

NaughtyNancy– Book 4 ½: Trek Mi Q'an

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Part I

Nancy Lombardo bit down onto her bottom lip as her eyes shifted warily toward the old woman. She had to be a witch, she thought. In a town like Salem, Massachusetts—and on Halloween night no less!—she couldn't be anything but a witch.

Either that or an extremely eccentric looking homeless person with a penchant for wearing black robes and loud blue eyeshadow while she stood there stirring only God knows what around in a cauldron as she chanted in what sounded to be Latin.

Nancysighed. She really should have taken that job inAnchorage. The weirdest thing she would have had to worry about encountering inAlaskawas getting kidnapped by a lonely mountain man who hadn't laid eyes on a woman since his inbred wife had passed on to—wherever it is inbred wives pass on to.

Nancy's back went ramrod straight as she continued walking down the dark alley. She refused to be afraid, she sniffed. This was her night, damn it. The night she was going to saunter into her friend Lori's party and shine like the belle of the ball.

No more wallflowerNancy. No more being the fat girl out. No more watching through the spectacles perched on the end of her nose as men looked past her to the dimwitted idiots standing behind her with the buffed bodies and the unbuffed brains. Tonight she was going to be one of those dimwitted idiots with the

buffed bodies and the unbuffed brains, she thought with a harrumph.

Well okay, so she wasn't exactly dimwitted. And her body wasn't exactly buffed.

And, she grimly conceded, she had graduated at the top of her class in law school.

Her lips pinched together in a frown. Damn it!

"Tis naught tae worry about," the old woman croaked out, causing Nancy to lose her train of thought.

"Huh?" Nancy's gaze shot toward where the old woman had been stirring her cauldron—the very same black-clad figure who had been standing on the opposite side of the alley, but who had somehow managed to land directly in front of her.

"Goodness," she breathed out as her hand instinctively flew up to shield her heart, "you scared me."

The old woman's weathered face crinkled into what on most people would be considered a smile. On her it looked more like a pasty slit in between a bunch of equally pasty wrinkles.

Nancy swallowed a bit nervously as she waited to see what the old woman wanted.

She absently adjusted her Xena the warrior princess costume and shifted the sword belt to the side. She winced and moved it back. The tip of the sword kept poking through its scabbard and jabbing her in the thigh.

Damn it!

"Can I help you with something?" Nancy asked in clipped tones, her voice unnaturally harsh. Call her a tad on the defensive side but it was Halloween night and the old woman gave her the creeps. She kept staring into her eyes as if searching for something, but otherwise the mysterious witch remained silent.

A suspended moment passed in eerie quiet as the two women locked eyes. It gave Nancy enough time to let the guilt settle in. She sighed. "I didn't mean to yell

at you,” she said quietly, her expression apologetic. She smiled. “I guess we all get a little freaked out on a night like this.” She decided to ignore the fact that the old woman was the reason she was freaked out to begin with.

“‘Twill be a long journey,” the old witch murmured. Her palm came up and rested on Nancy’s forehead as she continued to study her face. “But ‘twill be worth the sacrifices when all is said and done. And love shall be yers.”

Nancy’s eyes darted back and forth as the old woman began to chant. She nibbled on her bottom lip.

Back in law school Nancy had been taught how to effectively deal with many different types of bizarre situations, but this one had definitely not been covered in any of the college texts. When the old woman’s chanting picked up to a fevered squeal akin to the sound a pig might make when being slaughtered for Sunday dinner, she felt her cheeks redden.

Nope, definitely not covered in the law school texts.

Damn it!

“Are you okay?” Nancy asked wearily. She tried to politely remove the old crone’s palm from her forehead, but the wrinkled thing wouldn’t budge. She absently wondered if the old woman had been an arm wrestler in her heyday. “Do you need an aspirin or something?” Her tongue darted out to wet her lips as the squealing grew shriller. “I think I have a stick of gum tucked away in my scabbard if you—”

Nancy blinked. Her breath caught in the back of her throat.

The old woman was gone.

“Good grief,” she mumbled as her head darted back and forth. “Where did she go?”

After a suspended moment of just standing there with her mouth agape—no doubt looking like the village idiot—she shook her head and sighed. She really should have taken that job in Anchorage.

Straightening her back regally, Nancy dismissed the oddity of the situation from her mind and continued to walk down the dark alley. She could hear music and laughter floating out of a window a ways down, which could only mean she was almost at the old warehouse Lori had renovated for tonight's Halloween party.

Nancy took a deep breath as she wondered for the fiftieth time since she'd left her apartment an hour ago what everyone would think of her new look. Not the Xena costume itself, but the bodily changes that had gone along with it. During her two-month leave of absence from the law firm, she had used the time to completely transform her image.

Gone was the schoolmarm bun she had always tightly wrapped her hair into, and in its place was a sultry mane of light brown cascading hair, which her stylist had thoughtfully added golden highlights to. Gone was the spinsterish pair of oversized spectacles that had always sat suspended on the tip of her nose, and in its place were a pair of translucent contact lenses that showed off the rich chocolate brown of her eyes.

And, she thought with much relief, gone were those extra forty pounds of bulk. In their place was a voluptuous form that was beginning to show the first signs of muscle tone from daily exercise and sensible eating. She wasn't skinny and knew she never would be, in fact she was still somewhat fleshy, but for the first time in years she looked and felt healthy.

The Xena outfit was more than a costume to her, she realized. It was the very symbolism of the new Nancy Lombardo, a Nancy Lombardo who was no longer content to sit on the sidelines as a passive spectator while life passed her by. She was

an alpha female now. A warrior woman. A warrior woman who hadn't had sex since three presidents ago.

Damn it!

But that pitiful circumstance would change tonight, she reassured herself as she straightened her shoulders and walked determinedly up the back steps that would take her to the renovated warehouse loft above. Times were changing. The wallflower had died. She was a phoenix rising up from the flames of abject grief and despair. She was—

Bah! Times were changing. Enough said.

Nancy took a calming breath as she pushed open the warehouse doors and strolled inside. She instantly forgot about her nervousness as she glanced around, the smile on her face indicative of her festive mood. The old Stapleton warehouse looked great.

Lori had decorated the place perfectly, the dark atmosphere and lit jack-o-lanterns scattered about setting just the right mood. Skeletons stood across the room at either side of the buffet table, grimly guarding the different sweets and appetizers that had been set out for the hungry guests. The music playing in the background had a New Age, gothic feel to it. She loved it. The old warehouse looked perfect.

"Nancy! Is that you? Wow!"

Nancy's head snapped to attention as a beautiful, vivacious redhead strolled up to her side. She smiled. Janna looked great tonight dressed in a slinky little witch's get-up that emphasized the curviness of her body. "Yep, it's me," she said as she grinned. "How's life at the ad agency treating you these days?"

Janna groaned as she rolled her eyes. "Busy. I even have to work later tonight

if you can believe it.”

“On Halloween? You’re kidding!”

“Afraid not.”

“You’re not staying at Lori’s party then?”

Janna embraced her in a hug, the two friends not having seen each other during Nancy’s entire two month long absence. “I’ll be here for another hour or so, but I have to cut out early.” She sighed. “There’s a man my firm is interested in hiring on and I have to go lure him into the familial fold as it were.”

“How exciting,” Nancy said dryly.

“Exactly.” Janna grinned. “But enough of me—look at you! Nancy you look head to toe terrific.”

Unused to compliments of a physical nature, Nancy found herself blushing.

“Thank-you.”

Janna patted her on the shoulder. “Go mingle while I use the little witch’s room. I’ll be right back.”

Nancy chuckled. “Will do.”

After Janna left her side, Nancy took her first thorough look around at the other invited guests. To her utter amazement and delight, she found more than one pair of male eyes flicking over her new form and checking her out. Flustered by the attention, and as unused to it as she was to compliments, she nervously lifted her hand to push the spectacles up the bridge of her nose only to realize halfway there that she wasn’t wearing any.

Damn it!

She took a deep breath. She could do this. She could mingle with the male guests and behave as natural in a social setting as any other woman would. She was more than a woman, she reminded herself. She was a warrior woman. Xena. Phoenix from

the—

Bah! She could do this. Enough said.

Her chin going up a notch, Nancy firmly told herself that she would—right now at

this very moment in time—join the party and seek out an attractive male to talk to. A simple thing to most women, perhaps, but a portent symbolism to herself.

Strolling further into the renovated warehouse loft, the next person Nancy's gaze clashed with was not a male's, however, but another one of her closest female friends. She grinned at the hooker costume Erica was wearing, thinking she looked absolutely gorgeous in it. But then again, Erica looked gorgeous in anything she wore with her statuesque, blonde good looks.

Erica's eyes lit up as her gaze flicked up and down Nancy's body. Nancy couldn't be certain from across the room, but she could have sworn she'd seen Erica mouth the word "wow". Nancy was about to approach her friend for a hug when a tall man dressed like Count Dracula appeared seemingly out of nowhere and stalked determinedly up to Erica's side.

Nancy blinked. Old women magically disappearing. Tall, handsome men magically appearing. What a night.

Deciding she would wait and talk to Erica later, she smiled and waved at her friend rather than intrude on the conversation that Dracula was attempting to engage her in. Besides, she reminded herself, it was time to quit stalling and find a man to chat with. Erica would be pleased with her decision. She was always trying to set Nancy up on blind dates with various, assorted men of her acquaintance.

Taking what felt like her millionth calming breath of the evening, Nancy adjusted her sword belt and resumed her stroll through the throng of guests.

Tonight, she would get a life. Tonight, she would find a man. Tonight, she would end the bitter solitude of not having known a man's bed since big hair had been in fashion. Tonight, she would—

Bah! She would get some cock tonight if it killed her. Enough said.

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Part II

To Dot's margaritas & Lori's scenarios

To Crissy & knowledge-seeking

To Kris & love grottos <g>

To Maryam & patience [ahem]

To Mary & cheap husbands *sigh*

To Marty & cheap husbands *another sigh*

To Gis & Lamby *very big sigh*

To NN's harem & kadin *wiggles eyebrows*

To the women on the Jaid Black bulletin board...

...for grinning knowingly when you read this.

I'll see you inScotland,Nancy;)

Chapter 1

Hunting Grounds of the F'al Vader Pack

Planet Khan-Gor ("Planet of the Predators")

Seventh Dimension, 6067 Y.Y. (Yessat Years)

"Ahhh...CHOO!"

Nancy's eyes squinted shut as her entire body shuddered from the violence of a sneeze. She sneezed three times more in rapid succession, then waved her hands madly about to clear the puff of whitish smoke that was swirling around her like

a cranky cloud.

Damn it! she mentally wailed. What weird concoction had that old witch blown at her? It was translucent white and very sticky, much like a resin.

Nancy harrumphed as she absently studied her hands. She never should have decided to take a break from Lori's party. She never should have exited outside to the back alley in order to regain her composure. So what if a man had engaged her in conversation, she thought acidly. Any normal woman would have been able to sustain a casual conversation with a man without finding it necessary to take a break and air herself out before resuming said conversation.

Damn it!

Nancy's lips pinched together in a glower. Perhaps she really should have taken that job in Alaska. She doubted she would have gotten so fidgety around a mountain man. She doubted she would have cared whether or not such a male found her impressive enough to seduce. Her biggest concern with impressing a mountain man would have been whether or not she looked inbred enough to suit his sexual taste.

Nancy's back went ramrod straight. Damn it!

This was enough mental babbling, she babbled to herself. She'd gotten her air—as well as some weird sticky white junk blown at her by the feisty old witch!—so it was time to go back inside and continue the conversation she'd been having but minutes prior with Justin. Justin seemed like a good enough sort, she assured herself with a harrumph. He wasn't an athletic hunk by any stretch of the imagination, but then again she doubted Playboy would be contacting her anytime soon begging her to pose for a centerfold spread.

Her lips pinched together in a frown. Damn it!

Nancy supposed that if she possessed a body worthy of Playboy, she probably wouldn't be so damned unsure of herself where the opposite gender was concerned.

But she didn't and she was. She'd just have to figure out a way to get over it.

One thing was for certain, she thought as she finished clearing the air of the whitish smoke with her hands, her goal of getting laid tonight would be a hell of a lot easier to accomplish if Justin were a more forceful type. As is she felt as if she was the one doing all the seducing—hardly an easy feat for a woman who'd been known as a reclusive social mouse not even a full day ago.

Nancy took a deep breath as she squared her shoulders.

It was time to go back inside. It was time to rejoin the party. It was time to seduce the hell out of nerdy, geeky Justin. She was a warrior woman now, she reminded herself with a sniff. Xena. Phoenix from the—

Bah! She was going to fuck that little dweeb tonight if it was the last thing she ever did. Enough said.

Her chin went up a notch. Her nostrils flared. She was determined, damn it.

Horny and determined. She hadn't purchased those condoms tucked away in her scabbard for nothing.

Gritting her teeth, she took a resolute step toward the backdoor entrance to Lori's party. Warrior woman, she silently reiterated as her nostrils flared impossibly further. Alpha female, she silently grunted, her muscles flexing.

It was time to go back inside. It was time to rejoin the party. It was time to...

It was time to figure out where in the hell she was.

"Oh shit." Nancy's jaw dropped open as the air finally cleared of the whitish smoke and she got her first unimpeded look at her surroundings. Her eyes widened and her teeth clicked shut as it dawned on her that she was standing in some sort of a... nest?

“What the hell,” she muttered.

Nancygaped down at her feet, noting that the structure she was standing in was silver and glittery, the fabric of it similar to that of twined tree bark—silver, glittery, twined tree bark. Worse yet, there were animal pelts scattered all about the nest, as if it had been recently occupied.

She gulped. If the nest had been recently occupied, it didn’t take an Einstein to figure out that whatever had occupied it would probably come back. And it might not like to share...

“Shit.” Her heart pounding, Nancyswore under her breath as she quickly made her way to the other side of the glittery silver nest. The nest swayed a bit, so she immediately came to a standstill, then crept slowly to the side, careful not to rock it.

She was in shock, she knew. She had no idea where she was or how she had gotten here but—

“Oh. My. God.” Nancy’s entire body froze in place when she reached one wall of the nest and glanced to the terrain that surrounded it. Or more to the point, when she glanced to the terrain that didn’t surround it. “I am in a damn tree,” she said in a monotone. “The witch actually put me in a tree.”

In so much as she could tell, there was no land on any side of the nest to step off onto. It appeared to be high up—very, very high up, she uneasily noted—perched up in a tree and surrounded on all sides by a towering view of a silverish, icy-looking mountainscape hundreds of feet below it.

Her heart rate soared. Silver-ice mountains? Hundreds of feet below her?

She gulped. She’d always been afraid of heights. The nest she was currently standing in was up higher than she’d ever been before. If she couldn’t see any

land directly below the nest, then that could only mean that—

She gasped, noting for the first time that a pointed piece of silver ice jutted up from the middle of the nest. That could only mean that...

She swallowed roughly. That could only mean that...

That could only mean that the nest was impaled upon a narrow, pointed piece of icecap. One singular piece of ice was all that held the nest up, she thought hysterically, was all that stood between keeping the nest perched upright on the mountain apex and allowing the nest to plummet only God knows how far to the ground.

Damn it! I'm going to kill that witch!

Blood rushed to Nancy's head, pounded through her veins. Her heart rate accelerated impossibly higher as a near-maddening hysteria bubbled up inside of her. Her eyes wide with fright, she opened her mouth and did the only thing she could think to do in such a situation.

She screamed. Loudly.

"Help Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

She screamed out her platitude three times more, her voice hoarse when at last she stopped. Panting for air, she braved another glance over the ledge, immediately noting that the plummet from up in the nest didn't look anymore welcoming than it had before she'd started wailing like a baby.

"Damn it!" she screeched.

Mountains. For as far as the eye could see there was nothing but mountains. And silver ice. The ice was everywhere, coated everything, and formed slick shields on mountains that were so tall she couldn't see their bottoms.

"What. Is. Going. On," she bit out.

A gust of icy wind hit her in the face, inducing her to realize for the first

time just how cold it was up here... wherever up here was. Shivering, she raised her hands and began to briskly rub them up and down her arms, absently working the chill bumps out of her flesh while simultaneously wracking her brain for a way out of her predicament.

She bit her lip. She was up in a nest. The nest was perched on top of one of those pointed mountain apexes she'd just seen below. How would she ever get out of here? And when—and if—she did get out, where to then?

Her nostrils flared to wicked proportions. Alaska. Why the hell hadn't she taken that job in Alaska? "Damn old witch," she mumbled under her breath. "I should never have given her my last stick of gum. I should have..."

She didn't know why, couldn't say what premonition it was that instructed her to shut up and look down, but slowly—ever so slowly—Nancy's eyes trailed down her body until she ascertained that...

Yep, she was butt naked.

Damn it!

Ooooh, she thought angrily, her lips coming together to form a snarl, the witch had gone too far this time. Not only was she stuck in a silvery glitter nest made of twined bark, not only was the nest thousands of feet off the nearest ground, not only was her body covered in a sticky white residue, not only was it colder than she didn't know what up here, but she was also naked. Butt naked.

Her hands fisted into tight balls and fell to her sides. When she got out of this place—and she would get out of it—she was going to strangle that old witch and enjoy the depraved activity with every cell of her being. So this is the thanks she was to receive for being kind to that woman, she thought melodramatically. She couldn't believe this was her reward for being nice enough

to give the old woman the last stick of gum she'd had on her, the very one she'd tucked away in her...

"Scabbard." Nancy let out a breath of relief when she realized she might be naked, but she still had her sword and scabbard with her. She didn't know why that knowledge gave her such comfort, but it did. Perhaps it was because the sword was, at present, the only connection she had to the world she'd been transported from. Perhaps it was because the sword—useless as it no doubt was since she didn't know how to use it—would still offer her minimal protection from any predator that might think to reclaim its nest while she was occupying it. Whatever the reason, it did the trick and helped her to calm down a bit.

"I have to get out of here," she murmured, her brown eyes darting warily back and forth.

Just then another gust of chillingly cold wind slammed into her face, inducing her flesh to goosebump. Her teeth chattering, she sank slowly to her knees and ran her hands over one of the animal pelts lining the nest. It was warm and fuzzy, and very inviting at the moment.

As she looked around she noted that the sun was rapidly fading and that darkness would soon overtake this mountain she was stranded atop. The darkness, she thought nervously, would cause the temperature to plummet even lower.

She spent a threadbare moment considering her options, but realized rather quickly that she didn't have any to consider. There was no getting off this mountaintop without aid. She would have to bide her time and pray that the old witch decided to poof her back to Salemin the morning.

Climbing under the intoxicatingly warm animal pelts, Nancy expelled a deep breath as she fell asleep with her sword laid against her backside. It was there, the still-warm metal reassuringly within reaching distance if she needed

it.

Drowsy, confused, angry, but mostly frightened, she allowed herself to succumb to slumber, hoping against hope that she was already asleep and would wake up to find that all of this had been no more than a bad dream.

When her gaze flicked up and she took notice of four crimson full moons tinting the nighttime sky atop the mountain a haunting blood red, she closed her eyes and told herself it simply had to be a dream.

A very horrific, intensely frightening, could-drive-a-woman-to-drink, bad dream.

Damn it!

Chapter 2

Vorik F'al Vader, the eldest of seven sons and heir to his sire Yorin's dominion, landed silently on the ground, careful to make not a sound. He shape-shifted immediately from his winged kor-tar form and landed on humanoid feet, his heavily muscled body nigh unto naked, save the kilt wrapped about his waist and the pair of knee-high silver muu hide boots he wore.

Slowly, his dark-haired head came up, his acute silver eyes scanning the mountainside for any sign of yenni movement. He felt the excitement of the hunt coursing through his veins knowing 'twas at long last time to round up his own pen of pets. Some would be bartered at market, aye, but most he would keep for

himself.

What made a yenni so valuable was not only the she-beast's insatiable hunger for humanoid male seed, but 'twas also the sheer beauty of her fertile form—the fleshiness of her hips, the milkiness of her pale skin, the way she'd daintily flick her tail about whilst she suckled seed from a Khan-Gori male's cock...

Vorik sighed a bit dreamily, and with much anticipation. He had seen eighteen Yessat years as of this moon-rising so now 'twas his rite of passage into manhood to take as many yenni as he desired into his keeping...and into his bedfurs. For years he had fantasized about what it might feel like to have a hoard of females suckle from him, drink from him, feed from him. He would care for them well, he knew, making himself and his cock ever available to see to their appetites.

He was a selfless Barbarian, he told himself with a sniff. No matter how much seed his pets would wish to suckle from him, he'd see to it he provided them with it. Aye, he was forever putting the needs of others before his own. He was forever thinking of the happiness of other creatures before he saw fit to care for himself. He was forever—

Bah! He wished to have his cock suckled til 'twas possible it fell off. Enough said.

Vorik took a deep breath and closed his eyes, drinking crisp cold air into his lungs. He needed to calm himself, he knew, for his man sac was already tight and nigh unto bursting just thinking about the hunting booty that would soon be his.

'Twas cruel indeed the ancient custom that forbade a Khan-Gori male to lose his virginity until he saw eighteen Yessat Years, for it seemed that his cock and man sac had been in desperate need of satiation ever since the moon-rising he'd

turned twelve.

Every waking moment for the past six years had been hellish, every hour had passed as an eternity, for the need to thrust into the warm, suctioning flesh of his destined mate had come upon him at hourly intervals, nigh unto driving him insane. Because the males of his species realized they weren't likely to find their Bloodmates until much later in life, 'twas the way of it on Khan-Gor to expend one's seed within the bodies of the dimwitted yenni until at which time a Bloodmate was claimed. Even then a Khan-Gori male was expected to keep up the feeding of his pets until they were bartered at market, for 'twould be cruel indeed to allow the beautiful creatures to slowly starve to death.

Vorik harrumphed. He could never be so cruel.

As is ever the way of nature, the system worked out just fine, for female yenni could not survive without feeding on seed. And so it came to pass through the perfection of trillions of Yessat years of evolution that the yenni provided sticky flesh to thrust into and voracious mouths to be suckled with whilst the

Khan-Gori male provided his dimwitted pet with food. 'Twas a perfect system. Or, Vorik mentally qualified as his lips turned down grimly, mayhap it would have been a perfect system had he been allowed to indulge of yenni from his twelfth year onward.

By the tit of the she-god, he needed a suckling.

A soft purring sound a mile away snagged Vorik's attention, inducing him to smile slowly. He had heard that very sound many a time emitting from the pen his sire's yenni were caged in. The sound always meant one of two things—the yenni had either fallen asleep after feeding well, or she was cleaning herself.

His nostrils flared as he breathed in the scent of her. It mattered not that she

was a mile off in distance, for the males of his species had the most acute sensory systems of any known creature in the seventh dimension of time and space. He could smell her skin, could smell her pussy, could smell the scent of her arousal...

Fangs exploded into Vorik's mouth as he shape-shifted back into his kor-tar form. Faster than an eye can blink, his skin dimmed from its usual golden bronze color to a translucent shade of silver ice. Talons that tore prey apart so easily spiked out from where his toes had been, and wings that spanned twelve feet across protruded from his back as he leapt skyward and took flight.

At last, he thought as his manhood hardened, oh aye at last.

He tracked her easily, a skill any Khan-Gori male perfected by childhood. Part and parcel of growing into manhood on his planet was learning to provide food for one's family, and one could not provide food for their pack without a hunter's skill at taking down living, moving prey. This yenni would provide him with no food, 'twas true, for 'twould be Vorik who provided her with much nourishment.

Oh aye.

He found the yenni cleaning herself near unto an ice-coated stream, her face lowered betwixt her thighs and her tongue darting out to lap at her own pussy. Vorik's nostrils flared as he watched her, her pink tongue meticulously rimming the folds of her flesh, then darting up on a purr to lick at the bud nestled between the lips of flesh. She purred and cooed as she lapped at herself, and Vorik found himself simply staring at the beauty of the scene.

This yenni female was nigh unto perfect in her beauty. Her creamy breasts were large, the pink nipples that capped them round and full. Her hair was long and dark, and looked soft to the touch. The only aspect of the she-beast he found to

be a turn-off was the thinness of her form. 'Twas obvious she was no alpha female for a dominant she-beast would better know how to feed on male seed. Well, Vorik grunted, verily it mattered not, for he would teach the she-beast whatever lessons she needed to learn in the art of feeding. 'Twould be ideal if she already knew what she was about, but such was apparently not the way of it. So no matter how many sucklings it took to teach her how to get great spurts of seed in one feeding, he would be patient and understanding in waiting for her to catch on.

By the tit of the she-god, he grumbled as he licked his fangs, he prayed she was as dimwitted as she looked.

Vorik's cock stiffened whilst he landed on his feet and shape-shifted into his humanoid form. His fangs retreated, his wings and talons seemingly disappeared, as he softly made his way through the thick of the trees to stalk and capture the yenni by the stream. He was careful to make not a sound as he prowled toward the open savannah from the forest, no cracking of ice under his feet, no rustling of branches overhead.

"Help Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

Vorik's entire body stilled as the feeding call of an alpha female yenni reached his ears. The shrill cry of the dominant female caused the yenni he'd been tracking but moments prior to whimper and scamper away, and he found himself uncaring of the fact that he'd just been thwarted of his hunting booty for he was intrigued indeed by this unexpected happening.

Verily, 'twas hard to stalk an alpha female. 'Twas even harder to track one who sounded to be desperately hungry for they tended to stay well-fed. Mayhap, he thought to himself, she had followed a Khan-Gori predator to a hunting perch in

the hopes of getting a meal and had managed to snare herself into a nest from which she could not escape in the doing.

“Help Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Help Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Help Meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!”

“Oh aye,” Vorik murmured, his man sac tightening. His acute silver gaze honed in on a mountain apex that looked to be a lengthy flight away. She was trapped alright—trapped and desperate to suckle a male nigh blind.

Vorik swallowed a bit roughly as he considered just how good of a suckling the dominant female was likely to give in her crazed, nigh unto starving state.

Feeding her would like as naught kill him for she would demand great spurts to sate her.

His nostrils flared as he breathed in the crisp nighttime air. By the tit of the she-god, he was ready to die.

Fangs exploded into Vorik’s mouth once again as he shot up from the ground, his body transforming into his kor-tar form as he leapt upwards.

He would find her in all haste.

He would feed her as any good master should.

He could not allow an alpha female to suffer from hunger pangs needlessly.

Ever thoughtful of others he was, he sniffed. Ever considerate of dimwitted creatures was he. Ever—

Bah! He wanted the she-beast to suck him dry. Enough said.

Groggy with sleep, her eyelids firmly closed, Nancy's brow furrowed in incomprehension as she tried to figure out where the smooching sound she heard was coming from. It was a vaguely familiar noise, the type of kissy-fish lips, smooching, "here girl" kind of sound a person would make if they were calling a dog over to them that they might toss it a bone.

Her eyebrows shot up as she continued to sleep. Weird.

The sound was so bizarre to her in fact, so misplaced, that she rolled over onto her side with a grumble, and fell back into a deep, snoring sleep within seconds, her long skinny sword pressed against her backside.

Moments later she felt a large palm settle on her belly, then reverently run over the excess flesh there. Even in her sleep, her lips pinched together in a frown as she groggily considered the fact that even two months of dieting and exercise hadn't been enough to get rid of her belly. Or her thighs. Or her butt.

Damn it!

The feel of a solid piece of warm flesh tapping against her lips induced Nancy's forehead to crinkle bewilderedly. The tapping, accompanied by the kissy-fish lips "here girl" sound, was finally enough to rouse her from slumber and cause her eyelids to slowly flutter open.

Shit.

Nancy's eyes rounded in shock as she gaped up at the huge man kneeling down beside her. She had never—never—seen a man so gargantuan as this one. His body, which looked ominously long even kneeling down, was so thick with muscle that she wouldn't have been surprised if he weighed in the vicinity of five hundred

pounds. He wasn't burly or stocky in the slightest, for his musculature looked right on him, but he was incredibly big in every way.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Tap—tap.

Tap—tap—tap—tap.

Tap.

“Whadddyaddnd.” Unable to part her lips to speak without a surprise visitor sneaking entrance inside, her nostrils flared incredulously as the big oaf continually tapped the head of his—extremely well endowed!—penis against the swell of her lips. The gargantuan's own lips were still pursed in kissy-fish form as he slapped his manhood against her, while the “here girl” sound he was emitting grew louder and more demanding.

The giant was treating her as if she were a dog and his penis a big bone to salivate over. Her nostrils flared even further. This was just too much.

Damn it!

What in the hell was going on? she mentally wailed. Who was this man? Where, she grumbled under her breath, had that witch whisked her off to? One thing was for certain, she hesitantly conceded, she had never—not even once—seen a man so large as this one in all of her life. She wasn't sure it was even genetically possible for a human male to be so gargantuan in size.

Frightened, Nancy's eyes flew up to meet the giant's, the expression on her face indignant regardless to the scare he was giving her. Never show fear, she staunchly told herself, remembering what she'd once heard on an Oprah show about deterring a possible assailant. Never show fear.

Tap—tap—tap.

Tap—tap.

Tap—tap—tap.

Unfortunately, she grimly conceded as the head of his cock kept up its tempo against her lips, her lack of exhibited fear didn't seem to be impressing him all that much. And—eek!—she really wished he'd quit making that kissy-fish lips sound.

Damn it!

* * * * *

Vorik landed softly upon two feet in the Khan-Gori perch, shape-shifting into his humanoid form whilst he entered the nest. His fangs retreated, his eyes shifted back from red to silver, and the wings seemingly dissolved from his back as the beast submerged in favor of the man.

His breath caught when he saw her lying stretched out under animal hides in the middle of the nest, her saucy silver sword-like tail erect even whilst slumbering. There she was in all her suckling glory. The plump alpha female he'd tracked—and caught.

“Oh aye you like to feed,” he murmured, his muscles clenching in anticipation as his eyes drank in her fertile form. He bent down beside her, kneeling close to her slumbering body as he brushed away the animal pelts, and ran a large hand over the soft skin of her full underbelly. She was fleshy, the dominant female was, and her love of eating was proof positive that she was to become a pet he would cherish and pamper for all time.

Vorik closed his eyes briefly and took a steadying breath, for he was embarrassingly close to spurting before the yenni was even roused enough to

suckle of him. His cock was as long and hard as 'twas possible for it to be and his man sac was so tight that the excruciatingly exquisite feeling bordered on pain.

By the tit of the she-god, her chubby form was nigh unto driving him daft with arousal.

Pursing his lips together, his cock in hand, Vorik announced the arrival of a hearty meal to the dimwitted yenni with the traditional sound a male of his species makes in such a situation as he tapped the head of his staff against her lips, beckoning to her to eat. When her eyes fluttered open—by the ice of Mount Shalor they were beautiful!—he was certain 'twas the need of a meal he saw in her rounded gaze.

He tapped his cock harder against her mouth, nigh unto desperate for her suctioning lips to part. Sweat dotted his brow as he willed her mouth to open, as he prayed to the mating gods for surcease.

Oh aye, he thought headily as his man sac tightened impossibly more, her nostrils were flaring, inhaling the scent of food no doubt. More aroused than he'd thought it possible for himself to become, his teeth gritted and his muscles clenched anticipatorily as he tapped his cock harder still against her lips.

She would part them eventually, he knew, for the lure of a hot meal would be too tempting to resist o'er long.

Vorik's eyes flicked o'er her fleshy underbelly, grazed o'er her full hips and breasts.

Oh aye, he told himself as his eyes glazed o'er in need, eventually the alpha female would part her suctioning lips.

And when she did, she would feed.

* * * * *

“Whaddydndg?” Nancy asked furiously, her lips firmly clamped shut. She ignored the heated stare his silver eyes gave back to her and, huffing, pushed his manhood away from her face as she came up on her knees. “What,” she bit out, her teeth set, “are you doing?”

Oh no, she thought, her forcefulness wavering a bit. His eyes—his damn eyes. They were...silver. Not grey, not light blue, not some murky could-be-human color, but sharp, piercing, acute...silver.

She gulped, scooting back a bit out of reflex.

The giant’s breathing hitched just a little as his gaze meandered up and down her body. Naked on her knees before him, his piercing silver eyes seemed to meld as they flicked over her face, then down lower to her breasts, lower still to her tummy, and even lower yet to her...

“Shit,” Nancy muttered, biting down on her lip. She backed up a bit more, scurrying away as quickly as one could while on their knees. She had forgotten she was naked. How could she have forgotten that she was—

Ggggggrrrrr

She gasped when the giant began to growl low in his throat, the sound he was emitting telling her without words that if she knew what was good for her, then she had best not move another inch away from him. Her jaw agape, her mind frenziedly trying to figure out a method of escape, she unthinkingly scooted further away from him until she had all but trapped herself against the far wall of the nest.

“Oh my—eek!” Nancy’s hands shot up to cover her ears as his low growl evolved

into a blood-curdling roar of anger. Her gaze widened and she gasped again when his eyes shifted from silver to dull-glowing crimson, fangs simultaneously exploding from his gums to expose incisors long enough to make a woman swoon. Her hands fell down to her sides, numb. She really should have taken that job in Anchorage.

Silver eyes that turn red, she thought in dawning horror, growls that become roars, fangs that...well he had fangs!

Hysterically deciding she at last knew how Fay Wray had felt when King Kong had plucked her from the sacrificial altar on Skull Island, she backed up on her knees all the way against the far wall of the nest while her hands instinctively flew up to shield her ears once again. “Heeeelp mmmeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!”

Oddly, those shrieked out words seem to calm him, even satisfy him. “Huh?”

Nancy's eyebrows shot up uncomprehendingly, wondering as she did why he'd had such a positive reaction to the shrill sound of her wailing.

The giant's eyes shifted back from crimson to silver, and his fangs retreated below the gumline as though they'd never been. The muscles in his huge—and naked!—body seemed to clench as he stood up...up...way up...and slowly inched his way towards her.

She harrumphed. He was grasping his penis by the base again and making those damned kissy-fish noises as he arrogantly strode to stand before her kneeling form. He was beckoning to her again, calling out to her as though she was a dog and he was offering her a supreme cut of beef.

Damn it!

She swept a hand about grandly, purposely ignoring the horrific manner in which the nest was beginning to teeter back and forth. “Forget it,” she sniffed. “It won’t happen. Not now. Not—eek!”

Nancy screamed loud enough to wake the dead as the giant's added weight caused the nest to teeter too far to the side—far enough that she got a bone-chilling look at how far she'd be plummeting to her death if he came any closer. Her heart rate soared. Sweat broke out all over her body. "Okay!" she shrieked, her breasts heaving up and down. "You win! For the love of God you win, but please quit moving!"

Either he was purposely ignoring her words or he couldn't understand what she was saying, but either way the giant kept prowling toward her, cock in hand.

Nancy panicked when she felt the nest sway down lower, and with a scream, she lunged up at the gargantuan male and jumped into his heavily muscled embrace, her only objective to keep him in the middle of the nest that the structure would remain perched upright.

The giant laughed as he effortlessly caught her, dimples popping out on either cheek as he plucked her out of mid-air like a trite leaf and grinned down into her face.

Their eyes clashed. Nancy's breath caught.

Damn he was handsome, she thought rather warily, not at all liking the fact that her skin felt tingly and alive when it brushed up against the giant ogre's. In fact, she felt more than alive and tingly—she felt downright turned on. Huh?

Damn it!

Nancy chewed on her lower lip as she studied him, an odd and completely out of place premonition that everything would be okay swamping her senses. He wouldn't hurt her—not like that, not sexually. Her forehead crinkled as she idly wondered how she could remain so calm and sure given the situation. But there it was. She was sure.

And there was another feeling there as well, a gut instinct that shot through her and permeated her consciousness as her brown eyes shot up once more to meet his molten silver ones.

She gulped roughly. She wasn't certain how she knew, didn't know what instinct or intuition was guiding her thoughts, but she was sure of one thing: the witch didn't plan to let her leave this place or this giant.

Ever.

Chapter 4

Nancy swallowed nervously as the giant laid her down upon her back and settled his huge form next to hers. He curled his muscled body around her in such a way that her face was kept close to his swollen penis. Her breath came out in a rush, and she was surprised to find that her body was reacting fiercely to his. But it wasn't the need to suckle him that was making her feel breathless and passionate, though she could ascertain that was precisely what the giant wanted from her! It was the need to mate with the huge predator that was arousing her so fiercely. She didn't just want to have sex with him, she thought uneasily, she wanted to actually mate with him, to have him implant his child in her womb...

"Oh lord," she whimpered, her nipples hardening, her breath coming out in pants. She knew something wasn't right, wasn't as it should be. Human women do not react to human males like...like...good grief like dogs in heat. But that's exactly

what she felt like, and what's worse, she could swear she felt every egg that lined her ovaries tingling, waiting to be fertilized.

Damn it!

Nancy groaned, clamping a hand to her forehead as she did so. What in the name of God was happening to her? she thought morosely, her lips forming a dramatic martyr's slash. What manner of...species...was this fanged predator that he could make her body react so damned primitively?

Her stomach rumbled, reminding her she hadn't eaten in an age. She'd been too keyed up at Lori's party to consume a morsel, and too worried about her waistline expanding to take a bite. But now...

Nancy's eyes flicked up to the giant's face as her breathing grew increasingly sporadic. Now, she thought worriedly as her eyes locked with his and she saw his breathing hitch, now she was hungry.

* * * * *

Vorik heard the yenni groan, the sound followed immediately by the noise of her empty belly rumbling.

Oh aye, he thought shakily, his man sac tightening til 'twas nigh unto blue, at long last the alpha female was hungered enough to dine upon him. Every muscle in his body clenched in anticipation, and his breath came out in a rush when her dimwitted eyes flew up to meet with his. That an intelligence seemed to lurk behind the dominant female's gaze was of no interest to him at this juncture, for all he could think on was the fact that after having been forced to wait so many agonizing years for bodily surcease, his cock was about to be suckled of seed.

He reached out and brushed a lock of hair away from her face. Verily, he had never seen hair the color of hers, a soft amber hue that made his heart ache.

The color of her bedamned hair made his heart ache? Arrg! By the tit of the she-god, he would not fall in love with a dimwitted yenni. Verily, he frowned, 'twould make him the laughingstock of his entire pack!

Vorik saw the hesitation in her eyes and wondered at it. Mayhap a former master had treated her badly, he thought sadly, his heart constricting yet further. His teeth gritted as he steeled himself against his emotions, yet he found that all the steeling in the galaxies could not keep his heart from thumping madly in tune with hers.

Ah well no matter, he assured himself, 'twas probably a normal reaction any male of his species had to the first pet he captured. Mayhap a Barbarian always holds a special place in his heart for the she-beast who's the first to suckle of him. 'Twas a passing fancy, that.

The heaving of her breasts caught his attention, inducing Vorik's hand to instinctively reach out and palm one. 'Twas large and full, he thought wonderingly, his breath hitching once more. He ran his thumb o'er the elongated rouge nipple, then closed his eyes briefly whilst he dragged in a calming breath at the sound of her gasp of pleasure.

Her nipples were like maji fruits, he thought as his nostrils flared. Puffy at the base, long and ripe at the peak.

Vorik's silver eyes bore into the yenni's, the troubled look within her dark gaze still causing his heart to ache. He continued to stroke her silken mane of hair, his eyes gentling at her worried expression. His other hand reached further down her body until his thumb found her clit. He massaged it gently to soothe her. "Sha nala faron, zya." 'Twill be alright, little one. He smiled

softly. "Khan-Gori m'alana fey." I will not harm you.

She looked as though she understood not what his words meant, which Vorik had expected since all yenni were dim of the mind, yet he could tell that the gentle way he'd spoken the words had calmed her fears a bit. Her eyes flicked down to his shaft, no doubt remembering the need of a meal, and he felt his man sac go entirely blue as it tightened further, ready to explode for her.

And then, oh aye and then, the alpha female gave herself up to the lure of a hot meal as her lips slowly clamped around the sensitive head of his manhood. Vorik groaned at the first touch, his muscles cording when he saw and felt her suctioning lips envelop the head in its entirety.

"Oh aye," he moaned hoarsely, perspiration dotting his brow, wetting his shoulder-length black hair. His breathing grew labored as he watched her eyes close, as he heard her softly moan whilst she began attending to his cock. A rush of air came out from his lungs in a hiss as he gently guided her head up and down his shaft, his fingers twined through her hair as he pressed her closer to him.

She suckled him ferociously, getting more and more into the feeding as her eyes closed and she worked her suctioning lips vigorously up and down his staff. Her nipples hardened as she toyed with him, as she did what the females of her species had done since the advent of time to males of his species.

Vorik groaned when her small hands began massaging his man sac, gasping when he knew he was nigh close unto bursting already. Her ravenous tongue knew how to flick about his sensitive head, her nimble fingers knew just how much pressure to apply to his scrotum. He gasped again as he watched his cock disappear into the depths of her mouth, her eyes closed in bliss as she suckled up and down the

length of him.

She took him in a frenzy, her suctioning mouth working faster and faster, the sound of lips meeting cock smacking throughout the nest. Vorik growled low in his throat, unable to stop his fangs from emerging from his gums. He cradled her head reverently at his groin, his silver eyes opening then narrowing in crimson desire as he watched her feast on him.

She suckled faster, then faster still, her silken amber head bobbing up and down upon his manhood. When her tiny hands began massaging his man sac in earnest in time with her sucks, his head fell back upon the animal hides and his muscles corded. She seemed to know 'twas time to make him spurt, for her suctioning mouth honed in on the sensitive head and she sucked upon it greedily whilst massaging his tight balls.

Oh aye, Vorik thought, his mind nigh unto delirious. 'Twas bliss, this.

His entire body shuddered, then clenched hotly in anticipation of release. The yenni continued to work the magic of her kind upon him harder and harder still, her fingers massaging his scrotum whilst her lips pulled, sucked, and suctioned at the sensitive head.

"Zya," he roared. Vorik exploded between her lips, his fangs jutting fully into his mouth whilst his entire body shuddered and convulsed. She groaned as his seed spurted into her mouth, then closed her eyes as she fed from him, lapping up every last glowing drop of his silvery dew.

It was long minutes before he could catch his breath and even longer minutes before he could see again, for stars had exploded behind his eyes when he'd spurted and he had felt nigh close unto swooning from the intensity of his release. But at last, when finally he was able to steady himself and breathe normally again, he gazed down upon her lush form and his man sac instantly

tightened for her.

Oh aye, he thought headily, a smile of contentment pervading his lips as he nudged her face with gentle reverence back down toward his groin, this yenni was a hungry alpha without a doubt.

She studied him with an astonished expression for a few moments, her eyes clashing with his as she apparently decided what to do. But eventually, just as Vorik had thought she would—as he'd hoped she would—the beautiful, hungry she-beast latched her lips around the head of his manhood again and began the process of feeding from him all o'er again.

Vorik laid back upon the muu animal hides with a dreamy sigh, his heavily muscled arms flung o'er his head in surrender to her appetite. He closed his eyes and smiled blissfully as her lips worked o'er him once more, praying that 'twould take many sucklings before her belly felt full.

Verily, he thought on a gasp as his man sac tightened with seed, who needed a Bloodmate when a pet so fine as this one needed food.

Still, he was no saint, he knew. Aye he enjoyed feeding her, but 'twould be bliss when she'd had her fill and he could stuff his cock into her wet, puffed up pussy.

Oh aye. 'Twould be bliss.

* * * * *

Nancy wasn't sure if she'd gone insane or not, but four blowjobs later she decided that she had. Her jaw was so sore it was throbbing, yet every time the huge predator gazed down at her with stars in his eyes she'd find her lips latching around his penis of seemingly their own accord and she'd begin the

process of making him come all over again.

She sighed resignedly, realizing as she did that it was heady indeed to have a male gaze down at you as though you were a goddess. That the male doing the gazing was the most handsome and powerful man she'd ever laid eyes on only added to the giddiness. She knew he was young—he had to be young regardless of his gigantic size, for his reaction to her touching was completely unschooled and...naively touching.

As he spurted the sweetest liquid she'd ever tasted into her mouth for a body-shattering fifth time, she told herself that she had to be dreaming. He was eight feet tall, he had to weigh five hundred pounds or more, his eyes were silver when he was sated and crimson when he was angry or passionate, he had fangs, and he growled.

Definitely not what one would call a lucid reality.

And yet, weird as it was, she knew deep down inside that she wasn't dreaming. She knew that she was awake, and that this gargantuan male would do all in his power to keep her from escaping him.

She felt a pang of fear course through her as she wondered what she could do to get away from him. He was handsome for sure, but handsome wasn't enough to keep her from wanting to go home.

But if she did find a way to escape while he was sleeping or otherwise unaware, what then? Nancy sighed as she laid down beside him, her head coming down to rest upon his chest, her mind too tired to reason out any escape attempts just now.

She had no idea where she was and no idea how to leave it behind. Where the witch had thrown her to she could only guess.

Chapter 5

Vorik awoke in the silvery twilight with a tight man sac, the need to mate weighing down upon him mightily. He smiled as he cuddled his pet closer, the sound of her contented snoring causing him to chuckle.

Aye, she had fed well on him last moon-rising. Verily, she had suckled him nigh blind just as he'd hoped she would.

He sighed dreamily, his eyes still closed, as his large hand ran down her lush backside to play with her tail whilst she slumbered. She was perfection, his pet. She was an exuberant suckler who would bring him many lifetimes of bliss.

She was—

His brow furrowed as his hand fumbled about her backside. Where was her tail? he grumbled to himself. He felt no appendage at all there. Surely his pet had to have a tail! Where was...

“Ahh gods.”

Vorik's eyes flew open and darted downward, his silver gaze clashing with an intelligent brown one. His eyes narrowed as he looked at her, really looked at her for the first time, and apparently his intense study of her features frightened her for she swallowed nervously and looked away.

By the Ices of Shalor, he thought with surprise, the female was no yenni at all.

She was humanoid—a humanoid wench. Ahh gods what a dunce he was! He grimaced.

Now that he viewed her in the harsh light of day she had naught in common with a

yenni other than creamy, pearly skin. She was too beautiful to be a yenni, and her eyes were too knowing.

But nay, Vorik silently qualified, he was not one known for being a lackwit. He could have sworn she'd had a tail when first he'd ensnared her—aye she'd had a tail. Hadn't she?

Well no matter, he grunted, his palm kneading the backside he refused to relinquish—humanoid or no. Whether she'd had a tail or his eyes had been playing tricks on him was irrelevant just now, for he knew with all certainty she had let loose the cry of an alpha female yenni desirous of a feeding. That much of last moon-rising's events was a certainty.

He grunted again, satisfied in his reasoning, contented in realizing he was no

dunce. Feeling amorous as his species was wont to do, he plucked the humanoid wench from her lying position and set her upon his lap that her legs straddled him. She yelped a bit at first, her large breasts heaving up and down, and he figured correctly that she was frightened of his size.

Well no matter. He would gentle her to his touch, then would he do the very deed he'd been nigh dying to do since he'd been a twelve-year-old pup.

Slowly, Vorik's dark head came up and his sharp silver eyes clashed with her rich dark ones. She swallowed nervously, looking away from him again, which was just as well for his mouth had dropped open in shock.

By the tit of the she-god, his sins were worse than he'd thought!

Vorik groaned, sorely vexed with himself. His cheeks pinkened in embarrassment and shame as he considered the reality of what he'd done. Not only was she no yenni, not only was she a humanoid, but she was something far more important and coveted than either of those things. She was the very elusive dream most males

of his species spent lifetimes searching for and, sadly, many never found. She was his—all his—and no other's. And he'd found her on the very moon-rising he'd become a Barbarian full grown.

"Oh aye," he murmured as he felt his body respond to hers, as the need to mount her and impregnate her womb instinctually kicked in. Every cell in his body tingled as he drank in the scent of her. His manhood hardened with thoughts of gorging upon her blood...and, oh aye, with tantalizing thoughts of her gorging upon his blood.

Vorik released a shaky breath as his hands clutched her hips and his fingers dug into the flesh there. He needed to mate her now, to sink himself deep inside of her and get a litter of pups on her the soonest.

By the gods, she was his Bloodmate.

* * * * *

Nancy gasped when, in the blink of an eye, he reversed their positions and lowered his massive body between her comparatively small legs. She sighed, thinking it had taken being thrown into another world—most likely another planet entirely!—for her to feel small and delicate next to a man. A fanged man. A fanged man with a penis large enough to rend her into halves.

"EEEK!" Nancy pushed at the unmoving wall that was his chest, her legs flailing madly at either side of his hips. She hadn't been able to get even half of his shaft into her mouth last night—there was no way in the hell it was going between her legs.

"Forget it!" she fumed, her voice indignant. "The buck stops here, buddy." For a woman who had been a spinster all of a day ago, this was just too much. Sucking on him was one thing—and she still wasn't certain what had possessed her to do

that much!—but having him put it inside of her was another thing altogether. She bet he'd never once suffered from a case of penis envy. No locker room ribbings for this guy. Her hand slashed definitively through the air. "There is no way you will ever—eek!"

A growl of outrage erupted from his throat as fangs exploded through his gums. His once silver eyes turned crimson in anger, in lust, in possessiveness. He was anxious to get inside of her—very anxious she knew when he bent his head and nipped at her shoulder disapprovingly. She wondered if all the fighting in the world would keep him from sinking into her, which she feared could possibly kill her!

And yet, as anxious as she could tell he was to dominate her will and her body, he stilled himself atop her, waiting for...something. Waiting for her to calm herself, perhaps?

Nancy's lips pinched together in a frown as she considered the fact that his method was working. She was becoming calmer. And the moonstruck way that he was gazing down at her, the same worshipping, hopeful expression that King Kong had harbored as he'd watched Fay Wray's every movement, was doing its damndest to work a number on her senses.

She sighed, her eyes closing and her hands coming up to rub at her temples. This was weirdness incarnate. The ultimate getting-kidnapped-by-a-mountain-man scenario. And what's worse, she had a perverse feeling that by the time all was said and done, she'd have become a willing captive.

Damn it!

Her nostrils flaring, Nancy's eyes flew open to meet her captor's and their gazes locked. He looked ferocious. Determined. His jaw was set, his fangs

slightly bared, and his eyes were now pure crimson.

Oh damn, she thought as she began panting, she could feel him telepathically speaking into her mind. She had no idea what he was saying because she couldn't speak his tongue, but whatever the words were they were doing a number on her hormonally. She groaned as horniness the likes of which she'd never before felt shuddered through her, then gasped when her womb began to contract.

She needed his flesh joined to hers, needed to feel him rocking in and out of her, needed him to impregnate her. She would obey him in all things, she thought unblinkingly, for she could do no other. She belonged to him forever. Verily, her body was but his vessel, ever ready to provide pleasure—

“Damn it!” she sniffed. Her eyes narrowed when she realized he'd been hypnotizing her. “Quit making me think things I don't want to think!”

He smiled slowly as an answer, then sent out a sensual mental wave that left her gaping like the village idiot.

Nancy closed her eyes and moaned, her body involuntarily writhing beneath the giant's. Good grief, she silently wailed, she was back to feeling like a dog in heat only this time the effect was a thousand times worse—and likely to drive her mad if he didn't enter her body soon.

“Please,” she groaned, her breaths coming out in a series of short gasps. To hell with worries about dying, she sniffed. She needed him inside of her like she needed to breathe. She decided this was no time to contemplate how troublesome of a fact that was. She wrapped her legs around his waist without thinking about it, then reared up her hips and ground her soaking wet flesh against his groin.

He hissed.

“Please.”

He settled himself comfortably between her legs, then bent his dark head to nip at her neck with his teeth. Not enough to drink of her, but enough to puncture the skin and to cause a few droplets of her blood to trickle out onto his tongue. He lapped the beads of blood up, groaning as if she tasted like an elixir from the gods.

“Oh lord,” she groaned, her belly knotting with impending climax, “oh yes.” She felt delirious—good grief what was he doing to her?

She didn’t know what instinct made her bite him, couldn’t say what drove her to it, but in a frenzy of lust and intuition, Nancy’s head shot up and she clamped down onto his jugular vein as hard as she could with her comparatively dull teeth. He began to writhe and moan, his low growl evolving into a fierce roar. Incisors sliced cleanly into her jugular, causing her to whimper from the human fear of death mingled with an evolving predator’s ecstasy. She never let go of his jugular, though, and soon she would be glad she hadn’t.

An orgasm exploded inside of her as he drank her blood, the violence of it intense enough to make her body involuntarily convulse. Amidst the throes of a full mating frenzy, it didn’t matter that Nancy’s incisors were dull in comparison to the teeth of the male who was preparing to mount her. Her human teeth sank into his jugular as far as they could go, and although they couldn’t go far enough to drink of him they were able to go in far enough to nick him, which caused him to bleed a single droplet of blood.

It was enough. The moment the sweet taste of his blood hit her tongue, Nancy groaned as her body convulsed with yet another orgasm. She enjoyed the intensity so much that even when he made her release his neck so he could mount her the way he wanted to, she bit down onto his chest and drew blood, refusing to let

go, moaning and groaning when orgasm after orgasm rocked through her.

“Oh aye, little one,” he said hoarsely.

Her body stilled. Her teeth fell away from his chest as reality set in. She was drinking a man’s blood.

“Oh God,” she dramatically wailed.

“I need to mount you, vorah,” the giant said thickly, seemingly unaware of her tumultuous thoughts. His silver eyes glazed over as he nudged her down to lie fully upon her back. He then settled himself on his knees between her legs, clutching her hips with his hands and spreading her thighs wide.

“Wh-what are y-you doing?”

What a dumb question!

“Mounting you,” he said in a hoarse voice.

Eeeek!

Against her volition, Nancy’s nipples hardened and elongated as she watched the gargantuan-sized predator prepare to thrust inside of her for the first time.

Eyes closed and nostrils flaring, she could tell by the look of impending nirvana smothering his features that the eight-foot giant getting ready to mate her had never been with another woman. Never.

A five-hundred pound virgin. A five-hundred pound virgin who drinks blood and possesses a penis the size of a small whale.

Eeeek!

“Oh dear,” she whimpered, her logical mind at war with her eyes—eyes that were busy drinking in the intoxicating sight of his heavily muscled body. Why did her body react to him as if it had been preprogrammed to? “P-Perhaps we should start slower,” she hedged, glancing uneasily up at his fangs. “Maybe holding hands would be nice—“

She said no more when he looked at her as though she'd gone mad. Good lord she probably had gone mad! That certainly explained this new world she was inhabiting. Perhaps she and the other mental wards at the local asylum were visiting here at the same time. Right after they'd had tea with Napoleon.

Nervously, her hand darted up to push the spectacles she always wore up the bridge of her nose. Oh that's right. She wasn't wearing any spectacles.

Damn it!

Nancy closed her eyes and groaned, a melodramatic feeling of martyrdom overtaking her. What was so wrong with being a spinster? she mentally wailed.

Why had she ever thought to get a new life?

"'Twill be alright, little one," he murmured. "Verily, I could never hurt you."

Her eyes flew open. For the first time it dawned on her she could understand what he was saying. And, she thought bewilderedly, he wasn't speaking English by any stretch of the imagination. "H-How..."

"Thy blood is in me." He bent his head and sipped at her neck again, causing her to gasp. "And mine in you," he murmured.

Her breath caught when, with no more preliminaries, he raised her hips up a bit, then impaled himself within her flesh in one long, arousing stroke. It hadn't killed her after all. "Oh my," she gasped, her back arching.

"Vorah," he ground out, sweat dotting his brow, "I've the need to rut in you, little one."

Vorah —Bloodmate...the human equivalent to wife.

Oh lord.

Nancy gazed up at the gigantic male whose flesh was fully embedded in hers and was surprised by the array of emotions she felt just looking at him. It worried

her really, for it meant that not only had her body been preprogrammed to need him, but her heart had been as well. But preprogrammed by whom? By what? She sighed, very confused.

Vorik stroked into her flesh slowly once more, the look of rapture on his face heady enough to tug at Nancy's heartstrings. She closed her eyes briefly, opening them on a sigh, the poignant feeling of being his first lover doing a tap dance on her emotions...and her libido. She actually found herself wishing that she knew what to call him by.

Vorik, he answered in her mind. Thy Bloodmate.

Their eyes met. Nancy nibbled at her lower lip as her reticence dissolved.

"I'm Nancy," she whispered.

Vorik entered her slowly again, groaning as he seated himself fully within her.

"Nawncy," he ground out. He held her thighs apart with his large hands, his hips rotating in between them as he thrust into her flesh.

She gasped, her nipples hardening.

Vorik bent his head to her chest, his tongue darting out to curl around one jutting nipple. Nancy moaned loudly, for his tongue was rough like a cat's and the gentle sandpaper sensation sent tremors shooting through her. He sucked on the nipple for a long time while he slowly thrust into her, and pretty soon she was so wet that she could hear her pussy making sucking sounds with every slow upstroke.

He flicked at her nipple with his tongue, then raised his dark head. "Are you ready for more, beautiful one?" he murmured.

"Yes," she gasped, her hips arching up to meet his next downstroke.

He closed his eyes and picked up the pace, thrusting into her flesh in deep, wild strokes, moaning and groaning the entire time. Sweat broke out onto his

forehead. The muscles in his arms clenched and corded. His teeth gritted as he rode her into oblivion, never wanting the sensations to end.

Nancy watched his face the entire time, moaning as he took her. It was a heady feeling, owning the first pussy a man ever fucked. The expression on his face was indescribable in its intensity. He looked delirious with pleasure, yet she could tell from the way his jaw was clenched as he rocked in and out of her that he was doing his damndest to keep from orgasming. He wanted the euphoria to last. He never wanted to stop fucking her.

She moaned when he rode her harder, his hips pistoning faster and faster between her thighs. She could hear her flesh sucking him in, trying to hold onto his cock every time he rocked back and forth.

“Aye,” she heard him growl. His eyes were closed, as if concentrating intently on the feel of her cunt. He mounted her primally, holding back nothing.

Harder. Deeper. Faster. “Aye.”

Nancy gasped as incisors sliced cleanly into her neck. She came instantaneously, screaming as she threw her hips back at him.

With a growl he gorged on her, feeding on her blood as he stuffed his stiff cock inside of her over and over, again and again. He moaned and groaned throughout every last orgasm, allowing her as much pleasure as he could, taking from her as much pleasure as he could, before the deed was fully done and he wouldn't be able to touch her whilst she incubated.

When she came again—writhing and moaning, throwing her hips at him like a wanton—he could take no more torture. Raising one finger to his neck, he allowed the nail to spike up, then slashed open his jugular and lowered it to her.

She drank of him, became one with him, never thought to deny him. He roared at

the euphoric sensation of her feasting on him, the feeling akin to never-ending orgasmic release.

Only when Vorik knew the deed was done, when he was certain she'd drank enough of him to evolve, did he allow himself the final, harsh release. Realizing as he did that he would not get to make love to her for a sennight, he gluttoned on her blood and cunt as long as 'twas possible, hedonistically enjoying every sip, every thrust.

"Vorah."

He came on a loud roar, his eyes crimson with passion, with possession. The orgasm went on and on and on, 'til finally his man sac had been emptied of all seed.

When it was over, when both of their breathing returned to normal, Vorik smiled down at her, his expression worshipful. "Many thanks, little one," he murmured.

"'Twas more bliss than I can say."

Nancy grinned. "You weren't too bad your..." She gasped, as she felt her breath slowly leave her body. "Vorik," she panted, "what the..."

He smiled. "You are evolving, my love." He disentangled his body from hers so as to not impede the process. "'Twill be but one sennight in the cocoon—"

"C-Cocoon?" she cried out. Gasping for air, she rolled onto her side, noticing for the first time that a web was forming around her hands—a thick web of sticky material. "Oh my God."

She screamed, trying to bat the web away with her hands, but it was growing and thickening, and climbing up her arms. "Help me!" she screamed, jumping up to her feet. She gasped as more air left her lungs, then fell to her knees.

Nancy watched in dawning horror as the web made it's way up her arms and began encasing her fully, all the way down to her toes. Unable to scream from a lack

of oxygen in her lungs, she mentally screamed, rolling and rolling, and rolling her body to the far side of the nest.

Vorik came after her, not wanting her to harm her cocoon lest she die. “Vorah!”

he commanded her. “Calm thyself and quit moving anon!”

But Nancy was delirious, wild, frantic. She rolled further, and Vorik stepped closer. The nest teetered and swayed.

“Vorah!”

Cold terror knifed through her as the nest collapsed and she began plummeting toward the ground at a bone chilling speed. She bypassed winged animals, mountain peaks, and—oh God—a mountain base, as she plummeted down, down, down, down...

She was almost completely encased, nothing but her eyes showing as the cocoon turned over so Nancy could see up instead of down.

Vorik.

He was coming after her, swooping down from the heavens. But he was no longer a man.

Silver body. Silver wings. Fangs. Crimson eyes...

Nancy silently screamed as the cocoon encased her fully, her last conscious thought before her breath left her entirely that the man she’d just made love to was a gargoyle.

And worse...he had turned her into one too.

* * * * *

Vorik swooped down and caught the vorah-sac in his arms, careful not to snag it with his teeth as was the automatic instinct possessed by his kind when in

kor-tar form. But then usually when one was descending upon a body 'twas as a predator seizing prey so he cared not whether his fangs ripped through the animal's flesh. Since this was the cocoon of his evolving Bloodmate, however, he cared mightily.

He cradled the vorah-sac in his arms, cautious of her delicate state at all times. She was defenseless just now, unable to protect herself whilst she incubated, and so 'twas her Bloodmate she depended upon at this time for safety more so than she ever would again.

When Nancy awoke, he knew the metabolic changes within would cause her to be as deadly as was he—mayhap even more so—for he'd never heard tell of a species of predators in any dimension where the female wasn't deadlier than the male.

Mayhap 'twas to compensate for the fact that she would be much smaller than a lot of the species of prey they would stalk together throughout their seven lifetimes together.

There were many characteristics that the Barbarians of Khan-Gor shared in common with other predators, the most fundamental one being the difference between the genders. Although Nancy would be gifted with the ability to kill attackers and seize prey in many deadly ways that Vorik could not, she would never be able to best her own Bloodmate—never.

Vorik smiled at that thought, thinking the gods showed much in the way of smarts. Verily, if the deadly female was able to bring the male she had mated with down, then males would be killed off left and right, mayhap every time their vorahs got into a temper. Since Bloodmates mated for life, 'twould be foolhardy of nature to allow for such, for the predator populace would die out and those lower on the foodchain would become too great in numbers.

And so it had come to pass through the long process of evolution that the

Khan-Gori male was possessed of two gifts the female was not: whilst in animal form his silver skin was impenetrable from puncture wounds dealt by a Bloodmate, and whilst in either form he could mesmerize his Bloodmate should he so desire it. Those two attributes, working in conjunction with his larger, fiercer size, gave the Khan-Gori male eternal dominion o'er his deadly vorah.

Vorik dismissed his stray thoughts as he scanned the grounds and mountain passes for a safe place to make camp til the sennight of incubation had passed and his Bloodmate emerged from her cocoon. He couldn't chance flying all the way back to F'al Vader lands this way with her in his arms, for if a rival predator made battle with him, he would be forced to choose between dropping the vorah-sac to fight—which would kill Nancy in the process, or allowing himself to be killed by a male from another pack. Since Vorik would choose to die with his Bloodmate rather than drop her, he knew 'twould mean death to them both.

His crimson eyes located an empty cavern below which his visual acuity told him was not currently being inhabited. He swooped down to make haste toward it, realizing as he did from years worth of hunting that the cavern was nestled within neutral lands unclaimed by any pack. 'Twould do.

Vorik sent out a mental warning to weaker lifeforms below that did they wish to see the next morn, they would clear out the cavern immediately until he and his Bloodmate left it behind. His acute hearing picked up the vibrations of scampering feet and, verily, by the time he arrived with his vorah-sac and had shape-shifted to humanoid form, all signs of life were long gone.

He carried Nancy into the ice-coated cavern, his Bloodmate securely cradled in his arms.

Chapter 6

One week later

Nancy's breath came back in a rush, her lungs heaving and expelling a huge gush of air. Crimson eyes flew open and fangs exploded from her gums as she instinctively sought out her Bloodmate. In a behavior pattern that had genetically been programmed into her during the incubation period, she exploded from the cocoon with a fierce roar, able to do so by a lining of deadly spikes that jutted out of the skin cells on her forearms.

Unable to think of anything save the need for Vorik's nearness, and voraciously aroused after having not mated during the entire week she'd been cocooned, Nancy flew at top speed out of the cavern, her heightened sense of smell detecting that Vorik was a mile off, somewhere in the vicinity of the mouth of the icy riverbed below.

The scent of him aroused her further, inducing her nipples to harden and her belly to knot in anticipation of being mounted. The moment her Bloodmate saw her descending upon him, his lips formed a snarl as he shape-shifted into kor-tar form and took flight towards her.

Their silver bodies came together in a mid-air clash, and Vorik immediately sank his teeth into her neck. Nancy gasped at the arousal, her need to be impregnated by the large male too instinctual to resist him. That he now looked like a gargoyle, that he was fanged and winged and his eyes were crimson—all of these

things her earthly memory cells were wary of, but the need to couple was too pressing to pay them much heed.

As her Bloodmate lowered them to the ground with a fierce growl, then forced her bodily onto her hands and knees, she could think of nothing—nothing—but being mounted. It was as if she'd never been human, as if her body harbored no memories of an existence before she'd emerged from the cocoon.

On a dangerous growl Vorik entered her from behind, his thick swollen penis impaling her warm flesh in one thrust. She hissed at his roughness, glancing over her shoulder to snarl at him. He growled in response, then nipped at her shoulder with his teeth to show her who was in control as he pounded into her cunt from behind. She yipped in response, whimpering like a puppy who'd had her tail stepped on at the chastisement.

Vorik immediately soothed her, his tongue darting out to lap at her shoulder while he kept up his steady tempo of thrusts. Nancy gasped in pleasure, then began to couple with him, throwing her hips back at him to increase the friction and the deepness.

Aye little one , she heard a hoarse voice in her mind say. I've missed thy presence sorely. Fuck me with that sweet cunt.

She did as he bade her, throwing her flesh back at him, moaning and groaning as he pounded into her body, hissing with ecstasy as his sharp fingernails dug into the flesh of her hips. She didn't understand why the sensation of his fingernails piercing her skin felt so good, only knew that it did. It was like a sensual massage, akin to the way it would feel if her clitoris was being rubbed.

On a growl she burst, her wet flesh contracting as she came. The orgasm was a

thousand times stronger than anything she'd ever before experienced, causing her to moan and groan and writhe and twist as Vorik continued to impale her over and over again, his tight balls slapping against her buttocks while he frenziedly rutted inside of her.

Vorik , she mentally moaned.

I wish it to last , he answered, his teeth gritting, I wish it to—ahh gods.

On a loud roar he prepared to explode, the intense feeling of her pussy contracting around his cock forcing him into it. He had heard tell that a Bloodmate's cunt would suck a Khan-Gori male's staff dry, but not until now did he know that the gossip was true.

Verily, her flesh squeezed him in a series of intense contractions until he could withstand no more, until he was moaning and groaning and growling from the pleasure of it. Vorik pounded into her wet flesh twice more, then clawed her hips to force her into peaking with him as he emptied his seed deep inside of her.

For three more hours they mated thusly, over and over, again and again. With each mating Vorik became more animalistic, drinking her blood to heighten the delirious ecstasy for both of them, scratching at her hips to make her tremor and convulse around his cock.

He took her with the violence of his species, primal in a way he could never be while she was in her humanoid form. Only one time during the entire mating did she snarl at him to get off of her, and that was only after she'd been effectually impregnated with a pup and wanted some rest. Vorik, a virgin just a week ago, wanted more and more and more of her pussy, refusing to stop until he burst again and again inside of her.

When Nancy protested with a growl, his answering roar of denial followed by a

sharp nick to the shoulder silenced her. Obediently, she pressed one side of her face to the ground and hoisted her hips up further that he might root in her as deeply and as much as he desired.

Vorik grunted in satisfaction, a snort of male arrogance puncturing the night as he impaled her flesh over and over again with his. Amidst a mating frenzy, he pummeled her roughly, mounting her for another solid hour, spurting seed into her flesh more times than either of them could count.

When finally he was sated, when his balls were drained of all seed, Vorik curled his gargantuan-sized body around hers, and they prepared to sleep together that way, still in kor-tar form so that the icy elements around them had no negative effect.

Nancy grunted, wanting closer contact.

Vorik slid his penis into her from behind, that both of them had the constant contact they craved.

They fell asleep, two Bloodmates bound together in every way possible.

Chapter 7

Nancy awoke the next morning in humanoid form. Vorik's body, still in kor-tar form, was curled around her, thwarting the iciness of the landscape from adversely affecting her. Without his skin emitting constant, toasty-warm heat,

she guessed she'd be dead in the matter of an hour. She shivered at the thought, then snuggled up closer to him as a matter of self-preservation.

Nancy worried her bottom lip as she realized for the first time that Vorik was still in his gargoyle form. She'd seen him that way last night, but last night she had looked at him through the eyes of a similar predator. This morning, right now, she found herself afraid to get her first good look at him through a human's eyes for when she did she would know precisely what it was she had evolved into.

Her memories of the metabolic changes she'd undergone while cocooning weren't numerous. And those that did exist weren't so much memories as they were impressions. A feeling of rebirth, of rejuvenation, of acquiring heightened senses, and of gaining more acute...everything. Eyes that had once required spectacles or contact lenses to see could now scan terrain a mile or more off in the distance. Ears that she'd once considered to be superiorly adept at hearing would now feel deaf in comparison if she was to listen through them again.

Nancy closed her eyes briefly, drawing in a calming breath of air. She needed to see him, she told herself. She needed to know what it was human eyes would see when they looked at him—and when they looked at her. How could she ever hope to go back to earth if...

Dear God, she thought on a pang of emotion, why was the thought of leaving Vorik, a man she'd known all of a week, so horrible? So empty?

She sighed, for the first time sincerely doubting she'd be able to feel sane without him in her life. Not just in her life, but in her constant presence. The reassuring, steady beat of his heart thumping gently against her back did more to quell her restlessness than she wished it did. Because that quelling, that calming, could only mean one thing: she well and truly would go insane without

having him near her.

Nancy's head came up slowly, her round brown eyes finding Vorik's alert crimson red ones. He was awake. Awake and in gargoyle form. Her breath caught. They stared into each other's eyes.

In that instant, as she witnessed the sadness in his gaze, as she heard a low, pained sound rumble gently up from his throat, she knew what Vorik was thinking without needing him to mentally or verbally send the words out to her. He was hurting on the inside, wondering to himself if she'd ever be able to truly love a man who was also a beast.

In a rush of impressions she saw Khan-Gor's past swim before her mind's eye, a past that included the closing off of the silver-ice planet called Khan-Gor to outsiders. A fear of their people, namely what their people were able to do genetically, had caused males from other planets to seek them out in an effort to destroy their race.

In a way, it had worked.

For several millenniums the planet had remained shielded in an invisible cloak of ice until all outsiders had forgotten of their existence and the pack leaders felt it was safe to lower their guard a bit. Even then no Khan-Goris had ventured off planet until the situation had become so grim that the males of their species were left with little choice but to look elsewhere for their Bloodmates, for they weren't likely to find them on Khan-Gor.

Indeed, Nancy saw as she closed her eyes, female-born Khan-Goris were all but non-existent, their numbers sparse. Nature, it seemed, had never intended for Khan-Gori males to mate within their own race, a phenomenon that no doubt kept the gene pools aired out and healthy, and kept females who were transformed into

predators breeding dominant, robust sons. To breed within the race could cause madness amongst the offspring, and in one fatal case it had created a monster... She opened her mind further to Vorik and saw a scene replaying in his memories. The memory was of Vorik's father imparting unto his son the telling of a legend, of how he had been the first Khan-Gori male in three thousand years to venture off planet in search of his Bloodmate, how he had found Jana, Vorik's mother, and how he had brought her home.

But nothing, of course, had been quite that simple.

Nancy's heart clenched when she saw Vorik's first memory, a memory that had occurred just moments after his birth. His mother Jana, who had been on the run from Vorik's father at the time, had been frightened of her kor-tar son upon seeing him flutter out from between her legs. So frightened, in fact, that she had refused to hold him in her arms, or to feed him at her breast, after she had birthed him.

Nancy's bottom lip trembled as the scene continued to play out.

Jana, who had refused to shape-shift into her kor-tari form beyond her first emergence from the cocoon, had spent the next few days staring off into space unblinking, a blank expression on her face. Vorik had cried often from within their hiding place, the cries of a newborn baby needing fed. But she had ignored him, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, never acknowledging his existence.

And then one day, thankfully before Vorik had starved to death, his mother had regained her broken mind. Jana had been out of the cave they were hiding in, wandering about aimlessly, when a deadly intruder had snuck in with the intent of killing her tiny son.

His mother, who had been weakened at the time from days of not eating, had

sensed the intrusion into the cavern and in a burst of power and speed, had shape-shifted into her gargoyle form and killed the intruder with one swift backhanded slap. Because of the spikes that jut out from a female's arms when in animal form, the kill had been quick and efficient, impaling the enemy and killing him instantaneously.

When it was finally over, and Jana knew that the threat to her son had passed, she had broke down crying, regaining her sanity in the process. Forgive me, Vorik, she had sobbed, at last placing the helpless newborn at her breast. For the love of the goddess, please forgive me, my son...

Nancy's eyes opened slowly, unspilled tears causing her lashes to glisten as her gaze clashed with her Bloodmate's. Vorik had, of course, forgiven his mother for he loved her fiercely, but his heart had never forgotten the rejection.

Vorik made no movement to force Nancy to stay close to him. He simply laid there and waited for her judgment, his sad crimson eyes flicking over her face. Can you love me? she thought she heard him say softly in her mind. Can you accept me for what I am?

Nancy's breath caught as she looked at him through the eyes of a humanoid, as she studied his features and found her hand coming up to gently memorize his face with her palm and fingers. His eyes closed briefly at the soothing contact, opening again to watch her expression, to see for himself how she felt.

In that poignant moment, all thoughts of earth, all memories of her former life and friends, dimmed in importance until they had all but faded away. Nancy smiled gently at her Bloodmate, finding nothing lacking, realizing as she did that he was the most powerful and glorious life-form she'd ever been granted the privilege of seeing.

He was carved of sleek silver, his muscles plentiful and fierce. His face, even

in kor-tar form, was harshly handsome. Though he was bald like any gargoyle would be while in this form, she found the effect made him appear all the more formidable and virile...not to mention terribly sexy.

“Yes,” she murmured, her eyes meeting his. She smiled, searching his face. “I can love you.”

His breathing hitched as he stared at her, but he spoke not a word. And then, in the blink of an eye, he picked her up in his arms and flew off at top speed, neither descending nor slowing until they reached the cavern she’d incubated in while evolving in the cocoon.

He laid her down gently on a bed of animal hides, then came down on his knees before her, still in kor-tar form. Nancy experienced a moment’s panic when he splayed her thighs wide before him, then bent his head and licked from her anus to her clit in one wet, rough swipe. She remembered how violently they’d mated as gargoyles the evening prior, so she felt a slight hesitation as it became apparent that he wanted to mount her while she was still in human form.

Their gazes locked. “I shall never hurt you, little one,” he said softly. He took a calming breath. “Please do this thing for me, that I might know in my heart you accept me as both man and beast.”

Nancy smiled gently, unafraid. She knew he’d never hurt her. She’d only needed the reassurance. “Okay,” she whispered back in his language.

His breath rushed out as he lowered his face between her legs and lapped at her pussy with his rough tongue. She gasped immediately, for his tongue in kor-tar form was even more abrasive than it was in humanoid form, which sent tremors immediately jolting through her. When she considered the sinfully provocative sight they made, a human woman who was willingly spreading her legs for a

gargoyle's wicked sexual ministrations, her nipples hardened into painfully tight peaks.

Nancy glanced down to where his mouth was lapping at her flesh and shivered with arousal. His silver gargoyle face was pressed against her pussy, his crimson eyes watching her as he suckled her clit. He built her to a peak in a matter of moments, the sucks he made to her clit so fast that it looked as though he was munching on her flesh. She groaned, her head falling back against the animal hides, her eyes closing as her nipples jutted up in arousal.

"Vorik."

He suckled on her clit harder, his rough tongue simultaneously flicking the sensitive head in a show of sensual accomplishment no human male could ever master. She bucked up on a groan, then wrapped her legs around his neck and pressed his face in closer to her pussy.

Vorik growled against her clit, vibrating it even as he sucked and flicked at it. Nancy screamed in pleasure, gasping out his name as her entire body convulsed on a loud moan of completion. Blood rushed to her face, heating it. Blood rushed to her nipples, elongating them. Vorik raised his head from her soaked flesh, then curled his rough tongue around one jutting nipple, soothing it while simultaneously further arousing it. She sighed contentedly, her eyes still closed as she stroked his gargoyle head.

And then, oh lord and then, Vorik raised his silver head from her breast, licked her nipple one more time, then settled his huge silver body so he sat on his knees between her legs. He lifted her hips, his fingernails scoring them.

"Oh yes." Nancy's breathing grew choppy, her nipples harder, as she watched the sinful display of a gargoyle—a male many humans would call a demon—mount her pale white body, the body of a human woman.

His crimson eyes met her wide brown ones. His lips parted in a slight snarl, baring his fangs. She licked her lips, recognizing it as a gesture of arousal on his part. She moaned when his fingernails raked her hips again before his large hands reached her thighs and spread them apart.

On a growl he entered her, seating himself fully, his crimson eyes narrowed into slits of desire. Nancy groaned as she watched his silver cock invade her human body, the sight of her wet pussy sucking him into her flesh an erotic one.

“Vorik,” she breathed out, reaching up and running one finger along his left incisor. He shivered in reaction. “Feed from me,” she murmured.

His scarlet eyes widened, not having expected her to accept that part of their mating so soon, so fully.

He growled as his fangs pierced the tender flesh of her neck, his hips rocking back and forth to pound inside of her as he drank of her blood. Nancy came violently, instantly, her moans and groans echoing throughout the cavern as he feasted at her neck, as her body quivered and convulsed from the fierce contractions.

“Vorik.”

His gargoyle head raised from her neck, their gazes clashing as he concentrated on mounting her. She saw his teeth grit as he staved off his orgasm, knowing as she did that he wanted a longer mating before he came.

From somewhere deep inside of himself he must have found his control, for Nancy’s breath caught as she watched through human eyes while her Bloodmate took her in his beast form. He went wild, primal, his fangs baring fully as he sank his cock into her over and over, again and again.

She screamed from the pleasure, knowing every orgasm erupting from within was as

much from watching a gargoyle fuck her as from the fucking itself.

Vorik rotated his hips and slammed into her, his fingernails grazing gently at her hips. His low growl lasted the entire time, throughout every of her orgasms, throughout the entire mating ritual.

When he could stand no more, when he thought he'd go insane if he didn't come, he pounded into her one last time, then on a dominant roar, spurt his hot cum deep inside of her.

Minutes later when the urgency had passed, Nancy found herself once again snuggling up against her Bloodmate to sleep. Only this time it wasn't the body of a female predator seeking the warmth and security of the beast. It was the body of a humanoid woman.

Chapter 8

One week later

Nancy awoke first, standing up after slowly disentangling their bodies. Last night she had played Fay Wray to his King Kong again, wanting him to take her in his kor-tar form rather than in his humanoid form, and had thoroughly enjoyed every wicked moment of it. She wasn't certain why really, couldn't explain why it was that she had felt—and still felt—so aroused by something so simple as her Bloodmate mating her while he was shape-shifted, but making love with a gargoyle

had a lot to recommend it...

She blew out a resigned breath, smiling to herself. She more than loved Vorik.

She was in love with him as well.

Hadn't the tiniest part of her, as unrealistic as she'd always known it was, secretly wished Fay Wray would fall as in love with King Kong as the giant ape had with his tiny human captive every time the old black and white movie had been shown on TV? But the real Fay Wray never had, for every time the movie played, she was as desperate to escape King Kong as she'd been the last time.

And an hour later, the beloved beast would be dead, having fallen from atop the Empire State Building in his desperation to recapture the tiny woman he loved.

Nancy's eyes closed sadly as the truth hit her. If she ever ran from Vorik, the same fate would befall him. He'd do anything, including give up his life, just to be able to hold her in his arms. The thought of another male anywhere near her would kill him in a fundamental way no human mind could truly grasp. But because of their blood bond, because of the fact her genetics had been altered, she was able to understand.

She did understand. And because she did, she knew she would never leave him. Not that she had planned to any way. As frightening as this new world was, Khan-Gor was now her home and Vorik was her mate. As terrified as she was to face what the future held, she realized with gut instinct that the future most definitely did not hold earth.

Besides, she thought with a harrumph, she had fangs now. Fangs and wings. She could turn into a gargoyle. And she had orgasms every time she drank blood. Good grief! As if she could go back home! She'd either be locked up in a mental ward, or studied in some weirdo's lab for the remainder of her days.

Nancy's eyes flicked over to where Vorik slept, his humanoid body relaxed in deep slumber. She smiled. Her gentle giant. He looked so innocent while sleeping, even though she knew that awake he was as fierce as a raptor.

She studied him a moment longer, then glanced away from her mate, her mind fast-forwarding to later on in the day when they would arrive on F'al Vader lands. They had taken their time getting here, wanting to further explore each other's minds and bodies before Vorik took her back to his lair.

Maybe, just maybe, Nancy told herself, joining his pack wouldn't be as frightening as she'd been telling herself it would be. She knew, after all, that Vorik would never hurt her. Nor would he allow another to do so.

He loved her—he was in love with her, and the last week they'd spent together, making love and hunting together, talking about nothing and everything, laughing together—all of it had only further solidified their special bond. And the lovemaking. Oooh the lovemaking...

As her hourly need came upon her, Nancy allowed her form to shimmer and transform into her other, kor-tari self. She grinned, her fangs exploding from her gumline as she did so.

She heard her mate awaken from behind her, roused by the scent of her arousal. His lips formed a snarl as he bared his fangs and shape-shifted, growling as he exploded in the air toward her, their bodies clashing.

Nancy hadn't mated Vorik while in kor-tari form since the evening she'd emerged from her cocoon. She hissed when his sharp nails dug into her flesh, deciding to immediately remedy that oversight.

To hell with going back to earth. Her eyebrows wriggled.

Naughty Nancy was home at last.

Epilogue

Ten Yessat years later

Nancy F'al Vader, nee Nancy Lombardo, grinned down at the tiny newborn pup feeding at her breast. She'd delivered five litters in ten years time, though her first and last birthings had produced only one son apiece. Thank God.

Nancy still grimaced when she remembered the long, painful ordeal of the fourth birthing two years past. She had delivered five sons in that litter. Five! By the time the runt had made his way into the world, his tiny gargoyle body emerging from between her legs and taking flight, Nancy had begun to feel like a vending machine.

She smiled at the memory, recalling the way her tiny son had flown into her arms the minute he saw her, snuggling against her body and sighing contentedly. The same as another son, her youngest son, was doing now.

"He is perfect," Vorik murmured, his silver eyes finding his Bloodmate's dark ones. He glanced back down at tiny Xorak and gently ran a finger over the small kor-tar head. "Just like thy mother."

Nancy snorted at that. "You're just trying to get in my good graces," she teased. "So I don't throw you out of bed again."

He grunted at the recent memory, not having a care for it. "Can I help it if I go off into snoring fits after you've sated me in the bedfurs?" His eyes narrowed, flicking from silver to crimson. "Verily, 'tis a crime and a travesty

to deny me thy body, vorah.” His hand slashed definitively through the air. “I will never allow thus again, whether or not it causes me to snore.”

She harrumphed, reveling in the debate. She couldn’t help it. The lawyer in her, she supposed. “You gargoyles are all alike,” she goaded him. “If ya can’t take the lovin, stay out of the oven.”

Vorik bent his dark head and nipped her on the shoulder, eliciting a yip. And a shiver. When his face reemerged into her line of vision, his expression was solemn. “Jesting aside, little one, I thank you for yet another beautiful son.”

He kissed the tip of her nose, then smiled. “I love you, Nancy,” he murmured.

He pronounced her name Nawncy—always made her smile. She ran her hand gently over his jaw. “I love you too, Vorik.”

Later that eve, when all the pups were abed, Vorik joined her in their bedfurs with a wolf-eating grin on his face, a dimple popping out on either cheek.

“Shall we play the yenni game anon, little one?”

Nancyran her tongue seductively across her lower lip. She knew how much Vorik loved the yenni game. She would pretend to be a starving, voracious alpha yenni at market, while her Bloodmate played the role of the horny virgin trader desperate to feed her. Not too far off base from how they’d originally found each other, she thought bemusedly.

She wiggled her eyebrows at him. “I think that old sword is around here somewhere.” She snorted. “You remember my sword? The one you mistook for a yenni tail ten Yessat years ago?”

Vorik chuckled at the memory. “Aye.”

Nancysmiled at her Bloodmate, vastly contented. With him. With their sons. With herself. With life.

She was glad she hadn't taken that job in Alaska. Very glad indeed. Life was
beautiful.
Enough said.