

**PRISONER
OF
WAR**

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Prisoner of War

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CHAPTER I

She kept her eyes closed and waited for the throbbing in her head to fade to a more tolerable level.

Fuck!

They'd been ambushed. She'd watched her team go down as she herself fell into the prepared pit. She'd been captured. This wasn't good. It would've been much better if she'd been killed in the fall.

She listened to two people having a conversation off to her right. They must have thought she was still asleep.

"Send her to Wren."

"Oh, come on, she doesn't look that stubborn. Hell, she's already got a broken leg, fractured ribs, and her right arm's a mess. They'll be patching her up for weeks to prepare her for that woman!"

"Those are our orders. Anybody ranked captain and above goes to Wren and her unit. And those markings make her a colonel. Besides, I recognize her. That's Luce of Claw Clan."

"Holy shit. Maybe we should just kill her now."

“Are you insane? If Simmons found out we had her and didn’t even try to get anything from her, *we’d* be sent to Wren. Prepare her for shipment. I’ll mark the papers for transport.”

A rush of air and the voice was suddenly in her ear.

“Did ya get all that?”

She almost flinched at its sudden proximity, but her training kept her from reacting physically. She opened her eyes, but it was pitch black.

“You look a little nervous. Something wrong?”

She heard the humor in the voice, but refused to let any reaction show on her face. Her first thought, that she’d been blinded in the fall, was replaced by the staccato words of her psychology instructor.

“Torture is simply a form of mental manipulation. It’s the fear and sense of hopelessness that twist one’s mind. Nothing is ever what it seems when dealing with the techniques of mind control.”

She squeezed her eyes shut tightly and saw the sparks of color. Impulses from her eyes could still get to her brain, so the knock on her head hadn’t done that kind of damage, and blindness hadn’t been mentioned in her list of injuries.

It was more likely the room had been flooded with the longer wavelengths of the electromagnetic spectrum and the technicians were wearing infrared glasses. It was a technique her own side used on its prisoners.

She felt the air move around her head and realized the man was no longer next to her. She closed her eyes again when she felt the needle enter her arm. She felt her consciousness slip away and her whole body relaxed into it, the part of her mind that held out hope of escape recognizing a chance for rest and healing and going right to work.

When she woke again, it was still dark, but her eyes immediately picked out the shape of a room, which was scarcely lit by a multitude of tiny lights blinking from various machines scattered throughout the small chamber. She tried to lift her arms to push herself up to a sitting position, but they were both held fast by metal restraints, the right one of which encased her entire arm, while the left simply secured her wrist. The sudden motion caused sharp pains to shoot down her right arm and Luce

instantly stilled her movements, though not even her breathing changed to reflect the pain she was feeling.

She realized the restraint was also acting as a kind of cast to keep her injured limb immobile and carefully tested her legs. They too were bound by steel. Her right leg was encased the same as her right arm and it protested just as greatly at being disturbed. Her attempts to move her lower body had also made her aware of her broken ribs, and she suddenly regretted waking up at all.

She heard a whirring sound and saw a glint of metal and glass out of the corner of her eye. She turned her head slightly and watched as a syringe filled with clear liquid rose up out of the side of the bed and came closer to her left arm. It lowered and then pierced her skin. A few moments later, she was asleep again.

When she woke for the third time, the overhead lights were on and she was able to get a much better look at the room she was in. It was definitely a hospital room. There were machines all over the place keeping tabs on her state of health. She waited for the syringe to make its appearance again, but it didn't.

A panel slid aside and a woman stepped through before it closed again behind her.

“How are you feeling?”

Her tone was just on the edge between compassionate and abrupt. Luce looked at her and kept her mouth shut.

“I'm not here to interrogate you and I don't think it's a big secret that you've been injured and are in pain. I just want to know if we should increase the painkillers. This is a hospital, not a concentration camp. No one here wants you to suffer.”

And it would be nice to know what my pain threshold is, wouldn't it?

Luce just continued to stare and the woman finally shrugged her shoulders and went about checking the machines.

“You're doing really well. Your injuries are healing much faster than expected. I'd heard your people were working on new methods of genetic manipulation for healing. How old are you? Two? Three? I will never understand why you can't just have children the way the Goddess intended. You know, that's what this war is really about. We can't just let you defile the sacred

genetic code we were created with. Children should be born from a mother, not full grown from a growth tank like a replacement organ.”

The nurse continued to check over the machines monitoring her body and Luce listened to the woman’s monologue.

“Your people are missing out on so much. Watching a child grow up, the joys of shaping a young mind into a mature and productive adult... And you. You never had a childhood, did you? You were just suddenly awake and expected to fight in a war with no choice in the matter. We’ve offered your people freedom from that kind of servitude. I don’t understand why you don’t take it.”

Luce’s features remained impassive, but inside, her anger was raging. The woman was deluded. She didn’t offer freedom. She offered stagnation and slavery. The only reason the human species was even still on the planet was because a group of scientists, the founding mothers and fathers of her nation, had tinkered with human DNA and RNA to make the next generation immune to the harsh effects of a depleted ozone layer that let in the ultraviolet rays of Sol.

With such a successful foundation to build upon, her people had gone on to change a few more genes in order to make the human lung more tolerant of the deteriorating atmosphere due to pollutants from factories, cars, and other chemical-producing inventions of the twenty-first century.

In the span of a decade, children were being born with more efficient lungs, better eyesight, more resilient skin, and greater muscle tone. The woman standing in front of her was no more from original ‘sacred’ stock than Luce was.

It was true that she’d gained consciousness in a sudden blast of clarity when she’d woken at the end of her growth cycle four years ago, but she hadn’t been forced to join the war effort. Her parents had designed her with that specific goal in mind and nothing save death would have been able to keep her from fulfilling that destiny.

She supposed she could see how some people might interpret that as having the decision taken from her, but why was it any different from the random desires of those without intentional genetic programming? She knew what she wanted to do with her

life and the joy she gained from using her body and mind to keep her people's way of life safe was just as real as anybody else's.

She did have plenty of other interests should the war end. Her martial arts training had been based on spiritual principles and she knew more healing techniques than most doctors. Her mind was specially designed for strategy and abstract processing, abilities that let her take snippets of information and leap to accurate conclusions. Her skills were transferable, no matter what this woman wanted to think about her 'slavery.'

The nurse finally finished with her examination and punched in her findings on a handheld touch screen. She gave Luce one last look of disapproval and then exited through the same panel she'd entered from.

Luce stared around the room, studying it. She listened intently to try to ascertain what was beyond the walls of her room, but there was only silence. After about fifteen minutes of just lying there, she finally came to the conclusion that she was just plain bored. She decided if they weren't going to knock her out on purpose, she'd put herself under to use the time to focus her mind on speeding up her body's recovery.

The days passed pretty much the same as that first one. A nurse visited her once each day. It was always a different one, presumably to keep her from building up a rapport with one of them. He or she would proceed to check over the instruments, while proselytizing to her about her misplaced loyalties, until finally leaving her alone again. She was given food four times a day through a tube that was implanted directly into her stomach, and a similar setup made it unnecessary for her to use a lavatory. Twice a day, her restraints rotated to turn her onto her side, presumably to keep her from developing bedsores. She was never once released from her bindings. The plastic-covered bed even doubled as a bathtub and came complete with hot air jets that dried her thoroughly.

By her time sense, twenty-three days had passed when she was drugged again and woke up in a new location. She was in a padded rectangular room, about twenty feet by thirty feet, and wearing nothing save the two-inch-wide silver bands that went around her wrists and ankles. Diffuse white light came from the high ceiling and warm air circulated over her. She was lying in

the middle of the white room, and after her initial assessment of her surroundings, she realized she wasn't being restrained.

Luce stood, testing the strength of her weakened muscles, and did a thorough search of the room. There were creases in the padding in the shapes of squares about two feet on a side, but she was unable to tell a difference between the cracks to figure out which set of squares outlined a door.

She kept looking anyway, intent on finding even the smallest flaw she might use to her advantage, but she was still startled when pressing on one of the pads caused several adjacent squares to slide into the floor, revealing bathroom facilities.

At first glance, the toilet, sink, and shower area appeared to be all smooth surfaces, and after closer inspection, her assessment held. The fixtures were wrought from a single piece of thick metal seamlessly integrated into the wall, so she had no hope of bending anything with her bare hands or ripping something out of the wall to use as a weapon.

After some experimentation, she figured out the facilities were motion and pressure activated. Holding her hands in the sink or standing on the mesh area under the showerhead started the water flowing, while touching the red 'up' or blue 'down' arrows on the wall let her change the water's temperature. Another icon showing what appeared to be bubbles let her add soap to the water and when she was done, she touched an air jet icon to activate fans that sent out warm air to dry her.

The toilet worked similarly, only running water after she'd sat down. Another touch pad next to the toilet presented two icons showing a water spray and another air jet, which she realized were there to let her clean herself, since toilet paper was noticeably missing. When she stood up, the toilet flushed.

A few moments after she stepped out of the bathroom niche, the padded squares slid back into place. She touched the particular pad again, but only after about three full seconds of contact did the squares slide out of the way, so she knew it wasn't rigged to activate if she just casually brushed against the area. When she didn't enter the niche after about ten seconds, the squares slid back into place.

Luce completed her meticulous survey of the room, but didn't find any other hidden areas. She gave up on the idea of an easy

escape, deciding instead to get to work on rebuilding her muscles. They'd atrophied from the effects of their enforced vacation.

She went through her exercises carefully, stopping before she went beyond what was comfortable. Normally, she would have pushed herself to her limits, but she knew she had to take it easy and work back up to her more intense routines slowly or else risk further injury.

She cooled down and then knelt in the middle of the room and meditated. She worked on calming her thrumming muscles and rapidly beating heart and then focused on honing her reflexes. She'd gotten lazy with the last few weeks of predictable routine and needed to get her edge back.

When six of the squares swung forward near one corner of her cell, Luce shot across the room, almost running right into a second wall before she could stop her forward momentum.

"Please stand in the corner with the blue light."

The words floated from a hidden speaker in the ceiling. She debated disobeying the voice and staying where she was. Instead, she decided to see what was going on and moved to the corner that had been illuminated with a blue spotlight and waited.

Because of the corner she was in, she couldn't see what was happening beyond the opened door, but she heard a whisper of a scrape and guessed a second door was being opened. A tray of food was pushed into view beyond the edge of the padded door with what looked like an aluminum rod. Then the rod was retracted. A slight scrape signaled the outer door being closed, and then the padded door swung shut.

The blue light was replaced by the regular soft white of the rest of the room and Luce realized she was free to leave the corner again. She went to the tray and found a cup of water and several bowls of mush. The tray was cardboard and the cup and bowls were made of plastic coated paper. No utensils had been provided.

Luce realized her captors weren't planning on taking any chances with her, unfortunately. Though her mind leapt to the possibility of rolling up the paper and shoving it down a faceless guard's throat to choke him to death, she had to admit there

wasn't much she could do to make a weapon out of the materials she'd been given. More to the point, she hadn't been allowed to even see anyone on which to use a weapon.

Her stomach interrupted her thoughts with a growl, so she tentatively scooped up some of the food with her bare fingers and took a taste. She was surprised to find the bland-looking paste was extremely palatable, but she still ate slowly, focusing on her body's reactions just in case the food was drugged.

She didn't feel anything out of place, so she kept eating. She eventually finished it all and set everything back on the tray when she was done. She waited to be ordered back into the corner, but after another hour passed with no more commands, she decided to take a nap.

Luce looked around the room and considered her options. There was no telling what threats might be hiding behind the walls, so she wasn't too keen on sleeping next to one of them. The middle of the room wasn't any better, though, since she'd be left vulnerable to attack from all sides.

Finally, she moved to lay by the door. At least she'd be alerted if it opened while she was sleeping, so hopefully no one would be able to sneak up on her in her weakened state. She closed her eyes, forcing herself to relax enough for sleep.

She woke instantly when the padded squares began nudging her aside. As soon as the door reached a ninety-degree angle, the request to stand in the corner came again.

Luce moved to the blue light and watched as the metal rod she'd seen before headed unerringly for the empty food tray she'd deliberately left in the corner diagonally opposite from the door on the other side of the room. A small wire grabber slid out from the end of the segmented rod and latched onto the side of the tray to begin dragging it back to the door.

Luce quickly darted forward, but the instant her leg moved outside of the pool of blue light, the rod released its quarry and retracted in a blur. She was nowhere near fast enough to reach the door before it slammed shut with the speed and efficiency only a machine could muster. Even in peak condition, she could never hope to beat it. She didn't let her frustration show as she turned to walk back to the corner, but the blue light had

vanished. She waited for it to come back on, but it didn't. Eventually, she returned to the door and lay down to sleep again.

By her internal clock, it was another eight hours before she was woken up to go stand in the corner again. This time, she stayed where she was supposed to and received a new tray of food in return for her obedience. She was surprised to find an extra bowl of food, but she wasn't about to question it. It had been twelve hours since her last meal and she was starving.

Once her food had settled, she went through a few basic exercise drills. Approximately four hours later, she was ordered to the corner again and the tray of food was replaced yet again.

Luce figured out the routine by the third repetition of the entire cycle. Food came every four hours, except for an eight-hour gap that she decided would be her nighttime until she was taken outside and could reset her inner time sense to reality. She set her clock by the meals, even though she knew that was the purpose behind the schedule.

She spent her time drilling, meditating, and being bored out of her skull. She'd never been in such good physical condition. The food had steadily changed from mush to more substantial fare and she'd realized that whoever was in charge was very aware of her medical status. She was given more protein-rich foods and less sugars and starches to aid in her muscle building. She'd never eaten so healthy in her life.

The solitude was really starting to get to her, though. The only voice she heard, besides her own when she yelled during practice, was the one that requested her to stand in the blue-lighted corner. She could tell from the slightly altered inflections that it wasn't a recording, but the wording never deviated.

She began practicing more and more intense acrobatics in an attempt to keep herself active and consciously engaged. She considered talking to herself, but the very act itself would give away more about her state of mind than she considered acceptable. However, she knew if she let herself go numb, she'd be that much closer to breaking for whoever ended up in charge of her interrogation. She remembered the name Wren and wondered if the person was watching her even now, studying her and deciding when the time would be ripe to begin.

She ran along the padded floor for half a dozen steps, jumped and ran for two steps to the left along the wall in front of her, and then leapt across the corner and took another two steps along that wall before landing on the floor again. She kept up her momentum and did it all again on the opposite wall.

The slightly coarse cloth that covered the foam padding on the walls gave her a good amount of friction for her feet to catch on and she was enjoying the thrill of defying gravity for a few seconds. She'd started out only being able to take a step or two along the wall before sliding back to the floor. Now, she was taking four full steps by rebounding off the corners. It was fun.

The padded door opened and Luce stopped. It had been less than two hours since her lunch according to her internal clock.

"Please stand in the corner with the blue light."

She went to the corner and stood, waiting to see what this new change in her routine would bring. The second door whispered open and Luce was unprepared for her reaction to seeing another human being after nearly two months of isolation. She was near tears, but it was impossible to tell by looking at her. Her body was in a relaxed stance, her face showing nothing beyond bored interest.

"Hello. My name is Wren."

It was a woman and she was very short in comparison to Luce's six-foot frame. Her hair was blonde, falling in waves just beyond her shoulders, while Luce's straight black hair went almost to her butt. The blonde wore a silver-blue skintight bodysuit that covered everything except her hands and feet, which were completely bare.

"This would normally be the time you would say your name was Luce, but since I already know that, I understand your silence. Do you know why you're here?"

Her tone was conversational and clearly intended to be non-threatening. Luce studied her and took in all the non-verbal information she could. The woman standing in front of her was completely unafraid of her. That was interesting. There were no guards and the padded door had closed behind her, so there was nothing stopping Luce from crossing the room and breaking the woman's neck long before a defense could be mounted.

However, there seemed to be a kind of... intensity to the small woman. Her pulse was slightly faster than Luce would have considered normal for someone of her size and obvious athletic fitness. Her eyes were dilated more than what she would have expected for the level of light in the room.

It occurred to Luce that the woman was exhibiting all the signs of sexual arousal according to what she'd been taught concerning human sexual reproduction, but that didn't make sense. This Wren woman was supposed to be some kind of torture specialist, wasn't she?

"Okay. I can see you don't intend to say anything, but I'll explain things to you anyway. You're being held as a prisoner of war by the National Security Intelligence Agency of the Republic of Delphinia. As a colonel in the Argolian Army, you no doubt have information that could be highly useful to my superiors. My job is to get that information from you. From previous encounters with higher-ranking officers, my superiors learned that all of your people are genetically engineered to be able to withstand pain in such a way that torture is basically useless. That's where I come in. I don't use pain, I use pleasure."

Wren paused to let that information sink in, then continued.

"You will never leave this place. There is absolutely no escape. I am the only human being you will come in contact with from now until the day you die. The more you cooperate, the more comfortable your stay here will be. You will not be killed, or in any way harmed, even after your usefulness has ended. If you attempt to hurt me, you will simply be dooming yourself to starvation, along with the other prisoners stationed here. From your psych profile, I don't believe you will choose suicide. Trying to take me hostage won't work either because I'm the only one who would hear your demands and I'm prepared to die rather than let you go."

Luce tried to digest everything she'd just been told. This was something she'd never been prepared for. The woman was right about her being immune to most forms of torture. At a certain point, the pain receptors in her brain would short out and that would trigger the rest of her body to shut down and she would die soon after.

But pleasure? How could one torture with pleasure? She'd spent her whole life waging war. Pleasure never entered into it, except that pleasure she derived from a job well done. She knew a little about it as part of her biology studies, and her parents and a few older friends were in obviously sexual relationships, but beyond that...

"I will begin this the easy way. I won't even touch you if you answer my questions truthfully. It's up to you what happens."

Luce maintained her relaxed pose even though she was shaking inside.

"What is the real troop strength of the Argolian forces? Include all the secret camps of reserve forces you know of."

Luce didn't even bat an eyelash. The question helped her get internal control of herself. She'd been trained to withstand hostile questioning right up to her dying breath. Whatever this 'pleasure torture' was, she'd handle it.

"Maybe I should start with something easier. Something we both know the answer to."

Wren took two slow steps forward and Luce reflexively stepped away from the corner to brace for combat. Wren smiled slightly.

"Hold. East."

Luce was suddenly lifted off the floor as her body was enveloped in a localized antigravity field. She was propelled backwards, landing with a thump against the padded wall behind her as her arms and legs were pulled into a wide X by the metal cuffs around her wrists and ankles. Even using all her considerable strength, she was unable to budge the magnetic restraints that held her naked body bound to the wall several inches above the floor.

Wren continued her slow steps forward, staring into Luce's eyes as she came to a halt only a foot away from the prisoner. Wren saw confusion and mild fear there, but Luce was still very much in control of herself despite her confinement.

The blonde knelt down and licked up Luce's left thigh. When she reached the crease at her hip, she stopped and looked up. Luce's eyes were wide and the fear appeared to have increased to a little more than mild.

Wren dropped to just above Luce's right knee and moistened her tongue in her mouth. Then she traced a similar path upward, the way she had on Luce's left thigh, but she licked more slowly, letting Luce's mind attempt to categorize the new sensations being introduced to her body.

Nearly every soldier Wren had come across had been innocent in the ways of physical sexual pleasure. Due to their genetic programming, it was never considered an important part of their studies, and apparently, what one did not know about, one did not miss.

Wren made it to the crease at Luce's hip again, only on the opposite side, and gave it a sucking kiss. She looked up and saw Luce's breathing was a little faster. It was beginning to match Wren's own.

Wren continued to look up, taking in every single little reaction that Luce had to her touch as she kissed across the prisoner's stomach, just above her pubic hair. Luce's stomach fluttered and contracted and pushed a harsh little gasp out of her mouth. Wren saw the bound woman blush at her momentary loss of control.

Luce closed her eyes. She had to get to a place of calm. Meditation could help her maintain control over her body's responses. She began a low chant in her mind that immediately vanished when she felt Wren's tongue flit over her clitoris. Her eyes snapped open and she looked down in stunned disbelief.

Wren nodded internally to herself when she saw Luce's eyes open again. It wouldn't do for the prisoner to escape mentally. She trailed kisses all over Luce's taut stomach and grinned outwardly with every undulation her attentions caused.

After covering every square inch of the firm flesh, she moved upward, bracing her hands on either side of Luce's torso as she got to her feet. Her eyes looked up once more to gauge Luce's arousal and she saw shiny blue eyes staring at her in something akin to both shock and fascination.

She held eye contact as she lowered her mouth over Luce's nipple and ever so gently let it rest between her lips. Luce inhaled sharply and her chest rose and pushed into Wren's mouth. Wren smiled around the nipple and then dabbed at it with her tongue, sucking very softly at the increasingly tense flesh.

Luce groaned. She felt herself flush in embarrassment for such a lack of control. She could just imagine her instructors shaking their heads in disappointment. She gained a little strength from the imagery and tried to firm her resolve to resist this strange torture. She would not give in. She could handle this.

Wren saw the hardening look in Luce's eyes and had to smile. That determination wouldn't last very long, if she had anything to do with it. She bit down on the nipple in her mouth and sucked it hard.

Luce gasped and her breathing went from slow and controlled to fast and harsh in a matter of moments. The images of a few seconds ago completely vanished and she was left only with the signals coming from her body that told her she wanted more.

Wren continued to suck and pulled her head away to let the nipple snap back to its owner's body. She never relinquished eye contact as she gently pushed off the wall and brought her hands to either side of Luce's ribcage. She stroked up and down with the palms of her hands. She adjusted the amount of pressure as she studied Luce's reactions, finally settling on an almost firm touch to keep the sensation sensual and teasing. Too light and she could see she was tickling. Too hard and she could see Luce's control returning.

Luce pulled on her restraints again. Her wrists didn't move even a fraction of an inch and the silver cuffs were molded to her skin in such a way that they didn't even cause any chafing, which would have given her something else to focus on. Her stomach muscles constantly rippled under the attentions of Wren's hands.

Wren let her palms come to rest on each side of Luce's stomach and then she pressed her body full-length against the prisoner's. Her mouth was at just the right height to take in Luce's other nipple, so she did, not trying to hide her own moan of pleasure when she tasted the firm little protuberance pressing into her tongue. She sucked, letting her lips open wide to take in the surrounding flesh, while her tongue swirled around the nipple.

Luce arched her back and then tried to still the reflex reaction her body had found lying dormant in its repertoire of appropriate responses to having one's nipple sucked. She'd given up on

trying to control her breathing, but encouraging her captor was something else entirely.

Wren ground her hips gently into Luce's mound and smiled when Luce thrust her hips up to increase the contact. She looked up at Luce's moan. From the look on the prisoner's face, the moan had been a combination of pleasure from what Wren was doing and frustration at her obvious inability to win the struggle against her body's wishes.

Luce felt Wren's mouth leave her breast and then Wren's body pulled away a short distance.

"Lower. Six inches."

Luce felt her body slide along the padded wall until the bottoms of her feet were flat against the floor. With her legs spread as far apart as they were, this made her head almost level with Wren's.

Wren lifted her hands and cupped each side of Luce's face. She rubbed gently along the soft skin. Wren ducked her head and kissed the underside of Luce's chin. It was a risk because the soldier had just enough mobility to bring her chin down hard enough to hurt Wren, but from the look she saw on Luce's face, the prisoner wasn't thinking too clearly about anything at the moment.

Just as Wren had suspected, when she touched her lips to Luce's neck, Luce turned her head to the side in silent invitation. Wren sucked hard in various places, biting when the mood struck her and leaving several bruising marks on the surface of Luce's skin.

Luce closed her eyes. Her body was not her own anymore. Why hadn't she been warned about this? She had no defenses against this kind of assault. She'd never been taught to fight something that felt so damn good.

Her eyes opened again when she felt Wren gently sucking on her earlobe. She could feel Wren's tongue caressing her skin, the sharp little teeth nipping at her flesh, and she groaned out her next breath. She just wouldn't speak, that was all. As long as she didn't actually form words, then she could never give away any secrets.

Wren sniffed the air. She was hungry and it was time. She gave a last lick to the plump earlobe she'd been feasting on and

then licked and sucked at the woman's neck as she descended Luce's body. She licked over the sweating skin between Luce's breasts, then licked and sucked each breast just for good measure. Her hands caressed the sides of Luce's body as she kissed, nipped, and licked the prisoner's stomach.

Finally, Wren was on her knees, each of her hands resting on a hip. She deeply inhaled the scent of Luce's arousal. The air was thick with the woman's pheromones and Wren shuddered slightly. She grazed her hands over Luce's hips and the tops of her thighs before threading her fingers through the soft curly hairs covering Luce's sex.

Luce felt Wren's fingers spreading her labia apart and when Wren's tongue touched her sensitive flesh, she cried out. Her breathing escalated to gasping and she struggled hard against her bonds, even as her pelvis thrust forward to increase the contact.

Wren moaned. Luce's scent, the feel of her slick skin, the taste of her, was very potent. The only thing that kept Wren in check was her extensive training in denying her own desires. To get her fill, she would have to drag this out anyway and Wren knew how to look at the long view.

Luce held her pelvis still, thrust away from the wall as she felt Wren's tongue laid flat against her inner folds. Luce looked down and was caught in Wren's steady stare. She felt as though a complete circuit had been created by locking gazes with the blonde. She couldn't look away as pleasure shot through her body and her breaths increased to panting.

Wren very deliberately held Luce's eyes as she tilted her head up to drag her flattened tongue over Luce's moist flesh. She ended with the tip of her tongue, giving a last little flick over Luce's clit before leaving her body completely.

Luce's hips jerked and she grunted out a small whimper. Her head fell back against the wall and she felt Wren lick her again and then again. She lost count after about the first dozen. Wren's tongue was steady and slow and firm. The rough texture stimulated her smooth flesh in the most aggravating way. She wanted to feel that tongue just a little to the left or right. There was skin there that was crying out for attention.

Wren stopped her tongue from flicking across Luce's clit again and instead took the swollen nub softly into her mouth.

Her lips wrapped around it, creating a gentle pressure, and then she held still, while Luce circled her hips to move herself against Wren's mouth.

Luce had completely forgotten the purpose of this incredible pleasure. She'd even forgotten there was a reason why she was restrained against the padded wall. She moaned as she rubbed her sex against Wren's mouth, trying desperately to increase her stimulation. There was something her body was striving for and she was perfectly content to let it do whatever it wanted, so long as the exquisite sensations didn't stop.

Wren could feel Luce's pleasure building and she encouraged it with gentle pursings of her lips and caresses with her tongue. Before it edged into orgasm, Wren drew her lips down, releasing Luce's clit, but not surrendering contact with the hot flesh below it.

Luce grunted her disappointment, then gasped anew when she felt Wren's tongue lick at the wetness that had gathered at her vagina and which was oozing down her inner thighs. Her body had another automatic response to this, which was to tilt her pelvis up as far as she physically could and to widen her thighs as much as she could manage with her ankles locked in place.

Wren groaned as she tasted Luce's sexual essence from its source. It was so much more potent than the woman's airborne pheromones. She dipped her tongue in again and again and decided she wouldn't be able to get her fill anytime soon. That could be a problem. One her superiors had overlooked.

Wren let the thoughts drift away and concentrated on sucking every last drop of Luce's essence from her body. She speared her tongue inside and let new wetness cover it before pulling it out again. She heard Luce groan and Wren's hands moved up to grip around Luce's hips. She kneaded the firm muscles and drove her tongue in once again. She intended to milk Luce to the brink of insanity.

Luce thrashed her head back and forth and her whole body writhed under Wren's attentions. It was quite amazing how much movement she was able to manage while being bound to the wall so tightly. Her thighs began to clench and she felt a hot tingling begin in her stomach that caused her breathing to almost hyperventilate. Wren finally pulled away and got unsteadily to

her feet. Luce looked at her in shock and whimpered without meaning to.

Wren wiped her face, licking her fingers clean after each swipe until the glistening substance had been completely removed from her cheeks, mouth, and chin. She never took her eyes away from Luce's. She used the time to catch her breath while watching Luce's remain almost the same.

"Tell me your full name and rank in the Argolian Army."

Luce's eyes grew wide and she whimpered again. She couldn't give in, not even once. That was what her instructors had taught her. Questioning built upon known answers was a basic technique of hostile interrogation. It would become easier and easier to answer more invasive questions as time went on until she was giving away secrets she'd sworn she would die to protect.

Wren pulled a thumb-sized device out of a tiny pouch attached to her jumpsuit at the small of her back. She squeezed one end of it and the other end opened slightly. She bent over and gently clamped the device to Luce's clitoris.

"On. Three seconds. Five-minute intervals. Cycle indefinitely."

Luce felt a vibration at her clit and writhed into it. Then it abruptly stopped after only a few seconds.

"When you answer the question, I'll return and give you the relief you seek. All you need to do is tell me your full name and rank and I will give you satisfaction. I promise."

Wren waited a few moments to see if Luce would change her mind immediately, though she doubted it. Luce continued to stare at her in disbelief and Wren turned towards the padded panels that marked the door.

"Open."

The door swung open and Wren walked toward it. She stopped just before the edge of the door. She looked into Luce's tortured expression.

"Remember. All you have to do is answer the question. I'll hear you and return to give you relief."

Wren turned away and the padded panels closed behind her.

Luce was in a state of shock. Her body could only focus on one thing, release, while her mind attempted to rein itself in and

take back control. She concentrated on her breathing, urging her lungs to take slow measured breaths.

Then the vibrations jolted through her clit and she was back at square one, gasping for breath and moaning for more, though she did manage to refrain from forming words. Whether that was because she still had a little control left or she was simply incapable of linguistic vocalizations was debatable.

Every time Luce managed to get her heart rate down or her breathing to slow, the device clamped to her clitoris would exercise its relentless timing and she'd be writhing again. After a dozen cycles of this, Luce got the idea to try to go with it. Maybe if she overstimulated herself, she would find the relief Wren had mentioned. She remembered it being described as physically similar to a seizure, so maybe she would just pass out and awake later without this insatiable need for more.

She counted down the seconds and arched her hips into the sensation when it came. But three seconds was nowhere near enough time to force her over the edge into oblivion. Another dozen cycles and she had to admit that the timing was absolutely perfect to keep her right on the edge. She couldn't calm down and she couldn't climb any higher.

All Wren wanted from her was information Wren already had. She'd be more careful next time about letting her body react to what the woman did to her. She just needed... release. She couldn't give it to herself. Wren was the only one who could help her. Just a few words and Wren would come back and finish this. It would be so easy.

Luce shook her head. The woman could've been lying. What if she just kept asking more questions, leaving Luce to suffer, bound to the wall, with no hope of relief?

The thought bolstered her reserves for a moment. If she had no hope of relief, maybe her body would stop striving for it. But even through her lust-clouded vision, Luce was sure she hadn't seen any signs of deception on Wren's part. She wasn't infallible, but she did know what to look for, and Wren had appeared to be telling the absolute truth. If Luce gave her what she wanted, Wren would give her satisfaction. Luce was sure of it.

Luce felt several drops of sweat trickle down her skin from the strain of muscles that had been aroused for far too long without completion. She tried to remember what her teachers had told her. She tried to listen to their words. The device went off again and her hips bucked.

“Please.”

It was the first word she’d allowed herself and she knew she was losing ground fast. Begging was the first sign of admitting that one was no longer in control. Once that was done, she knew it was just a matter of time before she gave in.

Judging by the number of cycles she’d endured, she’d been bound to the wall for over two hours. Food should have arrived half an hour ago. How long would Wren allow her to go without food or water? Maybe if she lasted long enough, she would simply expire before she could be forced into revealing any information.

The vibrations stormed through her clit again and she whimpered. Enough was enough. It was just her name and rank, not vital secrets.

“Luce of Claw Clan, Colonel in the Special Forces of the Argolian Army,” Luce grated out and then went back to panting.

A minute later, the door opened and Wren walked in. She no longer wore her bodysuit and her skin was flushed. Her eyes were blazing green-blue as she walked purposefully up to Luce’s body and pressed herself against it. She pulled the clitoral stimulator off the prisoner’s body and tossed it behind her before both her hands went to the sides of Luce’s face. She held the bound woman’s head still as she attacked her mouth.

Luce gave back as much as she could in an attempt to increase her own pleasure. She ravaged the mouth that was trying to control her. She’d never been kissed, nor kissed anyone else, but her tongue seemed to know exactly what it was doing as it dueled with Wren’s.

They shared their whimpers and groans without any second thoughts. Wren’s hands ran over every bit of exposed flesh they could find. Wren ground herself between Luce’s spread thighs and felt the woman’s answering thrusts. She pulled her lips away and let her tongue slide out of Luce’s sucking embrace as she fell slowly to her knees.

Wren's hands kneaded Luce's breasts and the woman pushed into them, moaning her pleasure. Then Wren slid her hands down the writhing and tense muscles of Luce's stomach until she was at the prisoner's center. In only seconds, she was lapping at the sopping entrance to Luce's vagina.

Luce couldn't control her body's movements. She couldn't even stop the moaning that sounded out of her with every exhaled breath. She just didn't care anymore. She thrust harder at Wren's face, grinding her sex into the blonde's mouth, and felt an extra wave of pleasure pass through her when she heard the woman moan contentedly in response.

Wren was beyond what she considered safe. She couldn't have stopped, even if she'd wanted to. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she realized she'd become addicted to Luce's pheromones with only two samplings. Her superiors were not going to be pleased if they found out about it either.

Wren shut up her internal meanderings and speared her tongue inside Luce. She had to taste the potent fluid from its source.

Luce was surprised at the high-pitched sounds coming from her throat. Her voice was normally very deep, but between her accelerated breathing and her steadily rising enjoyment of her body's sensations, her vocal chords had constricted so much as to take her from an alto to a soprano.

Wren realized she had to stop or she never would. She placed her thumb over Luce's clit and rubbed it gently several times. The flood that washed over her tongue as Luce screamed her release never got past her chin. She quickly drank it all in, knowing it might be some time before she could get another fix.

Luce thought she might pass out as pleasure exploded in every cell of her body, starting with her clit and radiating in all directions. Not one of her muscles was under her command as they convulsed in unison with the peaks and valleys of her first climax. It was almost painful, but the genuine bliss of sexual fulfillment outweighed any physical discomfort she felt.

Wren continued to lick at Luce's folds until she'd claimed the last drop. Then she sat back on her heels and looked up at the prisoner. Luce's breathing was still panting and she was looking at Wren with a combination of admiration, fear, and gratitude. Wren got to her feet and stood back a few paces.

“Release.”

The magnetic restraints let go of Luce’s wrists and ankles at the same time and she crumpled to the floor. She braced herself on her hands and knees, her eyes focused on the floor as she tried to ground herself.

Wren smiled slightly at the image. She bent to pick up the discarded stimulator and then backed away toward the door.

“Open,” Wren called into the air.

The door opened and Wren stood at its entrance. She gave Luce one last look and then was gone again.

Luce stayed where she was for several long minutes, trying to get her breathing under control. She felt spent and exhilarated all at the same time. Her thoughts were a jumbled mess as she tried to decide what to do, but she couldn’t seem to move. Her body was paralyzed as her mind relived the past few minutes over and over again.

The taste of Wren’s tongue in her mouth, the feel of her lips, the throbbing in her breasts as Wren squeezed them, the incredible sensation of having her sex licked by the blonde...

No!

Luce shook her head in violent negation as she worked her lips and tongue, swallowing hard in an attempt to rid it of Wren’s flavor. Her mouth was dry from all her heavy breathing, so it took several tries, but the effort seemed to encourage the rest of her body that it was okay to move.

She sat up, resting her hands on her thighs as she assumed a meditative pose. She had to calm down. She couldn’t process everything she’d just experienced as long as she remained in her current mental state. She slowed her breathing and her heartbeat eventually decelerated to match the quieter rhythm.

As her body calmed, so did her mind, and Luce began organizing everything she’d learned over the past few hours into something useful.

First and foremost was the knowledge that her captors were doing their very best to make her dependent on Wren, not only for continued survival, but also for physical comfort. Considering how easily she’d given in to Wren, Luce had to admit her constant isolation had been more effective than she’d originally estimated.

Luce cringed inside. It had been more than effective. She'd never thought it would be so easy to betray her people, never even thought she was capable of such an act. Yet, she'd yielded to Wren, yielded to the pleasure, with hardly a fight. Granted, she hadn't actually handed over any real information, but all her training had been reduced to nothing as her body had been given a glimpse of...

What? What had been so fucking important that she'd been willing to hand over her name and rank, despite knowing it was the first step towards becoming a traitor?

Luce felt her breathing go shallow as she remembered Wren's lips and tongue on her sex. Her nipples tightened in the warm air of her cell and she unconsciously rocked as she squeezed her thighs together.

Luce was in trouble and she knew it. She couldn't even begin to imagine how she was going to hold out when Wren returned for another session. Though she'd been fully informed regarding the clinical processes of human sexual reproduction, that kind of understanding simply didn't translate to the real world experience of having her first orgasm.

The feeling had been... There just weren't words.

Maybe if she'd had some kind of warning she could have prepared herself, but as far as she knew, her people had no idea the Delphinians were using such novel tactics on their prisoners.

How am I supposed to fight something that feels so fucking good?

Luce took a deep breath. She couldn't think like that. There had to be a way.

Biologically, Luce knew how humans normally "grew up" when they matured at a normal rate. Around the ages of twelve to fourteen, the pituitary gland activated all kinds of hormonal changes and "teenagers" as they were called became sexually aware, among other things.

Like most Argolians, Luce had never gone through that stage. She'd been unconscious while her mind had been fed all the knowledge she would've otherwise been forced to learn through years of schooling. She'd also been given information about her family, her own name, and the world in general so that when she woke, she could immediately begin her life.

Though she knew what sex was and knew people in romantic sexual relationships, there'd been no overwhelming drive to experience it firsthand just yet. Her life was so full of other more important activities. At least she'd thought they were more important until about three hours ago.

Now, it was like something had been awakened within her and Luce didn't have the first clue how to make it go back to sleep.

The only thing she knew was that she couldn't give in to this new need to experience that kind of pleasure again. She'd already failed once. She couldn't let it happen again. She'd just have to be strong. She was a soldier after all. She could ignore pain. She would ignore the pleasure as well.

CHAPTER 2

Wren studied the monitors that filled one entire wall of the large control room. She could view any place in the entire facility from this room, but at the moment, the only screen she saw was the one that gave her a view of room 211. A tall dark-haired woman was running through several martial arts drills and she couldn't take her eyes off the woman.

Wren felt an ache inside the pit of her stomach that was slowly turning into a burn. She was in real trouble. Protocol dictated that she wait at least one week before interrogating Luce again. The loneliness would heighten the woman's inclination to give in a second time, which would of course lead to easier and easier surrenders as time went on. If Wren visited her now, after only two days, the effects would be much less potent.

Once more, Wren tried to imagine waiting another five days before getting to taste the woman again and felt the burning sensation flare into a full-blown inferno in her belly. The pain nearly doubled her over.

Wren sat down heavily in the chair she'd neglected in favor of standing. She took several deep breaths as she tried to relax her

cramping stomach muscles. After a few minutes, the pain eased off somewhat and she tapped a few keys, bringing up her schedule on one of the closest monitors. She would just have to keep busy. There were plenty of other prisoners she had to attend to.

The blonde checked her schedule one last time and then returned the monitor's function to its previous duty of showing one of the hallways leading to the prisoners' rooms. She stood up and concentrated on not feeling the pain that had become her constant companion in the last twenty-four hours.

Wren visited three different prisoners. Two were strictly social visits. The prisoners had told her everything they knew, but had been deemed unsuitable for indoctrination into the Delphinian ranks, so now they were treated almost as honored guests, though they could never leave.

Wren didn't think her superiors were happy about the arrangement, but previous efforts had taught them that to get what they wanted, they needed a particular kind of interrogator. Unfortunately, one of the traits that was necessary included compassion, so in order to keep Wren capable of doing her job, they had to keep the prisoners alive even after their usefulness had come to an end.

Previous interrogators who had lacked the traits that kept them from mistreating the inmates had been unable to gain any valuable information. The prisoners chose death through starvation if nothing else was open to them. Similarly, the interrogators who had possessed those traits that made them good at their job had soon fallen into a depression, a few had even committed suicide, when their prisoners had been executed.

Wren was the first of her kind, both able to perform her job perfectly and work within a program that allowed her a clear conscience. She'd finally reached the end of her year-long probation period and was considered a success. If her superiors found out about this latest development, she knew it would all be over. Not just for her, but for the prisoners as well.

The third prisoner Wren visited was very close to breaking. This was his fifth session and he had begun to openly beg for release. He tried to bargain with her, saying he would tell her what she wanted to know, if she would just let him have some

relief, but she was adamant that he tell her first. The outside door had almost closed when she heard him start to spill his guts. The information she'd requested came out in a rush and she was giving him everything he wanted a half hour later.

None of it was enough. She couldn't understand it. She'd done nothing but consume pheromones over the past few hours. At the very least, it should have taken the edge off her symptoms, but the burning within her was growing at an alarming rate, so she quickly headed to the med-center to run a diagnostic.

Wren did her best to ignore the pain and stood perfectly still while the computer conducted its scans. When it was finished, she retrieved the report and began to read. As the words filtered through her consciousness, Wren slowly sank to the floor, her worst fears confirmed.

The pheromones attached to the fluids she collected from the prisoners were normally enough to keep her alive, to feed her biological need for them, which had been genetically engineered into her DNA, along with a heightened sex drive. Unfortunately, her taste of Luce's vaginal juices, which carried a unique genetic marker, had triggered a dormant set of genes that now fed exclusively on the dark woman's essence. If she didn't ingest a large amount of the colonel's pheromones soon, she was going to die.

Wren had tried to tell herself she was wrong, but she'd recognized the early warning signs of withdrawal soon after leaving Luce's presence two days ago. Now, she had the clinical evidence staring her in the face and she couldn't deny it no matter how much she wanted to.

According to the computer's analysis, Wren was in the secondary stages of terminal withdrawal. It should have taken her a week to reach that phase and that was only with complete isolation. Though her body could really only process the chemical compounds in liquid form, just being in the presence of another human would allow her to gain at least a little relief from the oxidized pheromones that floated in the air when a person's sweat evaporated.

The whole thing had been explained to her during the first few weeks of her life, which had included a demonstration of the seriousness of her condition. She'd been completely cut off from

all human contact for twelve days. Her superiors had believed it would help reduce any future disobedience on her part and they'd been right. The pain had been excruciating and she had no desire to repeat the experience.

However, this newly activated gene set not only refused to recognize any of the other pheromones she'd been consuming, it also seemed to be much faster at processing what little she'd acquired from Luce during their first two encounters.

Wren set the plastic touch screen aside and considered her options. There was no way for her to synthesize Luce's pheromones. She wasn't allowed access to that kind of technology for obvious reasons. Unless she was willing to die, she was going to have to find a way to be in Luce's presence at least once every forty-eight hours. She could probably survive for a short while on the airborne pheromones she would inhale just by being near the prisoner, but she would have to taste the woman soon.

Wren doubted her superiors would consider this an acceptable solution. That meant she had to keep them from finding out. She deleted the recent medical report and overwrote the storage with a copy of a previous scan, then deleted that as well, since having a copy of only one of the many different reports would look a little strange if anyone decided to audit the system. She purged the memory and then headed towards Luce's room.

Wren stood outside the door. Inset next to it was a small viewscreen that showed the interior of the cell. According to the schedule, Luce should have finished lunch two hours ago. At the moment, the woman was engaged in some kind of complicated isometric balancing exercise.

The blonde forced herself to relax as she spoke.

"Open."

She waited for the green light above the door to come on, signaling that the inner door had opened. When it lit, her next words flowed more easily.

"Please stand in the corner with the blue light."

She waited again, knowing the door wouldn't budge until the room's sensors had confirmed the prisoner's location in the appropriate corner. As soon as Luce took up position, the heavy door swung wide and Wren walked in.

Luce stood in the corner, bathed in a glowing blue light. She'd known it was Wren coming to visit her as soon as she'd heard the request that she stand in the corner. She'd prepared herself as well as she could, but the instant her eyes fell on the small blonde, she knew her greatest enemy was going to be her own body. She could feel her skin flushing with arousal as her stomach did little flip-flops in anticipation of what was to come.

Wren stopped at the edge of the door, her heart beating faster at just being in the same room with the woman. As the doors closed, causing the blue light to extinguish, Wren took slow unsteady breaths of the air around her. She immediately felt the burning in her stomach lessen somewhat and smiled.

Luce narrowed her eyes as she took in the interrogator's stance. Something was wrong. Wren was holding herself stiffly, almost as if she were in pain, and her breathing was just a touch off. It definitely wasn't the controlled arousal she'd witnessed a couple days ago. Before she could speculate any further, Wren spoke.

"Are you ready to answer another question today?"

Luce instantly straightened, dismissing her earlier concerns. This woman was the enemy. She had to get that thought through her head. Regardless of her tactics, the blonde had only one goal in mind and that was to force Luce to betray her people. However, Luce was ready this time. She knew what to expect now and she wouldn't give in. She'd be strong. She wouldn't let the woman get to her.

Wren saw the determination in the soldier's expression and couldn't help but smirk in response. She loved a challenge and considering her own life was hanging in the balance, not to mention the lives of the other prisoners should she fail, Wren had plenty of motivation to succeed.

"I'll take that as a no. All right, why don't we try another easy one. How many troops were under your command during your last mission?"

Luce remained impassive as she worked to center her mind and ignore her body's demands for attention. If she could start out resisting from the very beginning, maybe she would be able to withstand whatever Wren had in store for her. Luce's mind took that moment to supply her with vivid memories of what the

interrogator was capable of doing to her body and she barely suppressed her groan of frustration.

Wren stepped forward, but the prisoner ignored her. At least she tried to pretend she was ignoring her, but Wren could see a blush of arousal quickly spreading over most of Luce's body. Another step and the prisoner gave up all pretense as she tried to press her body further back into the padded walls of the corner as though they could somehow offer her escape or a place to hide.

Luce couldn't believe how she was reacting. She knew she probably looked like she was terrified and she was. But it wasn't fear of what she knew was coming. It was her overwhelming physical response to the blonde's proximity. She was desperate for Wren's touch. The closer the woman came to her, the more she considered answering Wren's question just so she could feel that intense pleasure again.

Luce mentally shook her head. She was practically giving in before Wren had even touched her. She briefly considered attacking the woman. Wren was in no position to defend herself and Luce could send her to her next life before her body hit the floor. However, just the thought made her feel sick and she quickly dismissed the idea.

Instead, Luce attempted to retreat into her mind, closing her eyes against the beautiful blonde advancing on her. She'd never intentionally blinded herself to an attack, but there was an irrational part of her mind that seemed to think that if she couldn't see Wren, then maybe the woman would disappear. If she could just ignore the temptation, maybe it would go away.

Wren reached out her fingers and used the tips to caress the prisoner's lips. Luce tossed her head to the side to keep Wren's fingers from touching her, but Wren simply changed her caress to cup the side of Luce's face.

Luce thought about trying to move away, put some distance between their bodies, but she knew Wren could simply restrain her against the wall again and Luce wanted to feel at least some kind of freedom. Then she had an idea. Maybe she could use the woman's tactics against her.

Luce opened her eyes and slowly reached her arms up, placing them on Wren's back. She smoothed her hands over the silky material of Wren's jumpsuit and pulled her a little closer.

Wren studied Luce's face as she felt the woman's hands move across her back. It was obvious Luce was attempting to take control. Luce was trying to distract her by heightening Wren's own physical desires. Wren grinned. They always tried that trick. They never realized they were working against themselves until it was too late. She'd broken some of the prisoners simply by denying them access to her body after several sessions. For some, once they understood how stimulating it was to touch someone else intimately, they could never get the desire out of their minds. Wren wondered if that technique would work on Luce.

Luce felt the small body melting into her embrace and a smile graced her lips. Wren was staring heatedly up at her, obviously waiting for Luce to continue. Luce lowered her head and kissed the lips that lifted up to meet her.

Wren groaned. She hadn't meant to, but flashes of the last time she'd kissed Luce were streaking through her mind and she realized her memory hadn't been able to capture the intensity she felt when her lips were pressed against the prisoner's.

Wren pushed her tongue inside Luce's mouth and felt the woman shiver. She smiled a little at the reaction and then backed off slightly to let Luce regroup and take back control.

It only took a moment before Luce's tongue followed Wren's retreating muscle into the blonde's mouth. Luce's exploration was a little tentative at first, her need not as acute as the last time she'd kissed the interrogator, but soon the sensations were sending waves of pleasure from her mouth to her abdomen and below and she wanted to increase that pleasure.

Wren's hands slid down Luce's bare back and cupped her buttocks gently. Then she began to knead the flesh in time with Luce's oral movements. Very soon, the prisoner was rubbing against Wren's pubic mound with her own in the same rhythm.

Wren felt Luce's fingers pulling at the zipper that sealed her jumpsuit closed at the back. She drew her mouth away from the prisoner's and Luce's hands came up to push the shiny material down over Wren's shoulders until her breasts were exposed. Luce covered the bare mounds with her hands and squeezed

slightly. Wren gasped and pushed her chest forward into Luce's hands and Luce squeezed harder.

"Yes," Wren whispered as she stared into Luce's eyes.

Luce smiled and Wren was amazed at the combination of childlike wonder and devilish understanding she saw in the tall woman's expression. Wren couldn't help but kiss her as she pulled with her hands at Luce's butt to seal their bodies together more tightly.

Luce grunted at the extra pressure that was being applied to her sex and kissed Wren a little harder. She didn't like the feel of the bunched up material underneath Wren's breasts, though, so she released her hold on the small woman's chest and grasped the edges of the clothing. She pulled her body away from Wren's and pushed the jumpsuit down Wren's torso and past her hips. As she continued to push the clothing down, she went to her knees and Wren was forced to give up her hold on Luce's ass.

Wren's hands found a new home in Luce's hair as she was prodded to step out of her clothing. Luce stood back up, but Wren kept her hands tangled in the soft dark tresses. She pulled down and Luce willingly gave herself up to the kiss.

Luce pressed her body into Wren's and gripped the interrogator's hips. She slowly stepped them around so that she could push Wren up against the wall that had been behind her. Wren spread her legs apart and Luce naturally fit into the open space. She instinctually thrust her mound against Wren's and groaned in counterpoint to the shorter woman's whimper.

Wren let her hands fall to Luce's shoulders and then jumped up slightly so that she could wrap her legs around Luce's hips. Her back was shoved into the wall, the friction holding most of her weight with Luce picking up the slack.

Wren devoured Luce's mouth. Her tongue never stopped moving, never stopped attacking, and never retreated. It was Luce's turn to start whimpering and she gave her body free rein to grind into Wren's sex. Wren groaned and only pressed her lips harder against Luce's in an attempt to push her tongue further into the prisoner's mouth.

Luce slowly began to sink to her knees. She wasn't sure what she was going to do once she got them on the floor, but she knew

it involved more grinding and more kissing. Definitely more kissing.

Wren felt them sliding to the floor and shifted her weight to bring them to the side with Luce lying on top of her. The new position enabled her to thrust up against Luce a lot easier and she heard herself moan when Luce circled her hips in return.

Luce pulled her lips away from Wren's and looked down at her. She felt a need to increase the blonde's pleasure. She wanted to hear more of those sounds coming from the small woman beneath her, but she wasn't quite sure how to go about it. She remembered what Wren had done to her, but she didn't want to look like she was just copying her.

Wren saw the look of longing and confusion in Luce's eyes and took hold of one of her hands. She pushed the last two fingers down and then guided the first two fingers into her mouth. She sucked on them and ran her tongue around them over and over again, grinning at the look of pleasure in Luce's eyes. Then she withdrew the woman's fingers from her mouth and guided their hands down between their bodies. Luce automatically lifted herself up to make room for where Wren was going.

Wren dragged Luce's fingers through her pubic hair and used the tips to part her labia. As she drew Luce's fingers down a little further, she felt the slickness there coat the digits and moved them back up to rub over her clitoris.

The blonde couldn't stifle the sharp cry she emitted at having her clit touched so directly and momentarily forgot what it was she'd been doing. Luce seemed to pick up the thread, however, and began to slowly rub her fingers back and forth over Wren's sex. Wren lifted her head and captured the woman's lips again, giving up her whimpers and cries to Luce's willing mouth.

In only a few minutes, Luce was stroking the full length of Wren's sex and coming perilously close to her vagina. The tips of Luce's fingers would just dip into the entrance and then move back up to graze Wren's clit again. Wren writhed under Luce's touch. Her hips were thrusting up in time with the prisoner's movements and she wanted Luce to enter her so badly she could almost feel the woman's fingers inside her already.

After another minute of being kept on the edge of being filled, Wren finally realized Luce didn't understand the signals she was sending. In her state, she'd forgotten Luce had never done this before. Though she knew Luce had an intellectual understanding of sex, her practical knowledge was non-existent.

Wren felt along Luce's arm until she was at her wrist and then gently guided her fingers to her vagina on one of the woman's down strokes. She didn't stop, though, and pushed Luce's fingers into her opening.

Wren's hips had a mind of their own and bucked up to push Luce's fingers deeper before she could pull them out again. Wren gasped and wasn't surprised to hear Luce moan at having her fingers enveloped by Wren's slippery sex.

Luce understood immediately what her new goal was. She wanted to get as deep inside Wren as she possibly could and she wanted to do it again and again. Luce withdrew her fingers only to push them all the way in again a moment later. Wren let out a deep groan and her head moved from one side to the other. Luce bent her head down and kissed Wren's exposed neck.

"Yes," Wren encouraged.

Wren pulled her hand away from Luce's and placed it at the back of the woman's head to keep her where she was. The first time Luce sucked at her flesh, Wren gripped Luce's hair and groaned loud to make sure the prisoner picked up on how much she liked that. Luce must have gotten the idea because she continued to pull on Wren's skin with her lips and tongue as she moved her fingers in and out of the blonde's vagina. Her thumb bumped against Wren's clit, causing her to jump.

"Oh, yes. Please," Wren gasped out.

Luce let her thumb rub over Wren's clit in time with her fingers moving in and out of the small woman's vagina. Wren's cries were getting louder and Luce worked her fingers faster as she pulled her mouth away from the soft neck and watched the interrogator. Wren's pleasure was visible on her face and her eyes glittered as she looked up into Luce's.

"*More,*" Wren groaned out.

Luce looked confused and Wren reached down to Luce's hand again. She separated the woman's third finger from her pinky and added it to the others as she spread her legs wider. Luce

pushed her three fingers inside Wren's welcoming vagina and groaned. Her head fell down between Wren's breasts as she felt the tightness envelop her hand.

Wren's head tilted back and she cried out for Luce to go faster and harder as she reached up to hold on around the prisoner's neck. Luce immediately complied, pounding into the woman at a desperate pace. Wren grunted her approval with each thrust inside her, adding in a few moans when she felt Luce's lips take in one of her taut nipples and begin to suck.

Wren quickly tumbled over the edge. Her vaginal walls constricted around Luce's fingers and her stomach clenched as her orgasm erupted from deep within her abdomen. The feeling was delicious and more intense than she'd experienced in a long time and Wren yelled in triumph.

"Luce!"

Her prisoner's name left her mouth before she could stop herself and she called out to Luce several more times as her body rode multiple waves of pleasure in quick succession.

Luce continued to thrust inside Wren until the woman's body stopped convulsing. She gradually slowed down her movements until she stopped altogether, her fingers resting at Wren's entrance. She withdrew her lips from Wren's nipple and smiled down at the sweaty blonde.

Wren leaned up and kissed Luce on the mouth. She darted her tongue inside and then pulled out to lick Luce's lips. Then she kissed Luce once more before letting her head rest against the padded floor again. As she stared into her prisoner's eyes, she tried not to think too much about what she was going to have to put Luce through in order to get an answer to her question. She realized the best way to distract herself would be to simply throw herself into the task at hand, so she did.

Wren reached up to pull Luce down for another kiss. Luce went willingly, covering the blonde's mouth with her own. She'd completely forgotten that she was supposed to be resisting her captor, not pleasuring her. Watching Wren come in her arms had been the most incredible sight she'd ever witnessed and she wanted to do it again.

However, Wren had other ideas. She felt like she was bathing in Luce's pheromones as the scent of her prisoner's arousal filled

the air. Even if Wren's thigh hadn't been covered with Luce's wetness, she would have known the colonel was dripping. It took all of Wren's willpower to keep from simply flipping the woman over and devouring her, but she knew that would be too forceful. It would give Luce something to resist. Wren finally managed to rein herself in and merely caressed Luce's back and sides soothingly while they kissed.

Wren felt a slight tremor run through her prisoner's body as Luce attempted to ravage Wren's mouth with her unspent passion. Instead of reciprocating, Wren slowed and gentled her movements. It took several minutes for Luce to even begin to calm down, but as she slowly relaxed, Wren took the opportunity to break their kiss and draw her lips along Luce's jawbone on her way to the woman's ear.

Luce closed her eyes as she felt Wren's lips wrap around her earlobe and begin sucking. Then Wren kissed the smooth flesh behind her ear and Luce grunted as her stomach clenched in pure desire. Wren lightly sucked at the skin, sending shivers down Luce's spine as she gently pushed up with her body. Wren almost lost contact as she grinned when Luce compliantly moved with her, allowing Wren to reverse their positions so that her upper body rested on top of Luce's chest with her legs straddling her prisoner's waist.

Luce's hands slid down to grip the blonde's hips as she turned her head to the side to give Wren more access to her neck. The sensitive skin behind her ear seemed to be sending information directly to her clit and her pelvis rocked up to grind against Wren futilely.

Wren braced her arms on either side of Luce's torso and lifted herself off her prisoner so that only her lips were still touching the woman. She kissed down the side of Luce's neck, licking the skin lightly and then letting her hot breath wash over the moistened area. Luce's hands squeezed Wren's hips in reaction to the new sensation and Wren heard her sigh in pleasure as she continued to push her mound up against the air.

Wren carefully moved towards the center of Luce's throat, only offering light non-threatening licks of her tongue as she grazed her lips over the delicate skin. Wren knew the woman might have a violent reaction to having her throat touched in any

way if she triggered the soldier's alarms, which would immediately douse Luce's excitement and put Wren almost back at square one. By the same token, if Luce was relaxed enough, or in a high enough state of arousal, the extremely sensitive skin could give her prisoner a great deal of pleasure.

Luce moaned involuntarily as she felt Wren's lips open wide to cover her larynx. Wren's tongue laved over the firm tissue and Luce felt her hips rise higher off the padded floor in search of similar treatment. As Wren's mouth moved up slightly to kiss the underside of her chin, Luce groaned again and pulled with her hands to bring Wren's hips down onto her own. She had to have contact.

Wren allowed her knees to slide apart and rubbed herself on the toned stomach muscles of her prisoner, both giving and ignoring what Luce wanted. She wasn't surprised at her own complete readiness to climax again, but her need to touch Luce gave her momentary pause. She actually had to concentrate to keep from moving her hands to cup Luce's breasts as she fought her overwhelming desire to enter the soldier's mouth.

Wren was supposed to be in control. Each seduction was supposed to be calculated to weaken the prisoners into divulging their knowledge. Her own pleasure meant nothing if denying it would gain her the information she sought. At the moment though, she was finding it extremely difficult to resist her impulses.

Luce felt Wren's whole body clench as her vaginal entrance slid over Luce's stomach, slicking the path with copious amounts of lubrication. Wren began to relax her body for a moment, warmly pressing their breasts together, but then she tensed again and arched her back so that only her hardened nipples brushed across Luce's chest.

Luce pushed down on Wren's hips, trying to help her slide lower towards her aching clit, but Wren simply raised her pelvis, breaking off contact completely. The wet spot on Luce's stomach felt cool as air was allowed to pass over it and her only thought was that she needed Wren's warmth to make it feel better.

Wren brought herself under control again and dragged her lips down Luce's throat to her chest. She moved lower, sliding her

knees back along the floor and breaking Luce's hold on her hips, but the woman just grazed her hands over Wren's waist and around her sides to cover the interrogator's dangling breasts.

Luce squeezed, enjoying the feel of the pliable flesh between her fingers, and was rewarded with a small grunt of appreciation from Wren. Luce squeezed again, a little harder, and could tell Wren's hips had undulated slightly by the way the insides of the woman's thighs had brushed the outside of her own.

Wren closed her eyes as she felt her prisoner's large hands cover her soft breasts. She wanted to push into them, but managed to hold back. However, when Luce squeezed again, adding more force, she couldn't help but rock her hips in response. She wanted to sink into Luce's embrace and never leave, but she couldn't do that. She needed to take back control, so she moved down a little further until her mouth was covering Luce's nipple. It puckered instantly, tightening in her mouth, and Wren used her tongue to suck the hard tip deeper into her mouth.

Luce groaned loudly and arched her back, plainly begging for more. Somewhere in the back of her mind, Luce realized things weren't going quite the way she'd planned earlier. Though she'd started out intending to subdue her jailer, she found she was now unable to resist the woman's return advances. Hell, she wasn't even trying.

Wren sucked harder, flicking her tongue over the tip of Luce's nipple for added stimulation. She finally gave in to her earlier desire, since it was actually called for at this particular point in her deliberate seduction, and lifted one of her hands to knead Luce's unattended breast. She was thankful it was as much of a distraction as she'd thought it would be as Luce's hands released her breasts to reach up around her shoulders.

Luce pumped her hips up in counterpoint to her constant arching into Wren's mouth and hand. She couldn't stop writhing beneath the small blonde leaning over her. Though Luce didn't want Wren to discontinue what she was doing to her breasts, Luce was desperate for some kind of contact on her clit. Wren hadn't touched her there at all yet and it was actually starting to hurt as it became more and more engorged with blood.

Wren brought up her other hand, tensing her stomach muscles to hold her in place above Luce's body as she squeezed the

breast she was sucking on. Luce moaned throatily and tried to push up a little more, but then Wren let go of the nipple in her mouth, immediately replacing her lips with her pinching fingers as she moved over to suck on Luce's other breast. Since it was already quite stimulated, Wren picked up where she'd left off on the other one, immediately sucking hard and grazing her teeth over the erect tip as soon as her mouth closed on it.

Luce's arms dropped to clutch uselessly at the padded floor as Wren ravished her breasts. She couldn't stop moaning and knew she was getting close to begging verbally. About the only thing that stopped her was her inability to articulate exactly what it was she wanted Wren to do. The pleasure from her breasts was being channeled directly to her clit and all other messages, especially those to her brain, were being ignored.

Wren was doing her best to last as long as she could, but her need was becoming unbearable. She had to taste Luce or she was going to lose it completely. She still had a little reserve left, though, so she offered a few last licks and pinches to her prisoner's aching tits before moving away.

Luce whimpered, almost requesting Wren to stay, but she gritted her teeth and didn't speak. She could still remember at least some of her training, though she was beginning to think her instructors had been seriously misinformed.

Resisting pain was nothing compared to trying to resist pleasure. Her body was biologically programmed to seek pleasure, so there was no reason or need to develop any kind of resistance to it. On the other hand, pain was instinctually avoided or endured in order to continue survival. Her training had only magnified that innate desire to avoid or control pain and nullify it. It had taught her nothing about holding out against her natural biological urges, especially such intense ones.

Luce realized she'd unconsciously sought out the pleasure she knew Wren could give her. She'd subverted herself.

Luce's thoughts were instantly derailed as she felt Wren's tongue lick across her stomach in a long stroke. She opened her eyes, unable to remember when she'd closed them, and looked down. Wren's hungry gaze caught her, holding her spellbound as the blonde licked over the rippling skin of Luce's abdomen.

Wren grinned predatorily for a moment when she saw realization dawn in her prisoner's clear blue eyes. She was cleaning her own essence from the woman's taut stomach and the idea was clearly exciting Luce. Wren held eye contact as she licked again, gathering up her mostly dried secretions from Luce's flesh. She was quite proud that she was able to continue until she'd completely cleaned Luce's skin before moving lower to satiate her need. She lifted each of her legs in turn, nudging Luce's legs a little farther apart so she could get into position between them.

Luce felt her breathing increase until she was gasping in expectation. She was still reeling from the images of watching Wren taste herself when the woman grasped her hands and placed them on her blonde head. Luce's legs automatically drew up to offer herself to Wren's mouth as her fingers entwined with silky hair and she couldn't help pushing down slightly to bring the woman's lips closer to her throbbing sex.

Wren allowed herself to be guided down. It was only the iron grip in her hair that kept her from simply diving in anyway. Luce's vaginal lips were swollen and her clit had distended completely beyond its hood, opening up her sex in such a way that just begged for Wren's attention.

Even before her mouth made contact with the drenched hairs covering her prisoner's labia, Wren couldn't suppress the groan that built from deep within her chest as the pheromone-laden scent washed over her. Her tongue darted out to sample Luce's sex, but as soon as the taste registered on her tongue, she knew she had to have more. She opened her mouth wide, moaning loudly as she covered Luce's inner lips and clitoris with her lips and tongue.

Luce bucked her hips and whimpered, the sound turning into a long moan. It quickly escalated into panting cries of desperation as Wren sucked on her clit and repeatedly massaged her tongue all around the sensitive nub. Wren's mouth was warm and soft and sent chills across every inch of Luce's skin. She could feel her nipples tighten even more as waves of pleasure cascaded over her body in ever increasing amounts.

Wren immediately released Luce's clit as she recognized all the signs of impending climax.

“No!” Luce yelled out through her strangled cry of frustration, momentarily surrendering to her body’s all-consuming desire for release.

Wren barely heard her as she lowered her head and shoved her mouth at Luce’s opening. Her eyes rolled up into the back of her head as she drank in the pure essence of her prisoner, stabbing her tongue inside the tight canal over and over again. The burning in the pit of her stomach instantly disappeared to be replaced by a sense of absolute rapture. She felt only bliss as she swallowed mouthful after mouthful of her prisoner’s juices. She couldn’t get enough and was drinking it in faster than Luce could produce it.

Luce knew she was completely out of control. She could barely even form the thought that she should be fighting this, let alone try to act on it. She held her hips suspended in midair as she attempted to force Wren harder and deeper into her sex by pulling down on Wren’s head.

Wren slid her lips all over Luce’s inner folds, gathering up the thick liquid that had been wicked away from Luce’s vagina by her pubic hair. She carefully avoided her clit as she sucked on Luce’s lips and licked over her entire sex to make sure she hadn’t missed any before returning to Luce’s entrance again.

There was more of the fluid waiting for her and Wren wasted no time in dipping her tongue into the precious substance and drawing it back into her mouth. She felt starved. She had no idea how she was going to stop and almost didn’t care. It wasn’t until she’d cleaned Luce’s vagina for the second time that Luce’s whimpers finally registered on her brain. The interrogator suddenly remembered she had a job she was supposed to be doing and slowly withdrew, turning her head to the side, since her prisoner seemed reluctant to release her hold on the blonde’s head.

“Hold arms. Floor,” Wren commanded from between Luce’s thighs.

Luce’s arms were quickly pulled to the floor and spread wide apart. Though she bucked her hips up in protest, Luce knew there was nothing she could do now. She groaned as the ache in her sex doubled in only a few seconds. Wren’s mouth on her sex had been the only thing keeping it at bay.

Wren pushed herself up a little higher onto her forearms.

“Luce,” she said, trying hard to ignore the wave of pleasure that ran through her body at saying the woman’s name. “Luce, look at me.”

Luce’s eyes were clamped shut and she couldn’t stop rocking her hips. If a gun had been pointed at her head and she’d been told to stop moving, she would’ve been unable to comply. Nothing seemed to matter to her beyond the constant and acute pressure located inside her painfully swollen clit.

It suddenly struck her that she probably could have let go of Wren’s head earlier and brought herself release before the woman could have stopped her. She groaned, feeling foolish for her oversight. She’d never actually touched herself before and had been so focused on Wren that the thought just hadn’t occurred to her. Even after Wren’s thorough demonstration of what Luce’s body could do if stimulated the right way, Luce hadn’t even considered touching herself. She’d been so determined not to let it happen again that the very idea would’ve seemed insane to her had she actually thought of it.

“Luce.”

Luce finally opened her eyes, struggling to focus on Wren’s face where she had propped herself up between Luce’s thighs.

“How many troops were under your command during your last mission?”

It took a moment for the question to make its way through Luce’s haze of arousal. The bulk of her blood was definitely nowhere near her brain at the moment. She groaned and let her head rest back against the floor again, shaking it in negation as she continued to writhe uncontrollably in an attempt to ease her ache.

“Please, Luce. Please let me give you release. I want to make you come. Please,” Wren begged, the honest need clear in her voice.

Luce continued to shake her head and closed her eyes as tears began to spill down her temples.

“Please, Luce. I’m not asking you for their names, just how many there were. I just need a number and then I can give you release. Please, let me make you come.”

Luce felt the last of her will crumbling as she listened to Wren's entreaties. She gave it one more shot, though.

"Twelve," Luce grunted out, seemingly defeated.

"Untrue," spoke a mechanical voice from above.

Luce grimaced. She hadn't really thought it would work, but she'd been hopeful. It stood to reason, though, that her captors would use some form of lie detector to make sure she wasn't just telling them what they wanted to hear. Her own people had machines that could continuously scan a person's brain to see which centers were being activated during speech. Even combinations of the truth with fabrications could usually be picked out by whether the person was accessing a memory or the creative centers of their brain.

"Luce, please don't lie. If you do that again, I'll have to leave you like this for a full day and I don't want to do that. Please, just answer the question. How many were there?"

Wren leaned over and licked a long stroke from Luce's entrance to her clit. The woman cried out, jerking her pelvis up and gasping in surprise.

"Please, Luce. I just want to make you come," Wren pleaded, allowing her warm breath to flow over her prisoner's exposed sex.

Luce whimpered and tried to catch her breath. She had nothing left with which to fight her interrogator's onslaught. She just couldn't take any more.

"Seven! There were seven! Oh Goddess, Wren..."

Luce finally surrendered and was instantly rewarded with Wren's mouth on her clit when the computer made no protest against her truthful statement. Wren's lips circled the large throbbing nub and sucked as her tongue flicked over Luce's clit in rapid succession.

Luce saw stars as her entire body contracted in a paroxysm of ecstasy. She remained stiff for several long moments and actually stopped breathing as the pleasure overwhelmed her senses. Then her brain kicked in and she screamed incoherently as her body jerked repeatedly with each jolt of pleasure that arced through her.

Wren continued to suck hard on Luce's clit, moving with the woman's writhing body to maintain contact and prolong Luce's orgasm.

Luce felt like she'd lost her mind. Her body continued to be racked with pleasure to the point of pain, but it didn't seem to matter. Wren wasn't letting go of her clit and Luce didn't seem to be able to stop coming as long as she was there. Luce felt a clenching sensation deep within her belly and grunted as another round of spasms seized her body.

Wren could hear Luce crying, but she didn't stop what she was doing. She knew it probably wouldn't last much longer and she wanted Luce to ride it all the way through to the end.

Luce finally collapsed on the floor, utterly exhausted. Tears streamed from her eyes, but her gasping breaths soon calmed and her tears stopped almost as quickly as they'd started. Luce didn't even flinch as Wren relinquished her clit and moved down to lick at her entrance. The tongue bath was somehow soothing after she'd been tensed for so long. She closed her eyes and drifted in a state of peace.

Wren lapped up her prisoner's juices, quietly moaning to herself with each subsequent taste of the potent liquid. She could feel her body reacting the way it always did when she got her pheromone fix from a prisoner, but this was a hundred times more intense. It was the difference between eating a meal to satisfy an empty stomach and having an orgasm. The two kinds of pleasure weren't even in the same category.

It took her several minutes, but Wren finally licked up the last drop from Luce's sex. She tenderly kissed Luce's soft nether lips and then sat up. Luce appeared to be sleeping, but Wren was pretty sure she was still conscious, if a bit lethargic. After all, this was only the second time in the woman's life that she'd ever experienced orgasm and this one had obviously been quite remarkable.

"Release," Wren said quietly.

Luce's wrists came off the floor a short ways as the tendons in her arms returned to their natural, more comfortable length now that the stress of being held flat against the floor had been removed. Luce opened her eyes and looked around, pausing to watch as her interrogator climbed to her feet.

Wren walked around the supine woman and gathered up her discarded jumpsuit, though she didn't put it on. She walked to the concealed door.

“Open.”

As the door complied with her command, Wren turned her head and glanced at Luce. She found the woman staring at her, a mix of calm acceptance, betrayal, and uncertainty gracing her beautiful features.

Wren wasn't sure what expression her own face held. She realized she wanted to stay, wished she could just talk to the woman without their respective positions getting in the way, maybe even make love to her without having to calculate her every move to gain advantage, but it was impossible. Colonel Luce of Claw Clan was her prisoner and she had a duty to her superiors to gain any and all information from her.

The second door finished opening and Wren stepped forward.

“Wait,” Luce called out.

Wren kept walking.

CHAPTER 3

Wren sat in the control room working on a transcript of one of the prisoner interrogations she'd completed earlier that day. The audiovisual recording had already run through a program that interpreted the spoken words to create a written account of the session. It automatically removed any irrelevant exclamations, which the prisoners frequently shouted out during their encounters. However, extraneous comments still slipped through every now and then, and sometimes words were removed that shouldn't have been, so part of Wren's job was to make sure the transcripts were as accurate as possible, while excluding all unnecessary data.

Wren understood why it was so important for her to make clean reports for her superiors. First and foremost, it kept her interrogation method secret, but there had also been a few problems in the beginning with some of the intelligence analysts not dealing too well with their sexual arousal from viewing the recordings. They'd been unable to focus on their jobs and their work had suffered because of it. As soon as the project leaders had realized it didn't actually make sense for the analysts to

watch the entire interrogation when the real information could usually be summed up in less than a few paragraphs, they'd eliminated the analysts and added the job of transcribing to the list of interrogator duties.

The blonde finished the last transcript and encoded it for transmission. Before she could voice her request, though, the screen lit up with an icon denoting a priority one incoming signal.

Wren frowned. It was extremely rare for her superiors to request a communication link with her. If their signal was intercepted, it would be too easy for the Argolians to pinpoint her location by following the transmission to its destination, whereas the short-burst one-way transmissions Wren sent each night were almost impossible to trace back to her position.

Wren composed her features and tried to prepare herself. She had a pretty good idea why she was being contacted, but if she showed even the slightest apprehension, she could end up giving herself away. She took a deep breath.

"Receive transmission."

"Voice authorization accepted. Connection established," the computer's synthetic voice announced a second later.

The screen changed to reveal the long face of an older looking man with silver hair and chiseled features. After a few seconds, his expression changed to show that he could see her. Wren sat up a little straighter under his scrutiny.

"Wren. We haven't received this evening's reports yet," he said by way of greeting.

"I was just about to send them when you called, Sir. Just a moment," the blonde requested as she hit a few buttons and then spoke her name to authorize the transmission. "You should have them now, Sir."

"Yes, they're here," he said a moment later, sounding thoroughly unconvinced even though he was staring right at them. He continued skimming the file for another minute and then finally looked up. "Well. I'm sure you know why I'm calling. Last night's report shows you've visited Colonel Luce of Claw Clan twice in only three days, and my colleagues and I are a little concerned. During your probation, you never once broke protocol. Why have you done so now?"

“Her case file stated she was top priority.”

Wren watched as the man looked slightly to his right to read a monitor. She focused on her breathing to keep her heartbeat under control as she realized what he was doing. She hadn't been double-checked by a lie detector in months. She knew she would have to phrase things carefully.

“You've had other top priority cases. Why break protocol for this one?” he asked suspiciously.

“None of those other cases involved someone as important or as well known as this colonel. Her capture was the first time she'd ever failed to complete a mission and I understand that was only because a malfunctioning autodigger excavated too close to the surface, weakening the ground, which collapsed when she and her unit tried to cross it to presumably take down a critical communications tower. According to the packet I received, she was close to being promoted to Brigadier General, and therefore may have information regarding—”

“Yes, yes, I know all that. I wrote the report. So, you believe you can safely speed up her interrogation?” the man questioned with new interest, having seemingly put his fears to rest.

“She's been extremely cooperative so far. As expected, she's had no prior experience and was unprepared for my... techniques. I believe, in her case, moving quickly may prove more beneficial than the standard deprivation schedule. A constant assault with no time to regroup and strategize may be the only way to break her, Sir.”

“Hmm, yes. You may be right. Well, then. I'll discuss this with my colleagues, but for now, you're cleared to see her once every other day. Try to stay on schedule with the other prisoners, though. Antari of Scorpion Clan out.”

The screen went black and Wren collapsed back in her seat, releasing the breath she'd been holding.

Telling only the truth, while not actually giving a direct answer to the question was the only way Wren knew to fool a lie detector. A skillful enough questioner could usually spot such tactics, but Antari wasn't an interrogator. He was an administrator, capable of coordinating various groups and subgroups to get a job done, but that was all. He'd overseen the project that had created her and her predecessors and was now

her direct superior, but that was about as far as his intelligence went.

Wren tapped a few buttons and the blackness was replaced with an image of Luce kneeling in the middle of her room, apparently meditating. Wren had served the nearly two-dozen prisoners their last meals of the day less than an hour ago, so this was normally her time to sleep.

Instead, she sat and watched her prisoner. Even in the woman's stillness, Wren could see the power and intensity that made Luce one of the most feared women on the planet. Though Wren was mostly cut off from the outside world and therefore knew very little about the day-to-day specifics of what was going on in the war, she'd received extensive reports about Luce when she'd arrived. There'd been very little personal information about the colonel beyond her name, age, and rank, but her list of accomplishments had gone on and on. It had given Wren a great deal of insight into the current state of affairs, not to mention Luce herself.

Only three years ago, Argolus had been on the brink of surrendering. A nation built by scientists just wasn't equipped to wage war, though they'd held out for over half a century. It helped that they could replace their adult population in less than two years. Nine months in natural or artificial wombs and another year in accelerated growth tanks produced adjusted-age twenty-three-year-olds ready to serve their country.

However, mere numbers weren't enough. Though they were far beyond the Delphinians in nearly every form of genetic and biologic technology, the Argolians were just barely keeping up in the weapons department. Their sole focus was defense, while the Delphinians spent most of their resources on developing new offensive weapons.

Then Luce of Claw Clan had seemingly come out of nowhere and single-handedly turned the tide of the war in favor of the Argolians. During only her second engagement, she'd purportedly taken command when half her unit and all of her superior officers had been killed. Somehow, she'd managed to rally her remaining troops into holding their ground until reinforcements had arrived and fended off the Delphinian attack force.

In only three years, Luce had risen to the rank of colonel, systematically taking back land that had been controlled by Delphinia since right after the beginning of the war. Her ability to anticipate her opponent's tactics and formulate multiple contingency plans had gained her a reputation as being unbeatable. The fact that she personally led most of the assaults she planned had only increased her status as a hero to her people.

Now, it was the Delphinians who seemed to be facing certain defeat. A great deal of time and effort had been put into killing or capturing Luce, but a simple accident had finally been the woman's undoing. If not for her capture, the collapse would have been considered a tragedy. Dozens of Delphinians had lost their lives when the contaminated atmosphere from the surface had entered the underground city from the errant tunnel. According to the report Wren had read, the government had done its best to spin the details to its advantage, claiming the capture to be a gift from the Goddess, while those who had died were hailed as heroes for having sacrificed themselves in exchange for such a wonderful prize.

Luce had almost joined the list of fatalities, though. She'd been horribly injured by her fall into the deep underground tunnel. Wren had seen the pictures. The sight of Luce's right arm and leg sticking out at odd angles had almost made her throw up and she still shuddered just thinking about it.

Of course, one would never know it to look at Luce now. Her frame was solid, as were her muscles, and the only fat she carried on her body was in her breasts and buttocks. She had no scars to mar her skin. She could run faster, jump higher, and hit harder than her Delphinian counterparts. She could even breathe the polluted atmosphere of their planet as well as she breathed the purified air circulating in her cell. If their weapons technology had been just a little better, Wren had no doubt the Argolians would have conquered Delphinia long ago. However, things hadn't worked out that way and now Luce was her prisoner.

Wren finally managed to tear her eyes away from the monitor and pulled up her schedule for the next day. She replaced the fourth name on the list with Luce's. The prisoner had been broken several months ago, so bumping him off the list wouldn't

disrupt any of her other interrogations. The blonde looked over her agenda for the rest of the month, making adjustments here and there to accommodate Antari's new orders, and then closed down the program.

She stood up and immediately grabbed the edge of the console as her stomach cramped violently, making her gasp from the pain.

"Oh Goddess," she whispered as she tried to blink away the tears stinging her eyes.

She carefully retook her seat and waited for the searing pain to subside as she held her stomach and rocked. The stabbing sensations had been hitting her off and on all day, starting with her being woken in the middle of the night. She'd been unable to do anything but lie there and cry for several minutes while fighting the compulsion to go to Luce. The images of tasting the woman and being held in her strong arms had almost been enough to get her moving several times, but somehow, she'd managed to restrain herself and had simply ridden out the pain until morning. So far, the episodes hadn't happened during a session, but she knew it was only a matter of time.

Wren gritted her teeth, determined not to give in just yet as the sharp pains gnawed at the inside of her belly. They eventually faded to a dull ache and she was able to breathe a little easier again.

"Just one more day. I can wait one more day," Wren half pleaded with herself, but even as she said the words, she brought up her schedule and moved Luce's name to the top of the list.

Wren closed the program once again and cautiously pushed herself to a standing position. The dull burning sensation remained the same as she slowly made her way out of the control room and headed for her quarters. She just hoped she'd be able to sleep through the pain and get some rest in time for her first appointment in the morning.

CHAPTER 4

Luce opened her eyes, her moan cut abruptly short as she woke from her dream. She looked around at the empty room and just barely suppressed a groan as she realized where she was and what she'd been dreaming about.

She got to her feet, resolving not to think about the sensual images still flitting through her mind as she began her morning warm-up exercises before breakfast arrived.

She started with some mild stretching to get her blood flowing away from a certain part of her anatomy and then moved into some more serious stretching combined with an isometric workout. The program was designed to put her into a meditative state, but nothing she'd done in the past few days had been enough to keep her from thinking about Wren for more than a few minutes.

She just couldn't get the woman out of her head and for the past two nights, the blonde had been plaguing her dreams as well. Luce had managed to keep herself occupied for the most part, but she knew she couldn't last much longer. In the state she

was in right now, Wren would hardly have to touch her to bring her to her knees.

A vision of herself kneeling in front of Wren as she imagined tasting the blonde for the first time sent a jolt of desire through her already sensitive body and she stumbled. Her training automatically guided her into a controlled fall, but the loss of concentration was enough to keep her from continuing with the practice. She lay where she'd fallen and stared unseeingly up at the white ceiling.

I think I'm insane. It's the only explanation. She's driven me insane. I've been stuck in this room for two months and then she comes along and pushes me over the edge. And why the hell did I ask her to wait last time? What the fuck would I have done if she had?

Luce imagined the blonde stopping and then slowly turning around as she waited for Luce to say something. Several thoughts immediately came to mind. Like what Clan did Wren come from? Did she have a family that she went home to every night? What had it been like to grow up? Did she get to see her parents often enough?

Luce thought of her own family, something she'd tried very hard not to do since her capture. She missed her parents horribly as well as her brothers and sisters, not to mention her nieces and nephews, aunts and uncles, and all her cousins. She was the youngest of ten, though only half of her elder siblings had still been alive by the time she'd left her growth tank. They'd been killed in the war, but with so many cousins and nieces and nephews, she'd never felt the lack.

Unfortunately, she'd only been able to spend a few months with her family before leaving to receive practical training as a soldier to augment the information she'd been given during her growth cycle. Luckily, she'd managed to stay in contact with most of her relatives during her time away, but she knew they were probably going through hell now, not knowing where she was or if she was even still alive.

She could easily imagine her homecoming. They'd throw a party for her, just like they had when one of her brothers had come home after being listed as Missing in Action. She wasn't alone, though. Wren was right next to her and she saw herself

introducing the petite blonde to her parents. Then the scene changed to be replaced with a vision of her bedroom in her parents' home in the heart of her Clan's territory. She lowered her body on top of Wren's and then moved in for a kiss.

The feel of Wren's body beneath hers made her moan and the touch of her lips was exquisite. The scene quickly jumped ahead and they were both naked, writhing on Luce's bed as she pumped her fingers into Wren's drenched opening. She could hear Wren's pleas for release with every whimper and moan, and unlike her captor, felt no need to deny her. She plunged her fingers inside, reaching deeper and deeper...

"Please stand in the corner with the blue light."

Luce's eyes shot open and she shivered as she heard Wren's live voice come from overhead. She looked over and realized she'd been so caught up in her little fantasy that she'd completely missed the sound of the inner door opening. As she came back to herself, a wave of depression washed over her and she considered staying where she was. How long would it take her to starve to death?

If I didn't drink any water either, I could be free from this existence in just a few days. She doesn't open the door unless I'm in that corner... Then again, she could just issue that hold command over the comm, and then hook me up to an IV. It wouldn't interfere with what she does to me... Goddess, what she does to me... Luce thought as memory and fantasy images alike played in her mind, making her stomach clench in need.

"Please stand in the corner with the blue light."

Luce frowned. Usually, Wren's voice sounded mildly pleasant, although bored, when she issued that command. But now, Luce could clearly hear worry bordering on panic in the woman's insistent tone. She remembered the pain she'd thought she'd seen Wren trying to hide the last time and wondered if she was hearing some of that, too.

Luce finally sat up and dutifully moved to the corner. As much as she wanted to see what Wren would do if she continued to refuse, she was in no condition to be in the same room with the blonde and was sure that forcing Wren to reprimand her would cause just such a confrontation.

She listened to the second door open and watched as a new tray of food replaced the old one. The doors shut again and the blue light flickered off, leaving her free to retrieve her breakfast.

As she ate, she tried to put the erotic thoughts out of her mind and come up with a concrete strategy for resisting the next time Wren came for a session. However, her mind remained a complete blank. She was actually starting to wonder if it was even possible to resist. After all, she had spent every waking minute since meeting Wren considering that very same question and not making any discernible progress. Granted, Wren had only interrogated her twice so far, but she'd failed miserably both times and was no closer to a strategy for resistance than she had been during their first encounter.

The sensations were just so overwhelming. She knew her real problem was that deep down she didn't really *want* to fight. Giving in meant being rewarded with pleasure like she'd never known before and she wanted more. She realized if she didn't get a handle on herself pretty soon, she was really going to betray her people rather than just confirming what Wren already knew. Standard interrogation procedure dictated that the questions become progressively harder and despite the lack of pain involved in Wren's unique form of torture, Luce was positive the blonde would be asking more difficult questions as time went on.

Of course, there was always the possibility of suicide as her mind had readily supplied only a few minutes ago, but Luce had been trying hard to avoid those thoughts, since that basically meant she was admitting defeat and Luce refused to give up so easily.

Right. Like that would be any worse than what you've already done. You gave in on day one, Luce reminded herself harshly. *If I could just figure out how she makes my body respond the way it does...*

Luce paused as an idea came to her. She set aside her tray and moved to the corner opposite the door. She leaned comfortably back against the padded wall in a semi-upright position.

Maybe she'd been going about this all wrong. Instead of trying to resist the pleasure, maybe she could give the pleasure to

herself so she wouldn't want it so much when Wren came to question her.

She tentatively brought her fingers to the edge of her vaginal lips and gently caressed them. She was already aroused from her earlier trip into fantasyland and her skin tingled where she brushed against her pubic hair. She glanced up nervously as she suddenly realized her captors could be watching her. She took a slow deep breath and closed her eyes, doing her best to ignore that thought as she remembered how good it had felt to have Wren's mouth licking her sex.

That thought alone made her breath hitch and she lost some of her anxiety as she slid her fingers between her swelling lips. Her middle finger grazed over her clitoris and she moaned subvocally at the sensation of pleasure that was making her sex tighten. She immediately increased the contact, rubbing with three fingers in a circle around her sensitive nub.

Her fingers dipped down and she found the same slippery wetness flowing from her entrance that she'd felt when she'd been inside Wren. The natural lubricant coated her fingers, making them slide much more pleurably over her clit and she quickly settled into a rhythm that made her pleasure build rather than just feel good. Within moments, she could feel goose bumps spreading across her skin and her nipples tightened almost painfully as she neared her first self-induced climax.

"Access denied."

Before Luce could even register the computer's voice, her hand was yanked away from its spot between her legs as both her wrists were pulled by their magnetic cuffs until her arms were restrained against the wall behind her.

Realization of what had just happened dawned on Luce and she groaned in frustration. She really should have seen that one coming. If the computer was capable of detecting when she was lying, then there was no reason why it wouldn't also be able to sense when her arousal was nearing critical. It was probably a failsafe feature that was only activated if Wren wasn't in the room with her.

Shit.

Her own touch hadn't been nearly as stimulating as Wren's, but it had still been enough to start the chain reaction of desire

and need for release within her body. Luce didn't know how long the computer was going to keep her like this or if Wren had been alerted to her actions and was on her way there, but she was determined to finish what she'd started.

There was nothing stopping her from using her thigh muscles to pick up where her fingers had left off, so she started flexing, pushing her thighs tightly together to compress her swollen labia around her engorged clit. Using her stomach muscles, she thrust her pelvis backward and forward, clenching her sex in time with her thrusts until she was almost...

"Access denied."

Luce felt her body slide up and to the side until she was in a standing position in the middle of the wall. Her arms and legs were pulled wide enough apart to keep her from finding friction for her swollen clit again and then her restraints locked in place once more.

This just isn't fair, Luce thought petulantly.

She didn't have long to brood, though. Less than a minute later, the door to her cell opened and she mentally cringed as she watched Wren walk naked into the room, the doors closing quietly behind her.

"Was there something you wanted?" Wren asked with a knowing grin.

"No," Luce replied before she could think better of it.

"Untrue," came the computer's voice and Luce glared up at the ceiling.

Wren continued to smirk, but Luce was sure it was more than a little forced. There were dark circles under the blonde's green-blue eyes and if she'd slept at all since Luce had last seen her, it wasn't for more than a few minutes. Luce could also once again see the telltale signs of pain from the way Wren was holding her body so rigidly.

Wren carefully walked over to Luce, only stopping when she was within touching distance. She kept her breathing slow and steady, even as her pulse sped wildly out of control from the abundance of pheromones lacing the air. Her cramps had immediately lessened when she'd entered the room, but it still took all her willpower to keep from doubling over from the pain.

“Since you seem to be so eager, why don’t we begin?” Wren said, trying to keep the strain out of her voice. “What was the ultimate goal of your last mission?”

Luce considered her options. So far, resistance hadn’t gotten her very far and she hadn’t even been asked any hard questions yet. In fact, they were still on questions that only confirmed what Luce was sure Wren already knew. On top of that, her sex was throbbing and she really just wanted to beg the woman to touch her. Not a good place to start from. What she really needed was more time to think so she could come up with a better plan than failed resistance.

“If I answer the question, will you go away?”

Wren’s smile was more genuine this time as she shook her head in amusement. Most of the prisoners had tried that tactic on her at one time or another. It was simply another attempt to gain control of the situation by turning the reward into a punishment. Wren had found that ignoring the bargaining worked best because it took the request completely out of the equation and kept the prisoner firmly under her control.

“We both know that’s not what you really want me to do,” Wren stated confidently as she leaned forward and pressed her naked body against Luce’s.

She wasn’t surprised when she heard Luce involuntarily moan at the skin to skin contact. The woman was already in a high state of arousal and Wren knew that even her slightest touch would have a profound effect on the soldier.

What she wasn’t prepared for was her own sense of deep satisfaction at being so close to her prisoner. Luce’s body was soft and warm and strong, and Wren moaned at how perfect it felt pressed against her own. The only thing missing was the feel of Luce’s arms wrapped around her, holding her tight.

Little warning bells sounded in the back of Wren’s mind, but she pushed them away. Other than inhaling Luce’s pheromones, touching her prisoner was the only thing keeping the pain in her body from burning out of control. Unless someone physically pulled her away, she wasn’t going anywhere.

Instead, Wren let herself sink even deeper into the exquisite contact. Giving in to her desire for more, she closed her eyes and rubbed her cheek against Luce’s chest. As her lips brushed over

the woman's pectoral muscles, they tensed, so she began kissing them, moving back and forth as she dragged her lips across the firm flesh again and again.

Her fingers were just as needy as they moved of their own volition, trailing a sensual path up and down the bound woman's sides. When the tips of her fingers accidentally brushed against the sides of Luce's breasts, she followed her desire rather than her training and moved her upper body away enough to allow her hands to cup them. She squeezed the full globes, reveling in the weight of them in her hands as she flicked her thumbs over the quickly hardening tips.

Luce closed her eyes and gave up trying to control her breathing as her nipples tightened into hard little peaks, sending bolts of pleasure directly to her sex with each pass of Wren's fingers over them. She did try to stop her moan of joy as the blonde leaned in again to lick a line from the top of her breast to her collarbone, but it just ended in several panted grunts when the woman began sucking at the hollow of her neck.

Oh Goddess, help me! I need to fight this! Luce thought frantically as she felt Wren's mouth begin to move up her neck while the blonde's hands continued to squeeze and pinch her nipples relentlessly.

Wren sucked Luce's earlobe into her mouth, unsurprised when the colonel whimpered and tried to pull her head away, but the move merely exposed more of Luce's neck to Wren. The blonde took advantage of the newly displayed flesh and quickly moved in to kiss the spot she'd found behind Luce's ear the last time. She sucked lightly, eliciting an unrestrained moan, and continued to knead the woman's soft breasts. However, Wren was barely able to contain her own moan as the cramping in her stomach grew stronger with each passing minute.

She realized she wouldn't be able to ignore the pain for much longer and slowly let one of her hands drift down over Luce's rippling stomach. It went against all her training to give in to her own desires rather than to follow a calculated seduction based on her prisoner's sexual cues, but Wren was desperate. The burning was spreading outward and if she didn't break Luce soon, she was going to disregard protocol entirely and simply devour the woman where she stood.

It didn't matter that she was supposed to be taking it slow, proving to her prisoner who was in charge by extending the foreplay as long as possible. She just couldn't stop herself as she moved her hand down to the patch of curly black hair covering the woman's sex.

Luce gasped as her breathing accelerated by leaps and bounds at the feel of Wren's fingers brushing through her pubic hair. There was simply no comparison between the sensations she'd tried to give herself and the ones Wren was causing in her now. She moaned gratefully and thrust her pelvis out to increase the contact.

"I knew you didn't want me to go away," Wren whispered, only causing more tingles to spread through Luce's body from the hot breath in her ear. "In fact, I think you want me... right here... don't you," the blonde panted through her own excitement as she finally slipped her fingers along Luce's slit, sliding between her folds with ease to caress her clit.

Yes!

"No," Luce whimpered as she tried futilely to make her body pull away from the wonderful touch.

"Untrue."

"Shut up!" Luce yelled at the ceiling.

The anger centered her for a few moments and she finally managed to force her pelvis to move away from Wren's fingers, but the blonde used her movements against her, following Luce's rhythm, so that her actions actually caused the sensations she was trying to avoid.

"Stop, please," Luce panted out, but there was no conviction in her voice and Wren simply ignored her as she slowly kissed her way down Luce's neck.

Her goal was the soldier's neglected nipple, but the scent wafting up from the woman's center almost derailed Wren's training entirely. It was only pure luck that her lips stumbled across the taut nipple before they found Luce's dripping sex. She instinctively licked the hardened tip pressing against her mouth, and then wrapped her lips around it, sucking it gently as she continued to slide her fingers between her prisoner's slick lips.

Luce groaned as she felt Wren's mouth cover her nipple. She'd forgotten she was supposed to be trying to avoid Wren's

hand. Her hips were gyrating continuously against her captor's agile fingers as she thrust her chest out to meet the blonde's mouth.

Wait, no. This isn't...

"No... No... No..." Luce began chanting as she slammed her head back against the padded wall in a last ditch effort to sidetrack herself.

The action didn't really hurt her, but it did jar her head enough to distract her. Wren quickly realized this and moved her arm lower, angling her fingers up as she slid two of them inside Luce's tight entrance, hitting the woman's G-spot on her first try.

"Oh my Goddess!" Luce gasped and immediately stopped her thrashing as her eyes attempted to bug out of her head at the sudden intrusion.

Nothing and no one had ever been inside her before. Invasive pelvic examinations had long since been replaced by common three-dimensional scans that offered more accurate details than any doctor's hands could possibly hope to provide. Her hymen hadn't survived her military lifestyle, but just as she'd never considered the idea of touching herself sexually before meeting Wren, she'd never wondered what being penetrated would feel like, so her mind was left without any point of reference.

As Wren continued to target her G-spot with every thrust, Luce's brain tried to comprehend the new sensations, but it just short-circuited and then cut out completely. Her breathing quickly escalated until she was crying out with every exhalation as she rode Wren's fingers, unconsciously trying to force them deeper inside her, while Wren's thumb began to lightly graze her clitoris.

Wren let go of Luce's breast and wrapped her arm around her prisoner's arched back. She could tell Luce had completely lost herself in the pleasure and Wren was trying hard not to give in to her own need to satiate her craving. She knew as soon as she tasted Luce, she wouldn't be able to stop until she was satisfied, even if that meant letting Luce climax before she'd answered the question.

Unfortunately, even though the airborne pheromones had eased her physical ache somewhat, they'd only increased her desire to taste Luce directly. Wren realized she'd started

pounding into Luce, bringing the woman to the verge of orgasm, so she eased off and slowed down.

“No. Please... Don’t stop,” Luce pleaded as she panted for breath.

“Then answer the question,” Wren replied just as desperately.

Luce shook her head. She couldn’t give in, not again. Then Wren applied more pressure to her G-spot, massaging it in slow circles, and Luce whimpered helplessly. She tried rocking her hips the way she had before, but Wren moved with her again, this time to stop her from gaining any extra stimulation.

“Answer the question, Luce, please. I promise I’ll give you satisfaction. I know you want to come and I want to give you that release. Just tell me what I want to know,” Wren begged, not sure how much longer she could hold out herself.

Luce knew she was on the verge of the most incredible pleasure she’d ever felt in her life. The only thing keeping it out of her reach was her fear of betraying her people. But she was sure Wren already knew the answer to the question she’d asked. Her saying it wouldn’t change anything. It wouldn’t put her people at risk and she would get the release she so desperately needed.

Need won out over guilt and she tried to breathe a little more normally, so she could speak.

“We were... going to destroy... the communications tower,” Luce gasped out.

Wren shook her head in frustration.

“No, that was the immediate goal. What was the purpose behind destroying the tower? What was the ultimate goal?” she insisted.

Luce groaned. She knew she was in no shape to resist, but giving in meant potentially giving the Delphinians information they didn’t have. The mission had taken place several months ago, so most likely the plans had either already been implemented or scrapped altogether, but even so, she would still be giving away strategy and tactics.

Wren massaged Luce’s G-spot a little harder, slowly rubbing her thumb over the woman’s clit in time with the movements. She didn’t try to hold back her own whimpers of need as she forced herself to remain standing.

“Please, answer the question. Please, Luce. Please, let me give you release. I just want to make you come. Please.”

Luce could hear the desperate tone in Wren’s voice. The woman seemed to want it almost more than she did and Luce recognized the signs of pain again. She shook her head. It was all part of the interrogation. Make her want to ease Wren’s distress and it would only make it easier to give in for her own satisfaction. But she’d been trained against that so her fellow team members couldn’t be tortured and used against her.

“Please, Luce,” Wren begged as tears formed at the corners of her eyes.

Luce heard the pain again and looked down to see it unmistakably in Wren’s expression. Even through her pleasure-induced haze, she couldn’t help wondering again what caused Wren’s pain.

Wren tried to calm herself down, but she was having a hard time. She knew if she began licking Luce, she wouldn’t stop in time to keep her prisoner from having an orgasm. She considered removing her fingers and cleaning them, but that would take away the stimulus that had Luce on the verge of giving in. She just had to last a little longer.

Wren whimpered as another wave of Luce’s sexual scent drifted up to her. She couldn’t stop herself as her knees buckled and she hit the padded floor with a soft thud. She gripped Luce’s hip with her free hand and leaned in to kiss her prisoner’s soft skin just above her hairline.

“Please, Luce. Just tell me what I need to know. I just want to make you come,” she pleaded between kisses. “I *need* to make you come,” she whispered into Luce’s skin, unsure how much longer she could keep herself from lowering her head those extra few inches to taste the woman.

Luce felt her eyes wanting to roll into the back of her head as tingles swept across her body from having Wren’s lips on her flesh. Goose bumps prickled her skin as Wren continued to slowly slide her fingers in and out of her vagina, and the last of Luce’s will finally crumbled.

“We were trying... to cut communications... so that reinforcements... couldn’t be called in... when we attacked,”

Luce panted out, unable to withstand being kept on the edge of orgasm any longer.

“And that was the ultimate goal of your last mission?” Wren double-checked, at least some of her training still in effect.

“Yes!”

Wren didn't wait to hear if the computer contradicted her as she finally gave in to her own needs and moved her thumb so she could latch onto the woman's clit with her lips. She didn't suck. She just let her lips slip over the engorged nub so that it enhanced the sensations inside the woman's belly instead of distracting from them.

Luce came instantly, screaming Wren's name as she jerked repeatedly against the wall, her muscles straining against her bonds. Her memory of her last orgasm seemed to pale in comparison as her body tried to implode, collapsing in on itself at the deepest point where she could feel Wren's fingers pumping hard inside her.

Wren felt Luce's vaginal muscles clamp down on her fingers and pushed past them again and again as she licked around her hand to catch the copious amount of fluid pouring out of the woman's core. Her own moans of pleasure were completely drowned out by Luce's yells of release.

As Luce came down from her peak, Wren continued to use her fingers to draw out the liquid essence of her prisoner, causing Luce to quiver with aftershocks.

Wren hardly noticed as she lapped up the fluid, making sure to catch every drop. With each swallow, she could feel the burning in her gut subsiding a little more, but the pain still hadn't completely gone away by the time she'd finished cleaning the brunette's swollen sex. Wren realized she was going to need a lot more before she'd be able to withstand another two days away from the soldier.

She moved her mouth back up to Luce's clit and licked around it as she slowly pushed her fingers back inside the woman's opening. The long drawn out groan she heard from above made her drive her fingers in a little harder and deeper on her next thrust as she reached around with her free hand to grasp the colonel's ass to pull her harder against her mouth.

Luce wasn't sure whether her interrogator's renewed actions were a blessing or if she'd have to answer another question to get another release, but at the moment, she didn't care. The feeling of Wren moving inside her made all other concerns seem inconsequential.

She pushed her hips out in time with the blonde's thrusts and didn't do anything to suppress her constant moans as Wren's soft whimpers drifted up to her in return. The erotic sounds only increased her arousal at having the woman's lips and tongue playing in her wet folds and the vibrations against her sensitized flesh made her sex tingle.

Wren felt like she'd died and gone to heaven as she drew her tongue along her prisoner's slit again and again, swiping up the sticky fluid that constantly seeped out around her thrusting fingers. The last vestiges of her pain finally receded into nothing, but Wren continued to work Luce's entrance, taking great delight in the sounds she pulled from the woman. In only a few minutes, she could feel Luce nearing her second orgasm and increased her motions, doing everything in her power to send the woman over the edge. She wanted to please Luce...

Wren felt her world come to a crashing halt as Luce screamed through her climax and Wren suddenly realized how far over the line she'd gone. Her mind reeled, feeling separate from the rest of her body as she automatically drank in her prisoner's release.

She wasn't just addicted to Luce's pheromones. She actually cared about the woman, cared about her pleasure and well being. And not just in the way she cared about all the prisoners in her charge.

Wren finally pulled herself away and sat back on her heels to look up at Luce. The woman was still panting from her exertions and her hair was damp with sweat, making her the very image of sex.

Wren felt an overwhelming urge to kiss her prisoner, but her training reasserted itself, reminding her that at this point, it wouldn't serve any purpose and was therefore unsanctioned. Nothing could be gained from a kiss, except her own personal satisfaction, which never should've entered into the equation in the first place.

Thankfully, now that her addiction had been satisfied somewhat, Wren found she was able to resist her impulses a little easier, though her emotional needs were starting to tip the scales again. She realized she needed to leave and stood up on shaky legs, backing away several paces.

“Release.”

Luce dropped bonelessly to the floor, landing on her hands and knees as she tried to regain her composure. Her mind was a mix of thoughts and emotions, all vying for her attention at the same time and she looked up just in time to see Wren turn around and head for the door.

“No, wait,” Luce called out, feeling a sense of *déjà vu* as she remembered her fantasy from only an hour before.

Wren hesitated for a second, but didn’t turn around as she shook her head.

“I can’t,” she replied hoarsely, swallowing around the lump in her throat as she tried to make her voice work enough to issue the command to open the door.

Before Luce could even process the thought, she was off the floor, her long legs crossing the distance in just a few strides to reach Wren. She wrapped one arm around Wren to pin her arms to her sides while at the same time placing a large hand securely over the blonde’s mouth. The woman started to struggle, but then Luce spoke in her ear.

“Don’t. I’m not going to hurt you. I just... Can’t you just stay? Just for a little while?” Luce asked, her breathing still a little labored from their recent activities.

Wren stopped trying to get away and Luce carefully turned her around in her arms, keeping her hand firmly over the blonde’s mouth. She stared intently into Wren’s eyes as she tried to decipher the woman’s expression.

“Please. Stay a little while. I just want to talk,” Luce explained.

Wren’s eyes gave away nothing of her thoughts and Luce realized she was either going to have to let the woman go or kill her. Though the soldier part of her tried to pretend it was still an option, Luce knew she couldn’t hurt the blonde. She sighed.

“If I take my hand away, do you promise not to scream for help?”

It took a few moments, but Wren finally nodded in agreement. Luce slowly slid her hand to the side, her fingers grazing over the blonde's swollen lips. Her thoughts were easily distracted as her fingertips began to trace over the soft lips. Without thinking, she lowered her head for a kiss, groaning when she smelled her essence all over the blonde's face. As their lips brushed over each other, she tasted herself and couldn't help thrusting her tongue into Wren's mouth again to find more.

Wren's arms automatically came up to clasp around Luce's neck and she whimpered as their tongues met, slick and soft. The kiss was slow, but full of passion as they each tried to convey their unspoken feelings through the intimate act. They finally pulled apart, breathing heavily as Wren rested comfortably in Luce's strong embrace.

"Can we just talk? No interrogation?" Luce requested again, but Wren looked away.

"This isn't supposed to be happening," she protested, though she made no move to get away.

"I've been saying that all along," Luce replied, her lips curving into a soft smile, which the blonde returned.

"What... What do you want to talk about?" Wren asked hesitantly.

Luce shrugged.

"I don't know. Anything. I just... I don't want you to go," the tall woman admitted.

"You're lonely," Wren realized disappointedly and stiffened in the soldier's embrace.

"Well, yeah, but that's not..." Luce paused, a frown creasing her features. "I mean... I want... I want to talk to *you*. I want... to get to know you as crazy as that sounds. I know I'm just making it easier for you, but—"

"No, you're not. You're not making this easier at all," Wren replied honestly. "I..."

Wren stopped. She knew she was in dangerous territory. All she wanted to do was tell the woman how she felt, how she'd become addicted to her physically, and how she was now finding herself becoming addicted to her emotionally. But she couldn't do that. She had to...

“I have to go,” Wren said as she weakly tried to push herself away from Luce, but Luce quickly wrapped her arms more securely around Wren and hugged her, lowering her head to nestle into the crook of Wren’s neck.

“No. Please. Please stay,” Luce implored. “I’ll... I’ll answer another question, just please... Don’t go yet. I need to feel you. Please.”

Wren stopped struggling as she felt tears coming to her eyes. She tried to fight herself for control, but she knew her ability to hold out was fading fast, if not already gone completely. Her taste of Luce had forced her cramps into remission, but she still wanted more and the combination of her addiction and her feelings was getting impossible to resist. If she didn’t stop this now...

“Fuck it,” Wren whispered. *I don’t care anymore.*

Wren raked her fingers up the back of Luce’s neck through the brunette’s hair and grabbed a fistful of her black mane. She yanked Luce’s head back and quickly claimed her lover’s lips. Luce went with it as the small blonde devoured her mouth. She gripped the woman’s hips and lifted. Wren took the hint and wrapped her legs around Luce’s waist as the soldier slowly went to her knees.

Luce carefully laid Wren on her back, pressing her naked torso against Wren’s equally bare body as she drove her tongue deeply into the other woman’s mouth again and again while doing her best to maximize their skin to skin contact. Wren helped her as much as she could, pushing her mound against Luce’s lower belly as she fervently sucked on her tongue.

Luce couldn’t get enough of Wren’s mouth. Her own scent mixed with the blonde’s reminded her that she wanted to taste Wren, too, and she slowly began sliding her body down, reluctantly releasing Wren’s mouth in favor of kissing her way down the blonde’s neck and chest.

She paused when she reached Wren’s breasts. Her nipples were so taut and Luce found them impossible to resist, especially when Wren arched her back and thrust her chest forward in supplication. Luce opened her mouth wide and covered the nearest nipple as she used her tongue and lips to suck the hard peak into her mouth. Then her teeth accidentally raked over the

tender flesh. Luce quickly pulled back to offer an apology, but she never got the chance as Wren reached up and pulled her head back down to her breast.

“Oh Goddess, don’t stop, Luce! Please, don’t stop!”

Luce smiled as she retook her position and began scraping her teeth over Wren’s nipple. The sounds the blonde made seemed to go straight to Luce’s groin and she found herself unconsciously pumping her hips and even moaning in response to Wren’s increasingly louder cries. She sucked harder, completely focused on the nipple in her mouth until she felt Wren guiding one of her hands to her other breast.

Luce raised her head and was caught in Wren’s gaze as the woman placed her fingers on top of Luce’s and forced her to pinch her nipple. The reaction Luce saw on Wren’s face as the blonde groaned in appreciation made her stomach clench. She whimpered in need as she moved their fingers away and lowered her head to begin sucking on the neglected nipple. She brought her other hand up and began pinching the one she’d just abandoned, letting the moans she heard dictate how hard she squeezed the hypersensitive flesh.

Wren lost herself in the pleasure of having both her breasts sucked and pinched as she rubbed herself on Luce’s taut stomach. She could feel Luce rhythmically thrusting between her legs and it was almost enough to make her come, but she wanted more.

For the first time in her life, Wren didn’t calculate what would bring her partner the most pleasure so she could gain a tactical advantage or reward good behavior. Instead, she let her desire lead her and at the moment, she needed Luce’s mouth on her own. She used her hands already tangled in the brunette’s hair to nudge the woman up and hungrily attacked her lips, tasting her deeply. Every flick of her tongue seemed to force her pelvis up as she locked her legs around the back of Luce’s thighs to hold her in place.

“Oh Goddess, Luce, I want you. I really want you,” Wren panted, the admission bringing tears to her eyes.

Luce stared into Wren’s eyes, taken aback by the raw honesty she heard in the blonde’s voice. She could hear the pain again, but it seemed different somehow. The soldier in her considered

that she had Wren at her mercy and could use that to her advantage, but Luce dismissed the thought as quickly as it had come.

Luce paused. Why *were* those thoughts so easy for her to dismiss? Every time she'd had an opportunity to fight the blonde or gain the upper hand, she'd backed off. She was a prisoner of war. Her only concerns should've been resistance and escape. She should've been doing everything in her power to thwart her captors. So why did the complete vulnerability she saw in Wren's eyes affect her so much?

In a moment of clarity, Luce suddenly realized why she'd been unable to control her body's reactions to Wren. It wasn't her body she needed to turn off. It was her heart.

"What is it?" Wren questioned, having watched a myriad of emotions cross the woman's face as her own fear mounted at possibly having said too much.

Luce continued to stare at her as she slowly brought her hand up to cup Wren's face. She brushed her thumb over the blonde's temple where her tears had fallen into her hair.

"Why are you here?" Luce whispered.

Wren frowned.

"I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"Is it me? Do you..." *...love me?*

But Luce was unable to finish the question out loud. If she was wrong...

"Do I what?" Wren asked, a note of fear creeping into her voice, but Luce just shook her head.

She continued to trace her fingers over Wren's cheeks as she stared into the woman's beautiful green-blue eyes. She leaned forward and tenderly kissed the blonde's swollen lips. Her tongue flicked out and was soon enveloped by Wren's lips as the woman sucked on it before pushing her tongue into Luce's mouth.

Wren slowly broke the kiss, gasping for breath at the intensity she'd just felt from the simple, yet intimate act. She gazed into Luce's blue eyes and couldn't stop her tears from falling anew as she realized what Luce had been trying to ask.

"I do," Wren replied a little belatedly, but she could tell Luce understood. "I'm not supposed to, but I do."

Luce nodded in understanding.

“What are we going to do?”

Wren wanted to pretend she didn’t understand, but there was no mistaking Luce’s meaning.

“I don’t know. I... I don’t know,” Wren said again, her tone defeated.

“You could help me escape and come with me.”

“No. It’s impossible,” Wren replied as she pushed herself out from under Luce’s large frame.

“But you just told me—”

“I know. But I can’t do what you’re asking,” Wren asserted as she stood up. “For one thing, even if I could let you go, you’d just go back to fighting the Delphinians and I can’t allow that. Your people have to be stopped.”

“*My* people!” Luce replied indignantly as she climbed to her feet. “What about yours? Your government denies its citizens even the most basic medical care, and then you blame us when your people die from curable diseases. *They’re* the ones who have to be stopped! If it weren’t for my people—”

“If it weren’t for your people, the atmosphere would still be breathable and the Delphinians wouldn’t have to live underground! I’ve seen what they’ve been forced to endure because of your people’s carelessness. It’s horrible!”

Luce narrowed her eyes.

“Wait a minute. They? And why do you keep saying ‘the Delphinians,’ as if you’re not... What Clan are you? Are you a defector?”

“No.”

Wren wouldn’t meet her eyes.

“What Clan are you?” Luce asked again, the edge in her voice only becoming sharper.

“I don’t have a Clan.”

“Even orphans have a Clan. As bad as your people are, they don’t abandon their children.”

“I don’t have a Clan!” Wren yelled as her tears started up again and she began to cry.

“But—” Luce began as she took a step forward.

Wren’s eyes widened and she immediately backpedaled.

“Hold. East... Thirty seconds,” Wren got out between sobs.

Luce felt the familiar feeling of an antigravity bubble lifting her off the floor as it carried her to the wall farthest from the door, the metal cuffs around her wrists and ankles securing her in a wide X-formation against the padded wall.

“Open.”

“Wren, no! Please—”

“I’m sorry,” Wren replied hoarsely and Luce could only watch helplessly as the blonde hurried out of the room, the door sealing shut behind her.

A few seconds later, her restraints disengaged and Luce fell forward. She ran to the door and pounded on the padding.

“Wren! Please! Don’t do this! It’s not fair! Damn it!”

Luce gave the door one last kick and then slid down the wall, her head falling into her hands as she began to cry.

“Goddess. Don’t you understand, Wren? I love you,” she whispered.

* * *

“...Don’t you understand, Wren? I love you.”

Wren cried even harder as the words came over her auditory implant.

“Disconnect link to Prisoner 22. Alert me... only in case of a medical emergency.”

“Link to Prisoner 22 disconnected. Emergency medical protocols established,” the computer replied.

I just can’t deal with this right now, Wren thought as she continued walking down the hallway, constantly wiping at her wet cheeks as she headed for her quarters.

At the very least, she needed a shower. Somehow, she had to prepare for her next appointment, but just the thought made her tears come even faster. She didn’t want to be around anyone right now, let alone have to seduce information out of them, but if she missed her appointments and was unable to send a new report at the end of the day, her superiors would know something was wrong and she couldn’t let that happen.

Images of her and the prisoners’ fiery deaths played out in her mind’s eye as she entered her living quarters and headed straight

for the small bathroom. As much as she wanted to be with Luce and possibly even help her—after all, she did agree with what Luce had said about the Delphinian’s medical policies—she hadn’t been lying. There was no escape, not even for Wren, and the risk was too great to even attempt it.

As the recycled water cascaded over her head and down her back, Wren focused on removing her lover’s scent from her body. It was a task she was used to performing as many as half a dozen times a day so the prisoners wouldn’t have any physical reminders of earlier interrogations. Though they had to know she was doing the same kinds of things with all the prisoners, earlier studies had shown the negative effects were lessened when there was no physical proof for the prisoners to focus on.

However, every now and then, she would go directly from one interrogation to another, but so far, it hadn’t hampered her effectiveness. In fact, her first session with Luce, she’d visited two other prisoners while waiting for the woman to capitulate. She’d taken a shower between those sessions, but as soon as she’d heard Luce give in and state her name and rank, she’d left the session she was in, since it was just a social visit, and had gone directly to Luce. Listening to the woman pant and moan for two hours had nearly driven her insane and she’d been so worked up that the thought of a shower hadn’t even crossed her mind. She’d just needed to get to Luce.

Wren stepped out of the shower and dried her body as she realized she’d been affected by the woman from the very beginning. She’d maintained almost no boundaries, using the rules of seduction and manipulation to rationalize her approach with Luce the entire time. And now...

“I’m in love with her,” Wren whispered to herself. *Luce was right. It’s not fair.*

Wren wiped at the new tears forming in her eyes as she leaned heavily against the wall.

“Oh Goddess. What am I going to do?”

* * *

Luce stared at the floor through blurry eyes. She couldn't seem to hold back the flow of tears and she'd long since stopped trying. At least she'd stopped sobbing finally. Her chest hurt, though, and she felt like her whole face was swollen.

She just didn't understand. Wren had all but said she loved her and she loved Wren. The course should've been clear. If Wren loved her, why wasn't she willing to leave with her and help her escape?

Maybe she was lying. It could all just be part of some fucked up plan to break me. But I saw it in her eyes, damn it! Could someone really fake that? Oh Goddess, I hope not. Please, Goddess, please. Don't let it all be a lie.

Luce wiped at the fresh tears on her cheeks as a sob escaped her chest and she coughed.

Why did it have to be her? She's the enemy, for Goddess' sake! I should've killed her that first time I saw her.

Even as she thought it, Luce felt new tears of grief and guilt. As much as she wanted to hate Wren, she couldn't. Wren had never been anything but kind to her and even though Luce knew it was all part of the process of trying to get under her defenses, she also knew the actions were completely genuine on Wren's part. She was sure Wren didn't want to hurt her.

But she is, Luce thought as she realized she couldn't see the floor anymore and tried in vain to blink the tears out of her eyes.

Luce suddenly felt the door at her back attempting to push her out of the way and she quickly got to her feet.

"Wren? Please, you have to talk to me."

"Please stand in the corner with the blue light," Wren's tired voice came from overhead.

"No, Wren. We need to talk. You can't just—"

"Please stand in the corner with the blue light," Wren repeated, speaking as evenly as she could from behind the door.

"No! Not unless you're going to—"

"Please, Luce! Just... Just stand in the corner... with the blue light," the blonde choked out as the tears she'd thought she'd finally gotten rid of came back full force. "Don't make this any harder than it already is."

"Fuck you!" Luce yelled as she kicked at the paper tray, sending the contents leftover from that morning splattering

against the outer door. “It can’t get any harder than this! Just talk to me! Tell me why! Why can’t we just—”

“Because we can’t! Don’t you understand?”

“No! I love you! And I know you love me, too. You could come with me. I’d take care of you, I promise!”

Luce waited as the silence stretched on and then she felt herself being nudged backward as a gravity wall pushed her clear of the inner door.

“Wren? Wren! No! Come back! Please!”

For a moment, Luce stopped struggling and held her breath in anticipation as she heard the outer door open, but then all she saw was the telescoping arm as it retrieved the scattered remnants of her previous food tray. A second attachment quickly cleaned the spilled food from the surrounding area, then retracted again.

Luce waited another moment, but no new food tray appeared. Then she heard the outer door shut and her heart sank into her stomach. She watched as the padded inner door swung shut as well, the blue light in the corner having already been replaced by the normal white.

The gravity field disappeared and Luce ran forward again. She pounded on the padded metal door in frustration, but it didn’t budge, didn’t even vibrate. She slammed her fist as hard as she could into the wall, but the softened impact did little to assuage her anger.

How can she do this to me? I love her!

She hit the wall again, but it was only half-hearted. She turned around and surveyed the room. There was nothing to distract her. It was just one big white room. She felt like screaming. She was just so lost...

“You can never be lost, if you know where your center is.”

As the words of her meditation instructor echoed in her mind, Luce knelt in the middle of the room, settling into the familiarity of her favorite meditation pose. She focused on her breathing, inhaling deeply as she did her best to let more and more of her frustrations leave her with each exhale. However, the tears streaming down her cheeks told a different story.

She was sure of only one thing. She *would* get through this. She would find a way out. Even if it was the last thing she did.

TO BE CONTINUED

Please check
<http://www.kodewolf.com/WOLFsector/PrisonerOfWar/> for the
latest updates.

WHAT TO DO NEXT

Thanks for joining Luce and Wren on their journey so far. There's so much more to come. :)

While you wait, here's what you can do next.

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