I figured someone was seeing angels. Or is your name God now?"

"That's what I'm trying to explain!" Aaron let his frustrations show as he began to pace the room. "Nothing happened."

"Nothing happened? He was sucking on you like you were the last oxygen hose in a dust storm! That was nothing?"

"It was nothing."

"That's an impressive nothing."

"Thank you," Aaron said, blushing.

"His technique, not your pizzle!"

"Pizzle?" Aaron actually looked insulted before continuing. "That's not the point. The point is that when you left, the bugger turned into Octopussy, and I am not talking about the doctor from the Bond flick!"

"Huh?" Now she was curious, though she kept her eyes on the fairy.

"Huh? Huh, nothing! I tried to get Romeo off of me, to get to you, and the bastard decided to get rough! Started talking about Greco-Roman wrestling holds and shit."

"But the bed! It was hopping!"

"That was me, trying to get away. And then he decided to take what he wanted."

"My God! Aaron!" Miz gasped as she rose to her feet, looking over her best friend. "Did he hurt you? Did that son-of-a-bitch rape you?" Before he could answer, Miz was going for her bookbag...and the brass knuckles it contained.

"No, hon! I managed to get away. It was him squealing when I tried to knock his nuts through his nostrils. Almost succeeded, too."

"Oh, Aaron!"

"It's okay, hon! I got out of there only to find the place in shambles! Mike is seriously pissed, and that made me laugh. But I started crying when I realized my ride had abandoned me." He looked at her, as if expecting her to show some remorse, but was sorely disappointed. She just shrugged.

"Have a nice walk?" she asked, her expression gamine.

"That's my girl," Aaron laughed, then turned his attention to the fairy again. "Maybe I can fix his wing."

"What?"

"His wing, Miz. It's listing to the side. Maybe I can fix it and his arm. Can't be much different that fixing a bird."

"Oh, Aaron! Can you?" Miz dropped her bag and turned a big smile onto her best friend.

"Sure. Anything for a...friend? A best friend?"

"Best friends," Miz sighed as she turned to watch the fairy, who was watching them in return. "Can you do it now?"

"I can try," Aaron decided as he stepped closer to the bed. "But if he curses me and my pizzle falls off, I'm gunning for your brass balls, babe!"

"My balls are made of steel!" Miz winked as she moved closer to the bed, desperately trying to explain to the fairy what was going to happen.

Chapter Seven

Kell watched the female walk over, a concerned expression on her face. He had no idea what they were discussing, but at first the female was tense and the male worried. They seemed to have settled their difference, though, for they presented a united front when they faced him. The female was gesturing to her back, pulling on imaginary wings and pointing to the man. She had no wings, so what...?

Oh! His wings? She was concerned about his wings? She wasn't concerned when she flopped on him, he thought, but then realized maybe she really was feeling remorseful. Wings, he decided. And he nodded cautiously, waiting for her to continue. But in the meantime, he began to consciously expand his energy, his aura, trying to expel the drugs from his corporeal form.

There was more than one use for the size shift, especially for a breed warrior. He could effectively repair his corporeal form if he concentrated, though the pain in his wing and arm would stop him from changing shapes until the bones were realigned. The reason for this was that any injury incurred in his secular form would carry over into the corporeal one. Which was a maddening thing considering he could take the secondary form to repair damage done to the primary one. But this was something his people had learned to live with.

So concentrating, he began to expunge the drugs from his system, sending them from his corporeal body in a hazy energy field, hoping to dispel them harmlessly into the atmosphere where they would dissipate without any fuss. And with it, he would send out a physic probe, anything to be able to determine what these beings were speaking of! Well, as long as the probe and the aphro didn't come into another energy source...

* * * * *

"He understands!" Miz grinned as she finished gesturing to her back in some wild charades kind of way. "You can fix him, Aaron! He understands." Smiling, Miz walked over to him and reached out to cup him in her hands, to show him that they meant him no harm.

But as she reached for him, a sudden glow flowed around him. Before she could pull back, her finger grazed his leg and... The resounding explosion of light blasted her across the room.

Chapter Eight

“Ahhh,” Miz gasped as her back slammed into the far wall.

“Miz!” Aaron bellowed her name, but her ability to answer was ripped from her as her muscles began to spasm.

What...? she was able to think, before the first wave hit her! It felt as if there were a million mouths suckling at her nipples, mouths on her clit, moist tongues lapping at the suddenly sensitive skin of her inner thighs, the small of her back, the curve of her neck.

Then there were the fingers, the harsh-rough-tender fingers caressing every inch of her flesh, pressing into places that sent desire spiking through her, that stole her breath with their demanding movements.

Behind her eyes, the whole of the universe opened before her, flashing stars, and bright colors filled her mind as the pleasure began to take over. Her body arched and her fingers grabbed at thin air as her nipples tightened beneath the suddenly uncomfortable barrier of her favorite shirt. Her bra was an irritant that had to go!

Her hands struggled to reach behind, to free the clasp that held her breasts confined, but another wave hit her, pole-axed her, and she groaned as her hands fell uselessly to her sides. There was a pulsing within her body, a gnawing hunger that began to rapidly spread, going from her abdomen to her breasts, then spreading in ever widening circles until every part of her being became one immense erogenous zone.

She whimpered, then curled into a fetal position, trying to hold the pieces of her soul together, hold on to the pieces that the explosion she felt gathering deep within her loins would send flying across the galaxy! Her hands shook as her skin, inflamed by the phantom caresses, became ultra sensitive. Her whole body shook, demanding completion that seemed just out of reach, furtive, and teasing.

Never had she felt such emotions before! She felt erotic, loved, beautiful. She was being made love to from the inside out! Every thought, every breath, every movement incurred more pleasure to flood her overtaxed system, leaving her panting and breathing for something more.

“Please...” she gasped, but to whom? There was no one there! In her mind, she knew there was no one there, no one caressing her, dragging her into the heights of ecstasy she had never experienced before. This was better than the most dangerous stunt she had ever done, better than completing the perfect

illustration, better than making someone who was breathtaking into someone who was stunning and watching them bask in her newfound glory.

This was worth all that she had done in her life, and more, was more fulfilling and tangible than anything she had ever laid her puny mortal hands to. And she had yet to feel the orgasms the phantom hands promised. Soon the pleasure wound up so tightly within her that she had to move, she could no longer sit still and accept it! There had to be some kind of release or she would go mad!

Her head flew backward, her arms out, her upper body arched off the floor, as she welcomed the flooding rush of ecstasy that began to take over her, that sent her writhing on the floor, that sent the lips of her pussy quivering, her own essence running down her thighs.

“Yes! Please yes!” she screamed as her hips arched into the air, winding and gyrating, creating an erotic display that would be enough to take out any normal man. But all her motions did was increase the pleasure flowing and pulsing through her.

As she moved, the cotton of her thong rubbed and pressed against a clit that was so aroused that it seemed to glow red-hot! Again and again she arched into that caress, the material offering some measure of release as it tightened the coil within her. Then just as suddenly as it began, the sexual tension seemed to snap!

Her mind froze, her body stiffened, and her soul sang as her inner walls clenched and tightened, driving spikes of pure pleasure straight into her brain. Too intense for a scream, a whimper escaped her as her body turned from a tight knot into jelly as the fist of lust that held her loosened its grasp and she slid down completely to the carpet with a groan. The sound of her rough breathing filled the room as small quivers, aftershocks really, filled her body. Was she dead? Had she seen the angels at play? How could she have survived this? And more importantly...when could she do it again?

Chapter Nine

"Damn!" Aaron watched as Miz screamed in obvious delight, her back arching as wave after wave of release tore through her. He looked down at his crotch and felt it becoming uncomfortably tight as he responded to the sexual tension filling the room.

"I want what she had," he breathed as he turned to look at the small blue man, no way was he calling him a little blue fairy, and watched as he seemed to shake his head a few times and blink owlishly at Miz.

"Oh, my God," Miz managed as her body dropped limply back to the floor. "What the hell was that?" Panting, she rolled to her side, breath rasping, and curled up into a fetal ball. Damn, wet underwear was so uncomfortable!

These people are insane, Kell thought as he tried to recover from the blast of the energy absorption. He felt dazed and weak and confused. Had she been able to absorb his energy? And if she could, did her body take on the aphros he was expelling? He peered closer at her, noted the dazed look in her eyes, the heavy breathing, the languid muscles, and decided that it was a safe assumption.

Dritch! he thought the mild curse, as his mind recalled what it felt like to be under the influence of those particular drugs. He wouldn't wish it on his worst enemy, and yet this human seemed to have been able to draw them into her body.

What reaction did aphros have on humans? He had no idea, no one ever bothered to snatch a sample human to test the stuff on. This could be bad.

"*Dritch?*" Miz panted as she finally managed to pull herself up in a somewhat seated position. "And I am not insane!"

"Uh, Miz?" Aaron asked as he blinked at her, concern evident in his gaze. "What are you talking about?"

"Him!" Miz responded weakly, struggling to lift her arm, but giving up when her muscles laughed at her. "Him," she said as she gestured with a shake of her head. "Tinkerbelle."

"Um, Miz?" Aaron said as he took a step closer to his friend. "He didn't say a word."

"Of course he did!" she argued as she rapidly blinked her eyes. She had never been the victim of an orgasmic daze before, but it had to be this! She still felt like she was floating. "He's cursing, I think."

Kell stared at the human in wonder. He could actually understand what she was saying, what the male was saying. Joy.

"Now he's being sarcastic," Miz added. "At least that's what it feels like."

"Miz? Do you need to see a doctor?" Aaron asked as he finally got the nerve to go and assist her to a standing position, well, leaning position. And he was the leaning post.

Doctor? Kell asked, shooting his thoughts to Miz. What is doctor? And why have you brought me here? You can't be agents of Stinza. You are too...interesting-looking.

"Interesting-looking?" Miz snorted as she managed to turn her head to glare at the fairy. "I'm not the one decked out in International Male's latest thong collection. And I'm not blue! For goodness sakes, Smurfs and Snorks are blue! Whoever heard of the Blue Fairy? And what's a Stinza?"

"Um, Miz?" This came from a very concerned-looking Aaron.

What is a fairy? Kell asked.

Miz groaned. Two harping men in her head and in her room! She was paying for that damn mind-blowing orgasm. It was mind-blowing, though.

"I can hear him, Aaron. Can't you?"

"Um, not as such, no," Aaron replied as he eased her into a chair. "And I'm not sure that you can either. Did you bump your head when he blasted you? I should swat his ass like the mosquito he is!"

Mosquito? came from Kell. Mosquito and fairy? What are these creatures and will they aid me?

"I didn't bump my head, Aaron. And a fairy is what you are, blue one!" Miz sighed as she lay her head back and tried to get her gross motor skills functioning. Why did men have to be so damn lippy?

I am no fairy! Kell insisted, crossing his arms over his chest and shooting the human a telling glare. *I am the prince of...*

"If you didn't bump your head, why are you talking to yourself?"

"I'm not talking to myself!" Miz grumbled as she glared back and forth between the two. "And I don't care if you are the prince of Bum Fuck Egypt! You don't give orgasms to women you've just met! And why is the feeling building again?"

"What?"

What?

This from two different sides of the room, from two different voices, and was understood by two very different parts of her brain.

"Aaron, I can understand the blue prince over there, at least he says he's a prince. You? Blue prince or whatever you are! What the hell did you do to me?" This was met by silence.

"Answer me!" she all but bellowed before an almost crippling wave of desire flowed over her. It seemed to swarm, starting at her stomach and climbing to her chest. She suddenly found it quite difficult to breathe as tingling shock waves

swarmed over her skin, making it extremely sensitive. She felt her inner muscles begin to clench involuntarily, begging for the hollowness they created to be filled, demanding to be slammed, pulsing with want.

“Damn, it’s building again!” She managed to struggle to her feet and made her way slowly to the bathroom, ignoring the shocked looks from both men. A cold bath sounded good, damn good, right about now! And the boys were starting to get on her nerves!

Once she had these wanton desires...did she just think wanton? Yes! Wanton was the perfect word to describe them! Once she had these wanton desires under control, she could deal with the blue man, her best friend, and maybe deal with the freak show her life seemed to be becoming!

Her life had taken a very strange turn. First a blue glow in the dark, then meeting well-built fairies, and then phantom spontaneous orgasms! She needed relief!

“Hormones,” Aaron wisely responded.

Hormones, *Kell echoed in her mind.*

From two different voices, from two different directions, understood by two different parts of her mind. “I heard that!” she screamed as she slammed the door and began to pull off her clothes, tossing them around the room as she tried to make sure the water was cold. Extra cold!

Chapter Ten

Aaron and Kell glared at each other. The sudden departure of Miz from the room seemed to cast an uncomfortable pallor over the room. It seemed that she was the bridge that kept the two from doing that masculine test of dominance. But now that she was gone, presumably in the shower, the two glared at each other.

"I don't think that she can understand you," Aaron began as he scowled at the blue man on the bed. "But she brought you here and I promised to help you."

Kell, understanding the man perfectly, rolled his eyes and tried to look defiant.

Looking defiant was really hard when you were the size of some man's foot, but he glared and wished for his corporeal form. Let's see the man harass a full fledged...

What was he doing now? Sighing, Aaron walked over to rummage through his bags that he left in the room when they began this disastrous trip. There had to be something in there to set a bird's wing! Glancing back at the small man, Aaron shook his head and sighed. Okay, so it wasn't a bird, but it was close enough.

Shaking his head at this foolishness, he turned his attention to Miz's luggage. She had to have something in there! Women waxed with those popsicle sticks, right? Maybe a tampon or two. Their applicators were cardboard, if he remembered his feminine product commercials correctly. And they were biodegradable too! Good for the environment. A fairy, if that's what it truly was, would appreciate that.

Kell watched as the strange male muttered to himself and he dug through some type of...baggage? The first set was discarded quickly, and he went for the second, the one that held the scent of the female.

He could smell her scent. Because she wrapped him up in her garment when she brought him through the huge room with all the even stranger creatures, though a few looked familiar to him. It was also her scent on the bedding he rested upon. It was getting so that he could pick her scent out of a room!

Her scent really got intense when she absorbed the aphros, and he knew her arousal only made the scent stronger. And what a wondrous scent it was, too! Musky and fresh, but distinctly feminine. As he thought about it, he felt the urge to adjust his loincloth, as the blood began to flow down his body and into his

hardening cock, making his covering tent out and the flush of embarrassment fill his face.

He had to get his mind off of the woman. He cast one look at the man rifling through the baggage and felt the blush deepen. To show arousal in the face of another male...

He wondered what the male was now doing. He seemed agitated as he tossed items around and muttered under his breath. This could be the preparation for an attack! Kell readied his defenses and readied his body for the upcoming battle.

"Damn, Miz!" Aaron gasped as he stopped tossing and stared inside the bag with something akin to amazement. There had to be at least three boxes of condoms, a pair of metal handcuffs, two butt plugs, at least three dildos that he refused to even touch, a set of nipple clamps with fuzzy prongs, a vibrator that looked to have a remote control, three types of lube (one flavored), a blue plastic egg that vibrated on contact, and a box of Tim Tams.

"What was she planning on doing to us?" he asked himself, quite aware that if the threesome had happened, she would have educated him in ways that were as frightening as they were intriguing. "And why is she hoarding Tim Tams?" That had to be the gravest offense of all! He wondered if she had any more stashed around. The sound of shifting material made him turn to stare at the blue man, who in turn stared at him, a question in his eyes.

"Damn," Aaron breathed as he dropped the bag and sank onto the bed, next to Tink, but far enough away so that physical contact, even by accident, was impossible.

"What am I supposed to be doing here? I don't believe this! My best friend has gone insane and there is a blue thing sitting here...with an erection! Just great!"

Aaron leapt off of the bed and glared at Kell.

"I don't do fairies!" he snorted to Tink and watched as a blush filled his face.

Like I would lower myself to touch a whining, loud-mouthed, talkative Dritch like you, Kell thought as he tried to hide his embarrassment by shooting his best warrior face.

But it lacked oomph when the face that glared at you was only an inch or so big. "What's with Miz?" Aaron spoke out loud just so that he could hear himself speak. He suddenly had the strange premonition that Tink could understand him. Besides, he was uncomfortable under the stare of the blue man, and he hated feeling uncomfortable. "What the hell can she be doing in there?"

Then with a heartfelt sigh, he turned to the blue man again.

"I'm going to fix your wing. No funny business!"

Oh, joy. Kell rolled his eyes as he too waited for the strange female to return. *Like I am so eager for the merging of flesh that I would take on a lesser, talkative, annoying, male!*

"I saw a few razors in her bag," Aaron said. "We can take off the heads and use them to hold your wing in place. Too bad I couldn't find tampons."

Razors? Tampons? That didn't sound quite right or satisfactory.

"Or maybe her makeup kit has something. Those razors are expensive, and I don't want her to take a chunk out of my ass."

Kell's eyes widened in confusion. Now that couldn't be right! She would eat off a part of him if he disappointed her? But she didn't have the teeth for that! Kell watched as the strange man lumbered across the room to open and poke into a small box in the corner. When he opened it up, much to Kell's surprise, a drawer came shooting out. Oh! The wonder of it all! Secret storage compartments! And the colorful tubes they hid inside!

His curiosity began to get the better of him. No one knew much about Earthlings, and this could be of great importance to his people! He dropped his scowl and managed to make his way to the edge of the platform he was sitting on. Eagerly he leaned over to get a closer look and...

"Eureka!" Aaron shouted, and Kell tumbled neatly from the bed with an audible thump.

"Blue man?" Aaron turned at the sound of the thump, confused when his little fairy-like friend was not in attendance. "Now where the hell did he go? Blue man? Tink?" Then he caught sight of a crumpled figure, wings akimbo, right in the middle of Miz's goodie bag.

"Oh boy," he sighed as the figure didn't react to the sound of his voice. "Miz is going to kill me."

Chapter Eleven

Silence! That damn voice was finally silent! Miznari leaned back in the tub, exhaling a deep cleansing breath as peace descended into her mind. It wasn't that she was picking up his thoughts exactly. But his emotions *were* overwhelming!

There was surprise and curiosity underlined by a huge ounce of fear and depression. There was also a lot of anger, and some of it was self-directed. Add a strong arousal, for Miz knew what arousal felt like, and aggression, and you had the primordial soup of emotions that were swimming around in her head.

Whoever he was, the little blue man had some major issues. He was almost as bad as she was! And that was saying something. His emotions came in waves, threatening to pull her under, and when they combined with her own misery, that was enough to make her want to sleep her life away.

But abruptly, they cut off, and now she was taking a well-deserved break. In freezing cold water. What had that little...bastard done to her? She was still feeling the nagging waves of desire climbing across her skin. When she closed her eyes, all she would envision was being tangled up in a nest of white-blue hair!

She could almost picture how soft his skin would be, despite the heavy play of muscles. She would feel engulfed, treasured, protected in his embrace. His smell would serve to inflame her already passion-drenched senses! The love play would be a bit rough because of his size, but very worth it. His cock would pulse in her hand, fill her mouth with the wonderful flavor of...

Wait!

He was only a foot tall! What the hell was she thinking? Miz scowled down at the body that was betraying her. But what if it was her mind? What if he had reprogrammed her to...

"Stop thinking stupid!" she growled to herself as she ran her hands over her arms and shivered as her veins seem to tingle as the fire of lust flowed through her body. Her nipples were straining upright and hard, so engorged that the cool air seemed to stimulate them more. Almost without thinking, her fingers dropped to her nipples, softly stroking the small buttons before giving one a firm pinch.

"Mmm," she breathed as she felt the moist flesh between her legs swell further, felt the warm spurt of her wet heat drip from her opening to cool in the cold water of the tub. Slippery. She felt slippery. Her hand dropped low, pushed through the cold water to hone in on her hungry pussy.

"Yeah," she breathed, but it was still not enough. Groaning, she added another finger, stretching herself and searching for the right spot.

"Mmm," she moaned as her fingers grazed over it, her body shivering in reaction. It wasn't so hard to find, she thought, as gentle waves of pleasure began to course up her body. Her free hand lifted to caress her right breast, her fingers tightening on the nipple and rolling it tenderly between her fingers.

All it took was a little concentration and a little time...

"Yes," she breathed. Her eyes slowly closed as her head fell back to rest on the lip of the tub, rolling gently from side to side. But soon her thrusting fingers weren't enough. Dropping her hand from her breast, she used her free thumb to search out her hooded clitoris, her body shivering in anticipation, as she found and gently circled the hard nub.

"Ah!" she called out, unable to stop the small sound of pleasure as the shock of energy from her clitoris spread to the button deep inside she was lovingly stroking. The water splashed around her, leaving crystal droplets on her face as her body jerked at the delicious stimulation.

Her thrusting fingers eased as she applied additional pressure to her clit, rubbing and plucking it, sending waves of rapture flowing through her body. Her hand reached out and gripped the edge of the cold porcelain tub, her knuckles paling as fingers tightened in an almost painful grip. Her breaths became panting whimpers as small slivers of sound escaped her parted lips.

Faster and faster her fingers moved, the spiraling pleasure building and building. Finally, with a shout, the tension broke and her body began clenching and spasming as her climax tore through her.

"Yes," she sighed as her body began to wind down, as her passions began to spiral down. "Ah." Then she realized how cold the water actually was. And the fact that she had just had an orgasm induced by fantasies of a twelve-inch blue fairy.

"Damn," she gasped as she jerked the plug out of the tub with her toe and then used the other foot to kick on the hot water. "Men!" she grouched. "I refuse to let another one of them ruin my good mood! Even a twelve-inch Ken doll with wings!"

Chapter Twelve

Slowly regaining her breath, Miz pulled herself out of the tub and absently reached for a nearby towel. Carefully patting the water spots from her body, she stifled a groan as she felt the returning heat reclaim her senses. She just had multiples! What was wrong with her?

Sighing, she wrapped the towel around her body and pushed open the bathroom door. Maybe Aaron had fixed the little blue man and he could fix what he had done to her before she tossed his flower flitting blue ass back into the wild! But when she entered the room, she discovered that Aaron was not there.

Looking around, she saw that not only had he gone, but her stash of goodies had been thoroughly invaded! And he went through her makeup kit as well! He had better not have run off with her fairy...or her Tim Tams!

But then she noticed a lump on her bed and walked over to take a closer look. There, nestled under one of her silk scarves, was the little blue culprit himself! She glowered down at the prone form, forgetting that she was the one who fell on him, and wishing she could wrap her hands around his tiny blue neck and...

Inhale his masculine scent! She wanted to taste his skin, to suck and chew on the softness of it until she discovered if his passion marks would be purple!

She blinked rapidly, trying to dispel the image of a naked fairy chained to her bed at her total mercy. What did he do to her? Pulling the scarf back, she realized that she was missing a few wax applicator sticks and that Tink had a set of new splints, one on his wrist and the other on the wing that jutted out proudly, the black markings standing out against the almost glowing blue of his wings.

Maybe she could lift that little piece of cloth and see if he was in proportion! She was examining him so hard that she nearly didn't see the folded up piece of paper that lay beside him. Shaking her head at her foolishness, she snatched up the paper and read the hastily scratched out note, groaning when she realized that Aaron wrote like a doctor, too!

"Damn chicken scratches," she muttered as she tried to decipher his handwriting.

Tink is fine, but had a bump on the head. I set the wing and the arm as best as I could! Damn if his bones don't feel hollow, Miz! And why were you hiding Tim Tams? I am so mad at you, woman! Leaving me alone with a blue man with a hard-on! I don't do fairy, Miz! I draw the line there! Off to get my brain pickled!

A.

"Bump on the head? Hard-on? Aaron, what did you do to Tink?" Miz mumbled as she made her way to the bags to look for her Tim Tams. She did have priorities! Seeing her package untouched, she began to search for some blessedly loose and thin clothing. Underwear was definitely out of the question!

Desire was still hot in her veins and the pressure was building, but she didn't want to deal with Tink in the nude or her favorite pair of slit-stimulating thongs. It was bad enough she was fantasizing about him, and how sick was that? But she drew the line at self-torture! There were only so many times in a day a woman could get herself off, and she was reaching her quota! She was one sick, sad puppy!

* * * * *

"Damn him!" Stinza growled as she read the readout on her computer screen. "The little glowbug has fled to Earth!" Stinza was not a happy woman! Her plans were being complicated, her stupid guards let Kell escape...and she was ovulating!

"I want him back and I want him back now!"

"Without delay, Captain!" one of the women, her second-in-command no less, well, leered as thoughts of rape and torture visibly filled her somewhat...slow face.

Where did she get these people? Rolling her eyes, Stinza shook her head and gave new orders. "On second thought, get the landing party together. I get to hunt the prince. You get to stay here and guard my ship."

The disappointment, and the sudden lack of drooling, told Stinza she had made a good decision. "But when I am done with him," she added, just to keep her most loyal...loyal to her, "you may have him first."

The grin that spread across the large greedy woman's face was enough to even make Stinza shudder.

"Where do I get these people?" she sighed as she walked away, preparing to get her destiny and grab him by the proverbial balls! Kell would not keep her from her conquest! And there was nothing but death awaiting the one who stood in her way!

Chapter Thirteen

“Um, wakie, wakie, Tink!” Miz whispered as she tried to wake the fairy without startling him. She remembered what had happened the last time she touched him suddenly, and she didn’t want a repeat performance unless she was the one who initiated it! But she wanted his tight little blue tail to wake up and fix her!

She had exhausted all of her sex toys in the hour that Aaron had been gone! Her room looked like a war zone and smelled heavily of sex! She had been plummeted, plunged, and pleased by all of her plastic toys and her body *still* craved the touch of real live flesh. Now she was getting desperate! She had to wake the little guy up now! She wanted relief and the storms within her were building again!

“Wakie!” she tried again her voice growing more impatient as the nagging tingling began to burn deep within her stomach and places farther south. “Wake up, you crazy blue fairy!” she finally bellowed, startling Kell into a sitting position while his eyes frantically looked about the room, searching for the enemy attack.

But when his silver eyes lit upon her big brown eyes, the first thing that popped into his head was... *It was not a dream! I am in the seventh level of Purgohell!*

“What are you talking about?” Miz answered, stunned by the clarity of his thoughts and the resigned emotions that came through with his comment. “It’s purgatory or hell! And I thought fairies had different religious beliefs!”

Fairy? What is this fairy you and the loud man often speak of?

“You!” Miz answered, exasperated. “You are a fairy. Did I fall on your head or something?”

I am no fairy, female! Kell groused. *I am a warrior!* As he spoke, he raised his hand to emphasize the point, then blinked at the contraption that held his bones in alignment. Growing excited, he wiggled his wings and discovered that the contraption was on his wings as well, and it supported the bones and veins, aligning his energy points! That meant that he could...

“Yeah, you are a great warrior, wee one,” Miz snorted, rolling her eyes at the small blue man. Who did he think he was? He was some small alien thing that had hit her with some type of curse and she wanted it lifted! A woman could not go through life masturbating every ten minutes. This had to stop!

Wee one? Closing his eyes Kell centered his energies, imagined his life force glowing around him. He pictured his form shimmering, glowing, changing. And then...

"Holy shit!" Miz squealed as a bright flash of light impaired her vision. So bright was it she fell back, landing on her butt amidst a pile of sex toys and artificial lubrication. Stunned, she sat on her bottom, something vibrating under her left cheek, as her eyes settled on the creature who stood before her.

He was blue. He had wings. From where she was sitting, and from the looks of the knot in the loincloth, he was hung like a whale! He was definitely not a fairy.

Scrambling to her feet, she grimaced as her heel stepped down on a tube of gel and shot a cold stream of the slick stuff across the other foot, and sent her back flat on her ass. But that, and the crunch of something soft and plastic under her butt did nothing to take her attention away from the creature who scowled down at her, wings partially spread, hands on his hips, a smug look on his face.

Wee?

But Miznari sat there, eyes wide and a shocked expression on her face.

As I was saying, female, I am a warrior of Lorndale and you will treat me with respect!

But Miz's mind was too busy to actually formulate an answer, let alone take in the fact that he was speaking in her mind again. It was too busy taking in all of the warrior who stood arrogantly before her. Okay! So Tink was about seven feet tall. And he had a body straight out of her fantasies!

His chest was a broad slab of muscle with two darker blue nipples that just hung at the bottom of his pecs. That led to the tightest eight-pack she had ever seen. Cobblestone did not do it justice. It was just this rigid wall of strength!

His loincloth thing hung just below his navel and stretched from trim hip to trim hip and did absolutely nothing to hide the huge swinging bulge it strained to contain. But she tore her eyes away from that mouth-watering sight to trail down toward those massive pillars that made up his thighs. They were thick and corded, and so very sexy. That led to his calves that were not too high, not too low, diamond cut, and looked hard enough to bounce quarters off of!

His feet were large, but that was expected of a creature who looked like he had to duck to get into and out of rooms. But they matched the rest of his body and weren't too bony or fat. Even his toenails were perfect! She would consider it a disgusting display of masculine perfection...if she didn't have to bite her knuckles to keep herself from throwing that large body to the ground and riding him like a trick pony until her head exploded and walking was not an option.

But just the thought of having that delicious stud riding between her thighs started her juices flowing, so to speak. Did she have condoms big enough to fit

him? But then she had to shake her head to try and clear the sexual haze from her eyes.

“What...did...you...do...to... me?” she gasped between deep breaths.

Kell stood there as the woman examined him and he found himself staring in return. The female was wearing some sort of tunic that stopped just below her plump bottom cheeks. And sitting sprawled as she was, he could see that she wore nothing else. There was nothing there to separate her swollen wet flesh from his penetrating gaze. And she was the most perfection he'd seen in a long time. Her eyes were a deep chocolate brown, heavily lashed and large in her heart-shaped face. Her nose was turned up a bit at the end, cute really.

And her full lips were parted and glistening. He watched as her so very pink tongue lashed out to lap at the bottom, her eyes wholly fixed on... Was she looking up his loincloth? She was! How dare she? He was a warrior! He was a creation of several generations of battle-hardly soldiers, protectors, dominators!

He was...

Growing strangely aroused as the alien female licked at those lips and all but drooled at the sight beneath his cloth. He felt the blood rush low, hot and thick as his shaft began to pulse and fill with heat. The smell of her was tantalizing. It made him want to lift that shirt and see what secrets hid beneath, to inhale more of her special scent! Maybe the drug was...

The drug! It had to be the aphro! She had touched him when he was trying to expel it from his corporeal form, so it was easy to believe she possessed an energy source that could absorb it. He had to touch her and find out.

Almost afraid of what he would find, Kell leaned over the female and slowly reached out one hand to touch the most innocuous place he could find, her arm. Gods, the smell of her! But as his fingers touched her bare skin, she gasped and the strangest words spewed from her mouth.

“Yes, big daddy!” she hissed, her eyes turning feral as they narrowed in raging lust. “Get over here and do me right!”

Before he could even begin to grasp her meaning, his hand was grabbed with an almost super-Lorndale strength, and he felt his body collapse on top of hers. It was a reversal of what happened earlier as his muscular body pressed her softer one into the mess of devices on the floor, but the softness of her body and her aggressive actions spoke to the dominating warrior within him.

“Come to mamma,” she growled as her legs slid under his wings and locked around his waist.

Kell hissed at the first touch of her flesh and that was quickly given to amazement as he felt the hot wet heat pressed against his lower stomach. She was more than ready. But this was not right.

Listen to me, he whispered mentally as she raised her head and latched onto the side of his neck, licking and biting at the vulnerable point. *Female!* he hissed

as her teeth snapped down, adding a delightful pain soothed with the languid laps of her tongue.

“Miz,” she gasped as her hands traveled up the smooth skin of his chest, pressing in against his ribs, her thumb rolling around his pecs to his hardened nipple.

Miz...

“Miznari. My name is Miznari.”

Miznari, he mentally gasped as her fingers moved on to his back, her nails scraping below the base of his wings.

Miz was lost in a dream that couldn't possibly be real. Yet there it was, his weight pushing her into the broken toys and gadgets of false intimacy which lay scattered around her. Their pressing discomfort was lost in the heated touch to the body gyrating above her.

Is this real? she asked herself as she felt the surging heat of his erection growing against her stomach. Did she even deserve such a tempting fantasy? Her eyes half-mast, she stared at the man poised above her, his weight resting on his elbows as his hands ran slowly through her hair, stimulating yet another erotic point on her body.

He was perfection in blue. She felt his wings slowly flex and shudder as she caressed his back. By all rights, she should have gone running and screaming out of the room, the sight of a man so alien and speaking in her head was just so unnatural, so wrong.

But she lay willing beneath him, urging him to sexual depravity that she could have only imagined, and she had one hell of an imagination. In the back of her mind, a tiny voice whispered caution, but the overwhelming heat coursing through her body washed that voice away with nary a whimper.

Her body wanted. Her body needed. She would fulfill its desires and then maybe she could sort out the rest later. Arching up sharply, she felt him take in a deep breath, before his control seemed to splinter.

His lips pulled back, a slow snarl vibrating up from his chest emerged a low deep sound, as he exposed a set of very sharp fangs in his mouth.

Some part of Miz screamed caution and wanted to fight to get away from the foreign thing, but the greater part of her mind trembled, almost in submission. The low throaty sound seemed to reach right through her, plucking at the strings that held her sensuality in check, releasing some animalistic desire to roll over and demand that he master her.

Miznari! his voice sounded breathy and deep inside her mind. *This is not you, this is not me. This is a drug that I think you absorbed.* His voice expressed his struggle for control as he closed his eyes so tight, tears formed in their corners. *We cannot do this. I must get away before they come to find me.*

“So,” Miz whispered as her hips arched uncontrollably against the hardness of his body. “You dope me up with some fairy ecstasy and now you are going to leave me like this?” Her voice was dreamy, lost in a haze of passion as her hands dropped to pull at his loincloth, all that separated him from her wet throbbing flesh.

What is fairy?

“You are fairy. And I don’t care about a drug, you overgrown puffed-up Smurf! I want you to fix this! And even better, I just plain want you!”

No! Kell insisted, struggling through the desire that fogged his brain. What you have is a synthetic aphro, Miz. It is designed to mimic a mate-bond! It is not real! When the drug wears off, this desire you feel will too pass.

“I don’t care!” Miz whimpered. “And you don’t care either! I can feel it!” She arched against his hardness, proof of his desire for her.

I must still carry some of the drugs, Kell insisted, trying to ignore the feel of her lush body writhing beneath him. I did not expel them all.

“But you are ready to expel something,” she giggled as her hands reached down and felt the heat of his cock. Her fingers explored his hardness, felt the raised veins, and ran her fingers over the wetness that appeared at the tip. Curiosity moved her to lift her finger and inhaled his masculine scent. Masculine and rich and...fruity?

He groaned in her mind as he watched puzzlement bloom in her eyes and her hand lifted toward her face.

What she expected, she didn’t know. Maybe blue pre-come? But his fluids were clear as any healthy man and there was the most intriguing scent. Was that strawberries?

Miz? He had so much to tell her! But she was reacting like a female in the throes of a mate-bond.

But Miz’s mind was not on what he was trying to tell her or what she was doing. Her senses were filled with the scent of his body! It was strawberries! Quivering, she brought her finger to her mouth, her pink tongue lashing out to sample a taste of his essence. It was! It was strawberries and...and something richer, creamier!

Strawberry cheesecake! He tasted like strawberry cheesecake!

Miz?

But she was not listening! Two of her most favorite things in one large well-formed body! Sex and cheesecake! With a roar, she reared up and rolled Kell until he was on his back, his wings retracted tightly to his body. She wanted dessert!

Miz! he tried again. *You have to know! Oh, you do that so well!* he mentally growled as her tongue left designs on his chest. She even paused to nibble at his nipples the way he loved! But he had to tell her!

Miz, I am not a fairy, whatever that is! I am a warrior from Lorndale. And you have been drugged by an aphro. It was given to me by... Yes!

She had totally disregarded everything he said! Her lips made their magical way down, and were now lapping at his cock-head.

Miznari! he breathed.

"Mmm," she answered as her tongue rapidly lashed at his head, now streaming the delicious pre-come. He was so hot, so hard, so strong! And he filled her mouth with the flavors of passion, of fire, and dessert! Never had she ever had so much fun going down on a man! He was tasty! Not bitter or salty! She could crave this, she decided as she tried to see how far back she could get his thick cock!

The thing had to be about twelve inches if not more than a foot! And she could barely get that...sausage into her mouth! But she was willing to try! And from the groans and gasps she was hearing in her head, she was doing a pretty damn good job of it!

She managed to get it to the back of her throat a few times before her gag reflexes kicked in, but decided that making it give up more of that precious precum was more important. With renewed vigor, she went down on Kell, her hands massaging his balls, trying to make them give up their tasty load. With one hand she held him steady as she ran her tongue over his length, like a favorite lollipop, then began to apply massive suction to the head.

Miz, he warned her, *I am about to explode!*

And that was fine with her! As she worked him, the hand cupping his balls released him and was sent seeking between her own legs, finding her excited clit, and rubbing it in a circular motion with four fingers, pressing in to get that full feeling, then rubbing rapidly. If he was going to explode, he was not going alone!

Uh...Miznari...Miz...Miz!

In her mind, she felt heat, blazing heat! She felt it rising higher and higher, engulfing her reason, her ability to move or to think! She felt herself become this craving monster, bent on finding its own release! She felt her muscles tensing, felt them tightening into one big stiff ache, felt her body arch up and freeze, felt the tension explode!

She realized distantly that the feelings were not her own, that the groans of completion were only in her mind! But it was enough to push her own body over the edge.

"Mmm," she gasped as the first volley of his release hit her tongue, flooding her with the rich creamy sweet taste of strawberries and cheesecake. She struggled to swallow the next shot, as her own climax tore through her body. It

took everything in her not to bite down, but to continue to ride out his release as her own climax twisted her body into contortions she never thought humanly possible!

Finally, the heat flooding her body and her mind was replaced by the cool wash of contentment leaking from both of them. The fire inside her banked itself, glowing warm enough to still make itself felt, but for the moment dormant, replete in the release it had obtained.

She felt Kell's cock pulse once more, spurt one last tiny drop of his seed, then go still. Not flaccid, not softening, just still. She lapped at the head once more, swallowed deeply of the remaining cream, then opened her eyes.

"Oh, yeah," she breathed softly after letting him plop from her mouth. "You really are blue! It wasn't a case of blue balls gone awry and horribly wrong! You are really blue."

I am a prince of... Forget it!

She heard the valiant attempt, then as lethargy took over him, the total giving over of control. *It wasn't like he had it to begin with*, Miz thought.

"Are you really a prince?" she asked, blinking up at his massive form, flat on his back and looking like a well-fed...fairy! No matter what he said, he looked like a flipping fairy!

Yes. His mental voice sounded...exasperated. *I am a prince. I am a kidnapped prince who hopes he managed to get a message to his fleet.*

"So, you got that 'Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi. You're my only hope!' kind of thing going?"

What?

"You know, *Star Wars*? They get a message to the fleet because the bad guys are coming to kill them."

Not kill me. Take my seed. The murder comes later.

"What?" That was enough to shake her out of her lassitude. Miz pulled herself from between his legs to stare, her brown eyes wide in shock.

Stinza, a well-known pirate, has been keeping me for the past cycles, rutting on my body, trying to impregnate herself with the royal seed.

"Royal seed? Is that like Semen Light? Tastes great, less filling, and all that jazz?"

What? Kell stared at the human who had turned into a raving sex beast a few moments ago, and was now speaking nonsense! Or maybe there was something in the human tongue that he missed. Or was it idiom?

"Some broad is raping you for your seed."

Not exactly rape, for I enjoyed her attentions, but yes, she did forcibly take me from my ship.

“And you enjoyed it?”

Well, she used rare aphros that are not readily available on Lorndale.

“So you liked the sex?”

But not the company.

“So she was a dog?”

A four-legged animal indigenous to most places on this planet?

“Ugly!”

Stinza has the ability to be quite beautiful. But her heart is cold and her desire for power ruled her.

“Sounds like a politician to me!”

I was enjoying my forced time with her. It had been a few revolutions since I had an opportunity to achieve peace and semi-oneness through sexual release, and she was eager.

“So why’d you run away?”

She discovered my implant.

“Um, it’s not real?” Miz asked, disappointment in her voice as she looked down at the still-hard cock waving at her. Well, it was still hard. Implants could be the reason why.

It? He followed her eyes down and blushed a really neat shade of purple. I assure you that I am all real yet average for a Lorndale warrior. She discovered my implant that withholds the production of true seed.

“Male birth control?”

He tilted his head to the side, then nodded. *You would call it such, yes.*

“So you don’t want to be a daddy. Yet you were hot and heavy to do the wanna-be baby’s momma.”

Your words are confusing to me, Miznari. But I will tell you that if the aphro had simulated a true mate-bond, she would be pregnant with my child and the royal heir, and have a way to usurp the rights of succession.

“But your father, I assume, is the king!”

Yet succession is passed through the queen and her female children.

“This Stinza person wants to rule Lorndale, your principality, whatever it is?”

Yes. And so I must find out if my communication went through and I must hide, Miznari. I must hide or fight, and until I can find weapons that are of some use to me here, you and your strange male companion are in danger.

As he spoke, the passion in the voice ringing through her head had another effect...besides a flash of fear and wonderment. The arousal was back. And it was growling for a true release!

"Kell, I have a slight problem." As the breathy words left her mouth, her desire roared over her once more, stealing her vision and making her body arch up in search of stimulation only the one lying beneath her could give. She forced her eyes to focus in on him and whimpered as she saw the hungry flame filling his eyes once more.

The aphro, he mentally sighed as he sat up and reached for her. *I'll take care of you.*

* * * * *

"Kell!" Miz groaned, her body tightening as hunger filled her senses. His name was a prayer on her lips as her fingers tightened around his arms, her nails digging into his skin.

Yes, Kell's husky voice rasped in her mind, filling her head with the sounds of his erotic tones. Burn for me Miz. I want you hotter for me. I want you on fire.

Miznari lifted her head, burying her face in his damp neck, inhaling the scent of him as her body thrust up against the rigid heat that pressed against her stomach. Hot and hard, God, he was so hard, she thought. She wanted that heat driving into her, that hardness slamming her into a dimension of pure sensation.

"Now!" she gasped, her head dropping back onto the pillows that littered the floor. "Now, Kell! Take me hard!"

If you so desire.

The words filled her mind as Kell pulled away from her. A momentary panic filled her as she threw out her arms and reached for her lover, refusing to let him abandon her to this need he had created within. But Kell retreated only far enough away to grasp one of the pillows and tuck it under her bottom.

"Mmm," Miz moaned as she let her thighs fall open to expose her pulsating flesh to his hungry gaze. "Now, Kell!" she repeated, her hips gyrating against the pillow, tantalizing him with the rich scent of her essence which coated her swollen skin. "Please!"

Kell's fingers trailed up the soft skin of Miz's thighs, his touch making her shiver and moan. You are... He shook his head at the intensity of his emotions, ...so beautiful. Then he moved closer to her, sliding between her spread legs, dropping his head to run his tongue lightly along the swollen lips of her sex.

"Yes!" Miz screamed as her fingers tangled in his hair, burying themselves in its sleek softness, tears filling her eyes at the feel of that soft mass stimulating the nerves in her fingers, adding to the sexual feeling that swamped her body. There was no shame here; the pure want for this man washed any shyness or modesty away in a rush of liquid heat. She desired him! She wanted him to know! She wanted him to feel this heat that inflamed her senses.

Kell used his thumbs to part her, exposing the pulsing pearl of her sex to his hungry eyes. The seat of your woman's pleasure, he whispered, his mental voice

sounding softer than a soft spring breeze. So beautiful. His tongue eased out of his mouth, slowly circling the heated bud that made screams erupt from her mouth. So beautiful!

“Kell, please now!” Miz moaned, her head tossing back and forth on the pillows. Then she sucked in a deep breath as one of his thick fingers penetrated her silky softness, twisting and seeking the pleasure spot that made sparks jump before her eyes. “Kell!”

Again and again he applied his finger, adding another one, stretching her to prepare her for his intimate invasion. Again and again his fingers twisted inside the clasp heat of her, determined to bring her as much passion as possible. Finally when her cries turned into keening wails, his fingers, wet with her juices, gripped her thighs and brought them around his waist. As he did this, his wings, which had been resting neatly folded against his back, suddenly spread out, surrounding her with the touch, the heat, the very essence of the male she was eagerly taking within her body.

Tell me if I cause you harm, his mental voice urged as he kissed his way up her body, making time to suckle each hardened nipple, before his mouth hovered a hairsbreadth above hers.

“Kell, please! Now!” she babbled, her eyes wide and dilated as her fingers dug into his shoulders. “Please!”

Then she cried “Yes!” as he began to work his way inside of her.

She was wet, yet he still had trouble working the length and girth of himself inside her. He closed his eyes, sweat beading on his forehead as he struggled for control.

But Miz was whimpering and gasping beneath him. Each sound she made traveling through his mind and setting his whole body vibrating. Her hands were clutching at him, her inner muscles convulsing around him, sucking him in deeper, her legs rising to wrap around his waist, opening herself more for his possession.

Miz! Kell managed to groan as the driving heat in his nuts became almost painful. Growling low, he finally gave in, and with one thrust buried himself to the hilt.

“Ah, Kell! Yes!” Miz screamed, lost somewhere between the pain from his stretching and the agonizing pleasure of his possession. Then the slight sting eased and all she felt was the joy! He filled her, damn, how he filled her! Every breath, every heartbeat, every shiver that struck his body was transferred to the sensitive nerves in her body that clutched so hungrily at him.

“Mmm, mmm, mmm,” she moaned as her hands slid down his arms, then stroked her way up to wrap around his neck. Something in her, something primitive, seemed to give way, to want to be dominated, to want to please the

man who was able to possess her. Her mind shut down and suddenly she was being driven by pure animal instinct.

She wanted to mate, to procreate, to feel him explode, scalding hot and wet, deep within her walls. Her hips began to rise to meet his thrusts, then to match them, then to surpass them as pleasure built within her.

Kell struggled to control his baser instinct, to slam himself home repeatedly within her. But she felt so good! She was so hot and wet, so tight around his cock! It was like having a hundred suckling mouths pleasuring him the way he had only dreamed of. His back tingled and he felt his heavy testicles slapping against the smooth skin of her ass. He growled and lowered his body more, tightened his wings around her, and thrust deeper and deeper within her wet heat.

I'll make it good for you Miz, he mentally whispered as he felt his control slip. I'll make it good for us both. Then he was pounding her, slamming her with all his strength, and she was right with him slamming back harder, demanding more!

"Yes!" she roared as swirling growing pleasure seemed to drown her, to blot out all that she had been and leave in its place this wild grasping, hungry thing!

"Yes!" she screamed as tears filled her eyes and rolled down her cheeks, as she desperately threw her body into his rhythm, into his wildness, maximizing the intense pleasure from each thrust!

"God, yes!" Then her whole body stiffened into an impossible arch, her arms flew back over her head, her legs convulsively locked around his waist, and the whole world exploded! Spasms of pleasure moved her inner walls around the unyielding hardness of his cock, sending shards of pleasure shooting through her mind. Then the tension broke. Bucking and screaming, she violently came, and came, and came again, screaming his name, drowning in pure ecstasy!

Hearing his name on her lips, feeling her body writhing beneath his, knowing that he had given her this pleasure was enough to send Kell over the edge. With a mental roar, his hips slammed into her, spinning her thrusting body into the bed pad as he felt his balls slam against the base of his cock. The vibrations started at his spine, but quickly gained force as they traveled down his back and through his abdomen, and finally gripped his cock in its electrifying grip. He felt his cock spasm, then spew shot after shot of his white-hot seed, flooding her with his wetness, gasping as the pain-pleasure left him blinded to everything but the feel of her beneath him.

Miznari! he sent on a wave of erotic bliss, his whole body shuddering as his hips, of their own volition, slammed against her again and again, drawing out the pleasure, increasing the sensitivity.

Finally the sensual madness that held him within its grasp eased and he felt his muscles turn to so much gel as he slowly collapsed, a whimpering, sweating

thing on to the object of his desires. He retained enough of himself to roll to the side, so as not to crush her, but his wings remained wrapped tightly around her body, comforting both her and himself. Just as his eyes drifted closed, he was blasted with one thought.

How will I ever leave this behind?

Chapter Fourteen

"Fae creatures do not exist," Aaron growled to the half-cat, half-dog woman who perched next to him on the barstool as he took down another shot of tequila. And not the cheap stuff either. He was tipping Monte Albon, diving for the worm.

"It's impossible," he went on, trying his best not to rest his head on the bar. That was an instant 'You ain't got to go home, but you got to get the hell out of here', pass. "Magic doesn't exist! Little blue men just don't pop out of nowhere."

"I thought that was pink elephants?" the confused woman whimpered as she squirmed in her seat. "And besides, I only wanted to know where the bathroom was. I don't know anything about blue men."

"Second door past the beaded curtain," a deep voice interrupted, much to the delight of the cat-dog woman. She was gone in a flash, and a darkly familiar personage took up residence on the abandoned barstool.

"Hello Aaron," the masculine voice hissed as he glared at the slightly inebriated man.

"Speaking of blue balls..." Aaron trailed off as he tossed back his last shot. "What do you want, Mike?"

"Oh, you know what I want," Mike insisted as sharp brown eyes bored into Aaron's.

"A bigger dick, some class, and new carpeting?" Aaron sneered as he stared at the older man and shook his head. He could never understand why the man had done what he did. He had Miznari, the most sexually free and independent woman he had ever known. Miz was such a free spirit, but had a deep-rooted sense of responsibility and such a loving heart.

It was Mike's idea to have a non-threatening threesome with a consenting friend adding a little extra stimulation to them both. It was Mike's idea to have this great sexual gathering among friends at this convention where Miz was to be recognized for her work in makeup as well as costume design. Hell, it was his idea to have Aaron as that consenting friend.

It was almost like Mike was trying to humiliate Miz and get inside his drawers at the same time. Raising one eyebrow, Aaron shot Mike a piercing Cyclops-like stare from one dilated eye. "Me?"

"You are so cute when you are drunk," Mike laughed as he stared out into the crown of gaily-dressed partygoers. "So cuddly and adorable."

"You are so sick," Aaron snorted. "And I am so out of here."

"You know you want me," Mike said as he leaned toward Aaron, lust in his eyes, bulge in his pants, and sweet seduction on his lips. "You don't have to be coy with me, baby."

"This is so not happening," Aaron snickered, then began to chuckle.

"What?" Mike insisted, as he tried to level a seductive and longing look at the slightly shorter man.

Mike was a good-looking man in anyone's book. He stood at least six-feet-one and had the smooth caramel-colored skin women sighed over. His coffee-colored eyes were perfect gems to highlight his classically handsome face, his full lips, and his strong chin. His hair was corn-rowed in a series of swirls and twists that almost looked like tiger stripes to Aaron's tipsy eyes, a predator in body and in action.

But someone forgot to tell the tiger that elephant wasn't on the menu, that he should not hunt outside of his own food chain, and that tigers may be an endangered species, but they made great fur rugs.

"What?" Aaron snorted, rolling his eyes at the shark-like grin this tiger seemed to possess. "What? I'll tell you what." Slamming his glass on the bar, he motioned for the suddenly interested bartender to fill up his glass, and to place the lime on a dish next to the potent shot and an often used crystal salt shaker.

"You, me, this us thing?" Aaron sneered as he rose slightly unsteady to his feet. "This whole strange thing isn't happening. I never signed up for a magical mystery tour, and here I stand being propositioned by the dickless wonder!"

The bartender snickered.

"You hurt my best girl," Aaron continued as he raised his hand and gave the back of it one long sensual lick, leaving a glistening surface behind, making Mike's eyes follow the motions of his very facile tongue.

"You tried to take what you wanted from me, with Miz lying right beside you."

The salt was sprinkled carefully, evenly, and again, Aaron's tongue did a magic trick that left the bartender, several interested ladies, and Mike drooling where they stood.

"And now you have the gall to come over here and try this limp-dick play to get me into your bed? Was it me you were after all along, Mikey-boy? Or do you get your rocks off from hurting the people who claim to care for your sorry ass?"

The glass was lifted and tossed back, his eyes going soft and hazy as the peppery liquor flowed down his throat and settled in his stomach, spreading almost visible warmth through his body. His enjoyment was such that he looked to be preparing for the most intense orgasm of his life.

The lime was then plucked and with a smirk, he ran his tongue all over the tangy slice of fruit, before slowly sucking it between his pursed lips, his eyes

dropping to half-mast as he challenged Mike openly. Then his cheeks began to move as he sucked down in ever increasing suction on the fruit. Then with a snarl, he bit down sharply into the fruit, sending a tiny stream, of juice sliding down his chin and twitters of awareness through the small group who watched the exchange.

"You have to come harder than that, Mike," Aaron concluded as he pulled the perfectly denuded zest of its pulpy flesh, which caused a few more titters from the watchers. "Much harder than that. And from what I saw, the little blue man had more going for him than you do, not to mention a better chance."

A few remembered the blue fairy vibrator and started to giggle as Aaron turned away, but paused to give him another jibe over his shoulder.

"And he was only twelve inches."

That left a few stunned gasps, then the room exploded into laughter as the smooth player found himself out-played.

"Cry me a river, baby," was his parting shot.

"Excuse me," the bartender interrupted as Mike was about to storm away. "The bill, sir. I assume you will want to pay this, as it was your friend who just left."

The room exploded into laughter as Mike reached into his pocket and threw down a fifty. "Keep the change," he snarled as he turned away from the giggling crowd and disappeared into the ranks of the other creatures, cretins, and monsters who littered the hotel.

"Follow that man," a discrete feminine voice, filled with authority, ordered as a pair of stunning silver eyes followed the man's exit. The large muscular woman at her side nodded and disappeared after the dark one with the interesting hair.

"I'll follow that one," Stinza purred to herself as her eyes followed Aaron though the hotel. "Blue man indeed, and twelve inches as well. Naughty boy, Kell! I wonder what other secrets you were hiding from me?"

Chapter Fifteen

"Mmm, strawberry cheesecake," Miz mumbled as she began licking her way down Kell's chest.

Again? Kell sent as he felt his skin prickle at the soft caress of those oh-so-talented lips.

"Again, Kell," Miz whispered as she began to slide under the sheets, kissing down his tight abs as she lazily trailed her way down. "You are a warrior. Conquer me!"

"I love strawberries," Miz giggled as she felt his legs spread in anticipation for her touch.

Kell groaned at the enthusiastic urging, and decided that maybe aphros weren't all that bad! His hands gently caressed her face as she inhaled his scent through the thin covering of hair which surrounded his base and lashed out at that sturdy foundation with her tongue.

Miznari! he breathed as one hand drifted between his parted legs, her fingers trailing down the crease where thigh met hip, bypassing his testicles and going for the small crease that throbbed just behind them.

While he threw his head back, his white-blue hair an enticing tangle on the pillows, her other hand went straight for his nipples, plucking and rolling the tender fruits until his back arched up, forcing his body into a closer stronger contact.

"You move so well for me, baby," she whispered, licking at his cock like it was a lollipop, taking in the sweet taste of his clear ejaculate that began to run as his passions increased. "You let me do anything to bring us both pleasure."

He said nothing, but his slow grin gave away all the meanings in his mind. He reached down and suddenly Miz found herself flipped around. How he did it, she would never guess! But suddenly she was looking at his slightly up-curved erection with new eyes and there was a tingling low in her stomach as she realized that she was straddling his head.

"God, tell me your tongue vibrates too!" she gasped, just before his hands latched onto her hips and she was brought down directly over his mouth. "Uh, Kell!" she all but squealed as his tongue began to lash at her swollen lips, first the right and then the more sensitive left.

He applied just the right amount of pressure to stimulate this often-overlooked area, but held back enough to make her clit throb with want.

"Unh...Kell...please!" she managed as she dropped her body, pushing more of her cunt into his face.

Thinking that this was becoming one-sided, Miz pushed aside the mind-blowing pleasure long enough to wrap her hands around the hot steel of his cock, for her shaking hands to bring him to her trembling lips. At the first lash of her tongue on his purple cock-head, he began the growling that sent vibrations low and through her body, pleasuring her from the inside as the tip of his tongue delicately parted her swollen lips to caress her clit.

"Mmm," she purred as the first sweet beads of pre-cum bubbled up from his slit and coated his deep purple cock so that it gleamed in the lights of the room. "Tantalizing," she whispered as she lowered her head enough to lash out at his cock.

He responded with a hiss as she began to lick around his head, like it was an ice cream, a melting ice cream that was the best thing she had ever tasted. Her free hand dropped low to cup his twitching balls, feeling them churn under her touch as his desire increased and the erotic tension rose between them.

His hands tightened on her hips, lifting her a bit so that his tongue slid past her clit and circled her opening slowly, savoring her unique flavor as he felt the glowing heat and warm suction on his cock. Then suddenly, he latched onto her clit, holding that little hard button between his lips, while he tongued at its delicate flesh. And then his tongue began to vibrate.

"God, yes!" Miz screamed, losing her hold on his prize cock as waves of powerful sensation began to swamp her back, her thighs, her arms, and her pussy, sending erotic flames shooting through her being.

Her hips began to rock, to thrust back into the pleasure, riding his face to build to her release as her hand tightened on the steel of his cock. But a not so subtle thrust of his hips slid the slick head of his cock against her cheek, and she remembered that this was a mutual pleasuring. Sucking him in, despite the whimpers that still vibrated through her throat, Miz was once again treated to the flavor of strawberry cheesecake and man.

Kell was leaking copious amounts of pre-cum, coating her mouth in its sticky-sweet essence as he worked to bring her to climax. Only feeling her release would ease the fire within his soul. He slowly rotated his hips gently while his hands held her tightly over his face, his nose stimulating her feminine opening.

Yes! he breathed in her mind. *So good!*

Then they began a slow easy rhythm, each seeking to please the other while sharing the ecstasy they found in giving and receiving. Slowly, they built each other up, backing off when they felt the other nearing the breaking point, then starting up again after a pause for control. This was more than about sex! This was a sharing, an emotional connection, and an intimate encounter that filled a dark void in each of them.

Soon, tongues and lips were not enough, soon he added fingers into the equation, running and teasing her, before thrusting deeply inside, searching for that small hot button that would make her howl in release.

“Kell!” she gasped around his cock, then gripped him tightly and took him to the back of her throat.

With her other hand cupping his balls, tugging at them gently, and the erotic display she made lying over him, Kell knew his release would soon be upon him. Suddenly she stiffened above him, her body going still, as if waiting for something grand. Then she screamed, the sound rocketing around his cock, vibrating the sensitive flesh.

Kell felt his balls seize, rise against his base, then the sensation of thickening as his seed filled his cock, ready to explode.

Miz! Then his seed was exploding from his body! Spurt after spurt flew from his body, his gasps echoing each one, as he felt her inner muscles, her sex muscles, clench around his fingers.

Knowing that she was peaking with him made his release all the more sweet. He struggled to control his hips, to resist the urge to thrust deep into the warm haven of her mouth, to ride her to the ultimate one-peace, but his concern for her and her being held him in check. Instead, his fingers stroked her deeply as his free hand left her hips to run along her back, drawing out her climax and easing her into post-coital bliss.

She collapsed against him and he expended the last of his energy to turn her body, to cuddle her safely against his chest and into his arms. Then she spoke, her words muffled against his chest. “I’ll keep you safe, Kell,” she breathed. “I’m good at taking care of others.”

He held her tighter, but in the back of his mind, he was thinking, *But what about yourself?*

He closed his eyes, drifting off for a moment of rest. It was then the images began to hit him. Stinza standing over his human’s body. Stinza sneering as she fired a laser into his human’s prone body, of her brown skin leaching of its rich color, before she slowly began to disintegrate before his eyes. Of Stinza holding a child aloft, a pale blue child whose eyes were just like hers.

No! he roared, jerking into a sitting position and tumbling Miz onto the bed next to him.

Miz jumped up, his emotions washing over her. She felt fear and anger and shock, and a heart-wrenching grief that all but consumed him.

“Kell?” she breathed, reaching out, caressing his arm, its muscles knotting, the tension was so high.

Miznari! he breathed, then he was reaching for her, pulling her under him, his tongue demanding entrance into her mouth. His emotions had collected into one hot ball of sexual energy...and Miz was all too happy to aid in his relaxation.

More than happy to ease his pain, a pain that still filled the darkest corners of her mind.

But what had caused this? she thought as she felt herself rolled over by the sexual dynamo that was Kell. And why did the aching loneliness that filled him seem so familiar? It almost felt like loss, and she wasn't sure she could handle another loss. And thinking of loss made her remember that her time with Kell was temporary, that she would soon be losing his sardonic wit, his sense of humor, his great body...his simple understanding of her.

As these new thoughts crossed her mind, she never even noticed that she was clinging just as desperately to Kell as he was to her.

Chapter Sixteen

Aaron was slowly making his way toward his shared room when he felt a hand press against his back. Stumbling on his unsteady feet, he turned and grinned at one of the most stunning women he had ever seen. Her hair was a brilliant black, cut into a sharp pageboy that framed her delicate face. Her eyes were a glittery silver that sparkled like diamonds.

Diamonds? He was getting rather poetic in his drunken stupor, he decided as he patiently waited for the woman to tell him what she wanted. And the stand-off commenced.

Aaron stared into the silver eyes, she into his black ones. Neither said a word, just stared at the other. Finally, Aaron sighed and ran his hands through his tangled hair.

“Lady, I am not in the mood if you are a hooker. I am not in the mood if you are really a man. And I am not in the mood if you sprout wings and try to pass yourself off as a vibrator!”

This made her blink and tilt her head to one side as she examined the man before her.

This would really make an impression, she thought, if I could understand more of what he was saying. But this place was where the high concentration of Lorndale energy emanated, and even more so from this man.

After his tirade, when the woman didn't speak, Aaron shrugged and continued on to his room, wanting nothing more than to shove the bed-stealing, erection-growing fairy into a dresser drawer and collapse onto the bed. Besides, the room was spinning, and spinning rooms lent themselves to nausea and other unfortunate happenings that would land him in the driver's seat of the porcelain school bus.

Not his idea of fun. But the woman stared at him for a minute, before following him step for step. Curious to see what she would do, he paused, and noted that she instantly stopped. When he took another halting step, she followed.

“Most serial killers are white males between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five,” he growled at her. “You meet the age requirement, but not the gender thing. So if you want to kill me or something, good luck 'cause I'll fight back. But if you are looking to get laid, I may consider if I have enough condoms, a place to lock up my wallet, and the fairy is gone!”

Stinza stared at the man for a moment, then did what she always did to get a reluctant male to comply with her wishes. She reached up, and with both hands parted the front of her tunic, exposing her high firm quivering breasts to his startled gaze.

“Agh,” Aaron choked as the woman, this perfect and perfectly horny stranger, exposed her boobs! She even gave them a little shimmy, sending the tempting melons shaking. Like a trained seal or an observer at a tennis match, his head swung slowly from left to right, his eyes following every wiggle and jiggle.

“Mercy!” he breathed as he looked down at the sudden heat in his pants and discovered that a waistband and a belt were no match for the power of a raging memory-induced erection. This was better than Viagra, he decided as he felt the head of his cock try to rip his belt into two.

“*Youlat Kell?*” she whispered as she took a step closer to him, watching him all but drool as she asked her question. *Where is Kell?*

“You name them?” Aaron whispered, licking his lips and struggling to do the gentlemanly thing and raise his eyes above the quivering masses of feminine majesty that held him entrapped. “You named them Kell? Oh, I like! I like Kell!”

Sighing, Stinza struggled to keep her face neutral as she watched the human male. Didn’t they know how to speak proper Traders, the language all the planets in the League spoke? But at least he got Kell’s name right. Now if only he would lead her to her quarry.

“You are very persuasive,” Aaron purred as he fumbled for his key card and grabbed the strange woman by the hand. He had never had a one-night stand in his life! Looked like a good time to give it a shot. He hoped Miz understood, but his hormones were overruling any and all etiquette he learned about rooming with a friend.

Stinza pulled back as the man grasped her arm, but started when his touch sent shivers through her body. What was this...feeling? Was it her fertile time again? Was it the strange atmosphere of this place?

But at her small gasp, Aaron grinned and gave her a small tug, collapsing her within her arms. Before she could utter a protest—after all, she did bare her breasts in an effort to get him to take her to his quarters where Kell may be hiding—his head dropped and his mouth neatly covered hers!

She gasped again, and he took advantage of her open mouth to shove his tongue within. Stinza blinked as his rough tongue began to explore the roof of her mouth, her tender gums, prodding her tongue into a counter-action, leaving a taste behind that was sharp like the finest ales, but surrounded by a masculine musk she had never experienced before. Maybe there was something to these human males after all!

She felt a wet heat center low in her stomach, her nipples clench into almost painful peaks as they pressed against the material of his tunic, and found herself

returning a low animal growl as he purred into her mouth. Oh yeah! She should have sex with this human first! Then she would find Kell. She wanted to bear the next ruler of Lorndale, but that didn't mean she couldn't have her fun too!

Feeling the woman gather herself, Aaron let a grin spread across his face...a moment before she let out a roar like a lion and slammed him against the nearest wall. When he opened his mouth to protest such harsh treatment, he found his mouth invaded, his body pressed deeper against the wall, and discovered that the woman had more arms than an octopus.

One was tearing at his shirt, while one was caressing the bulge in his pants. Still another one was cupping his ass, kneading the hard flesh like she had never felt anything as good in her whole life! Then there was the hand that was tangling in his hair, the one that was pulling at his belt, and the one that was pinching his left and most sensitive nipple!

"Yes!" he whimpered, discovering a new appreciation for sea life, the octopus especially, as he pressed his hips into her body, making her aware of the bulge that was now throbbing with his heartbeat. Then he gasped again as he found himself lifted into the air, his legs wrapped around her waist as she began to look around, searching for a flat surface to ravish his body, he supposed. Sounded like a plan to him!

"Over there!" he gasped, pointing to the door and his empty bed. If Miz was in there, she would just have to close her eyes and endure. He was about to be ravished by an Amazon. And he couldn't be happier!

Holding him tightly, Stinza turned toward the door he pointed to, and decided that he was showing her to his quarters. Good! Her plan was working. Well, it would work right after this quick lay, she decided as she jiggled him in her arms and shuddered as she felt the size of his cock. Maybe a not so quick lay!

As she approached the door, he fumbled with a square flat...thing that he slid into the locking mechanism, and the door swung open. Throwing back her head and crowing with delight, Stinza erupted into the room...and immediately began to trip on the spilled...stuff on the floor! A strangled shriek escaped her throat as her booted foot bounced off something round and vibrating.

She spun around in an effort to keep her treasure in her arms and find a soft space to land when she slipped on something rather, well, slippery. With a shriek, she flew backward, fortunately landing on what had to be a raised bed pad. Unfortunately, the bed was occupied.

Kell's eyes widened in shock as his rhythm was broken on the downstroke by someone invading the room, and then by a heavy weight landing on his back!

Miz, nearly standing on her shoulders, her legs clamped around his waist, would have been squashed if he had not been able to absorb the weight and prevent it from pressing down on her. Instead, she screamed, "Yeah, daddy! Do

me like a big boy should!" as the jostling knocked the head of his cock against that hidden erotic spot buried deep within her.

But as he turned his head to see what had invaded their sanctuary, his eyes widened in shock, and he thought one word...

Stinza!

"Kell!" Stinza shrieked. She recognized those wing-slits! She recognized that blue skin! *Dritch!* She recognized that ass!

"Kell!"

"Tink!" Aaron gasped, taking in the size of the once-small blue man. Then "*Tink!*" he all but screamed in horror as he realized what the man was doing. And to his best friend!

"I'm coming!" Miz shrieked as her body began to convulse.

"Shit!" Aaron eloquently summed up as Stinza dropped him to the bed beside the other human.

"Kell!"

"You know him?" he managed, eyes still wide in shock as he watched his best friend have a major screaming, hair-pulling orgasm...again! Damn her lucky hide! But this was not good, he thought as he watched hostility spread across his Amazon's face. Not good at all!

Chapter Seventeen

"Oh, damn! That just about killed me!" Miz moaned as she felt her body being slowly lowered to the bed. "Kell, you are the greatest! You are the best... Hey? That overly large woman has a gun." In fact, the overly large woman snarled something guttural at Kell, before pointing the gun at his head.

"Aaron?" she whispered, a shaft of fear beginning to penetrate her orgasmic fog as she noticed her best friend on the bed beside her. "What kind of hooch did you bring back to our room?"

That comment tore his eyes away from the silent scene playing out before them to his naked and obviously well-done, ex-best friend! He couldn't be friends with someone who orgasmed as much as she did and not want to tear her hair out by the roots! Women had all the luck! Multiple orgasms, the ability to pop off without a recovery period, and had obviously cornered the market on growing blue men!

"She is not a hooch!" he hissed, blinking as his alcohol-sloshed brain began to sober up a bit. "She's an Amazon. Hey! She has a gun!"

"Duh!" Miz snorted, for once grateful she had a short recovery period. It was time for some clear thinking. "Did he say Stinza?"

"He didn't say a blessed thing!" Aaron hissed as she stared at the two overly large people who continued to glare at each other. "Maybe he's mute?"

"He spoke to me, Aaron! I keep telling you that! And if he said Stinza, we are in big trouble!"

At the mentioning of her name, the large woman turned to glare at the human. It appeared that Kell had made some kind of connection if the woman knew about her.

"Pretty Kell," she hissed as she narrowed her eyes at the small brown woman. These humans come in such unusual colors! "Would be a shame to hurt it. I assume it is a woman by the way you were rutting between its legs."

"What?" Aaron whispered as he stared at the woman. "She sounds like she has cotton in her mouth!"

"I'll make this long story short!" Miz hissed, not liking the way the woman was staring at her. Was she interested in a tryst? If she was, this woman was not playing that game, Miz thought.

"Short and sweet!" Aaron urged, not liking the way his evening plan had been disturbed.

"She wants him to be her baby's daddy!" Miz hissed.

Aaron blinked. Then blinked again. The same woman who was practically taking him out in the hall? “Miz? Too fast! You missed a few things.”

“Well, the blue fairy isn’t a fairy!”

“I could have told you that!”

“Hush! He is an alien and a prince to boot! His baby will rule their planet!”

“They’ll tell you anything to get you into their beds!” Aaron hissed back, not liking the way Kell’s eyes shifted toward him at his words.

“Anyway, she is a pirate! She wants to be the mother of the kid that rules that place! *Capeche*? And now we have to get him away from her so that his people can come and get him!”

“He phoned home?”

“Before he teleported here.”

“He *engaged*? Like that Starship Captain? Miz, you’re getting your science fiction mixed up!”

“He’s an alien, damn you!” Miz growled, forgetting the two wide-eyed aliens gaping at them as they sat—one naked, one obviously drunk—on the bed and argued.

“You are naked,” Aaron felt inclined to point out.

Miz blinked a few times, then calmly reached for the sheet underneath them and gave one sharp tug.

Aaron went flying toward the floor. The alien woman half-turned towards them in shock as Kell struck out with his right arm and sent the gun flying. Miz dove for the gun, the sheet and her modesty long forgotten.

She landed almost painfully on her stomach, amidst her broken sex toys, and stretched long athletic arms out for the gun. Just then, the heavy body of her ex-best friend—who could be friends with anyone who brought seven-foot alien women home for a little horizontal hoochie-coochie—rolled on top of her, effectively pinning her to the floor. “Aaron! Off!” she screamed as Kell launched himself at the woman, his mind emitting pain, desperation, confusion and fear as he struggled with her.

Blinking and fighting for his breath, Aaron managed to roll off of Miz into a pile of broken battery-operated devices just in time to see a whirl of blue and black go tumbling onto the floor. The battle had engaged.

“That’s my Amazon, you big blue freak!” Aaron growled, trying to gain his feet, but the hard soles of his very expressive Stacey Adams kept slipping on...stuff!

But neither Titan was paying any attention to the fallen man. Stinza was trying her best to grip Kell’s wings in a painful hold and a naked Kell was trying to protect his spent wiggly bits from Stinza’s frantic movements.

"Shit!" Miz gasped, taking in the scene as she tried her hardest to get a bead on the crazed woman.

"You can't shoot her!" Aaron screamed as he saw Miznari taking aim.

"The hell I can't!" she returned. "That bitch wants Kell dead! After she rapes him!"

Rape? Aaron blinked and again cast his eyes at the towering woman, now on her back with Kell above her.

"Damn you, Kell!" Stinza growled as Kell easily bore her weight to the floor, overpowering her easily enough, now that his privates were protected.

No, Miz! Kell called out mentally to Miz as she turned her attentions to the fallen woman. She is too dangerous! You must take the strange male and leave now!

"No, Kell!" Miz whispered as she pointed the gun at the strange woman. "We will get out of this together! I will get you to a place where your people can contact you."

Kell turned his big silver eyes to her, his expression softening as he read the determination on her face. But as he began to react, Stinza gave a lurch with her hips, knocking him aside as she extended her arm in Miz's direction.

"You care for this human, Kell?" she sneered as he reacted, trying to move her arm or move himself in front of his Miz. "No!" she sassed as her sleeve rolled back to reveal a small ionic laser strapped to her wrist, barrel pointing towards Miz.

"What?" Miz gasped as she watched the strange exchange.

An ionic laser, Kell responded to her spoken question. Capable of pulling your molecules apart.

"Now that we understand each other," Stinza continued as she grinned up in Kell's face, "I want you to move back. Get off of me and keep those arms above your head."

"What is she saying?" Miz hissed at Aaron who was staring at the proceedings with a look of horror on his face.

"What is she holding?" he responded.

"A laser of some kind. She means to kill me, Aaron! What the hell is she saying?"

"How the hell would I know?" Aaron gasped, taking in her words.

"You brought her here!"

"I brought her here to fuck, not to have polite conversation!"

"Well, do something!"

As they bickered, Kell slowly rose to his feet and took two steps away from Stinza.

"Very good," she purred as she rose to her feet, her arm still pointed in Miznari's direction. "It would be a shame to have to scatter this human's

molecules around this room, even if she is such a strange hue. Brown, Kell? Really!"

Kell glowered at Stinza, his eyes glittering with impotent rage as he was forced to listen to the woman's taunt. If only he could speak, he would turn her pale skin blue with his epithets. But to Miznari, he sent, *Be calm. I will figure a way out of this.*

"Kell," Miz sighed as she looked between the two aliens. She hated feeling hopeless, helpless, and above all, useless.

"This is not the way to get laid," Aaron suddenly shouted, making the woman's attention shift for just a moment.

A moment that was all Miz needed. Silently she jumped, throwing her body into the tall woman, sliding in under her extended arm, getting a good grip, and knocking her backward! Stinza stumbled, but it wasn't enough. So Miz hooked one of her legs behind the woman and shoved again. Stinza went down like the Jolly Green Giant after a night of binge drinking.

"Dritch!" the woman bellowed as she fell backward, being helped along by a small bundle of brown fury. The resulting crash sent the battery and non-battery-operated devices scattered along the floor outward in a colorful wave. Stinza's head hit with a sharp crack and suddenly the Pirate Queen was seeing double.

But that was not enough for Miz! She was naked, she was angry, and she was not getting laid, though the urge to merge with the blue one seemed to be easing. Growling low in her throat, she straddled the momentarily prone body of the alien, placing her knee at one judicious point on her weapon-draped arm, and pressed.

The scream that emerged from Stinza was high and sharp, proving that humanoid design was very similar across the galaxy! But still it was not enough to appease the sudden anger blossoming within Miz! She wanted to see alien blood! Cocking back her arm, she chambered her elbow and let her fist fly.

"Bitch!" she screamed as the first blow fell. "How dare you try to kill me?"

Another blow landed, seeming to snap Stinza out of her daze, as the woman began to commence bucking and screaming in some intelligible language.

Kell stared at his little human in something akin to awe. He had never seen such a vicious attack executed with such glee! One moment he was wracking his mind to discover a way to get them all out of this disaster, the next his Miznari, his little Miznari, was trying to see if she could flatten Stinza's head into the floor covering!

But he knew that surprise held Stinza immobile...and that it wouldn't last. Jumping forward, he grabbed the arm with the laser and quickly jerked it away. The next thing was going to be a bit tricky. He had to get Miz off of Stinza and then get them away from the crazy woman alive.

Miz? he sent as he reached down to pull his woman away from Stinza. Let her up!

But Stinza quickly recovered and with a sharp arch of her hips, she sent Miz flying into Kell, knocking him off-balance as he reached out to steady Miz. In an instant, Stinza

was on her feet, delivering a kick to the back of Miz's head, sending her careening into Kell and in turn sending them both onto the floor.

"You think this weak, pathetic human will defeat me?" Stinza growled as she rose to her full height. "Now, I will take you back where you belong, Kell, so that you can do your duty. And just maybe I will let this..."

Whap! Her words were cut off by the loud sound of metal meeting bone.

As Stinza turned her attention to Kell and Miz, Aaron managed to creep up behind Stinza and with one blow of an abandoned spreader bar, managed to render Stinza silent. Slowly, she turned toward Aaron, a question in her dazed eyes just in time to face the man who gave her one final whack. Silently Stinza dropped to her knees, then toppled over onto her face.

"Well, hell!" Miz sighed as she watched her best friend. Because any man who can lay the Jolly Pale Giant out with two whacks of a spreader bar, she wanted on her side.

"Damn you, Miz!" Aaron wailed, much of his drunk leaving him. "I'm never gonna get laid!"

Chapter Eighteen

If there is Stinza, Kell began as they finished binding Stinza to the bed with a few of Miz's leather restraints, there will be more.

"Damn," Miz groaned as she tugged on the last of her clothes. "There has to be an end to this madness."

Aaron sighed in regret as he cast one last look at this knocked-out Amazon, and then turned toward his friend and her companion. "We can get him out."

"What?"

"Miz, by the look on your face, I can tell he is trying to find a way to get out of this hotel and back to his flying saucer."

"He doesn't have a flying saucer. He is waiting for someone to come and give him a lift."

"Whatever," Aaron breathed as he began to straighten his clothing. "But the point is you have to get him out without anyone panicking and no more sex-crazed Amazon woman attacking helpless vets."

"And without drawing the attention of the rest of her people."

"There are really more of them?"

And the rest are not as nice, Kell sent to Miz.

"And Kell says the rest are real scans."

Scans?

"Then what I have in mind is perfect," Aaron said, a small grin lightening his face.

"What?"

"Where are we, Miz? Think, woman! I know that you have a brain in that oversexed head of yours."

"I am not oversexed!"

"Well, you aren't using your brain either! Where are we?"

"Williamsburg, Virginia!"

"Why are we here?"

"To screw Mike as a threesome and fulfill my most wildest fantasies."

Threesome?

"Never mind," she said to Kell as she ran her fingers through her hair.

"Why is the real reason you are here, Miz? And I don't mean your recreational plans."

“For this damn conference... Aaron! You’re a genius!”
Genius?

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later, Kell was still puzzling over the true meaning of that word as he watched his human smear the weirdest colors onto her face and dress in the garments. Even the male was stripped down and garbed in something that looked like the bed pad coverings.

“We are going incognito!” Miz assured him as they cracked open the door and made their way into the hall, Aaron first peeking out to see if the coast was clear.

“We’ll blend right in!”

Sure, Kell sent, shaking his head. But at least her explanation hit on why the place was crawling with strange creatures.

They made their way toward the elevator, and Miz couldn’t help a self-satisfied grin from spreading across her lips as she gazed at them in the reflective surface of the elevator doors. Kell was in his loincloth. He didn’t need any extras added to make him look like a creature from an erotic paranormal novel. But the laser snatched from Stinza added a science fiction touch. Hardware was cool! Especially when it kind of resembled jewelry.

Aaron, on the other hand, took a little fixing. Her first challenge was to get the clothes horse out of his designer suit and then to get him into the makeshift toga she had draped creatively over his naked body. And yes, he did pitch a fit when he heard what she was planning on dressing him in.

In addition, she added black airbrushed tribal tattoos on just about every exposed surface of his body. Then with the help of some creative eye makeup, Aaron’s eyes looked twice as large on his handsome face. It gave him a vulnerable expression that belied what his heavily muscled body was capable of. And the fact that he was drop-dead gorgeous didn’t hurt either.

As for Miz, she went the traditional route. Traditional in the sense that she had picked her short hair out into the biggest Afro she could manage. On top of that, she wore a scandalously short and tight skirt of deep brown animal skins trimmed in faux lion fur. For a shirt, she wore a tightly tied piece of hide and several well-placed wooden beads. Around her left ankle, she wore an anklet of fake lion’s teeth and a matching bracelet around her right wrist. She was barefoot and in her hand she held a brown leather-padded spreader bar. Aaron showed her how versatile the little buggers could be.

“Who are we again?” Aaron asked as they waited for the doors to open.

“Bush Girl, Tribal Boy, and the Blue Fairy! If anyone asked from what, tell them it’s a new comic book.”

“And why do I have to be naked?”

“Because all of your underwear is brightly colored and silk! Not only were the colors bleeding through the sheets, the damn things were too slippery to hold the sheet drapes right.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Aaron muttered as he tugged at his sheet. “My nipples are showing.”

“Get over it!”

Kell sighed as he once again wondered what kind of crazy planet this was.

“What if the Amazon wakes up?” Aaron asked, suddenly remembering that he was the one who knocked her out in the first place. “I mean, if she starts tearing up the place...”

“Hell, Aaron! We tore the room up before you got there! And if she starts screaming, I guess the people will give you another standing ovation.”

“Oh yeah,” his answering grin more of a leer.

Miz was saved a rebuttal by the sound of a ping and the elevator doors sliding open. The trio entered, standing next to another couple as the elevator doors slid shut. But the woman opened her mouth and giggled.

“The Blue Fairy! The Blue Fairy vibrator!”

Kell glared at the woman, remembering those words from when Miz had him bundled up into that strange garment of hers. His negative emotions instantly filled her mind, and she felt his embarrassment.

“Um, he is the strong, silent type,” Miz whispered with a grin. “That is why the vibrator was designed after him.”

“Oh, wonderful!” the woman gushed as she elbowed her husband in the ribs. “Can we have an autograph?”

“Um, he is...” Miz tried to stall.

Whenever she contemplated a quickie, the damn elevators seemed to travel at the speed of light!

“Well, he is...”

“He doesn’t speak English,” Aaron added smoothly. “But I would be glad to sign one for you.”

“And who are you?” the lady asked, still looking excited. “Imagine the people you meet at these conventions!”

“I am the model for the Mandingo 3000!”

The elevator pinged. The door opened and Miz took a deep breath as she moved toward the open doors.

“Mandingo 3000?” the woman asked.

As Miz moved, she heard a gasp and a thump as the lady passed out. Within seconds, Aaron was walking beside her, Kell bringing up the rear, all walking

like gangsters with a purpose. After a second, Miz looked over at Aaron and grinned.

"You flashed her, didn't you?"

"Hey, you are the one who insisted that I don't wear underwear!"

Her giggle was stifled and even Kell had to hold in a laugh.

Maybe these humans weren't all that bad. And some of them were quite amusing.

They wound their way around the milling people, passed the bar, and around a crowd of similarly dressed people. Some nodded and some commented on their outfits, but Miz, Aaron, and Kell steadily moved toward the exit. There was some type of presentation taking place off in the distance where a raised platform was placed. Several masked and costumed people were sitting or standing. A woman dressed in some type of elaborate gown with a crown was speaking into a machine that seemed to amplify her voice.

Kell paused for a minute to stare at the spectacle and even thought he saw a few Contorts and a Helis or two, but realized they were too small to be the people from those planets. Had to be humans in costume again. Miz and the man Aaron started whispering, and he turned his attention to escaping this place once more.

"Do you see any extremely tall people?" Miz asked, as she took another unobtrusive look around the room.

"None at all," Aaron answered with a smile.

"Home-free!" she giggled, as a group of ladies took the stage and began to play some kind wild techno-music.

"We made it!" she crowed as she grinned back at Kell. "Now to get you back where you belong and away from the sperm snatcher."

Impulsively, she tugged at Kell's hand and did an impromptu jig, just before she heard her name called. In stereo! "Miznari Anderson! We see you! Please come up here!"

"I, uh," Miz looked around at the crowd of people who suddenly surrounded her, clapping and urging her toward the stage. "Me?" she asked as she was pulled from a shocked Kell and an equally shocked Aaron who looked like he was about to burst into tears.

"Miznari Anderson!" the woman squealed. "I see you! Get on up here, lady!" Then Miz realized what was happening. It was the nine o'clock awards presentations! She was a presenter! How could she have forgotten! She was up to present the award for the best cover and costume design.

She looked back at Kell and Aaron, urging them to follow her as she was practically pushed up on the stage by the people congratulating her. She looked

around, hoping to spot her two friends, to find anyone who could help her get out of this mess, but they were glaringly absent.

Damn. Before she knew what was happening, she was propelled onto the stage and a microphone thrust into her hands. The room grew silent as she stood there, eyes wide, and for once in her life, Miznari was at a loss for words and actions.

"Uh," she tried. "Hi." The resounding 'hi' that was returned almost blasted her from the stage. "Well, what can I say? I enjoy my work." There was a mass giggle as she felt the first waves of warning from Kell.

Stinza's people, he sent and Miz's eyes went wide.

She looked around the room and saw a few things that made her want to turn tail and run! So much for being an Alpha female! She wanted to find a convenient rock to climb under and hide. On her right and coming in fast was that bastard Mike and some strangely dressed tall woman who seemed to be his second shadow. On her left and moving toward the front, an irate Stinza shoved people out of the way! Looked like she managed to figure out the trick closures on the restraints.

As she got a closer look at the woman's wrists, she realized that Stinza had just torn through the leather. She would have to take that up with Sire Don later, she absently thought as the walking Amazon of death closed in. And to the front, Aaron and Kell looked around, Aaron like he wanted to be anywhere else and Kell like he was getting ready for a fight.

What would Wonder Woman do? she asked herself as she felt the anger from Kell building. *No, not Wonder Woman. I hated her satin outfit. What would Storm from the X-Men do?*

"I don't really know what to say," she said into the mike as she realized that she was going to have to do something to prevent the spread of blood and violence in the hotel. "But I have never been one for words, at least not the words I can repeat in polite company as my models will contest too." That got another laugh from the crowd and a glower from Stinza as she moved in, apparently getting ready for the kill.

"So, without further ado, here are two of my most prized creations. Kell and Aaron, please come up here."

"What?" Aaron gasped as she pointed in his direction.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here are my two hottest models doing what they do best. Aaron? Kell? Come up here please!" Then to the crowd, she added, "I want to thank you for this time to show you a little bit about what I do! Come on, guys," she motioned to Kell and Aaron as they seemed frozen to the spot.

I don't like this, Miz, Kell sent as he glanced around the room towards the invaders. *People can get hurt.*

"Don't be shy, guys," she laughed as she motioned them forward with a frantic wave of her hand. "Come on down! Show the people what you look like and then we can escape out the back door." That brought another round of laughter and then Aaron smiled. He reached around, gripped Kell's hand and urged the man toward the stage steps.

"Don't be scared," Miz pandered to the crowd. "I won't hurt you until after the presentation is done." That bought another round of laughter and Mike toward the front of the stage. And he didn't look happy.

"First, let me introduce Kell, Prince of Lorndale, a mighty warrior on the run from the evil pirate Stinza who wants to pilfer his private stock." With a wink and a nudge, she had the crowd roaring in laughter as she pulled Kell up in front of her. "And...Arnos, um, god of sex and the wild beasts, and not in that order, ladies."

Miz took a deep breath and smiled. This was working! Stinza had stopped in shock, Mike was frozen to the spot, unwilling to approach while there was an audience watching, and his maxi-me was still following. Now if she could make this work!

"Arnos was a difficult project. In the book sample that I got, he was arrogant, loud-mouthed, opinionated, and a playboy."

Aaron snorted at her and muttered, "And friends with a sex fiend psychotic Chiquita nutcase."

"But by the end of the story, he showed his worth and what the meaning of friendship was by sacrificing just about everything he had in order to see the heroine safe. So we had to go with a design that would show his attributes as well as fit in with the paranormal theme."

"What attributes?" someone called out, and Miz grinned.

"Excessively over-endowed," she smirked as she ticked his points off on her fingers.

Hearing that, Aaron puffed his chest up, gave the audience a haughty look, and adjusted his sheet so that the solid bulge swinging there was apparent. This got a hoot of laughter from the women and a few shouts of encouragement from the men.

"He also," Miz added, "is available for parties and bridal showers, graduations, Mother's Day, take your pick."

Rolling his eyes at her, Aaron turned, presented his backside with equal aplomb, and then began to blow kisses at the women. The room exploded in catcalls and hisses as Aaron took his bow and retreated behind Miz, looking bored, but actually searching for the back door.

Stinza stood, glaring at Miz, arms crossed, and a look that promised retribution pasted on her face. She looked at Kell standing there and grinned. She had time and he was going nowhere fast.

Thinking fast, Miz added, "In the story, Kell is on the run from a pirate who has designs on his body, not that we can blame her, but still, no means no!" Another wink, another leer, another positive reaction from the crowd, though Kell glared at her.

"Kell's design was easy, as the author was real adamant about what she wanted. She said she wanted a tall blue fairy, and that is what I managed to create. His color is a special blend that won't rub off. See?" she demonstrated by stepping close and teasingly running a finger over his chest, around his nipple, and onto his muscled abs.

She turned toward the crowd, staring at Stinza, and growled, which sent them into peals of laughter. Stinza didn't move, but the point of the gesture was not lost on the pirate. Miz was staking her claim, daring Stinza to come and take him away.

"His color was airbrushed on, a process that took many hours of exhaustive work." The audience again roared as Miz felt that familiar tingle start low in her stomach. "But the real challenge was the wings. Kell, please show us your wings."

I hope you know what you are doing, Kell mentally hissed at her before he relaxed his muscles and let his wings flutter open.

There was an awed hush from the crowd as the beautiful light-colored wings were exposed, the dark tribal-like tattoo markings striking a contrast to the apparent delicate beauty of the wings.

"They are powered by a simple air compressor that Kell can operate through this wrist control, here." She pointed to the laser at his wrist, letting Stinza know that they were armed and dangerous. "A series of pumps and hoses are attached to the back piece and silently lift the wings from their moorings until Kell releases the lever. Think of a blood pressure cuff and you get the idea. Let them down now, Kell."

As the wings deflated, Aaron spotted the exit, hidden by a curtain, and motioned for Miz to hurry it along.

"But we can't have a hero without a super-villain. Ladies and gentlemen, let me present to you Stinza, evil sperm-stealing pirate and the evil monster after my Kell!"

Stinza only recognized her name and Kell's before the crafty human pointed a finger in her direction. Stunned, Stinza uncrossed her arms as suddenly all eyes in the room were on her.

"Stinza's costume is just the strange uniform she is wearing, for easy access no doubt. She is extremely tall, but that is to be expected of a stuntwoman. Not much extra is needed to make her look big and tough. Check out the glowering features and the anger that seems to be building up within her. That is good

acting, folks. But that is not why I brought along the super villain. We are going to play a game now, Arnos, Kell, you and I."

The audience waited in anticipation. There was always something new going on at these conventions. That was why they were so highly attended. They all wondered what this new game was going to be.

"Costumes aren't enough to make a great book cover! Personalities come into play as well as acting ability. So it's time to play Save the Hero. Your assignment is easy. Kell, Arnos, and I are going to escape from the evil pirate!" She giggled and pandered to the crowd, making this scene seem all the more like an elaborate game.

"Your mission is to stop the pirate! This will give you a chance to see our actors in action and learn how we add a sense of high drama to every book cover we produce."

The audience clapped and hooted as Miz took a step back from the podium and motioned Kell to follow her back to where Aaron was standing.

"On your mark, get set..." She sent one last triumphant grin toward Stinza and blew her a kiss. The crowd went wild. "Go!" And with that, the trio took off running.

Stinza, seeing her quarry leave at a running pace, prepared to follow, but suddenly she was surrounded by many screaming laughing humans! "Argh!" she screamed as she tried to push her way through the humans. But they were pulling her, wrapping her up in some type of string, and preventing her from moving forward.

Stinza knew that she couldn't hurt them, that would draw too much attention to her purpose, not that Kell's human pet didn't do that already. But too much of a disturbance could bring these people's authorities into play, and she didn't want to run into local authorities when she didn't speak any of this planet's languages. This place was so primitive!

Snarling at a few people, she paused when a human male hopped in front of her, screaming, "Baby, you can rape and pillage my village any day!"

"Dritch!" she snarled, frustration building within her.

These cowering stupid humans were keeping her from joining the chase! She didn't even know which way Kell had gone. Ripping off a few of the weak bindings the humans wrapped her in, she tried to turn and push her way to the exit. There was only one logical place for Kell to go, now that she was aware of his hiding place. Back to the landing site.

If she knew Kell, and she had studied him extensively before she decided to use him, he would try to get home. And the communicator on the wrist laser he stole would give him the perfect opportunity to contact his people.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen," the presenter came back laughter on her lips. "Let's hear it for Miznari! She said her presentation would be short and

sweet, but I didn't expect it to go quite so fast!" There was general laughter as the crowd turned its attention back onto the presenter. "Now, let us all get in line for the costume contest, best paranormal design first!"

As the attention drifted away from her, Stinza turned and made her way to the exit. She would search the whole of this area and she would catch Kell. It was time for this foolishness to come to an end. She gave a nod to her crewwomen and signaled toward the exit. As the two women exited the room, Stinza smiled and nodded for her crewmember to depress her communicator.

Within seconds, the two women disappeared into nothingness, transported back to the ship and ready to have a surprise for her little glowbug!

Chapter Nineteen

Aaron could hardly run for the laughter gushing out of him in bursts. "Damn, that was classic, Miz!" he crowed as the trio made their way towards the rear of the hotel.

"I wonder how long that will hold her?" Miz mused as she tried to ignore the pricking of the stones against her bare feet.

Not long, Kell sent as he ran ahead of them. He hardly seemed winded.

"But long enough for you to call your people?"

"What's the problem now?" Aaron panted.

"Time," she gasped. "We don't know how much time we have."

"How far?" Aaron responded, looking around the field. It all seemed the same to him.

"I don't know. Kell?"

Soon.

"He said soon," Miz responded and on they ran.

And after a few minutes, all the rocks and dirt began to look the same. And Miz's legs were beginning to cramp. Packed dirt just didn't give you good shock absorption. Just as she was about to give up and declare herself fit for road kill, Kell skidded to a halt, looking up in the sky, his expression questioning.

I believe this is it, he sent to Miz and began fiddling with the laser thing strapped onto his wrist.

"Thank God!" Miz breathed. "I don't know how much longer I would have been able to run. And I thought I was in good shape!"

Aaron paused when Miz did, sighing in relief as he slowed to a walk. Then bending over, palms to his knees, he huffed and tried to regain his breath. Kell, on the other hand, was fiddling with his wrist laser-communicator combo.

"What's he doing?" Aaron breathed, praying for a Gatorade. His head was starting to hurt as the effects of the alcohol completely left his system and his stomach was ready to start a palace revolt. All he wanted was a cold drink, preferably nothing fermented, and a bed to lay his tired bones on. He was exhausted.

I am trying to adjust the sequence on this com, Kell sent to Miz. *I am hoping to hear from my people or to at least send out a distress signal.*

There were several signals that he could send out, signals that would sound like nothing more than passing static, but were actually distress calls from a royal. The

system had been worked out years ago, but this was the first time he would actually have to use them.

"He's phoning home," Miz panted as she looked around for a big enough rock to sit on, but seeing only what appeared to be acres of barren land and dark earth. And to top it off, now that she wasn't moving, she was starting to feel a distinct chill in the air. "He needs to hurry it up! They do accept collect calls?" she asked, trying to add humor to a situation she was trying to keep as far away from reality as she could manage.

Collect call? Kell sent as he depressed a button to send out the required signals and tones.

"I hope he knows what he's doing," Aaron sighed. "If that thing is a weapon, it may be capable of making a crater out of the state."

"You do know what you are doing, don't you?" Miz asked Kell, who snorted at her, then pointed the laser at a nearby rock.

A low pulse was heard, then a steady red beam shot from the laser and hit the rock. Within seconds, it was glowing and emanating a heat that was sure to last for hours.

"Okay, so I guess you saw all the *Star Trek* survival-while-on-an-away-mission- shows," Miz giggled as she stepped closer to the heat radiating from the stone.

"Well, he is good for one thing," Aaron sighed as he tried to make his sheet cover more of his body. "Well, two from what I saw earlier."

Miz flipped him the bird as he, too, stepped closer to the heat offered by the rock.

"The things I do for friendship," he sighed as he took in his situation and found himself feeling strangely abused. First, against his better judgment, he let himself be talked into this threesome with his best friend. Second, he found himself attacked and abandoned. And third, to top it off, when he finally got back to his room, his and Miz's shared room, he got to meet *E.T.* and the gang from *Space Balls*, cause they were too...weird to be *Star Wars*.

Then he got to play vet to a fairy, not a fairy, get hit on by his abuser, meets the woman of his dreams only to find out that she was the sperm-stealing Darth Vader of the alien set! Now he was running through the barren backwoods and wilds of Virginia in a toga and no crotch support, on the run from the sperm-stealing Amazon whom he almost offered up a healthy dose of man-milk, but instead found himself knocking out with one of Miz's kinky sex toys.

This was the vacation from hell! And Miz was turning out to be Satan's bitch! Thinking about it just made him angrier, so he turned to Miz, who was making moon-eyes at big boy blue and growled, "Have you any idea how much it hurts to be free-balling and running at the same time? My nuts are stuck to my thighs, you fricking alien sex toy."

At this unexpected attack, Miz blushed. Well, she was thinking erotic thoughts about Kell, but her mind was also on their situation! They were running from Stinza, woefully unprepared for this latest trek, and were in danger from what Kell had said about the pirate. Damn it, she was trying her best! But then a wave of guilt over-took her sudden heat of anger.

This had not been a good trip for Aaron! She was the one who talked him into doing this sex thing. She was the one who got him embroiled in *Space Gate*, the title she gave for this little excursion. She was the one who dressed him in a sheet and made him run around a country landscape of rock and dirt at midnight. Not only that, the poor guy didn't even get laid by the woman he appeared to be enthralled with.

"I'm...I'm sorry Aaron," she sighed.

"Nice words, Miz," he sighed as he unobtrusively rubbed his balls and looked around the area.

"They are all that I can offer, Aaron." Miz abandoned the heat of the rock to stand next to her best friend in the whole world.

"I am so sorry I got you involved in all of this. All I wanted was a weekend renewing ties with old friends, and wild crazy monkey sex." She nudged Aaron and a weak grin spread across his face.

"I never meant to get you stuck in the middle of all of this," she added as she gently touched his arm. "I never meant to put you in any danger, either. But you have gone through so much for my sake! Is there anything I can do to make it up to you, Aaron? I feel so bad about what has happened."

"How about a blow job?"

Miz paused, then looked up at Aaron, a wicked grin spread across his face. "I'm not that sorry," she glowered, before she exploded into laughter with him.

"Damn, Miz, I never meant to make you feel bad. I am just fighting a hangover and sperm build-up, and I'm uncomfortable as hell running around like this. And I was the one who made you tell me about the alien. I was the one who brought the pirate back to our room. I was the one who agreed to this plan of yours. I am just not at my best and I'm taking it out on you. As the song goes, you always hurt the ones you love."

"I always thought that was a stupid song!"

"Cruel to be kind?"

"Even worse!"

"Yaw gonna make me lose my mind, up in here, up in here?"

"As a rapper, you make a great vet!"

"You make an adventure everywhere you go, in everything you do, Miz," he said with a laugh as he wrapped his arms around his friend. He might feel a bit of resentment toward her for this episode, but it was mainly due to his

discomfort. Besides, Miz had harder times ahead. He saw how she stared at the big blue guy, believed that he could speak into her mind, and knew that he was going away. What would that do to Miz? he thought as he hugged her a bit tighter. She had some very rough times ahead.

If you are through with your bonding ritual, Kell's voice intruded on her own chaotic thoughts, I am getting some feedback that could mean my people have found us.

Instantly, Miz and Aaron broke apart, her eyes widening as all of these thoughts she fought to put on hold came to the forefront of her mind. She was going to lose her Kell. She was going to lose the one thing that seemed to make her life have meaning. With him, she didn't have to worry about whether or not she fit in or if she was wasting her life. Because he needed her. Maybe all she needed was to feel needed.

Needed beyond the next photo shoot where she was doing backward flips on her bike or the next screaming diva who wanted her hair and makeup just right, or even the next demanding author who wanted her book cover perfect.

Maybe that was all she needed...to feel complete was to feel needed. But the one who needed her most was leaving!

"Kell," she whispered as she took a step closer to him. Before she could speak again, a bright blinding light filled the field.

"Kell!" she called, reaching out for him, wanting to touch him one last time before she would have to let him go, wanting to feel his heat, his life, his...

Miznari, he sighed in her mind, bringing warmth and heat and longing. I will miss you.

"Miss? Is that all you have to say?" Miz gasped, not really believing what he was saying.

Is that not the proper word?

"Miss? You miss ice cream when you are on a diet! You miss your pet goldfish when it croaks! You miss family who annoy you after they have passed away, but you do not miss me!"

I don't? he asked, his face screwing up in confusion.

"Oh, sweet Jesus!" Aaron gasped, but Miznari ignored him, intent on railing at her big blue lover.

"You miss sunshine when it rains! Hell, you can do like the song and miss friggin' desert missing the rain! But you do not miss me! You should be torn apart that we will no longer be together!"

But it is so soon!

"So soon!" Miz shrieked, not even realizing that the annoying glowing light was encompassing her whole body.

You feel this way? Now Kell was amazed! He had almost passed up his opportunity to go home, just to stay with his human female warrior! Could she throw a punch! And she was so exciting and giving, and she had nearly mated his life-force from his body. True, it was part of the effects of the drugs, but being lost within the heat of her

body, there was no greater feeling! The only thing that even came close was piloting his own ship.

He wasn't sure that it was love, he wasn't sure that it was the drugs, but he knew that somewhere, between the sex and the fighting, and the sex and the sneaking around, and the sex and the chase, that he was feeling something for her he had never felt before. He didn't want to let go of that feeling. He didn't want it to end.

"No!" Miz argued hotly, one fist resting on her hips as she thrust the other into his face, finger shaking all the while. "I just spread my legs for every blue fairy that comes along. I fall on them daily, you know? And that was sarcasm, just in case you didn't understand it!"

"Miz?" Aaron tried again.

"Not now, A!" she called out, raising her voice as sarcasm hit an all-time high. "Kell is not done missing me yet! Stupid blue fairy! I wish I landed on his head!"

Stupid? Now Kell was starting to get annoyed. How dare you call me stupid, woman? I'll have you know that as a prince of Lorndale, I have passed rigorous testing that proves that I am one of the most intelligent beings in the universe!

"And what color is the sky in your world, baby? 'Cause it looks like it's raining shades of stupid to me!"

"Guys?" Aaron tried again.

"What? Just what do you want? What is so damn important that you have to interrupt Kell missing me?"

"We're floating."

Miz, eyes still narrowed in anger, turned to stare at the man as if he was one donut shy of a dozen, then looked down at the ground. "Holy shit!" she shrieked, leaping at Kell, who wrapped his arms around her protectively, as if daring the world to harm one curly hair on her head.

"This is not good," Aaron whispered raising both hands as if to balance himself as the ground seemed to get farther and farther away.

Dritch! Kell agreed.

Miz was too busy shaking to respond.

Chapter Twenty

I will find a way out of this, Kell assured Miz as he again tested the bindings that held him strapped fast to the table.

“Won’t want to get in the way of you missing me?” Miz sneered from her cage.

“Oh, will you two give it a rest!” Aaron growled from his low cage. “I can only hear one side of this conversation and frankly, it’s giving me a headache!” Pissed was a mild word to describe what Aaron was. He was trapped in a cage that was large enough for a small German Shepherd, he was chained like some criminal in a B-movie, he was dressed like Caligula on crack, and he still hadn’t gotten laid yet! But worst of all, the woman that he would dearly love to strap to a table in doggy fashion and have a go at, was the one who locked him in this cell!

“But he...”

“Doesn’t have a full grasp of the English language, Miz! Did you ever think about that?”

“I...” Miz blinked as her mouth rounded in an ‘O’ of surprise. Turning towards Kell, she stared at his muscular body strapped once again to that strange table, and blinked again.

“Define, ‘miss’,” she asked.

What do you believe I meant? Kell retorted, still giving her a baleful look.

“Well, you don’t say you’ll miss someone special to you, Kell! Miss is much too weak a word. After all we shared, I thought I meant more than that to you. And I don’t mean the sex or the adventure. I thought you were developing feelings for me. You almost gave up your freedom to protect me from Stinza’s laser. I mean, that meant something to me, Kell.”

Her words trailed off as she decided whether or not to tell him what she was struggling so hard to say. Then beating back her fear, she looked him straight in the eyes. “I care about you, Kell. I know that it’s sudden and I know that it’s unexpected, but I would more than miss you if you were gone. I would...crave your touch, Kell. I would have trouble sleeping for thinking of you. I would grieve for you, Kell. My heart would shatter if you went away before I got to explore these feelings I have for you. And I know I probably would never feel this way about anyone else, ever.”

Miz, he whispered in her mind. But before he could continue, a *whooshing* sound announced the arrival of someone new. And of course, it was Stinza.

"Well, it seems that all of my little captives are alive and well, more's the pity."

"What did she say?" Miz asked Aaron, a puzzled look on her face.

"Beats me," Aaron replied, playing it cool because the moment he saw his Amazon again, his libido jumped and he felt a tingling tightness in his cock. The woman may be a sperm-stealing pirate, but damn, she looked good doing it.

She says...

"I don't want to know," Miz cut him off. "I like her sounding like a kid with a mouth full of peanut butter."

Aaron snickered, then groaned as he thought of one of the many reasons why she would actually have a mouth full of peanut butter.

"It is time, Kell," Stinza went on, her voice slightly tight as she heard the humans babbling on about something. It did appear that the human could understand Kell, that they had formed some kind of bond. But that was impossible! The human mind was too weak, the society so un-advanced, the woman so, so... annoying!

She shot the human one more glare, which made her eyes cross over to the male. Now, there was something exciting. Maybe not all the humans were the backwash of the universe she had been led to believe. Her eyes took in his auburn hair and his dark eyes and she felt the pull of lust deep within her loins. Yes, this man was something special, his color not as extreme as Kell's and his voice and mannerisms so sarcastic.

She couldn't understand his words in the human drinking establishment, but the tone said more than anything that this was a man of action. His sarcasm and wit were apparent even if the language was not understood. But then her original motives again came to the forefront of her mind. She was not here to indulge in sexual exploits. She was here to do something much grander in the scheme of life. She was here to elevate herself to royalty.

She turned her sights to Kell once more. This time the Lorndale prince was restrained to the bed pad properly and there were guards stationed outside. He would not escape her again.

"I wonder what your human is thinking, Kell?" she sneered as she spared one glance for Miznari. "I wonder what she will do when she sees me mount you like the useless male you are. I wonder if she sees any use for you beyond your hard cock."

"She's up to no good," Miz said to Aaron, unafraid to speak her mind knowing that Stinza could not understand.

"What she is doing is wrong," Aaron agreed with a saddened sigh. "We have to think of something to put an end to this."

But Kell was not listening. He was staring at Stinza with something akin to trepidation in his eyes. In her hand, Stinza held another hypodermic needle. He had no idea what it contained, but he was sure that the experience would not be pleasant.

"This?" she purred, holding up the needle so that they all could see. "I have plans for you, Kell. And your stubbornness will not stop me from succeeding."

"What the hell...?"

It's another aphro! Kell sent to Miz. *She is planning on succeeding this time.*

"This is Arongot, Kell," Stinza purred as she took a step closer to the bound man. "This is guaranteed to keep you in a divine state of lust for days. No matter how many times you release, you will remain erect. It has driven some men to madness, my blue glowbug. But I have no idea what effect it will have on you. Other than being the perfect seed-bearer. When I send the body scans to your people, they will have no choice but to bow down before me. I will carry within me the royal heir and with that, the right of succession will pass to my child. Who will be guided by her loving mother."

No! Kell gasped, his mental shock obvious to Aaron even though he could not hear a word.

"What?" Miz practically screamed as she began to struggle against the bars that held her. "What is going on?"

An aphro! His shock and fear were evident, as well as an all-consuming rage that seemed to wash over her in waves.

No! she thought as the impressions of his memories of the drug, as she recalled the reactions from the little she had absorbed, filled her head. Then even before she could blink, a white-blue glow suffused his body, almost blinding in its intensity. Miz struggled to keep her eyes on him, even as Stinza shrieked in pain and threw her arms over her face, and Aaron gasped, quickly turning his face away.

Centering his mind and knowing that this was his only chance of freeing Miz and Aaron, Kell closed his eyes and began the transformation that would reveal his secrets to Stinza but hopefully get them out of danger. The light grew and seemed to throb as it almost solidified over Kell's body. Then with an explosive pulse, streams of light exploded from his body and his form seemed to shrink where it lay, to melt into a shape that was familiar and strangely beloved by Miz.

As Stinza blinked her watering eyes, she gasped as her vision cleared. Sitting on the table where the formidable warrior once lay, was a tiny blue-winged creature.

"*Dritch!*" she gasped as she took a step back, her mind refusing to believe what her eyes were showing her. "*Dritch!*" she gasped again and took another step back, right into a pair of grasping hands that got a major lock on her hair.

"Drailkon!" she shrieked as her head was jerked back to bang painfully into the bars of the cage.

Her hands flew back automatically to try and force away the sudden snarling ball of human fury who was trying to pull her through the bars the hard way, forgetting that she held the hypo in her hand.

"Dritch!" she shouted again as she felt a sharp prick in her shoulder and her world began to waver.

"Stupid, insane, Amazon nutcase!" Miz screamed as she repeatedly banged the back of Stinza's skull into the metal bars. "Trying to lay my man! Oh, no. You don't mess with my food, my money, or my man!"

"Miz! You're hurting her!" Aaron bellowed as he watched in horror as Miz began to extract her revenge by trying to rip Stinza's hair from her head in clumps and reshape her head to a more vertical striped look.

"That ain't all I'm gonna do!" she bellowed, giving an extra hard jerk and grinning gleefully as a few clumps of hair came out in her hand. It wasn't like Stinza didn't have enough to share, she soothed a sudden spike of conscience, and reached for a more stable handhold.

While this was going on, Kell twisted and tested his wings, flapping them tentatively, before he launched himself into the air. Zooming with purpose, he flew straight to the control panel and slammed his body down on a button. Instantly, both cage doors slid rapidly open.

"You stupi-oh!" Miz screamed as the bars practically flew up into the ceiling and her pull sent Stinza careening into her, knocking them both to the floor. In an instant, Aaron was off of the ground and racing to aid Miz. But there was really no need. Stinza seemed quite dazed and confused and unable to move. She even turned toward Aaron and shot him a dopey grin.

"Get her off!" Miz gurgled from beneath the fallen Amazon whose back was painfully pressed into her breasts, and her back dug painfully into the hard floor. "Get her off!"

There was a flash of light, which they both ignored, and then as Aaron was hoisting away a dazed and confused Stinza, a set of blue legs filled Miz's line of sight.

Shall we depart? he sent to Miz, a sly grin on his face as he observed her handiwork.

"Yes," Miz panted, getting her breath back as a hand reached down and grasped hers, pulling her to her feet. "Let's. Come on, Aaron! We are going home," she called as she turned to see the sighing man ease a giggling Stinza into a more comfortable position.

"Yes," he said softly, his eyes on Stinza's face. "I guess." With an almost palatable reluctance, Aaron rose to his full height and turned to face Kell and Miz. "Yeah, I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

After exchanging some esoteric male bonding glance with him, Kell placed one huge blue hand on Aaron's shoulder, almost in commiseration.

"Okay," Miz groused, not really understanding what was going on and not liking what her instincts were telling her. "How are we going to get out of here?"

That door!

"Then what are we waiting for? If you two are finished with your male bonding kind of thing..."

Kell sighed as he pulled away from Aaron and pressed the button to open the door. And stood there open mouthed as four of Stinza's fellow pirates filed in, all looking too pissed for words.

Chapter Twenty-one

The evil grins made Miz's hackles rise. "God," she whispered under her breath. "Haven't these people ever heard of a dentist?" There were three men and one woman who blocked their exit. All four were extremely large in stature, at least six feet leaning more toward more muscle than fat.

As the first of these new menaces pushed their way inside, Miz felt a wave of determination and irritation from Kell. Before she could blink, her warrior sprang into action. He raced toward the first of the men, a snarl of anger on his face as he lashed out with his palm, his fingers stiffened, the heel of his palm striking the man dead center of his chest.

The man's forward rush added momentum to the strike, making his arms swing uselessly in front of him as his diaphragm collapsed. He flew backward several feet, clogging the doorway and giving Aaron enough time to reach out and pull Miz behind him.

"Hey!" she squeaked, but her attention was again taken by the three remaining crewmen trying to leap over their fallen comrade.

As the second man kicked his friend away, making space for the third man to enter, the woman ran out, screaming in that strange, guttural language, obviously seeking more help. This time, Kell took a step back, dropped himself into a horse stance, his knees slightly bent and his balance centered, and seemed to beckon the men forward. They attacked as one, rushing forward in an attempt to overwhelm the freed prince and get to their fallen leader.

Miz stared, her eyes wide as she caught a glimpse into a new side of Kell, the fierce warrior. He gave a mental roar that rattled her brain cells and seemed to brace for impact.

But at the last minute, he sprang into action, stepping forward and around the first man's weak defense sideways and slammed his fist into the man's face, breaking his nose with a crunching sound. He spun just as quickly, pivoting on his right leg, his left rising parallel to the ground and lashing out, striking the second man in the stomach, doubling him over in pain and sudden loss of oxygen.

As the man fell forward, Kell slammed his elbow back into the stomach of the first man, who was screaming and clutching his nose with both hands, and caught him in the solar plexus, silencing his piercing screams and dropping him to his knees. A kick to the side of his head silenced the man permanently, toppling him over onto his side.

Turning to the man still fighting to breathe bent over his knees, Kell slammed his knee up, striking him in the chin and ending his consciousness.

Miz was so mesmerized by his speed and grace of movement, she almost missed the gasping cry for help that sounded behind her.

"Miz!" the voice called out again and she turned to see Aaron sprawled on the floor, his sheet in serious danger of being un-tucked, struggling in the arms of a not so dazed, not so confused, and extremely horny Stinza.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Miz's exasperation was showing. "What is it with this chick?" Moving over to Stinza, she raised her foot in preparation to deliver a very Kell-like kick with her right foot.

But it never connected. In fact, she was thrown off of her feet to land on her posterior. Actually, everyone was falling and collapsing like dominoes to join the defeated crewmen on the floor. This couldn't be good!

The sound of racing feet, booted feet falling with a unity of sound that could only mean military, filled the air.

"Oh God!" Miz whimpered, her voice sounding louder than Aaron's cries for help as Stinza's hands disappeared under the tattered sheet. "What now? Are we being invaded?"

Even worse! Kell moaned as a loud strident voice was heard spouting out orders like a battle-seasoned general.

"Worse than an invasion?" Miz moaned as she rose to her feet, rubbing her posterior.

Worse. Much worse, Kell moaned. *It's my Mother!*

Chapter Twenty-two

"You cannot keep her, Kell. This sort of thing is simply just not done!"

Kell glared at the pale blue woman as she paced the floor in front of him.

"And don't look at me like that! You know what could happen if the humans discovered we exist! They are a very war-like male-dominated people, Kell. They would do us more harm than good, thinking we would want to take over their diseased and dying planet. That would cause a galactic incident that I do not want."

But I need her, Mother.

"Like you needed that craft that almost cost you your life?"

Stinza would not have killed me.

"Not until she was pregnant with your child and quite possibly the next ruler of Lorndale. And would she have disposed of a son, Kell? And would she have kept you until she conceived a female ripe for succession?"

Kell sighed at her words, but understood the truth in them. But he couldn't let his Miznari go. *I have never asked much of you*, he began and his mother nodded.

"You have ever been the good and dutiful son, Kell. You bring us honor with your actions. But you must understand that it is too dangerous to keep that human. She has to go back, Kell. And we will have to purge her mind."

Kell lurched to his feet at hearing this. *Purge her mind?*

"Yes, Kell," his mother soothed. "She need not remember this incident. She will want to move on with her life."

You don't understand, Mother! We have been through so much together! The feelings I hold of her are...

"Nothing more than a reaction to the human who helped you."

Kell thought for a moment, then grinned. He had a plan. Nothing more than a true mate-bond, Mother.

Kellista, queen and ruler of Lorndale, blanched, her skin turning a pale lavender as she stared at her son. "It's...it's...impossible!"

No, Mother, *Kell chortled with glee*. Read my thoughts, Mother. Read them and know that what I speak of is true.

True inasmuch as the aphro caused such a feeling, but he didn't have to tell his mother that. He just needed enough time to figure out a way to keep his Miznari with him. Until then, he would use a little subterfuge to...

“My Creator, Kell!” Kellista gasped, her pale silver eyes wide as she ran her hands through her long silver hair. “I never thought to see you... And she put her mouth... Is that really possible?” Then another thought occurred to her.

“You are my son! I didn’t need to see that!” Then an even bigger thought pole-axed her.

“She could be pregnant! Kell, if she experienced a mate-bond, then that means she is compatible with our kind! She could be carrying the future ruler right now!”

Opps! Kell realized that he didn’t care about that little all-important side-effect of sex. But the illusion of the mate-bond was created by the aphro. There was no reason to believe that Miznari was pregnant with his child.

Was there?

* * * * *

Miz glared at the wall in front of her and resisted the urge to cry. When the craft containing Kell’s mother had taken over Stinza’s relatively small ship, she had thought her prayers had been answered. But as soon as she was aboard this new vessel, she had been separated from both Kell and Aaron and herded into this small room.

The women all spoke what sounded like the gibberish that Stinza had been spouting, while the men remained silent and glowering. She had no idea what was going on, answering all inquiries with a shrug and a confused look.

Finally, they just shoved her into this room, tossed a large robe at her and fastened the door tight. She had not seen hide nor hair of anyone since then, and she had no idea how long that was because she left her watch back at the hotel. The robe was warm though.

“What have I gotten myself into?” she sighed as she perched on the only bit of furniture in this room—the large bed that sat facing the door. “I know they always told me going outside of your race would cause me problems, but they never said anything about going outside of your species. This is what I get for not listening.”

She was depressed. Okay. She was depressed and hungry. Strawberry cheesecake would be good right now! Then she had to groan at her own sorry self. Here she was in the hands of possibly hostile alien invaders...

Well, maybe not invaders, but they were definitely up to something! They had to be keeping Aaron and Kell from her for a reason!

“Nobody knows,” she began to sing in a deep bass, “the trouble I’ve seen. Nobody knows my sorrow.”

So there she sat, elbow on knee, chin on hand, and she waited. For what, she had no idea, but this waiting was getting...tiring. Sighing, she was about to start

the second verse when there was a hissing sound, like the vacuum seal on a jar of peanuts, and the door slid open.

But what filled the doorway was a surprise to her. The woman had to be damn near six feet tall and she was wearing flats! If her pale blue skin and her silver eyes didn't give her position away, the black tribal markings, almost like tattoos on her wings, did.

"You've got to be the mother," she muttered, coming to her feet in as graceful a move she could manage being at a disadvantage and all. For goodness sake, how were you supposed to address a queen, especially when all you had to wear was a robe four sizes too big?

The woman stared at her strangely for a moment, then turned and garbled something to someone behind her.

Must be more of the guards, she thought as she waited for the women and men to enter the room. When she was being escorted to her lovely and yet, oh-so-sterile quarters, she realized that the guards worked in tandem. There was a man, the muscle, she assumed, and then the woman giving orders and barking at people.

For a moment she had to smile! What a utopia! The women spoke and the men were blessedly silent. But then she recalled having Kell's mind inside of hers for the first time, and decided that maybe the Earthlings were one up on the people of Lorndale!

Can you imagine having someone in your head at all times, feeling what he felt when he chose not to speak, swimming in his emotions... Then she remembered that she could. That is what she had with Kell. And now that he was not around, her mind was so silent, so quiet. She decided she missed it, the mind noise, and that she would almost do anything to get it back.

"So, where is your boy toy?" Miz asked, as the pale blue woman remained silent and watchful.

Kell's father must be a really deep shade of dark blue, she decide as she stared at this woman who almost appeared silver to her eyes, because Kell's shade of blue was damn near perfect.

"So, are we going to have a staring contest?" Miz asked, growing annoyed at the continued silence and the force of her emotions. "Is this like some feminine version of a pissing contest?"

Silence.

"Well, you know what I think? I think you had better put me back on the planet you people snatched me from. And I want to know where Aaron is. And I want a bath! A hot one! And a good meal. And...and...I want my Kell!"

Good to know that you still desire my presence, Miz.

“Kell!” Miz nearly pushed the older woman out of the way as she tried to get through the door. Her Kell was out there waiting for her! Her Kell had come. And then she didn’t have to push anymore because he was easing the woman aside and stepping into the room.

“Kell!” she breathed again and launched herself at him, feeling the strength of his arms surrounding her.

Kell. He even smelled the same, she decided as she buried her face in his neck, her hands tangling in his hair as she tightened her hold around his neck.

Miz. His voice was a breath of contentment and a mental caress, delivering both comfort and assurance. Miznari. How I have missed you, my heart.

Then the woman was doing the fairy speak thing and her Kell was easing her away, but still retaining his hold on her.

Miz, there are some things that are about to happen. Please, let the doctors do the tests that they want.

“Tests? What...?”

Please, Miz. I will be with you and nothing bad will happen. But I am trying to find a way for us to be together. Do you trust me?

“Well, let’s see. I let you screw my brains out. I get into catfights with galactic alien pirates for you. I dress up like some warrior from the Zulu nation and run barefoot across the cold wilds of backwoods Pennsylvania, I get taken aboard an alien ship, get drugged, and now get stuffed into a tiny room like I’m public enemy number one, and you have the nerve to ask if I trust you?”

Kell winced a bit at the end of her tirade, but maybe she was right. All he had managed to do since meeting her was to mate with her and put her in danger. No matter that she volunteered for the job, he still accepted her help. Maybe she had good reasons not to trust him. And he never expressed how he felt properly.

But her small giggle had him lifting his gaze to her face. “Of course I trust you, you idiot! I’m the one who almost killed you and I paraded you half-naked in front of a bunch of drooling women. Besides, I don’t sleep with people I don’t trust. My trust is not always placed in the best of people, but I trust deeply before I commit myself, Kell. And believe me, I have committed myself to you.”

Her words brought a smile to his lips and a faint blush to his cheeks. And a growl from the woman watching them with not entirely peaceful eyes.

“And what’s with the Moonlit Fairy over there? She has to be your mother, Kell, because of the family resemblance, but she really needs to do something about her hair and her clothing. When you are confident in how you look, you feel better. And when you feel better, you don’t act like such a bitc...”

Mother, Kell interrupted Miz, looking a bit panicked. Have you picked up enough of the human language to translate what is being said? He looked meaningfully at Miz.

“So, her Highness can understand me now?” she asked, wondering if she went too far with her cracks. But the woman had it coming! How dare she stand there and stare and not even have the decency to try and introduce herself. And Miz thought that the theory of the ugly American was ugly! Whoever came up with the term had never met a Lorndale Queen. Or maybe it was a royalty thing.

“I understand...some,” the haughty voice answered. Silver eyes glared at Miznari. “And if...human is done with insults, we go test.” With one last glare, the queen brushed past Miz and Kell, shaking her head as if she didn’t understand the attraction.

“About these tests, Kell...?”

Standard...infection, contamination, pregnancy...

“Pregnancy?”

Well, we did mate.

“But you said that it wasn’t a mate-bond...? That the drugs simulated...”

If there is some slim chance that you are carrying my child, our future ruler, that puts you in danger from others like Stinza. And it takes away any resistance to us being together.

“So you want me for a baby,” Miz growled, staring up at the blue man.

No, Miz. But this keeps them away from us until I find a way. And I will find a way, Miz. We will be together.

* * * * *

“I’m naked!”

It’ll be all right.

“I’m naked and lying on a slab!”

It’s a medical scanner.

“I’m naked!”

I made them turn their backs!

Indeed he had! All four members of the medical bay had their backs turned away from the window that showed the medical bay, and one naked, ticked-off human. “They were staring at me, Kell!”

They had never seen such a lovely shade of skin color.

“Save the flattery, bub!” she all but growled. “I wanna know when this thing will be over! I want to get dressed! I’m cold!”

Kell sighed as he watched his human squirm on the hard scanner. He knew that being scanned was never comfortable, but her complaints were excessive,

and that was not like her. Then in a sudden flash of insight, he realized that her complaints were a way for her to cover her nervousness and fear. She had no idea what was going to happen when they discovered that she was not pregnant. Kell had managed to buy them some time, but he was at a loss as to what to do now!

He so desperately wanted to keep his Miz by his side. He realized that he had never felt so fulfilled before in his life. He knew that his life would always be empty if he couldn't keep her at his side. But what to do now? Before he could answer, there was a blast that shook the ship and bells began to shriek!

Miz! he screamed as he pulled open the door to the medical bay and raced inside.

Miznari had been knocked from the table, but she had rolled into a corner where she sat sputtering and shivering as the whole ship rocked from side to side.

"Oh God!" Miz breathed as she slid across the floor on her naked butt, to be stopped by slamming into a heroic Kell, who came to the rescue, but wound up flat on his back. "This is like a Star Trek episode gone awry!"

Miz! Kell screamed in her mind as the ship bounced, sending them both hurtling through the air with the greatest of ease, to land in a tangled clump of arms, legs, wings, and hair. Getting a good grip on her, he asked again, Miz? Are you fine?

"Star Trekking across the universe! On the Starship Enterprise, under Captain Kirk!"

Miz?

"I'm fine!" she sighed as she managed to get control of her fear. Singing old song parodies was a good way to alleviate stress, she thought as the ship jolted again. But the best way to avoid fear is to avoid those situations, which added to the fear factor. "I wanna get off, please."

This is no time to think of mating! Kell replied as he carefully rose to his feet, easing his Miz up beside him. Well, seeing her naked and vulnerable was arousing, he admitted to himself.

Miz glared at him as his emotions – eroticism, dominance, horniness – filled her mind. "Knock it off, Kell! I'm not laying you when the ship is under attack!" she hissed, a faint blush coloring her cheeks as the picture of him naked and on his back filled her mind. But she quickly banished the thoughts, even those about strawberry cheesecake. They had to find out what was going on. "What is happening?"

I will find out! his mental reply was tender as lights flashed around them and the ship finally stopped bumping around.

He pulled off the loose robe he wore over a pair of long silky pants, and tenderly wrapped his human inside its warmth, covering her and marking her as

his to other eyes. Together, they walked out of the emptied medical bay and stepped into chaos.

Chapter Twenty-three

"What do you mean, they escaped?" Kellista bellowed as she stared down at one humongous woman who had to be head of security, Miz decided.

"What's going on?" Miz asked Kell as they stared at the scene that greeted them when they walked into what appeared to be a conference room beside the cockpit of this flying monstrosity.

"Your human companion is gone," Kellista answered in halting English to Miz.

"What do you mean gone?"

"The pirate Stinza is gone. She had sort of a defense mechanism on her ship; we knew nothing about it. She managed to break free from the cell and took hostage, the other human, the male who accompanied you. She used some disrupter to thin the shield surrounding this ship in a small...spot, and then used new weapon to blow a hole in the docking bay hull. Both she and the human are gone."

"What!" Miz shrieked as she took three steps across the room and gripped the Royal Queen by her robe, giving her a hard shake. "What do you mean, gone?"

The security reacted instantly, racing to protect the queen, but she waved them aside as she stared down at the human. "Strange creature," she breathed, almost to herself, then called to Kell. "Does she not realize that I can crush her like an insect?"

She would fight you, Mother, Kell sent to both of them. She would fight you as she fought Stinza. And she could possibly win.

"And all of my training?" she asked, for Kellista was not your average sit-on-your-butt-and-dictate queen. She trained alongside her troops, in everything from warfare to strategy. She was an active monarch, ruling but not sending her people out to do what she would not consider doing herself. That was one of the reasons she was so well respected.

"Where is my friend?" Miz asked again, ignoring the voice in her head and the queen's shift in topic. "I want him back now!"

"She risks much for this male," Kellista said, turning her eyes back to Kell.

He is her second, her first companion, like a sibling, Kell explained and Kellista nodded in understanding.

"She has honor and loyalty."

Even to me, Kell said as he smiled. His mother was beginning to understand Miznari. *Even to me when all I have done is bring her complications.*

"You are not a complication, Kell," Miz replied, taking her eyes off of the queen she was shaking, and smiled at her mate. "You are an addition, a welcome addition."

Miz, he breathed his eyes going soft and liquid. *How I love you.*

"You said it!" Miz shrieked as she abruptly shoved the queen to the side, ignoring the fact that she sent Kell's mother flying into the arms of a man who had silently entered and was watching the show with curious eyes. "You really said it! And you mean it!" She took the few steps that brought her closer to her Kell and slowly raised her hands to her trembling lips.

Of course I do. His matter-of-fact words spoken in that matter-of-fact tone was all she needed to hear to get the waterworks flowing.

"Kell!" she sniffled, then gave in to the desire to throw herself in his arms and sob uncontrollably in his neck. "I love you, too!"

His arms wrapped around her, and she never recalled feeling so safe, so content...so nauseous! Jerking away from him, she raced towards a huge vase that decorated one corner of this plain room in an attempt to give it a little warmth. Miz managed to add a little something extra to the vase, though no one in the area, especially the soldier whose duty it was to keep the room clean, appreciated.

Miz! Kell mentally shouted as he raced to his mate's side, trying to support her as her shoulders heaved and her body shook.

Mother! What did you do?

"Me? Why is it that when something goes wrong, you all blame me?"

The strong arms holding her caressed her back gently, calming her. Miz sighed as she leaned into that ready strength, relaxed into the feelings now permeating through her system. "First Aaron, now this..." Miz moaned as she finally stopped trying to upchuck a lung and leaned back into Kell. "Did you give me SPAIDS?"

Spaids? Kell asked, concerned that what should have been a tender loving moment was ruined by a spastic...purging of her stomach.

"Space AIDS or some other deadly disease?" she grouched, and then groaned as her stomach threatened to rebel again.

I may have the answer to that.

"*Eek!*" The unusual deep male voice all but purred in her head, causing her to jump about a foot in Kell's arms, but effectively took her mind off of her griping stomach.

Father! Kell's sending showed his surprise and his pleasure at seeing the other man.

Miz turned to stare at the darker, older version of her Kell. But this version had his hair tied neatly back into a long thick braid, while Kell's hair flowed freely around his body. This version also seemed somehow calmer, more settled than the blue fairy, blue prince, that she owned. So this was the original.

Father? Kell asked.

Miz puzzled why suddenly she could understand what the man was saying in her mind.

Holding up a sheaf of what appeared to be clear plastic paper, the man's grin spread across his face, showing a set of fangs that were identical to Kell's. Creepy!

It appears that you were correct, Kell, the man added. *You indeed experienced a mate-bond with this human, though only The Creator knows how.*

"But..." Miz sputtered, then dove for the vase again.

Kellista winced and the two security officers cringed.

She has conceived? Kell asked, his eyes widening in shock and fear.

These were the very same emotions Miz was trying to deal with, if you added a great helping of disbelief as well. But coping with both sets of emotions had an expected result. She again dove for the vase.

"She is carrying our next-child?" Kellista finally grasped as she stared at the human doubled over the very expensive unity vase, presented to her as a gift from a council member. She still didn't know how to take the human. She seemed rather brash and independent, nothing like herself or the women she knew who cultivated calmness and serenity.

"It looks like she can stay," she finally said, still shocked at this turn of events. She was sure that Kell had been hiding something and that the scan would prove that there were too many differences for the two young ones to stay together. She hated being proven wrong. Turning to her mate, she sighed and tugged him toward the door.

"Come, Landu. We had better see about repairs and tracking the pirate. I have a feeling that the human female will not give us peace until we find her brother-in-arms."

Nodding, her mate hid a grin as he escorted his queen out of the room, the guards following.

"I can't believe she conceived!" Kellista added, her voice trailing off as the door closed behind them. "I suppose I am going to have to learn to get along with her. Or kill her. Would it be unethical to try and reprogram her mind to our more advanced thinking and..."

Still in the room, still bent over the vase, Miz turned and smiled up at Kell. "I think I'm happy," she said before she dropped her head in the vase again. "Oh God, kill me now!"

It's your emotions, Kell added as he rubbed her back and waited for the spasms to pass. Soon your stomach will settle and then we can go back to my quarters. I know you will like it here, Miz. But wherever you want to go, I'll follow. My home is with you.

Miz was silent, except for the heaving. But damned if she wasn't happy. It was enough to make her cry. Which she did. In between gagging.

Chapter Twenty-four

"God, *yes!*" Miz screamed as she felt his thickness, his hardness pressing against her. Kell had carried her directly from the conference room to his quarters where he divested her of what clothing she had been wearing. His next stop was the largest shower she had ever seen! And she wasn't kidding. She could have laid a recliner in there and stayed under the hot water for hours. But the man had different ideas.

She shuddered as she remembered his hot soapy fingers caressing her breasts. The soap was an excellent lubrication and made his hands glide over her wet body like silk. She sucked in a deep breath at the memory of those slick fingers dipping low and parting the lower lips of her sex, of those teasing fingers pulling at her clit while his teeth nipped at her neck from behind.

And his wings, the feel of those silken wings wrapping around her made her shiver at the memory. They held in the heat, enveloping her as he ran his swollen cock through the crease of her ass, tingling the nerves hidden there. She begged, she cried, she screamed for more of his pleasure, but Kell was relentless in his teasing. He brought her body to a higher level of erotic need, and left her dangling, hungry, wet, and pleading for more.

Once out of the shower, he carried her trembling body to his bed. There he began to play a symphony with her body, tuning her to his idea of perfection, strumming her to bliss.

You are perfection.

"Oh God, Kell! Please, lover!"

This would please you?

"Kell! Please, make me beautiful! Make me yours!"

You are mine! he moaned. *You are beauty, you are exquisite, you are love.*

"Fill me!" she begged. Then she felt him, the large plum-shaped head of his cock parting her, felt the slight sting as his thick width struggled to spread her tight opening. She sighed as he began the slow glide that would turn into sharp thrusts and lead her to blind ecstasy.

He shined like a piece of the moon above her, a glowing blue piece of the moon. But instead of the cold hardness one could expect, he was all firm, hot flesh. His wings wrapped around her, cradling her as did his strong arms, holding her in place for his possession. His eyes, those silver orbs, blazed down at her, and narrowed as he began to experience the orgasmic delight of

penetrating her body. His lips were parted, his small fangs glinting dangerously, but she knew that they held no danger for her.

Her legs were spread wide enough to allow his slim hips room to move, but were wrapped tightly enough around his waist. He could feel her urgency in the tightening muscles that demanded he move faster. She wanted him. She needed him. She loved him, and he could read it all as her thoughts flowed through her mind.

"Kell," she whimpered as he finally thrust into her, his cock-sac resting on the warm skin of her ass, the soft hair of his groin meshing with hers. She was complete. "Dance within me," she whispered, her eyes closing as her body demanded movement of any kind. She needed to feel him move his cock, to repeatedly thrust that thick hardness into her body, picking up friction until they both exploded into untold delights. And she needed it now!

Sensing her near-painful hunger, Kell set up a slow and steady rhythm, pulling from her mind where his thrusts would have the most impact. He used their bond to allow her to feel how passionate he felt, how her tight honeyed walls embraced his every movement. He was fighting the urge to plow into her, to drive himself as deeply as he could, and then to let go!

"Kell!" she gasped. He increased his speed, her mind drowning in sensations as she felt both his delight of filling her and her own passion at being pushed to the limit.

Say my name again! he demanded as he increased his pace, his wings tightening around her as his hips began to pound. *Say my name and show me how you love me!*

"Oh Kell, Kell, Kell...Kell!" Something inside her began to glow, to burn hotly with their combined movements as she thrust her hips upward, desperate to keep him locked within her. This glowing thing grew hotter and hotter until it began to consume her body in its fires, her screams echoing around the room, as her climax began to take flight.

And through it all, his eyes glowed down at her, with the knowledge of what she was feeling, of what he was doing to her, and what she was wringing from him.

My beautiful, precious, Miz, his mind purred as he felt his control snap.

"Kell!" Miz shrieked as she felt the orgasm tear through her body, tingling her muscles, snapping her head back, breaking her eye contact as she felt wave after wave of intense heat rush through her body. She struggled to breathe, to blink, to do anything as the muscle spasms consumed her.

Kell gave a silent mental roar as he felt her contract around his cock. It was too much, it would never be enough, and it was the beginning of his climax. His back arched deeply, his muscles tightening as his balls began to churn. He felt his

lower back spasm as his seed was forced through the long shaft of his cock, then gasped once more as it began to explode from him in deep spurts.

Again and again he flooded her, his seed pumping deeply inside her, his mind going white as the world around him began to spin. Feeling drained, he collapsed onto his mate. He felt her trembling body beneath him, the remains of her pleasure flowing through his mind. It combined with his erotic experience, creating one long pleasure-soaked void where they both drifted, safe and complete within each other's arms.

With one last effort on his part, Kell rolled over onto his back, bringing his Miznari with him, never letting her go, holding her safe, cherished, protected, within his arms.

Miz lay comfortable and content in Kell's arms. She was freshly scrubbed, with a freshened mouth, and sexually sated. And more importantly, the vomiting had stopped. Snuggling closer to Kell, she sighed as he tenderly wrapped his wings around her, holding her in the comfort of his embrace as she ran lazy fingers through the hair on his chest.

"And now we have to find Aaron," she sighed, tightening her hold on her man.

If he wants to be found.

"Of course he wants to be found." She dismissed his arguments with a snort as she wondered how dense some men could be. "And why is it that I can hear your father in my head?"

We are truly bonded, Miznari. You are now a part of my family. As our two souls merged, you became a part of me. Therefore, you are a part of my family. You will be able to hear and understand the males in my family, though, it will take the women some time to learn your language and you ours. *He paused as a dark thought crossed his mind.* Are you going to regret leaving them behind, your people on Earth?

"Kell, I had nothing holding me to Earth. I was beginning to question the meaning of my own existence," she sighed as she absently let her tongue lash out and caress a muscular peak, loving his salty musky taste. "I want to be with you. I think I love you, Kell. I'm not sure when it happened or how, but I don't think I would be happy without you in my life. And now I find out we are going to have a baby... I am happy, Kell. I truly am. My happiness would be complete if Aaron were here, but we will find him and then my world will be whole."

Miznari, Kell mentally breathed her name, whispering it across her mind like a soft perfumed breeze. *You are everything to me.*

"I know," Miz countered. "And I won't ever let you forget it."

And he knew she wouldn't. It wasn't the ending to his attack and capture that he had expected. But it was an ending, a good ending. And that was enough for him. He closed his eyes and tried to get some sleep. He knew that Miz would

be wanting strawberry cheesecake soon and he wanted to be well rested for the delivery.

Meanwhile...

"Oh my God! How did you do that with your leg?" Aaron gasped, as he seemed to be trapped within a velvet vise as Stinza worked her body like a pro. One leg rested across his shoulders while the other coiled around his waist, holding him steady as she pounded her pussy over and over again on his swollen cock. Stinza grinned as she slammed on him to the hilt, then began to gyrate her body like a snake.

With his hands wrapped around her waist, Aaron fought for control. This was one wild fucking, the best thing that had ever happened to him, and he was determined to ride it out to the last!

When Stinza had pulled him from the small room he had been given, he thought he would be in for more of the pirate's games and tricks. Instead she had ended his every protest with a tongue-tangling kiss and led him from the room by his hard cock, literally.

He never even gave the huge ship another notice as he felt a prick in his neck. The next thing he knew, he was lying in this huge mountain of pillows, bathed and groomed to within an inch of his life, and his Amazon Beauty was lying beside him. Before he could even formulate a question, she was on his body, chewing at his nipples, swallowing his cock to the root, and then climbing on top of him for a joy ride.

Now he supported her weight and stared into her eyes, as they grew dazed and dilated. Her breathing was labored and sweat poured from both of their bodies, hers from her exertions and his from trying to hold back. Feeling himself reaching his breaking point, Aaron gripped her hips tightly and spun them around, until he was the one on top, pinning her bent body to the pillows, his cock driving deeper than before as he took over this fuck.

"Stinza!" he growled, causing her eyes to snap to his, to focus in on who was above her, controlling her passion.

"*Airrrrrronnnn*," she purred, his name sounding wild and exotic on her tongue. Her nails dug into his back as she pulled him down over her, her mouth taking his as her hips determinedly kept up with his rhythm.

Faster and faster they moved, grunting, screaming and panting like animals. Faster and faster they reached for the golden glow of climax, of fulfillment. Together they breached the barrier of flesh and mind and tumbled into a mind-blowing release.

Aaron jerked up, raising above her as his hips automatically slammed into her again and again. Uncontrollably, his mind went blank as his seed tore from his body.

As for Stinza, her eyes rolled to the back of her head as her inner walls grabbed at his exploding cock, milking him more, taking all that he had to give and delivering intense pleasure to her body. This was so much better than fucking for a purpose! This was fucking for pure pleasure. Having this man, this sometimes quiet, sometimes dominant man, riding high between her thighs was a real treat and pure pleasure.

"Stinza," he gasped again as he carefully pulled her leg from his shoulder and collapsed on the pillows next to her.

"So the glowbug got away," Stinza snickered as she rose up on one elbow and lay down on the sated man who had seemed to have passed out from the pleasure of his climax. "But I've got something to corrupt until I come up with another plan." After a few moments, she rolled off of the prone body with a few final caresses and rested just to the side of the human male with the large cock and the incredible stamina.

Then she smiled. They had not seen the last of Stinza, and that she vowed.

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