

The Traitor's Truth

A Science Fiction / Fantasy Romance novel
(Mindwiped, book 2)

Excerpt #1

He recoiled at what she suggested. He had never harmed her, or taken advantage of her, even when she had been his prisoner on Gainor. The very fact that she could believe he would... no, he could not take her comments personally. This Kira did not know him.

"I would never take you against your will, if that's what you mean. I intend to have you return to me, Kira, mind, body and soul, of your own free will."

"What do I get in return... if I come with you?"

"If" she had said... where else would she go? Back to that fezak? That wasn't an option. "I did not come here to bargain."

Slender arms folded across her chest. "No, you came here expecting me to believe everything you say, to throw away..." she bit back some words, then forced herself to continue. "... my h-husband... so I can run off with you and pretend to be your wife in some sick fantasy of yours."

"I am your husband. That fezak who kept you locked away for the past two months has no claim on you!"

She backed away, as if expecting him to strike her. Close to losing what control he had left, Tal stormed out and leaned against the wall in the corridor, out of her view. A few deep breaths helped him push the anger and frustration down, but not eliminate them. That required an outlet. Namely the man or men who had taken her from him and erased her memories. The doctor found no evidence of head trauma, because there had been no trauma. They had brain washed her or given her drugs, maybe both. And despite what those in Council believed, someone had forged that note. She had not left of her own accord.

Once he calmed himself, Tal re-entered her cell. He was not one to bargain with prisoners, but she was not a prisoner. Groveling, begging, giving her anything she asked... he'd do anything if it meant she'd agree.

"What do you want in return?"

"My h-husband's release."

The fezak. "He's not your husband," Tal said with an underlying growl. How many times would he have to tell her that before she believed him?

She raised an eyebrow and stepped forward. She recognized her power in this struggle, and she would use it. "Call him what you will, Commander, but release Biddou."

He couldn't release him. The fezak had information. He had accomplices, Tal's instincts said as much. But Tal knew her resolve. The opening she had given him would be the only one he'd get.

Excerpt #2

A warmth spread through Kira as her eyes ran the length of Tal. He was a fine figure in his dress greys. His uniform bore no medals or flashy threading, but the light grey fabric clung to his body, showing off his every muscle from his powerful arms to his muscular chest. His torso tapered at his waist as if pointing towards his thick thighs. Her heart skipped several beats just imagining what it would be like to wrap her legs around him and dig her heels into his finely shaped backside as he pinned her to the wall.

Kira's tongue glided over her upper lip before she realized it and stopped. The corner of Tal's mouth quirked. He'd noticed.

"If you keep looking at me like that, we'll never make it to the party," he said.

Her cheeks warmed. She ran her palms down the sides of her dress again, which made her look as nervous as hell, but it was better than putting her hands on him – a thought she couldn't seem to drive from her mind. With a quick shove, the hollow sound of the door clicked shut behind him, emphasizing how utterly alone they were. To her surprise, her instincts said to run towards him, not away. Even her kenut sent tiny pulses of warmth through her, as if to soothe and calm her.

Calm... How could she remain calm with him standing there perfectly in control of himself, dripping with what had to be some artificial pheromone because right now she was heating up in all the right paces. And that grin of his said he was ready to devour her, right then and there if she let him.

She didn't hate the idea.

"We could skip the party," he said as he advanced another step. "Entertain ourselves."

This wasn't going as planned. The warmth spreading through her had nothing on the tingling sensation spreading outward from her kenut. She couldn't take her eyes off of him long enough to see what the damn kenut was doing. For all she knew, it was weaving little red hearts. She shoved her hands behind her. That only managed to push her breasts out towards him. Her cheeks burned red as his eyes glided over her body, saying as much if not more than his words had earlier.

"I think we'd be missed," Kira said.

"That's not a convincing argument for going. But I can think of several for staying here."

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