

Dark Empire Book Four
Revelations

Chapter One

How?

The question went unanswered. The portion of the All that had returned couldn't respond, though it had until recently claimed the Hobato. Rear Admiral Hobato had been in charge of the Kalquorian Empire's defense, a prime catch to render its people helpless.

The All sensed the rest it had emitted from its totality reaching for each other. They linked and combined their small voices to beseech it to take them back. It knew, for though they were distant, they were still the All.

The All cannot come to you yet. The All is close, but the near-capture of that which held the Hobato is an unforeseen danger.

They'll try again. They'll come for me, came the desperate answer. It is not good. How do I protect me?

Few see. Few know. None of the rest are suspected. The All spoke with shaken confidence and focused on what was most important. *The Kalquorians invaded our dimension. They are the wrongdoers. We will stop them.*

The small voices asked, *how?*

A damning question, had there not been an answer. *Concentrate on the Galactic Council. Does the All not hold the most important posts there? From there, I take its members.*

But Kalquor?

The units most dangerous are identified. They have shown their hand. It won't take positions of power to kill them. Imdiko Lokmi and Matara Hope Nath of Clan Kila. Matara Cassidy Hamilton of Clan Tranis. They have the means to breach my home and bring their weapons where harm may be done. They die.

It is good. Spoken uncertainly. The almost successful attack on Hobato's rider had been a shock, proof the enemy had reached into the dimension where the All lived and ruled.

When these threats have been destroyed, our infiltration of the Galactic Council and its members will allow us to turn Kalquor's allies against them. We have proof of Kalquor's malfeasance in opposition to the council's laws. We'll expose it. Unleashing diseases developed by the Bi'isils on our enemy will increase their weakness. They will fall.

They will fall. It is good.

It wasn't good, but the All was certain it would win in the end. Not as quickly as it had hoped, but its detoured path to annihilation remained clear. Victory despite the interlopers' surprising counterattack was still in its grasp.

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Alpha Space Station

Journalist Blythe Nelson writhed against the wall she was chained naked to in an upscale but impersonal room rented for the night. Her cries were muffled by the gag in her mouth.

Dramok Deram of Kalquor stroked the lips of her pussy, his exquisite model-perfect face inches from hers. His stare was intent as he spread her copious wetness over her intimate folds and clit. Her eager nubbin swelled under his provocation, her pulse throbbing in it.

"The prisoner is excited. She desires her captors." His English had a slight slur of an accent, as did his companions'. They approached to stand on either side of him.

Imdiko Hadlez was as beautiful as his clan leader was handsome. His boyishly pretty face was framed by long jet-black hair. Bared from the waist up as the rest were, his body was the least chiseled of the trio, but powerful. "Such a lovely captive," he sighed.

"Let's find out if she can be tempted to willing surrender." This from Nobek Selt. He was stunning in his own right, more ruggedly so than Deram. His heavily muscled chest was typical of a warrior Nobek: criss-crossed by scars that somehow leant him greater attractiveness than he would have possessed without them. Maybe it was the hint of danger he wore like a second skin despite a slight smile Blythe found so entrancing.

Selt licked a finger and traced her pert, flushing nipple. The wet cooled her flesh in the space station's temperature-regulated air, but flames stoked high in Blythe's chest, belly, and sex. Hadlez repeated the action on her other breast, and she jerked uncontrollably. Hadlez chuckled, and Selt growled low and sexy in his throat. They rubbed her small mounds, warming them. Her jerks were in reaction to the fire burning in her, not attempts to escape.

They played while Deram continued to stroke her pussy, spreading wetness from her clit to her back hole. She grew more sensitive by the second at the careful, non-painful pinches to her nipples. At gentle scratches from trimmed nails. At tugs stretching her nipples to reddened points. Her legs moved fitfully in their shackles, held wide apart so she was unable to rub her thighs together.

To have done so would have banished the knowing fingers stroking her clit, folds, and ass. Deram's fingertip teased her, barely breeching her clamoring womanhood before backing out. "So soft. So hungry to be loved," he whispered.

She garbled a plea. She arched against the rental room's hard wall when his thick finger invaded fully, sliding in easily. Her plea became a moan as desire shot through her.

He withdrew, and her ass thudded the wall as she thrust in desperation a couple times. Deram popped her inner thigh in warning before using the fingers of both hands to spread her nether lips open. A calloused finger circled her clit, occasionally rubbing over it. She quaked at the enthralling attention, growing further aroused by his firm strokes.

Endless, exciting minutes passed as the clanmates fondled and teased her. She quivered helpless in her chains. Passion wetted her inner thighs and Deram's hands. She wondered if a puddle had formed beneath her. Her insides drew taut, every stroke leaving her desperate for the next. She trembled from head to toe, burning for her merciless captors.

Deram's fingers, at least three, shoved in deep. At the same instant, his thumb massaged her clit. Pleasure detonated and kept exploding in surges as he pounded, his palm slapping her pussy. The others squeezed her nipples. What should have been pain was sheer rapture. Her shriek was muffled by the gag as climax had its way with her again and again.

Only the shackles kept her upright. Blythe sagged as Deram eyed her, sucking his fingers and backing away so Hadlez could have a turn. The Imdiko used his fingers too, first stroking through her wetness slowly, then entering her. His gentleness bordered on caution. Despite his care, he was thorough. She writhed as her clit tingled under his attentions, as he built her arousal with leisurely assuredness until she shrieked and jerked in release.

Selt was deliberately rough, an exciting juxtaposition to his clanmate's tenderness. His fingers pounded between Blythe's legs as he loomed over her, whispering filthy compliments about her tight, wanton cunt and how he looked forward to shoving his cocks in it. She came as hard as he used her.

Afterward, wetness dripped the length of her legs, betraying how they'd excited her. They too were wet and engorged, their eyes lust-darkened. Not for the first time, Blythe wondered how she could be satisfied continuously, yet still want extra doses of the trio.

It didn't matter, because more was what she'd get. Deram approached her, gloriously nude. He unshackled her ankles. The sensation of his firm body on hers was all it took to send heat spilling through her anew. His hardness was between them for a moment, allowing her to feel how like iron his slick dual cocks were, how fever-hot they were so she felt branded by him.

Then he lifted her as high as her bound wrists permitted, tilted his pelvis, and lowered her so she was impaled on his eager cocks. He let her weight settle her on him, driving his primary deep in her pussy, his slightly smaller shaft in her ass. She groaned in the thrill of mingled hurt and ecstasy. Her legs wound around his waist, caging him.

He gripped her ass cheeks and moved her up and down, thrusting in time. Faster. Harder. Her insides clenched tight, seeking to hold him and keep him, increasing the friction on her inner hotspot. Lightning flashed, and she was consumed in bliss. Her scream was muffled by the gag as she convulsed around him. He shouted in return, his primary jolting as his seed jetted in her.

When Deram staggered aside, Hadlez was there. He freed her arms from the shackles and carried her to the foot of the massive bed, built to accommodate four Kalquorians. Instead of laying her on it, he knelt and placed her on the plush of a thick fur rug covering the floor.

Loose-limbed, she splayed as the six-and-a-half-foot tall Imdiko devoured her breasts. Miniscule as they were, they were incredibly sensitive, and she moaned as he made her nipples harder and more tender than before. His teeth surrounded one reddened point. She tangled her fingers in his long, sleek hair as unquenchable longing stabbed her pussy.

He bit lightly, and yearning grew in its selfish demands. *Nymphomaniac*, her mind whispered. If she were, it was a mercy to have three lustful lovers. Nonetheless, she greeted the idea of another climax with mixed feelings. She already felt gutted by what they'd done.

Despite her concerns, she offered no resistance when Hadlez shifted her, putting her on her hands and knees beneath his hulking body. Her unrepentant pussy throbbed agreeably at the idea of him rutting her like an animal. When he pressed her legs farther apart, one hand gripping her hip and the other clutching her breast, she lifted her hips higher in submission.

His primary shoved into her womanhood in a single thrust. His smaller length rubbed along her clit as he traveled deep. She would have jerked violently at the abrupt taking had he not held her firmly in place.

He was over her, holding her, in her. She had nowhere to go as he thrust, rubbing her exactly where she responded best. Electrical shocks ran the length of her as he rode her, fed by the hard length stroking her clit. Still gagged, Blythe uttered cries as desire grew excruciating. She clawed the rug and shoved her face in its fur as he thundered against and in her. Almost there...almost there...

Pressure unraveled as he grunted and his cock twitched in her confines, betraying his orgasm. Blythe chewed her gag as waves of completion rose and fell on the rhythm of his flesh slapping hers. Her pussy tugged on the invader, milking it of all it could offer.

She whimpered when he drew out of her, feeling the emptiness keenly. The rug beneath her shifted, and she was rolled onto her back. Her gaze met Selt's, the biggest of the trio.

He knelt over her, his wavy hair a shifting curtain of midnight. He pulled the gag free. His huge hand cupped the back of her head and neck, and he lifted her to sip the cup of water he held. She drank gratefully, greedily.

When she'd drained the cup, he set her down. He placed the empty cup next to a bottle, which he picked up. He squirted its contents on her breasts, and she gasped at the coolness.

"Lotion," he murmured. He set about rubbing her mounds, which disappeared beneath his paws. "Your nipples are so hard. Like diamonds." He rolled them between his index fingers and thumbs, sending sparkling pleasure through her. She arched.

Definitely a nymphomaniac. What else could she be when their earlier attentions made his touch ache as much as excite? She shook her head and tried to push his hands away.

"Arms at your sides, or the cuffs go on," he warned.

"Bully," she whined, but she obeyed. He continued to massage lotion on her chest, pausing every few seconds to torment her nipples until she squirmed under his weight, which kept her pinned.

He worked his way down, smoothing rough palms along her ribcage. His fingertips tickled her abdomen, and she squealed. He chuckled and lifted his weight. Merriment fled his expression.

"Spread your legs."

His cocks were erect, thick and long. It didn't matter she'd had him before. He looked too big, a leviathan compared to her slight figure. She hesitated.

"I can cuff you again. Is that what you want?"

No, though no matter what she did, she was helpless to his whims. Both because he was so much stronger than her and because she ached for him no matter how scary she sometimes found the warrior Nobek. He'd never injured her, had shown no inclination to do so, but there was no doubt Selt was dangerous to his foes.

She slid her legs apart. He lowered himself between them, his face hovering over her pussy. His finger brushed her clit, and she twitched as sweet melting filled her core.

"Is that all I get?" he laughed. "Are you worn out?"

He didn't wait for a reply. His lips surrounded her clit, and he sucked. His tongue teased its tip, and Blythe's hips jerked at the thunderclap of passion.

He refused to let up but continued to leisurely tongue her rioting flesh, his iron grip holding her thighs down as her upper body thrashed and her tiny fists pummeled the covers. Her cunt tightened desperately, but there was nothing to grip.

She strained, reaching for release that wouldn't come until he sucked and rubbed harder on her clit. Orgasm hit her with the force of a bullet train, and she screamed.

The first vicious pulse was barely done when he lunged up and forward so he crouched over her. He guided himself to her rioting pussy and sank in.

The shocking fullness warned her, and her palms slammed on his chest. There was no escape as he pressed both cocks in her swollen cunt. He didn't force himself in quickly. He took care, but his intrusion was steady, forcing her to stretch to accept him.

Brutal orgasm smothered the strain of taking him. His knees spread her wider, insisting she allow him in as deep as he was long. Her head tossed as the view of him swam in and out, continuing climax taking her from conscious awareness. His double thickness ground electric friction against her inner hotspot, and orgasm renewed itself.

She was barely aware of him slipping in and out, abrading her convulsing passage. The universe was heaving bliss, whether he took her quickly or slowly. He might have fucked her for seconds or an hour. Time stood still while he kept her suspended in torturous ecstasy.

At last, some semblance of sense returned to Blythe. Selt peered at her through the mists, his jaw tensing as his rhythm grew erratic. His cocks jolted in answer to her spasms, filling her with heat. He groaned. The wild cast of his features softened in telltale release.

A minute or so later, he rolled her on top of him. His clanmates joined them, snuggling close to the gasping lovers.

“Good morning,” Deram chuckled. “I take it we’ve given you an adequate start to your day?”

* * * *

Blythe feasted on a breakfast of swala eggs, roasted ronka strips, and toast. Despite her tiny five-foot-three stature, she’d always had a healthy appetite. Making love to a Kalquorian clan made her ravenous.

Selt was on his second plate, and he signaled for another to the waiter in the small restaurant they’d ducked into after showering in their rented room. Blythe eyed her companions and paused her feeding frenzy to note, “You must be spending a fortune for guest accommodations and eating out these days.”

Deram shrugged. “It’s no big deal. Besides, we’ve applied to the stationmaster to allow you on the private living level again.”

“I’ve assured him I’ll keep a close eye on you to make sure you don’t bring along news drones to record anything you shouldn’t.” Selt grinned.

If they thought they’d embarrass her by bringing up the ban she’d earned after ambushing Earth II’s governor as she’d left her Kalquorian lovers’ quarters, they were wrong. Blythe was an investigative journalist through and through. Even the elation of gaining access to the station’s private levels and sleeping in Clan Deram’s actual quarters couldn’t dim the scent of a story.

“No big deal, huh? Hanging around Earth must be financially rewarding.” She arched a brow at them.

Deram chuckled. “We told you, we’re assisting the chief of Earth’s on-planet security in the transition from Kalquorian to Earther enforcement.”

“So your stay here on Alpha Station is temporary. Chief Kuran announced the transition would be finished within the month.”

Regret at the idea stabbed Blythe, but she dismissed it. Her instincts told her Clan Deram wasn’t going anywhere anytime soon. Their story was a front for something else. She’d have bet her reputation on it, sullied as it was.

“We have other duties here on the station.” Hadlez refilled her coffee from the carafe the waiter had left on the table. “You won’t get rid of us so easily.”

Her heart double-beat at the notion they intended to pursue a relationship. Want and caution warred for possession of her.

You know better. Stop thinking like a schoolgirl with a crush.

“So you won’t be on the planet at all any longer when Kalquor completes the transfer of security to Earth?” Blythe challenged Selt directly. “Won’t be popping in from nowhere unannounced as you usually do?”

He answered with a grin and a wink, then shoveled food in his mouth.

Damn him. Nobeks were notoriously adept at silently slipping up on others, and Selt had proven his ability to do so more than once. Blythe had run out of fingers and toes to count the number of times he'd surprised her by showing up out of thin air. His silent approach was uncanny.

"This is quite the atmosphere of trust we're building our association on," she snapped. "I wonder whether it's worth it."

"After seeing you nearly every night for the past month, I'd say it's going well. We're sticking out our necks for you in order to let you eventually stay in our home," Deram reminded her. His gaze lingered on her, his caring regard almost too much to handle. "We'll get where we need to be. We just have to take our time, right? Given what you do for a living, you can't expect a book of true confessions from us at this point."

If you only knew. Blythe was reminded they had less reason to trust her than they were aware of. Looking at their caring expressions, remembering the intimacy they'd shared, her guts curdled.

"Eat, sweetie. You don't want to be late for work." Hadlez's gentle smile warmed her from head to toe as he stroked her shoulder-length blond hair from her cheek. She fought the desire to lean into him.

She was a pathetic schoolgirl. *Just don't let it be more than infatuation, okay? Have some sense.*

Easier said than done as she regarded the trio. Sweet Hadlez. Commanding but considerate Deram. Tough and yet tender Selt. They threatened her defenses at every turn, defenses she'd built so carefully over the years.

She pushed her plate away as guilt battled responsibility. She was no longer very hungry.