

Excerpt

Ha'ven's Song

Curizan Warriors book 1

By S. E. Smith

"Do you have the equipment ready?" Adalard asked as he met up with Ha'ven later that night.

"Of course," Ha'ven remarked with a raised eyebrow. "I finished setting up the shield late this afternoon. Now the only thing that needs to be done is to tie Trelon's mate up before she dismantles the damn thing. She drove me nuts with her questions and I swear if I catch her 'tweaking' it again, I'm going to be the one tying her up and delivering her with a bow on her head to Trelon. How he can keep up with her I have no idea. I was exhausted and needed a strong drink after just thirty minutes in her company," he finished dryly.

Adalard chuckled. "I was talking to Jarak, Kelan's head of security from his warship. Did you know that she broadcasted Trelon's PVC out over the *V'ager's* communications system?" Adalard asked, biting his lip to keep from laughing.

"She did what?" Ha'ven asked in disbelief. "Why would she do that? What did Trelon say? What happened? I mean, I can't believe she is still alive."

Adalard tried to keep a straight face, but it was impossible. He was fighting the laughter so hard tears were rolling down his cheeks. He breathed deeply

and opened his mouth to tell Ha'ven what happened, but every time he did he burst into laughter again.

"What's so damn funny?" Treelon asked as he and Cara came up to where Ha'ven and Adalard were standing in the hallway outside the dining area.

"I was... I was... trying... to tell... Ha'ven about... your..." Adalard struggled to say before he gasped in a deep breath and burst out. "PVC!"

Treelon's face turned dark with a scowl at the reminder of what Cara had done to his Personal Virtual Companion. Not that he needed it any longer, but it still burned that everyone in the known galaxies knew his every fantasy. If that wasn't bad enough, he still got requests for copies.

Cara rolled her eyes and put her hands on her hips. "It wasn't *that* funny! Besides, I didn't know what it was. I thought it was about plumbing pipe. That is what we call it back on Earth."

"Plumbing pipe?" Ha'ven asked confused. "How could you mistake it for piping? Didn't you see what was on it?"

Cara rolled her eyes and looked at Ha'ven like he was a first class idiot. "Duh! I didn't look at the video before I sent it because I thought it was an instruction on plumbing. Besides, I was more interested in seeing if the modifications to the communications system would increase the distance of the distribution of the signal. If you ask me, there really isn't that much difference between the piping from home and what was on the video."

“Do you even know what a PVC is?” Ha’ven asked in disbelief looking at Cara like she had lost her mind.

Trelon looked at his friend like he would love to kill him right there while Adalard melted back against the wall holding his sides. Ha’ven looked at Trelon who was glaring at him and waving his hand back and forth across his throat behind Cara’s back. Ha’ven shook his head and turned to look at Cara, whose lips were curved into a mischievous smile.

“Of course,” she replied cheerfully. “The only differences between your PVC and the ones back home is you can only watch yours. Personally, I like the real thing. Of course, Trelon is built like you wouldn’t believe. His cock is the size of ...” A low curse broke Cara’s detailed description off.

Ha’ven’s mouth dropped open, Adalard crowed in delight and Trelon groaned as he wrapped his arms around his tiny mate and carried her into the dining room. Ha’ven’s eyes followed his friend whose face had turned a decidedly darker shade of red at his mate’s words. He decided that Trelon not only needed to tie his mate up, but he needed to gag her as well.

“Did she just describe Trelon’s....?” Ha’ven asked, looking at Adalard who was wiping the corner of his eye on his shirt.

“Yes, she did,” Adalard said with a grin. “I’m telling you, this species is very entertaining.”

Ha’ven shook his head as Adalard went into the dining room. He drew in a deep breath and thanked

the Goddess that he had no desire to be entertained by one of them. He had several females he enjoyed company with back on Ceran-Pax and that was all he needed. Besides, until he could find a way to contain the sudden waves of power that ebbed and flowed inside him, he couldn't even think of having a permanent mate. A slight shudder went through him at the thought.

I would rather go back to war with the Sarafin and the Valdier before settling for just one female, especially from a frustrating species like these humans, he thought with a grimace.

Unfortunately, it would appear the Goddess was not listening to his offering of thanks. He knew he was in trouble the moment he stepped into the dining room. A wave of power unlike anything he had ever felt before swelled inside of him, swirling and churning until invisible bands burst from him and shot across the room.

His first thought was he had to find a safe place to release it before he killed everyone in the palace. His second thought was there was no way he would get far enough away to be able to protect them. But, it was his third thought that almost brought him to his knees in front of everyone in the room... he had found his mate.