

# The Thrill

*Jet Bonus Epilogue*

Anna Fury

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# Renze

The sun hangs low over Oasis as I watch Jet feed a strawberry to our mate. Juice drips from his fingertips as she sucks at them, her cheeks hollowing as she teases our big alpha. Dinner's over, and dessert has begun. I grin, reaching down to adjust my cock. It presses painfully against the front of my trousers as I enjoy my mates.

*Mates.*

The word feels so good in my mind, and even better on my tongue. My fangs seep venom watching Jet and Achaia.

"Your constant fucking grows tiresome," Arliss snarls from the head of the table. Everyone else has retired to their rooms, but I've learned my mates like to tease him. Achaia in particular seems to enjoy needling him with her sensuality. I think, perhaps, it is a response to his imprisonment of the other mermaid clan. She taunts him because he cannot have her, and she revels in his knowing of that.

"Fucking is never tiresome," I retort, giving him a pointed look. Jet lets out a needy groan, pulling Achaia into his lap as he takes her mouth with hard, desperate intensity.

Arliss grits his teeth, the muscles of his jaw clenching as he watches them. His people are gone, massacred by Rama, and he has no one left to fuck, poor male.

"Invite me to join you, or get the fuck out of the room," he commands.

Join us?

There's a thought. It is common for vampiri mates to invite others into the bedroom. As long as it is done consensually, there is no harm, there is only enjoyment. What would Arliss be like in the sheets with us? His comment has me wondering.

*Shall we?* I tease my mates through our bond.

Achaia snorts and Jet growls, but I sense their curiosity.

*Not tonight,* Achaia purrs. *Maybe another night when I'm not still angry with him.*

*We could always tie him up and you could take that frustration out on his body, my love,* I remind her.

Our bond heats with intensity as her green eyes flick to me, pupils sharpening to slits. I know her emotions are high when the mermaid eyes come out. I fucking love them.

Jet tosses Achaia onto the tabletop and buries his face between her thighs, inhaling as her scent explodes around us.

She brings both hands to his hair, fisting it as Arliss watches the show. Brilliant blue eyes come to mine as our host makes his point. "Get. The. Fuck. Out."

He's unaccustomed to sex not being within easy reach, and that fact is troubling him now.

When Jet laughs and reaches for Achaia's waistband, Arliss stands with a roar. "Follow. Now!" He stalks out of the room, his long tunic flowing behind him as Achaia chuckles. We watch him go, and she looks over at me.

"I'm curious. Shall we?"

"And what if he leads us straight to his bedroom, mate?" I murmur, closing the space between us to grip her throat and tilt her chin up.

"Then perhaps we'll fuck him up tonight, instead of another time," she replies, biting at my finger playfully.

Jet pulls away from us and follows after Arliss, leaving me with our mate for a moment.

"I love you so damn much," I remind her.

"You tell me every day," she laughs, sinking close to my chest as her arms come around my waist.

"I will continue to tell you every day. Until the day we are nothing but dust and stars, mate."

"Do dust and stars fuck?" she lowers her voice to the level of a conspiratorial whisper. "Because I really could use a hard fuck, First Warrior."

Growling, I toss her over my shoulder and follow Jet's receding footsteps. Some mornings I wake in awe of what the universe has given me.

I am truly, truly blessed.

# Jet

My mates follow behind me as I track Arliss through sun-drenched hallways, past his hovercar garage, and into a secret stairway, hidden behind a tapestry. I snort when he presses a button and the tapestry rolls to the side on wheels, revealing a door in the sandstone wall.

He narrows his eyes at me before striding into the opening and down into the darkness, his voice echoing up the curling staircase. “These are my private playrooms, Jet. No one has ever been down here if I wasn’t fucking them. But seeing as how my people are all gone, you might as well use it.”

Playrooms? My dick hardens to an uncomfortable point as I ruminate on what a playroom might mean to Arliss. He’s the most outwardly sensual person I’ve ever met. I bet these rooms are pure debauchurous filth.

Renze appears at my side, Achaia tossed over his shoulder. He loves to carry her like this, and I love it when he does, because it’s easy for me to lean over him and bite her ass over and over again. Like now.

She squeals, but the hallway fills with that bright, citrusy scent that tells me she’s horny as fuck.

Arliss snarls and slaps his palm against one closed door. “Waterfall room.” He turns from us and points to another. “Chase forest. BDSM room. Club. An—”

“Waterfall room,” I snap, my eyes narrowing to my beautiful mate. “You’ve been promising us mermaid sex for days and I want it.”

Arliss groans ahead of us, then pushes past us, shoving us to either side of the hallway. “I will be upstairs. Do not return until you can keep your hands off one another for more than two minutes.”

Achaia scoffs at his retreating back. “You’re gonna be waiting a while!”

He doesn’t bother to respond to her snark. With a grin, I swing the door open and stride into the waterfall room. Renze follows me through, setting Achaia down. She whoops in excitement, ripping her clothes off and running from us.

I’m too in awe to chase her, because I can hardly believe what I’m seeing.

“What sort of tech is this, to make this possible?” Renze muses from his spot next to me.

“No fucking idea,” I murmur as I look at the verdant forest in front of us. Through a dappled glade, a pink-hued waterfall is visible. We both watch Achaia’s ass jiggle as she runs and leaps, diving gracefully into the water with a cheerful shout.

Renze turns to me, sliding one hand up the front of my shirt as his lips hover close to mine. “I cannot wait for the mermaid sex she promised us, mate.”

“And what else?”

“What else must there be?” His dark lips curl into a devilish smirk.

I brush his nose with the tip of mine playfully. “The way you said it makes me think there’s something else you want to take from *me*, specifically.”

“You are perceptive, my love,” the big vampiri laughs, reaching into his pocket for a—

“What the fuck is that?” I bellow.

“A cock extender,” Renze laughs, holding it out for me to see. “I have no knot, but I want to watch you take one, so this will allow me to replicate that experience.”

“You want to knot my ass?” I slide both hands into my pockets as Renze strokes his fingers over one of my nipples, my cock leaping in my pants.

“Not only do I want to, Jet. I *will*. You promised me every fantasy I could think up, remember?”

I laugh as Achaia calls out for us, but Renze slips the cock extender back into his pocket with a possessive look.

A shiver wracks my body as Achaia strokes us both through our bond. She loves it when we tease one another. Something about knowing we’re just as into each other as we are her makes her horny.

Wait until she sees what Renze has planned...

## Achaia

Gods, I love it when my mates tease each other. They pace through the forest, pausing at the side of the pool. It’s obvious they’re both ready to fuck, gorgeous erections pressed to the front of their pants.

Renze gives me a devious look and pulls his clothes off, sensually, slowly. He eyefucks me, taking his time. Jet joins me in the water, pulling me into his arms as we watch Renze slide his pants down over his muscular hips, stepping out of them with one hand on his cock.

“Such a nice, thick thing, isn’t it?” Jet whispers in my ear, purring against my back. My nipples pebble against his forearm as I curl my tail around his lower legs, holding us close together. Jet’s long fingers stroke down the side of my stomach, down to my scales. They’re sensitive, so fucking sensitive in this form.

Renze smirks at us both and grips his cock tighter, stroking it. Jet and I watch, his cock pressed into the back of my ass. My big alpha mate lets out a needy whine, burrowing into my neck as we watch Renze tease.

“Get in here!” I laugh as precum begins to drip from Renze onto the stony area surrounding the pool.

Renze chuckles, a carefree, joyous sound as he steps into the crystalline water. Lifting my tail, I give him a little splash and push out of Jet’s arms to do a lazy lap around the pool, examining it. It’s not salt water, it’s fresh, but I can breathe nonetheless. It gets deeper toward the back of the room where the water falls from above. I could live in this room for the rest of my life and be happy as a clam.

A low groan reaches my ears, and I turn to see my mates making out, a clash of violent fangs and claws. Their love is powerful, and watching them makes me absolutely insane. Knowing they love one another so hard is one of my greatest joys. Just yesterday, I went for a walk with Diana and when I came back, Jet and Renze were 69’ing in our room. I thought I might die as I watched them from the shadows. They love to put on a show.

“Achaia,” Renze’s deep voice breaks through my train of thought. When I focus on him, I’m treated to the sight of Jet biting his way up my mate’s neck as Renze looks at me.

“Come, my sweet,” he encourages, lifting a hand for me. “I want to learn you in mermaid form.”

I have to laugh about that. I can’t wait to teach them how to fuck me like this. It’s wholly different from what they’re accustomed to.

“Jet looks busy,” I whisper, watching as Jet pushes himself away from Renze, his lips coated in our mate’s sticky blood. Jet licks it from his fangs, groaning at how good Renze tastes. The reality is that since we mated a vampiri, we’re all a little more bloodthirsty than we were before. I suppose we take on one another’s traits, to a degree. Even now, I watch blood pulse through a vein in Renze’s neck, and all I want to do is sink my sharp teeth into that vein and drink him down.

“Show us,” Jet commands, dark eyes flicking to mine as he grins. “You’ve been taunting us for a while, mate.”

Rolling my eyes playfully, I splash Jet with my tail, but he grabs the fins and yanks me close. Even the feel of his fingers on my tailfins is enough to pull a deep hiss from my throat. A gasp follows it as he lifts the end of my tail out of the water, feeding my fin between his lips and into his mouth.

Jet licks the underneath of it before sucking on the very tip. I cry out as Renze pulls my back to his chest, both hands on my breasts. He pinches my nipples, plucking until they're hard points. In front of us, Jet nibbles my tailfin, tracing the thick cartilage with his tongue. "This feel good, my love?"

"I thought I was supposed to teach you," I grumble.

"Well," Jet shrugs. "Those gorgeous ears are sensitive as hell. Makes sense the tail might be. What else do we need to know?"

"Well..." I match his playful tone and grab Renze's hand, sliding it down my stomach to my waist. I pulse the fins that run down the back of my tail so my body floats on the water's surface between my mates. Guiding Renze's hand, I show them both how the scales partway down my tail shift to the side, revealing my sex.

Renze doesn't wait for instruction, he simply dips two long fingers into me as I cry out and arch my back, my channel fluttering around his fingers.

"The goddess has blessed us, mate," Renze purrs. "Two channels, and the way they flutter is almost like—"

"Fins," I gasp out. His fingers stroke deeper, and then Jet's hand joins Renze's.

"Goddess," Jet groans. "Two channels. Why? You're perfect, but why?"

"Mermen have two cocks," I grunt, pleasure thrumming through my veins as my mates finger me slowly, worshipfully. I'm going to lose my mind, and here I thought I'd have to teach them how to please me. "Mermen are violent lovers," I share. "Lots of biting and subduing. Tail wrapping is something most merfolk love. I—"

"And oral?" Jet questions, kissing his way up the scales along my front. "How do merfolk feel about oral?" The tip of his soft tongue dips inside me, and then I'm lost to the sensation of his mouth and Renze's fingers.

"I'm going to come," I gasp. "I can't hold on. Gods!"

# Renze

Achaia's scream of release echoes across the pool. Jet's tongue dips and sucks at her slit as her long tail wraps around his torso, locking her to him.

"Good girl." I praise her, knowing she loves it, that she'll be flooded with wetness and ready for both our cocks. I must have her, and I want to learn what she likes in this form.

"It would be hard for us both to fuck you this way," I admit. "Perhaps Jet could sit atop me and you could ride us both."

"Better idea," she moans. "Let me down a moment."

Jet whines, but pulls his tongue from her slick heat, marveling at the way the scales slide into place to hide her slit from us.

Achaia wraps her long arms around Jet's neck. "Knot me like this? I want to know how good it feels in this form."

"Anything," Jet murmurs, brushing his lips along hers before tugging at one with his fangs. "Teach us how you like to fuck."

Achaia's lilting laughter echoes as she turns to me, wrapping long fingers around my cock and tugging.

"I am already throbbing with need for you, mate," I whisper. "Give yourself to me, Achaia."

She smiles and lines my cock up with her front. Her scales press to the tip of my cock, and then I feel them slip to the side. She guides my length inside her, and the fluttering sensation earlier takes on new meaning. The gill-like ruffles inside her pussy grip my cock and suck me deeper, tickling my length as I bellow at the shock of pleasure.

White-hot heat streaks down my spine as her channel pulses and quivers around me.

My devious mate chuckles and then bends away from me. I fight to compose myself at the overwhelming sensation of dozens of fluttering gills sucking and pulling at my cock.

Jet is silent, but our mate bond is full of his curiosity. Then it morphs into a waterfall of pleasure as Achaia curls backward and inhales his cock under the water. His plush lips fall open in pleasure as his eyes roll back.

Between his pleasure and hers and the sensation along my cock, I'm a hair's breadth from coming.

I don't want that. I want to wring pleasure from her. Growling, I grip her hips and thrust gently. She tightens around me, her internal ripples shuddering as her muscles tense. Oh, my sweet girl likes that.



Jet continues groaning, and I have to resist the urge to dive underwater and watch her suck him off. Her mermaid form's mouth is broader, filled with spiky, sharp teeth. But her tongue is longer and more supple.

*Wrapped around my cock twice, Jet grunts into our bond. Goddess, the things she can do with this fucking tong—*

Without warning, he bellows as orgasm overtakes him. A rush of slick wetness floods my cock as Achaia's orgasm triggers, and then I'm coming too, hissing and clicking at a level of pleasure I could never have imagined.

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# Jet

Am I screaming? Sobbing with ecstasy? All of the above? I can't be sure as Achaia laps softly at my cock, cleaning the absolute mess I made. That mouth, godsdamn, that fucking tongue.

Across from me, Renze's white eyes are squeezed tightly shut as he rides out an orgasm that lights up our mate bond. Secondhand pleasure floods my system as Achaia surfaces with a laugh. She's incredibly flexible in this form. She sits up, wrapping both arms around Renze's neck as he howls, locking his fangs into her shoulder muscle.

Goddess, he's still coming. I'm suddenly desperate to know what fucking her mermaid form feels like, but I'm boneless and sated from the hardest orgasm I've ever had from oral.

Renze grunts into the bite, white eyes opening as he groans again.

My cock leaps underwater, hard and ready at the look of promise in his eyes.

*Go to the stones. Lie on your back and wait for me.* His command is a stroke of pleasure against my consciousness. I never would have pegged myself as the type of male to obey another dominant personality, but everything about Renze makes me want to roll over and listen. Gods, I think I've got a praise kink as badly as Achaia does.

Instead of listening, though, I press my chest to her back and kiss my way along her neck, loving how her head falls back against me. "I fucking love you, everything about you." Nuzzling her soft skin, I breathe in the scent of her rich, sticky blood.

Renze retracts his fangs and licks the wound he made, his teeth covered in bright blue blood. "Jet." His voice is a warning. *Do as you're told or pay the price.*

I'm tempted to test him, but I'm also throbbing at the idea of him fucking me with that cock extender. I don't turn and look at the swish of water behind me. There's a soft laugh and kissing sounds, but I'm a good-fucking-boy so I pace to the stone beach and lay on my side, watching my mates.

Jet and Achaia kiss slowly but deeply, enjoying one another before he pulls slightly back. He grips her chin in his hand. "Go to the beach, my love. Sun yourself while I fuck our mate in front of you. Then I will need you again." She visibly shudders in his arms, but turns without a word and flips her beautiful fins once, darting through the water and reappearing in front of me.

She teases me by sliding up and over me, dragging those gorgeous fins along my legs as she pulls herself behind me and up onto a slightly raised rock. I turn to watch her. She flops onto her belly and rests her head on her forearms, grinning at me.

*I can't wait to see you take whatever he has planned.* Her voice is a soothing purr as my body tenses in anticipation of our mate.

There's a sluicing sound behind me, and then Renze rolls me onto my stomach facing Achaia. He rocks his hips against my ass, his erection settling between my cheeks as a flush steals across my face.

Gods, how is it possible I want him so much all the time?

I shift up onto my elbows, watching my handsome mate lift a leg to straddle my waist. He cocks his head, glancing over his shoulder. "My love, there's something in my pants pocket. Bring it to me."

There's a quick flash of scales and then Achaia's in human form again. She gives me a quick wink as she jogs around us toward our clothing. I whine as I turn to watch her. Godsdamn, that view.

"Eyes on me, mate." Renze's command sends heat spreading along my shoulders. His dominance is so easy, so natural. It doesn't war with mine the way anyone else's might.

*Because I am yours*, he purrs into our bond, reading me like a book. *Destined to be yours by the stars above us*.

Achaia trots back to us, handing the cock extender to Renze with a hot look. Gods, she's riled up by this. I want her to watch whatever he's going to do. I need her eyes on me while pleasure fills our bond to the brim.

"Take it, Jet." Renze's voice dips husky and low, light eyes hooded with lust. I reach for the thick, soft plastic, recoiling slightly. Renze is already hung, and this thing seems...enormous.

"You will be fine, mate," he reassures me, smiling up at Achaia. "I will prepare you while our mate watches, and then we will involve her in the fun."

Achaia shoots me a quick wink and then slides back onto her sunny rock, shifting back into mermaid form. I watch her close her eyes, basking in sun that somehow shines, even though we're in Arliss's fucking dungeon. I'll have a lot of questions for him later, but not now. Now is all about ecstasy.

# Achaia

I soak up the sun as I wait for my mates to begin. I love Renze like this—cool and commanding. He's *always* commanding, but Renze in the bedroom is a whirlwind force of control and passion. He gives everything so damn freely. He's perfect.

“Put it on my cock, mate.” Renze's demand makes me hot, and I turn to my stomach to watch the show. Both males are angled to the side now, so I have a perfect view. Jet's sitting up, his thick abs flexed as he guides Renze's cock into the extender. It's a tube with a swollen knot at the base, but Renze's cock head peeks out of the tip.

I hold back a giggle when I think about Jet learning what a knot feels like. But then the thought of watching him take it is so hot, my cheeks heat.

Renze strokes Jet's side, encouraging him to roll over, and then the dance begins. First he nestles his cock between Jet's ass cheeks, rubbing it there. Jet arches his back like a cat, a quick intake of breath the only sound. There's a red flush spreading across his lips. He nibbles at the lower one. The move sends heat flushing through my slit.

Renze spits a stream of venom onto Jet's ass, and the effect is instantaneous. Jet rocks up onto all fours and howls, a long, drawn-out sound full of need and want. His eyes squeeze shut, his fangs fully descended. He could probably come already, based on the way his cock swings around, dripping precum onto the stones below them.

I slide a hand between my scales, feeling how wet I am as I watch my mates.

Renze's pale fingers slide between Jet's thighs and he strokes Jet's cock until Jet's thrusting into his hand with punctuated, rough movements. But then Renze stops with a smirk, utterly focused on the male in front of him. “Not yet, my sweet,” he croons, stroking his fingers down Jet's spine.

A shudder rocks Jet's body, his muscles quivering. I feel for him, I really do, because that damn venom is like someone pouring fire on you. It's all-encompassing.

A second stream of venom hits Jet square between the shoulders, dripping up over his big muscles and down his sides.

Jet roars and rocks up onto his knees, pressing his back to Renze's front.

“Needy thing,” Renze whispers into Jet's ear.

Gods, me too, I think as I watch them.

Jet's lips curl into a smile, and he cocks his head to the side, giving me a heated look.

Renze wraps one arm around Jet's stomach and splays his fingers on the muscles there. He reaches up and runs his long fingers through Jet's dark waves, fisting them before he drags

Jet's head to the side. I lose that delicious eye contact with Jet, but he floods our bond with pleasure. My heart feels like it'll explode at the ways he chooses to include me, even when it's his time with Renze.

The aching need in our bond explodes when Renze sinks his fangs into Jet's neck and sucks eagerly at his blood. Red rivulets slide down Jet's dark skin, down his back as Renze's bite turns messy. He loves to bathe us in blood, and the longer we're mated, the more Jet and I crave it.

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# Renze

Bliss overwhelms me as I lap at the rich, powerful blood flowing from the wound at Jet's neck. He whines underneath me, grinding his ass against my hard cock. A sudden vision comes to me—Cashore, my king, smiling down at me. I know without a doubt that this happiness is what he always wanted for his people. I thank our gods again that all of our sacrifices allowed me to claim my mates. This time is precious, and I will never waste a second of it.

My bite has Jet's pleasure building, but I need more. Slipping two fingers into his back pucker, I find him already soaked with venom. He shudders beneath me, his head dropping forward as I bite my way along his shoulder.

The cock extender is tight around me, but I can't wait to watch that knot disappear into Jet's ass. I want him to know how it feels to be knotted by an alpha. He's done it to me a number of times now, and the pleasure is beyond description.

Growling, I shift fully upright, leaving one hand splayed in the middle of Jet's back, indicating he should stay on all fours in front of me.

He obeys, my good, sweet boy, bumping his ass back to meet my fingers. I stroke him, rubbing at the spot that always makes him howl. Between his thighs, his balls hang heavy and full, and his cock drips sticky, delicious precum onto the stones below us.

I want him hard and fast, because the surface beneath us isn't the most comfortable. And I want Achaia between us the moment I'm done with him.

I remove my fingers carefully from his ass, reaching around his big waist to pull gently at the piercings through his cockhead.

Jet growls, low and needy. A soft moan from Achaia tells me she's touching herself watching us. I love it when she gets off with nothing more than the pleasure drowning our bond.

With one hand, I pull Jet's ass cheeks apart enough to guide myself inside him, inch by inch. He takes me beautifully, but tenses when I get to the knot. Thrusting gently, I work to open and relax him, still stroking his cock to encourage him.

"Fuck, Renze, godsdamn..." Jet's voice breaks as a low howl of pleasure leaves his mouth. His head lolls to one side as I begin to push the knot into him. He stiffens, and then ecstasy fills our bond as I spit venom on the knot to ease its entry.

Rhythmic thrust by rhythmic thrust I continue, until the entire knot is in Jet's ass, and he's panting, curses falling from his plump lips.

“Are you ready, my big, powerful mate?” I laugh as I grip one of his muscular hips, letting my claws dig into his beautiful, burnished skin. Jet loves a rough fuck, and that is precisely where we are headed.

“Always,” he gasps out. “Fuck me, Renze.” The command in his voice sends my dominance into overdrive. Dropping his cock, I grip his other hip instead and withdraw my length from his ass. With a quick snap of my hips, I thrust all the way back inside to the root. Jet’s ass swallows up the big knot, and he screams in pleasure.

Then I do it again, and again, until I pound into him with a ferocity that will bruise him later. I coat the knot in a constant stream of venom. Mere minutes later, Jet explodes with a desperate scream, rocking to meet me. I pulse and unload inside his ass, filling him with my seed until it drips from him onto the stones.

I slide out, pull the cock extender off, and then slip back into him. Skin-to-skin is the best, and I snarl as my pleasure rises again. “Take me again,” I demand as Jet whines and shifts forward and off my cock. He rolls onto his back and holds his legs wide.

“Need to look at you,” he says, his voice full of heat. He’s hoarse from screaming, and that thrills me as I fuck back into him with vicious intensity.

Moments later, we come together. Jet’s eyes roll back into his head as he grips my hands and pulls them to his chest over his heart.

Mine. They are all mine. It was a hard path for us to find this happiness. But I never lost faith. I knew, I always knew, that I would persevere to claim them.

May the gods bless our love for many, many years before we retire together to the stars.