



A Trigon Conquest:
PROWLING IN ESOTAR
By
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A yawn of boredom escaped Ariada, and her thoughts began drifting elsewhere. She was suffering a restlessness she was at a loss to explain. Crouching low to the ground, she lifted her ass and wriggled it with discontentment, before tipping back her head and sniffing the air.

Nothing.

Ariada frowned as she stood. She grasped the mixing stick inside the large cooking pot that was set over a flame, and began to stir, her mind wandering with the tedious task. Ever since reaching her tripling prime she'd secretly searched the multitudes of unmated brethren amongst the clans while attending the gathering of nations each lunar cycle. And at twenty-eight phases of age she was truthfully becoming concerned. Of all the She'amatina, Ariada was one of the oldest that remained untriple. Even worse, the insatiable yearning to breed stalked her like a hungry prowler. She knew the Mahatma Divinities, their spirit gods, had chosen her Sh'em. Ariada sensed their essence when she fell into heat many phases back. At first she ignored the tripling cravings. After all, she was She'amatina--part of the virgin female clans, and they all resisted the Trigon, freedom was what they believed in, to roam the lands, and be answerable to no one!

"What is the reason they have failed to claim me?" Ariada sighed, the amorous yearnings she felt inside belying the exterior façade she portray amongst the other females in the tribe.

"Just a teasing you give me, iyo ka!" She feared that one or both might have been killed leaving her with only two choices for her future. If that was the case, she could appeal to the Mahatma Tribunal, the spiritual councilors of the clans, to take her into their folds as an apprentice. What that meant for her was isolation in the sacred commune located somewhere deep within the Esotarian Mountains, far away from the tribes. There she could live an existence in revering dedication to the Mahatma Divinities and receive erudition from the Tribunal scholars until she was prepared to take her place amongst the clans as teacher, healer or whatever dutiful position the Tribunal bestowed on her. It also meant living out the remainder of her phases in complete celibacy.

Celibacy? Bluk! And she did want offspring...tick, tick, tick. Aka! Her womb was shriveling as she stood there. She was going to be too old by the time her Sh'em came for her. Still the thought nearly paralyzed her with fear as she thought about those hard appendages tearing her asunder. Perhaps she could endure them rutting on her just once to give her their seed. That might be effective enough, a single time to produce an impregnation.

Ariada yawned. She was suddenly consumed with an overwhelming need to sleep, but it was the middle of the dawning and she slept well on last eve. Perhaps she was becoming ill. Her body was shivering a bit and her skin felt slightly warm, yet Ariada had to admit the sensations seemed more pleasant than disagreeable. It felt as if the softest makji hide was being dragged soothingly across her flesh. Ignoring the odd feeling Ariada continued stirring the mukwe in the large pot. She was tremendously disappointed that there was no crobas to add to it. The delicious meat would've made the herb and vegetable-laden stew so much better. Ariada yawned again. Was her mixing stick becoming heavier? With her eyelids drooping, she lifted the utensil from the pot and set it on a nearby tree stump. She strolled with a clumsy gait to the nearest tree and reclined beneath it.

"Just a short doze," Ariada mumbled. What's wrong with me?

She ran her palm across the plum-colored moss that covered the ground, its softness tantalizing her like a sensual caress. Closing her eyes her body, her mind fell into a deep sleep, and she dreamt the most delectable dream. Hands were touching her--large hands. Mouths were kissing her, and she moaned her approval at the two male bodies touching her all over.

Vieg, she murmured to them--More.

Gousbeu, one of them remarked--pretty or the dirt is fertile. She was having trouble interpreting the words being spoken in this initial and unpracticed transdelta linking to her, but didn't think it was the latter. At least she hoped they hadn't said the latter.

Rou, She'mana, the other said. Etaf vee dendal su reeh. Ah.

A mouth fell to her breast, suckling her nipple, but the link was suddenly severed. She opened her eyes with a grumble and then took a quick glance around to make sure she was alone. She slipped her hand along the front of her body skimming over her bare breast, playing with her nipple and then caressing along her belly and lower. Her body was screaming to be sexed, yet she knew full well, that to allow the males to take her body would be unfulfilling. They would merely rut, the wild beasts they were and be done with it, uncaring of her pleasure needs. It's why they fled, why all the She'amatinas, the virgin females fled.

Ariada's body cried out with contradictory need, her desire screaming for fulfillment. She drew a long breath of the cool, forest air into her nostrils, drew on the sensuous need consuming her. Again she sniffed the air seeking her mates' scents but found only the smell of the foliage around her, and the smell of her simmering stew wafting in the breeze. Closing her eyes, she relaxed into the thoughts of the two males, the She'amati whose presence she sensed when she dreamed. She separated her legs as she leaned back against the tree she was sitting under. Her fingers found the engorging bud between her swellings that on most dawns drove her mindless to be petted. She rubbed it, stirring the forbidden lusty thoughts before moving to dip her fingers gently into her openings, aptly suited for two hard cocks to stroke within. As was usual, she was wet with the heated arousal that had her craving to have them penetrate her womb.

The valleys are steep, the crags momentous to climb, She'amatina...

A mouth claimed her, and Ariada's head fell back, her body going limp into the arms wrapped around her, the essence of a male that was seeping deep into the recesses of her mind.

We have traversed Esotar and now we find you. She felt the hands of her second mate skim over the top of her loin cloth over her mound, and then lower to caress her inner thigh.

Abelli--name, one of them asked.

Ariada, she rasped out.

Excitement and anticipation filled her as his hand shifted, pushing up her loin, his fingers grazing her pussy. Ariada's body quaked with repressed desire now surging. They had begun the ritual of consummation, and just as Ariada's rymma--her mother explained before releasing her to live amongst the She'amatina tribe, they would come to her at first by a transdelta induced sleep, with the purpose of exploring her body and to acquaint her with theirs, to triple with her by transcending spirit meant to prepare her, ease her fears of being sexually ravaged in the corporeal form.

Should she resist? Was she truly afraid? For the sexual onslaught by two aroused and aggressive males was indeed a frightening thing, always inciting the Tertani women's need to flee.

The nature of fleeing however was twofold, for Tertani men found carnal delight when their woman took flight rousing them to give chase, the chase itself enhancing their sexual urges as they sought to capture and claim her.

Ayn--no. In truth she was unafraid, but encouraging them seemed unwise as well.

Release me from this mental bondage! Ariada insisted.

The answer came with a caress of lips to her breast while fingers began to stroke more rapidly on her clit. Gasping the mane of the one in front of her, she thrust her breasts upward, and rotated her hips, an action contradictory to her demand. She heard chuckles, the sound of their voices resonating, soothing her, causing her body to yield further, the craving for her two mates becoming more intense. Liquid heat seeped between her legs as she eagerly rubbed her mound against one of their thighs. The other pressed his hardened cock, pushing its length against her bottom, while at the same time his hands pinched and massaged her breasts.

Abelli, she asked, her voice a shaky whisper. Did she really want to know? Did she even really care? Ariada was so consumed by arousal she couldn't care less if their names were Ass gas and muck-for-brains. What they were doing to her body was driving her wildly insane!

I am Sem, Chief of the Beongowa clan of She'amati, one spoke against her mouth.

And I am Grigal prime hunter of the Edingori clan of She'amati, replied the other.

By the grace of the divinities we accept this Trigon.

Spirits save her they were reciting the tripling vows, claiming her!

Ayn--wait! Ariada pleaded. She'd been warned, the words were sorcery with evil intention, a mental brainwashing to force her consent, and if she opened to them they would poke her endlessly with those wicked pricks and brutally ravage her body.

We lay down our lives to protect you...

Ayn, ayn! Ariada pleaded again. She would never be brainwashed, never fall victim to their seduction!

And accept all offspring with joy...

Offspring...Ashe'tods--babies? That last comment gave her pause and nothing else mattered. Her heart skipped a beat, and as she gasped for air. Ashe'tods...uyo!

Sem looked directly into her eyes. Though his face was a blur to her perception, his gaze shone through clearly, and Ariada gasped at the beautiful emerald shade of his irises rimmed by the brightest circle of golden color she'd ever seen. Turning her head her breath caught further at the equally beautiful, somewhat deeper green eyes belonging to her other future Sh'em, Grigal.

She struggled to discern the rest of their facial features. All else was ethereal. She could most certainly feel them, and there was no mistaking her perceptions of their bodies. They were both strong--brawny, the tightness of their muscles stretching hard and firm against her flesh. On a shudder her body heated further, the craving for them immense, her feminine muscles clenching with arousal.

Ariada's legs parted slightly. Her hand found Sem's where he played with her pussy. She pressed her own hand atop of his and moved it over her pussy. She cocked her hips, rubbing vigorously, enthusiastically against his palm, while Grigal tipped back her head and nuzzled her throat, nipped the top of her shoulder, and then the swell of her breast.

Ariada arched her back, her body quaking, stiffening.

Tanoce! Tanoce! She cried.

Brainwashing or not, she would be furious if they stopped!

With that she reached with both hands, grasping Grigal's hair, pulling his lips to hers, seizing his mouth. She thrust her tongue into his mouth and caught his tongue, thrusting in return, plying, mimicking the movements that his cock would give to her once he was inside of her vagina. Sem chuckled quietly at the fervor with which she kissed his brethren, the taste of it coming to him by way of Grigal's transmitting thoughts, as real as if he were kissing her himself. He would give his brethren a taste of her elsewhere. Moving his hand from between her legs he grasped her wrists, restraining them within his strong grip. He kissed her belly, kissed her mons, licked the crease of her female lips protecting that sweet little bud within that would ultimately give her great pleasure. Her thighs fell apart exposing her to him, and he swiped his tongue on her clit. Her hips jerked and he licked her again groaning, savoring the delectable flavor of her womanly juices. Grigal groaned as well, the duality of their ministrations gripping them both, feeding each other's arousal, enhanced by the pleasure they were giving her.

She came in his mouth, her slick, climatic juices coating his lips as he continued to lap at her. She humped at him taking the explosive release to its fullest, her cries of delight flowing through their minds, gripping their hearts, driving them to the tripling.

It is time, Sem croaked out, and they took her between them, Grigal to the front, Sem from behind, the traditional position for tripling. Grigal wrapped her leg over his hip and they pressed her between their bodies, trapping her. The heads of their cocks prodded, found her openings, pushed forward, impaled her, the hot sensation, the yearning need to be filled sending a fiery rush through her loins and body. Ripples of pleasurable shock consumed her as they plunged, pulled back plunged again, in unison, alternating, taking her, claiming her, marking her as their own! Their growls indeed were savage as their pace quickened, their rapid panting, their bodies stiffening, their cocks pushing deeper, hardening, pulsing as she took them fully, crying out at the surging orgasm that hit her deep within her womb.

Afiana, Grigal rasped out as he gasped for air. You are magnificent our woman.

Our hearts desire, our greatest passion, we are coming for you, Sem added.

They groaned out in unison, and with a final thrust of their cocks they were cumming too.

Soon...Sem told her. His voice faded. She felt the link slipping, and the thought wrenched her heart, her soul.

Ayn, ayn! Ariada cried.

She struggled to ease her heavy breathing, her heart thumping erratically over what had just most unexpectedly occurred. Pushing to a sit, Ariada blinked away the disorientation fogging her half-sleep condition. Reality took its place. Her Sh'em were huge! And not just their naagis, their lusty poking sticks, which were thick and long. Their bodies were big too! Unlike the males Ariada had ever know, who were muscular, but also very lean, her future Sh'em were powerful--all brawn. When they wrapped themselves around her, Ariada felt as though she was being consumed by a force--no two forces she was loath to do without. She gulped. Instead of settling, her breathing increased and her heart pounded more rapidly. Rolling to her side, she pushed to a sit and then attempted to stand, but a frantic wave of emotion seized her. She was afraid! Her mates were too large, too aggressive. How would she control them? Ariada had taunted them with her own lusty needs, and she was in part to blame for their potency. She knew that her betraying body, her weak mind incited them, and now they were coming for her. Ariada was more than afraid. She was terrified!

Her legs felt weak, her muscles quaking as she struggled to stand. Bracing her hand against the trunk of the tree she took a deep breath and considered what happened. Their penetration brought no pain. It was pure pleasure, but that was part of the seduction, part of the trickery to lure her mind. Her attention shifted to the bubbling pot of stew. The rest of She'amatina would return soon to sup. She would be safe then because they were all well-trained to fight, well-trained to use their talon arcs. Turning toward the tree, Ariada unhooked her baldric from the spike it was hanging on. She strapped the hide around her chest and then pulled the bow-shaped weapon from its sheath. Running her fingers around the jagged blade honed and fastened to one end, Ariada assured herself it was well-sharpened. She returned the weapon to its holder. She was ready--ready to save her own body, her own mind from the savage She'amati males who thought they could take her.

A rustle in the brush caught in her ears. Ariada's eyes narrowed, her hearing sharpened as her attention darted around the empty encampment. A gasp caught in her throat as a male appeared, naked, aroused, his eyes keenly upon her. A second appeared to her side, then a third and fourth. Her head snapped around and her body turned quickly as two more emerged from the bushes behind her.

Triconjugal Prowlers!

All naked, each and every one of them eyeing her with primal intent, she was the prey.

Narrowing her eyes Ariada reached behind her and drew her talon arc. Circling around and over her head she crouch, feet spread widely apart. If she had to, she would battle her way through them.

One of the males chuckled and folded his arms as if daring her to go ahead. She rushed him, his eyes widening in disbelief as she drove a forceful kick to his chest. He toppled like a brittle tree long dead.

"Hmph" Ariada grunted as she landed on her feet. "Take that beast!"

The other Prowlers burst out laughing.

"Ayiahda!" A female voice from somewhere beyond the trees shrieked, and three She'manas, the mates of these Trigon males came crashing through. One of them grabbed her wrist. The other two sauntered to the center of the circle created by the males surrounding them. They shook the fetter charms around their ankles and wriggled their asses. Ariada understood immediately they were there to help her escape, or more specifically, draw their Sh'em's' attention from her by prancing around seductively. For it was said that the Prowlers were in constant lust, and could not resist the charms of their She'manas.

The males converged on them, and just as Ariada thought they might trap her, the three females stripped off their clothes. One of the females slapped her in the ass to gesture she should flee, and Ariada took off running. As she reached the edge of the encampment she turned briefly to see what was happening and it became quite clear the Prowlers were indeed more interested in their female mates than they were interested in her fleeing, for they were making quick work of the tripling. Ariada knew her time was limited. For once they finished the rutting they would be on her ass like hungry hunters, training the direction of her pace, forcing her like a wayward newling that wandered from the pact, sending her straight into the arms of her Sh'em.

Now why does that not seem like an unpleasant plan? Ariada wondered as she scampered through the forest. Stopping to catch her breath, she tried to determine her next course of action. She inhaled through her nose...and froze. She sniffed again, and once more she froze. That scent...it was incredible. Like the freshest of keirj moss mixed with the pantirin perfume the fragrance seeped through her, staggering her rational senses, tickling her woman parts, bogging her heart and her mind. It was them! Sem and Grigal, the bouquet of the excited Sh'em distinguishable only to their female.

And that female was her. Ariada gulped as her eyes darted around. Which way should she go? Which way should she run? Deciding on a path to her right she treaded as lightly as possible, as quietly as she could, praying they failed to discover her whereabouts. What seemed like an eternity passed as she made her way through the forest, toward the lake near the Black Taw trail? She had an idea. If she could make it through the Esotar mountain pass, she would head for the Tribunal camp, and surrender herself to the Mahatma leaders, tell them she'd been called by the divinities to dedicate herself to spiritual life.

"Ka!" That was it. "You will never have my body, my Sh'em!"

The thought left a bad taste in her mouth, and sadness in her heart.

Pushing the strange sentiment aside, Ariada kept moving. She was well aware they were stalking her now, their scent never quite fading, following her. The Prowlers had joined them. Every now and then she caught a glimpse of one or two of them through the trees, keeping pace with them. Now finished with their women, who were likely staked to the ground to hold them at bay, keeping them from aiding her, they had set their sights on aiding her Sh'em, helping them claim her for the tripling.

"They won't touch me," she murmured. That much Ariada knew. By Trigon ritual as long as she didn't try to pass the Prowlers they would keep their hands from her. If she attempted to move in a direction contrary to the one they desired, they would trap her, hold her down until her mates arrive to ravage her body.

Ariada smiled, and her body lit with excitement. The thought boggled her mind, filled her with immense desire.

"Ayn, ayn ayn!" They would tear her asunder. It would not be pleasant. There would be no fulfilling gain, she convinced herself. Aside from that, she was almost there, almost to Black Taw trail and freedom forever...

Ariada shrieked! Sem had seized her arm. Grigal seized her legs and before she knew it she was on the ground. To her surprise they released her and she scampered to her feet. She drew her weapon but Sem snatched it away before she could blink, as easily as snatching a jubli fruit from a teeny toddling. Grigal curled his fingers inside the top of her loin, and then promptly ripped it from her body. The heat of a blush painted her cheeks and she turned with the plan of running.

"Ka! Sacred spirit fires! Ariada quaked.

"Are you cold, She'mana?" Sem asked her. "That you call for fires?"

"We might ignite a fire within you, female."

"And what makes you think you could, you arrogant bastard!" Ariada spit, her voice venomous. She was loath to even admit to herself that just looking at them now was setting her woman parts ablaze, not alone let them know that.

"A female as sensual and lovely as you," Grigal began. "Should not go overlong without being filled with desire."

They wanted to give her desire as well as toddlers?

Ariada stood there, undecided. As if she had a choice anyway. No sooner had the thoughts materialized when they both stalked toward her, and before she could react she was trapped between their bodies, their arms wrapped tightly around her. She struggled, and it proved futile, but she continued to struggle anyway. That is, until Sem growled. She looked up at him and went still. There was a feral glaze in his expression, in his eyes that gave her serious pause. It wasn't aimed at her however, but directed toward Grigal. Turning her head, Ariada saw the same volatile look on her other Sh'em's face. Terror gripped her, and even as Grigal reached beyond her to grasp at Sem's hair, even as they began to push and snarl at each other giving her space to escape, Ariada could only scamper but a few footfalls away before halting. Something compelled her to watch the scene before her unfold.

She knew of the mental battle with which they struggled, the transcendence to accept each other as equal and to be like in mind, the changeover, an instinctive belligerence that developed between the Sh'em as the need to mate became more and more urgent, their hostility toward one another escalating until a battle ensued between them, a rivalry between two alpha males now culminating into this battle scene before her. They fought for dominance, fought for her! Ariada had two choices. Let them kill each other, let them die, or do what near every Tertani woman seemed to instinctively do since the beginning of time...

Step between them, her mind reeled--soothe them. Confusion or seduction, brainwashing or was it love? Around her the Prowlers came forward chanting and banging their talon arcs together, mated Trigon males, brethren to brethren, urging the Triconjugal sexing, calling for spiritual blessing imprisoning her within the circle they created, ready to snare her if she should decide to abscond.

Sem and Grigal roared, their splendid bodies stretching, their muscles flexing as they drew their talon arcs and swung them high and low, striking at each other, blocking, sparring. Grigal took a swipe, scraped Sem's thigh, a surface scratch but still Ariada ran, not away but directly toward them. Sem swung his talon through the air, sweeping it sideways aiming for Sem's throat. She lunged between them, her reflexes quick, her arm extending to block the strike but it never made contact with her hand. Sem blocked it instead, his large, strong hand gripping the weapon, the blade a mere finger's space from the side of her head.

It was told in the legends that the brethren were incapable of harming their woman, and now Ariada believed it was true. Though they might be aggressive when it came to the mating, she could see in the pleading way in which they both gazed at her now, that they truly and wholly needed her to soothe them, but truly, what could she do?

"I love you," she said without thinking. "I love both of you."

Though they gasped for air, their chests heaving from the exertion, the mere sound of her voice calmed them. Sem lowered his weapon first, but Grigal soon followed. Creating an elliptical shape with the bow-shaped talons, they encircled Ariada within it, claiming her. Each of them then lifted a hand, Sem's right, Grigal's left, their fingers and thumbs made contact, created the delta, the physical contact linking them to each other and also to her, their mental bond merging their thoughts and then swirling through the recesses of Ariada's mind. Panic set in and she thought to run, but wooziness swept through her head like a stormy wind and she began tipping sideways. Her legs went weak, and her stance faltered. With his free hand Sem grasped her around the waist while Grigal grasped her upper arm.

Both chuckled as they lowered her gently to the ground.

You find humor in my distress? She spoke through the dreamy haze of their transdelta connection.

You seem other than distressed She'mana. Grigal caressed her cheek. Does she not seem other than distressed

Uyo--yes. Sem replied. She seems a bit piqued. Or perhaps it is merely arousal.

Piqued would be closer to the truth, Ariada told them, fighting the carnal waves coursing through her as their hands caressed her body.

How so our beautiful mate?

You're link to me is a violation of my mind and body.

Perhaps it is you who violates us enchanting woman.

Ariada opened her eyes. They'd released their mental hold on her and she was lying on the ground with one Sh'em reclined to each side of her.

"How is this so?" Ariada asked.

"You must be our She'mana," Grigal whispered. Propped on his forearm he looked down at her gazing into her eyes. "For the heart of this savage warrior leaps for you."

"As does mine." Sem affirmed. He cupped her cheek and then slowly brushed her lips with his fingertips.

"You say you love me?" That gave Ariada pause. "Ayn, ayn!" she protested. "She'amati are not capable of love. You are all horny savages who...who..."

The smiles they gave her were bedazzling, and their eyes sparking with gold around the green of their irises were filled with an unmistakable passion. She caved. Her mind, her body, whether it was by telekinetic brainwashing or merely her own need to be loved, a loneliness Ariada hadn't

even realized she'd been feeling, suddenly drifted asunder. She wanted them, in her heart...in her body!

"Oh spirits, Uyo!"

Stunning them both, Ariada reached around Grigal's head and clenched his hair. She pulled his face toward hers and cleaved his lips to hers, dipping her tongue between them. With her other hand she reached lower seeking Sem's cock. She squeezed his swollen naagis, and then wrapped her palm around his hardened shaft. It pulsed under her tactile exploration. She stroked his downward curving erection drawing groans of pleasure from both of them, understanding fully that what she did to one, what one did to her would be fully felt by the other.

"You taunt your Sh'em, woman." Grigal pulled his lips from hers, his voice hoarse with arousal as he whispered against her ear.

"I do," Ariada responded. She gasped with unbidden desire as Sem pinched her nipple and then rolled it between his fingers.

"It's a dangerous thing to engage us as such," he told her.

"I invite danger my Sh'em."

"Then it will be so." Sem drew her nipple into her mouth as Grigal kissed her neck.

He slid his hand along her belly until his hand reached her clit. He rubbed it with his finger. His touch sent a sizzling quake coursing through Ariada's body, that intensified as Sem began licking and kissing her flesh, from her breast, across her belly, over her hip and lower until he reached her inner thigh and then kissed the tender flesh there. In a natural reaction Ariada's legs opened wider and tipped her pelvis upward inviting him to taste her core. Obliging her, he moved his mouth to her juncture and pushed Grigal's fingers aside before pressing his lips against her pussy. Ariada moaned, an uncontrolled song of pleasure as he nipped at the swell of her labia, his hot breath, massage of his lips, the stroking of his tongue inciting a wild Tertani drive to mate with them.

Around them, the Prowlers chanted. Sitting in a circle, their legs folded beneath them, their hands brought together, thumb to thumb fingertips to fingertips they formed the triangle called the delta. There they would remain, in spiritual union, beseeching the divinities to bless the new Trigon.

Uch, She'mati ut tuab afi diasu. Sem murmured against her mound as she pushed against his mouth. Your taste consumes me.

Grigal stretched along her length, his body pressing against her, his pelvis rocking in a rhythmic motion that had Ariada's heart pumping, her hips moving, her lungs inhaling and exhaling with eager anticipation. Sem lapped at more quickly the warm wetness of his tongue accelerating the

reeling sensations of desire, inciting her arousal, stimulating her carnal urges as her mind, her body completely surrendered to her mates.

"Uyo, uyo!" Ariada cried, her need to have them inside of her climbing.

She craved the flesh to flesh contact, ached for it, screamed for it.

Reaching behind her, Grigal slipped his hand beneath her arm to cradle her back. He rolled her toward him. Sem released his mouth from her and slid up along her backside. Hooking his arm behind her knee, he lifted her leg opening her, his hand sliding up to cradle one of her breasts. Ariada reached behind her and circled her arm around the back of his neck threading her fingers through the nape of his golden mane. She moaned as the head of his cock began prodding her. In front she skimmed the fingers of her other hand along Grigal's lips, and he leaned forward claiming her mouth in a searing kiss even as his own stiffened shaft joined his brethren's. She watched as her Sh'ems' eyes met--a silent communication between them that she was ready for them, that they were ready to take her. They each lifted a hand, their fingers meeting, Sem's thumb to Grigal's thumb and fingertips to fingertips, forming the triangle--the delta, linking to her in transdelta link for the very last time.

We have loved you since the beginning and will love you until the end of all time, Ariada. You have claimed our hearts more powerfully than we claim you now.

And with one great thrust, they pierced her flesh, and Ariada's breath caught, as they stretched and then tore her hymen. They then went still inside of her. Ariada stiffened and waited for the ripping, tormenting, horrendous pain she was sure would follow.

That was it?

She wriggled her hips thinking that would cause the unbearable agony that she for so-long feared, but there was nothing except a burning between her woman lips, nothing more than a slight sensation of tearing. Uncomfortable uyo, but bearable. She wriggled her hips and then laughed with delight. She squeezed down on them, rotated on them and then laughed again.

"It feels...it feels..." She smiled brightly. "I think I like this sexing thing you forced upon me."

Her Sh'em both chuckled and began to move, their hips humping at her, seeking and finding a steady pace, watching her face until the cadence of their thrust brought pleasure to her face and they knew she was ripe for the cumming.

And she did. Ariada rocked back and forth, rubbing her pussy on Grigal's pelvis in front, and grinding to get full penetration as she arched her back and pressed her bottom against Sem's hips from behind, the action igniting a bundle of nerves deep inside that caused her vagina to flood with moisture. The three of them moved together in simultaneous accord, tripling, Sem and Grigal with their She'mana, Ariada between them, her hips catching the sexual rhythm that built inside of her, mounting and then intensifying into mindless abandoned arousal. She shuddered and cried out as pure ecstasy burst from her core and forged its way through her body. Sem and

Grigal followed. To the amplified droning of the Prowlers around them they pumped harder into her, ravished her, driven by her climatic release and the euphoria that captured their minds and bodies. They roared and shot their seed into her. With the tripling completed and the divinities beseeched to bless the newly formed Trigon, the Prowlers retreated.

As Ariada snuggled between her Sh'em, the three of them holding each other, panting and then lulling in post-orgasmic bliss, she thought about what came next. It was that with which she had forever dreaded. They would shackle her to their talon arcs and march her to the Trigon camps where they would present her to the tribunal for the final blessing and to prove she had been deflowered. They would then bind her to them by placing the fetter charms around her ankles, forever their woman. Of this she feared no more. For the first time in her life Ariada felt light. She loved and she was love. Being claimed by her mates had truly allowed her heart and her mind to run free, just as it was the nature of the Tertani female, just as it was and always will be a part of the Trigon rituals.

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### The Trigon Rituals

#### Trigon Rituals II: Deep Pressure

#### Trigon Rituals III: Dominance Fury

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