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FIC - Andromeda 1/2 m/f, R, steamy

LION'S TYR

Something was bugging Tyr. Dylan was sure of it. The big Nietzschean was brooding more than usual and even kicking the bulkheads when he thought he wasn't being watched - except he seemed to have forgotten that Andromeda 'saw' everything that happened on the ship. Well, one could program in privacy if there was ever a question of a romantic liaison in one's private quarters, but Rommie could break through even that in an emergency. Dylan had 'arranged' for Trance to ask for more self defence lessons, to see if she could break through Tyr's silence with her normal sparky, bouncy attitude, but that hadn't worked. There was an atmosphere between Tyr and Beka since that time they'd been left alone on board. Dylan had a pretty good idea of what had gone on and had pulled Andromeda's records to confirm his suspicions. In the mean time, here was Tyr growling softly in an angry way and Not Talking.

Dylan could feel the bad leave-me-alone vibes rubbing off on everyone else, with the possible exception of Rev Bem, and decided he had to at least **try** to find out what was on Tyr's mind. He booked another basketball session. An hour later, after a lot of sweat and testosterone had been worked off, Dylan flopped on a chair by the side of the court and drank deeply from his water bottle. Tyr sauntered over. The big guy was covered in sweat, but he was breathing more easily.

"You're not bad.....for a mere human."

Dylan cocked him a look and smiled, "I'll take that as a compliment."

"It won't work, you know."

"What won't work?"

"I cannot speak of what is on my mind. It is a private matter."

Dylan took a risk, "Private as in personal?"

Tyr considered, his face impassive, "In a sense. It is a Nietzschean matter. One we do not speak of with outsiders." It was almost as if he were talking in capitals.

Dylan spread his hands in a calming gesture and stood up, "I understand, but whatever it is has been affecting your demeanour recently. The rest of the crew can feel it, and so can I. We could all be at risk if you have some big problem, cannot share it and yet let it affect your work. It could be **your** skin as well as ours."

Tyr's nostrils flared dismissively, then he checked himself and reconsidered, "Unlikely as that possibility is, you have a point. I need a leave of absence. I cannot tell you where I am going or how long I will be gone, but I can give you my word that I will return unless death claims me."

"Okay. If you need help.....?"

Tyr sneered properly this time, but his lips twitched into a smile, "Captain Hunt....you have no idea how little help you would be!!"

"I helped save your ass once."

"True, but I was stranded and suffering from memory loss. It was as if *your* pet dog had saved *you*."

"I think we're a lot closer to you genetically than dogs, Tyr."

"Some of you. The other species on board....." He waved a dismissive hand. Tyr managed to circumvent certain protocols on board so that he could gain a few minutes' privacy. Not for sex; there was no-one on board truly worthy enough to be his mate or lover. He had something else to do and he wasn't about to share, not even with Andromeda. He fetched out the case under his bed. Everything on top was packed and ready to go. Tyr flicked a switch hidden inside the case and revealed the first secret compartment.

Weapons; nanobots and poisons mostly. Under those, a second hidden compartment, protected by a triple-lock security code. These were the things he kept hidden from all but his own eyes. His Kodiak teddy bear. A pair of child-size bunny slippers. Images of his late parents and siblings. Items that spoke of a deep, hidden and barely acknowledged yearning to be loved. To belong.

Two last things; an old book, much read and well-thumbed and an artifact. *The* artifact. It had been found on his home-world and he had 'liberated' it recently from a museum. It swung incessantly to its own rhythm; beautiful, mysterious. But the book in his other hand proclaimed it as much more than that. The book told Tyr that this artifact proved the old legends were true.

The Leonid pride were no myth; they were real and they still existed, and Tyr *had* to find them. To see if *all* the stories were true. To try his luck if they were true and, if necessary, die for those stories. The call had come and he could not - must not - deny it. Here was a chance to win back everything he'd ever lost and incalculably more. He re-packed with care and got ready to leave.

He hoped Beka wouldn't be too cross with him for borrowing the Maru again.

As he turned into the hanger bay, there was Rev Bem. Tyr began to walk past.

"You are going on a journey."

This was blindingly obvious, "Yes."

Rev Bem came closer, "Not just an outward journey, but an inner one also," Tyr looked down and waited somewhat impatiently. He didn't hold much truck with spiritual stuff, but he knew the Magog was winning an inner war within him-herself, so he owed some grudging respect, "She will test you."

Tyr became angry and grabbed Rev Bem, which wasn't altogether wise, despite the disparity in their sizes. The Magog had talons, teeth and venomous fangs. Tyr stared Rev down and demanded, "What do you know of this?"

"I read the colours of the wind; I see her face; I see yours. You may not return as you went, my friend."

"I know the dangers. I am well armed."

"And.....love? Will you arm yourself against that?"

Tyr snorted, "I am made to procreate, not love."

Rev Bem gently tapped Tyr's metal chain-mail vest with one talon, just over the heart, "You have the emotion - *all* emotions, in embryo, inside you - much as I might lay my eggs in another's body to emerge later. One day soon, that love will hatch and then what? Will you follow?"

"I will devote myself to my mates when I am fortunate to find them; care for them and protect them. That is my reason for surviving."

"I thought of nothing but killing, eating and laying hatchlings until I found the Way; or it found me, rather. My life changed on the instant and now I pilgrimage to a different city. Real love can do that, if you let it. Might you not *love* your mate and children?"

"It is not the Nietzschean way. 'Woman was God's second blunder'." Rev lifted one taloned finger, "First, you are currently holding a basically female creature, one that might have been a worthy opponent in years past. Second, to quote from your own....guru; 'For others do I wait; for higher ones, stronger ones, more triumphant ones, merrier ones, for such as are built squarely in body and soul: laughing lions must come...' *She* may teach you the joy of true laughter, Tyr Anastazi."

Tyr snorted in disgust, rejecting Rev's words. He dropped Rev surprisingly gently back onto the deck and left the ship. Rev watched him go, "It will be a hard struggle, my friend; but Love always finds a way. You were born for this moment, I feel it, here...." she placed one hand on her chest, "Find *your* way, Tyr Anastazi."

Tyr remained in a black mood for two days. Rev Bem's words kept playing and replaying in his head. Tyr had been taught that genetics, breeding and survival was all. He had been bred to it and brought up to it. The loss of his Pride had all but ripped the possibility of finding a mate from him. He was alone and of little consequence, despite the body he had retrieved at great personal risk. Now he had the clues to lead him to the heretic Leonid pride, and if all the stories were true..... He shook his head. Proper Nietzscheans would be scandalised, appalled. He would have to disguise his true identity. But she.....if she was truly everything the stories said she was.....she could give him power and status beyond his wildest dreams. If she liked him. So, he'd have to prostitute himself with a heretic; but a powerful one. A living Nietzschean 'goddess', by all accounts. God was dead. He snorted again. Such a thing was anathema.

Yet, he would do anything to regain status, to bear the mark of husband and father. He had worn the bracelet for such a short time, and he doubted that brief liason had borne fruit. So, he would go and see if such a goddess existed and do whatever it took to win her favour, heretic or no.

In the depths of his dreams, while the ship flew on auto-pilot, his sub-conscious mind found another topic to consider. Love. His parents had loved him and cared for him. He had read his Nietzsche from A to Z. And yet.....there were the smuggled romances he had discovered as a teenager. Stories of chivalry, Arthur, romance.

Deep, intimate liasons between one male and one female. Stories where one, or both, risked everything for the sake of being with the other. Things in that book he carried which spoke of a relationship deeper and wilder than anything he had yet imagined. He had dismissed them all

out of hand, he thought; but Rev Bem's words and the few personal treasures he carried helped to resurrect feelings long buried and controlled. In his dreams, he hungered, he yearned, he ached; then woke up despising himself and rejecting the feelings that coursed through him. He had forgotten that Rev Bem was right, he bore all the emotions common to 'normal' humanity; the more so since he had been genetically engineered to be perfect in every way.

The species of homo sapiens invictus was not without love, even in arranged pair-bondings.

So, it was a somewhat travel-worn Tyr who arrived on a planet called Sol a week later. He bore forged papers which proclaimed him Leonid Pride from a distant enough world not to matter too much. His computer hacking and the written records in the book had told him enough so that he could blend in. Here he was, on his way into the capital from the space port about to seek an audience with a living Goddess. He doubted to himself if such a thing was genuine, but he waited gamely enough; all senses on the alert for danger. The palace was large enough to house guests, so he at least had somewhere to sleep. Servants brought food. Tyr had no especial love for Than- Thre-Kull, but at least the right caste had been picked to serve here. Brownly-yellow members of their insect race were everywhere. Tyr was glad to observe that they were treated well and allowed their own breeding places in secure gardens around the palace. Not used to idleness, Tyr worked out daily as best he could, explored the palace and city and waited.

Freya Eirene knew the moment a stranger walked into the city. She felt his presence in her mind and body. A full 'outsider' Nietzschean, who must have disguised himself to come here. Interesting; she thought the other Prides, if they knew about the existence of this Leonid settlement and the breakthrough it had achieved, would steer well clear of 'heretics'. She used the means at her disposal to 'spy' on the new man in the palace. As soon as she saw him, exercising in his room, she *knew*. Not just his name, but everything else he represented to her.

She smiled "At last. You took your time, but now you are here." She was pleased that he was even more breathtakingly handsome than in her dreams.

Tyr was summoned to the Divine presence the next day. He received the distinct impression that an interview after such a short time was unprecedented.

He'd heard and seen enough by watching the Nietzschean Leonid men and women around the palace; they truly worshipped her. He couldn't understand why so many men would waste their time on a woman - even if that woman were a real goddess - when apparently she could not bear young. He'd heard the talk of pleasures beyond his reckoning, but that wouldn't be enough to keep him. Breeding was all. As the servants opened the door into the throne room, the first thing he saw was a golden glow. It was magnificent, beautiful, overwhelming. He saw a figure inside that glow, actually radiating it. With a shock that went to his soul, he recognised everything he'd ever yearned for and knew on the instant why so many men worshipped her.

They were unable to do anything else in the face of so much palpable radiant beauty and loveliness. He found himself on his knees before he had time to think.

"What.....who.....*are* you?"

She approached him, laughing softly, "Leonid, Goddess, Woman.....take your pick. My name is Freya Eirene and I *am* divine - or as close as a person of flesh may come to it. If you will, I am the perfect blend of Apollonian and Dionysian; beyond good and evil. What *we* have come to believe Nietzsche wanted all along. Perfect man; well, woman in my case."

"I have...difficulty with the name Freya." He wasn't going to say why - not yet.

"Then call me Eirene. It means peace."

She was tall, stately, graceful. Golden, glowing. Even what she was wearing was made of something like gold lycra, clinging lovingly to every curve and veiled skilfully in a gold net overdress that didn't hide the beauty underneath. Delicious gentle curves and long limbs, plus a curve to her hip that spoke of a voluptuously curved behind. Tyr was privately scandalised that he'd analysed all this and come to such conclusions; but his libido was telling him most insistently that she had the sort of behind that would make him go weak with lust. He focussed on her breasts to try to take his mind off the subject. Worse. His hands gleefully anticipated soft, tip-tilted sweetness. With large, dusky-pink aureolae and button nipples. Not that he'd suddenly developed X-ray vision, but his libido knew. He tore his sight upwards again, trying to regain some vestige of control. A determined chin, a mobile and expressive mouth; framed by long, long brown hair. Fate had ripped out all the deepest, hottest fantasies from his mind and clothed them in flesh. He bit back a growl of appreciation. Here was one mate he must not - could not - claim. He, a Prideless 'normal' Nietzschean male and a *goddess*?! It would be as much as he could hope for to kiss her hand. Plus, she could not give him children, apparently.

He must remember that, and focus on his objective.

Tyr looked further up into eyes that were deep blue, sparkling and full of warmth, "I.....um.....I can tell that you are Nietzschean....but *more* so.....in a way....."

"I am unique, my friend. Homo sapiens invictor-dea. A Nietzschean, with powers beyond the normal. A chance combination of genes. My scientists are trying to replicate it; have been for all the years since I was born. And your name?"

Tyr found his manners, despite the fact that he was currently drowning in those blue eyes of hers, "Tyr Anastazi," his mouth shaped the truth, "Of the Kodiak Pride. Out of Victoria, by Barbarossa."

She nodded, smiled and the sun came out, "Ah. Thank-you for the truth, Tyr Anastazi."

He rose to his feet, looking down the five or six inches at her. He wanted to growl, to proclaim his interest, even as he fought the feelings. It was so damned unfair - to have this perfection in front of him - and not fold her close. He moved closer on instinct in any case. She was female; he was male. He couldn't help himself wanting her.

He smiled slowly, "I have something for you." He unpacked the artifact and held it out.

Freya's smile widened, "Thank-you," As he handed it over, their fingers brushed and fire ran up his arm, down his body and curled around his already erect cock. He'd been like that since the moment he saw her and he was trying very hard to hide it.

"Tyr," she continued, her voice velvet and amazingly seductive, "You know what this is?"

He briefly inclined his head, "I believe it belongs to your Pride, Goddess Eirene."

She touched his hand again, then held both of them in hers. Tyr bit back whimpers of pleasure as his cock reacted, straining upwards, rampantly erect now.

"It's more than that, Tyr. It is the Leonid Pride's betrothal gift. By giving it to me - the head of my house - you are marking me as your sole mate; and I accept. I've waited for you for so long....." Tyr was still reeling with shock when her lips touched his, then he forgot to think and responded automatically, diving headlong into the longest, sweetest kiss he'd ever known. Lifetimes later, his lips reluctantly parted from hers.

He stood, savouring the moment, then opened his eyes, expecting to persuade her back into his arms for another helping of heaven, but she had somehow melted away and vanished from the room. He looked down at the very noticeable tent in his leather trousers. Much more of that kiss

and he'd have lost all control. He calmed his breathing with an effort. Calming a raging erection was another matter entirely. He used the box which had held the artifact as camouflage until he got back to his quarters. He locked the door and flicked open his trousers. He leaned against the door and slowly circled his aching hard, weeping cock with both hands.

"Eirene....." he whispered, letting himself growl now. His head went back, he moaned.

Within seconds he was there, growling loudly and calling her name. He sank to the floor, coming hard and long. Once his knees had stopped trembling he pulled himself onto his hands and knees, "Damned fool!" he chastised himself, "They'll never accept you *now* if they found out. Associating with; wanting.....a heretic. Letting her seduce you with her siren voice...."

Part of his brain told him he was in denial, but he couldn't accept it, "Better get out of here. Can't be her mate.....it's unthinkable.

No offspring, no other mates, no true status. Okay, she's a goddess - or something like that - and the most beautiful, desirable woman I've ever seen....." he growled again, softly and possessively, "But this is NOT the way it is meant to be. Gotta go, before I weaken and let her seduce me. Damn the reward! I can live without it. Find another way....."

He pulled his trousers back on and packed in record time.

Eirene watched Tyr run away. As a living goddess, she had the power. She felt the pain hit her. Ever since she'd seen him in the flesh and tasted the wild, untamed beauty of him, she'd known for sure. He was the one. Her only hope was that the link, the imprinting, worked both ways. As his ship vanished, the pain increased.

"Come back to me, Tyr Anastazi."

Tyr heard the words in his head. His brain throbbed with what promised to be a major migraine. No problem there, his internal nanobots would get to it in a minute. His lips still tasted of her, his arms still felt her warm and close. Something in the region of his solar plexus hurt so much that he could barely breathe. Two days out and he was in agony, on the floor of the ship. With a great effort he turned the ship around, and the pain began to ease.

Tyr stormed into the council chambers, "Okay, what did you *do* to me?!!"

Eirene sat on her throne and waited for him to calm his breathing a little, "We imprinted on each other, Tyr. It was beyond our control."

"Undo it. Now. I want to be free."

She walked towards him, "You would rather live a life alone than even *try* love?"

"I. Cannot. Want. You."

Tyr noticed with a start that there were tears on her cheeks, "So Nietzsche means so much to you that you cannot embrace something new," her hand reached out and gently touched his face, "Be free. I cannot."

His brows drew together in puzzlement, "But you're a goddess - in a way!"

She nodded slowly, "Yes, but I have dreamed of you for as long as I can remember. I recognised and embraced you."

"I did not do that." It was mostly a lie, but he was trying to save face.

She smiled sadly, glowing all the while, "I see that now. *I* do not hold you," she went and found something in a large oak chest nearby, "Take this. It will give you the status you need to find mates elsewhere."

Tyr looked down at an old, old leather-bound book in his hands, "By the blood of my ancestors.....it's the original Writings."

Nietzsche, first edition, 'Man and Superman', signed.....priceless.

She smiled again, warmly, "Take it. Be free, be happy. Claim the mates you need, have many children. Try to think on me kindly. I did not choose to be what I am."

"And you, Eirene." He growled softly, despite himself. Something deep inside him twisted painfully, but his training and upbringing won. He backed away, inclining his head respectfully.

Eirene let the hot tears come when he had left, "For one glorious moment I thought the link between us was mutual and welcome," she went to the window and watched Tyr get back into his ship, "I meant it, Tyr. I do not hold you. You are free." She turned away and went back to her throne.

Tyr gently held the book in his hands, turning it over and over. He knew that Eirene had done something to release him and he would be able to fly away without discomfort this time, but somewhere deep inside, he felt loss.

He had what he'd always needed, right here in his hands. With the words he bore, he could found his own dynasty and be numbered among the great ones. Add in his own skills and natural cunning, and he could go far.

So, why did he feel as though he'd just lost the possibility of something greater? Why was there an empty place inside him? What had made Eirene weep for him? He looked at the palace, then at the volume in his hands.

Laughing lions.....that was what Rev Bem had quoted. And Eirene was Leonid Pride. Did Nietzsche, in some way Tyr could not understand, see these days in some vision and predict the future? Tyr had a feeling if he was going to learn joy and laughter anywhere, it would be here, with *her*. If he went away, he'd have everything he'd ever wanted. But not necessarily everything he really needed. So, here and now he had a choice. Go with the expected course; have mates and offspring by the dozen. Or stay here and learn something else, something new.

Eirene watched Tyr walk back to her, but she was on her guard now.

She put on her best haughty demeanour.

"Yes?"

Tyr frowned, puzzled. The warmth, the acceptance, the wonderful teasing light in her eyes were all gone. She really *had* shut him out and set him free, "Eirene. I find it difficult to accept.....this...." he swept with his hand, encompassing her and the throne room, "I have been taught that God is dead."

"I would agree, Tyr Anastazi. But I have access to powers that many would call divine or blessed, yet I have flesh and blood. I have all the physical make-up of a Nietzschean female. Although I am ageing very slowly, I expect to die one day, just like you. I did not order or approve this throne or the worship, but the Nietzscheans here seem to insist on it."

"More fool them," Tyr muttered.

To his surprise she giggled and warmth lit up her eyes again, "Between you and me, it's a pain in the ass, Tyr."

He grinned back, "I am beginning to like you, Eirene."

"So?"

"I think.....I would like to stay - for a while. I wish to observe what it means to be homo sapienas invictor-dea. If this is the way we are going with our breeding programs, I should be prepared incase it happens again."

"Very wise, very practical. I would do the same in your place. One thing, Tyr. The attraction between us will continue. I promise you I will not establish the deeper link again without your permission. If you kiss me again, you'd better **really** mean it, because next time I don't think either of us will be able to stop until we are **completely** one."

"Meaning?" He had to make her spell it out.

"Tyr, Tyr. In bald language, if you kiss me again romantically or seductively, the link will re-establish, unbreakably, and we won't be able to stop until we've fucked each other senseless. After that, you won't be able to look at another woman."

Tyr raised an eyebrow, "Eirene....." He was as disbelieving as it was possible to get.

She smiled, "I'm quite serious. A union not just of body, but heart and soul. An imprinting and pleasuring like neither of us has ever known. You'll be utterly mine and I will be utterly yours."

He snorted softly as he came closer, "And you expect me to believe this.....?"

"You will. And if you don't, just kiss me and find out!" Tyr suddenly felt a huge tug in his heart and at his loins. In a heartbeat, he was fiercely aroused and knew that she was too. He looked down into eyes that were dark with desire, "Yes," she continued, "**That** strong, Tyr."

He backed off slightly, "Not this time. Probably not ever."

"I know and I won't push. A strictly business relationship; one Nietzschean to another."

"That is what I want."

"Then let me show you our planet. I'm just about going stir crazy in the palace!"

So that was how they began. In remarkably short order, Eirene had the carriages organised, packed her own bags and they were in the courtyard. Tyr bit back a gasp of wonder. The carriages were going to be pulled by large brown beasts that looked rather like pictures of Earth Shire horses he'd seen, but they also had long, twisting horns springing from their foreheads. Eirene smiled, "Biologically they are closest to moose in the Terran deer family, but for fairly obvious reasons, the first settlers here called them unicorns and it stuck, despite the fact they've got two horns."

Tyr examined the beasts, patting them appreciatively, "Very strong. Good lines, almost equine. Docile, I take it?"

"When trained, yes; but they can use their horns offensively on command or to defend themselves."

Tyr nodded and climbed into the open carriage alongside Eirene, who took the reins, "You drive?"

She grinned back, "Goddess's perks! I insist on it!"

Tyr looked back to the other carriage where four Than-Thre-Kull were getting in position, "No other Nietzscheans or human-kind?"

"I can defend myself if necessary and besides every last member of this land would die for me. You are the honoured guest from far off *and* a Nietzschean. You come under my protection - not that you need it!"

"Won't we be rather.....thrown together?"

Eirene shook her head, "With every eye watching me almost 24 hours a day? It'd be tricky to actually *arrange* seclusion together, even if we both desired it."

"And your.....government, council, whatever?"

"I have a minister, a regent if you will. And a council. They know my mind on most matters and I trust them to follow it if I am absent. Most of them erroneously live in fear of their lives should they be disobedient. Just because I have killer nanobots, poisons and weapons at my disposal does not mean I have to use them."

Tyr's lips twitched, "Indeed. And fighting skills, I trust."

She smiled, "Of course. Lethal hands and feet. Nietzschean-plus genes."

Tyr shifted in his seat, "Why don't I feel the arousal, the need now, despite being so close to you?"

"I'm actively blocking from my side. I thought you'd rather not spend the next however-long with me in a state of constant arousal. It helps me, too."

"Thank-you. Where are we going?"

"A tour of the carriage-ways here in the capital, then the open road. There's a magnificent range of mountains south-west from here and then a spectacular bay. We'll pass through several modest Nietzschean settlements on the way. At the bay there's a spa, then we'll journey back. Plenty of time to ask your questions, Tyr."

Several days down the line, they passed through a larger than average village. A group of children came up and Freya halted the carriage.

She let them climb up and hugged each of them, accepting their small gifts with genuine warmth and friendliness.

Tyr wondered about this until he saw the quick flick of pain in her eyes as they ran back to their parents or their homes.

"Eirene.....forgive me, but I had heard you *will* not produce children."

She looked up at him and shook her head sadly, "No, not 'will not', Tyr. *Can* not; not with a Nietzschean, anyway. My body produced antibodies automatically the first time I had sex and it rejected the seed. My only hope would have been if they had managed to make a male like me

by breeding, but it hasn't happened yet. If one like me was born tomorrow, by the time he was able to impregnate me, I would probably be too old. I'm in my thirties now," she laughed softly, "Goodness knows, I've tried enough times to get pregnant with likely Nietzschean males, but it's the same every time.

Plenty of pleasure, but no conception."

Tyr realised that she was just as alone and cut off as himself. No peers, no Pride - not really - and no mate. For her it was worse; no prospect at all of offspring. He sat back, enjoyed the scenery and contemplated.

Over the next week, he came to appreciate Eirene's strength of character, humour and resourcefulness. Once, when he was deep in 'brood' mode, she blew in his ear and snapped him out of it. At the banquet in her honour at the spa, he got more information than he bargained for from one of the Nietzschean male guests. This man was tall, redhaired with a slightly sad look about him.

"You're a lucky bastard, Tyr."

His eyebrows flicked, "Really?"

"I've never known a guy last this long with her. Usually one night in her arms leaves a guy helpless, drained and wistfully longing at the same time. I had my night," the man sighed longingly, "Wore me out. And you know how it is with us. Nanobots, genetically engineered to be perfect in *every* way, to pleasure our mates, but with her.....she left me standing; or limp to be precise. She's so sensual and passionate, hmm?"

"Er.....yes."

"If only I'd been able to get her pregnant, she'd be mine now. I wouldn't need or want any other mate. Just for the chance of being hers and maybe fathering a few little godlets. I'd have been the most fêted man in Nietzschean history."

"But what about the *other* Nietzscheans, the other Prides? The ones who consider.....us....heretics?"

The redhaired man shrugged, "They have their own way of following the Master. We changed the day Eirene was born. We had no other option, as far as we were concerned. Our Nietzschean genes and careful breeding have produced something new and probably unique.

Maybe one of their Prides will produce another like her one day. It *is* the way forward for Nietzscheans, after all."

"Hmm." Tyr wasn't completely convinced, but he kept his own counsel.

"You *are* her type. She is usually attracted to bigger than average men," his confidant grinned, "And big all over, eh?"

Tyr's lips twitched, "I really couldn't say."

"Well, most of us Nietzschean guys can hold our heads up in the shower."

"So I understand."

"Yeah, well.....all the best. If you satisfy her and give her babies, you'll be the envy of most of the men on the planet. Have a beer....."

"Thanks."

Tyr supped with the man for a while and moved on. He was quietly schmoozing the room and keeping an eye out for danger when Eirene came in. He took a look and his breath caught in his throat. She was wearing something long and white with gold patterning on it that swirled seductively around her and at that moment she was the most beautiful vision he'd ever seen. His heart clenched. He frowned, trying to deny what was happening to him. Dammit, it couldn't be like this. She smiled at him and walked right over to him, eyes from all over the room following her.

"Evening, Tyr. Everything okay?"

He nodded, "No dangers," his lips curved into a smile, "I checked the room personally."

"So, let's dance?"

He inclined his head and led her to the dance floor, "Yes, Eirene."

Eirene melted into his arms as though she had been made to be there.

Tyr was glad she'd tuned out or blocked the possibility of arousal, because he reckoned now would be a time when it would want to intensify. He breathed in her scent; roses and woman. The band was playing loud enough so that they could talk quietly.

"Are you enjoying your stay?"

"So far....yes." He let himself growl, softly.

"Careful, Tyr!" She held him apart a little and her eyes sparkled.

"Why me? Why pick someone who regards your Pride - and you - as heretic?"

She shrugged, "It was somewhat beyond my control. I've had vivid dreams of you for a long time. I knew from careful observation and searching that you were not Leonid. So, when you arrived, a perfect representation of my dreams.....I knew."

"But it wasn't the same for me."

"Really?" she challenged, "Have you never had fantasies or dreams of the perfect mate? I *know* the instant attraction and bond between us was real enough."

"Yes....maybe.....my training and upbringing are telling me not to trust you." He knew her words had hit home, but he wasn't about to concede that now.

"You *can* trust me, Tyr. With your life, your body, your heart."

He frowned, "I would not appreciate the constraints on my life in the palace, for a start."

Eirene smiled, "If we became one, I could go with you. No-one here would stop me. I've just been waiting, biding my time until my mate came to me. It *had* to begin here."

"They seem very attached to you. And they *are* your Pride."

"Yes and no. I am Leonid, but not part of the Pride at the same time. It has been shown me enough times that I am genetically subtly different. I have a certain freedom to make my own

choices."

"But I can probably not give you children either."

She laughed softly and kindly, and her voice was slightly teasing, "No, my big brown bear; it is highly likely that we would not be able to have a family together, but you can give me your love. None of *them* can - they still regard me with a certain awe. *You* don't!"

Tyr laughed with her, "That's true!"

They were perhaps an hour away from reaching the capital again when it happened. Tyr caught a movement on the hills to his left and saw that they were lined with Magog. He frowned; he only knew Rev Bem, all other Magog were to be regarded as enemies. He unclipped his blaster. Eirene stopped the carriage.

"You must have shoddy defense systems."

Eirene had her own blaster shouldered next to him, "No, not so. These Magog had help."

"A traitor, then."

Eirene pointed at several large four legged creatures amongst the Magog, "I think those are Vedrans - I've never seen one in the flesh before."

Tyr frowned, "This is peculiar - I've never heard of Vedrans working with the Magog *and* I've never encountered one either. They've been hiding *somewhere* in the known galaxies all this time. What would they want here.....apart from you?"

Eirene considered, "Taking me for ransom comes to mind, as does killing me. Maybe the Magog hope to breed something similar to me in my corpse. A lot of Magog babies inheriting some of my skills and strengths would be invaluable to them."

Tyr looked through the sight of his rifle, "Not if I've got anything to say about it."

"I'm not going to go quietly, I can assure you of that!" She chuckled and aimed her own weapon.

"We'd better keep an eye on those Vedrans; I don't know how they fight."

Tyr and Eirene stayed perched on their carriage, waiting. The Than in the carriage behind seemed prepared as well. Tyr had heard Dylan more than once talking about the skill and helpfulness of his late Than officer from three hundred years ago, so he assumed they could be counted on to pull their weight in a fight. Half a dozen against so many were slim odds, but having Nietzschean skills twice over evened things out a tad. For several moments the opposing forces on the hill stood poised, then they began to run pell-mell in a full scale assault.

Tyr and Eirene along with the Thans both picked off quite a number.

Eirene pushed a special button on the dash of the coach to call for help. Then it was close quarter fighting. Eirene jumped off the carriage, taking a couple of Magog out with her feet. Tyr stood back to back with her and they kept a clear ring around them with their blasters and feet. When the blaster charges finally wore out, they had to split up to deal with those who were still standing. It was intense, fast and hard. Tyr finished first and turned to see if Eirene needed help. Her gold costume was ripped in several places and she was in the middle of a stunning flying kick to the last Magog standing. She whirled around, breathing heavily. Eirene was covered in Magog blood, her hair streamed unfettered behind her, and one sweet breast was exposed by ripped cloth. It was just as beautiful as he'd imagined and Eirene looked glorious. Tyr felt the

punch of need and desire return, full force. He strode over, his own nostrils flaring. He made sure he stood far enough away - for the moment. He needed to be sure this was coming from him and not just because she'd let down her guard.

He paused, checked. There was still the barrier from her side. He couldn't 'read' her arousal as he had been able to at the start.

He growled, low and long, "I want you; I need you and by all my ancestors I'm going to fuck you senseless tonight."

"Yes. I know."

"No strings, no promises."

"I'm not making any. I **want** to feel you hot and hard inside me all night long, Tyr. Just **don't** kiss me on the lips."

His lips curved into a lascivious grin, "I'll kiss you everywhere else....."

his eyes burned slowly up and down her form, "And lick you."

Eirene returned his grin, "Me too."

Tyr's growl grew louder and he began to close the gap between them when help arrived. He groaned inwardly with frustration, but perhaps a wild savage mating on top of a pile of dead Magogs was a bit extreme for a first time.

Tyr got out of the long, hot shower feeling clean and refreshed. The few small nicks, cuts and bruises he'd sustained in the fight were almost healed due to his internal nanobots. He went over to examine what one of the Thans had brought earlier for him to wear. It was a testament to the leather-worker's art. A black cod-piece which covered just enough for decency, to which were attached strips that went both down his legs to fasten by a cuff at the ankles and upwards to go over his shoulders. He looked at himself in the mirror. He was dressed like the most expensive male courtesans, who could charge a king's ransom by the hour and were rumoured to be the best lovers in nine galaxies. They'd pleasure any race, any gender. Eirene was paying him an incredible compliment, and that after only one kiss and knowing him for maybe 10 days. How could she know that he'd always harboured a fantasy about being the best lover known to Nietzscheans? He went into her private chambers and nearly choked. Eirene was dressed as a houri - the feminine equivalent of his 'persona'. Gold lace, which he knew would be placed for optimum erotic effect on her body, covered by a translucent white and gold shift. She clapped her hands and Thans brought food, massage oil and wine. Then they were alone. As he moved closer, he could smell the scent of her arousal.

"Yes, Tyr. I'm wet and aching for you. I've let you know that much."

He could see now, from the way she was standing with her thighs trembling and pressed together. He'd had it drummed into him since puberty to pleasure his females first. She must be almost at the brink, yet she'd waited for him to be with her.

He growled softly and beckoned, "So.....Eirene.....let me....." He knelt in front of her and gently parted the gauze. His growl deepened. He'd never seen a woman so fully, so blatantly aroused before. Soft, swollen, wet and even dripping through the lace. He found the catch and freed her to his mouth. He groaned, deep inside. She tasted like honey. He followed the sweet trail, licking almost hungrily, to the erect, prominent bud.

"Tyr....." she gasped, her fingers in his hair and pressing him closer, "Worship me....."

He heard the words through a red fog of arousal. His cock was fully, painfully erect, stretching the leather pouch at his groin. He centred in, closed his mouth over the area of greatest need and began a soft sucking, coupled with gentle swirls of his tongue. Eirene dug her fingers into his hair and then he swore every muscle in her body went rigid. With an ecstatic yell, she came apart, rocking against him, then purring in delight.

As he realised she had finished, he found her sinking to the cushions beside him. Her fingers deftly unfastened the leather straps and he found himself in just his codpiece in seconds. Eirene looked up at him, "Your turn?"

Her fingers softly stroked the upright length of him, pumping fresh blood into him and hardening him so that the leather strained upwards, tenting severely over his erection. Tyr grabbed a ripe nectarine off the low table and ripped the gauze of her shift apart. He pinned her naughty hands to the floor with one large forearm, then admired the view of gold lace cupping and displaying her curves. He broke the thin shoulder straps and exposed her breasts. He deliberately dropped the nectarine, smearing it slowly and erotically over those delicious soft breasts, then followed through with his mouth. He told his hard, aching and throbbing cock to be quiet. He disposed of the lacy garment shortly afterwards, then travelled downwards. When he sat astride her hips, she was naked, glorious and nicely aroused again. He suddenly noticed what Eirene had in her hand. Cream. As the first handful hit his chest, he realised this was going to be gloriously messy. She licked beautifully, purring deep in her throat.

Eirene didn't care any more about what she had said to Tyr previously. One sight of him sweaty and bloodspattered after battle had finally made her realise that she wanted him any way she could have him. Preferably naked, ready and willing. Well, he was nearly naked and he tasted wonderful through the cream. She nuzzled the soft curls across his pecs and travelled south. His codpiece was stretched so tight over a *most* impressive length that the straps were biting into his tight muscles at the back. She licked and kissed up his thighs and nibbled gently at his codpiece. She got a low growl of pleasure. She'd get more than that before she was done.

With a deft flick she freed him from his leather prison and there was Tyr; naked, glorious and violently aroused. She caught his eyes and dropped a blob of cream on the swollen, exposed tip of him. Tyr's eyebrows arched and his cock twitched betrayingly. She bent her head and began licking teasingly, swirling her tongue first one way, then the other. Tyr moaned for a change, then a deeper growl came out of him. She closed her lips around him and began sucking slowly, moving up and down. Damn, but he tasted like chocolate and red wine. She fondled his large, heavy balls, then stroked further back. Eirene felt Tyr's thighs trembling, then his cock swelled one more time and she knew it was time to stop. At the same moment, Tyr lifted her up and pushed her back on the cushions.

"Enough!!!"

He parted her legs and sank between them. Eirene arched and grazed the superb length of him with swollen, wet folds. Tyr growled back, almost out of control now and thrust, hard. Eirene's head went back as he filled and stretched her, her orgasm hitting suddenly as he fully sheathed himself.

It was the most exquisite sensation either of them had ever known. Tyr's growl was very loud.

"Mine!!!" he exclaimed. His cock was in heaven and he knew the fire in his loins would detonate any time soon.

Eirene twined her arms and legs around him, "Mine, too!!!"

Tyr grinned, "Hussy!" Then he began moving and the pleasure grew and grew.

Harsh breaths and growls built, as Eirene purred underneath him and made the unmistakable sounds of a woman in ecstasy. Tyr's head went back and he roared as his orgasm hit, hard, intense and long.

After a brief respite to catch his breath and regain his stunned mind, Tyr raised his head.

He looked down into dark midnight blue pools of satisfaction. Eirene smiled at him and his heart clenched. He reached over and found a large bowl of chocolate mixture, "Seconds?"

Eirene grinned widely, "Thirds, if you keep behaving yourself!"

After that, things got decidedly messy. They used all the chocolate mixture and spread quite a lot of it on the polished wooden floor as the humped slowly and luxuriously across it. At some point Tyr managed to take Eirene standing up and that tore down the curtain. Then the cushions somehow got wine and blackcurrants all over them. Ratatouille became inextricably ground into the thick, white fur rug. A salad with dressing spread slowly over the other half of the floor. And, somewhere in the middle was a tangle of limbs and either a pale or a dark pair of buttocks rising and falling, accompanied by unmistakable noises of pleasure.

Daylight came at last.

Well, mid-morning, actually. Eirene and Tyr lay in a sweaty, messy tangle on the cushions, snoring gently and smiling with delight in their sleep.

Eirene roused first. She leaned over and gently bit Tyr's nipple.

He yawned, stretched, "Woman, there is no *way* I can do it again! Possibly not for a *month*!"

Eirene giggled and snuggled closer, tickling his nose with a piece of celery, "I was thinking you would probably appreciate another hot shower, my studmuffin."

His eyes flicked open and he surveyed his now multi-coloured chest, and hers, "There is that - you too, Eirene."

"Do you like sharing? It might be more private to use mine; I think the Thans might notice if you went back to your quarters wearing half our supper!"

He chuckled softly, "We've wrecked your bedroom."

Eirene looked around. The only thing untouched by their orgy was the bed, "We never did quite get around to doing the wild thing in my bed, Tyr. The Thans can be discreet, although I've never *quite* had a night like that before."

"Nor me."

Eirene held out her hand, "Shower, maybe sleep if you need it. Then, I guess you'll be on your way?"

"You don't want more?"

Eirene chuckled, "I'd love a whole lot more, but you know what would have to happen. Nights of unbeatable passion - and that means with you - are wonderful, but....."

"You couldn't settle for a hot affair?"

"Maybe for a while, but your home is out there in the stars. Without full bonding you'd leave me sooner or later and I'd have to stay here."

"Ah." Tyr was thinking, hard.

They reached Eirene's bathroom which had a large shower cubicle.

They got in and began washing each other under the hot water. Tyr found it tender and close. It took quite a while to shampoo their hair, then they stood, naked and squeaky clean, gazing at each other. Tyr knew he'd never known loving so passionate, uninhibited and ecstatic before. He reckoned he could draw every inch and last delectable mole on Eirene's skin, yet there were her lips, haunting and tempting him. He remembered what his redhaired 'friend' had said. He made the life-changing decision to stop running, to give in to what his heart was trying to tell him. It had been shouting loud enough these past days. So, he reached out and cupped Eirene's face, drawing her closer.

"I need this....." He kissed her, hard, before she could break away. With a muffled squeak of surprise, Eirene melted in his arms and her lips moulded deliciously to his. In a heartbeat, he felt the bonds between them join again and then he was drowning in her mind, her soul. He read her strength, her humour, her love. She loved him. For the first time in his life he knew complete oneness with another. He opened himself completely and in giving, gained everything he'd ever dreamed of. Companionship, love, unity. His hands moulded her closer and suddenly he was fiercely, achingly erect again. It was almost as if last night had never happened.

He read Eirene's matching arousal and need. With a soft groan of delight and pleasure, he lifted her and her legs wrapped around him. His swollen tip teased at her entrance and then he was sliding, deeper than deep, all the way home. Eirene stiffened and came convulsively around him. Tyr heard an almost inhuman inner cry of ecstasy and realised it was both of them. He could feel her orgasm in his own body, as if it was happening to him. He managed three delicious slides inside her, then the pleasure was too much. With a harsh cry, he emptied himself, pouring not only his seed but his heart and soul into her.

Half a lifetime later, he drew back and read everything he'd ever needed to see in her eyes.

His lips twitched, "Mine," he said softly and lovingly.

Eirene smiled back, wild and warm in his arms, "Mine too."

Tyr kissed her again, gently and adoringly, "I hope you don't mind making your home with a motely crew of humans, a living computer, a purple chick with a tail and a surprisingly wise Magog."

Eirene grinned up at him, "I guess I could get used to it!"

Tyr's laughter joined hers as they went to find some clothes.

Tyr took the Maru into orbit and set the autopilot to find Andromeda.

He leaned back in the command chair, lazily propped his feet up on the console and waited. Any minute now. Since linking with her fully, right down to the depths of his being a few short hours ago, he knew that Eirene would be joining him soon. He could feel her, almost smell her. She loved him absolutely and was stunningly passionate and abandoned in bed. Part of his Nietzschean trained mind was still somewhat in shock, but he knew the call of fate when it came. He'd taken one look at the delectable Eirene, glowing golden and almost divine with a chance combination of Nietzschean genes and *known*. All the way through and through. He'd tried to reject the feelings, the knowing, the link between them. He'd wanted her, lusted after her and

finally given in to the screaming demands of his heart and body to have her. She had exceeded anything he'd ever dreamed of, and become the soulmate he'd always secretly craved. Light years better than that other Freya or any other lover he'd ever known. His lips curled upwards into a slow smile. They'd made a mess of her bedroom first, fucking deliciously, spreading food every which way all night long. He'd never been so rampant or so exquisitely pleased. Then that last time, in the shower, when he'd finally given in and surrendered totally, so that they linked not only deeply on the physical level, but psychically and mentally.

His smile widened. Talk about steamy. His cock had seemed to forget it had just serviced her at least eight times, rising to a new enhanced length and girth, before taking her and being taken to paradise. Tyr fervently hoped they could do that again soon, if his body could take it. He could feel his nanobots rushing around, restoring him. One of the benefits of Nietzschean biology was a very quick recovery time, but that last long, hard, mutual orgasm had blown every pleasure circuit in his body.

Suddenly there was her scent and a soft, warm and seductive laugh behind him, "I know. Blew me away too, my love."

Eirene's long, skillful fingers rested on his shoulders and he leaned up and back for a kiss. He groaned in her mouth as his cock reacted to her touch instantly, becoming fully and painfully erect. It was still sore from last night. As she moved around to sit on his lap, he tried to conceal his arousal from her, "We should be back with Andromeda in about a week, Eirene." What she was wearing didn't help. Gold lace scraps on a net background, making something that would probably pass as an erotic nightgown, but not a dress.

Her fingers moved to the ridge under his leather trousers, "Somebody wants to play again."

Tyr growled, "My nanobots are still in shock from the last time - which was incredible. I'm," he hesitated, unwilling to show weakness, "A little sore."

She smiled warmly, her long brown plait slung over an almost naked shoulder, "Me too, sweetheart. You were so *big* last time ... and deliciously passionate."

Tyr groaned. He knew what he wanted and needed. He shifted in the seat, giving in to the inevitable. He gently splayed one hand over the delectable soft mound of her breast as he bent to kiss her, his own dreads making a curtain around her face. His eyes sparkled as he drew back, "So, be gentle with me, my sweet goddess."

She cupped his face, "We can do that; *and* join all the way to our souls again."

Tyr grinned, "I was hoping you'd say that, my love."

They took it slowly, gently, lovingly. When Tyr settled his face between her legs as she sat on the edge of the console, he moaned again at the taste of her. So wild, sweet and exquisitely responsive. He knew in his heart that he'd never get enough of this. When she was wet and ready, he looked at her, golden and glowing in the half-light of the deck of the Maru. She positioned herself above him and they slid deliciously together.

A helpless growl broke from his throat. No sweeter, better sheath for his sword. She purred with him and he knew he was pleasuring her like no other. Then Eirene's lips met his again and they were both lost, swimming, diving and soaring in and with each other. Perfect union, perfect bliss. He was addicted to her - and she to him. *This* was where he belonged, inside her sweet body and beautiful mind. The upbringing and education of his own Pride wasn't worth a damn next to this. He was still adjusting to the change, but he knew it was for once and forever. And she'd left the nearest thing she had to family for him.

/Tyr ... love .../

/Sorry ... thinking again .../

/Don't think,/ her inner muscles squeezed him lovingly, / FEEL!/

/Ohhh, Eirene,/ he found her deep pleasure centres, /Now .../

/Ohhhhhh, Tyyyyyyyr .../

He growled deep and loud as he spilled over the brink seconds later.

When they'd both gently landed from their mutual loving, Tyr reached down into a nearby locker and hauled up a blanket designed for keeping warm if the airconditioning went off. Freya snuggled under it with him on the chair and they both fell asleep.

Some hours later, Tyr awoke in the command chair with Freya still nestled with him under the blanket. He smiled slowly at her, nuzzling her in her sleep and cuddling close. He'd never admitted to his need to snuggle before, but with her it came naturally. He looked down at her naked body under the covers. Well, naked apart from the double helix armband she wore.

He'd had his mate on his left arm since just after the shower - a beautiful piece of work in gold and silver, studded with rubies and emeralds. Eirene had claimed him, accepted him and he knew she was first and only mate to his alpha male. She still glowed golden through her pale pink skin, even in repose. It made her look tanned and sleek, like a lioness.

It made poetic sense, her having been born and bred in the Leonid Pride; with a chance meeting of genes to produce something extra on top of normal Nietzschean genetics. Her long brown plait had come loose and her hair spilled over the covers like a maple syrup cloak, longer than his own midnight locks.

Tyr felt his heart clench with tenderness and possessiveness as he stroked the fine, silken strands.

He gently kissed her forehead, "*My* woman, my mate."

Her fingers curled in the soft hair between his pecs, "Tyr?"

He chuckled softly, "It had better be me after that last time, Eirene."

Eirene's eyes fluttered open and she smiled up at him, sated and loving, "It gets better every time, my warrior."

He stroked the side of her face, "I never dreamed this could actually *happen*."

Eirene's head pillowed back on his broad chest and she stretched slightly, "I know. I think we could use another shower when I've woken up properly; but tell me about your ship-mates."

Tyr leaned back and looked at the ceiling, "Well, despite my genetics, I'm not in charge. I'm letting one Dylan Hunt do that at the moment.

He's a bit of a stuffed shirt, but a good warrior. Human, good captain, maybe a little priggish and stiff, but he's okay. Then there's Beka Valentine, who hired me and owns this crate."

Eirene chuckled, "And you 'borrowed' it, I bet!"

Tyr chuckled back, "You know me too well already! Yes; she's tall, blonde, human ... if she was Nietzschean I might have ... well, there **was** an attraction. Strong, intelligent. I think you'll like her. Rev Bem is the wise Magog I told you about. She ... I want to say 'he' because the voice sounds male ... is a Wayist. Very philosophical and wise. Peace-loving; though if anyone ever persuaded her to fight, I'd get out of the way!"

"I've fought them often enough, love."

"Mmmmm... Me too. On your home - when you stood triumphant on top of that pile of dead Magogs and others - I wanted you so much. With very little encouragement, I'd have taken you right then."

Eirene kissed his chest, "You are kinky and I love you! I wanted you too at the time."

Tyr growled, "Next time, I'll pounce! Anyway ... then there's Harper, the techno-geek. Smallish, human, good with computers and such. Talking of computers, Andromeda is a living one, tied in with the ship. She has a very attractive solid projection which Harper devised, as well as her hologram. Last of all is Trance Gemini. Purple, female ... species unknown, but she has a prehensile tail along with fairly human-looking physiomy. Quite a good fighter - I've given her some training. There's more to her than meets the eye."

"I can hear the grudging respect in your voice. Stood up to you?"

Tyr started slightly and looked down, "How the hell ...?" then he smiled, "Ah. Takes one to know one."

Eirene gently bit his chest and grinned, "You said it! You're mine, but you won't be able to BS with me, sweetheart."

Tyr grinned back, "Works both ways, sweet love."

"Wouldn't have it any other way. Shower?"

"Yeah. I think my muscles will respond now. Even my knees, which buckled under along with everything else due to pleasure that last time."

Eirene stretched and sat up, "We certainly give our nanobots plenty of work."

A week passed all too swiftly. Most of the time Tyr and Eirene flew the ship on autopilot and indulged their need to continue enjoying each other. It seemed hardly any time at all until they were docked back aboard the Andromeda. Beka was there waiting for them, hands on hips.

Tyr saw her, "Uh-oh. Now the shit hits the fan."

Eirene chuckled, "I'm sure you can charm her."

Tyr looked at her outfit, which was a slightly feminine version of his chain mail and leather look.

The only difference was the arrangement of thin, solid metal pieces to provide some modesty over her breasts and boost them into a stunning cleavage, "Well even Dylan is likely to be distracted by **that** outfit."

Eirene laughed, "And you don't think women aren't distracted by **your** outfit?!"

Tyr lifted an eyebrow, "I have to look good for my mate - and be prepared to fight at the same time."

Eirene grinned back, "Me too!"

"I knew you were trouble the moment I set eyes on you, woman! Gorgeous, wanton, sexy, irresistible trouble. And those leather pants must be *sprayed* on." He growled possessively and appreciatively.

Eirene hooked in her own blaster and persuaded her arm spines to lie down, "Laced on, actually, with a button crotch like yours."

Tyr gently and seductively stroked her arm spines so that she shivered with pleasure, "I'll investigate later."

She gently caught hold of one of his corresponding spines and began making small circular stroking movements with her fingertips, "It'll be mutual."

Tyr's growl deepened, "Don't tease!"

Eirene's grin threatened to reach both her ears, "But you love it so much!"

Beka stomped up to the Maru, then halted when she saw a clearly feminine figure in chain mail and leather pants get out. Eirene smiled and watched as Beka caught and reacted to some of the aura of being more than Nietzschean, "Hi. I'm Tyr's mate. Freya Eirene, but call me Eirene." She put out a hand and the human woman took it, her brows crinkling slightly.

Beka spoke, "You're ... glowing?"

Eirene nodded, "It's natural. I'm a Nietzschean genetic anomaly. Homo sapiens invictor-dea. Until just over a week ago I was worshipped as a goddess."

"That's some introduction! And where's the rogue who stole the Maru again ...? Ah. Tyr?"

Tyr spread his hands consolingly, "Sorry. I had to find the Leonid Pride."

"Well, I can see you've found one at least. Mate, you said? Baby Nietzscheans?"

Eirene shook her head, "Sadly not - I can't bear Nietzschean children."

Beka said nothing. She knew that up until just over a week ago Tyr had talked of mates and offspring as being necessary. It would not be wise to point out that he seemed to have changed his mind.

As they walked through the ship, Tyr introduced Eirene to the hologrammatic and solid versions of Andromeda. Then Dylan was there to greet them. He looked at Tyr, then at Eirene. His eyebrow flicked, but he remained otherwise impassive. Tyr made the introductions. Dylan was smooth, controlled, but they both saw his eyes move to her breasts and rump in unconscious masculine appreciation.

"You found another mate ... I'm glad."

Tyr acknowledged with a slight nod, "Yes, and this one's for life."

Dylan clasped his shoulder, "Glad to see one of us getting lucky in love."

Tyr raised an eyebrow but his face remained otherwise impassive, "Love?"

Dylan smiled, "Tyr. I can see it shining in your face - and hers."

At that moment Rev Bem met them and nodded in ritual greeting. After Eirene had seen the bridge, the three of them walked to Tyr's quarters. Rev stopped with them at the doorway.

"So. You followed love."

"It was the best option, the one that made me win."

"Indeed," Rev looked at Eirene, "Strong, loving ... Goddess. A worthy mate indeed."

Eirene looked into Rev's frankly ugly face, "You know more that you are saying."

Rev inclined her head again, "When they come, welcome them. We will need them," she turned to Tyr, "You have more to learn, my friend."

Tyr crowded Rev's space, "Do not try my patience too much."

Rev waved her claws calmingly, "It is as it is. I see the patterns.

There will be conflict - especially with those Orca Nietzscheans you harmed, then two blessings. Be careful of the other Freya. She will be after revenge particularly. Perhaps you should use your other name always, Goddess."

Eirene smiled, "I am used to answering to both. You may call me Eirene."

As the door shut behind them Tyr took her in his arms, "You will always be my peace and my home. So, be Eirene also."

She smiled, "I always was and will be anything and everything you need."

Tyr grinned, "Good, because I have *plans* for tonight!" He guided her hand downwards.

Eirene, woke first the next morning. Tyr had been especially passionate last night. She was more than aware that they were both bred to be paranoid, selfish and treacherous; but when his big, powerful length was buried deep inside her, pleasuring her over and over until she almost fainted and his mind and hers were completely joined, they both knew there was one person in the universe that the other could trust until death. She gently traced the armband he wore with one finger. Tyr muttered something and kicked the covers back, revealing his otherwise naked body. She enjoyed the view, happy to have him close for a really good scrutiny. He certainly had beautifully sculpted muscles everywhere. The soft curling hair which spattered his chest and stomach was a very nice extra decoration. Below that, there was a positive riot of jet curls around his huge, heavy scrotum and magnificent cock. Even at rest, sated like it was at the moment, there was nearly six inches of it. Tyr murmured her name in his sleep and his cock sprang to life. Eirene watched as it hardened in seconds, swelling and filling with remarkable speed. Not just long, but thick as well.

Nine sup

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