



Hard to Handle

by

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Warning:

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. The love scenes are explicit, leave nothing to the imagination and are high in volume per the overall word count.

Additionally, Soul Deep contains language that some readers find objectionable such as "fucking," "cock," "pussy" and so forth. There are no scenes of bondage, submission, same sex encounters, or forced seductions.

Chapter 1

Zarin, The Great Hall of the Bacla Clan

“A hundred and twenty-two years ago, an illness spread across Zarin. It brought decades of hardship to the land. With the disease panic spread, accusations, and ultimately the beginning of the hundred-year war.

“The war did not end with a victory. Its conclusion was not brought by the mighty hand of one clan mastering another, but by the near destruction of all clans. Children died, women turned barren, and the warriors soon realized that there was nobody left to replenish the ranks as their comrades fell in battle.

“It was then an uneasy truce came and answers were sought, but they were not found. Hope faded and helplessness set in. It appeared Zarin would fall to a disease we did not understand. That is when they came.

“From the sky they appeared with warships and weapons. They wanted our land. All who opposed them would die. The warriors took up arms against the invaders, but their technology was far too great for mere metal to overcome.

“It would have ended then if it had not been for the rebels. They came to our aid, bringing weapons and knowledge with them. The rebels labeled the invaders, Earthlings.

“Their world destroyed, these humans sought other planets to sustain their existence. Others already controlled the planets. So, they planted diseases, weakening the population and making their invasion easier. They would eliminate and enslave the survivors, taking over control of the land and setting up colonies.

“By the time the war came to Zarin, over half of the mapped worlds were under human authority. Entire races and species had been destroyed. The humans had the advantage with their technology.

“But they lacked loyalty. Their propensity for betrayal and treachery was their downfall. They splintered, fighting for control over slaves and planets. Others rebelled at what their kind was doing,

banding with those who survived the human invasion and fighting back.

“The fight was long and hard, but, in the end, we were victorious. It was a hallow victory. With other worlds falling into the hands of the humans, there could be no true peace until all were safe. We had no choice but to take up the battle of the galaxy and continue to fight.

“The human colonists were winning the war of the worlds. Then a group of Feku warriors crafted a disease, one that killed only the human males, leaving the women weak and vulnerable.

“It pricked the Zarinian warriors’ honor, but our involvement was just. The humans had slaughtered our women with their disease and now the human men would die by their own mechanisms.

“The rebels planted the disease in the most populated human colonies. The humans’ constant trade and movement spread the disease far and fast. It was only a few decades before the effect was irreversible.

“We thought that with the human men gone, we could pick from the women to replenish our lands, but human women can be just as vicious as their men. They are just as well armed, just as well educated, and some just as dangerous as their men.

“Now a new war is being waged. This one is not about killing our enemy, but capturing them. We must have women if we are to continue rebuilding our clans. That is your mission now.

“Remember this always, Sons of Zarin, as you go forth to hunt a mate. You carry on your shoulders the preservation of our people.”

The large group of Zarin men nodded their understanding as the learned finished his tale. They rose, placing one hand upon their chosen brother’s shoulder and the other over their chest.

Callen and Dixon repeated the vows the learned spoke with solemn intensity. There was a moment of silence when they finished.

“May your hunt be successful!”

* * * *

Haran, Third Moon of Uralisi

Bridget crouched in the small cavern she had sought shelter in.

Outside the world was washed in shadows as the moon rotated away from the sun. Soon, it would be pitch black.

If she had a set of night goggles, that wouldn't be a problem. She'd be able to see everything, not in perfect detail, but enough to keep her secure and safe. Unfortunately, Giselle had run off with the last pair in search of Gigi. Gigi had mysteriously disappeared not fifty feet from the rest of them their first night on the moon.

Giselle had never returned. The other women on the hunt had argued whether they should abandon their mission and get the hell off the moon or try to locate their two lost companions.

Bridget hadn't wanted to leave. She'd spent her last credit on this hunt and wasn't going to leave without her prize. No, she was not going back to the colony alone, destined to borrow Jena's slave, Brutus, for the next five years. She was determined to capture herself a man.

That's why when the warriors had crashed into their camp their second night on the moon, Bridget hadn't scattered like the other women. She had hidden in a tree as the barbarians gave chase.

She'd stayed up there nearly a whole day until she was certain that they had overlooked her. When she shimmied down, she'd taken up the hunt. She soon realized that not only was she the hunter, but she was also the prey.

For the past three days, she had hidden, run, climbed, and eluded the two warriors tracking her. They were big, a lot bigger than Brutus. These warriors stood almost seven feet tall and they had to have been twice as thick as Jena's slave. Everywhere muscles rippled under their tight shirts and camouflaged pants.

They were Zarin warriors. The worst of the breed as far as the alliance was concerned. They were completely wild, incapable of taming. When taken as pets, they had to be kept constantly sedated or drugged with the RBSs. The necessary use of so many medicines shortened their life, making them less desirable as slaves.

It was just her luck. She could cut her losses and try to make it back to the ship to get off this primitive moon. On the other hand, she could try to catch two Zarinian warriors with less than adequate supplies.

It was a hell of a choice, but she was too damn horny not to try and catch at least one of the men. One look at the barbarians and her nipples had hardened and her pussy began to weep. Not such a bad thing, except for the fact that it was freezing cold at night on this moon. Having wet, cold panties sucked.

A whisper of a sound outside the cave drew her attention. The leaves of the overgrown forest plants were rustling, but there was no breeze. Nor was there any sound from the forest creatures that normally filled the night with their strange songs.

Slowly, silently she eased herself further back into the cavern. As she stepped backward, eyes trained on the entrance to the cave she prepared her dart gun. It was a narrow opening. Only one warrior at a time could fit through it. That gave her a slight advantage.

Training her weapon at the opening still visible in the last bit of light, she took another step back and felt the ground give way. Gasping she reached out, trying to grasp onto something, but there was nothing.

Chapter 2

Zarin, The Great Hall of the Bacla Clan

Bridget was falling. It was a slow, drawn-out motion through a cold, blackness that felt surreal. Then suddenly, her ears popped and everything came rushing at her way to fast. She slammed into the ground hard, banging her head into the stone surface.

For a moment, she lay still, eyes closed, head resting on the cool surface, silently cursing her continuing bad luck. Now she was stuck down a hole in some cavern on a moon in some distant sector of the galaxy, alone, and what was she suppose to do about that?

“We still haven’t gotten the mattress placed right.”

“Hopefully this one didn’t break anything.”

The deep male voices had Bridget’s eyes opening, blinking against the sudden brightness of daylight.

What the hell?

Bridget rolled over and quickly scanned the area. A sea of large Zarinian warriors stared back at her. The blood drained from her head. Unfortunately, it pooled in her lower regions as her pussy came alive with excitement over all the amazing male flesh revealed by their native dress. Tight pants, no shirts and torsos rippling with muscles, it was a sight no red-blooded woman could resist.

If only they had a market like this at home, I could go down the line picking out the best meat.

“She doesn’t look to have hurt herself.” The one in front spoke to his companion, drawing Bridget’s eyes to him.

“We should probably move her, before Callen and Dixon come through, wouldn’t want her to end up squashed as Zyden did that blonde one.”

“Blonde one?” Bridget repeated scrambling to her feet.

“You speak Zarinian.” The first warrior frowned.

“Good thing, considering it looks as if I’m in Zarin. You want to

tell me how I got here?”

“That is not for you to know, woman.”

“And what is for me to know?”

“I am Xavier and you will show me respect.”

“Respect. Got it.”

Bridget rolled her eyes. Never expect a warrior to be helpful. Ignoring the scowling man, she scanned the hall, taking in her surroundings.

She was in an old-style castle hall. Not that she had ever been in a castle, but she had seen pictures of the large, stone and mortar structures. Bridget’s eyes zeroed in on the modern amenities that had obviously been added to the ancient building.

Large conduits ran along the walls and across the ceiling, concealing electrical wires. There were power outlets, entertainment units, security cameras, all the amenities, even lights. Humans may have failed to take control of this planet, but their influence was still obvious.

Bridget tipped her head back, her eyes narrowing on the growing hole in the ceiling.

“You wouldn’t make it.” Xaiver snickered.

“Pardon me?” Bridget turned her attention back to the condescending warrior.

“You wouldn’t make it back through the portal.”

“Oh, well thank you. I hadn’t realized yet that my primitive brain couldn’t engineer a way to get all the way up there.”

“Then it is good that I am here to instruct you.” The man responded, ignoring the sarcasm in her tone.

“But you won’t always be here and then what will I do.” Bridget paused, completely unaware of the warriors falling from the portal behind her. “I know, you should write down your instructions. You do know how to write, don’t you?”

“And can you read Zarinian, woman?” The warrior eyes had narrowed on her, displeased with her flippant tone and remarks.

“Of course, how else would I communicate with the slaves?”

Bridget knew that she should shut up. Her predicament was bad enough, but that only encouraged her. Since she was a little girl, she

had always had this problem. Whenever she was in trouble or got worried, she became obnoxious.

“Slaves,” Xaiver repeated the word with distaste.

“Yeah, I deal a lot with your kind. I help explain the sterilization process.” Bridget lied just to annoy the warrior.

“Sterilization?” Xavier’s face went white.

“Yeah, you guys have some horrible genetics.” Bridget wrinkled her nose. “Not good for breeding.”

“Woman-“

“The name is Brid-get.” Bridget cut him off. “Think you can form those syllables?”

“She needs a spanking, Callen!”

“Spanking?”

The rest of her response was cut off when a hard hand gripped her left arm. Instinct took over and before she could think the better of it, her right hand gripped her taser and she spun on the warrior.

The small, metal box made contact with the warrior’s flesh. The zapping sound crackled to life and the warrior cursed letting her go as he stumbled back. Another hard hand grasped her wrist, turning it until pain shot through her arm and her fingers uncurled around the taser.

The weapon clattered to the ground as Bridget found herself looking up in the piercing blue-gray eyes of the warrior who had been stalking her back on Urilisi’s moon. The long scar crossing his cheek had always been paler than his complexion on the moon. It was dark red now, confirming the anger that mixed with arousal in his heated eyes.

This warrior was a man of no words but a lot of action. Lowering his shoulder into her stomach, he lifted her off her feet. Bridget was presented with a tempting view of a hard, nicely muscled backside as he began carrying her from the hall and away from the other warriors.

But not all of them. A second set of footsteps echoed behind them, warning Bridget that they were not alone.

Chapter 3

Dixon was on fire. His heart pumped overheated blood through his body, most of it going to the hardened flesh growing between his legs. They had her, their woman, the mother of their children and she was feisty.

Her show of spirit pleased Dixon. It would make her surrender that much sweeter. Mated warriors spoke of the satisfaction of having a strong woman submit to their desires, of reducing her from a spiting viper to begging for their touch.

If the woman in Callen's arms had not led them on such an exhilarating hunt for the past few days, they would have dismissed her, left her for a warrior from another region to claim, but the dark haired beauty had proved worthy.

Their decision had been made the night the warriors had invaded her camp. Instead of running like the rest of the women, she had hidden in a tree, taking the risk that she would be easily captured. The days that followed, she had not returned to the safety of her craft, but circled them unwilling to give up her hunt.

It was that arrogance, in the face of undefeatable odds, that had sealed her fate. Their prey had been cunning in her attempts at watching them, but they reversed her plan. They studied her methods just as she studied them.

Knowing her habit for seeking shelter in caves had guided their placement of the portal. Then it had been easy enough to back her right into it. The long chase had aroused Dixon as no other kind of foreplay ever had. All he wanted to do was strip his woman bare and sink himself deep into her.

Callen dumped the woman unceremoniously on the large bed that filled the claiming chamber as Dixon shut the door. Instantly, the little spitfire jumped back off the mattress and shoved her finger right into his chest.

"Just who the hell do you think you are?" Bridget demanded.

“I’m Callen.” The one with the scar answered her. “And he is Dixon. We are your masters.”

“Masters?” Bridget snorted. “I don’t think you’re ready to master me, boy. So why don’t you do yourself a favor and go find somebody your own size to play with.”

“Woman! You are in enough trouble, best you watch your mouth!” Dixon snapped, still rubbing his chest where her taser had zapped him.

“The name is B-R-I-D-G-E-T.” Bridger drew her name out for them. “Not woman, warrior and best *you* learn *that* befo...hey!”

Bridget screamed as she found herself spinning through the air. She landed hard, over Callen’s thighs. The sudden change in positions held her in shock for a moment. Her stupor wore off a second later when fire lit through her ass as the arrogant beast spanked her.

Bridget screamed and began fighting. She clawed at his legs, kicking hers in an attempt to free herself. It was to no avail. The harder she fought the harder he slapped her bottom.

Bridget stilled, bidding her time. The blows did not actually hurt, but it was humiliating. The heat spreading out of her ass was having an unexpected effect on another part of her body. The strange fire invaded her pussy, making it weep and clench with need. Unconsciously, Bridget began to arch into the blows, twitching with her growing desire.

Dixon saw the tale tell movements and silently cursed. He should have stripped her before he punished her. Then he could have spread her long legs, slid his fingers deep into her pussy and felt how wet she was instead of just smelling the sweet aroma of her desire. Oh, yes, their little woman was definitely turned on and, now, subdued.

It was time to start explaining the rules to her, and to get her undressed. Dixon lifted her onto her feet as he stood. The little woman kept her head bowed, eyes lowered. He nodded his approval, pleased that she was finally behaving, as a proper woman should. Though, there was a part of him that was disappointed with how easily she had submitted.

“Now,” Dixon hooked his thumb under the collar of her shirt. “You shall not wear clothes such as these. It is not appropriate dress

for women.”

Dixon began ripping the clothes from her body as he continued his instructions.

“We will provide you with garments when it is necessary, and those will be the only clothing you will wear. We shall also provide you with food and shelter. You will show your gratitude for such gifts by being obedient and respectful at all times. Do you misbehave, we shall be forced to discipline you. Understand?”

Dixon stepped back to admire the full beauty of the bounty they had captured. She was so dainty, fragile looking. Her slender size made her breast appear even larger as they cast a nice shadow down her rib cage.

The tips of her gorgeous globes were pink and hard, pointing right at him. Dixon licked his lips in anticipation of tasting those luscious fruits. Just the idea of sampling the woman’s flavors drew Dixon’s eyes down past the indentation of her waist and the full flare of her hips to the naked skin of her cunt.

He had never eaten a bare pussy before. Many mated pairs kept their women’s mound smooth, claiming that it made for greater pleasure for their women and better eating for the men.

Dixon couldn’t wait to learn the truth of that statement. It certainly made for a better show. He could clearly see the girl’s slit, her pussy lips pink and swollen as cream glistened on them. A tempting sight to be sure.

Bridget shifted slightly. The warrior was taking too long. She wanted to fuck, now. He was just standing there with that stupid look upon his handsome face as he stared at her.

Her eyes drifted toward the other warrior. At least he had stripped out of his clothes and was relaxing back on the bed, his hand wrapped around his enormous erection.

He was halfway there, but he seemed to have forgotten her in the equation. The idiot was taking care of himself and that was supposed to be her job.

Figured, Bridget snorted to herself. The man probably didn’t have a lot of experience with women, probably wasn’t sure what to do with them. That was all right, Bridget told herself. She’d teach the

barbarian.

Without explaining herself or waiting for the two dummies to figure it out, Bridget pounced. In one leap, she landed on the bed beside the mighty warrior. Throwing a leg over his hips, she straddled him and slid his full length deep into her heat. Now that felt good, better than good.

His cock was nice and thick, stretching her wider than any other ever had. Bridget sighed, enjoying the sensation of being filled by the warrior, but it was not enough.

Opening her eyes, she caught the warrior's startled expression and took pity on the man.

"Don't worry." She patted him on the chest. "I'll teach you how it's done."

Chapter 4

Callen stared in amazement as his woman began to fuck herself on his cock. Her arrogance and audacity were unbelievable. A woman simply did not assault a warrior and attempt to take her satisfaction without permission.

And she said she would teach him, Callen growled. He would teach her, but first he had to stop her. That was easier said than done. As much as he knew he should reach out and lift her off him, Callen didn't have the strength to try.

She felt so good, her pussy so tight and wet as it clamped down on his cock. She was squeezing him, her inner muscles milking him. She was not near climax and he knew she controlled the small ripples.

It was amazing. She was amazing.

Callen's eyes began to pain him as they dried out, but he refused to blink. He did not want to miss a minute of watching her ride him. She had stretched forward slightly, bracing her arms on his stomach. The position pushed her breast together, bouncing as one in a beautiful, fluid motion as she humped him.

He could see every detail as her pussy lips stretched wide over his cock. It was the most erotic sight he had ever witnessed.

Dixon came to Callen's rescue, slapping the misbehaving girl's ass. Instead of shrieking in offence, she giggled and picked up speed. Leaning forward, she brushed her nipples against Callen's lips.

"Go on, baby. Lick them, that's what they're there for." She purred seductively.

Callen's mouth opened of its own will and he was about to take a taste of her beautiful breast when suddenly she was lifted away. Callen's cock popped out of her with a sucking noise, leaving his hard flesh dripping with her cream. She squealed as Dixon dropped her on the bed beside Callen.

Bridget crossed her arms and pouted as she glared back at the large, naked warrior trying to stare her down. He looked good, all taut

skin stretched over rippling muscles. She wanted a piece of that gorgeous body.

“Whad’ya do that for?”

“Woman, you are not to assault a warrior.”

“Assault,” Bridget rolled her eyes. “I wasn’t assaulting anybody I was just helping the guy out. He didn’t seem to know what to do.”

That jarred Callen out of his stupor and he turned on their woman with a growl.

“I know how to please a woman!”

“Really? Because it didn’t look like it to me.” Bridget shot back. “Here’s a tip, warrior, you don’t play with your erection, you fuck a woman with it.”

“I think she needs another spanking, Dixon.” Callen growled.

“Oh, please, like that’s a real threat. That’s the only thing you two dummies have done right so far.”

“Woman-“

“My name is Bridget!” Bridget came up to her knees, latching onto the wide shoulders of the large warrior looming over her. “Bridget, can you say it?”

Bridget shrieked as she found herself turned and forcibly shoved into the mattress. A hard grip in her hair kept her head down as the other hand yanked her hips up and back. A thick thigh shoved between her own, the hair rasping against her smooth flesh and sending thrills up her spine.

Oh, yeah. About damn time.

A thick cock slammed into her so hard her hips lifted under the impact. This was no sensual seduction or smooth ride like she normally gave the pets at home. This was a rough, fast rutting that thrilled her to the core. Bridget grunted, never having had a man take such complete control of the fucking. It was exciting, making her hotter and wetter than she had ever been.

She matched his enthusiasm as she thrust back, working her hips and clenching her inner muscles tightly over his cock. He felt so good and she bit into her lip as her body took over, bucking wildly as the first waves of rapture began wash through her.

Dixon growled as he fought for control and rammed his pulsing

cock deep into her wet pussy. Nothing had ever felt as good as pounding into his woman's tight pussy. He could feel the small contractions of her inner sheath and now she was approaching climax.

Damn her!

He couldn't let her come, not yet. He had hoped he could have found his release before she reached hers. With a snarl of frustration, he ripped himself away from her. Falling onto the bed, he grasped his erection, pumping it the few times needed to release the heavy load that had built up in his balls.

For a moment, Bridget lay still, stunned that the bastard had actually left her. She turned on him, intending to take what she wanted. Her eyes widened in horror as she watched his hands finish off his mighty erection.

"Ahh!" Bridget shrieked. "You bastard! What the hell did you do that for? I was enjoying that thing!"

"You will get no satisfaction until you submit!" That pearl of wisdom came from the other warrior.

"How stupid are you? I was submitting!" Bridget roared. "You want to fuck me, I want you to fuck me, so do it!"

"That is not submission!"

"Then what the hell is?"

The warrior didn't answer, just grabbed her ankles and roughly yanked her down toward the side of the bed. For the first time, Bridget felt a wave of apprehension as he shoved her legs wide. If he wasn't going to fuck her, then what was he going to do?

She had her answer when he buried his head between her legs. Just like his brethren, this warrior did not bother with niceties or the normal preliminary licking and tickling. Instead, his lips latched right onto her clit and sucked forcefully on the tender nub.

Two thick fingers pushed deep into her cunt and immediately began fucking into her with a hard, fast pace. It wasn't enough. She wanted his cock to stretch her wide, to fill the empty ache inside her pussy. She bucked up trying to force his fingers deeper, grinding her clit against the velvety tongue that was tormenting her.

As if to torment her further, his fingers slid from her dripping sheath. Bridget growled at the loss, intent on forcing the warrior to

give her what she needed. Before she could do anything, those slick, slippery fingers pushed against her anus.

She tensed. Never had she let any of the pets back home take her there. The notion had always scared her. Now she had no control over the situation, and the warrior determinedly invaded into her ass.

She fought the intrusion by trying to wiggle away. He held her still, punishing her for her resistance by nipping at her clit with his teeth. The small, unexpected pain caused an avalanche of pleasure to crash through her and her hips arched toward his mouth, allowing him the room to fully penetrate her ass.

Bridget soon forgot to care. The pained pleasure vibrating from her bottom was so intense, so fierce that she couldn't believe her body was capable of such sensations. She screamed as a wave of wild heat seared her straight from her ass to her cunt and up to the tips of her breasts.

Warm lips covered one turgid peak while callused fingers closed over her other breast. It was decadent, beyond her imagination. Only the very rich could afford to have two pets and enjoy the sensual experience of being touched by four hands, to have two hot, needy mouths licking over heated flesh.

Bridget groaned and wretched beneath the warriors' attention. Her excitement built rapidly as the tongue on her breast began to rub in rhythm with the one flicking her clit. Her finger sank into the hair on the head between her legs, holding him tightly to her as she began to incoherently demand more.

She was almost there. The coil of tension that had wrapped its way through her body had her muscles so tight that she knew when it finally snapped she would be torn in two with pleasure.

"Yes!" Bridget screamed. "That's it!"

Suddenly both warriors stopped, again leaving her on the brink of an explosive climax.

"No!" Bridget's eyes popped open. "You cock sucking sons of bitches--"

Her snarled curses ended abruptly in a scream as electricity shot through her pussy. The arrogant warrior had slapped her, slapped her pussy openhanded. Boy did it feel good. Bridget arched her hips.

“Again!” Bridget demanded. When he failed to obey, she tried a different tactic. “Listen you sons of whores, you had-“

That worked. Another blow detonated a small bomb through her system, a mini-release, teasing her with hints of the real thing yet to come. She just needed a little more.

“Fuck you, you stump dicked ass fucker!”

Bridget screamed. This time it wasn't in pleasure but in startled alarm as she felt herself lifted off the bed and thrown over a massive shoulder. A moment later, her cursing turned into true bellows of outrage as she was thrust suddenly under a shower of cold water.

Before she could get her bearings she was being turned, a bar of foul tasting soap shoved into her mouth. Bridget gagged, spitting out the bar didn't help alleviate the nauseous flavor.

“You will watch your mouth, woman!” Callen stated. “It is unseemly for a woman to speak in such a manner.”

He watched the dripping wet vixen flip her hair out of her eyes. She turned on him, her beautiful brown eyes narrowed in anger. With a snarl, she launched herself at him, climbing him as if he were a tree and growling demands all the way.

“You will fuck me warrior!”

Callen felt her wet pussy brush against his cock and couldn't help but taking another taste. Holding her hips, he angled her just so and slammed his full length into the girl. She growled her pleasure, her nails biting into the skin of his shoulders.

“Is this what you want, woman?” Callen demanded, holding her still as she tried to pump herself against him.

“Damn you, let me move!”

“You want me to fuck you?”

“Yes! God, it's about time you got a clue.”

Callen grabbed a handful of the wet tresses hanging down her back and yanked her head back. He lowered his head until they were nose to nose, allowing her to see the grim determination in his eyes.

“Then beg.”

“Never!”

Chapter 5

Callen stared into his jug of *delo*. Dixon and him had left their woman tied to the bed, spitting and hissing, as she demanded her due. They'd had to leave her before their cocks overthrew their control.

Oh, but he ached to give the woman what she wanted, the fucking of a lifetime. His pride refused to allow him to give in to her. They could have taken themselves off to relieve the ache of their harden flesh with one of the subservient pets kept for the warriors' entertainment, but that held no appeal.

"Who would have thought we would find ourselves in this predicament?" Dixon muttered.

Nobody, that's who. All the classes and training they had taken to earn the right to hunt a mate had focused on how to soothe the woman, relax her and help her to accept her new position within the Zarin culture. Most new captive women were hysterical, combative, unwilling to submit to the sexual desires of their mates.

Not this one. She may be unwilling to submit to their domination, but she wanted their sexual advances. Hell, Callen sighed. Pussy slapping wasn't supposed to be used until warriors were sure that they had their mate's trust.

Bridget had taken to it instantly. The image of her beautiful pink lips arching up for the blows was seared in his mind. The incredible taste of her burned onto his tongue. He could dine on her pussy for hours.

One day, after she was tamed, he would do just that. Tie her to the bed and drive her from one orgasm to the next, until she was begging, pleading for a moment of peace. That idea made him smile, he couldn't wait to hear her beg.

"What are you two doing down here?" Xavier pulled a chair out from the other side of the table and plopped down.

"Aren't you supposed to be locked in the claiming chamber sexing your woman?" His partner, Derk, yanked out a seat for

himself.

Neither Dixon nor Callen responded.

“Ah, she’s giving them problems.” Xaiver nudged Derk.

“Regretting your choice already?”

“No.” Callen glared at Derk. “Nothing is wrong with our choice.”

“Except that she’s obnoxious and mouthy,” Xaiver snickered.

“If you had completed your training, you would know newly captive women are given to lashing out.” Dixon snapped.

“One week left, my friend.” Derk smiled in satisfaction. “Then we go off to our own hunt.”

“When we get back, you won’t find us pouting over a jug of *delo* while our woman lies cold in the claiming chamber.”

“Planning on picking a weak one?” Callen retorted. “One that hides from her own shadow and will give you fragile sons?”

Xavier laughed at the insult.

“No need for weakness. I got the perfect gag does she mouth off.” Derk assured Callen in complete confidence.

“Do you two want something in particular?” Dixon demanded.

“Nope, just thought we would stop by and see what had you two so grim faced.”

“Rest assured, my friend, we’re happy. See?” Dixon plastered a large fake smile on his face that had Xavier chuckling.

“Whatever you say,” Xavier stood and tipped his head. “I guess we’ll leave you to your merriment then.”

Callen watched their friends saunter away, knowing that it would not be long before all knew that Dixon and he were here and not in bed with their woman. They would not need to know the specifics to deduce that the two warriors were having trouble handling one, little slip of a woman. It was humiliating.

“We need a plan.”

* * * *

Bridget peeked out in the hall as she rubbed the chafe marks from her wrist. Stupid warriors, they hadn’t posted a guard. They must have thought tying her to the bed was sufficient.

Ha! She'd studied well during her classes and knew how to get out of binds, pick locks, all the necessary skills to escape. That's just what she was going to do, figure out a way home.

Maybe she'd abduct a warrior on her way. The idea made her smile. She had been horny before she came here and now, thanks to the two barbarians, she was in even worse condition.

Lifting the hem of the wrap she'd made from the bed sheet, Bridget carefully tiptoed down the hall. For over a half hour she ducked warriors, peeked into rooms and scurried down corridors. She wasn't sure what she was looking for until she opened a door and saw the strange rings that she had fallen through.

They were piled up in stacks on shelves. Bridget knew they could send her elsewhere. There were worse places to be than here. So, she was very careful to avoid falling into one as she inspected them.

They were thin, foldable, and appeared little more than a mat that had a few push buttons on the side. Laying one down on the floor, she tried to drop some loose stones through them, but the stones bounced on the surface and collected over the black center.

Frowning, she fiddled with the little control pad. There was a button with the universal sign for on/off. As she pressed it, the portal made a slight fizzing sound followed quickly by a sucking sound, as it appeared to become part of the floor. The collected dirt disappeared, falling through the hole.

A small digital display blinked to life. Studying the series of numbers on the display, she realized they were coordinates. Hope blossomed inside her. She knew the coordinates to her home colony.

Every woman who went on a hunt must learn them. They learned how to operate the hunting craft too. That insured there would be no reliance on a single woman as pilot. If one of the women disappeared, then the rest could still get home.

It took her a few minutes to figure how to input the coordinates into the portal. She hesitated once she was done. She was still horny, still on a hunt and trapped in an old-style castle filled with men. Surely, she could catch one and trip him into the portal.

Or two.

Bridget grinned. She knew just which two she would be taking

home with her. Then they would see who begged. All she needed was a plan.

Chapter 6

Callen entered the claiming chamber cautiously, not sure what to expect. He was pleased to see Bridget relaxed. The fire of anger in her eyes dampened. She looked strangely happy, almost amused.

Placing the large serving tray down, Callen couldn't take his eyes off her. There she was, their woman, naked and tied to the bed. Her full breasts were tipped with perfectly pink nipples that were nice and hard.

As his eyes traveled down over her nicely rounded stomach, she shifted, parting her legs to allow him an unobstructed view of her swollen pussy, still wet from their previous encounter.

Oh, yes. That was what he wanted to dine on. Callen's mouth went dry at the thought of serving up the woman for dinner. It would be the best feast he ever had, but not yet.

Soon. He promised his pulsing cock as it strained painfully to get out of his slacks.

"Are you hungry?" Dixon bit back a growl as the girl turned a soft, knowing smile on him. So, that was her plan, seduction. It was a good one, one that tested his control as a warrior.

"We brought food."

"Am I going to need my strength?"

That earned her a dark look, but no other response. Dixon eyed her, but, despite his obvious reservations, he reached for the rope around her wrist. Bridget caught his frown when he realized the ends were moist.

He didn't say anything and Bridget let out a mental sigh of relief. She had known they would notice, but, with her still technically tied to the bed, there was no proof she had done anything besides try to escape.

The large warriors surprised her by gently rubbing down her arms as they freed her. It was a sweet gesture. One that would have been appreciated if she had been tied up the entire time they were gone.

As it was, she faked having the stiff muscles she should have had. Neither warrior appeared to notice her efforts. Both were adamantly avoiding looking in her direction.

Bridget didn't wonder why. Her nudity coupled with their obvious erections told her all she needed to know. Sitting up, she made sure her position put her whole body on display. It would have embarrassed her if the warriors' eyes hadn't ignited, unable to stop raking over her body.

For the first time in her life, Bridget felt seductive, sexy, more powerful than any slave had ever made her feel. These men weren't required to find her attractive. Their erections weren't drug induced. It felt so good that she almost laughed, did laugh when Callen turned on his heel and stomped away.

A moment later, he returned with a shirt. It was obviously one of the warriors given its size and the musky, male scent that clung to the fabric. As Bridget slipped her arms through the sleeves, she inhaled deep, enjoying the smell.

Intentionally she left it unbuttoned and gaping open, using it to frame her breast and draw their eyes downward to her wet opening. The warrior growled and reached out to yank the sides closed.

"Behave!" Dixon snapped.

"What? No, woman on the end?"

"Behave."

"Or what? No dinner?"

"Woman!"

"Ah, there it is." Bridget grinned.

"Eat." Callen shoved the platter at her.

* * * *

The food wasn't that bad. That thought drifted in and out of Bridget's head as she took another drink of the sweet liquid the warriors had presented her with. It was delicious and she had drunk nearly the entire jug.

Bridget leaned back against the metal rails that made up the headboard of the bed and sighed, feeling quite relaxed, almost too

relaxed. It had occurred to her that the fruity beverage she was consuming was some type of wine. She didn't handle alcohol well, but it was far too late and she was feeling far too good to care.

The warriors had relaxed too. Callen had stretched at the foot of the bed, his head resting on his hand. His other hand was gently caressing her knee. The small touch was having a devastating effect on her body.

She tried to focus on Dixon, sitting beside her. He was almost a mirror image of Callen. Their bodies were both so big and hard, their hair dark and they had the same strange blue-gray eyes. They both had strong, sharp features, but Callen had a wider, squarer jaw and a scar that ran from his ear to across his cheek.

It looked like a painful injury. Bridget didn't wonder how he came by it. The Zarinians were legendary for both their victories and their losses during the War of the Galaxies. The battles had been fierce and bloody. The Zarinians did not take prisoners, nor did they accept being taken as one.

Callen's scar was not the only mark on the warrior. Neither was he the only one with scars. Dixon's body was just as riddled with the reminders of the fights he had fought. Still, the similarities were uncanny. It made her wonder.

"So are you two brothers or something?"

"Not by blood." Dixon answered.

"We are bound brothers." Callen explained.

"Bound brothers." Bridget repeated distracted by the hand that was now moving up her thigh. The rough feel of Callen's fingers were in stark contrast with the soft, slow motion as he rubbed circles against the sensitive inner flesh of her thigh.

"What's that mean?" Bridget asked as her eyes drifted closed.

"We grew up together."

Dixon's voice tickled the hairs over her ear as he began to nuzzle her neck, silently asking her permission for more. Her head rolled to the side, exposing the tender skin to the warrior's lips, teeth and tongue.

"Uh-huh." Bridget mumbled as Dixon's hand began messaging its way up her other leg. His touch was just as light as Callen's, but his

hand moved faster, working its way under her shirt and over her side. He reached the underside of her breast and then reversed directions, leaving her disappointed as his finger slid back toward her hip.

“We work together.”

Bridget wasn't sure who was speaking. Her whole focus was on Callen now. He had pulled her leg out and slipped it over his shoulder. His hand was now so near where she needed it, a single finger slipped down the crease between her leg and pussy.

“We share a cabin.”

Bridget was almost positive Dixon had just spoken. He nibbled and kissed his way down her throat to the top of her breast. There was a pause while he spoke, his hot breath fanning flames over her wet skin.

“We'll share a mate.”

Callen's words tickled the underside of her knee a moment before he scrapped his teeth along the sensitive skin. The action sent sparkles of pleasure through her, making her jerk. A little moan escaped her as he began to kiss his way up her thigh.

Bridget held her breath as she felt both mouths working over her heated flesh. Callen was nibbling his way up toward her pussy as Dixon worked his way over her breast, closer and closer to her nipple.

It was decadent, having two men touching her, kissing her at the same time. It made her shiver and groan with need. Bridget laced her fingers through their hair, one hand guiding each warrior to where she wanted them to go.

Then they were there. Dixon's slightly rougher tongue swirled over her nipple making her gasp and arch. At the same moment, Callen's tongue slid up the seam of her slit, pressing in to rasp against her clit. Her hips jerked hard from the contact.

It was a momentary pleasure, one that quickly turned to frustration as both warriors backed away from sensitive nubs. Bridget cried out, her hands tightening in their hair as she tried to force them back.

“No! Don't stop!”

“Say, please.” Dixon demanded in a harsh whisper.

A warning whispered through her, telling her not to do it. The voice was too soft to penetrate the alcohol induced fog that had shut

her brain down, leaving her at the mercy of the sensations coursing through her body.

“Please.”

Bridget’s whimper turned into a sigh of satisfaction as Dixon’s mouth lowered over her breast. He spared nothing in his assault. Alternating between sucking, licking, nibbling as he moved from one breast to the other. He tormented her nipples until she was restless and aching with need.

Her hand tightened in Callen’s hair as she tried to force his head down. He relented lowering his head toward her weeping pussy, but stalled at the last minute, millimeters from her swollen flesh.

“I didn’t hear you say please.” Callen’s hot breath teased her pussy.

“Please.” Bridget whined.

“Please what?”

“Please put your mouth on me.” Bridget could barely get her mouth to form the words as she twisted under Dixon’s mouth.

“Where?” Callen waited for her to answer, but she was too far-gone to respond. He wasn’t about to relent though. No, now was the time to push even harder.

“Here?” Callen placed a chaste kiss on the inside of her knee. Her knee flexed, the muscles tensing in response.

“Or here?” He nibbled on the inside of her thigh, making her shift and moan.

“Or perhaps, here.” Callen gave her pussy another quick lick. Bridget’s response was instantaneous. Her hips arched, her hand clenched and she cried out incoherently.

“Is that where you want Callen’s mouth?” Dixon lifted his head from her breast, returning to nibble on her neck as he prodded Bridget in the direction they wanted.

“Yes.” Bridget gasped.

“Please.” Dixon reminded her.

“Yes, please.” Bridget repeated.

“Then beg him, tell him exactly what you want.”

“Oh, God. Please, eat my pussy. Lick it, suck it, please, I need...”

Chapter 7

Without hesitation, Callen buried his head between her soft thighs and began to devour her weeping pussy. He pierced the shuddering depths of her tight sheath, eating into her pulsing cunt with the desperation of a starved man.

He could not get enough of her sweet taste. Spearing his tongue into the exquisite clench of her inner muscles, he fucked her with deep, greedy strokes until she flooded him with another wave of lush cream.

He licked upward and attacked her clit, lapping repeatedly at it, swirling his tongue around and around, working her little nub into a firestorm of sensation. Bridget arched her back, bucking toward his mouth and giving him enough room to slide his hand under her bottom. He held her still, as he continued to torment her over sensitized bud.

It was too much and Bridget snapped. Sobbing, she withered in Callen's hold as mindless pleasure swamped her body. The warrior appeared unaware of her condition, never pausing as he continued to work his rough tongue over her clit.

Dixon joined in. His big, rough hands covered her breast, his fingers immediately began pulling, rolling, tormenting her nipples. Bridget cried out and thrashed under the combined efforts of having both warriors loving her.

Dixon lowered his head and captured one aching tip with his teeth. Holding it prisoner, his tongue began to roll it in the same motion Callen was using to roll her clit. Bridget's body shattered under a second tidal wave of ecstasy.

Wave after wave of rapture rolled through her echoing from her toes to her head in an orgasm that wouldn't stop, not with both warriors' tongues continuing to torment her. She was one huge mass of intense pleasure that refused to be contained.

Her heart was racing as she tried to draw enough oxygen into her

lungs to keep from passing out. Her muscles ached as they were forced to contract again, threatening to shred under the pressure.

Still they did not stop. Bridget sobbed as Callen's tongue flicked her over stimulated clit, begging for just a moment of peace. Her cries fell on deaf ears.

Callen may have seemed unaware of Bridget's cries, but he heard every one. They fed the animalistic lust driving him. Poor thing, she was the loudest woman he'd ever tongue fucked. A little training could fix that, but Callen wouldn't bother.

Her cries could be heard throughout the room and into the hall, probably back into the meeting room where the warriors in training gathered. They would all know what they were doing. They would all be jealous and proud to know that another set of warriors were taming their mate. A raw, primitive growl sounded in the back of his throat at that pleasing thought.

Bridget screamed out her release as she rode his mouth. Her hands, buried in his hair, clenching around the silky tresses as she tried to force him closer, his tongue deeper. He rewarded her demand by fucking into her with fast, hard strokes, wiggling his tongue until he found the sweet spot hidden in her depths.

Tickling her G-spot in rhythm with his thumb on her clit sent her right into another explosion. The aftershocks of her last climax fueled the inferno that threatened to consume her body in its fiery embrace.

He growled, the sound vibrating against her flesh. Lapping up the liquid proof her climax he became even more aggressive. His fingers bit into her thighs, trying to force them wider. He licked back up her slit to find the hard bundle of nerves and nipped it with his teeth.

Bridget squealed at the sudden assault, shocked by the zing of pained pleasure. The sensation was almost immediately drowned in a rush of ecstasy as he thrust his fingers back into her clenching pussy while his tongue laved her clit.

This time when her climax broke, she shot straight up, her hips arching so high his finger slid from her spasming sheath. Callen growled and Dixon slammed her back down. They were not yet done with their desert.

Boldly, with dark intent, Callen slid his finger down from her

dripping cunt to the tight, entrance of her ass. Bridget cried out in surprise, immediately trying to squirm away. His hold was too strong and he kept her pinned in place as his fingers circled the rim of her anus.

Without hesitation, he pressed his thick digit into her tight, untried channel. Pain blurred with the intense pleasure electrifying her body. Even as her mind revolted against the forbidden act, her body responded.

The walls of her passage tried to grip his finger, tightening around it, increasing the sensation of being stretched. Callen reveled in the way her body shivered and shook as he invaded her ass.

He kept his mouth firmly latched onto her clit, making sure she received pleasure as well as the pain. He drove her straight through one orgasm and into another.

He could spend hours, days, years with his head buried in her softness. She was so sweet, so hot. The only thing better would be, to have his cock buried deep into her tight little cunt, pounding into her hard and fast.

He needed that and he needed it now.

The tenuous control Callen had maintained so far snapped. Promising himself that later he would dedicate hours to tasting the sweet cunt that now belonged to him, he lifted himself up.

Dixon leaned back, allowing Callen to pull Bridget down and beneath him. Callen angled her hips toward his cock, placing the head against her opening.

He clenched his teeth against the pressure tightening his balls, fighting the exquisite agony of holding back, as he slowly forged into her hot, wet passage. Her muscles rippled, convulsing as he fed her his full length.

Her tight pussy ate every inch, the slick walls hugging his inflamed flesh, pulling on him, begging for more until there was nothing left to give her. Seated fully inside her, he held himself still, savoring the moment, enjoying the pleasure bubbling out from his balls and up his spine.

It had never been like this. Now it would never be any other way. She was his mate, the woman who would give him children and

complete his family.

Bridget's eyes were squeezed closed, her mouth open as she panted, her delicate features composed in the most beautiful expression of desire he had ever seen. Callen leaned down to trail butterfly kisses over her flushed cheeks. The motion settled him deeper into her, bringing a moan to her lips.

"Open your eyes, baby. I want to see them as I make you mine." Callen murmured.

Bridget's eyes slid slowly open, blinking up at him in dazed confusion.

"You're mine now, woman, and I'll never let you go."

Before she could respond to that, he pulled back, driving forward a second later. His fingers bit into her curved flesh, holding her still as he slammed into her. He did not have the strength or sanity for a slow, delicate fuck.

Like a beast rutting on his chosen mate, he pounded into her long, hard, and fast. It felt so good to let go. He could feel her tightening around him, her cries piercing him, assuring him he was giving her just as much pleasure as he was taking.

He rode her with a savage intensity that elicited a primal, animalistic response in her. With every stroke, he penetrated deeper into her, caressing sensitive tissues that had never been touched. She could feel his cock swelling inside her, growing thicker, longer. Callen gave a guttural growl and pounded into her even harder.

It was the sound of a barbarian in heat and it thrilled her. His wildness was just what she craved. It had been so long since she had sex, too long, but it had never been like this. She would never have dreamed it could be like this.

"Oh God!" The words were ripped from her soul. "Yes!"

He gave it to her deeper, faster until the liquid sounds of his cock pillaging her wet depths was all she could hear. The bed shook with the force of his thrust. With each stroke, she slid into the headboard, banging her head into the metal rails.

Then suddenly it was happening again. Her world fell apart as white-hot streaks of ecstasy scorched her insides in a consuming inferno of pumping, grinding release splintering her into a thousand

fragments.

She was barely aware of Callen reaching his peak a second later. He roared as hot jets of semen filled her womb. For a moment that felt like an eternity, they stayed like that, caught in the splendor of a completion so perfect neither had anything to compare it to.

Bridget groaned as Callen fell on top of her, his heavier weight crushing her. Her muscles felt as if they had been turned to pudding, unable to fulfill their function. For long minutes neither moved.

Bridget was quite content to stay that way and fade off into sleep, but Callen rolled to her side. The cool air was jarring and she opened her eyes thinking to issue a protest. The words became trapped in her throat as she saw Dixon naked, kneeling between her splayed thighs taking Callen's place.

She was open, fully exposed as Callen's and her combined juices seeped from her pussy. Dixon's large hands lifted her hips, aligning his cock to her dripping cunt. She whimpered as she felt Dixon's thick head begin to press into her well-used pussy.

"Tired." Bridget muttered as she pushed ineffectually at Dixon's arms.

"Too bad." The warrior retorted. "We're not done with you yet."

"No," Bridget groaned. "Sleep now."

The warrior didn't respond, but continued his steady invasion of her body, forcing a moan of pleasure from her. She was amazed that her body could so quickly accept another.

Not just accept, but welcome. The aftershocks of her climax were still tingling through her and they coiled with renewed tension, winding tighter as he forced inch after inch of his thick, hard erection deep into her body.

Dixon felt different, his strokes deep and slow, but no less arousing. Bastard that he was, he refused to increase his speed and quell the building anticipation in her body. It gathered, strengthening, warning that this time when the detonation came there would be nothing left of her.

The arrogant warrior knew it too. He whispered and prodded her into making all sorts of promises if he would only give her the release she so desperately needed. He made her beg and plead with him, but it

was to no avail.

A rough hand in her hair rolled her head to the side and the cock waiting for her.

“Lick it clean, baby.” Callen demanded.

With a whimper, Bridget began to lick Callen’s dick clean. The taste of their combined flavors added to her pleasure. Without prodding, she began to suck feeling his cock harden, lengthening with each pull of her mouth. The hand buried in her hair guided her as he pushed her up and down along his thick length.

They all began to pick up speed. Dixon strokes became hard, fast, demanding as he pounded into her clenching cunt. Callen matched Dixon’s speed as he fucked himself into her mouth.

Everything blurred and she was no long able to distinguish one sensation from another. Her whole world exploded. Bridget tilted her head back, releasing Callen’s cock and screaming as the furious spasms ripped through her taut body. Pleasure crashed over her in mind numbing waves, taking her so far out of her body that her world crumbled.

Bridget was vaguely aware of Dixon’s shout of fulfillment, of his weight momentarily crashing down on her. All too soon it was gone and she felt another hard cock pressing into her. Callen had returned for a second round.

They continued swapping places, relentlessly fucking her from one climax to another until her body gave out and exhaustion claimed her.

Chapter 8

Dixon sighed as Bridget's hot, little mouth worked its way down his body following the soft, gentle caresses of her hands. Her wicked little tongue came out to tease his flat nipples. Her teeth scrapping over the hardened nub just enough to send streaks of heat through his body.

The tendrils ignited into full flames as her fingers feathered their way down to his cock. She teased him, her touch feather light when he wanted her hand to curl around his hardened flesh and stroke him. He tried to move his arms, to make her give him what he wanted, but they were trapped above his head.

She giggled, her brown eyes flashing as she ran her fingertips down to his balls. Gently exploring his sensitive sack, she rolled them bringing a moan to his lips.

"Do you like that?" Her breath teased his ear before her teeth came to nibble on the sensitive lobe.

"More." He demanded.

"Say please."

"Woman-"

"Bridget." Her head lifted, her brown eyes capturing his. "Say my name warrior. Say it."

"Bridget."

"Very good."

Her hand tightened on his balls, rolling them until he grunted, his hips flexing upward in response. She giggled again.

For several minutes, she explored his length with a tentative touch, before her hands tightened around the thick knob at the top. She squeezed his sensitive head, pulling it slightly as her hand slid down his length. He felt the wetness leaking out.

"You like that?" Her voice was soft, sultry, a tease to his senses. "Do you want my mouth? You want me to suck your cock? Lick it, nibble on it and swallow everything when you come?"

“Yes.”

Dixon panted, excited by her words and the feel of her mouth traveling down his body. She paused, her tongue tracing the outline of his abdomen muscles, her teeth testing their strength. Instinctively Dixon flexed, not wanting to be found lacking by his woman.

He was pleased when he felt her move lower, her hot breath fanning over the swollen head of his cock a moment before her tongue came out to tease the sensitive skin. Slowly, she sank her mouth down over his erection, her tongue tasting every inch as her lips captured him.

Her lips tighten, sucking as her head rose. Dixon’s groan turned to a growl as she let his flesh free. His hips jerked, blindly seeking her mouth again.

“You want more?”

“Yes.”

“You forgot to say please.”

“Please.” Dixon was beyond caring what she asked. He’d give anything for her to continue.

“Say please, Bridget, suck my cock.”

“Please, Bridget, suck my cock.”

Responding to his plea, she nipped him lightly with her teeth. Dixon jerked and cursed. A moment later, he groaned as she swallowed as much of his dick as would fit into her mouth. Her hands came up to close over the rest of him.

Slowly at first, she began to fuck him with her mouth, her hands working in rhythm with her sucking mouth. He hit the back of her throat as her motion sped up and she swallowed. The motion allowed him to go deeper and he paused.

“Do that again.” He pleaded.

At first, he worried that his words had displeased her when he felt the warmth of her mouth slide away and the cool air chilled his flesh. His fears dissipated as he felt a hotter, wetter sheath began to suck him deep into its depths.

It was heaven, being taken deep into her tight pussy, feeling her muscles stretch around him, molding perfectly to his cock. Never had anything felt as good as fucking his woman.

He wanted to feel her riding him hard and fast, but she continued to tease him with long, slow strokes that had him again trying to reach for her. Something caught his arms, keeping them locked over his head.

He used his hips, thrusting them upward, but she held herself aloft until he calmed. Her voice whispered through him, instructing him to beg and plead for his release, to submit to her control. Only when he gave her what she wanted, did he get what he needed.

She rode him with a quickness that matched the flames burning through his body. His balls were on fire, teetering on the edge of an explosion he was sure would rip his woman in two. Dixon fought the urge, not wanting to hurt Bridget.

Then she was screaming as the tight fist of her sheath convulsed around him. The pressure was too much.

Dixon tipped his head back and let out his own roar of satisfaction as the mind shattering orgasm washed over him. The lava-hot eruption left him feeling strong and powerful. He felt her collapse against him, her body wet with sweat, her soft weight bringing the reality of the situation to his befuddled mind.

Dixon blinked as he stared at the ceiling. That had been no dream. A grunt to his right had his head rolling to the side to see Callen, gagged with his arms chained to the headboard.

Dixon recognized the feel of cold, metal around his wrist. Growling, he jerked on the binds, but there was no give in the chains. His motions jarred Bridget. She sat up, resting her hands on his chest as she grinned down on him.

“Now, now, warrior, you’ve been a very good boy, don’t ruin it by getting huffy.” She gloated as she patted his chest.

“Undo these chains now, woman!” Dixon roared.

Bridget just shook her head. Tsking, she levered herself all the way off him, letting his still hard cock pop out. She hesitated for a moment, looking into Callen’s enraged eyes. She gave him a little pat on his chest.

“Don’t worry, my pet. You’re next.” With a giggle, she rolled off the bed and flounced off toward the bathroom.

Dixon watched her go with heated eyes. Her pale bottom bounced

seductively as she moved. He had plans for that ass. The first was to see it made red by his palm.

Her audacity in not just tying him up, but molesting him took his breath away. If the other warriors ever found out about this, Callen and he would be shamed.

No matter that she had to be punished for her actions, Dixon could not deny that his cock was harder than it had ever been. The woman's fighting spirit aroused him.

She was a challenge and he loved challenges. He loved winning even more. With that thought, Dixon flexed, trying to break the chains that held his wrist securely. Nothing happened. He cut his gaze toward Callen who just shook his head.

Dixon wasn't about to give up.

* * * *

Bridget couldn't stop laughing. The look on the warriors' faces had been priceless. If she were naïve, then she would think their predicament would teach them a lesson about getting her drunk and bending her to their will.

Bridget wasn't that optimistic. She knew that she couldn't keep them tied to the bed for too long. They'd either figure out a way to break their chains or another warrior would come looking for Callen and Dixon. No, she had to get them through the portal and on to her turf.

She wasn't sure how she was supposed to do that. Her dart gun and taser had disappeared with her clothing. There was no other way to sedate them besides knocking them out by physical means, like hitting them on the head. That idea plagued her conscience.

Bridget stepped back under the shower of water, washing the soap from her body as she contemplated her predicament. Lost in thought and the relaxing warm water, she never heard the door open behind her or the footsteps of the approaching warrior.

Suddenly, her hands were yanked high above her head. Bridget shrieked in surprise, but it was too late. Callen made short work of binding her wrist. Without comment or delay, he lifted her off her

feet.

Bridget found herself hanging upside down over his shoulder as he carried her back into the bedroom. She got a glimpse of the headboard railing lying on the floor, bent into an U shape. She had underestimated the strength of her warriors.

Callen did not carry her to bed as she had anticipated. Instead, he carried her right out of the room and down the hall. Bridget scowled, trying to figure out where he was taking her, where Dixon had gone. No answers came, but embarrassment did as Callen passed a group of warriors. Bridget felt her face heat as their eyes turned toward her.

Curiosity mixed with arousal as they watched their brethren carrying the wet, naked woman down the hall toward the training rooms. Callen ignored them, focusing on a single goal.

The training rooms were normally used for pets to help them learn what would be expected of them as slaves. Mates were supposed to be treated with greater respect. Their training was considered a private affair. One that the warriors would do in the comfort of their own home and once a mate had adjusted to her new life.

Callen had doubts that Bridget would ever truly adjust, but she would for the moment learn the cost of battle. Shouldering his way into the training chamber, he saw Dixon had already prepared what was needed.

Without comment, he carried their mate over to the hook hanging from the ceiling. Threading her binds through the hook, he hung her from the hook. Dixon had already lowered the chain so her feet would touch the ground, just barely. Dixon handed him the ointment and the smooth, carved phallus before kneeling in front of Bridget.

With quick, deft movements from long practice, Dixon shackled first one of her ankles and then the other. The leg locks were spaced wide apart, forcing her to spread her legs and leaving her body completely vulnerable to them.

Bridget swallowed at that idea. She could feel her body heating with an intoxicating mixture of excitement and fear. The potent brew added to her arousal and she had to bite back her commands that they ease her ache.

Anything she said now would probably only worsen her situation.

“Such a pretty, bare pussy you have.” Dixon whispered. “Callen kept you to himself last night, now it’s my turn to have a taste.”

With those words as a warning, she could already image what was to come, torment with no release. He didn’t disappoint her. His tongue came out to tease her clit. The sudden touch had her crying out, her hips arching as she offer herself up for the tasting. He licked the full length of her slit in response.

Dixon began to consume her most sensitive flesh. Her world narrowed until the only thing that existed was his tongue ravishing her pussy, dipping into her sheath to tickle the sensitive spot hidden within her depths. Even the feel of a slick finger slowly beginning to penetrate her ass didn’t break the sensual spell she was trapped in.

When she felt the smooth, well-greased head of a plastic cock pushing against her back entrance, Bridget tensed, suddenly realizing what was about to happen. Before she could be overcome by fear, Dixon had brought his hands into play. He pushed first one and then two thick fingers into her.

Bridget gasped. Despite all the pleasure, there was no disguising the painful, pressure coming from her ass as Callen eased the thick toy passed the tight ring of muscles at her entrance.

It popped through and the pain subsided into an intense aching pressure. The sensation was magnified and warped by the pleasure radiating from her pussy. Dixon moved back up to lick her clit, toying with the swollen little bud.

As Callen eased the entire length of the toy all the way into her, the escalating throb of ecstasy began to build. She threw her head back and cried out. Her hips began to thrust in time with those amazing fingers fucking into her. The movement forced her back onto her toy, heightening her sense of pleasure.

“Oh, God!” Bridget screamed.

Suddenly, Dixon stopped. Bridget snarled at being left on the brink and began fighting her binds. Every little movement of her body was magnified and echoed back by a shift in the dildo buried in her ass until even breathing caused the painful pressure to increase. What started as pain transformed into pleasure, as nerve endings she’d never known of came to life.

“Now it’s time to take your punishment.” Dixon stated as he rose to his feet.

Chapter 9

She was going to be spanked again. Only this time her ass already felt on fire. She opened her mouth to object, to tell them this was really too much. All that came out was a scream as the first blow landed.

The stinging pain made her muscles tighten and clench around the dildo. Pain seared through her followed almost immediately by a pleasurable throb that left her confused. Bridget panted as she tried to adjust to the sensation.

Dixon didn't give her the time, smacking the other cheek and sending a second round of intense vibrations through her body. The blows came fast and hard after that.

Though the sensation was completely different than what she'd experienced minutes before she could feel her body tightening again, carrying her closer to the fine edge of ecstasy.

Bridget bit her lip trying to hold back her cries. She didn't want them to know how close she was coming, certain that if they knew, they would stop. Be damned if she were going to let them leave her on the brink again.

Despite her efforts, Callen could easily read the flush flaming over her skin, the dazed look of passion clouding her eyes. With a jerk of his head, he motioned Dixon to stop. Again, she growled and fought the chains like the wild thing she was.

"Do you admit defeat, woman?" Dixon demanded stepping in front of her.

"Never!" Bridget spat, her eyes narrowed in rage and lust on the warrior.

"We will see how long never last." Dixon shot back. "Callen!"

Dixon's hard command jarred Callen out of his lust filled thoughts as he stared at their woman. With quick motions, he collected the toys that would reduce her to a blithering mass of lust, leaving her willing to do or say anything they wanted.

He could see her eyes studying the toy in his hand and knew that she was confused. It looked like a small disk, with folds of fabric collapsed onto it. It was a specialty toy, created by the Zarinian warriors with the technology given to them by other cultures. Bridget would realize what it was, what it did. Then she would come to love and hate it as all women did.

Placing the ring around her dripping opening, he adjusted it to fit, allowing barely an inch to stretch the entrance to her channel. He looped the small attachment that went with it over her clit. Turning the toy on, it buzzed to life, sucking air in and inflating the cock to fill and stretch her pussy.

Above him, Bridget gasped . It was amazing. Her clit was vibrating, the toy inside her expanding and collapsing, imitating the strokes of a cock. The pressure from her stretched ass made each sensation more potent, more devastating and quickly she was withering and moaning in rapture.

All too soon, it stopped and she was left for the third time in minutes on the edge of a climax she so desperately needed. This time she forced herself to remain still, silent, not giving them the satisfaction of seeing her fight or hearing her plead.

“We are in control here, woman.” Dixon stepped forward. “Do you bow to our authority you will know nothing but pleasure, until then you will suffer your frustration.”

With those grim words, Dixon turned and walked out of the room. Callen followed, not trusting himself to be alone with the woman. Dixon’s control was more solid, thanks to the release he had gotten that morning. His determination was stronger too, for he had suffered the humiliation of begging their woman for what was rightfully his.

Both warriors took up position outside the door. Women in these rooms were normally open to all warriors. Neither Callen nor Dixon was not about to let another warrior come along and take what was rightfully theirs.

* * * *

Bridget did not know how long they left her like that. Time had

become defined only by pleasure or the absence of it. This was true punishment. Compared to the other discipline they'd given her, this was a hundred times worse.

By the time the door opened and the warriors strolled in, she would have done anything, said anything, just to be freed from the tight bind of sexual need that was driving her crazy.

"Do you concede defeat?" Dixon demanded, grabbing her chin and forcing her to look him in the eye.

"It will not last." Bridget had the presence of mind to recognize that singular fact. "But yes, I concede."

"If it lasted," Callen whispered from behind her. "I, for one, would be very disappointed."

"You know what we want." Dixon released her chin, his own raising with his arrogance.

"Please."

"Please what, woman?"

"Please give me ease." Bridget's head lowered in submission. "I can take no more."

"And who are we?"

"You are my masters." Bridget whispered.

"You will never again toy with us as you did this morning."

"No."

"No, what?"

"No, master. I will not toy with you."

"You will behave as a mate should, obeying our commands and submitting to our needs."

"Yes, master. I will obey."

Again, Dixon's hand came out to tilt her head up. The look in his eyes was warm, satisfied. He did not appear to be the gloating victor she had expected him to be.

"We will take good care of you, Bridget. Have no doubt of that."

Before she could respond, he kissed her. It was the first time either warrior had done such. The unexpected intimacy of the moment, surprised her, warmed her. The realization that this might be more than just about sex began to dawn on her.

The thought was lost as he deepened the kiss. It was hot, hard,

demandingly male. Quickly she became drunk on the delicious taste of mint and spicy man. Tangling her tongue with his, she taunted him with quick, playful thrust, trying to push his tongue from her mouth until he muttered a curse and savagely fought back.

Dixon knew he should pull back. She was still fighting him. Then she sucked his lower lip into her mouth and he lost the will to stop. She bit him lightly on the lip, sending white-hot flames straight down to his balls, making him feel like he'd been stabbed with a red-hot poker. He needed to be inside her, now.

Too consumed by the kiss, Bridget barely noticed as quick hands pulled the toys from her body. All she could feel was the warmth of a real cock pressing against her clenching core.

With one hard thrust, Dixon rammed his big cock all the way into her tight, clinging sheath. Heaven, being fully buried inside his mate's pussy was a heaven he had never experienced before. Nothing had ever felt this good and no other woman ever would. This was what waited for him the rest of his life. Perfection and it would always be there. She would always be his.

Callen knelt, quickly undoing the binds around her ankles, in a rush to join in their intimate embrace. He lifted her legs, allowing Dixon to hook them over his elbows, settling him deeper inside Bridget and making her moan.

Her hips arched and she tried to pump herself on Dixon's erection. He muttered a curse and gripped her hips, stilling her instinctive motions. It was almost too much for him to bear.

Callen grabbed the lubricating ointment and quickly covered his cock in the slick oil. As he positioned himself behind Bridget, she appeared unaware of what he was doing. She was whimpering, begging Dixon to move, to fuck her.

When Dixon gripped her ass, spreading the cheeks wide, she still didn't understand what was about to happen. Only when she felt the smooth, rounded head pushing against her tender back entrance did she begin to realize what they were about to do.

Fear and anticipation warred within her as Callen slowly pressed into her ass. Bridget tipped back her head moaning with the excess of sensation as his head popped past the restrictive ring of muscles at her

entrance.

Ragged claws of pleasure raked through her body as she reveled in having two large, thick cocks lodged inside her at the same time. An animalistic urge rose up and claimed control of her body as they began to thrust and counter thrust. Their movements were slow and unhurried. It drove her insane, being stretched by one cock as the other was leaving her.

Lust burned through her veins, igniting every cell in her body into motion. She began to fuck them. Bucking into their incoming cocks as she growled out orders for them to go faster, pump harder.

They ignored her demands, tormenting her until her commands turned to pleas. Only when she was on the verge of complete insanity did they pick up their speed, strengthening their thrusts. In moments, the room filled with masculine groans and feminine cries of pleasure.

Hips jerked, flesh pressed and rubbed against flesh, until there was only savage thrusting, rapid retreating, as her two lovers claimed not only her body, but her very soul. Bridget threw her head back and screamed as wave after wave of her climax traveled over her. Still they kept going, fucking into her until the world went black and her body caved under the pleasure, escaping into oblivion.

Chapter 10

Bridget stared at the ceiling, slowly coming to grips with the reality before her. She'd spent the past week trapped in bed between her two insatiable warriors. It had been amazing. The best week of her life, but now it was over and she had a decision to make.

They had eventually explained that this was the claiming chamber. Newly mated couples spent their first week in the room, getting to know each other. When the week was up, the warriors took their woman home.

Her warriors were very excited for her to see her new home. It was high in the mountains. They were responsible for helping protect the ranches and farms there. According to Dixon and Callen, it was beautiful, with vast meadows, a large waterfall feeding a thick stream and dense forest surrounding the entire valley. There were even hot springs.

The place sounded heavenly. She'd spent her entire life in a border colony, surrounded by metal and trapped in a bubble. Still it had always been home and the idea of never going back was unnerving. She had to decide between Callen and Dixon or the home she had always known.

Bridget had finally admitted that she couldn't force the warriors back through the portal. Even if she could trick them into it, she wouldn't do that to them. Captivity would destroy them.

Despite her better judgment, she had grown fond of the two barbarians. But was that enough? Enough to leave everything she knew behind and follow them into the wilderness?

Bridget frowned. The rational answer was no, but the idea of leaving and never seeing them sent a pain through her heart so piercing she was not sure if she would survive.

What did she have to go home to anyway?

Jack.

The whole week a part of her had missed him, missed him curling

up to sleep on her lap, or the way he followed her from room to room through her suite, or even the annoying habit he had of waking her up early every morning to be fed.

The more she thought about her fuzzy buddy, the more upset she became. Who would take care of him? He didn't really like people, always hiding from her friends when they came over. Jena had agreed to feed him while Bridget was away, but she knew he was waiting for her to come home. She sniffed, fighting back the tears.

The sound drew Dixon's attention. Raising his head, he blinked against the morning sunlight streaming through the windows. The light caught and reflected on the tears slowly rolling down his woman's face.

"What is wrong?" Dixon scowled.

"Nothing." Bridget muttered, turning her head away from him.

"Mmm." Callen murmured as he roused. Through eyes blurry with sleep, he saw Bridget looking down at him. "Morning."

"Our woman is crying." Dixon's voice made Callen blink, focus, and then frown.

"What is wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Then why do you cry?" Dixon demanded.

"It's nothing."

"It's not nothing if you cry." Callen matched Dixon's frown.

"I want to go home." Bridget sniffed back.

"Home?" Callen stilled, feeling something inside seize painfully at her words. "This is not possible."

"You will stay with us."

"I want my Jack."

"Jack?"

"Who is this Jack?" Dixon growled.

"My cat. I want my cat!"

"We have cats." Callen released a breath he did not realize he had been holding. When she had said a male name, he had instantly tightened with anger and another strange emotion, one that he did not feel often, fear.

"I want Jack!"

“Bridget, that’s not possible.” Callen tried to reason with her.
“It is!” Bridget snapped. “You could send me back through a portal.”
“No!”
“Absolutely not!”
“I could get my cat and my things.”
“We are not going to let you go!” Dixon snapped. The mere idea was intolerable.
“I’d come back.” Bridget insisted.
“It’s not allowed.” Callen wasn’t about to risk losing her.
“Why not?”
“Because...” Callen looked at Dixon.
“You are our woman, you stay with us.”
“You don’t trust me.” Bridget jerked out of bed, rolling over Callen and avoiding his hands. She glared at the two controlling jerks.
“You don’t think I’d come back.”
“Bridget-“
“Don’t Bridget me! What if I swear to you that I’ll return?”
“We will not allow you to go through a portal back to your home. Just forget about it!”
“You don’t trust me!”
“Bridget, be reasonable.”
“Reasonable? I could have left anytime I wanted. I’ve had a portal stashed under the bed all week. Just you think about that!”
With that, she turned on her heel and stormed off to the bathroom. The sound of the door slamming echoed loudly in the bedchamber. Dixon eyed Callen who, after a moment’s hesitation, rolled and peered under the bed.

* * * *

The hardest thing Callen had ever done was watch Bridget on a monitor and know that she was worlds away from him. The only thing that helped him keep his sanity was knowing that he had the coordinates to her location. If need be, he would hunt her down and retrieve his mate.

Those coordinates were the reason the council had allowed her to return. In Bridget's blind insistence that she be allowed to retrieve her pet, she had failed to realize that she had given the warriors the location to a colony full of women.

It was a priceless piece of information, but the council wanted more. Unknown to Bridget, they had outfitted her with a camera, so they could see inside the colony.

Many warriors gathered around the monitor, whispering excitedly as Bridget passed through the corridors and by groups of women. With a critical eye, they assessed the women, commenting on their appearance, on who they would pick and pass over. The noise only dimmed when Bridget paused to speak to somebody.

Callen didn't care about what anybody had to say. He only cared about having his mate back with him. If only she hadn't cried, he would have been able to hold his ground. When they had found her in the shower, sobbing it had almost broken his heart. He would have done anything, said anything just to stop her tears.

Bridget had wormed her way into his heart. She was an intoxicating mixture of feisty arrogance, sensual seductress, and playful partner. She was the most important person to him.

He just hoped she thought he was important too. Dixon nudged him, drawing his attention back up to the monitor. Bridget had entered some kind of room that appeared to function as a living space.

A light haired woman greeted her obviously happy to see Bridget from the hug she was giving their mate. The room quieted as the warriors strained to hear, Callen included.

* * * *

Menta Colony, Third Ward of Jubis Sector

"I didn't know you had gotten back from your hunt." Jena released her.

"Yeah."

Bridget was nervous about being back. A part of her felt like a traitor, carrying a portal around and not immediately taking it to the development division for inspection or notifying the intelligence

division about their existence.

As guilty as she felt, she hadn't done either of those things. If she sounded the alarm, she would never make it back to Callen and Dixon. That idea was unacceptable.

"I'm so glad you got back safely." Jena broke into her thoughts.

"Yeah, me to." Bridget tried to sound sincere.

"You alright?" Jena frowned.

"Just tired."

"What happened to your uniform? That's a little small."

"Malfunction with the sanitizing unit." Bridget shrugged off Jena's comment. It wasn't her uniform. Callen and Dixon had ripped hers, so they had lent her another captive's clothes.

"So what's been going on around here?"

"Here?" Jena snorted. "Nothing unusual, but I don't want to talk about that. Tell me about your trip."

"Not much to tell." Bridget shrugged again. "We got to Haran, over three days everybody disappeared and I was stuck avoiding warriors as I made my way back to the ship."

"Daliha's crew got back with only two girls and they said Haran was completely infiltrated by the Zarinians." Jena flopped down on the couch, looking like she was going to stay awhile.

"I didn't seem them." Bridget settled down into a chair opposite of her friend. "I was staying low."

"Didn't get a chance to catch one of the warriors, huh?"

"Nope."

"Well, that's probably for the best. Zarinians are not very good lovers." Jena wrinkled her nose, not seeming to notice the blush beginning to consume Bridget's face. Jena continued, not knowing that worlds away a warrior was proclaiming ownership over her to his brethren.

"They're so damn big it requires way too much RBS to make them compliant and even then half the time their equipment doesn't work. Hell, you could buy one for fewer credits than it takes to go on a hunt."

"I'm out of credits."

"That's another reason a Zarinian is no good for you. You'd have

spent a bundle in drugs and they would have killed them in under a year. Not the best investment.”

“I guess that’s why the hunt was discontinued.”

“Discontinued now,” Jena commented. “Daliha’s was the last ship to go to Haran. We’ve lost too many women. There’s a rumor that the warriors have a new weapon. The intelligence division is really scrambling.”

“Hmm.” Bridget’s eyes instinctively went to her bag, to the portal folded up within.

“Oh, listen to me.” Jena gave a laugh, misinterpreting Bridget’s glance. “I’m rambling on and you’re probably wore out and ready for bed.”

“Yeah, I could do with a good night sleep on a soft bed.”

“I’ll let you get to it then.” Jena rose. “How about we meet up for breakfast tomorrow?”

“Sounds good.” Bridget stood, following Jena to the door. “Say, have you seen Jack?”

“I’ve come to feed him every day you’ve been gone, but I only caught one glimpse of him yesterday. He was running into the bedroom.” Jena rolled her eyes. “That is one scaredy cat.”

“Ha, ha.” Bridget found her first real smile as Jena stepped out into the hall. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

After the door closed behind Jena, Bridget went to work. It took over a half hour for her to pack up all the stuff she wanted to take. Carefully she powered up the portal and put in the coordinates that Callen and Dixon had made her memorize. It took less than a minute before she had dropped all her bags through and was left holding Jack in his large carrier.

Lifting up the cage, she looked her fuzzy buddy in the eyes. He let out a plaintive cry, probably thinking he was going to the medic unit since that was the only time she put him in the carrier. Little did he know his fate was worse than a few shots. At least, Bridget was sure Jack would see it that way.

“Those barbarians will catch you.” She promised Jack. “Or I’ll have their ass.”

With that assurance, she carefully lowered the cat’s carrier into

the portal and let go. Bridget looked at the portal. Callen and Dixon had instructed her how to pull the portal through with herself, but she hesitated. If she left the portal, somebody would discover it.

Chapter 11

Callen stared at the fat, white cat growling through the bars of his cage. Dixon and him had rushed back to the room when they had heard Bridget's comments to the cat. They had almost missed catching the bugger when he came screaming out of the portal.

"Definitely not a happy feline," Dixon commented as Callen set the carrier down.

"But certainly a big one. He has to weight at least twenty pounds."

"Hope he can hunt." Dixon eyed the animal through the cage.

"According to Bridget, he doesn't hunt. He sleeps, in the bed."

"That's not going to happen."

"Bet she cries."

"Cries?" Dixon scowled at Callen.

"I've been thinking. We caved when she cried, right?" Dixon's only answer was a tightening of his lips. "So, I'm thinking we're going to see a lot more tears when she wants something."

"Bridget is above crying to get what she wants."

"Face it, Dixon. Our woman is not above anything when it comes to winning." Callen retorted dryly.

Dixon opened his mouth to respond, but the sudden whoosh of air and the sound of a body hitting the floor drew their attention. Bridget lay on the floor, glaring at them.

"Oh, baby." Callen rushed over to give her a hand up.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"I hope you caught my cat!" Bridget ignored both warriors offered palms as she scrambled to her feet.

"We caught him." Dixon assured her.

"I caught him." Callen corrected Dixon, earning him a dark look from the other warrior. "He's over there."

"Oh, there's my baby boy." Bridget dusted herself off as she moved toward the carrier. "I know, Mr. Jack. You're all upset."

Dixon blinked as he watched Bridget coo to the cat, talking to him

like he was a baby. He shot a Callen a look, but Callen missed it. He was kneeling next to Bridget.

“He’s big.” Callen commented.

“He’s my baby.” Bridget grinned at the cat.

“I’m sure he’ll do well here.”

Callen’s comment had Dixon rolling his eyes. Callen was becoming weak when it came to their woman. That was going to leave him to play the heavy. So be it, Dixon wasn’t going to crumble because of a smile or a few tears.

“Thank you!” Bridget launched herself at Callen. She caught him off guard with her spontaneous hug and they fell backward. “Thank you so much for letting me go get him. You don’t know how much that means to me.”

Well, damn. He had let her go too and where was his thanks, his hug. His kisses, Dixon scowled as Bridget covered Callen’s face with kisses. Callen captured her lips, taking her mouth in a passionate kiss while his hands went to work on her clothes.

Dixon was not about to be left out of that. While Callen worked on her top, Dixon made short work of her pants. God-awful things, this would be the last time she wore men’s clothing.

Once she was naked, Dixon lifted her onto her knees, spreading them on either side of Callen’s stomach. The position placed her breast right over Callen’s face, her lovely tits tempting him to take a bite.

Bridget moaned as she felt Callen’s lips closed over one of her nipples, sucking it past his teeth and into his mouth for his tongue to torment. He used his hand to roll and pinch the other hardened tip.

She felt another mouth pressing into her pussy, a wicked tongue coming out to tease her clit. With no encouragement, she spread her legs even wider allowing Dixon better access. Instantly she was rewarded when Dixon pushed three fingers into her weeping cunt and began fucking into her.

Within minutes, Bridget was swimming through a sea of ecstasy, trying hard not collapse on top of Callen and suffocate him with her breasts. They brought her to one delicious climax and then another.

When Dixon’s fingers slipped out of her folds and his mouth lifted

from her clit, she cried out, not wanting him to stop. Instinctively her back arched, seeking her lover, and showing off her weeping pussy.

“I think we should pierce this little nub.” Dixon flicked her clit with his fingers.

Bridget’s mind could not wrap around what he was saying. All she knew, all she cared about was the desperate ache in her womb that needed to be filled. When Callen’s mouth lifted from her breast, she whined.

“Please, don’t stop.”

She felt Callen working on the opening to his pants and sat back, eager to help him. Their hands collided. After a moment of her fumbling, Callen lifted her hands away, placing one on her breast and the other on her pussy.

“Keep yourself hot, baby.” Callen instructed as he went back to working on his zipper. It was his hands that fumbled this time, his attention getting caught on what Bridget was doing.

She moved both hands up and over her breast. Cupping them, she ran her thumbs over the engorged tips. Her body arched suggestively as pleasure rushed through her. As she pinched and pulled on one aching tip, she leaned her chin down to let her tongue swirl over the other pink areola.

Dixon growled. His cock jerking painfully as he watched her teeth scrape over the harden tip before sucking it into her mouth. His lips curled back in a feral snarl as he watched her alternate breasts.

A flash of movement drew his eyes back down. With baited breath, he followed her slender fingers as they slid down over her slightly rounded stomach toward her bared cunt. She hesitated, letting one finger slip over her clit to slowly roll it.

Slowly, drawing out the moment, two fingers slid down past her tingling clit to delve into her clenching cunt. She stroked them in, avoiding that magical spot, wanting to prolong her pleasure for her warriors to enjoy. Soon, though, she was panting with her need, straining toward climax.

Her touch became firmer, the fingers pulling on one hardened breast tip in time with the thumb rubbing her clit. The squishy sounds of her fingers fucking into her sopping wet cunt could be heard over

the ragged pants of her warriors' as they watched her pleasure herself.

Out of control, she arched up as the sizzling heat consuming her bloomed, racking her body with razor sharp pleasure. Bridget cried out, shaking in the grip of a climax that she'd brought herself to.

Racing, wild, clawing lust took control of Callen and he ripped his pants away. When her hand fell away from her drenched pussy, Callen lifted her, impaling her on his cock in one hard thrust.

Bridget cried out, sure her already satiated flesh could take no more stimulation. If she thought she was getting a reprieve as Callen stilled his motions, his next action corrected that erroneous assumption.

Pulling her down across his chest, Callen held her still while Dixon's rough hands came to separate the cheeks of her ass. Bridget held her breath as she felt him prepare her back entrance with oil. This was her favorite thing, being taken by both men at once, filled with two large, thick cocks.

Then it was happening. Her breath caught in the back of her throat as she felt the thick, rounded head of Dixon's cock pressing into her ass. As usual, her eyes watered, as the pain and pleasure blurred together.

The sharp ting of muscles stretching sent fine prickles of awareness up her spine, making her whole body more sensitive. Callen began to stroke out of her as Dixon filled her completely. Thus, they began a slow rhythm of alternating strokes.

Reality ceased to exist, thinned down only to the feel of the twin, steel-hard cocks fucking into her with increasing speed and ferocity. Her hips swayed, matching them stroke for stroke as her body began to wind tighter and tighter.

Dixon ground his teeth together, trying to hold back his release until Bridget found hers. It was the hardest thing he had ever done with her sweet, tight ass gripping his cock in a velvet vice.

Finally, she exploded beneath him. Her ass tightened down on his cock as shudders raced through her body. He gripped her hips hard, holding on as she bucked beneath him and cried out with her pleasure.

Bridget screamed as her body splintered into a million tiny fireballs and still Callen and Dixon continued to fuck her with hard,

deep strokes. The embers of piercing flames collapsed into each other, growing into a raging inferno as her body began to tense, anticipating the second, more powerful explosion to come.

When she could climb no higher, she tumbled into the fiery abyss. Distantly she was aware of the two warriors roaring as they filled her tight channels with jets of hot liquid. For a moment, they all trembled, caught within the perfect union of man, woman and man.

Then Dixon collapsed, flattening Bridget between the two large men. Callen grunted as their weight settled on them, but did not issue any real complaint. Closing his eyes, Callen sighed.

“I’m glad you came back.” Callen whispered.

“I love you too, Callen.” Bridget smiled slightly when she heard Dixon grunt. “You too, Dixon.”

She felt both men tense, subtly squeezing her even tighter for a moment. Then Dixon sighed and lifted off her.

“That’s good, woman, because we’re not letting you go.” Dixon stated in a hard tone. “Now then, what is this about drugging Zarinian warriors?”

“And where is the portal?”