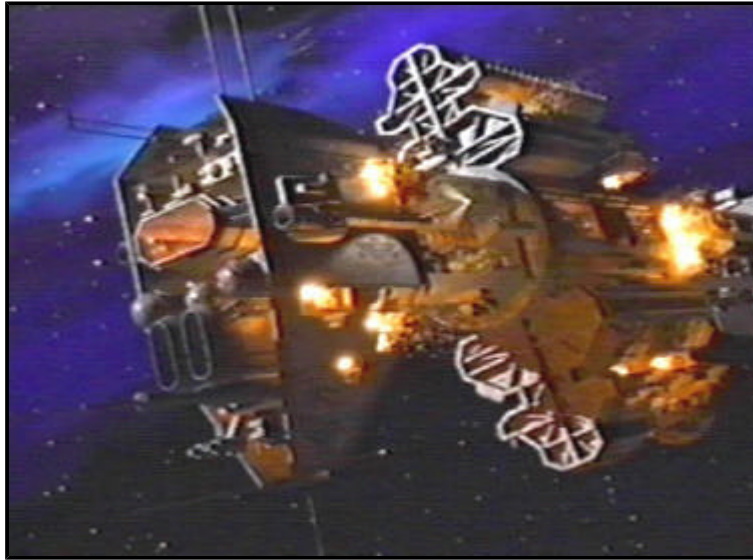


# The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Four L - Part 1A: Me, Myself and Bo

by The Space Witches



The Earth Alliance Destroyer "Telamon"

## Chapter 1

February 2272

I watched Matt hustle Demon down the corridor of the Telamon, biting my lip to keep myself from laughing out loud. My usually self-controlled big sister was trying to undress her husband, as he used one hand to fend her off and the other to keep her upright. I'd never seen Demon drunk before, and given the way she was behaving, that was probably no bad thing.

My last sight of my sister and brother-in-law that night was of them turning the corner toward the shuttle bay. Demon had managed to get her hand down the back of Matt's pants, and she was squeezing his butt. Matt tried to cover his squeak of surprise with a cough that finally broke my control.

I was still laughing when I walked back into the Telamon's games room, and my pool partners looked up at once, obviously curious to know what was happening. Well, there was no way I was going to tell them that my empathic sister had gotten herself stinking drunk and horny, so I stuck to Matt's story and told the two men that my nephew wasn't feeling too good.

That was pretty stupid, as Marine Sergeant Boris Miraslav narrowed his eyes and gave me a look full of suspicion. "So what's so funny about that?" His expression emphasized the slight slant of his dark eyes, and the frown lines between his dark brows. Somehow that made him look sexier than ever, which is really saying something.

Boris and his friend, Lieutenant Joaquin Turina, had been monopolizing my presence since I'd arrived on the Telamon. Not that I was complaining, you understand. These were two of the finest specimens of man-flesh I'd seen in a long time. Captain Wong really can pick a damned fine looking crew!

Joaquin--Joe to his friends--was tall and slim. Very tall, nearly two meters, and with a body that looked well toned without being overly muscular. Joe was exactly the type of man I find attractive, especially when that gorgeous physique is accompanied by dark brown eyes that sparkled with intelligence and fun, and a handsome face that didn't hide his admiration for me. In fact, Joe had been admiring me so much he'd become quite adorably tongue-tied and shy. I'd quickly decided that I rather liked the idea of untying that tongue and setting it to a more productive use.

Those thoughts had set my pulse racing so hard that I'd almost missed Joe's friend Boris, standing at his side. That's a hell of a comment on how attractive Joe is, as in any other company, no heterosexual woman would ever miss Master Sergeant Miraslav. Just a couple of inches shorter than Joe, Boris was much heavier in build, and not my usual type at all. He had a stunning body, which his black t-shirt and leather pants displayed to perfection, but he was much more muscular than the men I usually found attractive. Much to my surprise it seemed that a part of me held no such reservations.

[Hooeee! Just look at the pecs on that one!] My inner voice had whistled admiringly, and I could almost hear the licking of lips that accompanied the comment.

It seemed the Demon wasn't the only one letting her hair down that night. My conscience had decided to take a night off, and was ready to join in the fun for once.

Well, my inner voice did have a point. Boris Miraslav was a hunk, whose attractiveness was emphasized by his dark beard, and the longer than regulation black hair that curled over his collar. Something about that hair just made me want to reach out and run my fingers through it. I'd restrained myself, although I could feel my fingers twitching with desire.

[I could think of some better uses for your fingers, Angel-girl.] This time my inner voice had been downright lascivious. Telling her to shut up, I had smiled up at the two men and accepted their offer of a game of pool.

If you have to ask whether I cheated, you don't know me very well, do you? Of course I cheated! There was no way I was going to let those two hunks get the better of me. Well, not at the pool table, anyway. Although I have to admit it was hard going at times...OK, I shouldn't use the word 'hard' when thinking of those two. Everything about them looked hard. Shoulders, abs, arms, thighs, as well as what they kept between those thighs...

Where was I?

Oh yes.

I beat the pants off them...OK, not a good expression...I'd won the first game, and had just started trouncing them again, when I'd caught the first ripples of lust that my sister had started to broadcast in her uninhibited drunkenness. Glancing around, I'd seen a few of the crew starting to react to Demon's sendings, and I'd looked across at Matt and Demon in surprise. That was when I'd realized what was happening, so I'd followed them out into the

corridor, and seen them off. Now I had to answer Boris' question.

"Funny? Oh, you mean why was I laughing if my nephew is sick?" It was a good question and I was stalling, frantically trying to think of an answer.

I grinned up at Joe and Boris and winked. "Can you two keep a secret?"

They both nodded seriously, and I could feel my nipples doing a merry little dance of desire. The fact that both men were finding it difficult to meet my eyes was a clue to the fact that yet again my nipples were doing their best to poke holes out through my t-shirt.

I waved my hand to attract their attention, and both of them looked up into my eyes, grinning sheepishly. I leaned forward, instantly losing eye contact, as they both dropped their eyes to stare at my tits again. "Ahem, as I was saying..."

I paused long enough for them to recollect themselves, then smiled as I went on, "My nephew's sickness is a fiction. My sister and brother-in-law just wanted an early night. They may have been married for a couple of years now, but they still can't keep their hands off each other for long."

Boris and Joe looked at me and both smiled in a way that made it quite clear where they wanted to put their hands. The thought of what it would feel like to have them touching me, kissing me, stroking and fondling me...well, I could have drilled my way out through the hull with my nipples, they were that hard.

I grabbed the pool cue, sliding my fingers up and down the hard length of it slowly a couple of times as I said, "So do you want to play another game, gentlemen?"

My inner voice sniggered. [Damn right you want to play another game. Strip poker is the game you have in mind.]

I ignored the voice again and leaned forward to take my first shot. The sight of all those balls on the table, so neatly lined up and shiny, sent my mind spinning off into a direction that had absolutely nothing to do with pool, and everything to do with lust. I almost missed the shot completely, and had to give the ball quite a nudge with my mind to get it into the corner pocket.

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[Will you stop ogling the Marine?] I chastised my inner self. I was trying to line up a shot--the winning shot--and she was making it difficult by forcing my attention toward Boris, or rather Bo as I'd decided to call him, as he leaned against the wall, arms folded across his broad chest.

[I can't help it. I mean come on, look at those arms, that chest, the pecs straining against the fabric of that oh so tight shirt...]

I groaned.

I didn't realize that I'd actually made the sound out loud until Bo, with his deep voice, queried, "Something wrong..." he paused, raising an eyebrow slightly before saying my name, slowly and seductively. "Angel?"

My inner voice whimpered.

I coughed softly and shook my head, trying to sound nonchalant, "Nope, not a thing."

Bo gave me a slow smile, his eyes twinkling. He knew exactly the effect he was having on me. If only he knew it was more my newly un-repressed inner self that had a thing for him. Yeah, OK, so he was gorgeous, but I'd decided he wasn't really what I wanted to get into. You see, he had a distinct edge, a danger to him and given my past, avoiding such men was a good idea.

Joe moved to stand beside his friend and gave him a gentle shove. "Give the girl her space, Sergeant, and let her take her shot."

I smiled gratefully at Joe, my preference for the night.

[Not if I have anything to say about it.]

I ignored the inner voice yet again.

Bo said nothing, just gave another little smile and waved a hand at me to continue. I took a deep breath before I focused back on the task at hand. Sinking the last ball and winning the game.

I guess I should explain what exactly was going on. You see an hour or so before, Bo had come up with the clever idea that we should play for a prize. The trophy? Whoever won the game would get to choose which person they would have the last drink of the night with, before I left to go back to the Excalibur. Clearly, in Bo's mind it would be either him or Joe who would win and they'd pick me. If I won, I got to choose which one of them I wanted to take that last drink with.

It was no real surprise that this idea had come up. Bo and Joe had been playing against each other, each trying to best the other in winning my affection and my attention. I definitely have my sister to thank for that. Bo and Joe were clearly under the influence of Demon's empathic lust for Gideon, and the two men had been flirting outrageously with me ever since my dearly beloved sister and brother-in-law had left.

Joe I could handle; once he'd loosened up, he'd become less tongue tied and more self-assured, but his flirtation was still sweet, his attempts endearing.

Bo--well the man was making me decidedly nervous. My inner self wasn't complaining, and she wasn't listening to my continued protests that I wasn't as interested in Bo as I initially appeared. He was not my type; he was too muscular, his face scruffy with a beard. The hair...well I still loved the hair, but he was too rough and he oozed raw sexuality. Now normally that wouldn't, shouldn't be a problem. But he was making me feel like the prey in a hunt. I don't know why, but I wasn't sure I was in the mood to play that game.

Joe was more my speed. He was sexy, sweet and gentle in his approach to me. Teasing and flirting with me, with humorous and insightful banter.

Bo, on the other hand, didn't really say very much at all. He used his body to get under my skin, leaving my inner voice making weird little noises of appreciation inside my head every time he brushed past me, persistently making physical contact, sending a jolt of heat through

my skin. I had to keep telling myself the reaction came from my inner self rather than me, and I had to threaten her, telling her that if she didn't quit reacting that way I was going to beat her within an inch of her life.

So that's why I seriously needed to win. If I won, I could pick and Joe would be my choice.

[No, you won't.]

I ignored the pest. I would win and if I had to cheat a little to do it...well, a girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do.

I should have known I'd be sabotaged. I was just about to hit the cue ball and use my power to ensure the last ball went into the pocket without a hitch, when I felt what can only be described as a kick inside the head. I didn't even know that was possible! The inner bitch had struck and the damage was done. The white took a right turn and missed the final ball. I cursed softly under my breath as I straightened and looked at the two men.

Bo looked pleased. Have I mentioned before that he's a rat? Joe smiled regretfully and came around the table to put his arm around me. "Sorry about that."

"Yeah, too bad," said Bo. He sounded oh so very sincere.

I scowled at him and was rewarded with smile and a shrug. The rat!

[Stop calling him that!]

I mentally pulled a face at my inner voice, as I ignored the marine and looked up at Joe. "Well, it gives you another shot at winning." I paused and gave Bo a challenging glance before I smiled back at Joe and added, "May the best man win."

Joe laughed and took the cue from me. I stepped back and watched him eye up the balls on the table, figuring out his shot. I decided there was only one way to ensure he won. He needed a little help from his friendly neighborhood poltergeist. As he prepared to take the last shot, I focused on the cue ball, intent on guiding it in a straight line for the black ball and sending it right into the pocket.

Wouldn't you guess it? My powers decided to pick this time, of all times, to go on the fritz. The cue ball rolled forward straight enough, but it wavered, only nudging the final ball far enough to send it closer to the pocket, but not into it. I stared in disbelief as it rested on the edge, while my inner voice chuckled happily, [Bo's turn now, and there is no way he is going to miss that].

I scowled inwardly. [Don't count on it.] Unfortunately, I hadn't reacted quite quickly enough to give the ball a final nudge into the pocket. And anyone who says that my delay was because deep down I really wanted Bo to win, can take a long walk out of a short airlock. Consciences are included in that invitation.

"That should have been a one shot deal," muttered Joe, as he straightened.

Bo laughed and walked up to his friend and slapped him on the shoulder. "That's why you should leave this game to those who know how to play it." He gave the Lieutenant a mock salute and reached for his cue. "Now stand back and watch the master at work."

The master? We'd see about that. There was no way I was going to let him win. Forcing all my attention and focus on Bo's cue, I waited for him to take his shot. This time nothing got in my way and I succeeded in causing the stick to slip, so that the tip slid off the white ball, causing it to move only an inch or so forward and blissfully nowhere near the ball balanced on the edge of the pocket.

Bo straightened and cursed softly, "God damn!"

Joe clapped him on the shoulder "Mind your language in front of the lady," He grinned and went on, "Now, remind me again what you were saying about 'the master'?"

"That was sabotage," insisted Bo.

I had to work very hard not to laugh and give myself away.

[That's not fair!]

I grinned smugly at my inner self. [All's fair in love and war, dearest one.]

My inner voice snorted in disgust and fell silent.

"Don't be a sore loser," chuckled Joe.

I bit my lip, trying not to laugh at the expression on Bo's face. Then I nearly choked as Bo's eyes suddenly fell on me. There was something in his eyes...I know there's no logical way he could know I had anything to do with what had just happened, but the look in his eyes made me fidget nervously.

"Well, Angel, looks like you're up for another try," said Joe, handing me a cue and mercifully stepping between me and Bo.

Call it a momentary lapse of sanity, but I shook my head and handed the cue back to Joe. "I'll sit this one out. You go next." I paused, and unable to resist, shot Bo a defiant look, before looking back to Joe and said, "I don't mind if you win."

It might have been my imagination, but I could have sworn Bo growled and I definitely heard cursing from inside my head. I think my conscience had been paying too much attention to Demon, as the extensive vocabulary of swear words had a certain ring of familiarity.

"You sure?" asked Joe, hesitantly.

I nodded.

Bo was not a happy camper, nor was my inner self, but I ignored them both and watched as Joe took his shot. I didn't have to give him any help this time. He got the shot, letting out a whoop of joy as the black ball went into the pocket with a clunk. I grinned broadly, "Well done, Joe!"

I ran up to him and gave him a hug, enjoying the feel of his arms coming around me, our bodies pressed tightly together as he returned the hug before letting me go.

The only two people who were less than pleased about the outcome were the Marine and mini

me in my head. And I deny any momentary regret I suddenly felt that Joe had won instead of Bo; any such feelings came from the inner me.

[The lady doth protest too much!] retorted my inner voice. [You find him just as desirable as I do! You're just scared.]

I tried to ignore her [I'm not scared! What would I have to be scared of?]

Joe didn't give me a chance to arrive at an answer as he put his arm around me and then moved with me to Bo and put his other arm around the Marine's shoulders. "Come on, you two, there are no losers here. Let's go celebrate a fine win and a good evening with a last drink."

"What?" I asked in shock. He was kidding right? He was inviting Bo along? I looked at Bo, who smiled cheerfully back at me, while Joe answered, "The more the merrier."

[Weren't expecting that, were you?]

I sharply told the voice to shut up. I can't swear to it, but I'm pretty sure she blew a raspberry at me.

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I was feeling decidedly mellow as I sat between Joe and Bo. Maybe it was the need for courage, or maybe just curiosity, but I'd let the two men talk me into trying a little Brevari.

[It could also be stupidity,] quipped the voice inside my head.

I ignored her. The liquid went down smoothly, warming me from the inside. It was deceptive though. It didn't taste like something that could knock the hind legs off a donkey. [Or turn a control freak of a sister into a raging lust bunny,] added my inner voice with a chuckle. That made me smile.

"What's the smile for?" asked Joe

I glanced at him from under my eyelashes. "Nothing. Just enjoying myself."

Bo shifted beside me, swiveling slightly on his stool, his movement causing his leather clad leg to brush against mine. "We aim to please, Ma'am," he said, giving me a salute, his eyes mocking me slightly.

The rat!

[You call him that again and I'm going to hurt you.]

[You and what army?] I shot back.

Bo moved again. This time I felt myself tremble as he reached forward, his hand brushing against my arm as he reached for a handful of peanuts. Damn, the man was sexy. It had to be the alcohol. I was finding Bo more interesting by the minute, and I have to admit--reluctantly--that while he looked all brawn and no brain, he was actually a lot smarter than he looked.

We'd been sitting at the bar for about an hour, chatting and discussing various things over our drinks, and if I wasn't so determined--[stubborn]--determined to not find Bo attractive and not to imagine what it would be like to feel that hard body pressed against mine in the heat of passion...

Ah, what was I going to say? Oh yes, if I wasn't so determined not to find him attractive, I might have discovered I actually liked him. He was witty, intelligent [sexy] and Joe seemed to not only consider him a good friend, but his respect for the marine was obvious. If Joe considered Bo a man worthy of respect, he couldn't be such a rat after all.

[AHA! Finally.]

[I'm still not admitting I prefer him to Bo.]

[Don't you mean Joe?] I could hear the pure enjoyment in my inner voice at my slip of the tongue.

I looked down at the glass in my hand and decided the Brevari had gotten to me. Bo moved again, his leather clad knee brushing against my thigh, causing me to jump, as my stomach did a little flutter of excitement at the contact. That was it; it was definitely time to get going.

I rose from my seat, a little unsteadily. I cleared my throat as both men looked at me questioningly. "As much as I'm enjoying your company, gentlemen, I really should go home. I'm not sure what time the last shuttle is going to leave and I don't want to be stranded here."

"Why? Afraid we might have our wicked way with you if you were to stay?" Bo's lascivious grin was full of suggestive laughter as he spoke.

My damned inner self was winning the battle, because that voice sent a shiver of desire through me. I had to go before I lost it completely. My inner voice asked, [Why can't you just admit you want him as badly as I do, and if you could, you'd spend the night with him?]

I ignored her and gave Bo a dark look. "I can handle myself!"

Bo looked me up and down with those dark, sexy eyes. "I'm sure you can."

I was shocked to find myself blushing under his lingering gaze, but before I could respond he went on, "But don't worry, we'd never hold you against your will."

Finally, Joe joined in. "Careful buddy, remember Angel was telling us earlier she's well trained in the art of self defense and can handle sharp objects with deadly skill. You wouldn't want her to geld you." Joe winked at me as he helped me on with my jacket.

[No way I'd want to geld him,] said my inner voice in response. [Ride him like the stallion he is, definitely.] I choked at the thought, causing Joe to look at me in concern.

"You OK?"

I nodded quickly. "Yeah, I'm just fine. But I really should get going now."

How could Bo have this kind of effect on me, causing me to run like this? I was usually confident around men. I could usually handle myself and flirt outrageously, until men were



eating out of the palm of my hand. Yet here I was, fleeing when normally I would have stuck around to explore the possibilities that someone like Joe offered.

[And Bo.]

Yet again I told the voice to shut it. [We're leaving!]

I turned sharply on my heel only to walk into something solid. It was Bo. He smiled and bowed his head slightly as I stepped back. "Allow us to escort you to your shuttle."

I was about to argue and inform him I could find the shuttle just fine on my own, when I felt Joe move up beside me. "And people say marines are boorish and have no manners."

"We have manners--when it comes to the right woman," responded Bo, looking at me intently.

I blushed again then recovered myself. "Fine, then let's go," I said, pushing past Bo and heading toward the door, leaving both men momentarily taken aback by my haste. They ran to catch up to me, falling in stride beside me as I headed down the corridor towards the landing bay.

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The two men flanked me as we headed to the landing bay. Joe chatted away, telling me how much he'd enjoyed the evening and how he hoped we'd get the chance to play pool again sometime in the future.

I smiled, "I'd enjoy that."

And maybe next time Joe and I could spend some time alone together, somewhere more private. I cast a sideways glance at Bo, only to find him watching me as we walked, a playful smile on his lips.

[God, don't those lips look so thoroughly kissable?] I looked away quickly. The sooner I got off this ship, the better.

Suddenly Joe's commlink went off. We stopped as he answered, looking apologetically at me. I stood there listening, trying to ignore how close Bo was standing next to me. My stomach fell as I heard the voice on the other end of the commlink; it was the bridge and they were requesting Joe's presence. Something about a problem that required his attention. He nodded and told the voice on the other end that he'd be there in five.

He looked down at me. "I'm really sorry, but even though we've had a night of fun and games, I'm on call, so I'm going to have to go and see what the problem is."

I smiled sadly. "I understand when duty calls." I was annoyed, but I hid it. Joe couldn't help he was being called away. I just wished it had been Bo instead.

[No!] It appeared that a certain part of me disagreed with that sentiment.

"That's too bad, buddy." The smile on Bo's face clearly contradicted his words. He went on, "Don't worry. I'll see our guest the rest of the way. You go right ahead and take care of things."

"No!" I said sharply, causing Joe to look at me quizzically. I recovered myself and said calmly, "That's OK. It's just around the corner. I don't need an escort."

I didn't think I could handle being alone with Bo, without Joe there as chaperone.

"I insist," said Bo, softly.

I was going to argue, but Joe stopped me, taking my hand. "Let him walk you the rest of the way. It's not every day that Boris Miraslav behaves like a gentleman, so this will do him some good."

Bo snorted and raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

If I fought the idea, I knew it would look suspicious, so reluctantly I nodded, telling myself I would only be a couple more minutes in Bo's company then I'd be free. "OK," I said. I swear I could feel my inner self doing a happy dance inside my head.

Joe moved in closer, taking both my hands in his. "I really did enjoy tonight. It was a great pleasure to meet you, Angel. I just wish it could have been for longer."

Aware that Bo was watching us closely, I decided to give him something to chew on. I moved closer to Joe, pressing my body against his.

"I had fun, too. Maybe next time we can have more time," I went up on tip toes and said, loud enough for the man beside us to hear, "and maybe somewhere more private."

I heard a sharp intake of breath from Joe before I stepped back, but I felt myself being drawn back against him as he took me in his arms, his lips descending on mine.

The kiss was gentle, yet passionate. I was feeling a little giddy by the time he released my mouth and looked down at me, his eyes darkened with desire. "I look forward to that," said Joe, his voice gruff. He smiled then stepped back, releasing both my hands.

Joe cleared his throat, regaining control of himself as he turned to Bo. "I'll see you later," he paused, giving Bo a look of warning before he went on "And be on your best behavior."

"Yes, Sir. Of course, Sir. I'll be the prefect gentleman, Lieutenant Sir" responded Bo with the defiant lift of his chin, and a sardonic smile on his face. Somehow his use of Joe's title didn't sound very respectful. I had to bite my lip to keep myself from snorting.

Joe nodded, not completely satisfied but taking Bo at his word. Then he turned back to me, his expression regretful. "I really must go." He reached for my hand again, lifted it to his mouth and kissed it. "Until we meet again, Ms. Denier." He gave me one last smile before he let go of my hand, nodded to Bo then turned and headed away from us.

I watched him as he walked away, unable to help myself as I admired the view of his very tight butt. When he finally disappeared around the corner, I sighed and turned to Bo. One Lieutenant down, one Marine Sergeant to go.

[Don't you dare,] warned my inner voice. She knew I was about to tell him I really didn't want him going the rest of the way with me. That was because she would have very much liked the Sergeant to go all the way with her!

[The evening is over, time to get rid of him,] I retorted.

[No! I want to spend more time with him.] I could almost see the inner pout. Have you never seen a conscience pout? You haven't missed much.

I mentally shook my head. [You've spent enough time with your scruff muffin of a Marine. It's time to go home now,] I insisted.

I could feel my conscience grinning at me. [You just called him a 'scruff muffin'. You'd only call him that if you fancied him.]

[I do not!] How could my own conscience know so little about me?

[Do too!] The voice was really beginning to irk me. She was wrong, totally, utterly, completely wrong.

"Look, Bo, it's been fun, but I really don't need an escort," I said quickly before my inner self could respond.

Bo stood there in silence for a moment, watching me with those intense eyes. "I insist," he said finally.

"No, really. I'm just going to go back to the shuttle bay and I don't need you going with me," I said fiercely. I turned on my heel, intent on rushing away from him, but Bo reached out and grabbed my arm, stopping me and forcing me to spin back round to him.

"You don't really want to leave," he said, drawing me closer to him.

I bit back a whimper. "Yes, I do." I was shocked to hear how feeble I sounded.

"You're not afraid of me, are you?" asked Bo, searching my face. The heat of his large hands on my upper arms was doing the strangest things to my metabolism. How could a pair of hands be that hot, yet still be dry? I felt as if he was burning his fingerprints into me.

I shook my head. "No, I just really have to go." I tried to pull free, but Bo pulled me tighter against him, causing my inner self to whimper. I was tempted to join her. Standing that close, I could smell Bo's body. His scent was completely different to any man I'd ever smelled before. Somehow he smelled of...what was it? Oh god, he smelled of chocolate. Dark, delicious, seductive...

Bo's equally dark, delicious and seductive voice brought me back to the present. "The night is young, and you don't strike me as the go home early to bed kind of person. Well, not alone, anyway."

I looked up at him defiantly, trying to stop my nipples from stabbing him in the chest and failing miserably. "You don't know me well enough to make that kind of assumption. Now, just let me go." I ordered. It sounded pathetic, even to me.

Bo chuckled and cut off my further protest by claiming my mouth in a hot, deep kiss. My legs felt suddenly as if the bones had been stripped from them and I had no choice but to cling to Bo in order to prevent myself from sliding down his body and landing in a pile of goo at his feet. My head and heart were racing. The man could kiss, I mean seriously kiss. I felt fire igniting

my blood.

[Sure you don't want him?] Asked my inner voice. That voice snapped me back to reason and using what little willpower I had left, I pulled free.

"How dare you?" I accused breathlessly.

Bo raised an eyebrow, and gave me another of those seductive smiles. "Oh, I dare quite a lot. But please don't pretend you didn't enjoy that." He moved toward me again, causing me to take an involuntary step backwards.

"You are much too forward, Sergeant Miraslav."

He chuckled. "Somehow I get the feeling that is exactly what you like about me, but you're afraid to admit it." He paused, as if considering something. "I don't get why you would resist your own desire. I may not know you well, but I'm a good observer of people. I can tell you live to fulfill your desires. You're hot blooded, sexy and beautiful and you don't strike me as a prude, or someone who would prefer a good boy like Joe, above me."

He moved toward me again, somehow managing to maneuver me so that I was backed up against the corridor wall. Bo was too close to the truth for comfort. I told myself I didn't find his arrogance exciting. "Maybe I'm not, but I'm also not interested in you in the slightest."

[Liar, liar pants on fire!] I wish my conscience would be a little more mature at times. I could almost see her sticking her fingers in her ears and wagging them at me.

The marine moved even closer, his body not quite touching mine, but close enough for me to smell his scent again, spicy with that hint of chocolate. I shook my head, telling myself to focus.

"The way you responded to my kiss tells a different story," challenged Bo.

He had me on that.

[You want him as much as I do, just admit it.] Now my conscience was goading me.

[I will not!] I wouldn't let her have the satisfaction of knowing she was right.

[This could lead to a few hours of what I can bet will be mind-blowing sex. Don't blow it!] I really didn't need that thought placed in my mind just then. Not when the sight and scent of Bo was overwhelming my senses.

I was brought out of my inner argument by the feel of Bo's hand on my face as he hooked a finger under my chin, lifting my head slightly. "Stay with me..." he lowered his head, claiming my mouth again. The kiss was gentler, more teasing and enticing.

I tried to fight my body and my inner self's reaction, but I was failing miserably, especially when Bo pulled me against him, our bodies pressed tightly together as he deepened the kiss for a moment, before releasing me.

"What do you say?" he asked softly, in that too damned sexy voice.

[Say yes!] My inner bitch was definitely in heat!

[I can't!] I argued, but even to my own ears, the protest sounded feeble. My resistance was starting to crumble.

[Don't be afraid to try him out!] She made him sound like a new car I could take out for a test drive! Now, if Bo were a car, what car would he be? Something with a really big, powerful engine...

I pulled myself together, and ground out, [I'm not afraid!]

I'm not kidding about this, but the voice in my head actually began clucking at me like a chicken. The nerve! [Stop that!] The clucking continued. [I'm not a chicken. I'm just reserving the right to say no.]

The clucking stopped. [You want this.]

OK, I couldn't deny it any longer. Yes, I did want it. I wanted Bo. I couldn't deny he was sex on a stick. His raw sensual nature drew me like a bee to pollen and the predatory nature of his approach turned me on. For a moment, another face flashed in my head, and I hurriedly chased the ghost away. Bo was nothing like Lucas Buck and it wasn't fair to compare them even in the smallest manner.

"Cat got your tongue?" asked Bo, cutting into my thoughts.

"I'm thinking."

[Don't think too long, he may decide you're a lost cause!] I could hear the panic in my inner voice's tone. [Come on, please! Say yes, I promise if you do, I'll stop nagging you.]

That was an extremely tempting offer. Believe me, if you had a pest of a conscience like I did, you'd understand. [For how long?]

[For...for a month,] answered the voice.

To me a month sounded like an eternity of peace and quiet. [You'll leave me in peace for a whole month?]

There was silence for a moment, then finally, [Yes]

It was an offer I couldn't refuse. [OK, deal!]

The shout of joy in my head was deafening. I turned my attention to Bo, who had remained patiently waiting for my answer. I reached out and traced a finger down his chest. "So, what exactly have you got in mind, Miraslav?"

Bo actually looked momentarily surprised before he gained control of himself. "I want you, and..." he growled before taking my mouth captive for a brief, forceful kiss. When he pulled back, he said "My quarters. Now."

I didn't stop him as he grasped my hand and turned, pulling me along with him. For a moment I felt panic, telling myself I shouldn't be doing this, but the voice argued [Come on, it will be

fun and just look at that butt, imagine what it's going to look like out of those leather pants. I bet you could chip a tooth on it!]

OK, she had a very good point. There was no point in denying it any longer. Bo was sexy. I wanted him and if it made me a slut--well, hello my name is Angel, Super-slut of the Universe--I was nevertheless a consenting adult and one who was about to have a whole lot of fun.

[Heh! About time you gave into what you really want!]

This time it was me who blew the raspberry at my inner self.

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I entered Bo's quarters, with him following closely behind me. I stopped dead in my tracks at the sight that greeted me. The sudden halt caused Bo to collide with my back, forcing me to stumble forward. I would have fallen flat on my face if Bo hadn't reacted quickly and grabbed me around the waist, pulling me against him.

"You OK?" asked Bo, his warm breath whispering against my ear, sending a tremor through me and causing my inner voice to squeak softly.

I nodded and pulled away, not to get away from the hot contact of his body against mine, but because I was gobsmacked by his quarters.

It was like I'd walked into a Bedouin tent. The sofa was covered in rich, warm textured pillows of various sizes and a throw in dark reds, amber and trimmed with gold. The floor was covered with rich, patterned carpets and even more, larger pillows -- furry ones, suede ones and a variety of other textures in various shades of red and browns. Decorative hangings covered the walls and above, hanging from the ceiling, a rich velvet drape in dark red gave the room the distinct feel of being inside a tent.

[Are you seeing what I'm seeing?] asked the inner me. Clearly she was as taken aback by the room as I was.

I turned with a grin on my face toward Bo. "You're one walking contradiction, aren't you?"

Bo smiled and approached me, reaching out to take hold of my arms and pull me against him. "I'm full of surprises," responded Bo, his tone full of suggestion.

"That you are. This isn't exactly military standard quarters," I said, indicating the richness of the room.

Leaning forward Bo nuzzled at my neck before asking, "What's the matter, don't you like it?"

My inner voice whimpered at the feel of his lips on the soft flesh of my neck and my response came out in a breathless gasp, "On the contrary, I love it. It makes me feel at home."

Bo's lips moved up my neck, sending shivers through my body. An arm circled around my waist, pulling me tighter against that hard body. I gasped softly as his lips fastened on the lobe of an ear, gently nibbling on it as his free hand moved up between us to cup one of my breasts, fondling it through the fabric.

[Oh God!] whimpered my inner voice.

"Good, I want you to feel at home," said Bo gruffly in my ear.

I chuckled, "I thought you just wanted me?"

I heard a soft growl as Bo pulled back to look at me. The intensity and passion I saw in his eyes left me breathless.

"Oh, I want you," said Bo, his lips descending to mine. He crushed his mouth against mine, forcing my lips apart as he slid his tongue inside my mouth. I had to slide my arms around his shoulders to steady myself, the sheer force of the kiss leaving me weak at the knees.

I felt myself moving as Bo, his lips still locked with mine in a deep, frenzied kiss began to push me backwards. I stopped when my back hit a wall. Without breaking the kiss, Bo took hold of my arms and raised them, pinning them above my head. He held them there with the grip of one of his large, strong hands. My head was spinning as the kiss continued.

I heard myself whimper as he slid his free hand under my t-shirt, his warm rough hand kneading the soft flesh of my breast as he ran his thumb over my hard nipple, the sensation causing me to buck into his touch.

Bo released my hands for a brief moment so that he could pull off my t-shirt. In one swift movement he removed the garment and casually tossed it to the floor before once again kissing me. He gently pulled on my lower lip with his teeth before sliding his tongue into my mouth. His hands roamed over my body, over my flat belly until they reached my breasts. His fingers tweaked my nipples roughly then rubbed them gently causing me to jump at his touch. I felt rather than heard the chuckle against my lips.

[The bastard knows what he's doing,] said my inner self weakly.

I decided two could play at that game. I thrust my hips forward, grinding them against him. I heard his intake of breath as I rubbed against the very evident arousal in those oh so very tight leather pants.

[I want to feel his naked pecs,] demanded my inner voice, clearly not satisfied. But the bossy bitch did have a point. I wanted to feel him beneath my touch too.

While I was thoroughly enjoying him being in control, I wanted to be in charge for a little while. It's a good thing I'm telekinetic, otherwise I'd never have the strength to physically push anyone away, especially someone built like Bo. Using my power to reinforce my physical strength, I pushed him back.

The surprised look on Bo's face was priceless "You're a lot stronger than you look!"

I had to suppress a giggle. Instead, I looked at him seductively and ordered, "Take off your shirt."

His eyebrow shot up but he didn't move, his eyes instead fastening hungrily on my naked breasts with their nipples standing to attention. The hungry look in his eyes caused them to ache painfully. I ignored the feeling for the moment and went on, "I thought you were used to taking orders, Marine," I paused looking him up and down, momentarily lingering on the bulge

I could see in his pants.

I heard my inner self licking her lips hungrily. [Soon, girl. Soon]. I repeated the order. "Take off your shirt, Marine. Now!"

Bo hesitated for a moment, then giving me a slow, lazy smile, he pulled his shirt over his head and threw it to one side.

My eyes fastened on the broad chest, the well toned pecs and the flat hard stomach. My god, he was incredible. I licked my lips and approached him. The voice inside my head was incoherent.

"Like what you see?" asked Bo in amusement.

"I like. I like a lot," I answered. I reached out a hand and stroked my palm over his pectoral muscles. Unable to control my desire I leaned forward and began to kiss the hard, hot flesh. I heard Bo's intake of breath, encouraging me to continue. I licked an erect nipple before kissing my way across his chest. He not only smelled of spicy chocolate, but he tasted spicy and sweet. I made a mental note to ask him how he managed that. The thought flew from my mind as my inner self nudged--OK shoved--me back to the burning need for more.

Clearly Bo had the same idea. I felt his hands gripping mine roughly, forcing me upright as he took possession of my mouth again, hot and demanding. He pulled me tightly against him, my naked breasts crushed against the hardness of his chest as he plunged his tongue into my mouth, demanding I submit to his invasion.

Then I was lifted by a pair of strong arms and carried over to a pile of pillows on the floor near the sofa. Our lips still locked in heated passion, Bo lowered me to the ground, stretching his tall body alongside mine.

As Bo nuzzled and licked his way along my collarbone and up my neck, he caressed my breasts, rubbing the hard nubs between thumb and forefinger, the sensation causing me to writhe beneath him. He raised his head, giving me an 'I-know-the-effect-I'm-having-on-you' kind of grin. He really was a rat!

Grabbing his head, entwining my fingers in that glorious thick mane of hair, I pulled his head down and nipped at his lower lip. I held onto him and slid my tongue inside the warmth of his mouth, drinking hungrily of that sweet chocolaty taste.

I trembled as I felt Bo slide a hand down the length of my abdomen, down over my belly and along my thigh. My breathing stalled as his hand rested there, softly caressing his fingers back and forth across the leather of my pants. I felt the heat between my legs rising and as if by a will of their own my legs parted invitingly.

There was only soft mewling from the voice inside my head. If I had known that someone like Bo could render her speechless, I would have sought him out years ago. The only response I got from that was a soft snort, followed by another whimper as Bo pulled on my lower lip before breaking the kiss.

He looked down the length of my body, a smile playing on those full, utterly desirable lips. "I think you're a little overdressed," he said, tracing a finger along the band of my pants.



Suppressing a whimper, I looked at him nonchalantly. "Well, if it bothers you that much, Marine, why don't you do something about it?" I asked challengingly.

Bo chuckled, "Actually, I was thinking you should do something about it."

God, his voice was so sexy, so low and seductive. "Pray tell, what would that be?" I asked, reaching out to trace a finger down his chest.

Bo stopped me, by grabbing my wrist. He kissed the tip of my fingers and went on, "How good are you at taking orders?"

"I don't like taking orders."

[Matthew would wholeheartedly agree with that!] chirped my inner voice.

[Shut it!] I shot back.

"Well, you're going to take orders from me tonight," said Bo as he let go of my hand and moved away from me slightly.

I laughed, "Oh I don't think so. Taking orders is something you're trained to do," I shot back.

Suddenly Bo moved. He was damned quick for someone with a frame like his. He was astride me within seconds, grabbing my hands and pinning them above my

head, as his mouth descended on mine in a demanding, bruising kiss. Then he released my mouth and pulled his head back. "Remove your pants," he ordered softly.

"Like I said, if they bother you so much, why don't you do something about it?" I challenged again. That was a mistake. Sometimes my mouth can get me into all manner of trouble.

A predatory grin crept across Bo's mouth and he shifted his position. I gasped as he lowered his mouth to one of my breasts, his tongue flicking across the tender flesh of my nipple before he took it into his mouth, suckling gently. While his mouth went to work on one breast, he caressed and rubbed my other breast with his strong fingers. I closed my eyes, enjoying the sensation of his warm mouth on my nipple. Then I felt him thrust against me, pressing his arousal into my hips, causing the leather of my pants to rub against me. I cried out in surprise, feeling my arousal mounting at the friction he was causing.

Then suddenly he stopped and moved off me, leaving my body shaking and wanting for more. "Don't stop," I whispered breathlessly.

He turned on his side, resting his head on his hand. "Remove them," he said, glancing downwards momentarily.

I couldn't deny I found his tone and order exciting, adding to the heat running through me. [Do what he says!] ordered in my inner voice. This time I actually listened. With a seductive smile I rose to my feet and stood looking down at Bo.

With his eyes fixed on me, I did as I was told and slowly, teasingly, I removed my pants and stood above him. The way he looked at me, his eyes fixed hungrily on my body, taking in every inch of my nakedness, sent even more heat to my center, making me wet with desire.

Bo held out his hand out towards me. As I took hold of it, he pulled me roughly down. I fell on top of him and in one swift movement, he rolled over, pinning me beneath him as he once again devoured my mouth. My head was spinning as his hand roamed over my body once again, over my breasts, my belly. As I felt his hand moving down to the part of me aching to be touched, I parted my legs in open invitation.

I gasped against Bo's mouth as he slid his hand between my legs. As his fingers began to slide between my damp folds, I arched up against his hand wanting more. I felt Bo smiling against my lips and I whimpered. He gave me what I wanted and slid a finger inside me.

As he continued to push his finger slowly, teasingly in and out he released my mouth and began kissing my neck, sucking hard on the flesh where neck and shoulder met. I knew he'd leave a mark there, but I didn't care. All I cared about was the feeling of his lips on me, his finger buried inside me. I stretched my arm out and grasped onto one of the soft furry pillows, a groan from deep inside me forcing its way past my lips as Bo kissed his way down my throat to once again lavish attention on my aching, hard nipples.

I writhed beneath him as he withdrew his finger, his hand moving slightly up as he began to rub my aroused clit in small circular motions. Little jolts of electricity shot through me and I reached out, grabbing a handful of that glorious hair, my hips thrusting against his finger. Inside my head, my inner voice was incoherent with whimpers and mewls.

Bo shifted his position and I opened my eyes to watch as he moved downwards. I heard a soft sound escape his lips as his crotch rubbed against me. I fixed my eyes on the bulge in his pants, his cock clearly straining for release. I was amazed he was able to stand the restraining fabric. I reached out to him "Why don't you remove your pants, Marine?"

Bo shook his head "Not yet," he answered as he settled himself to lie between my legs. He looked up at me from between my parted legs, his pupils so dilated it made his eyes appear seductively black and smoky.

"You must have unbelievable self control," I whispered.

He winked, "I'm well trained."

Any response I was about to make was cut off as he lowered his head, his tongue flicking against my clit. I nearly lost it when he closed his lips around the hard nub and began to suck and lick simultaneously.

I writhed in ecstasy as Bo skillfully aroused me further. My body shook at the sensations of his tongue and the soft beard tickling my skin and I heard my moans echoing off the walls of his quarters.

Just when I was feeling that hot painfully blissful sensation building closer to release, Bo withdrew and rose, looking at me from between my parted legs. Maybe it was the expression on my face, I don't know, but he growled softly and moved up until he rested above me, supporting his heavy weight on his arms. His mouth descended on mine and kissed me with such force and hunger he left me reeling and my inner voice screaming.

The kiss was over quickly and Bo pulled back and stood up, giving me the chance to gasp for much needed air.

"I need to get these off," he said gruffly, starting to unfasten his leather pants.

My eyes drop downwards, licking my lips involuntarily at the sight of the bulge in his pants. I was surprised it had taken him this long. The fabric against his swollen cock had to be painful.

[Help him! Help him! Help him!] cried my inner self. She sounded almost hysterical. But I didn't make fun of her, I knew exactly what she wanted and I wanted it just as badly.

I rose to my knees and shuffled forward, my hands resting over his as he undid the top button, "Let me help you," I said, keeping my voice low and seductive.

He gave a soft growl and dropped his hands to his sides. I swear that a growl would usually be frightening or intimidating coming from most people, but from Bo it was goddamn sexy and it sent my hormones into overdrive. Well, OK into triple overdrive.

I undid the button, then parting the flap slowly, pulled down the zipper, but before I pulled the pants down, I looked up and instructed, "Boots."

Without hesitation Bo bent down, giving me a chance to run my hands through that gorgeous, thick, floppy hair as he untied the laces and pulled his boots and socks off and kicked them out of the way. Then he straightened and gave my cheek a quick caress before he stood still, looking like a gorgeous statue. I lifted my hands to the band of his pants and pulled them down over his hips, finally releasing his cock from the restraining fabric, tugging his pants down his well defined and muscular thighs finally ending at his feet.

I quickly discarded the pants then finally turned to focus on Bo's hard member, which stood straight out, beckoning me. For a moment I sat back on my heels and admired the view, my eyes working their way down from the handsome face, then over the broad, muscular chest and finally to his cock.

"I take it you approve?"

I dragged my eyes away and looked up to find Bo looking down at me in amusement.

"You have no idea," I responded, my eyes dropping downwards again.

"Are you going to just stare?" asked Bo.

"I'm admiring the view!"

"Admire all you want, but I want to feel your lips around me," he paused then said with a soft growl, "Now."

I heard my inner slut whimpering and I couldn't blame her; there was something about the bossy bastard that made me even hornier. I smiled up at him, "Would that be an order, Marine?"

All I got was the arching of an eyebrow. I gave him a mock salute, "Yes, Marine Sergeant, Sir!"

I wrapped a hand around the thick girth of his cock and teasingly flicked out my tongue against the head of his erection, lapping at the drop of liquid seeping from the small hole. I

heard a soft intake of breath and felt a pair of strong hands slid through my hair, holding my head.

I teased him by rubbing my hand back and forth over his shaft, flicking my tongue around the head. Then finally, when I felt Bo pulling on my hair, silently instructing me, I opened my mouth and sucked on the head, twirling my tongue around it for awhile before I moved forward, taking in more of him, my hand moving up and down as I began to move my head back and forth, slowly fucking him with the warm wetness of my mouth.

Finally I heard him groan and felt him pull on my hair. I withdrew and looked up at him. "Woman, do you have any idea what you are doing to me?" he groaned as he knelt down in front of me.

"I think I have a good idea," I responded mischievously.

Bo said nothing, just cupped my face and pulled me into another kiss, his tongue sliding between my parted lips. As he deepened the kiss he dropped one hand to my waist and moved forward, lowering me down on top of the pillows.

I grasped his hair and pulled his head back, "Please, don't make me wait anymore!"

He didn't. Shifting slightly, Bo moved between my legs. His hands moved down my thighs and lifted my legs. Moving forward, he hooked them over his arms and shifted upwards, forcing my legs up towards my shoulders. I felt the head of his cock at my entrance and as his mouth captured mine, with one smooth thrust forward, he entered me.

At first there was a little pain as I stretched to accommodate him. He held still, letting me get used to the feel of him inside me. He kissed me gently, trailing kisses across my face and neck. I closed my arms around his broad back and whispered into his ear, "Fuck me."

Bo withdrew almost completely then thrust his hips forward burying himself deeper. I threw my head back and cried out as he began to move in and out of me in a fast, rhythmic pace.

We moved together, my hips rising to meet each of his downward thrusts. Bo silenced another cry with his mouth. The heat inside was almost unbearable and I clung to him, digging my nails into his muscular back.

The pace quickened, the room filled with the mixed sounds of our pants and moans as we moved in unison. Bo thrust in harder and faster until finally I felt the heat inside explode and I was thrust over the edge of release. I heard myself cry out as the orgasm tore through me and I trembled beneath him, seconds later I felt Bo shake and heard him groan as my inner walls tightened around him in another wave of orgasm and took him over the edge with me. He shuddered, emptying his warm seed inside me.

Bo collapsed on top of me and lay there for a few minutes, as we both inhaled deeply for breath, then he pulled out of me and rolled off me. For a moment I couldn't move, my body shaking as the effects of the orgasm washed over my body. I felt Bo turn to me and he drew me into his arms and we lay there for awhile in silence and recovery.

It was late when I awoke to find a heavy arm pinning me down. Sleep had overcome us both quickly after our pleasurable efforts, and more time had passed than I'd intended. Enjoyable as that time had been, it was time to go. I dreaded to think what Trace would have to say to me when I finally turned up for my ride home.

Looking sideways I could see that Bo had also succumbed to sleep. His eyes were closed, his incredible long, dark eyelashes resting on his high cheekbones. He was breathing deeply, almost snoring, soft breaths escaping his curved, kissable lips. A lock of hair had flopped forward over his brow, and I longed to reach and touch that hair, gently pushing it back until I could see all of that strong, sexy face.

[Go on, you've been wanting to run your fingers through his hair since you first saw him,] my inner voice urged. It seemed that my conscience was definitely taking the night off, as she would normally urge restraint. Just to spite her, I withdrew my hand and concentrated on getting out from under the arm that was holding me so possessively.

Turning my attention to the arm was a mistake. It made me focus on Bo's flesh, and that did nothing to make me want to leave. His arms were amazing. Muscles rippled under the golden brown skin that was surprisingly hairless. Only a fine down of black hair was visible on his forearms; his upper arms were smooth and incredibly soft. I've never known another man with such soft skin. Not what you'd expect from a Marine, but then Bo was a man who was full of surprises.

I shifted until I could get both my hands under Bo's arm, and even then I had to call on my telekinetic powers to help me lift it off me. I had just started to slide out from under the weight when a soft growl alerted me to the fact that Bo had woken. He was watching me from dark, narrowed eyes, full of dangerous passion.

I paused and gave him a smile, whispering, "It's late. I have to go."

Bo's answering smile was mischievous. He growled again and shook his head, reminding me of a shaggy black dog, waking and rousing himself for renewed activity. The look in Bo's eyes made it very clear what activity he had in mind, and that alone was enough to set my pulse racing.

[Trace won't mind waiting a bit longer,] my inner voice chirped up. [It's not that late. Not really.]

I told my inner slut to shut up and made another attempt to slide out from under Bo's arm. This time he pulled me close against him, turning me as he did so, until my back was pressed against his hard belly and chest. What I could then feel pressed against my butt sent my temperature up another few notches. Bo was rock hard and raring to go.

"Bo, stop, no, I really...oh god!" My pathetic urge to escape was stilled as Bo slid his hand down my belly and between my legs, rubbing my clit and bringing me to an instant state of arousal. I automatically clamped my thighs together, trapping his hand between them, and curling my legs up to my chest. It didn't stop him for a second.

Before I knew what was happening, Bo had lifted himself onto his knees, his weight resting on his free hand, while somehow he lifted me with him, until I rested on all fours beneath him. I realized that Bo's growl and head shake weren't the only ways in which he reminded me of a

dog. I was about to be taken doggy fashion, and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

[Like you would if you could!] My inner voice was whimpering with pleasure as Bo continued to caress my clit, while rubbing his hard cock against my butt.

She was right, of course. I was like a pampered lap dog, escaped from her kennel and looking for a little excitement. But unlike Lady in the movie from the 20th century, I'd fallen prey to a rough, tough Rottweiler of a dog, who was bent of having his way with me as often and as hard as he wanted. And I wouldn't change a single thing.

I could feel Bo's hot breath on the back of my neck as he lowered his head and started nibbling and sucking on my neck. All the time he was rubbing my clit, and I was responding by driving my butt back into him, feeling his hot, hard cock against my butt, wanting it inside me. But Bo was making no effort to enter me. The bastard was going to make me beg.

By now any pride I might have had was lost in a frenzy of lust. I was a bitch in heat and I wanted that cock inside me and I wanted it now!

"Fuck me, you bastard!" I almost screamed the words at him.

Bo chuckled in response, then gave another of those incredibly sexy growls as he pulled his hand from between my legs, lifted himself from my back, and grasped my hips, steadying me as he lined his cock up at my entrance. Then with one hard, swift thrust he entered me. I nearly screamed with pleasure as he began to ram himself into me, hard and fast, grasping my hips and pulling me back tight against him.

I buried my head into one of the cushions on which we lay, stifling my barks of ecstasy. I may have been behaving like a bitch in heat, but I didn't have to sound like one! Waves of pleasure built inside me with every thrust of that hot hardness, pounding into my core, lifting me closer and closer to release. When I finally came I gave up all efforts at restraint and howled like the bitch I am.

Bo ignored me, continuing to pound into me, every thrust creating a new wave of ecstasy until I thought I would faint from combined exhaustion and pleasure. Then finally my continual orgasms drove him over the edge and he came with me, pulling me back hard against him as he released himself inside me, filling me with his heat.

He growled even louder as he came, and dropped himself on all fours again, covering my back, biting my shoulders and neck as he plunged into me, releasing another spurt of heat with every thrust.

When we were finally sated, we both collapsed, Bo resting on my back, pinning me to the floor. I could barely breathe with the weight of him on me, and I could still feel him buried deep inside me as I gasped for air.

[Whoee! That shaggy dog sure knows how to take a bitch! He's definitely marked you as his own.] My inner voice gloated at my submissive position, pinned beneath this big man, utterly within his control. This was not a position I was accustomed to, as I usually preferred to stay on top of my lovers. Bo seemed to be the exception to every rule in my book. I found I quite enjoyed being possessed and controlled by him.

As long as it was temporary.

With a deep sigh of satisfaction, Bo finally rolled off my back and released me, pulling me over until I rested in his arms, my head against the smooth skin of his hard chest. He stroked my hair, surprising me with his gentleness, then kissed my forehead in a gesture totally at odds with his previous domineering and demanding actions.

I looked up into his eyes and saw a softness there that hadn't been present earlier. He smiled and kissed me, not forcefully as before, but gently, barely touching his lips to mine. Then he leaned back and looked at me, smiling once more as he said, "You're quite a lady, Angel. I wish we had more time to get to know each other better."

I smiled back and gently pushed against Bo's chest, releasing myself from his arms. "So do I, Bo, but I really have to go now. I could get into trouble with my Captain if I don't get back soon." I didn't even want to think about what Matthew would have to say if he found out what I'd been up to during my night out. With any luck, Demon was keeping him far too busy for him to even remember that I hadn't come home.

Bo sighed and with one last gentle kiss he released me. "And my Captain won't be too happy about guests staying on board after authorized hours. I'll walk you back to the shuttle."

After a quick vibe shower, I dressed hurriedly, and left Bo's quarters with one last regretful look at the cushions and drapes. I never expected to get ideas for decorating from a Marine Sergeant!

Bo held my hand as we walked in silence to the shuttle bay. I stopped him at the door and said, "Don't come in with me. I don't want Trace to see you. He'll tease me enough as it is for staying late. One look at you and he'll know exactly what I've been up to."

Bo chuckled and pulled me hard against him, giving me one last bruising kiss. The heat of his mouth against mine threatened to set me on fire again, so I reluctantly pulled myself back and stepped away.

"Next time the Telamon runs supplies for the Excalibur, we won't waste time on playing pool." Bo's grin was mischievous, but I could hardly let him get away with that.

"You're right. Next time I'll just go looking for Joe and see what other games he might like to play."

Bo snorted, then his eyes narrowed and I felt as if his intense gaze was burning holes in my clothes. "If you want to play games, then Joe and I can always play doubles. How would you like that, Angel? Do you think you could handle the two of us together?"

My inner voice let rip with a scream of excitement so loud I could barely hear myself think. Two of them? Joe and Bo together? My knees went weak just thinking about it. And much to my surprise, my conscience didn't seem to object at all. What can I say? I think I've finally corrupted her. My inner voice is as big a slut as I am.

I tried to maintain a cool exterior, but I think Bo knew what his suggestion had done to me. The fact that my nipples sprang out so far they nearly took his eyes out might have been a clue. Even so, I kept my voice calm and steady as I replied, "Is that an admission that you can't

handle me all by yourself, Bo? Need a little help, do you?"

Before he could respond, I ran through the door into the shuttle bay, slamming my hand onto the control, closing the door quickly behind me, and leaning against it. It took a few seconds to get myself back under control, then I grinned to myself. I never expected to get the last word with that Marine, and I guessed that if we ever met again, I would be severely punished for that last bit of cheek. If I was very lucky, that is.

Looking around the shuttle bay, I could see the Excalibur's shuttle sitting a few meters away. Much to my surprise, there was no sign of Trace.

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It was now gone 03:00 ship's time, and I'd expected the Excalibur's best shuttle pilot to be waiting for me in the Telamon's shuttle bay, tapping his foot with impatience. In fact, when I thought about it, I was surprised that Trace hadn't been trying to hustle me along hours before, by calling my commlink.

I stood silently for a moment, pondering the mystery of Trace's silence and absence, when a clattering sound was followed by a stream of soft but vehement swear words. I followed the sound to its source, and found one of the Telamon's crewmen working on the open engine housing of a Starfury. The crewman was sucking his fingers while cursing around them, and kicking at the tool lying at his feet. Someone wasn't a happy bunny.

I gave him my very brightest smile and said, "Hello! I seem to have mislaid my shuttle pilot. Any idea where he might be hiding?"

The crewman gave me an appreciative look, running his gaze from my feet up to my tits before his eyes got snagged there, and he stared at my breasts as he replied, "By now, he's probably hiding in the Captain's bathroom, trying to recover enough for another go round. Our Captain's very demanding, you know. She expects a first class service at all times. Repeatedly. I hope your pilot's up to the job, or she'll be in a foul mood tomorrow, and we'll all suffer. Especially me, if I don't get this damned engine fixed." He gave the fighter a soft thump with his fist, but his eyes never shifted from my breasts.

I blinked a few times, taking in the information he'd just provided. So Captain Wong had spotted Trace and cut him out from the herd, had she? I couldn't help grinning. Demon had briefed me on Matthew's comments about Wong's tastes during the shuttle ride over, but she'd kept her voice low, so I guess Trace wouldn't have heard. I also guessed that when the poker game had closed down after Matt and Demon had departed, Wong must have taken one look at a prize catch like Trace--a fine specimen who wasn't in her chain of command, and was therefore fair game--and pounced. I'd obviously been too preoccupied by my pool game with Bo and Joe to notice what was going on.

Thinking back on some of the things Demon had said about Wong and her approach to men, I found myself grinning again. I wondered if Trace would be capable of flying the shuttle after Wong had finished with him.

Thanking the crewman I turned and went back to the Excalibur's shuttle, all too aware that the lascivious bastard's eyes were firmly fixed on my butt as I walked away. I hit the control that lowered the ramp and climbed aboard the shuttle, making my way into the co-pilot's seat. I'd



flown in these things often enough to know how to work the communicators, and I figured it would be more fun to call Trace from there.

If I called him from my commlink, Trace would know the call was from me, but with just a little adjustment, I thought I could make it look as if the Excalibur was trying to contact him directly. That would put the wind up him!

I gave silent thanks to my friendship with our Communications Officer, Lt. Sangeetha Siddhartha, who had taught me the basics of the Excalibur's comm systems, as I fiddled with the shuttle's controls, finally getting them adjusted in the way I wanted. I keyed Trace's call sign, and waited until I got his response.

"Miller. What's up?" It was hardly an Earthforce protocol response.

Using the best imitation of Sangeetha's voice I could manage, I hissed, "Get your butt back over here at once, Trace. The Captain's on the warpath. He just came back onto the bridge and saw you're still over there. He says all recreational passes expired at midnight, and he wants to know why you haven't come back. I just heard him say he plans to find out exactly what you've been up to over there, before he throws you into the brig for a month."

I could hear Trace's nervous swallow, followed by what sounded distinctly like a squeak of discomfort. His voice was muffled, but I could still hear him saying to someone, "Stop that! It hurts, I don't like it, and I have to go!" I had to put my hand over my mouth to stifle my giggles as Trace's voice became clearer again. "Sangeetha? Are you still there? Tell the Captain I've been waiting to bring Angel home. If he thinks she's the one responsible for the delay, he'll be so mad with her, he'll forget all about me."

The rat! I decided Trace was going to suffer for that.

I bit my lip, and kept up the pretence of being Sangeetha as I said, "Forget it, Trace. Angel's my friend, remember? I'll tell the Captain you're the one who's been dallying, keeping Angel waiting for her ride home. Siddhartha out."

That should worry the bastard! How dare he try to blame me when he was just as late as I was? Oh, he was going to pay for that!

I peeked out of the front windscreen of the shuttle, watching for the doors to the shuttle bay to open. As soon as I saw them sliding back, I jumped up from the co-pilot's seat, and ran to the passenger seats in the rear, curling myself up across two of them and pretending to sleep. I heard the sound of feet thudding hurriedly up the shuttle ramp, and the door opening, all the time keeping my eyes closed and slowing my breathing.

Trace's footsteps paused in the doorway and I heard him curse softly. He'd obviously seen me, apparently asleep, awaiting his return. He paused, trying to decide what to do, then he moved forward and touched my shoulder gently as he called my name.

I pretended to rouse slowly, and sat up blinking at him and yawning as I rubbed my eyes. "Trace? What time is it?"

Trace swallowed hurriedly and said, "It's gone 3. How long have you been waiting here?"

I blinked sleepily a few times and lied, "I don't really know. I didn't want to disturb whatever you were doing," that brought a flush to Trace's cheeks, "so I thought I'd just curl up and wait. I didn't expect you to be this late." I gave him a reproachful glance, which was rewarded by an even deeper blush, so I went on, "What have you been doing all this time?" By now Trace's cheeks were glowing, so I couldn't resist adding, "Or should I ask who have you been doing?"

Trace tried to look outraged at my suggestion, but failed miserably, particularly when I pointed out the welts on his neck, his unevenly buttoned shirt and his unzipped pants. I was of course very careful to keep my hair draped around my neck in such a way as to hide the marks Bo had left on me.

Hurriedly adjusting his clothes, Trace blustered a little more before quickly taking the pilot's seat.

I swung myself into the center seat above him and to his right, then leaned forward and sniffed at his collar. "Hmm, I think I recognize that scent." It was nonsense of course. All I could smell on Trace was the scent of hot and heavy sex. I was glad I'd taken the vibe shower before I'd left Bo's quarters, or I would have smelled the same way.

The pilot ignored my comments as he started up the engines and called the Telamon's bridge for permission to depart. As the shuttle lifted off, I leaned forward and sniffed again. "That's the perfume Captain Wong was wearing."

Trace continued to ignore me, but the shuttle wavered a little as it exited the Telamon's bay, and I couldn't resist reaching out and touching the scratch marks that stood out red against the pale skin of Trace's neck. "Maybe next time you should get her to clip her claws first." It was Trace's bad luck that his hair, unlike mine, wasn't long enough to conceal his marks. Captain Wong obviously liked to play rough. I couldn't help but wonder what other marks Trace's clothes were hiding.

I sat back and watched Trace's neck turn the same color as the scratches. After a few moment's silence, during which we approached the Excalibur and lined up to enter the landing bay, I leaned forward again and whispered, "You're very good at this, aren't you Trace? Just how many times have you practiced putting the shuttle in the bay tonight? Must be difficult if it's a big shuttle and a small, tight bay. I hope you didn't miss your target."

The shuttle wobbled again as we slid smoothly inside the Excalibur. Trace kept his silence as he brought the shuttle to rest at the back of the bay, then sat motionless as I lifted myself to my feet. As I left the shuttle, he still hadn't moved from the controls and the back of his neck was still flaming.

My parting shot was, "Thanks for the ride, Trace. I just hope Captain Wong appreciated her ride."

I trotted down the shuttle ramp giggling quietly to myself. And guess what. My inner voice never made so much as a squeak. She was living up to her promise and giving me a break.

I was really looking forward to the next month. I could get up to all kinds of mischief without being nagged. Maybe even the odd game of poltergeist with my Captain. And if I was very lucky, I might get caught and thoroughly spanked.

The tingling thrill that thought sent through my belly made me think of Bo. I'd probably never see that shaggy dog of a man again, but he'd certainly given me some interesting memories to mull over during the long, solitary nights aboard the Excalibur.

Not so much a shaggy dog story, more of a shagging dog story. And boy did that dog know how to shag!

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## The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Four L

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