



DUET INCLUDES TWO **NEW** KINDRED TALES:  
HAVING THE DAE'MON'S BABY  
HER KINDRED DOM

# DAE'MONS AND DOMS

KINDRED TALES  
*KINDRED DUET*

**EVANGELINE ANDERSON**  
*NYT AND USA TODAY BEST SELLING AUTHOR*

# DAE'MONS AND DOMS

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A KINDRED TALES DUET: HAVING THE  
DAE'MON'S BABY & HER KINDRED DOM

EVANGELINE ANDERSON



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# CONTENTS

## Dae'mons and Doms

### Book One: Having the Dae'mon's Baby

1. Ketha
2. Ketha
3. Ketha
4. Styx
5. Ketha
6. Styx
7. Ketha
8. Ketha
9. Ketha
10. Ketha
11. Styx
12. Ketha
13. Styx
14. Ketha
15. Ketha
16. Ketha
17. Ketha
18. Ketha
19. Ketha
20. Ketha
21. Ketha

### Book Two: Her Kindred Dom

#### Author's Note

1. Addison
2. Courick
3. Addison
4. Addison
5. Courick
6. Addison
7. Addison
8. Courick

9. [Addison](#)
10. [Courick](#)
11. [Addison](#)
12. [Addison](#)
13. [Courick](#)
14. [Addison](#)
15. [Addison](#)
16. [Courick](#)
17. [Addison](#)
18. [Courick](#)
19. [Addison](#)
20. [Courick](#)
21. [Addison](#)
22. [Courick](#)
23. [Addison](#)
24. [Courick](#)
25. [Addison](#)
26. [Courick](#)
27. [Addison](#)

[The End?](#)

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[About the Author](#)

# DAE'MONS AND DOMS

A KINDRED TALES DUET: HAVING THE DAE'MON'S BABY &  
HER KINDRED DOM

**Two spicy stories in one book.**

In *Having the Dae'mon's Baby*, Ketha decides to skip the Contraception Center and get pregnant the old fashioned way —by letting her new Kindred Bodyslave penetrate her. But will she get more than she bargained for?

In *Her Kindred Dom*, Addison decides she wants her stern Kindred boss as her Daddy Dom, but will the big Beast Kindred give her more than she can handle? Find out when you read, *Dae'mons and Doms*, the latest Kindred Tales book.

Author's Note: This second story in this book, *Her Kindred Dom*, is BDSM and contains some very mild Age Play. (The heroine calls the hero "Daddy" several times but mostly she calls him "Sir.") I have been wanting to write a Kindred Age Play novel for some time, but I know it's not everyone's cup of tea. However, even if you don't usually like Age Play, I would ask that you give it a chance. It is, as I said, very mild and I think you'll enjoy it even if this topic isn't usually your thing. If you've seen the movie "Secretary" most of the story is along those lines.

Hugs and thanks for reading,

Evangeline



# BOOK ONE: HAVING THE DAE'MON'S BABY

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Ketha has a dull, dissatisfying life and to make matters worse, her mother is pressuring her to have a baby to carry on their family dynasty. Ketha doesn't feel ready for the responsibility...until her mother buys a male bodyslave to serve them. The new servant is a Dae'mon Kindred.

Huge and muscular with curving horns, he's like nothing Ketha has ever seen before...she feels immediately drawn to him and decides to use him for her own ends. Her mother wants her to have a baby? Fine—but she's not going to the Conception Center to have artificial insemination. Instead, she wants to get pregnant in the most forbidden way possible—by letting a male penetrate her.

But can Ketha give her body without giving her heart?

You'll have to read *Having the Dae'mon's Baby* to find out...

*Dedicated to:*

***SJ Sanders***

*for finding me the perfect title for this book.*

*Thanks, SJ!*



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## KETHA

“Now Ketha, I’ve made you another appointment at the Conception Center and I *don’t* want you to miss it.” Mistress Morebutt, Ketha’s mother, frowned at her reprovingly. “I know you skipped the last two but you’re *not* skipping this one.”

Ketha frowned rebelliously and put one hand on her ample hip. Because of the Earth DNA her mother had used when she had decided to conceive an heir, the two women looked almost nothing alike.

Mistress Morebutt was tall and skinny with narrow hips, thin lips, short blonde hair which she had dyed a fashionable bright pink, and pale green eyes. Her daughter, on the other hand, was short and curvy with lovely brown skin, luscious lips, and long, curly black hair. About the only thing she’d inherited from her mother were Mistress Morebutt’s pale green eyes, which looked striking paired with her creamy complexion.

Many of the other Yonnite Mistresses thought she was too curvy, but Ketha loved her shape, which was something like an overfull hourglass. She resisted the diets her skinny mother tried to put her on and dressed to emphasize her curves—all of which exasperated Mistress Morebutt.

Ketha’s mother was a prominent businesswoman in Opulex—the capital city of Yonnie Six—a planet which was dominated and ruled by women. She had often bemoaned her decision to use Earth DNA when she conceived her daughter

—she believed that this was the reason that Ketha was so “strong willed” and “obstinate.”

“I told you, Mother—I don’t *want* to get pregnant yet! I don’t care if it’s the fashion to have your heir early and get it over with—I’m just not ready!” Ketha protested. “I refuse to be bullied into having a baby just because *you’re* trying to get a place in the Sacred Seven!”

The Sacred Seven was the ruling body of Yonnie Six, composed of an ever-revolving cast of the richest and most respected Yonnite Mistresses. Mistress Morebutt was certainly rich enough, but she wasn’t quite popular enough to get appointed. Accordingly, she was following the trends and for several years now, the “trend” was to lock down your dynasty by making sure that your heir *also* had an heir—that way the family money stayed where it belonged—in the family.

She had been trying to convince Ketha to go to the Conception Center and get pregnant for ages, but Ketha didn’t want to. It wasn’t that she didn’t want a baby eventually—she loved children. But she didn’t like the whole process at the Conception center. She had tried it once and couldn’t make herself go through with it. The metal rod they jammed inside you to deposit the seed was freezing *cold* and horribly uncomfortable. She had wiggled away when it was only halfway inside her and made a run for the door—and she was determined *not* to go back.

“I’m not *ready* to be pregnant yet,” she told her mother again.

Mistress Morebutt was still fuming as she paced the living area of their penthouse suite. It was at the top of one of the tallest buildings in Opulex, which she owned, and it was richly decorated with cloud-fluff carpets and expensive singing crystal glows. The fist-sized crystals floated around the ceiling at a leisurely pace and hummed the latest songs quietly to themselves, all while shedding a rich, golden light over their opulent surroundings.

“Well, you’re *going* to be ready very soon,” Mistress Morebutt said grimly. “You won’t want to miss your

appointment when the *fertility drugs* kick in.”

“Fertility drugs? What are you talking about?” Ketha stared at her mother blankly. “I haven’t been taking any fertility drugs!”

“Oh yes, you have!” Her mother flashed a triumphant smile. “I’ve been having Chef Le’nox put them in your food all week. And you should be feeling the effects *very* soon.”

Ketha stared at her mother, aghast. Surely she was only joking—she wouldn’t *really* drug her own daughter—would she?

*Maybe she would, though*, Ketha thought grimly. Was *that* the reason her breasts had gotten larger lately? The nipples also seemed to be extra tender and sensitive. And she’d been feeling a need to be penetrated—a need which none of her extensive collection of sex toys seemed to assuage. Even the largest one she owned—and it was *not* small—wasn’t big enough to satisfy her cravings.

Still, she couldn’t believe that her own mother would drug her food—it was unforgivable!

“That’s right—I see that you’re coming around to the idea,” Mistress Morebutt said, nodding as she saw the look of dawning comprehension on Ketha’s face. “You’re going to want to make sure you get to that appointment at the Conception Center or you’re going to be in some *serious* discomfort, young lady! Those drugs are engineered to make you *need* seed in your womb. Without it, you’re going to have problems.”

Ketha found her voice at last.

“I can’t believe you would *do* this to me!” she exclaimed. “It should be *my* choice when to have a baby! It’s *my body* after all!”

“You’re my heir and you need an heir of your own,” her mother said sharply. “Don’t act so ridiculously offended, Ketha—just make sure you get to that appointment at the Conception Center this afternoon. Oh, and afterwards, go pick

up my new bodyslave at the Flesh Bazaar, would you? The slaver promised me he'd be ready to collect by today."

Then she swept out of the room, leaving Ketha to stare after her in anger. She couldn't believe her mother had drugged her!

*She thinks she's leaving me no choice, she thought, glaring at her mother's back as she disappeared around the corner. But that's not true. There is another choice—I'll just ignore these urges and keep far away from the Conception Center! I'm not getting pregnant, no matter what she says!*

And that was exactly what she was determined to do.





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## KETHA

However, just a few hours later, Ketha was in *serious* discomfort, just as her mother had promised. She felt achingly empty between her legs and even her largest flesh-toy wasn't helping. It just wasn't *big* enough! She felt instinctively that she needed something with immense length and girth to stretch her pussy—but that wasn't *all* she needed. There was a deep craving inside her that seemed to be her body crying out for something.

Ketha supposed the strange yearning was due to the drugs she'd been given, which made her need male seed in her womb, just as her mother had said. But she was still determined *not* to go to the Conception Center.

Deliberately skipping her appointment yet again was sure to infuriate her mother—not that Ketha cared. However, since she didn't want to get locked out of the penthouse, she decided she *would* do the other thing Mistress Morebutt had asked of her and go to pick up her new bodyslave at the Flesh Bazaar.

Ketha had her own ship and she had learned to fly it at an early age. She'd always been self-reliant—not wanting to depend on anyone else to take her places. Her mother called it being “headstrong and rebellious” but Ketha thought it was practical. She liked being able to leave any place at any time she wanted without having to wait for a ride and go wherever she wanted without always begging for permission.

So she flew her little racing shuttle—which had just room enough for two—over to the Flesh Bazaar.

The Flesh Bazaar was the oldest slave market in the Yonnite sector and it was where most of the discerning Mistresses got their male bodyslaves. One saw female slaves for sale there as well, but then, one saw *every* kind of creature for sale there, including just about every sentient species in the galaxy.

Ketha strolled through the large chamber with its vaulted ceiling, echoing with the cries of “slaves for sale!” The enormous space was dotted with square pedestals where the various slaves were displayed.

Most of the slaves were naked and already had pain collars on to keep them in line. There were Zorthian laborers with leathery green skin and bulging yellow eyes, Mis’landra milk-dancing girls who had two sets of breasts, one right under the other, all of which were constantly lactating, and Fri’drops which were excellent as severs or hairdressers, due to their eight long, flexible, tentacle-like arms. (Though they had to have a large pool to live in, due to their extreme hydration needs.)

As she walked, Ketha tried to imagine being one of the slaves up for sale. What would it be like to be stripped of your clothes and forced to stand on a stone pedestal? To have prospective buyers fondle your body and look at your teeth to determine if they wanted to buy you or not? The thought made her shiver and she felt sorry for the slaves.

Her mother treated the males who served them like dirt, but Ketha had a soft spot in her heart for them. Probably because the only kind and caring adult in her life as she was growing up had been her mother’s ancient bodyslave-butler, Speaks Softly. He had been a sweet old male who had held Ketha on his knee and told her fascinating stories of his home world of Twin Moons, where there were two males to every female and the Goddess ruled over them all with love and compassion.

Speaks, as he was called for short, was a Kindred—a race which was much prized for bodyslaves because they refused to hurt women. Any Yonnite Mistress who owned a Kindred

knew she had a trustworthy male who wouldn't try to murder her in her sleep—as many other kinds of slaves would.

Being a Kindred, Speaks had been kind and protective of Ketha—almost like a father would have been—if she'd had one. Of course, no one on Yonnie Six had a father—at least, not in the rich and fashionable circles of the Yonnite Mistresses. They all went to the Conception Centers to get pregnant with their heirs. But because of Speaks Softly, Ketha grew up liking males rather than disliking and distrusting them, like many other Yonnites did.

He had told her often of his home world and how he had lost his twin and brother, a male called Shouts Loudly. Ketha got the feeling that if his twin had still been alive, Speaks would have tried to escape. But when he lost his brother, he also lost the ability to call a mate and to have a normal life—well, whatever was normal for a Twin Kindred, anyway, which seemed strange to her. So he was content to stay in bondage to her mother and to act as a surrogate father to Ketha.

Unfortunately, Speaks had died recently—passing peacefully in his tiny room at the back of the penthouse. He'd had a short illness and Ketha had refused to let her mother send him away to the Dream Gas mines—which Mistress Morebutt had wanted to do because he “wasn't useful anymore.” She had nursed the old bodyslave herself—though her mother had complained it was beneath her—and had done her best to make his last moments easy.

In the very end, Ketha had been holding his hand and she knew she would never forget it. Just as Speaks had been about to breathe his last, his faded blue eyes had opened wide, as though seeing some glory that no one else could comprehend.

“Oh, it's you, Shouts...Brother, I hear you calling me. Goddess—I'm coming home!” he had breathed and then his hand had gone limp in Ketha's and she'd known he was gone.

“Now why did you have to think about that?” she muttered to herself, because her eyes were suddenly stinging with tears. She still missed the old Kindred bodyslave, she admitted to herself. Missed him more that she could say. It had only been

six solar months since his passing and she still felt his loss deeply.

If Speaks had still been alive, she might have consented to have the baby her mother so desperately wanted for her second heir. The old Kindred bodyslave had been excellent with children and he would have helped Ketha raise her daughter. (And it *definitely* would have been a daughter—the Conception Centers *only* used seed that was guaranteed to produce female heirs.)

Of course, she could always use a nanny-bot—a specially programmed AI robot which was made specifically to raise the heirs of Yonnite Mistresses. But Ketha herself had been given over to a nanny-bot at birth and she remembered how cold and unloving it had been. Without Speaks to care for her, she would have had a loveless childhood, since Mistress Morebutt couldn't be bothered to come see her more than once a week or so, when she was little.

So if she *did* ever have a child, she was going to raise the little girl by hand and not pass her off to a machine, Ketha swore to herself. She sighed. If *only* Speaks was still around. He was always so good with children—they trusted him instinctively because they could sense his gentle nature and kind heart.

She wondered if the new bodyslave would be anything like him. Her mother had ordered another Kindred from their usual slave dealer, but it had taken him some time to procure one.

Apparently the Kindred—which were a race that was ninety-five percent male—now knew that they were considered prime candidates for bodyslaves by Yonnite Mistresses and they were being more careful. So it was getting harder and harder to buy one—even at the elite dealers of the Flesh Bazaar. Still, Mistress Morebutt had stuck to her standards, refusing to even *think* of any other species when she decided to replace Speaks.

“I won't have any other kind of male running my household!” she'd told the slave dealer, who was a shifty-eyed Saurian with scaly skin and slitted yellow eyes. “I simply *must*

have a male I can trust, and the Kindred are the *only* males who absolutely will not harm a female.”

“They are getting difficult to procure, Missstresss,” the dealer had hissed doubtfully. “It may take me sssome time to get you one.”

“I’ll wait,” Mistress Morebutt had said. “Ketha and I will simply have to make do with a robo-butler until you can get me a Kindred.”

Actually, Ketha didn’t mind the robo-butler. True it was clunky and its hands were too cold and metallic to give a good massage—the one time Ketha had tried its massage function, she had found it was like being rubbed by an ice-cold metal rolling pin. But it was good at keeping track of her mother’s appointments and it was easy to fool, so she could sneak out at night if she wanted to.

*Shouldn’t have to be sneaking anywhere*, she thought to herself resentfully, as she continued through the Bazaar, waving off a *chuni*-meat vendor who was trying to sell her a candied Koo-lock penis on a stick. *I’m a grown woman, past the age of maturity. Mother needs to stop treating me like a child!*

The problem with Mistress Morebutt was her intense need to micromanage and control everything and everyone in her life. She was *awful* to live with—especially now that they didn’t have Speaks to act as a kind of buffer-zone between them. He had always been able to mitigate any conflict between Ketha and her mother and bring peace. Now that he was gone, their entire relationship was nothing *but* conflict!

Ketha sighed when she thought of all the things the old Kindred bodyslave had done, from parenting her when her mother refused to be bothered, to acting as a sounding board when she needed good advice, to keeping the entire household running smoothly—all while keeping her and her mother from biting each other’s heads off. How could the new bodyslave—even if he was a sweet, mild-tempered Kindred—be anywhere *near* as good as the one they had lost?

“He can’t be,” Ketha muttered to herself. “There’s no way he can fill Speaks’ place—even if he tries. No matter how sweet and kind he is, he won’t be Speaks.”

She had reached the back of the vast, echoing hall by now. Finally she saw the golden curtain which led to the elite slave dealers in the back. They sold only the best of the best to the richest and most exacting Yonnite Mistresses. Mistress Morebutt had never purchased a slave from the “front room” as she scathingly called it. There was nothing worth having until you got past that golden curtain, at least in her opinion.

Ketha was stopped by an attendant at the curtain but the moment he recognized her as Mistress Morebutt’s heir, she was allowed to pass at once. She nodded her thanks and pushed on through.

Behind the sparkling metallic fabric was a long hall, carpeted in lush *velka* pelts. The carpeting went up the walls and ceiling too, which gave the feeling of walking down a long, furry tunnel. This served to keep everything whisper quiet, since the dense black and white pelts had natural noise canceling properties.

Ketha passed rich dark-wood doors on either side of the furry hallway until at last, she came to door at the very end of the hall. There was a tastefully muted hologram—the number 11—in faintly glowing numbers hovering above it. She knocked on it gently—just two raps with her knuckles—and it opened at once.

“Ah, Mistress Ketha!” It was Schulo, the slaver himself. Today he had on a silvery gray *penter* silk coat which hung to his scaly knees. The richly embroidered material draped awkwardly over his scaly Saurian body, but his smile—which was enormously wide, due to his flat, elongated snout—said he was eager to please.

“Hello, Schulo.” Ketha nodded and stepped inside.

She was aware at once of a spicy, hot scent that was somehow indefinably masculine. Where was that coming from? She looked around but couldn’t see anyone else but the Saurian in the room—though there was a second door at the



back of the richly decorated office. The scent made her body throb for some reason—her nipples getting even tighter under the thin green gown she wore. Why was that?

“I’ve come to get my mother’s new bodyslave,” she said, trying to ignore the strange feelings the warm scent gave her. Probably it was just the damn fertility drugs her mother had slipped her, she reasoned. She’d been fighting a rising tide of horniness for the past few hours, but she was determined *not* to give in and go to the damn Conception Center!

“Ah, yesss,” Schulo hissed, nodding his long, crocodilian head. “Yesss, he is all ready to go. Though I must caution you, he isss...not quite the kind of Kindred you and your essteemed mother are ussed to.”

Ketha frowned.

“What do you mean by that? I thought my mother ordered the same kind of Kindred our last bodyslave-butler, Speaks Softly, was. She’s *not* going to be happy if you give us something completely different.”

“This was the only one I could get on such short notice!” Schulo protested. “Besssides, all Kindred revere femalesss. He will ssserve you well, little Mistresss.”

When he started calling her “little Mistress,” Ketha knew something was up. Still, she was reluctantly intrigued. What would this new kind of Kindred look like? Speaks had been tall and muscular, even in his old age. He’d had thick silver hair which had once been blond and kind, faded blue eyes.

“Very well,” she said at last. “I’ll look at him. But if he’s not what we’re looking for, I’m *not* taking him home. Mistress Morebutt is *already* in a bad mood,” she added, thinking of her mother’s towering rage when she found out that Ketha had skipped yet *another* appointment at the Conception Center.

“Very good, very good. You will like him—I am sssure,” Schulo hissed eagerly. “Just wait here for a moment, little Mistresss while I fetch him.”

“Very well.” Ketha put a hand on her hip and tapped her fingernails. She was just about to check her communications

device and see if her Mother had found out she'd skipped her appointment yet, when Schulo came back in leading the biggest male she'd ever seen in her life.

“Here he is, Little Mistresss,” he hissed proudly. “Your new Kindred bodyssslave!”



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## KETHA

For a long moment, Ketha was at a loss for words. This new male looked nothing like Speaks Softly—nothing at all.

He was much bigger for one thing—he must be over seven feet tall, Ketha estimated. The top of her own head would barely come up past his elbow. And he was massively muscular—his *muscles* had muscles!

But Speaks had been fairly tall and well built, even though he had been bent with age at the end. However, the similarities between the two Kindred ended there. Because this new male had dark red skin, covered in curving black tattoos. Even stranger, he had glowing golden eyes and two short horns that curved up from either side of his forehead.

“What in the name of the Goddess?” Ketha demanded, staring up at the enormous male. “Are you sure he’s even Kindred? He doesn’t look like any Kindred I’ve ever seen!”

To her surprise, it was the bodyslave himself who answered her.

“That’s because I’m a Dae’mon Kindred, little girl,” he rumbled in a voice so deep Ketha swore she could feel it vibrating her bones. “We’re pretty fucking rare.”

“A *Dae’mon* Kindred?” Ketha looked at Schulo for confirmation.

The Saurian slaver nodded eagerly.

“Yesss, yesss—they are quite rare, little Mistresss,” he hissed. “I had to do a rather expensssive deal with a Qurathian

smuggler to get him for you!”

“Fuckin’ Chu’lex!” the Dae’mon Kindred growled. “He told me he had a special delivery—he never said *I* was the delivery he was talking about.”

He had thick black hair and cheeks that were dark with stubble but Ketha could see his jaw clenching with anger just the same.

“What’s he talking about?” she demanded of Schulo. “He doesn’t sound like he’s been conditioned properly at all!”

While the majority of the Mistresses on Yonnie Six used pain collars to keep their slaves under control, Mistress Morebutt preferred to use the much more expensive mental methods to keep her slaves in line.

This involved the use of a special conditioning helmet which linked directly to the slave’s brain and actually changed the pattern of their thoughts. A properly conditioned slave was happy to serve and needed no pain collar to make him obey his new Mistress.

It might have sounded more humane than a pain collar, but Ketha knew the truth—her mother was no great humanitarian. Mistress Morebutt was simply squeamish about seeing a slave writhe in agony. She had all her slaves re-conditioned on a yearly basis so she never had to worry about revolts or runaways. The only exception had been Speaks—after Ketha had come along, he had stayed of his own free will, without the need for conditioning.

*He stayed because he loved me*, Ketha thought wistfully. But there was no way a big brute like this was going to grow tender feelings for her or her mother—she was certain of that. And having a male this big and powerful under her roof if he wasn’t properly conditioned would be downright dangerous!

But Schulo was already hastening to deny her fears.

“No, no, little Mistress!” he protested quickly. “I would never sssell you an unconditioned ssslave! It is true that he took a little longer to take to the conditioning than other ssslaves do—that wasss the delay in getting him ready for you.

But now he is *perfectly* content to ssserve you. Go on—examine him and sssee for yourssself!”

“Well...” Ketha took a cautious step closer to the enormous Kindred and confirmed something for herself before she even touched him—the hot, spicy, masculine fragrance she’d been smelling since she stepped into Schulo’s office was definitely emanating from the big bodyslave.

Now that he was close, his scent was filling her senses and affecting her in strange ways. Once more she felt her nipples getting tight under the thin green silk gown she wore and she had to squeeze her thighs together to stop her pussy from throbbing.

“Touch him! Examine him!” Schulo urged. “Isss he not a fine ssspecimen? Your mother will be the talk of all Opulex if ssshe walks into a gala with him trailing behind her!”

Ketha had to admit he was right about that. She’d never seen a bodyslave so huge and imposing looking before! He looked like some kind of death deity or maybe a primitive God of War. But could he *really* be trusted?

There was only one way to find out.

Boldly, she stepped up and put her hand on the massive bodyslave’s bare chest. His skin was warm—almost hot—and his muscles twitched under her hand but he didn’t try to pull away. In fact, he leaned down to look at her, his golden eyes glowing into hers.

“What...what’s your name, slave?” Ketha demanded, trying to sound imperious rather than breathless.

Goddess, what was wrong with her? She’d never had a male affect her like this before. But the more she breathed in his scent, the stranger she felt. Her nipples were tight and achy under the thin silk of her gown and her pussy was getting so wet and hot she had to squeeze her thighs together to try and ease the ache.

“Name’s Styx,” the big Kindred rumbled. His nose wrinkled and then his nostrils flared and his eyes widened.

“You smell ripe and ready for breeding, little girl. What happened to make you so hot?”

Ketha stared up at him in confusion. Could he actually *smell* her heat? Whether he could or not, what he was saying was *wildly* inappropriate. A bodyslave did *not* tell his Mistress she smelled “ripe for breeding.”

Schulo seemed to know this as well, because he was already making excuses.

“Forgive him, little Missstresss,” he hissed quickly. “He does not mean to offend—he is simply plain-spoken. His people are blunt and ssspeak to the point.”

“Well, that *isn't* a point he ought to...ought to speak about!” Ketha exclaimed breathlessly.

“Examine his ssshafft,” Shulo suggested, clearly trying to change the subject. He untied the strings which held the Kindred’s loose black trousers closed and pulled them open. “It is the largessst I have ever ssseen on a ssslave, and I have been in the ssslave businesss for twenty five cyclesss!”

Ketha did as he said. Dropping her eyes to the space between his muscular thighs, she looked at the big Dae'mon Kindred’s shaft.

Like the slave himself, it was definitely bigger than normal. In fact, it was freaking *enormous*, she admitted to herself. Even unerect, it dangled down near his knees and the head was almost as big as her fist!

The new Kindred’s immense size made her think of how she’d been trying and failing to scratch her itch all morning. Styx put even her largest flesh-toy to shame. What would it feel like to have something that huge stretching her inner walls and filling her pussy?

The next moment she pushed the thought away. A proper Yonnite Mistress *never* allowed herself to be penetrated by a male! Still, just the *thought* of sinking down on that monster and taking it all the way inside herself made her pussy even wetter than it already was.

Styx’s nostrils flared again.



“Mmm, little girl,” he growled softly. “You smell even hotter than before. You like what you see between my legs?”

“Er, pay no attention—the Dae’mon Kindred always ssspeak their minds,” Shulo said quickly. “Do you wish to touch his ssshft for yourself, little Mistress? To ascertain it’s sssize?”

As a matter of fact, Ketha *did* want to touch him—she wanted to know exactly how huge that monster between the big Kindred’s thighs could get. Also, she wanted to feel him in her hand—long and hot and hard.

“I *will* touch him—but...but only to be certain he can get hard enough for display,” she said, a bit breathlessly. A bodyslave who couldn’t get hard was useless on Yonnie Six, since the size of her bodyslave’s shaft was a point of pride for his Mistress.

“Very well! Touch him, then,” Schulo agreed quickly.

“Yes, touch me, little girl,” Styx growled. His shaft was already beginning to grow, Ketha saw. “I’d love to feel your soft little hands on my shaft.”

“I don’t need your permission, Kindred,” Ketha told him. But now it almost felt like a dare, and she didn’t want to back down. So she reached between the enormous bodyslave’s legs and wrapped her fingers around his shaft. Or tried to, anyway—her fingers wouldn’t fit all the way around his girth, no matter how she repositioned them—he was simply too thick.

As the enormous male equipment got bigger and harder, Ketha saw that there were raised horizontal ridges up and down the length of the shaft. And at the base was a thick swelling. She examined both features, running her fingers along the ridges curiously.

“What are these?” she demanded, looking up at the huge bodyslave.

“Gods! Such soft little hands!” the big Kindred growled. “Those are my pleasure ridges, little girl. They’re meant to rub against your sweet little clit when you ride me.”

His words sent a shiver of pure desire through Ketha—though she knew they shouldn't. But he was echoing her own previous idea and suddenly the mental image of straddling Styx and taking that huge shaft deep in her pussy was lodged in her mind. She tried to push it away.

“Watch how you speak to me, Kindred!” she snapped, but she *didn't* stop stroking his shaft. She liked the feel of it in her hands—hot and heavy but also silky soft—the dark red skin felt like flower petals against her fingertips.

“Then you'd better watch how you touch me. If you're not careful you'll make me shoot, little girl,” he warned. “Wouldn't want to ruin that pretty gown of yours by getting my seed all over it.”

“He will not do that, little Mistress—he is only *talking*,” Schulo denied quickly.

“The fuck you say, slaver,” Styx growled. “I haven't had a female touch me in months, ever since that fucker Chu'lex drugged me and sold me to you! So if I say I'm going to come, you'd better fucking believe me!”

“Er...perhapsss it would be better if you sstopped stroking his sshaft now, little Mistress,” Schulo said to Ketha apologetically.

“Oh—of course.” She pulled her hands away, but a plan had begun to form in her mind.

She knew that going to the Conception Center was how all decent and respectable women got pregnant, but she also knew there was *another* way to get pregnant—the forbidden way—by allowing yourself to be penetrated by a male.

Ketha had never wanted to allow such a thing before—though she *had* seen some black-market porn where the male penetrated the female instead of the other way around, which was what was considered normal on Yonnie Six. But now she was seriously considering it.

What would it be like? Sinking down on that long, thick, ridged shaft? She wouldn't try to take the swelling at the base—there was no way she could. But she had an idea that

maybe...just *maybe*—she could take the shaft itself. Would the ridges really rub against her clit as he thrust inside her? How would that feel? She squeezed her thighs tightly together as a bolt of pure need ran through her. Goddess, she wanted to try it—wanted to try fitting that long, thick shaft inside herself!

*No—you can't!* whispered a little voice in her head. *If anyone found out, you'd be banished from the planet!*

Reluctantly, Ketha decided she shouldn't even consider such a thing. It was wrong, not to mention against all the laws of Yonnie Six. Still, she had to do *something* with the big Kindred, so she might as well take him home with her and see if he would make a half-decent bodyslave.

“I'll take him,” she said to Schulo, which seemed to surprise the slaver.

“Oh, well of course, little Mistress,” he said, blinking his slitted yellow eyes. “By all means—please take him. Do you want a collar and a leash to lead him with?”

Ketha shook her head.

“No, as long as he's properly conditioned, that shouldn't be necessary.” She looked up at the big Kindred. “You're not going to try to hurt me, are you, Styx?”

“Now how could I hurt such a luscious little Elite?” he growled softly, looking down at her. “I'd much rather lick your sweet pussy, little girl.”

“You mussst sstopping ssaying ssuch things!” Schulo scolded him. “I have told you over and over during your conditioning that ssuch language is not permitted when ssspeaking to your new Mistress!”

Styx shrugged, his impossibly broad shoulders rolling with the movement.

“I say what I fucking want, you fucking lizard. And what I *want* to lick my 'new Mistress's' pussy.” He turned his glowing golden eyes on Ketha again. “Is that *acceptable*, Mistress?”

“You...you won’t be able to talk that way around my mother—she’s the real Mistress of our estate,” Ketha said rather breathlessly. “She’ll have you whipped for insolence.”

“Fine—so I won’t offer to lick *her* pussy.” He shrugged again. “But as for *you*—you’re too luscious to pass up. I want to get my tongue between your thighs as soon as possible, little girl.”

“You can kiss my panties later,” Ketha told him, pressing her legs together tightly. “For now, come with me.”

She motioned imperiously for him to follow her. She was absolutely certain that her mother wouldn’t like the new Kindred bodyslave and would probably send him back with a complaint to Schulo. But the idea of using him to get pregnant still wouldn’t leave her mind. Of course, she wouldn’t actually do it, but letting him kiss her panties couldn’t hurt, could it?

That was what she told herself anyway, as she left Schulo’s offices. She would just take Styx home as her mother had ordered and if Mistress Morebutt didn’t like her new Kindred bodyslave, well, that wasn’t Ketha’s fault. She wasn’t going to do anything with him—she would just go to her room and try to use one of her flesh toys on herself again, to take the edge off the urgent need she was feeling and that was *all*.

But though she tried to distract herself, she couldn’t get the thought of sinking down on that thick shaft and taking the ride of her life out of her mind.



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## STYX

Styx followed his new Mistress through the Flesh Bazaar docilely enough. He remembered being brought here months ago and his fury at being captured and told that he would soon be serving a Yonnite Mistress. He had sworn he would rip his new owner to pieces the moment she tried to take charge of him. He might be Kindred but he was also half Dae'mon—a savage race that didn't tolerate being subjugated.

But months of having the Conditioning Helmet strapped to his skull had changed those views. He *wouldn't* kill his new Mistress, he had decided. But he *would* run away the minute he got the fucking chance. The helmet might be able to keep his fury in check, but it couldn't change his determination to be free and get back to his own ship.

Although to be honest, now that he saw his new Mistress, he was feeling inclined to hang around—at least for a while. She was a luscious little Elite with full curves, big, green eyes and soft brown skin. But even more than her appearance, Styx was attracted to her scent. To put it bluntly, she smelled fucking *hot*—like she needed to be bred.

The females of his own people, the Dae'mon Kindred, also experienced this phenomenon—they went into Heat and had to get bred or die. That was what his new Mistress smelled like, Styx thought. Like she was deep in Heat and needed a male's shaft in her soft little pussy.

*But I want to get my tongue in her first—to help her open up,* Styx told himself, watching as her large, juicy backside twitched deliciously and her full hips swayed as she walked in

front of him. He had chemical compounds in his saliva that would help a female open for his shaft—plus he simply wanted to taste her. He hadn't eaten pussy in a long fucking time—not for months—and he missed it.

The Kindred have a biological need to taste their mates but Styx wasn't looking to Bond the little female to him. He just loved going down—loved the moans and cries of a female in the throes of passion as he pleased her with his tongue—loved the taste of her honey as she rode his face and gushed for him. He wanted her hands on his horns, pulling him forward—wanted to hear her moaning his name as he sucked her clit and slipped his tongue deep in her honey well.

Styx was determined to get his face between his new Mistress's thighs sooner rather than later. She was hot enough—she would let him go down on her—he was sure of it. And if she wouldn't, well, maybe he would hold her down and take what he wanted—what they *both* wanted, at least if the pheromones her body was putting out had any truth to them. Then, after he had tasted his fill of her and made her gush her honey for him several times, he would get the fuck off this planet and get back to his own ship.

He had a life to get back to, he told himself, and the little female with the bewitchingly curvy body and big green eyes didn't figure into it.





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## KETHA

Ketha tried to ignore the way the big Kindred was looking at her as she started her shuttle. But since he was sitting right beside her in the passenger seat, taking up most of the space in the cabin, it was kind of difficult to do. Even more difficult to ignore was his wild, spicy scent which seemed to fill her senses.

“DNA verification required for start,” a mechanical voice informed her and a small sensor extended on a long arm from the control panel.

Ketha licked her thumb and pressed it to the DNA wand.

“DNA verification complete,” the mechanical voice said and the sensor’s arm retracted.

“Finally,” Ketha muttered to herself as the shuttle lifted off. She was still trying not to look at the enormous Kindred in the seat beside her.

But Styx wasn’t easily ignored.

“So where are you taking me, little girl?” he growled, staring down at her as she finally got the shuttle out into the nearest air-lane, which was marked with neon airflairs.

“Back home,” Ketha said shortly. She shot him a glance. “My Mother is gone for the day but when you meet her, you’ll have to be respectful or she’ll send you to the Dream Gas mines.”

“I don’t give a fuck about her—I’m interested in *you*,” he growled.

“Well don’t be!” Ketha snapped. “I ought to be interrogating *you* to make sure you’re suitable as a body slave. What did you do before you were captured?”

“I was a trader,” he growled. “I specialized in finding and transporting hard to get items across the galaxy.”

“So you were a smuggler,” Ketha said flatly, shooting him a glance.

He shrugged.

“Call it what you want. I make a good living—or I made one, before your fucking agent captured me!”

“That life is over for you now,” Ketha told him. She was trying to speak like her mother did whenever she acquired a new servant from the Flesh Bazaar.

But the big Kindred wasn’t having it.

“I don’t think so, little girl,” he growled. “I’ve got business at the Ceinex Five Spaceport. There’s a dealer by the name of the Fry’nox there who’ll be waiting for the shipment I was supposed to bring him.”

“You’ll have to forget all about that,” Ketha said firmly. “I told you, that life is over for you now—you’re coming home with me!”

“Oh, yeah? And what are you going to do with me once you get me home?” he demanded, giving her a hot look from those golden eyes. “Are you planning to shove my head between your thighs and letting me lick you?”

“Well...bodyslaves *are* expected to kiss their Mistress’s panties,” Ketha said, wishing her voice wouldn’t come out so breathless. “I...I guess we can practice that, if you’re not sure about how to do it.”

“Yeah, let’s fucking practice,” he agreed. “After all, I wouldn’t want your mother to think she’d bought a Kindred who didn’t know how to lick pussy.”

“It’s my *panties*. And you’ll be kissing them, not...not *licking* anything,” Ketha protested. But she couldn’t help

squeezing her thighs together again when she remembered that the panties she was wearing right now weren't very big.

“What other forms of obeisance will I be paying you?” he rumbled, sounding genuinely interested. “Should I kiss your nipples too? You know, to show my respect?”

“I...um...some Mistresses have their bodyslaves do that,” Ketha admitted. Damn it, now she was imagining the big Kindred sucking her nipples! If only his spicy scent didn't affect her so much. It seemed to add to the fertility drugs she'd unknowingly been taking and the result was that she had never felt so horny in her life!

“And do they let their bodyslaves lick their pussies until they come?” Styx demanded.

“That...that's supposed to be against the rules,” Ketha objected. “It...it's forbidden.”

He raised an eyebrow at her.

“And I suppose you'd *never* break the rules? Because that would make you feel too *guilty*, wouldn't it, little girl?”

“It's not about that,” Ketha objected, though she had the uncomfortable feeling he was right—she *would* feel guilty if she broke the laws of her people. “It's just that bodyslaves are only supposed to kiss your panties—that's all.”

“So you're going to teach me to kiss your panties, then?” he taunted.

Ketha lifted her chin.

“I will. You have to know how to behave in polite society, after all.”

But secretly, her heart was pounding at the idea of having his hot mouth on her pussy with only the thin fabric of her panties to separate them.

At last they pulled into the parking area of her mother's penthouse and she led the way into the house. There was no one but the robo-butler, standing quietly in the corner, waiting for instructions. Ketha ignored it as she motioned for the big Kindred to come to the middle of the room.

“Kneel before me, Kindred,” she ordered him imperiously. “Kneel down and kiss my panties.”

“With pleasure, little girl,” he growled and dropped to his knees without hesitation.

He was so tall that he still had to duck his head to get to her panties and Ketha bit her lip as she watched him. The panties she had on were clearly visible, since her silky green dress was cut high in the front. It was the Yonnite fashion to wear matching panties and show them off—they were as much a part of her outfit as the strappy black sandals on her feet or the golden earbobs in her ears. The panties themselves were quite small—just a triangle of silk that barely covered her pussy slit and left the top of her mound bare.

“Mmm, spread your thighs wider, little girl—let me get to you,” Styx growled.

“Call me ‘Mistress.’ And I shouldn’t. You have plenty of room to kiss my panties,” Ketha objected.

“Not as much as I want, though,” he growled and then she felt his hot breath through the thin material of the tiny triangle of fabric. He pressed a hot, open-mouthed kiss to the panties for a long moment, making her knees feel almost too weak to hold her upright.

“Oh!” she gasped and nearly fell over.

“Easy, little girl,” Styx rumbled. “Here—let’s get you somewhere more comfortable.”

He held her by the hips and eased her backwards until Ketha felt the cushions of the plush, semi-circular couch against the back of her legs. Before she knew it, she was half-sitting/half lying on the couch with her legs spread wide and the big Kindred on his knees between them.

“What...what are you doing?” she demanded. “I told you to kiss my panties—I never said you could...could do anything else!”

“Anything else like what?” Styx arched an eyebrow at her, his golden eyes glowing. He had his big hands on her inner

thighs, holding her open effortlessly and no matter how Ketha tried to close her legs, she couldn't do it.

"I don't know—like what you were talking about on the way home!" she exclaimed.

"You mean when I was talking about how much I wanted to taste your sweet little pussy?" he rumbled. "Let's have a look so I can see what I'll be tasting."

And before Ketha could stop him, he had twisted his long fingers around the fragile silk triangle and ripped her panties right off her, leaving her pussy completely bare!

"Oh!" she exclaimed, struggling uselessly to close her legs. "How...how dare you? Your conditioning must be faulty or you'd never do such a thing!"

His golden eyes suddenly sparked with anger.

"You mean the conditioning that tried to make me want to serve you as a mindless slave for the rest of my life, *Mistress?*" he growled.

Ketha felt cold inside. Oh God—the conditioning *was* faulty! And now the big bodyslave was going to rip her to pieces!

But despite his anger, Styx didn't show any sign of wanting to harm her. He did, however, continue to hold her thighs open without any apparent effort, which put her bare pussy completely on display for him.

"What...what are you going to do with me?" Ketha asked softly. "Please, don't hurt me! We just wanted another Kindred bodyslave because our old one was so kind and good natured! He was a Twin Kindred called Speaks Softly and he was like a father to me."

"I thought you Yonnites didn't have fathers," he growled, frowning at her.

"We don't! But if it wasn't for Speaks, I would have had a sad and lonely childhood," Ketha babbled. She didn't know why she was telling him all this—somehow the words were

just pouring out of her mouth. “He raised me much more than my mother did. I just wanted to find someone like him.”

“Well if you think you bought a ‘good natured’ male, I’m sorry to fucking disappoint you, little girl, because I’m *not*,” Styx growled. “In fact, the only reason I’m hanging around for a little while is because you smell so fucking *hot*.”

He inhaled deeply and leaned down to rub his cheek against her pussy mound, making Ketha moan and writhe in his grasp. The feeling of his rough, whiskered cheek against her bare mound sent a bolt of pure, forbidden desire right through her.

“What...what are you going to do to me?” she whispered. “You wouldn’t...you’re not going to...to rape me, are you?”

Styx gave her a level look.

“Now what gave you that idea, little girl?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Ketha snapped, trying to still her pounding heart. “Maybe the fact that you ripped off my panties and now you’re holding my legs open so you can see my...so you can see me,” she ended, rather lamely.

“You mean so I can admire your soft little pussy?” he growled. “But Mistress, I’m just paying obeisance to you—the way all good bodyslaves are supposed to do with their Mistresses. Right?”

Leaning down again, he placed a hot, open-mouthed kiss directly on her pussy this time. Ketha gasped and let out a little squeak as she felt the tip of his hot tongue slide up the length of her slit. But she felt helpless to look away as he kissed her.

At last, the big Kindred pulled away. He licked his lips, as though he liked the way she tasted, and met Ketha’s eyes.

“Is that how I’m supposed to do it, Mistress?” he rumbled softly. “Or is it more like *this*?”

Sliding his big, warm hands down her thighs, he framed her pussy with his long fingers. Then, using his thumbs, he spread open her outer lips revealing her slick inner folds. To

her embarrassment, her clit was extra prominent—throbbing like a ripe berry begging to be plucked.

Styx groaned—a sound of pure lust that rumbled up from deep in his chest.

“Gods, look at how wet you are for me, little girl,” he growled. “Look at how slippery your sweet little pussy is. Are you making all this pussy honey just for me?”

Ketha bit her lip. She was mortified that he should see how wet she was—how wet just being around him was making her. It was his damn scent and the fact that she’d been dosed with fertility drugs—that was the reason she was so hot and wet and ready—she was sure of it!

Though if she was honest, it was more than that. She’d never had a male talk to her the way Styx did before—and she’d certainly never had anyone handle her body like he was. Was being held down—held open—like this, actually *exciting* her?

*No—absolutely not!* she told herself. But if that was true, then why was her heart pounding and her clit aching? Why was she suddenly feeling so desperate to come?

“Gods, you need it *bad*, don’t you, baby?” Styx growled, looking up at her.

“No...no, I don’t!” Ketha denied, though she knew it was a lie.

“Yes, you do—don’t fucking lie to me,” he said, frowning. “On my planet the females go into Heat—that’s what you smell like—like your Heat Cycle is ramping up.”

“I don’t know what you mean!” she protested. “Please—just let me go!”

He gave her a half-lidded smile.

“Not until I pay proper obeisance to you, *Mistress*. Now let me see, maybe I should do it like *this*.”

And he kissed her again—this time directly on her open pussy.

Ketha moaned and bucked against his hot mouth as she felt his tongue sliding around her aching clit. Oh Goddess, that felt *amazing!* It sent sparks of pleasure through her whole body, making her toes curl and her breath come short. But still, she felt guilty.

“You...you shouldn’t be doing this,” she protested.

He looked up at last.

“Well, maybe *you* shouldn’t be sending out your agents to kidnap people and forcing them to work for you as slaves. Did you ever think about that?”

“I...I...” Ketha could barely speak. “Are...are you going to hurt me?” she asked at last.

“I told you I won’t do that. But I might *punish* you—I think you deserve it, don’t you?”

“I’m not the one who requested a Kindred for our bodyslave—that was my mother!” she protested breathlessly.

“Don’t try to act like you’re not involved,” Styx growled. “You came to pick me up from the slaver and brought me back to your house to *serve* you, didn’t you, *Mistress?*”

And he bent down and licked her again, sending a shiver through her entire body.

“You...you really shouldn’t do that!” Ketha gasped again, trying and failing to close her thighs.

“Yeah, but I fucking am, *aren’t I*, little girl? And I don’t think you mind it—your scent is still as hot as ever—*hotter* even.” He cocked an eyebrow at her. “Maybe you *like* being held down. After all, it’s not your fault how good it feels if I hold you down and take what I want, is it? Even if you secretly *want* me to do it...”

Ketha bit her lip. Was he somehow inside her head? He was putting her scattered thoughts and chaotic feelings into words she didn’t want to hear—precisely because they were true.

“I...I guess I can’t stop you,” she whispered. “I mean, clearly your conditioning has gone wrong and you’re



determined to...to taste me.”

“That’s right—I’m going to taste your sweet, wet pussy until you come all over my face and there’s nothing you can do about it, little girl,” he growled. “You can’t stop me if I decide to taste your Goddess pearl...” And holding her eyes with his, he deliberately put out his tongue and lapped slowly over her open folds, circling her clit several times as Ketha watched him and moaned. “Or if I decide to put my tongue deep inside you and taste your honey from the source,” he continued.

Ducking his head, he covered her pussy with his mouth and Ketha felt something hot and wet breach her entrance.

She gasped and bucked her hips as his tongue filled her, reaching all the way to the end of her channel. It was so *big*—was he making it expand somehow? It was bigger than some of the flesh toys she used on herself, Ketha thought deliriously and Goddess, it felt *good*.

Styx seemed to enjoy her flavor because he spent a long time lapping deep inside her and spreading her inner walls with his tongue before finally withdrawing. His mouth and chin were shiny with her juices and his golden eyes were blazing when he finally looked up.

“You can’t stop me,” he repeated. “Go on—I want you to try. Struggle—try to get loose.”

Ketha did as he said, arching her back and bucking her hips.

“Let me go! Let...me...go!” She grabbed his horns and tried pushing him away. For a moment, she almost thought she was going to make an escape. The big Kindred seemed to lose his grip on her and she was nearly able to close her thighs and roll free.

But then he grabbed her again and pinned her down, his long fingers firm and unyielding.

Ketha was panting as she slumped back against the couch cushions.

“Good.” He gave her a half-lidded smile. “Now that you’ve gotten that out of your system, I want to hear you say it, little girl.”

“Say...say what?” Ketha panted.

“Say that you can’t stop me from tasting your pussy,” he commanded. “Let me hear it.”

“I...I can’t stop you,” Ketha admitted in a shaking voice. “I can’t stop you from tasting me—from tasting my pussy. I can’t keep you from doing whatever you want with me,” she added recklessly, though she didn’t know why she would say such a thing.

“That’s right—you *can’t*,” he growled. “So get ready to come for me, little girl—come all over my face!”

Ketha moaned as he ducked his head again and fastened his hot, wet mouth over her pussy.

This time the big Kindred wasn’t holding anything back—he lashed her throbbing clit with his tongue, making her gasp and buck her hips helplessly. Styx let her move a little bit—but he never allowed her to close her thighs and his big hands were holding her down the whole time he tasted her.

*This isn’t my fault—I can’t help it!* Ketha told herself. And somehow the thought was freeing in a way she never could have expected. Because the big Kindred was holding her down, she felt able to enjoy what he was doing to her. There was no guilt involved because there was no possible way she could get free of him. He was twice as big and probably a hundred times as strong as she was—what else could she do but lay back and let him lick her?

“Oh...oh, Goddess!” she moaned and somehow she found that she was holding him by the horns again. They felt rough against her palms as the big Kindred continued lapping her open pussy. She was close to an orgasm now—she could feel it. The pleasure was hovering over her head like a thundercloud about to break. She’d never had anyone lick her this way before—the big Kindred was driving her closer and closer to the edge!

Then, suddenly the cloud broke. Bolts of pleasure ripped through her like lightning and Ketha came harder than she ever had in her life. She had all the latest, high-tech pleasure toys available on the market but somehow having Styx hold her down and take what he wanted was pushing her higher than she'd *ever* been before.

In fact, she might have blacked out for a moment because she seemed to lose track of time. When she came back to herself, Styx had his long tongue deep inside her again, lapping her honey right from the source.

“Ohhh...” Ketha moaned softly. “Oh Goddess...what did you do to me?”

“Just made you gush your honey for me, baby,” he growled softly, withdrawing. “You came nice and hard like a good girl too.” He stroked her thighs gently with his big, warm hands. “I’m proud of you, coming so hard for me like that.”

Ketha felt a strange flush of pleasure come over her at his words. No one had ever called her “good girl” before or given her any kind of praise. Her mother had raised her on criticism and bitterness—nothing she ever did was good enough for Mistress Morebutt.

But the next minute, she gave herself a mental slap. What was wrong with her, acting like the big Kindred was her lover or worse, her Master? He was a bodyslave with faulty conditioning and she was in a very dangerous position here!

“I...I couldn’t help coming,” she protested. “I mean, you held me down and *made* me come.”

“I know, baby—it wasn’t your fault you came so hard and made so much sweet pussy honey for me.” He kissed her gently on one inner thigh. “You just keep telling yourself that—it wasn’t your fault.”

“I...but it *wasn’t* my fault!” Ketha exclaimed. “Are you implying—“

“That you *liked* it?” He raised an eyebrow at her and gave a low, rumbling laugh. “Oh no—what would give me that

fucking idea? Maybe the way you moaned and tugged my horns while you were coming all over my face?”

“You...you bastard!” Ketha slapped at him, but he caught her hand before it could connect with his cheek.

“That’s right, little girl—I’m a fucking bastard. A *dangerous* one too,” he growled, his golden eyes flashing. He raised up and suddenly he was looming over her. “You Yonnites are so fucking entitled—you think you can take anyone you want and make them be your slave. Well, what do you think I’ll do next to the female who tried to enslave me?”

“I...I...”

Ketha didn’t know what to say. She was suddenly terrified again. He looked huge, towering above her with his blazing golden eyes and curving horns. Was he going to hurt her?

“What...what are you going to do to me?” she got out at last.

His golden eyes went half-lidded.

“I don’t know, little girl. Maybe it’s time for that punishment we talked about earlier.” One of his big hands went down to cup the thick bulge straining against his black trousers. “Maybe I should punish you with my *cock*.”

Ketha felt a simultaneous surge of fear and lust rush through her. Oh Goddess, to have that thick monster inside her...pounding deep in her pussy...forcing her to come as he shot her full of his hot, monstrous seed...

“What’s going on in here? What’s the meaning of all this?”

The loud, strident voice surprised them both. Ketha gasped and jerked upright, clapping her thighs closed. Styx’s horned head turned and his eyes narrowed.

Standing in the doorway to the living area was Ketha’s mother and she did *not* look pleased.



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## STYX

It was time to make his escape, Styx realized. He'd wanted to stay and make the little female gush for him several more times—her pussy honey was the most delicious he'd ever had and she had given it up for him so sweetly, too. Also, the thought of fucking her had more than crossed his mind. The Kindred didn't take unwilling females, but there was nothing unwilling about the way she was acting—and smelling. If anything, her heat had only increased after he tongue-fucked her to orgasm. He could smell her lust perfuming the air with her need.

But the green-eyed female in the doorway with her face twisted into an angry frown must be the mother, Mistress Morebutt, and he had no desire to tangle with her.

In the past he might have tried to make the Yonnite Mistress pay for attempting to enslave him, but the Conditioning Helmet had done enough to him to put a halt to that particular impulse. He wouldn't hurt the Yonnite Mistress or her daughter. Instead, he winked at Ketha and then turned to face her mother.

“Nice to meet you, Mistress Morebutt,” he growled. “I'd like to stay, but I have urgent business to attend to—business you've kept me from for the past six solar months!”

“Whatever are you talking about? Ketha—who is this male?” Mistress Morebutt demanded.

“Oh, he...he's the new Kindred bodyslave, Mother.” Ketha was busy trying to put herself in order. She was sitting up on

the couch and had her legs clamped shut, just as though she hadn't been spread out and moaning while he licked her out and made her gush two minutes before, Styx thought.

“The new Kindred? But he looks nothing *like* a Kindred!” Mistress Morebutt exclaimed.

“I...I know. He's a Dae'mon Kindred,” Ketha panted. “Schulo swore he was properly conditioned, but I don't... don't think he is.”

“I'm conditioned enough not to kill or hurt either one of you—be thankful for that, ladies,” Styx growled. “But as for staying here to serve you tea and act as your fucking butler, you can forget about that. I'm leaving.”

“You'll do no such thing!” Mistress Morebutt exclaimed, putting her hands on her hips. “How *dare* you say such things to me, slave?”

Styx stepped up to the Yonnite Mistress and glared down at her. She might be tall for a female, but he was still two heads taller and massively muscular. He could be fucking terrifying when he wanted to be, and now he turned the full force of his inner predator on her and let his golden eyes blaze with fury.

“Oh...oh dear!” Mistress Morebutt gasped, shrinking away from him as her nerve broke. “Please...don't hurt us!”

“Told you—that fucking Conditioning Helmet worked at least *that* much,” Styx growled. “But don't fucking test me! I'm leaving now.”

He stepped past her and headed for the docking area where Ketha had parked her little ship. He might have had trouble starting it, since it demanded DNA verification but as it happened, he had the hot little female's DNA all over his mouth at the moment. He licked his lips, savoring her sweet taste.

He would have no more trouble stealing her ship than he'd had making her come for him.

“Wait!”

Styx turned and saw that Ketha had found her feet and was reaching out one hand to him.

“Wait—you can’t...can’t just *leave!*” she exclaimed and there was pain and need and hunger in her lovely eyes that tugged at his heart.

For a moment Styx stood there, torn between the Conditioning he’d had that forced him to want to serve her and the need to get away and go back to his old life. He had no urge to stay and be Mistress Morebutt’s butler, but Ketha’s sexual hunger called to him.

Again he was reminded of a woman of his home world—she was surely in heat and he wished he could stay and breed her. And then afterwards, maybe he would cuddle her and lick her pussy some more to make her gush for him again...

*What the fuck is wrong with you—get out of here!* shouted a little voice in his head—the voice of sanity, Styx thought. *You have one chance to regain your freedom—take it!*

“Sorry, little girl,” he told Ketha. “I’ve got to be going now. You have a nice life and don’t forget me.”

Then he turned and left before the damn Conditioning he’d undergone could whisper in his ear again about how he didn’t want to leave her.

But even as he slid into her ship and pressed his lips to the DNA sensor wand to start it up, he couldn’t get her moans and cries out of his mind or forget the sweet flavor of her hot little pussy.





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## KETHA

“I still don’t understand how he managed to take your ship! Did he steal some of your DNA somehow before he left?” Mistress Morebutt paced the floor, gesturing in the air as she spoke.

Ketha was watching her from the couch, keeping prudently silent. It had been several days now but her mother still wasn’t over what she called “The Attack”, though Styx hadn’t laid a hand on her. Mistress Morebutt had been going over the events endlessly, trying to process the “shocking experience” by talking about it nonstop.

Ketha didn’t think it was so very shocking. The only shocking thing about it was that it hadn’t happened to them earlier.

She’d grown up on Yonnie Six taking bodyslaves for granted but even the short interaction she’d had with Styx had given her a new perspective. He’d said that he had his own life and he wanted to get back to it—that was actually completely reasonable. What was *unreasonable*, was women like her mother kidnapping males out of their regular lives and making them serve as slaves. Who could blame Styx for wanting to get away?

*I just wish he would have taken me with him*, she thought wistfully and then had to admit it was a crazy idea. She hadn’t even known the big Kindred for a solar hour and besides, he was a *male* and therefore beneath her—wasn’t he?

Ketha was no longer quite so sure about that either. Although she'd been raised with the idea that women were superior to men all her life, Styx hadn't struck her as an inferior being. Maybe it was because he was so different from all the other bodyslaves she'd seen on her home planet of Yonnie Six. He didn't grovel or snivel or beg—in fact, quite the opposite. He had held her down and taken what he wanted and made her come harder than she'd ever come in her whole life...

“I mean, *how* was he able to start that ship?” Mistress Morebutt's words broke into Ketha's guilty train of thought. “*How* did he get your DNA?”

Of course Ketha knew exactly how the big Kindred had gotten her DNA—he'd gone down on her and licked her pussy until she came like a fountain for him. He'd had *plenty* of her DNA to work with. But of course she wasn't going to admit that to her mother.

She shook her head, trying to look perplexed.

“I just don't know, Mother. Maybe he stole a strand of my hair?”

“Well, at any rate, it's a good thing the insurance paid to have it replaced with a new one—not that I should let you fly it, considering you *still* haven't made it to any of the appointments at the Conception Center that I've made for you,” her mother said, frowning at her.

Ketha winced. The fertility drugs which were still in her system tormented her day and night with sexual need, but she still wasn't desperate enough to go to the Conception Center and let that cold, blunt nozzle slide into her pussy and impregnate her!

Other ideas were buzzing in her brain, however. She'd been thinking of what Styx had said when she asked him what he did for a living.

*“I've got business at Ceinex Five Spaceport. There's a dealer there by the name of the Fry'nox who'll be waiting for*

*the shipment I was bringing him before your agent fucking captured me.”*

His words rang in her head. Could it be possible that the big Kindred was still there, at the Ceinex Five Spaceport? It was a dangerous place, from what Ketha had heard, but it wasn't out of range of her new ship.

*I could go there and meet him, she thought, feeling naughty. I could let him capture me and do what he wanted to me! I could let him breed me with that big, hard cock of his. And none of it would be my fault...*

No—surely she wasn't really considering this...was she? But her mother kept demanding that she get pregnant, and the idea of finding the big Kindred again was *much* more appealing than going to the Conception Center.

“I really feel like if you had any consideration of my nerves at all, you'd go to the appointment I made you,” Mistress Morebutt went on, going into full guilt and lecture mode. “If you had any *idea* of how frazzled this whole incident has made me! Knowing that I had a second heir on the way would make me feel *so* much better! If you could just—”

“I'll tell you what, Mother—I'm going to do it. I'm going to go get pregnant,” Ketha said, cutting her off in mid-rant.

“What?” Mistress Morebutt stopped short, blinking in surprise.

“I said, *I'll do it*,” Ketha said shortly. “You've worn me down, all right? I can't take any more of your lecturing.”

“Oh, well—the Conception Center down in the center of the city—”

“But I'm *not* going to any center you choose,” Ketha said firmly. “In fact, I might just fly to the other side of the planet and use a Conception Center there.”

“Oh but the choice of DNA is so much less in those rural areas!” Mistress Morebutt protested. “Who knows what kind of heir you'll end up with?”

“Let *me* worry about that,” Ketha said. “Just give me a day or two to get things sorted out. I need to clear my head. Then I’ll get it done.”

“You’d better be serious!” her mother warned, frowning at her. “The minute you come back, I’m going to administer an early pregnancy test and you’d better be positive!”

“I will be,” Ketha promised her and mentally added, *One way or another.*

She left to get ready for a trip off planet.



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## KETHA

Ketha docked in a free spot near the center hub of the Ceinex Five Spaceport—a long, cylindrical structure floating just outside the orbit of a huge gas giant. The trip had taken her almost a full day of flying and she was ready to get a drink and relax before she tried looking for Styx.

*Just don't relax **too** much, a little voice whispered in the back of her head. This is a dangerous place, Ketha and you're a woman alone.*

Alone but not unarmed. She'd managed to procure a small canister of emotion spray or ES, as the weapons dealer had called it. A single blast in the face would stop any attacker dead in his tracks. Ketha intended to keep it on her at all times.

She went to the back of her new ship—which was much nicer and roomier than the old one—and changed into the outfit she'd picked for this encounter. It was a classic Yonnite style dress in a golden yellow shade that went well with her brown skin and brought out her green eyes. The top of it was a beaded bustier which barely covered her nipples. In fact, if she breathed too deeply, the dark arcs of her areolas could be seen peeking out.

The bottom was a split skirt made of diaphanous silk and her panties were a tiny triangle of fabric that matched the bustier. They were even smaller than the pair that Styx had torn off her the last time, not even covering her entire pussy—the start of her slit could be seen peeking above the yellow triangle daringly. The back was nothing but a string which could be pushed out of the way for easy access.

Ketha looked at herself in the 3-D viewer and shivered with lust. The burning desire to be bred had grown inside her until she felt like she would die if she didn't get pregnant soon! She *needed* the big Kindred—she just hoped she could find him.

Of course, it wouldn't do to go out in the spaceport showing so much skin. Over her skimpy yellow dress, she put on a modest gray cloak with a deep hood. This hid her face so she could look out without worrying about anyone recognizing her. Not that she would know anyone at a place like this, but it was good to be careful just in case.

“Well, I'm as ready as I'll ever be,” Ketha said aloud and her words seemed to echo back at her.

She had a stab of doubt. Was she *really* going to do this? Was she really going to let the big Kindred breed her and impregnate her instead of going to the Conception Center? If anyone from Yonnie Six found out what she was doing, she'd be shamed and possibly sent into exile. Also, her mother would *definitely* disown her.

Then she thought again of the blunt, cold nozzle at the Conception Center sliding inside her sex and shivered with distaste. Yes, she decided, she was going to risk it.

Of course, she knew she might be taking an even bigger risk—the risk that she would have a son instead of a daughter—but she'd done what she could to mitigate that. She'd bought a special medication from an underground pharmacy which was supposed to ensure only a female baby could be conceived.

Ketha had heard about the medication from a friend of a friend at a party. She'd been whispering about someone who actually *fucked* her bodyslave instead of “giving him the rod”, which was the Yonnie euphemism for strapping on a phallus and taking a bodyslave in his rear.

At the time, Ketha had been shocked by such an idea. Everyone knew a true Yonnite Mistress never allowed a male to penetrate her in any way! But her encounter with Styx had



changed her mind. Or maybe it was the fertility drugs that were tormenting her so relentlessly.

But for whatever reason, she was determined to do this—she had promised her mother she would get pregnant, but she wasn't going to do it at a Conception Center. And she supposed she would just raise the baby on her own—it would be difficult but she could manage.

Taking a deep breath and a firm grip on the can of Emotion Spray, Ketha left her ship in search of a sexual adventure she was sure she would never forget.

She had no idea of how much trouble she was about to get into.



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## KETHA

The inside of the Ceinex Five Spaceport was grubby and grimy—it looked ancient, with cracks in the rounded walls and broken tiles on the floor. Ketha wasn't sure how old it actually was and she didn't care that it was dirty as long as she felt safe.

All around her she saw alien males, drinking at the various cantinas and arguing and bargaining at the vendor stalls which lined the walls of the cylindrical station. She wondered which one of the vendors might be Fry'nox. The name sounded vaguely Blurbian so she kept her eyes peeled for any males who might fit that description.

Blurbians had blobby blue bodies and broad paw-like hands with eight stubby fingers apiece. Their facial features were puffy and they wore loose-fitting clothing so as not to chafe their sensitive skin. The overall effect was that of a being made of some sweet confection that had been out in the sun too long and was slowly melting. In fact, the only part of a Blurbian that wasn't loose and blobby was their hair.

That was because their hair was sentient and—some said—more intelligent than the Blurbians themselves. It was composed of a series of ten to fifteen thick braids that stood straight up on the Blurbian's head. These braids were called “bullybraids” or “bullies” for short and they all had tiny black oil-drop eyes and little pink mouths. They were able to shout and sing and discuss things among themselves to reach a consensus. In fact, it was often the bullies who made decisions

for the Blurbian they happened to be living on, not the other way around.

Knowing all this, Ketha kept a careful eye out for anyone matching that description. And sure enough, after wandering among the food stalls and vendors and cantinas for about half an hour, she saw a thick-bodied Blurbian sitting behind a chipped plasti-wood counter, staring vacantly into space.

Looking around to be sure no one else was near, she stepped up to the counter and cleared her throat.

The Blurbian ignored her. He was contemplating the eight pudgy fingers on his right hand as though they fascinated him and he didn't say a word even though Ketha was right in front of him.

"Excuse me," she said in a low voice. She didn't want to draw too much attention to herself—there weren't many other women here and most of them were whores—at least if the way they were dressed was any indication. It was better to hide her sex behind the anonymity of her long gray cloak.

Still the Blurbian didn't answer—but his bullies did. He only had about eight of them but they were lively enough to bend and sway as they examined Ketha with their tiny, sparkling black eyes.

"Here now, here now!" the tallest one, which seemed to be the leader squeaked loudly. "See what we've got! A customer—hey!"

"You come to buy some *solla* wool, did you?" another bullybraid demanded, swaying eagerly on top of the Blurbian's head. "Or perhaps some nice dehydrated *ganja* milk? We have that on special this solar week!"

"I'm actually hoping that you can tell me if this, er, *person* you're living on is the vendor called Fry'nox," Ketha said politely.

"Oh yes—Fry'nox! He's our man—Fry'nox!" all the bullies agreed at once in their shrill little voices. "Fry'nox is the one! He lets us do whatever we please! Couldn't ask for a better host."

“Oh, good!” Ketha was cautiously pleased. “Well then, maybe you can tell me if you’ve seen a smuggler—er, a *trader*—by the name of ‘Styx’ around here lately? He’s about so tall,” she went on, holding her hand as far above her head as it would reach. “With dark red skin and golden eyes. Oh, and horns—he has two horns growing out of his forehead.” She made motions in the air to indicate the short, curving horns.

But this seemed to be the wrong thing to say, because at the mention of Styx’s name, all of the bullies became extremely agitated.

“Styx! That liar!”

“He’s a cheating bastard!”

“No good asshole!” they all began screeching together in their tiny, high voices.

“String him up by his balls!”

“Saw off his horns!”

“He’s no good! He lied to us! *Lied!*”

“Okay, all right—I’m sorry!” Ketha exclaimed, trying to calm them down.

But it was too late—the loud shrieks of the bullybraids had drawn some very unwanted attention. From the corner of her eye, she saw two males who were dressed in dark blue uniforms with white trim approaching her. Were they Peace Keepers of some kind? Ketha didn’t want to wait around and find out.

She started to slip away from the plasti-wood stall, only to be stopped by a hand clutching her arm.

“And where do you think *you’re* going, stranger?” a voice asked.

Ketha turned and saw that it was a third man in uniform—a Dexian. He was frowning at her with both of his mouths and glaring with all three of his eyes.

“Now what have you said that so upset the wee bullies?” he demanded.

“Nothing—I only asked if they had seen a Kindred trader named Styx anywhere around here!” Ketha exclaimed.

But again, Styx’s name seemed to cause trouble.

“That big bastard, eh? So you’re in league with him?” the Dexian holding her arm demanded.

“No, I just...I only met him once!” Ketha said. “Please, let me go—I barely know him.”

“Oh, a likely story, so it is,” the Dexian snapped. “She barely knows him, she says. But do we believe her boys?”

“No, not a bit!” one of the other Peace Keepers snarled.

“I think we’d better take her in for questioning, Chief,” the third one remarked. “Maybe she can tell us how to find the big red bastard!”

“No, wait—you’ve got me all wrong! I’m not in league with Styx—I only met him once! I’m not even from here!” Ketha protested.

“Oh? And just where are you from then, stranger?” The Dexian, who was apparently in charge, pulled back her hood, revealing her face. “Ah—a pretty face to go with a traitorous mission!” he exclaimed, staring at her.

Ketha had had about enough of this. She drew herself up to her full height and glared at the Dexian.

“Let go of my arm *this instant!*” she demanded in her best imperious Mistress voice. “Do you know who I am? My mother is one of the most influential Mistresses on Yonnie Six!”

But again, it seemed she had said the exact wrong thing.

“Oh-ho! A Yonnite Mistress, are you?” the Dexian exclaimed, all three of his eyes narrowing. “So you must be here looking to kidnap innocent males so you can bring them back to your planet and enslave them and shove a great thick dildo up their arse!”

“What? No!” Ketha pulled at her arm, which was still caught in his meaty fist. She was beginning to think there was

nothing she could say that would satisfy the Peace Keepers. And in the meantime, the bullybraids on Fry'nox's head were still screaming shrilly for her arrest.

“Get her! Get her!” they piped in their tiny, high voices. “She came to kidnap our Fry'nox and make him a bodyslave!”

“Those bullies are right—like as not, this little female would have us all on our knees as bodyslaves if she had her way!” one of the Peace Keepers exclaimed.

Ketha thought about explaining how only the most physically perfect males were considered suitable as bodyslaves. None of the Peace Keepers looked particularly handsome and as for Fry'nox the Blurbian, well—no self-respecting Yonnite Mistress would have chosen *him* for her bodyslave under *any* circumstances.

But she sensed explaining this wouldn't do any good. Thank *goodness* she still had the canister of Emotion Spray gripped in her free hand. She was going to have to use it and beat a hasty retreat!

“I'm asking you one more time to let me go,” she said, glaring at the Dexian who was gripping her arm. “I haven't done anything wrong and I'm *not* here looking for bodyslaves. I just want to go back to my ship.”

“I don't think so, Missy!” the Dexian snarled. “You're coming with us!”

Ketha decided she had no choice. Lifting the small silver canister, she sprayed it right in the face of the Peace Keeper who was holding her.

“Hey! What—?” he began, spitting and spluttering. But the next moment, both of his mouth's turned down and all three eyes began to tear up.

“Chief? Chief, what's she done to you? Are you all right?” the other two Peach Keepers began asking.

“N...no! Not all right!” The Dexian Peace Keeper suddenly began to bawl, crying as though his heart would break while tears poured down his face. He dropped Ketha's

arm to cover his eyes with his hands and she began to back away.

“What in the Universe?” one of the other Peace Keepers exclaimed. He was still staring with concern at the bawling Chief, who was completely inconsolable.

However, the other Peace Keeper was keeping an eye on Ketha and he saw her backing away.

“Not so fast, Missy!” he exclaimed, reaching for the blaster strapped to his belt. “If you think you can just come in here and make the Chief cry like that—”

But he didn’t get to finish his sentence because Ketha sprayed him as well and he suddenly began laughing hysterically.

“Bliger?” the last remaining Peach Keeper asked, staring at his coworker in consternation. “What’s wrong with you? What’s so fuckin’ funny?”

“Don’t...know!” the affected Peach Keeper wheezed and then started laughing again.

“What did you do to them?” The third Peace Keeper looked up at Ketha, a bewildered expression on his face. “What’s *wrong* with them?”

“Nothing that a few hours in a quiet room won’t fix,” she said evenly. She was still holding the silver ES canister in one hand and she raised it threateningly. “Stay back unless you want some yourself.”

“You think I’m afraid of you?” the remaining Peace Keeper demanded, beginning to draw his blaster. “You think—?”

Ketha twisted the nozzle of the canister to its maximum distance and sprayed him.

At once the final Peace Keeper ripped open his trousers and fisted his rather stubby cock.

“Oh my Goddess!” he moaned, falling to his knees and beginning to pump his shaft in unbridled lust. “So...fucking... *horny!*”



At this point, a fourth Peace Keeper Ketha hadn't noticed before approached.

“What did you *do* to them?” he asked, looking at his crying, laughing, lusting co-workers in bewilderment. “Who are you and what have you *done*?”

Ketha gave him a stern look.

“Do you want to join them? You'll be laughing or crying or...doing other things, for hours,” she warned, holding up the canister of Emotion Spray.

“No...no!” The fourth Peace Keeper held up his hands in a “don't shoot” gesture. “Please, lady—just go on your way. Don't shoot me with that stuff!”

“I won't as long as you keep your distance and let me leave,” Ketha said evenly. “I don't want any trouble but if you make a move towards me, you'll be crying your eyes out or laughing so hard you wet yourself! Or possibly jerking yourself off until you *actually* jerk it off, if you know what I mean,” she added, nodding at the Peace Keeper who was currently flogging his man-meat mercilessly.

She backed away, holding the ES spray in front of her threateningly. As for the fourth Peace Keeper, he didn't try to follow her. Instead he was busy trying to get his three fellow Peace Keepers to calm down so he could, presumably, lead them away to a more private area where they could cry and laugh and jerk off in peace.

The bullybraids were still screeching in their shrill voices and Ketha considered spraying them as well. But she wasn't sure how that would affect Fry'nox, the Blurbian they lived on, who really hadn't done anything at all to her. In fact, despite all the commotion, he was still sitting behind the chipped plasti-wood counter, silently contemplating his hand like it was the most interesting sight in the space station—which was most definitely *not* the case considering the Peace Keepers.

Ketha pulled her hood back up to cover her face and continued moving away from the “scene of the crime” as

quietly as she could. Luckily everything had happened fast and nobody seemed to realize that she was the source of all the confusion. People were staring at the three Peace Keepers who were overcome with emotion and nobody was looking at her at all.

Or so she thought.

Just as she had finally reached the exit of the space station a big, strong hand gripped her arm. At the same time, another hand grabbed her by her other wrist and squeezed, causing her to drop the Emotion Spray canister with a clatter to the chipped tile floor.

“Well, well,” a familiar voice rumbled in her ear. “Very impressive, little girl.

The last time I saw a shit storm that intense was when a vat holding extra creamy *chizwick* milk exploded and drenched a lot of lactose intolerant Verbath investors who were touring a hydro-dairy.”

“Styx?” Ketha exclaimed, turning her head to see him. But the person holding her also had on a hooded cloak—only his was black.

“*Shhh*—that name isn’t safe here at the moment, and *you’re* the reason it isn’t,” he growled softly. “Come on, little girl—you’re in big trouble!”



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## KETHA

Ketha felt as though her heart was trying to pound its way out of her ribcage. Finally she had found the big Kindred, and yet now that she had, everything she'd been planning to say had flown right out of her head!

"You...you're here!" was all she managed as Styx pulled her down the corridor towards the docking area.

"Yeah, I've been hanging around, waiting for the heat to die down before I made a move," he growled, shooting her an angry glare. "But then you came along and stirred everyone up again!"

"Why are they all so angry at you?" Ketha asked, finally finding her voice. "Fry'nox's bullybraids were screaming that you're a liar and a cheat."

"That's because you had me detained on Yonnie Six for so damn long and I wasn't able to fulfill the contracts I had with them," he growled. "I've been trying to wait for a time when those damn bullies were all asleep so I could talk to Fry'nox without raising the alarm. But now they'll be awake for the next solar week straight since you riled them up!"

"I...I'm sorry," Ketha said. "I wasn't *trying* to rile them up!"

"Well, for someone who wasn't trying, you sure as Hell succeeded," he snarled. "What are you even doing here, anyway, little girl?"

Ketha licked her lips nervously, unsure how to answer. Now that she was near him again, his hot, spicy scent seemed

to have short-circuited her brain, even as her body was going into overload. Her nipples were so tight they almost hurt and her pussy was feeling wet and swollen and hot.

“I...I came to see you,” she said at last, in a small voice.

“What the fuck for?” he demanded. “Wait—here we are.”

Looking up, Ketha realized they had reached a massive ship, about four times as big as her own little cruiser. It was painted dark red, just like the big Kindred’s skin and the door was an ominous black.

As she watched, Styx pressed one massive hand to the ID panel and the black metal door slid to one side soundlessly.

“Come on,” he said and pulled her inside. He took off his long black cloak and hung it on a hook on the wall but Ketha kept her cloak on—she wasn’t ready to take it off yet, she told herself.

She looked around as they passed through the cockpit and entered a neat but sparse living area. There was nothing but a single couch that was large enough and sturdy enough to support the big Kindred’s muscular bulk and an entertainment screen on the wall.

“Where...where’s your crew?” she asked, looking around.

“Don’t have one—I’m a one-male operation, little girl,” he growled. “Now tell me why you came all this way to find me. The Ceinex Five Spaceport isn’t exactly safe for a female on her own—as you found out for yourself just a minute ago.”

“Yes, well...” Ketha licked her lips, trying to think how to express herself—to let him know about her deep need to have him fuck and breed her without sounding desperate. “I...I came to apologize,” she said at last, turning to face him. “I thought about what you said and you’re right—we Yonnites *don’t* have the right to kidnap males and make them our bodyslaves.”

“Damn right you don’t,” Styx growled. “You really fucked up my life. I may never regain the trust of some of my trading partners!”

“Which is why I thought maybe I should try to make amends,” Ketha said. Her heart was pounding but she couldn’t stop now—the need to be bred was driving her on. “Last time we were together, you talked about...about punishing me,” she went on in a low voice.

“*Punishing* you?” His eyebrows raised almost to his horns in apparent surprise.

“Yes.” Ketha nodded. Reaching up, she unfastened the cloak and let it fall to the floor at her feet, revealing her skimpy yellow dress. She took a deep breath, which caused the bands of her areolas to come into view at the top of the bodice. “Don’t you remember? You threatened to punish me after... after you tasted me.”

She looked pointedly down at the tight black trousers he wore, eyeing the thick bulge of his shaft extending in a long ridge down one muscular thigh.

Styx’s golden eyes were suddenly half-lidded. He leaned towards her and inhaled deeply, obviously breathing in her scent.

“Gods, little girl—you smell even hotter than when I ate your pussy,” he growled in a low, interested voice. “But I thought the rule was a Yonnite Mistress never lets herself be penetrated by a male?”

“She doesn’t. I mean, *I’ve* certainly never...never let a male do that to me.” Ketha’s voice was coming out all breathy but she couldn’t seem to help it. “But it seems to me that after what my family did to you—capturing and conditioning you and trying to make you our bodyslave—maybe I *deserve* to be punished. *Hard.*”

As she spoke, she reached for his hand and put it on one of her breasts.

Styx took the hint at once. Tugging at her bodice until both of her breasts popped free, he cupped them and began to tug and tease her nipples, sending shocks of pleasure through her whole body.

“I *see*, little girl,” he growled softly. “So you think that you’ve been a bad girl and you need to get punished?”

“Yes...exactly,” Ketha almost moaned. Goddess, his hands were so big and warm! She loved the way he was teasing her nipples—he seemed to know *just* how to touch her. He was tugging and twisting gently, though every once in a while he would pinch harder, sending a spike of painful pleasure straight to her pussy, which was feeling extremely overheated by now.

“And how exactly should I punish you, baby?” Styx murmured. “Should I put you over my knee and spank that luscious little ass?”

Ketha’s breath seemed to catch in her throat.

“If...If you want to, I guess,” she said, trying to sound careless. “Though I *thought* you were going to punish me another way—with your cock.”

She pulled away from him and walked over to the large overstuffed couch, swaying her hips seductively as she went. When she reached it, she braced her hands on the arm of the couch and leaned over, thrusting out her ass. The move caused her bare breasts to hang down invitingly. She spread her legs and looked over her shoulder at the big Kindred challengingly.

“And of course, you’re so much bigger than me, there’s nothing I could do to stop you if you *did* decide to punish me that way,” she breathed. She felt bold and hot and naughty all at once. She was breaking the most forbidden taboo of her people and it was turning her on like nothing else ever had.

“Oh, no?” Styx growled, raising his eyebrows.

“No.” Ketha shook her head. “There’s nothing I could do but submit, even if you decided you wanted to shove your big thick cock inside me and *fuck* me and fill my pussy with your seed. I’ve been a *bad* girl—I would just have to spread my legs and *take* it.”

Styx’s golden eyes flared with lust but he didn’t jump on her right away. Instead, he strolled over to her and ran one big,

warm hand from her shoulder all the way down her side to caress her ass cheeks through the silky material of her dress.

“Hmmm...I’d have to be sure you were ready for *that* kind of punishment. Especially if you’ve never had a male inside you before—you might be a tight little virgin, too small to take my cock,” he told her.

Ketha lifted her chin.

“I’ve never been with a male, but I’ve used plenty of toys—some of them *almost* as big as you,” she pointed out.

“*Almost*, hmm? Well, there’s a big difference between a toy and the real thing, baby,” he told her. “Let’s see now...”

He pulled up the skirt of her dress, revealing her bare ass with nothing but the tiny back string of her panties to hide her.

A shiver ran through Ketha’s body. This was it—he was going to do it—he was going to breed her now! Her pussy was so hot and wet she could feel her juices sliding down her inner thighs. Goddess, how she needed to be filled!

“Spread your legs,” Styx ordered in a low, commanding voice. “I need to examine your hot little pussy and see if it can take the kind of punishment you deserve, little girl.”

Moaning softly, Ketha did as he said, spreading her thighs wide and pushing her ass out even more to give him better access. The move caused her pussy lips to part and she could feel a cool breeze on her naked backside.

Styx knelt behind her and she felt his hot breath against her pussy lips. He pulled the tiny string of her panties to one side and put his big hands on her inner thighs.

“Going to spread you open now, baby,” he growled softly. “Going to see if your soft little pussy can handle my cock.”

Ketha had to bite back another moan as she felt his thumbs spreading her outer pussy lips to expose her slippery inner folds. When he did, even more of her juices escaped, thoroughly wetting her inner thighs.

“Gods, baby—look how wet you are!” Styx’s voice was filled with unmistakable lust. “Look at all this pussy honey



you're making for me.”

Ketha was both embarrassed and aroused knowing he could see how wet and ready she was.

“I...I can't help it,” she whispered. Goddess, she felt so helpless, spread out with her pussy exposed like this! Helpless and hot—who knew that submitting to a male could make her feel this way?

“I think you *need* to be punished, don't you little girl?” Styx asked in a low voice. “Like I said—you're going into Heat. Just like the females on my own planet.”

“I...I don't know about...about going into Heat,” Ketha panted. “I just know I need to be *punished*.”

“And you're sure you can take me, baby?” he growled. “You've seen how big my cock is. Not to mention my bonding knot.”

Ketha shivered when she remembered the thick swelling at the base of his thick shaft. Was she really prepared to let him shove his whole thick length including that fist-sized knot deep in her pussy?

*If that's what it takes to get bred by him, then yes—I'll do it*, she told herself.

“I can handle it,” she insisted. “I told you, I've used toys your size. Well, *almost* your size. And I've been a very *bad* girl—maybe I *deserve* to have your knot in me.”

He growled—a sound of pure lust—and spread her pussy even wider.

“Before I fuck you, I need to taste some of this delicious pussy honey. Be a good girl and turn over so I can get to you more easily, baby.”

Ketha turned at once, leaning back against the arm of the couch. The big Kindred was still crouched before her but he was so big, they were still almost eye to eye.

“All right now, first we have to get rid of these.” Styx grabbed the tiny triangle that barely covered her pussy slit and tugged until the side strings snapped.

“Oh! Why are you always ruining my panties?” Ketha complained breathlessly. “I could have just stepped out of them.”

“Where’s the fun in that?” he growled, looking up at her. “Besides, you damn near ruined my life—and don’t think a few pairs of expensive panties make up for it!”

“I know they don’t—that’s why I’m here to take my punishment,” Ketha reminded him. She spread her thighs, putting her bare pussy on display. “Did you say you were going to taste me?”

“Fuck yes!” His golden eyes glowed with desire. “First because I want to taste that delicious honey of yours again. And second because I have compounds in my saliva that will help your little pussy open up for this ‘punishment.’”

“Oh...I thought maybe you were going to, uh, spread me open with your tongue. The way you did last time.” Ketha could feel herself blushing but she was hot too—she could feel her clit throbbing with need. She felt so naked and vulnerable with her bare pussy on display for the big Kindred!

“Yeah—I’ll open you that way too,” Styx growled. “Maybe I’ll give you a little preview of what you can expect if you take my knot.”

Ketha bit her lip.

“All...all right,” she whispered. “And if I can take it then you’ll do it? You’ll breed me?”

He frowned.

“Is that what this is all about? You don’t just want to be fucked—you need to be bred? Are you wanting me to plant a baby in your belly, little girl?”

Ketha nibbled her lower lip some more.

“I never said *that*,” she protested. “I only said that if you wanted to punish me by shoving your thick cock inside me and fucking me and then spurting your seed deep inside my pussy, I couldn’t stop you. And I have been a *very* bad girl.”

“Mmm, well that’s true enough,” he growled. “All right—spread your pussy nice and wide for me, baby—gonna taste those sweet pussy juices right from the source.”

Ketha let out another breathless moan as he ducked his head and got one of her thighs over his broad shoulder. At the same time, he was spreading her pussy open with his thumb and finger to bare her slippery inner folds. He leaned forward and lapped her clit, circling the tender little button with his long, hot tongue.

“Oh...oh, *yes!*” Ketha grabbed the big Kindred’s horns and tugged him closer. The need to be fucked was so intense now that she had lost all her shame. She swung her other leg over his other broad shoulder and pressed against him—riding his face.

Styx seemed to like this because he made an approving sound low in his throat and reached around her to grip her ass cheeks in his big hands..

“That’s right, baby—ride my tongue! Want to taste you gushing your juices just for me,” he growled. And then went back to lapping and teasing her throbbing clit mercilessly.

Almost at once Ketha felt her orgasm coming. Maybe it was the fertility drugs or maybe it was just that she’d been longing to be with the big Kindred again almost from the moment he’d stepped out of her life, but her body felt like it was in overdrive!

“Oh!” she moaned, bucking her hips to ride his hot tongue, just as he had told her to do. “Oh, Styx! Oh, yes—that feels so *good!* Don’t stop—I’m going to...going to *come!*”

The last word came out in a low wail as she felt a warm wave of pleasure overtaking her.

“Oh! *Ohhhh!*” She gripped his horns even harder, thrusting her pussy against his hot mouth. “Oh, Styx! Yes—*yes!*”

The big Kindred rode out her orgasm, squeezing her ass and letting her rub her aching clit against his hot tongue until

she was finally satiated. Then he pulled back for a moment and looked up at her.

“Gods, baby—love it when you rub against me that way,” he growled hoarsely. “But now we’re going to see if you can take me. I’m going to put my tongue deep inside you and make it the same size as my cock. If you’re a good girl and you can take it, I might think of punishing you the way you want me to.”

“I can be a good girl,” Ketha assured him. “And I can take it. I...*ohhh!*”

The last word was a moan because he had ducked down again and was sliding his long, hot tongue deep into her pussy well.

Ketha spread her thighs and did her best to let him in. It felt amazing, just as it had before, but it was even better when his tongue started to grow. She wondered again how he did it—he had amazing control over this part of his anatomy!

His tongue got bigger and bigger, filling her even more than the largest of her flesh toys. She could feel her inner walls opening as he stretched her. It felt good—almost *too* good. The pleasure started building again, but though the sensation of him spreading her inner walls with his tongue was incredible, she knew she needed something more.

She didn’t just need to be stretched—her body was begging to be fucked—to be *bred*. She needed the sensation of a long, thick cock thrusting hard and deep inside her and the feeling of it spurting hot, creamy cum deep in her womb.

“Oh...oh, *please!*” she moaned, bucking her hips. “Please, Styx—this feels good but I’ve been a bad girl and I need to be punished! *Please.*”

He withdrew at last, looking up at her with glowing golden eyes.

“So you think you need to be properly punished? With my cock?”

“Yes—exactly!” Ketha put her legs down and then turned to brace herself on the arm of the couch again with her bare

ass pushed out and her legs spread. “Punish me, Styx!” she begged, turning her head to look at him. “Punish me *hard*. And don’t stop until you plant a baby in my belly!”



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## STYX

Styx was half out of his mind with lust for the curvy little Elite. What in the Seven Hells had gotten into her, wanting him to fuck her and impregnate her? From what he'd always heard, Yonnites didn't allow males to penetrate them—let alone get them pregnant. But here she was, *begging* him to breed her!

It was her Heat—it was driving her crazy, he thought. It was driving him crazy too—but not crazy enough to actually knot her. That would mean not just getting her pregnant, but Bonding with her, and they didn't know each other nearly well enough for that.

He had only reminded her of his knot to see if it would scare her off. But her need was so intense that she hadn't even flinched.

Well, his cock should be big enough to make her happy—he would just be careful not to slip his knot in and Bond her, Styx told himself.

As for getting her pregnant, while the thought *was* immensely appealing, he didn't intend for any child of his to be raised on Yonnie Six. He could come in her and give her a creamy pussy without making her pregnant—as long as he withheld the knot. Hopefully just having a pussy full of his cum would ease her need and make her feel better.

Also, he couldn't wait to feel her tight little pussy spasming around him as she came all over his cock.





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## KETHA

Ketha moaned as she felt the broad head of his cock sliding over her slick inner folds and caressing her aching clit. Goddess, he felt even bigger than she remembered but she couldn't wait to have him in her!

She twitched her hips, mutely urging him on and was rewarded when she felt the wide crown slide down to find the entrance of her inner pussy. Styx pressed forward just a little and the tip of the head slid just into her pussy mouth, giving her an intimate kiss without quite penetrating her.

“You sure about this, baby?” Styx growled from behind her. “Are you ready to take your punishment?”

“Yes!” Ketha twitched her hips again, backing up, trying to get him inside her. “Yes, I've been so bad, Styx! Please—punish me with your big, hard cock!”

Her dirty talk seemed to make him slightly crazy because he growled low in his throat and reached around to twist her nipples, sending sparks of pleasure through her body.

“You' better be careful, little girl, or you'll get more than you can handle,” he warned.

“You're just...just saying that,” Ketha panted. “I don't think you have the *nerve* to punish me at all! If you did, you would have put your cock inside me by now!”

“I'm just trying to take it easy on you,” Styx growled. As he spoke, he thrust forward and Ketha felt the broad head breach her entrance.

She moaned and wiggled her hips. Goddess, that felt so *good!* And he wasn't even all the way in yet!

"Maybe I don't *want* you to take it easy on me," she taunted, turning her head to look him in the eye. And then, deliberately, she pushed herself backwards, taking almost half his thick shaft inside herself.

Styx gripped her hips in his big hands, stopping her progress.

"Take it easy, baby," he told her. "Don't want you to hurt yourself!"

There was a little pain but it was a good pain—a *stretching* pain, Ketha thought. He'd had his tongue in her before, but that had been much more giving. His cock wasn't giving an inch. It was hard and thick—it stretched her inner walls exactly as she had hoped it would.

Ketha wanted *more*.

"Oh, please!" she begged, wiggling and bucking her hips to try and take him more deeply. "Please, Styx—punish me—*fuck me!*"

Once again her words seemed to have an effect on him.

"You asked for it, baby—now you're going to get it," he growled. Then, gripping her hips as hard as he could, he thrust the rest of his massive cock deep in her pussy.

Ketha threw back her head with a cry as she finally felt him bottom out inside her. Her inner walls felt stretched to the limit and it was *exactly* what she needed. Moaning, she spread her thighs even wider and lowered her head to her arms submissively.

Her message was clear—*I'm ready for my punishment now. Please give it to me*—and Styx wasn't shy about giving her what she wanted.

With a low growl, he pulled almost all the way out and then thrust in again...then he did it again and again and *again*, fucking her hard and deep as his long fingers bit into her hips

and the broad head of his cock gave the mouth of her womb harsh, delicious kisses.

Ketha's bare breasts were hanging down, swaying with each deep thrust inside her. She wanted to pick up his rhythm, but he was too fast and strong for her. It was all she could do just to hold still and try to be open enough to take the massive shaft that was skewering her pussy.

“Good...*girl*...” Styx growled as he pounded into her. “Open that pussy wide for me and take your punishment!”

“I’ll take it—I’m taking it!” Ketha cried. “Oh—you’re punishing me so *deep*!”

“Have to get nice and deep in your pussy so I can flood your little womb with my cum,” he told her. “Need to get deep inside you and give you a creamy cunt, baby!”

Ketha couldn't think of any time she'd been more turned on. Here she was, spread out over the couch with a male plundering her pussy with the biggest shaft she'd ever seen. This was breaking every taboo in the Yonnite Six Mistress handbook and yet she couldn't seem to get enough!

Harder, deeper—she needed *more*. The fertility drugs that had been tormenting her for days now wouldn't let her rest. She needed to be bred as deeply as possible.

She began backing to meet the big Kindred's thrusts. Despite his grip on her hips, she was able to get some traction and she began to feel something different—something even thicker than his shaft was sliding partway into her on each inward thrust.

*The knot! His Bonding Knot!* she thought deliriously. She knew instinctively that she needed it inside her—needed to feel it swelling to tie the two of them together so he could fill her with his seed.

“Deeper!” she moaned, pushing back harder. “Take me deeper, Styx! Punish me harder!”

“Gods, baby—don't want to hurt you!” he protested, but he picked up the pace, fucking her harder and deeper and faster than before.

Each deep thrust carried his knot further into her pussy and caused his heavy balls to slap up against her open pussy, teasing her swollen clit. Ketha could feel her orgasm building again. This time it wasn't going to be a gentle wave at the beach—this time it would be a hurricane, she thought hazily. She was going to come so hard it was probably going to hurt, but she didn't care—as long as she came with his knot buried inside her.

At last, she got her wish. With a final thrust, she felt the thick swelling slide all the way into her pussy, filling her outer mouth even as the broad head pressed hard against the mouth of her womb.

“Gods, baby—wait a minute!” she heard Styx say hoarsely. “Can't do this—can't knot you like this! Hold still—I have to pull out.”

But Ketha wasn't having that. Taking a firm grip on the couch, she pushed back as he tried to withdraw and squeezed her inner muscles as tight as she could.

“Gods, baby—don't! Feels like you're fucking milking the cum out of me!” Styx groaned.

“Come in me!” Ketha panted. “Plant a baby in my belly—you *promised* you would breed me!”

He seemed about to say something but then she felt the first hot spurt of his seed bathing the mouth of her womb and seeping its way inside her most secret entrance.

“Yes!” she moaned, pressing back against him again. Reaching between her legs, she began to finger her clit with light, quick strokes all around the swollen little pleasure button. “Yes, come in me, Styx! Fill me up! Give me a creamy pussy!”

“Gods, baby—I can't help it!” he groaned. And then she felt another spurt...and another and *another*.

The sensation of being filled by his seed coupled with the pleasure she was giving herself sent Ketha right over the edge. The enormous orgasm she'd felt creeping up on her suddenly

broke over her in a drenching wave of pleasure that threatened to wash her out to sea.

“Oh!” she moaned. “Oh yes, Styx—fuck me! Breed me! Make me pregnant!”

And then the pleasure became too much and she felt herself getting lightheaded. She swayed and would have fallen if she hadn't been leaning against the arm of the couch.

“Little girl?” she heard Styx say from what felt like a very long way away. “Are you all right?”

“I'm fine,” she said—or tried to say. But the words wouldn't come out. All she could do was moan softly as the pleasure continued to course through her. Her pussy was still spasming helplessly around the enormous cock, milking him for every last drop of his seed.

*Getting me pregnant—surely he's getting me pregnant now!* she told herself. *Oh Goddess, don't know if I can take much more!*

And then the dizziness turned to darkness and she collapsed under the big Kindred and knew no more.



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## STYX

“Seven Hells!” Styx growled as the curvy little Elite suddenly went limp under him. Was she all right, he wondered anxiously?

He reached under her to support her and to check her pulse and breathing. Both were elevated, but still there, thank the Goddess! It seemed likely that the orgasm she’d had was just too intense and she’d simply hyperventilated and blacked out.

Carefully, supporting her neck and head with one arm and keeping the other wrapped around her waist, Styx maneuvered until he was sitting on the couch with Ketha sprawled on his lap. He cradled her curvy body gently against his chest as he considered the situation.

He was still stuck inside her—and he would be for a while, until his knot went down. In the meantime, he was worried that he might have unintentionally Bonded her to him. He’d knotted her and then pumped her full of his seed—that was the way a Soul Bond was formed by his kind of Kindred.

There was going to be all Seven Hells to pay when she woke up.

*Shouldn’t have done it, he told himself. Shouldn’t have knotted her!*

Yet, he’d tried to withhold his knot but Ketha had seemed intent on getting it inside herself. She’d pushed back against him, pussy-swallowing the swelling at the base of his shaft before he could stop her. And then, once he was all the way inside her—as he had never been all the way inside any other

female since he always avoided knotting—the sensation was too much for him and he couldn't stop himself from coming.

Goddess, even now her soft, wet, tight little pussy was still squeezing him—almost as though she was inviting him to come again. Styx clamped down on the impulse harshly. On the off-chance that he *hadn't* Bonded her to him, he didn't want to take another chance.

As he held her, he considered the little Elite in his arms. She really was beautiful, and despite their admittedly rocky start, she drew him like no other female he'd ever met. He was even tempted to think she was his Fated Mate—though he had always thought the idea of the Goddess setting aside a special female for each of her warriors was an old superstition.

Yet, now he felt a pull towards her—a yearning to be close that he'd never had for any other female. It might have something to do with the passionate sex they'd just shared, but Styx thought there was more to it than that.

*I want to protect her, he realized as he cradled her close to his chest. Want to keep her safe and provide for her and see her bear my sons. I want to form a family with her. Mine—she's MINE.*

Gods, what was wrong with him? He shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts but the feelings of protectiveness and possessiveness only grew. Was it because they were still tied together or was there more to it than that? Had they Bonded? He wouldn't know until she woke but in the meantime, the unfamiliar emotions washed over him.

Styx shook his head again. He'd had plenty of one-night stands in the past, but he'd *never* felt like this afterwards—like he wanted to keep the female in his arms safe and never let her go...

No, he had to stop this—he had to think *rationally*, he told himself. He wondered if it might be possible to form a life together, if they were Bonded. Would she consider leaving Yonnie Six to be with him? Because there was no way in Hell he was going back to that fucking planet. The only way a male could live there was as a bodyslave and though he found Ketha



bewitchingly attractive, he definitely wasn't going to give up his freedom to be with her. He—

“*Ohhh...*” The low moan coming from the little female in his lap drew Styx out of his thoughts and made him instantly alert.

“Ketha? Baby?” he murmured, reaching around to pat her cheek gently. His knot was beginning to go down now—he was sure he would be able to pull out of her soon. “Ketha—are you okay?”

“I...I don't know.” She looked around at him with bleary eyes. “What happened? I remember having the most intense orgasm of my life and then...nothing.”

“That's because you fainted,” Styx told her. “Are you feeling better now?”

“I...I think so.” She shifted on his lap. “Oh—are you still inside me?”

“Afraid so,” Styx said dryly. “It takes my knot a little while to go down.”

“So...I'm stuck here?” She sounded anxious, which concerned him.

“Only for a little while longer,” he tried to reassure her. “On the plus side, the longer we stay tied together, the more likely it is you'll get pregnant. Isn't that what you wanted, baby?”

“I...yes. Yes, it's what I want.” But she sounded hesitant, Styx thought—as though she wasn't really sure. “Or I did when I came here. But now...it's like a fog has cleared from my brain and I...I don't know.”

“It's kind of late to be having second thoughts now,” he pointed out.

“I know.” She nodded and looked down to where they were joined. “Goddess—I can't believe I let a male penetrate me!” she murmured, more to herself than to him. “If Mother knew about this, she would *kill* me! Or at the very least, disown and disinherit me.”

“You’d better keep it to yourself, then,” Styx growled. “And speaking of keeping our little secret, if you *are* pregnant, you might not want to go back home at all.”

“What? Why?” She twisted her head around to look up at him. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about the fact that the Kindred race have a genetic anomaly that makes ninety-five percent of the babies we sire *male*,” Styx told her. “That’s why you don’t see many female Kindred—they’re extremely rare. And since I know you Yonnites are only allowed to have *female* babies...”

“Oh, I took care of that,” Ketha said, sounding confident. “I took a medication before I left that ensures I can only conceive a girl.”

“You really thought of everything, didn’t you?” Styx asked dryly. “You came all prepared to get pregnant—is that all you wanted from me?”

“What else *should* I want?” she demanded, twisting around to look up at him again. “I mean, we barely know each other!”

“Yes, but there’s a connection between us,” Styx told her. “Can’t you feel it, baby?”

“Uh...a connection?” She looked uncomfortable, but Styx couldn’t let it go. Now that she was awake, the feeling of possessive protectiveness he had for her was growing even stronger. And he had a feeling he knew why—they *must* be Bonded. He decided to test his theory.

“*Yes—a connection,*” he sent, speaking mentally and keeping his mouth closed. “*Do you feel it? Like a kind of golden cord tying us together?*” He pictured a shimmering rope in his mind and sent the image to her.

“*A golden cord?*” she sent back, apparently using their new mental connection without thinking. “Wait a minute—why can I hear your voice in my head?” she added aloud, looking at him. “Or did I? Am I going *crazy*? Does sex with a Kindred make you lose your mind?”

“You’re not crazy, baby—we Bonded when I knotted you,” Styx told her. “My people have an ability to form a lifelong

Soul Bond with the right female.”

“The right female? But I’m *not* the right female!” Ketha exclaimed. She began to struggle in his lap, trying to get free of him. “Our old butler, Speaks Softly, told me about Soul Bonds!” she exclaimed. “He claimed they were completely unbreakable!”

“That’s true, except by death,” Styx growled. “Hold still, little girl—my knot will release in a minute.”

“No—I need to get up *now!*” with a convulsive move, she finally managed to tear herself away from him. The result was a gush of his seed down her inner thighs. He had *really* filled her.

Styx felt the loss of contact immediately but her reaction to their Bonding worried him more than that.

“*Look, we need to calm down and be rational about this,*” he sent to her through their new link, trying to make his mental voice soothing. “*We have a lot to consider—like where we’re going to live. Because I’m damn sure not going back to Yonnie Six!*”

“Where we’re going to *live*? Are you crazy?” Ketha demanded. “I’m going back home to Opulex and you’re going to live here—or wherever you call home. But we’re not going to live *together!*”

Her words cut him but Styx tried not to show it.

“We’re *Bonded* now,” he pointed out, trying to make her understand. “We should find a place that’s good for both of us and live together. A Soul Bond doesn’t react well when the two people who are Bonded are separated.”

“I don’t care about that—I didn’t come here looking to form any long-lasting commitment or deep connection!” Ketha exclaimed. “I came here to get *bred*—to get *pregnant*. That’s *all*.”

“So that’s all I am to you? Just a fucking baby-making machine?” Styx growled, glaring at her.

She threw up her hands.

“I can’t believe we’re having this conversation! I have to go.”

“Look, baby...” Styx tucked himself back into his trousers and rose to stand in front of her. “Just think about it a minute,” he told her. “Just let yourself *feel*.”

“Feel what?” She was already gathering her things. She left the ruined panties on the ground but picked up the gray cloak she’d dropped and wrapped it securely around herself.

“*Feel the connection between us—feel the Bond!*” Styx sent through their new mental link. “*If you’ll just stop a minute and let yourself—*”

“I have to go!” she interrupted. “And stop talking inside my head!”

“But—” Styx began.

However, Ketha didn’t wait to hear what he had to say. She was headed for the door of his ship as fast as she could go. Clearly now that he’d given her his seed, she didn’t want anything else to do with him. He’d been nothing but a one-night stand for him—a momentary hook-up—and now she was throwing him away like trash.

“That’s not true!” she shouted over her shoulder and he realized he must have been sending his thoughts unintentionally. She whirled around to face him once more. “Or it *is* true but I’m not ‘throwing you away like trash!’ I came here so we could *use* each other—not so we could form a lifelong connection and live happily ever after!”

“That’s too fucking bad,” Styx growled. “Because we’re fucking *Bonded*.”

“I don’t care!” Ketha pointed a finger at him. “Just leave me alone and stay away from me, all right? I never should have come here—I can see that now. Well don’t worry, because I’ll never bother you again!”

Then she turned and slapped the door panel, causing it to slide open. Before Styx could say another word, she was marching out of the ship and headed out of his life forever.



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## KETHA

*O h my Goddess—this is crazy—absolutely **crazy!** I never should have come here! What the hell is wrong with him, talking about how the two of us are Bonded like we’re going to set up house together and get married or Joined or something! I can’t be Joined to a **man!** I’m a Yonnite Mistress!*

The distressed thoughts ran over and over on a loop in Ketha’s mind as she hurriedly punched the coordinates for home into her nav-com. She couldn’t get away from the space station fast enough. The whole encounter with the big Kindred had gone extremely well at first...and then ended disastrously.

*But isn’t he right—don’t you feel some kind of connection?* whispered a little voice in her head. *A longing to be with him—to stay with him? To let him hold you and call you “baby?”*

Ketha pushed the little voice aside ruthlessly. She couldn’t just run away with the big Kindred—she had a life back on Yonnie Six! True, it wasn’t always a very happy life, considering how contentious her mother was. But she had friends and hobbies and other interests and besides, she couldn’t imagine living with a male in a committed relationship. What would that even be like?

*It would be like this,* growled Styx’s voice in her head and suddenly she was flooded with visions of the two of them together. Living on his spaceship...traveling from port to port...seeing exotic planets...meeting new people...trying new cuisines. And then at night, cuddling together in his big bed, with his muscular body wrapped protectively around hers

as he spooned her and stroked her growing belly...growing with the child he had planted inside her...

*“No—stop!”* Ketha sent fiercely. *“I told you, I can’t do that! I have a life I have to get back to and you have a life too—a life away from me!”*

*“So you want to go back to that cantankerous shrew of a mother and try to please her even though nothing you do ever makes her happy?”* he demanded.

*“Hey—how did you know that? Stay out of my head and my memories!”* she warned.

*“I’m not digging through your memories—I’m just picking up the feelings and thoughts you’re sending,”* Styx told her. *“You’re not happy at home—so why don’t you come make a new home with me? I know you’ve been taught to believe that males are lower life forms, but some of us aren’t so bad—once you get to know us.”*

*“I can’t—I can’t do that! I have to go home!”*

Ketha was crying now—hot tears stinging her eyes and rolling down her face. Half of her just wanted to go home but the other half wanted desperately to take the big Kindred up on his offer and go live with him and make a life with him. Which was crazy, right? They barely knew each other! And yet the feelings persisted.

*“You’re feeling that way because we’re Fated Mates,”* Styx sent to her. *“The Goddess means for us to be together.”*

*“No—no, that can’t be right!”* Ketha protested.

She shook her head and swiped at her eyes. She felt like she was being torn in two and it was killing her! She wondered if there was any kind of limit on their mental communication—would Styx always be able to talk to her mentally and torment her like this, or would it stop when they got far enough away from each other?

*“There’s a limit to how far apart we can get and still hear each other,”* he admitted, and she thought that his mental voice already sounded a little fainter. *“Once you go back to*

*Yonnie Six, I won't be able to reach you anymore. That's why I'm trying to reason with you now, little girl."*

*"Just stop!" Ketha begged him. "I can't go with you—I have to go home! I'm supposed to carry on our family business and dynasty."*

*"Do you really think that's going to make you happy?" he demanded.*

*"I don't know! But I DO know I can't just abandon my whole life to go with a male I've only met twice!"*

*"'Met twice?' You make it sound like we shook hands and said 'hello.' We **Bonded**, baby—we're tied together mentally, physically, emotionally, and spiritually," his deep, growling voice informed her. "Plus, the odds are, you're carrying my child."*

*"It's MY child!" Ketha shot back. "It has nothing to do with you—you were just the sperm donor!"*

The minute she sent the words, she knew she had gone too far. She could feel a sense of coldness and withdrawal coming from the other end of the mysterious mental connection she had somehow formed with the big Kindred.

*"All right—be that way then. If you really want me to leave you alone, I will—I'll never contact you again," Styx told her.*

*"That's **exactly** what I want!" Ketha shot back. "Just leave me alone and we'll go our separate ways."*

*"Fine. Have a nice life, sweetheart."*

And then, suddenly, he was gone. Oh, she still felt his presence at the other end of the strange connection, but it was muted now—as though he had put up a wall between them. Clearly he intended to make good on his promise to never speak to her again.

The big Kindred's sudden silence should have relieved her—instead Ketha began sobbing harder than ever. She felt a sense of loss, almost as though someone she loved had died!

*But I **don't** love him—I barely even **know** him!* she protested to herself. *Why am I so upset? What's wrong with*



*me?*

Maybe it had something to do with the Soul Bond they had formed when they were having sex? The longing she felt to be with him—to be held by him—must be a direct result of forming the weird, spiritual connection with the big Kindred.

*I didn't mean to—he should have warned me!* she thought angrily. But surely the sense of loss and the feelings of longing for the big Kindred would fade in time, she told herself.

At least she hoped so. If she had to go on feeling like she did right now—as though her heart was breaking—her life was going to be miserable from now on!

“Stop it!” Ketha said out loud, speaking to herself sternly. “Get yourself together, girl! You’ve got a long way to fly and you can’t spend the whole trip feeling sorry for yourself!”

She swiped at her eyes and looked down at herself. She was still wearing the gray cloak and the yellow dress—which now looked considerably worse for wear. Also, her inner thighs were sticky from the big Kindred’s seed. She needed to take a shower and clean up—that would make her feel better.

After engaging the autopilot, she rose from the pilot’s chair and winced. Now that she was no longer so distracted by her mental connection to the big Kindred, she was noticing how she felt physically and damn, was she *sore*.

*I really took a pounding!* she thought, hobbling to the back of the ship—there was a small shower unit in the sleeping area. Her pussy felt like she’d fucked a *Brathian* horse! None of her toys could compare to the big Kindred’s cock—especially not the fist-sized knot he’d used to tie the two of them together.

*Shouldn't have let him do that—what was I thinking?* she wondered as she turned on the water and stepped under the warm jets.

The answer, of course, was that she *hadn't* been thinking. The damn fertility drugs had been driving her, making her desperate to get bred at any cost, which had caused her to make some very rash decisions.

“Should have just gone to the Conception Center,” Ketha muttered to herself as she directed the water jets to spray between her legs so she could wash away the copious amount of seed the big Kindred had left inside her. But no—she’d been determined to let Styx penetrate and breed her. And now look—she had an unbreakable connection with him that she didn’t want and had never asked for! It was like lust had taken over her brain and made her *stupid*.

Ketha wanted to kick herself, but what was done was done. Hopefully she was pregnant and she wouldn’t have to think about the disastrous sexual encounter ever again. Her mother would be happy that she had a second heir and life would go back to normal.

“And I’ll never think about Styx again,” she whispered as the water rushed over her face, washing away the tear tracks. I’ll put him completely out of my mind. It will be like our time together never happened.”

She had no idea how wrong she was or how soon her hook-up with the big Kindred was going to come back to bite her in the ass.



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## KETHA

“Well now— isn’t this lovely? Everyone is here—every single member of the Sacred Seven accepted our invitation to the baby-viewing party!” Mistress Morebutt exclaimed.

“That’s good,” Ketha said, trying to smile. She had never seen her mother so excited. She was fluttering around the room like a brightly colored flutterbye in her gauzy, bright pink dress. She’d had her hair freshly dyed bright pink as well to match and it towered over her head in a massive up-do that rose three feet into the air, swaying like a mountain of spun sugar.

Ketha herself was wearing a modest dark blue gown which had a hole cut in the center to emphasize her barely-there baby bump. She was only about three months along and just barely showing, but that was enough for her mother to invite every dignitary in Opulex to a baby-viewing party.

“Hurry and finish doing your hair, my dear,” Mistress Morebutt said to her. “The technician is here now, so we can start the baby-viewing as soon as you come down.”

“I’ll be right there,” Ketha promised. “I’m almost finished.”

“Excellent! I can’t wait for you to meet everyone! And now that you’re pregnant, I’m just *sure* I’ll get an invitation to join the Sacred Seven. Lady Bitterbite is stepping down, you know. She was thinking of appointing her niece to succeed her, but she’s really too young—they need an older, more

experienced businesswoman on the Council—a woman like *me!*”

And she practically danced out of Ketha’s bedroom, humming to herself as though this was the best day of her life.

Ketha supposed it ought to be the best day of her own life too. After all, she was pregnant and everyone who was anyone was here to see the projection of the baby she carried inside.

But instead of being happy, she felt tears stinging her eyes again. A picture formed in her mind’s eye. Instead of a room full of richly dressed, spoiled women, she saw Styx putting an arm around her. As she watched, he put one big hand on her belly and rubbed the barely-there bump. There was a sense of possessive protectiveness coming from him—a feeling that he would kill or die to keep her and the baby safe. And with it came the knowledge that the big Kindred loved her to distraction and would cherish her always.

Ketha tried to push the picture away and only partially succeeded. She kept having these mental images—had been having them for months now. She wasn’t sure if they were somehow being sent by Styx or if they were her own imagination, but they tormented her and made her feel absolutely miserable with want and longing for the big Kindred.

More than once she’d thought that she should have taken Styx up on his offer to tour the universe together. She’d been completely miserable ever since she’d gotten back home—she kept feeling like she was missing something or she’d lost someone incredibly dear to her. It didn’t seem to matter that she and Styx barely knew each other—the feeling that she had lost the most precious person in her life persisted and the longing for him simply wouldn’t leave her alone.

Her mother hadn’t noticed at all, of course—except to urge Ketha to eat so she could nourish the baby growing inside her. She spoke proudly to everyone she met of the granddaughter that was on the way and how excited she was to become a grandmother.

Of course, Ketha knew this was a lie. Her mother hated babies and wouldn't lift a finger to help her raise the child she was carrying once it came out. What made her happy was all the attention she had gotten for the impending birth and the way the members of the Sacred Seven were suddenly acknowledging her. She was now seen as a smart businesswoman, following the trends and setting the pace for everyone else. It was incredibly gratifying for her...and incredibly depressing for Ketha.

*I'll have to raise this baby all by myself,* she thought, rubbing the tiny bump in her lower abdomen. How she wished that her old Kindred butler, Speaks Softly, was still around! He had such a kind heart—he would have helped her raise her daughter. But he was gone and Ketha felt all alone in the knowledge that she was going to be a single mother.

*It didn't have to be like that,* whispered a little voice in her head. *You could have gone with Styx when he asked you to. He would have been a good father—the same kind of father that Speaks Softly was to you. You could have had someone to help you raise the baby but you rejected him.*

The thought made her want to sob but if she started crying really hard, she knew she would ruin the elaborate eye-makeup she'd applied for the party. Trying to push her regrets away, she rose from the little makeup table and swiped at her eyes.

*Is it really too late?* whispered that same little voice. *Couldn't you go find him again? You found him once—he might even still be hanging around the Ceinex Five Spaceport. You could go ask his forgiveness and tell him you want to be with him after all. Couldn't you?*

No, she couldn't, Ketha thought. She was certain that she'd offended the big Kindred too deeply—he would never take her back now. Besides, her life was here, on Yonnie Six. There was no point in feeling sorry for herself—she'd made her choices and now she had to live with them.

Lifting her chin, she left her bedroom and descended the staircase to the party below. It was time to get a sneak peek at

the baby in her belly and see what her daughter would look like.





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## KETHA

“Now settle down, everyone—settle down!” Mistress Morebutt called to the room. “Let the baby-view technician explain how this works.”

All of the richly dressed Yonnite Mistresses stopped talking and grew quieter. They were all gathered around a rolling, padded table where Ketha was lying, feeling extremely uncomfortable since she hated being the center of attention. Beside the table was a large projection screen as big as a dining room table. Her mother had requested the largest screen with the best definition, so that everyone in the room would be able to see every detail of the baby.

The technician herself was a wise looking lady in her middle years with gray streaks in her hair. She was wearing a no-nonsense white uniform and holding the baby-view wand in one hand as she waited for silence.

When all the whispering and murmuring had died away, she lifted her voice to address the crowd. It was clear she was used to doing this, Ketha thought. Which wasn't surprising since baby-viewing parties had recently become all the rage in Opulex.

“Now then, ladies,” the tech began. “Thank you for coming. I want to let you know how this works. The baby-view wand doesn't show us exactly how the baby looks right this moment—you wouldn't see much at only three months gestation. Rather, the wand takes the information it gathers and extrapolates an image of exactly how the baby will look shortly after birth. We can even show extrapolated images of

how the little girl will look as she gets older.” She glanced at Mistress Morebutt. “If that’s something you desire?”

“Yes, yes—we want to see images as far into the future as the wand can extrapolate!” Ketha’s mother exclaimed.

“Very good.” The tech did something to the wand in her hand—probably programming in the parameters, Ketha thought. “All right then—I want to further add that our wand projects with one hundred percent accuracy,” she went on. “What you see on the screen is what you’re going to get—no question about it.”

“Good—very good!” Mistress Morebutt made a “hurry up” gesture with one hand. “Now please get to it! I can’t wait to see my granddaughter!”

Ketha was interested to see as well. Would the baby girl look like her, with light brown skin and green eyes? Or would she have golden eyes and red skin like Styx?

She was hoping for the former—it would be much easier to explain. Otherwise she was prepared to say she had used DNA from Polaris Three—the people there had red skin and golden eyes, though they were much smaller than the huge Kindred. Either way, though, she was covered. No one would ever know that she had allowed a male to penetrate and impregnate her rather than going to the Conception Center.

“Now then, here we go!” the tech said, cutting into her train of thought. She smoothed Ketha’s dress to center the hole in it right over her belly and squirted some chilly blue gel on her tiny baby bump. Then she pressed the baby-view wand to her skin and began rubbing it around.

Ketha tried to hold still as she watched the screen, waiting for the picture to form. The tech had explained to her earlier that the sticky, slimy gel helped the wand’s connectivity and accuracy, so she bore it grimly, though it felt extremely uncomfortable having her stomach coated in the stuff.

Then, suddenly, a picture began to form on the screen.

“Oh, here it comes! Here it comes—the first view of my granddaughter!” Mistress Morebutt clasped her hands together

and practically danced with excitement. “Oh, I can’t wait to see her! I can’t—”

However she stopped talking abruptly and fell silent. Ketha couldn’t understand why until she looked at the screen. On it was an image of a healthy looking infant. It had red skin and when it blinked, she saw its golden, glowing eyes. On either sides of its forehead were two tiny blunt horns.

But between its legs, something was sprouting. And that something was most definitely a...

“Oh my Goddess—is that a penis? Does the baby have a *penis?*” someone in the crowd murmured.

“Surely not—it must be a mistake,” someone whispered back.

But then the picture changed. It showed the baby as it would look at two years old. This time there was no mistaking it—the image on the screen was definitely a little boy. The horns were longer and sharper and the penis was more defined as well.

“Oh my Goddess,” one of the women in the crowd murmured. “It’s a *male!* Mistress Morebutt’s daughter is pregnant with a *male baby!*”

Ketha’s mother had a horrified look on her face as she stared at the screen and she seemed to be frozen to the spot.

Ketha felt frozen herself. What was happening? How could this be? Hadn’t she taken the medication to ensure female-only conception correctly? Or had it been a faulty batch of meds? Or maybe it simply wasn’t strong enough to combat Styx’s DNA and the Kindred propensity to sire males ninety-five percent of the time.

Whatever the case, the result was clear—she had a son in her belly, *not* a daughter and now all of Opulex and every member of the Sacred Seven knew it.

But the baby-view wand wasn’t done yet. It continued to send age-extrapolated images to the large screen. Ketha saw her son growing up—saw him as a laughing child and then a brooding adolescent and then a proud young man. He looked

so much like Styx—he had his father’s thick, dark eyebrows and smirking mouth and full, sensuous lips. For a moment, she almost felt like she was looking at the big Kindred all over again and her heart ached with longing for him! Goddess, she missed him so *much*.

Suddenly, Mistress Morebutt seemed to thaw from her frozen shock.

“This is a mistake! This can’t be right! Stop this—stop it at once!” she shouted at the technician. “Your wand is inaccurate—it’s sending lies to the screen!”

“No, it’s not!” the technician denied. “I told you, Mistress Morebutt—our baby-view wand is one hundred percent accurate. I’m very sorry to inform you of this, but your daughter is carrying a boy—a *male* child.”

“I know what a *boy* is you idiot!” Mistress Morebutt shouted. “But there’s no way my daughter is carrying one inside her! How would she even get a male child when all the seed at every Conception Center on the planet is guaranteed to only carry female DNA?”

“Excuse me, Myra, but didn’t you tell us that the Kindred bodyslave who stole one of your ships and ran away had horns?” Mistress Bitterbite, one of the Sacred Seven, enquired, raising her eyebrows delicately and nodding at the screen.

“Oh yes—and golden eyes and red skin, too!” her niece, who was standing right beside her remarked. “And Ketha’s baby has golden eyes and red skin *and* horns!” she added, stating the obvious. “Oh my Goddess—she must have had sex with her bodyslave! She let a *male* penetrate her!”

The murmuring of the crowd grew to a roar and all eyes were on the screen, which was still showing the baby as a young man.

“Stop it! Shut it off! It’s lies! All lies!” Mistress Morebutt raged at the tech.

“Our baby-viewing wand is accurate!” the technician snapped back. “I can’t help it if your daughter was whoring

around with your bodyslave and got pregnant with a son—that's not *my* fault!"

"How *dare* you?" Mistress Morebutt slapped the technician hard, right across the face.

But the baby-view tech was clearly not someone who was willing to take abuse. She slapped Mistress Morebutt back and then reached up and yanked at her towering up-do, pulling out a handful of bright pink hair.

"Ow! You *bitch!*" Mistress Morebutt gasped. She wasn't used to "the help" fighting back. She wrenched the baby-viewing wand from the other woman's hand and threw it across the room.

Unfortunately, the wand hit Tomissina Toesucker—the leader of the Sacred Seven—right in the forehead. She cried out dramatically and fell down, grabbing onto the skirt of Ulalla Taddabblers on the way down and tearing it nearly off.

Ulalla screeched and backed away, knocking over Mistresses Betrina Bellyboiler and Farna Gabblesworth, who were both standing right behind her, in the process.

Ketha watched the whole thing, dumbfounded. It was like a chain-reaction—before she knew it, the whole room was filled with rich, entitled women shouting and hitting and grabbing and hissing like angry felines. And her mother and the technician were right in the middle of it all, pulling each other's hair and screaming.

"You tell everyone here that your wand is telling lies!" Mistress Morebutt shouted at the tech.

"No! I stand by our accuracy!" the tech spat back. "Your daughter let herself be penetrated by a male. She's a *man-fucker!*"

"You take that back—*take it back!*" Mistress Morebutt shrieked.

But it was too late to take anything back, Ketha thought dismally. The entire room was in chaos and she was the cause of it all.

Quietly, she slipped off the padded table and snuck away from the fighting and shouting and name-calling.

This was probably the end of her life as she knew it but she just felt numb. There was nothing she could do to change anything now. Nothing she could do but hide her face in shame and hope that this would somehow all blow over.



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## KETHA

**B**ut it didn't blow over.

“My social life is over! Do you hear me? *Over!*” Mistress Morebutt paced back and forth in Ketha's bedroom, where she had been confined for the past several days.

“I'm sorry, Mother,” she said in a low voice. She was sitting on the side of her bed, watching as her mother paced and feeling miserable.

“Forget ever becoming a member of the Sacred Seven now—I'll be lucky if everyone in Opulex doesn't shun me!” Mistress Morebutt went on. “I've already been disinvited to *five* parties and a cotillion! And nobody I've been doing business with will take my calls. I'll be ruined—and all because you couldn't keep your hands off that blasted bodyslave!”

“It was the fertility drugs you slipped me!” Ketha protested, trying to defend herself. “They made me *crazy* with lust! I wasn't thinking straight—my mind was all clouded with desire.”

“You little whore!” Mistress Morebutt rounded on her. “Don't you try to make excuses for your inexcusable behavior! You've broken the most sacred taboo of our people—you allowed yourself to be penetrated by a *male!*” She pointed a finger at Ketha's baby bump. “That monstrosity growing inside you is an abomination! And the first thing we're going to do is get rid of it!”



“Get rid of it?” Ketha cupped her hands over her small baby bump protectively. “What are you talking about?”

“You know exactly what I’m talking about!” Mistress Morebutt snarled. “We’re going to the doctor to have that thing *removed*. And we’re going to tell everyone that horrible bodyslave *forced* himself on you. That way at least it won’t look like you *let* him penetrate you.”

“Styx never forced me!” Ketha protested. “And I’m *not* giving up his baby.”

She might have agreed to such a thing if she hadn’t seen the projections from the baby-wand. But now that she had seen her son grown to adulthood, she couldn’t imagine getting rid of him.

“You *will* give up that filthy male creature inside you or I’ll disinherit you and kick you out of the house!” her mother warned. “Think about that, Ketha! Do you want to have it removed...or be homeless and penniless, stripped of your name, rank, and title? The choice is yours!”

Ketha lifted her chin.

“I choose my baby,” she said, glaring at her mother. “I’m not giving him up—I don’t care what you say!”

Mistress Morebutt drew herself up to her full height and her face went cold.

“Very well then,” she said. “You are no longer a Morebutt. I hereby disinherit and disown you. Leave now—get out of my house!”

“What?” Ketha stared at her. She hadn’t really believed that her mother would *actually* disown her! “Mother, please —” she began, reaching out a hand.

“Don’t call me that!” Mistress Morebutt snapped. “From now on, I have no daughter. Now leave! Or I’ll call the Peace Keepers to remove you!” she added threateningly.

“But...but...” Ketha began.

Her words fell on deaf ears. Her mother—or her *former* mother, she thought numbly—had turned her back and

wouldn't meet her eyes.

“Just go,” Mistress Morebutt said again. “I never want to see your face again! You *disgust* me.”

And those were the last words she spoke.

Ketha stared at her in disbelief.

*This is it, she realized. It's over—my life here is over.*

Slowly, she rose from the bed and began packing a few things. She would have to leave Yonnie Six—she had no place here now. No name, no rank, no home, and no standing. She was an outcast—a pariah. She had to leave—but where could she go?

Ketha had no idea.



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## KETHA

The Ceinex Five Spaceport hadn't changed much in the past four months, Ketha thought as she peered around warily. The walls were still grimy and cracked and the tile floors were still chipped. There was the same motley assortment of males—traders and vendors and crews from various ships—hanging around, drinking, gambling, laughing and boasting to each other.

But no matter where she looked, she didn't see the one male she was looking for—Styx was nowhere to be found and she'd been all over the entire spaceport *twice*.

She'd been trying to contact him through their mental link ever since she'd been kicked out of the house and flown away from Yonnie Six. (Thank goodness her mother hadn't thought to lock her ship or Ketha would have been homeless on the streets of Opulex, which was extremely dangerous due to the roving gangs of cast-off bodyslaves and disaffected males!)

But though she had her ship and a few valuables, her mother had cut her line of credit completely. She could live for a little while by selling off pieces of jewelry to buy food and fuel, but her resources were limited—they wouldn't last forever. They wouldn't even last long enough for her to find a place to have the baby, Ketha thought. She needed help!

However, her calls for help were going unanswered. Styx hadn't answered a single one—either he was so far away he couldn't hear her, or he had found a way to build an impenetrable wall between them and he was ignoring her. Or worst of all, he might be *dead*.

Ketha tried to shove that idea out of her mind. He *couldn't* be dead, could he? Wouldn't she have felt him die? What about the mystical connection between them? Wouldn't it have alerted her to the fact that he was gone? And for that matter, wouldn't it have let him know that his "Fated Mate" was alone and in trouble and in need of his help? Wouldn't it—

"Here now, dearie, why so sad?"

The soft, kindly voice came from behind her. Ketha whirled around to see a grandmotherly woman with faded blue eyes and wrinkled cheeks looking at her with concern.

"Who...who are you?" she asked, drawing her hooded cloak closer around herself. She'd been keeping an eye out for the Peace Keepers, not wanting to run into the ones she'd sprayed with the ES canister last time. Luckily, she hadn't seen them but she was still being extremely careful.

"Why, I'm Nanny Grimshanks, dearie, but you can just call me 'Nanny Grim.' Been watching you for nigh on an hour—you seem to be looking for something but it's clear you're not finding it."

"No, I'm not," Ketha said shortly. "In fact, I'm just about to leave. Excuse me."

"Oh come now, dearie!" The old woman laid a hand on her arm. "You look like you could use a friend. I've been around this spaceport for a long time and I don't think I've ever seen such a sad look on such a pretty face."

"That's kind of you, but I really should get going," Ketha said. Though where she was going to go, she had no idea.

"Why not come and have a cup of tea with me first and pour out your troubles?" the old woman said, smiling. "Old Nanny Grim's got a willing ear. Talking always helps you feel better. And who knows? I might even be able to help you find what you're looking for."

"It's not a what—it's a *who*," Ketha said. "I...I'm looking for the father of my baby," she added in a low voice, glancing around to make sure nobody was listening.

The old woman's faded blue eyes widened.

“So you’re *pregnant*, are you dearie?” she murmured.

Ketha nodded.

“But I can’t find the father anywhere! And my mother kicked me out of the house, so I’m all alone and I’m *scared!*”

The words just came pouring out, even though she knew it was foolish to confide in a complete stranger.

“Oh, you poor dear!” The faded blue eyes were sympathetic. “Just you come with me for a nice spot of tea and tell me all about it. Maybe we can find him together—I might know where he’s gone to, since I practically live at this spaceport.”

Her words gave Ketha hope and she allowed herself to be taken by the arm and led to a dark corner. There was a little booth set up and Nanny led her behind the counter and got her seated at a low table. Then she busied herself making tea on a little hotplate with a mixture of sweet-smelling herbs from a battered copper canister.

Soon she was serving Ketha a steaming cup of tea in a chipped but clean cup.

“Here now—there’s nothing a nice spot of tea won’t fix,” she said, sitting down at the little, low table across from her. “Have a few biscuits too, why don’t you?” she added, opening another canister to reveal an assortment of delicate looking, flaky white angel-bites.

Ketha thanked her and helped herself to one of the angel-bites. It melted delightfully on her tongue and she sipped the steaming tea to chase it down.

“There now—isn’t that nice?” Nanny Grim asked, smiling. “Now just tell me everything—I want to hear it all, my dear. You said your mother kicked you out?”

“Yes, because I come from Yonnie Six where...where women don’t have, er, relationships with men,” Ketha explained. “And the baby I’m carrying is male—it’s a little boy.” She pressed one hand protectively to her baby bump and sighed. “Once she found out, she disowned and disinherited me. She said she...she never wants to see me again!”

The last word ended in a little sob and she had to swipe away tears.

“Oh my! That’s so sad, dearie. I’m so sorry. So now you’re looking for the father of your baby?” Nanny asked, pouring her more tea.

Ketha took another sip. It was almost cloyingly sweet and had a slightly strange aftertaste, but the hot liquid really *was* soothing.

“Yes,” she said, putting her teacup back down. “Last time I found him here but now he’s nowhere to be seen.”

“Who is he, may I ask?” the old woman asked.

“Er, well...” Ketha was hesitant to mention Styx’s name, since it had caused such a fuss last time.

“Don’t you worry, dearie—old Nanny Grim won’t say a thing to anyone,” the other woman promised.

“He’s a Kindred—a Dae’mon Kindred,” Ketha explained. “He’s really tall—well over two standard meters—and he has red skin and golden eyes and horns.”

“My! He sounds like a big fellow, so he does!” Nanny Grim’s faded blue eyes widened dramatically.

“He is. But I’ve been trying to reach him and he’s not answering me,” Ketha explained. “It’s been about three months since I saw him and we...well, we didn’t part on the best of terms.”

She wanted to cry again but she took another sip of tea instead. The super-sweet taste didn’t bother her so much anymore. In fact, she was beginning to really like it, even though it made her tongue slightly numb and tingly. Should tea do that? Maybe it was just the mixture of herbs, she thought.

“So the two of you had a fight and then he left and you haven’t heard from him since?” Nanny Grim asked. “And now your mother’s kicked you out, so you have nobody to help you raise the baby.”

“That’s it exactly!” Ketha sniffed. “I...I’m all alone and I don’t have anyone.”

“Not even a relative or a friend to turn to?” Nanny Grim prodded, refilling her cup yet again.

“No. No one.” Ketha shook her head and drank more of the tea. She was beginning to feel a little strange now—like she was moving in slow motion. Why was that? Was it because she felt so sad and desperate that everything was slowing down? Was her sadness making time move more slowly? But wait—*that* didn’t make sense, did it?

“No one at all,” Nanny Grim mused, tapping her long fingernails on the tabletop with a brittle, *tat-ta-tat-tat*.

“Nooo. Nooo onnnne,” Ketha said, but now her words were coming out slow as well. What was happening to her? “Dooo youuu think time is getting slooower?” she asked Nanny, who was looking at her with a calculating expression on her wrinkled face.

“For *you* it is.” The other woman smiled and this time there was nothing kind or grandmotherly in her expression. “That’s because of the sleepy dew I put in your tea.”

“Whaaaat?” Ketha stared at her uncertainly. She seemed to be getting further away somehow even though they were still sitting at the small table across from each other. “Whaaaat are youuuu talking aaaabout?” she asked in her new, slow-motion way.

“Talking about how you’ll bring a nice profit at the Flesh Bazaar, dearie.” Nanny Grim cackled. “A *double* profit, since you’re pregnant—two slaves for the price of one! Don’t worry—the sleepy dew won’t hurt the baby,” she added.

“But...but youuu caaaaan’t dooo thaaat,” Ketha tried to protest, shaking her head. But even that small motion made her feel incredibly dizzy and she had to put her head down on the table.

“Looks like I already have, dearie,” the other woman said, cackling again. “Now then you two—come out here and take her to the ship,” she added, clearly speaking to someone else.

Two sets of hard hands grabbed Ketha by the arms and she was hauled unceremoniously to her feet.



“Pleeeasse,” she moaned, now so dizzy she could hardly see straight. “Dooooon’t do thiiiiiss to meeee.”

“Oh, we’re doing it all right,” Nanny Grim said, giving her another mean smile.

“You’re sure it’s safe to take her?” one of the men asked.

“Am I sure? Of *course* I’m sure!” Nanny Grim snapped. “She’s *perfect*. Family’s disowned her and the father of her child has abandoned her. Nobody’s going to come looking for her—she’s ours for the taking!”

Ketha wanted to protest but her mind was all fuzzy, as though her head had been wrapped in a cloud. Also, the sad truth was, the old woman was right.

She was all alone in the universe and nobody cared what happened to her.



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## KETHA

“Slaves! Slaves for sale! Come get them—the freshest, the best, and the most beautiful girls, right here!” Nanny Grim’s high voice rang out, echoing in the wide-open space of the Flesh Bazaar, enticing buyers to come bid on her wares.

Ketha felt like crying. Just a few months ago she’d been walking through this very place, a free woman and now she was nothing but property to be sold. She remembered wondering what the bodyslaves felt like—well now she knew and it was the worst feeling in the world!

She couldn’t even see or talk to the prospective buyers who came to bid on her and the other hapless girls that Nanny Grim and her crew had collected from spaceports all over this quadrant of the galaxy. She was naked except for the black blindfold shields placed over her eyes and the speech gag tied around her throat, which kept her vocal chords from making any noise.

“A whining, whimpering slave puts the patrons off,” Nanny Grim had remarked, as she put the blindfold shields and speech gag in place. “They mostly only want the body anyway—why bother ‘em with the rest?”

Then she cackled with glee as she bound Ketha’s arms behind her back and forced her into line with the other naked, blindfolded, and muted girls. They had all been marched out to the main hall of the Bazaar and each of them had been forced to kneel on a stone pedestal which was horribly hard on the knees. Ketha’s were already aching and bruised from kneeling on the unyielding surface for the past two hours.

All around her she could hear the other girls in her group being sold. Buyers came forward and asked Nanny Grim questions and examined the “merchandise.” Already Ketha had been poked and prodded and her breasts had been fondled with rough hands, making her want to scream. But when she tried to shy away from the potential buyers, Nanny Grim gave her a shock in the back with a pain-prod that sent agonizing burning sensations through her entire body!

She’d entertained visions of somehow getting off the display pillar and running away at first, but where would she go when she couldn’t even see anything and how could she free her eyes of the blinding patches with her hands tied behind her back? She was trapped here and soon she would be sold, like most of the other girls around her had been.

*“Styx please—if you can hear me, please help! I’m being sold at the Flesh Bazaar! Please—come help me!”*

Mentally, she called out again for Styx—not that it would do her any good. The big Kindred never answered and she still felt the presence of that invisible barrier that seemed to stop all the communication between them. It was like she was mentally shouting into a steel door or a brick wall.

Suddenly, an important new customer approached. Ketha could tell by the way Nanny Grim greeted him.

“Good day, fine Sir,” she said, her voice going low and respectful. “And what can I do for you today? Are you interested in a beautiful woman to warm your bed at night? Or perhaps a domestic who can cook your supper and clean for you?”

“Perhaps...” a deep voice rumbled in response. It sounded slightly familiar but also distorted, as though the prospective customer was wearing some kind of sound module, Ketha thought. “It depends on your prices,” he went on. “How much for this one over here?”

Ketha tensed, but he must have been talking about one of the other girls because no one touched her.

“Seven hundred credits,” Nanny Grim said promptly.

“I see. And this one?”

“Only six hundred for her, Sir,” the older woman responded.

“They’re both lovely. But what about *this* one?” The voice came closer and a heavy hand fell on Ketha’s shoulder. She flinched and would have cried out, if the gag hadn’t been in place.

“Ahh, now this one is special, Sir. Twelve hundred credits and I won’t take a penny less. She’s *pregnant*, you see—so you’ll be getting two for the price of one!” Nanny Grim told him proudly. “Such a fine girl too—I’m told she’s carrying a son.”

“A son, is it?” the prospective buyer rumbled. A big, warm hand came down to cup Ketha’s baby bump.

She tried to pull back but the hand followed her.

“All right now, sweetheart—don’t worry. I won’t hurt you or the little one,” the stranger growled softly.

“No more twitching, girl!” Nanny Grim added and poked Ketha in the back with the pain prod warningly.

Ketha held still and let the stranger touch her. His hand was warm at least and he didn’t make any move to fondle her breasts, so that was *something*, she supposed.

“A son, is it? A fine son,” he remarked, rubbing her baby bump gently. “Well then, I’ll take them both,” he said to Nanny Grim. “Twelve hundred, did you say?”

“So I did, Sir—so I did,” Nanny Grim replied eagerly. “And you’ve made yourself a bargain, so you have.”

“So I have,” the buyer mused and then Ketha heard the sounds of money exchanging hands.

“Here you go—would you like a collar and a leash for her?” Nanny Grim asked. “I don’t recommend you let her walk free—she’s a feisty one, so she is!”

“No collar. She’s small enough—I’ll just carry her,” the deep voice said.

*Wait—he's going to carry me? How big is he, anyway?* Ketha wondered. She wasn't exactly small—her mother had always been trying to get her to lose weight.

But of course, she couldn't see her new owner or talk to him. She could only wait as he untied her wrists and swung her up into his arms.

She made a soundless gasp and he settled her more firmly against his chest.

“Don't worry—not going to drop you,” he told her in that low, distorted voice. Was he wearing a sound module or had he injured his throat in some way? Ketha had no way of knowing—or of asking, since the gag was still tied around her throat. Though she was burning with questions, she could only hold still as her new owner carried her out of the Flesh Bazaar in his arms.

As the sounds of the sellers and the slaves faded, she felt a surge of fear and uncertainty.

A whole new life was beginning for her now, but what would it be?



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## KETHA

Her new owner carried Ketha quite a long way, his footsteps echoing in the long corridors leading to the docking area. But despite the great distance, he never seemed to get out of breath and he never had to put her down to rest. Whoever he was, he must be immensely strong, she thought uneasily. What would he do to her once he got her back to his ship?

She got her answer sooner than she wanted because only five minutes after she'd had the apprehensive thought, she heard the sound of a door sliding open and he carried her into a smaller space.

She wanted to ask if this was his ship and where they were going, but of course she couldn't with the gag still around her throat. She wished she could see him but the blind patches were still over her eyes as well.

After a moment, he put her down on a soft, yielding surface that felt like a couch or a chair. Ketha heard him settle beside her and then he untied the gag from around her throat, freeing her vocal cords so she could make noise again.

"Who are you? Where am I? Please don't hurt me!" The words came rushing out in a flood.

"Shhh...don't worry about that, sweetheart," the low, distorted voice of her protector murmured. "And don't take those off either—not yet," he added, brushing aside her hands when she reached up to take off the blinding patches.

"But please—I want to see you," Ketha pleaded.



“Not yet,” he rumbled. “First, I want to talk—I want to hear your story from start to finish.”

“My...my story?” She looked up at him blindly. His voice was coming from above her—he must be tall.

“Yes. I want to hear how you got pregnant and who the father is and if I need to worry about him coming after me for buying you,” her new owner said.

“You don’t need to worry about that,” Ketha said bitterly. “I’ve been trying and trying to get in touch with him but he’s never answered *once*. I don’t think he cares if I live or die.”

“Maybe there was something preventing him from getting back to you,” he said reasonably. “But that’s starting at the end of the story—I want to hear the beginning.”

“You want to know how I got pregnant?” Ketha asked, frowning.

“I want to know *why* you got pregnant,” he corrected. “All of it—I want the whole story from the start.”

This seemed like an odd request, but he owned her now so what could she do? Ketha thought about lying or making something up, but what was the point? She might as well be truthful—she had nothing more to lose.

So she started at the very beginning, telling her captor how her mother had slipped fertility drugs into her food to try and force her to go to the Conception Center.

“I didn’t want to go—it’s so cold and impersonal,” she said. “But the fertility drugs were making me crazy! I knew I had to...had to be bred. There was no other way I was ever going to get any peace.”

“Mmm-hmm.” He sounded thoughtful. “And how did you find someone to breed you? I thought that wasn’t allowed on Yonnie Six.”

“It’s not.” Ketha shivered. “Please—it’s really chilly in here,” she said, rubbing her arms to try and warm up.

“Forgive me. Here.”

Ketha felt him get up for a moment and then something warm and soft was wrapped around her shoulders. Some kind of a blanket, maybe. She pulled it around herself gratefully.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, sweetheart. Now please—go on. Where did you find a male to impregnate you?”

“Ironically, the same place you just found me—at the Flesh Bazaar,” Ketha said dryly. “He was a Kindred warrior that the slaver was trying to turn into a bodyslave. My mother refuses to have anything but a Kindred serving her because it’s known that they won’t hurt women,” she added.

“Mmm-hmm. And were you attracted to him at all? Or was he just a convenient way to scratch your itch?” he rumbled.

“You don’t understand—I never would have dreamed of... of letting a male penetrate me if he hadn’t come along,” Ketha protested. “He smelled really good and he said the most *outrageous* things—things no bodyslave should *ever* say to his Mistress.”

“So what he said and the way he smelled attracted you?” he asked.

Ketha nodded blindly. She wished she could see him!

“Yes. And then once I got him back to my mother’s house in Opulex we had an...encounter.”

“Was that when you got pregnant?” her new owner asked.

Ketha shook her head.

“No. But it put the idea into my head. He escaped—the conditioning the slaver put him through didn’t work. But he gave me an idea of where to find him. So eventually...I went looking for him.”

“Because you wanted to be with him?” he asked.

“Not at first. To be honest, the fertility drugs were driving me crazy and I knew I needed to be bred—that’s why I went looking for him. But after it was all over, everything was... different.” Her voice caught on the last word.

“You mean after he bred you? How were things different?”

“We formed some kind of a Bond—a mental connection,” Ketha explained. “He tried to get me to stay with him, but I didn’t want to. I thought I had to get back to my life on Yonnie Six.” She shook her head. “I was so stupid! I should have listened to him.”

“Why? What did he say?” her captor asked softly.

“He said...he said we *belonged* together,” Ketha said. Behind the blinding patches, she could feel tears stinging her eyelids. “He said I would never be happy at home—he told me I should come with him and tour the galaxy. I wish I would have gone!”

She was openly crying now, the tears leaking under the blinding patches and sliding down her cheeks.

“So you miss him?” he asked softly.

“Yes. *So* much!” Ketha admitted. “But when we parted ways, I rejected him and I think he put up some kind of...of barrier between us. Because now I can’t reach him, no matter how hard or how often I call!”

“What would you tell him if he was here right now—the father of your baby?” he rumbled.

“I’d tell him I was wrong and that I was an idiot, going back to my mother. She only wanted me to have a baby to keep up with the trends in Opulex and so she could get considered for a spot on the Sacred Seven! When she found out I was carrying a son instead of a daughter, she gave me two choices—either get rid of the baby or get disinherited and kicked out.”

“And you chose to keep the baby.” A big, warm hand slipped down to rest lightly on her baby bump again.

“Yes.” Ketha sniffed. “I...I couldn’t give him up! My mother brought in a baby-view tech and the equipment she had showed what he would look like when he was all grown up. And he...he’s going to look exactly like his father!” She started to cry even harder. “I couldn’t give him up—I *won’t* give him up!” she said fiercely. “He’s all I have left of Styx!”

“Maybe not *all* you have left,” the deep voice rumbled, and this time it sounded less distorted and much more familiar.

“What...? Who...?” Ketha reached reflexively for the blinding patches again but her owner was there before her. Gently, he peeled the patches away from her eyes.

Ketha blinked at the sudden brightness. She’d been in utter darkness for most of the day and it took her eyes time to adjust to the light. But when she looked up, she knew who was sitting beside her, even though he was blurry.

“Styx?” she gasped, reaching for him. “Is that really you?”

“It’s me, baby,” he assured her.

And then he gathered her into his arms.



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## KETHA

“I don’t understand—why didn’t you tell me it was you right away?” Ketha demanded, swiping at her eyes.

“I wanted to talk to you first—to find out what you were really thinking,” Styx admitted. “I thought it might be easier for you to talk to a stranger—since you clearly didn’t want to talk to me the last time we saw each other.”

“Is that why you put up the barrier between us?” Ketha asked. “I mean, you *did* put it up, didn’t you?”

“It was more of a reflexive thing than an actual choice,” he said, frowning. “But yeah—it’s there. I’m sorry you’ve been calling for me, little girl—I just didn’t hear you.”

“Then...how did you know where to find me?” Ketha asked, bewildered. “You got there just in time to buy me.”

“I had to haul ass across the galaxy to get to you, too,” he growled. “The night before last I had a dream sent to me by the Goddess—the Kindred Goddess, the Mother of All Life,” he clarified. “She said—‘***Get up, warrior! Your Fated Mate is in desperate trouble.***’”

“Your Goddess *spoke* to you?” Ketha exclaimed. She had never heard of a deity doing such a thing. She had always worshipped the Goddess of Mercy herself, but she’d never heard from her personally.

“She didn’t just speak to me—the sense of urgency she gave me was fucking *intense*.” Styx shook his head. “I’ve been wormhole hopping ever since, trying to get back to you

in time. Thank the Goddess nobody else bought you before I got to you.”

“I think Nanny Grim set my price too high,” Ketha said frankly. “I know back when I used to go with my mother to the Flesh Bazaar, she never would have paid for a slave what you paid for me.”

“Baby, I would have paid a hundred times as much,” Styx growled softly. “You’re *priceless*.”

Ketha felt her heart jump in her chest. The way he was looking at her with those golden eyes of his...

“Does that mean you’re not mad at me anymore?” she asked softly.

“Of course not.” He took her hands in his and looked at her earnestly. “You truly *are* my Fated Mate and I’m yours as well. But I won’t keep you against your will. If you want to go—”

“No!” Ketha exclaimed. She looked up at him, holding his gaze with her own. “I...I want to stay with you. If...if you want me to,” she added in a small voice.”

“Of course I do, baby.” Styx gathered her into his arms and Ketha pressed her face to his throat and breathed in his warm, spicy scent.

She didn’t understand why she hadn’t smelled it earlier when he’d been carrying her. Maybe because she’d been holding herself stiff and as far away from him as she could, since she’d thought he was a stranger. Or possibly because her nose had been stuffed up from crying as she waited to be sold.

“I missed you,” she whispered, cuddling close to his broad chest. “I’m sorry I pushed you away. I just...I didn’t understand that we were meant to be together.”

“I know. It came as kind of a surprise to me too. I didn’t understand until we were Bonded,” he rumbled, stroking her hair. “All that matters is that we’re together now.” He put his hand on her baby bump again. “*All three of us*,” he added, this time using his mental voice.

“Oh—our connection—it’s back!” Ketha exclaimed. “*And the wall between us is down!*” she added mentally. “*What happened to it?*”

“*I think it just melted away on its own,*” Styx told her. His mental voice was as deep and growly as his physical one, she noted. “*Though of course, it wouldn’t hurt to reinforce our Bond.*”

“*Oh? And how can we do that?*” Ketha asked and noticed that her own mental voice sounded breathless. She was beginning to feel tingly all over and she thought she knew the answer to her own question.

“*We can hold each other all night to start with,*” Styx told her. “*And we can do...other things. If you feel like it.*” He stroked her baby bump again and Ketha heard the question in his voice.

“*I do feel like it!*” she assured him. “*Take me to bed, Styx.*”

“*My pleasure, little girl.*”

He swung her up into his arms and headed for the back of the ship, where Ketha was sure the sleeping quarters were.

As she snuggled against the big Kindred’s broad chest, she felt a wave of peace and happiness flow over her. Her life had been a long, crazy ride lately, but she was finally home where she belonged with a male who would love and protect her all the days of her life. Styx was her Fated Mate and now that they were together, they would never be parted again. They would travel the galaxy and raise a family together.

She had never been happier that she was...*Having the Dae’mon’s Baby.*

**THE END**



# BOOK TWO: HER KINDRED DOM

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Addison Davis has a crush on her boss, Commander Courick, the huge Beast Kindred who runs the HKR building in downtown Tampa. She's sure he would make the perfect Dom—unfortunately, he never seems to notice her, no matter what outrageous stunts she pulls. So she has to get her needs met at a BDSM club called The Torture Palace.

But when an encounter at the club goes too far and leaves Addison with visible marks on her bottom, Courick finally notices. Angry and protective, he follows her to The Torture Palace to find out who hurt her...only to find out her secret. Addison is a little and she's not just looking for a Dom—she wants a Daddy Dom.

Can Courick handle his curvy assistant's proclivities and meet her needs or will the vow he took never to call a bride come between them?

You'll have to read *Her Kindred Dom* to find out.

*Dedicated to:*

***Leah Summers***

*who suggested naming my hero, Courick*

*and to*

***Amanda Wright***

*who suggested the name Addison for my heroine*

*Thank you ladies for giving my Muse a hand!*

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

This story is BDSM and contains some very mild Age Play. (The heroine calls the hero "Daddy" several times but mostly she calls him "Sir.") I have been wanting to write a Kindred Age Play novel for some time, but I know it's not everyone's cup of tea. However, even if you don't usually like Age Play, I would ask that you give it a chance. It is, as I said, very mild and I think you'll enjoy it even if this topic isn't usually your thing. If you've seen the movie "Secretary" most of the story is along those lines.

Hugs and thanks for reading,

Evangeline



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## ADDISON

“Ms. Davis will you come in here please?”

Addison felt a little shiver of excitement go through her as the deep, familiar voice called her name. Taking a deep breath, she straightened her dress—a short, deep green one that showed off her generous curves and accentuated her eyes—and fluffed out her long, silky red hair. Then she stepped into her boss’s office.

“Yes, Commander Courick?” she asked, raising her eyebrows and trying to look concerned and professional. “What can I do for you?”

“What you can do is your *job*.” Her boss’s voice was a deep, irritated growl and his golden eyes flashed annoyance. Commander Courick was the head of the Human Kindred Relations building here in Tampa, Florida and he famously didn’t take crap off of anyone.

“My job?” Addison opened her eyes wide, giving him a look of pure innocence. “I’m sorry, Commander—I thought I *was* doing my job. Is there a problem?”

“Yes, there’s a problem!” He held out a paper to her, his long arm stiff with tension. “Look at this letter you typed for me! What do you see?”

Addison came forward and plucked the paper from his big hand. She was only around five foot three and her Kindred boss was almost seven feet tall. Even wearing heels, as she was now, she had to look up to catch his eyes. But for now, she confined herself to scanning the letter.

It was a formal communication, which was one reason it was an actual physical letter rather than just an email, and several words had been circled in red ink.

“Do you see the problem now?” Commander Courick demanded. “You’ve typed ‘there’ instead of ‘their’ and ‘two’ instead of ‘too.’”

“Oh, dear!” Addison knit her eyebrows, trying to look very concerned. “I’m so sorry—the spelling program must have missed those when I was typing up the letter.”

The big Kindred glowered at her.

“Ms. Davis, English isn’t my first language—it isn’t even my second or third—but even *I* know to check for homophones the spelling program on the computer might have missed. Your language is full of them!”

Addison bit her lip contritely.

“I’m so sorry, Commander Courick,” she said sweetly.

Though to tell the truth, she wasn’t a *bit* sorry—she had made the mistakes on purpose, just to get her boss to scold her.

She loved it when the big Kindred got mad at her and his golden eyes flashed. He was a Beast Kindred, as those eyes as well as his thick black hair proved, and he got so *primal* when he was angry! The neatly trimmed black mustache and beard he wore only made him look more foreboding. He was always grouchy and growly but his voice got so deep and stern when he was correcting her and he flexed his powerful hands and long fingers like he was just *itching* to spank her.

In fact, Commander Courick would have made an *excellent* Dom—not that he knew what that was, or would have any interest even if he *did* know, Addison thought regretfully. Still, it was fun to rile him up, even if nothing ever came of it.

This wasn’t the first time she’d teased her boss—nor the second or third—though she didn’t always try to get him to correct her. Sometimes she just liked to make him notice her and give her his undivided attention.

The other day, she'd spilled a whole box of paper clips right on his office floor, to one side of his desk—which of course meant she had to get on her hands and knees to pick them all up and put them back in the box.

She'd been wearing an extremely short skirt while she did this and she made sure that it was riding up to show her thick thighs and generous behind.

Addison was a curvy girl and she happened to know that most Kindred warriors preferred her body type to the stick-thin Instagram influencers which were the Earth ideal. In fact, the Kindred even had a special name for curvy girls—they called them “Elites”—and believed they were blessed by the Kindred Goddess with their extra curves.

Once Addison had found that out, there was no stopping her. She'd had a crush on her tall, dark and grouchy Kindred boss right from the start but it wasn't until she found out the Kindred liked curvy girls that she *really* started flirting with him.

Only she couldn't flirt in the regular way—she couldn't laugh at Commander Courick's jokes, because he never made any. He was always in a bad mood—like a dark cloud was hanging over his head. And she couldn't make lingering eye contact because his gaze was constantly glued to his work. So all the usual gestures went unnoticed.

So Addison had decided to start teasing him instead. Which was why she'd dropped the large box of paper clips and then knelt down beside his desk to pick them up.

“Honestly, Addison, what have you done *this* time?” He'd growled, looking down at her.

Addison had tilted her head up, making sure to frame her generous cleavage with her arms—her blouse was low cut—and had given him her most innocent look.

“I'm so sorry, Commander Courick,” she'd said sweetly. “You know how clumsy I am—I spilled this whole box of paper clips! But I promise I'll get them all cleaned up. Just give me a minute.”

Then she'd taken her time, putting each paper clip neatly back in the box while keeping her eyes on the ground.

Her boss hadn't said anything else, but she'd felt his eyes on her as she crawled around, showcasing her curvy body from her big butt to her large, ripe breasts.

It made her feel naughty and submissive to crawl around at his feet like that. She could feel her pussy getting hot and wet as she felt the big Kindred looking at her body. And she *knew* he was looking because she'd risked a few side-long glances through the long curtain of her sleek auburn-red hair and had seen him watching her.

It made her wonder if his big cock was getting hard in those tight black uniform trousers of his—she certainly *hoped* so. Though goodness knew that if they ever *did* get together, she didn't know how she'd handle what he had to offer—Commander Courick was hung like a horse!

Addison knew this because she'd accidentally walked in on her boss in his private bathroom, when he was taking a shower. He liked to run through the streets of downtown Tampa every day before work and then he took a shower in his private bathroom at the office before the workday started. Luckily, he hadn't seen Addison when she came blundering in, looking for a Kleenex, and the sound of the rushing water had covered her surprised gasp when she saw the size of his equipment.

Commander Courick had a shaft that would put any porn star to shame. It had only been semi-erect when Addison saw it—he'd been soaping himself with one big hand cupped loosely around the thick length—but it was still bigger than anything she'd ever seen on a human man.

She'd stood there watching for a long moment, her mouth hanging open as she watched the rivulets of water sluice down his broad chest and chiseled abdomen.

His thick black hair had been slicked back and his huge, muscular body had been on full display through the clear glass wall of the shower stall. His long legs were extremely muscular—he even had that little ridge of muscle on either



side of his pelvis that made a V shape. Addison wondered what it would be like to trace that with her tongue...

Then she'd realized what she was doing—openly ogling her boss, who might open his eyes and see her at any moment. She'd scurried quietly out of his private bathroom, closing the door as silently as possible behind her, but she'd been unable to get the sight out of her mind ever since.

There was one detail in particular that had fascinated her—at the base of his shaft, Commander Courick had a thick swelling as big as her fist. Addison had asked around, speaking to some of the girls she knew who were mated to Beast Kindred, and found out that was his “Mating Fist” also sometimes called a “Bonding Knot.” Apparently it was supposed to slip into a woman's pussy and swell to tie her and her Kindred together to help them form the Soul Bond every Kindred warrior had with his mate.

Addison had no idea how anything that big could ever fit inside her, but she had dreamed of it just the same—dreamed of having her big, stern boss take her over his desk, sliding his thickness to the hilt in her trembling pussy as she moaned and submitted fully—trying to be open enough to take him.

But those weren't the only fantasies she had of the big Kindred. Because Addison didn't just want a quick fuck—no matter how hot that might be. She wanted a Dom, because she herself was a natural submissive. But not just any Dom—a *Daddy* Dom. A man who would take care of her and be sweet to her—who would brush her hair and cuddle her and comfort her when she had nightmares at night. And despite Commander Courick's grouchy exterior, she *thought* he had the potential to be one.

The thing that made her think that was an incident which had happened just last week. Addison had been trying to reach a book on a high shelf—it was one of the Kindred/Human Relations rules and regulations manuals which had been printed mainly for display—and it was on the top shelf of the library room.

She'd needed it to show the rules of the Claiming Period to a prospective human bride who was nervous about going to the Mother Ship with the Kindred Warrior who had Claimed her. But try as she might, though she balanced at the top of the tall stepstool, she couldn't *quite* reach it.

Addison had gritted her teeth—it was so *inconvenient* to be short sometimes! Climbing down, she fetched a thick book from a lower shelf and then another. She piled these on top of each other on the top of the stool and climbed up again.

Standing on her tiptoes on the two books, she reached for the book again...only to find herself overbalancing as the books slipped out from under her.

She barely had time to scream and then she was falling... right into a pair of long, muscular arms.

Addison hadn't even known who caught her at first. She'd simply thrown her arms around his neck and pressed her face to the side of his throat gasping,

“Oh my God!” out of instinct.

Strong arms held her close to his broad chest and Addison had time to realize that her rescuer smelled *really* good. Like cedar and spice and some kind of rich, masculine musk. Then she looked up and saw Commander Courick looking down at her with an expression of concern.

“Addison? Are you all right?” He asked, sounding genuinely worried about her.

It was one of the few times he'd ever called her anything but “Ms. Davis” and Addison wanted to savor it.

“I...I think so.” She pressed her face to his chest, nuzzling against him. “I...I almost fell. I mean, I *did* fall—thank you for catching me!”

“It's lucky that I happened to be passing by the library at just the right time,” he rumbled.

His arms felt so good around her—so warm and safe. Addison couldn't help wishing he would hold her forever.

“Yes...*really* lucky,” she murmured.

“I can see why you nearly fell,” he went on. “What in the world were you trying to reach? And why did you pile all these books on the stepstool—that’s *very* unsafe.”

Addison sighed. Most of the time she liked it when he lectured or corrected her—but it was even nicer to be held in his muscular arms and cradled to his broad chest like a sub being held by her big, strong Dom. She wished he would just be quiet and cuddle her. However, the golden moment couldn’t last. Her boss set her gently on her feet and frowned down at her.

“Well?” He asked.

“I was *trying* to reach the Rules and Regulations book,” she explained, looking up at him. “There’s a girl who doesn’t want to be Claimed—she’s demanding to see the rules before she’ll go up to the Mother Ship with the warrior who’s calling her as his bride.”

“All right—here.” He walked to the shelf and plucked the book off the shelf without even having to reach very far. He handed it to Addison, who had to wrap both arms around it—it was a thick and massive volume and *extremely* heavy.

Commander Courick frowned at her.

“Are you strong enough to carry that? You’re such a tiny little thing.”

Addison lifted her chin.

“I can manage, Sir,” she said, giving him a determined look. “I know I’m little compared to you, but I’m strong.”

“You’re little compared to *anyone*,” he growled, frowning. “From now on if you have to reach something on a high shelf, come get me. Don’t try a dangerous stunt like this...” He gestured with one big hand at the stepstool with the books stacked on top of it. “Ever again.”

“But what if you’re busy?” Addison protested. “I don’t like to interrupt your important work, Commander!”

Her boss’s frown had deepened.

“I’d rather be interrupted than see you get hurt, Addison. I mean it—come get me. Don’t try something like this again—you’re too little.”

Addison made a face.

“Yes, *Daddy*,” she said in her best teenaged brat voice.

His golden eyes had widened, then narrowed.

“*What* did you just call me?”

Addison’s heart had begun galloping in her chest. She hadn’t *meant* to say that out loud—it just slipped out! Maybe because she’d been fantasizing about her boss for so long and wishing he could be what she wanted so desperately.

“Oh, uh—sorry. I meant to say, yes *Sir*,” she mumbled, her cheeks getting hot.

Commander Courick stood there staring down at her with a searching look in his eyes for a long moment. Then he turned and left, the familiar scowl back on his face.

But for a moment—just a moment—it had been erased and replaced with concern—concern for *her*, Addison reminded herself. He’d caught her and held her. *And* he’d told her to come get him, no matter how busy he was. Her wellbeing was more important to him than his work. Just the thought made her heart sing! Maybe, just *maybe* something might happen between herself and the big Kindred after all!

But then things had gone right back to normal. And it seemed like no matter how many times she spilled paper clips or thumbtacks or anything else on the floor and picked them up, Commander Courick was determined not to notice her.

She’d even deliberately “dropped” a handful of papers right under his desk and went down to pick them up *while* he was working. The desk was a big piece of solid oak furniture and it was open on both sides. This allowed her to scatter the papers almost at her boss’s feet and then dive down between his legs to gather them up.

*This* had provoked at least some reaction from him.

“Ms. Davis? *What* are you doing down there?” he’d demanded, looking down between his legs.

“Oh, sorry—I just spilled the report papers everywhere!” Addison had given him her wide-eyed innocent look—though since her face was nearly in his crotch, the innocent part might not have been *quite* so effective. But she wanted him to picture her down there—maybe even imagine her sucking his thick cock. The thought gave her a naughty shiver down her spine.

“Well, just...hurry up about it. Should I get up?” he growled, frowning.

“No, no—I’ll be done in just a minute!” Addison assured him. But then she proceeded to take her time gathering the papers, making sure that her hair and face brushed against her boss’s inner thighs as much as possible. As close as she was, she could see that she was affecting him—he kept shifting in his seat and there was a sizable lump growing in the crotch of his uniform trousers. She wished she dared to touch it...

Addison had been sure the paper gathering incident would get a reaction, but her boss went right back to determinedly ignoring her as soon as she was out from under his desk. Which was why she’d resorted to typos...*and* the reason she’d gone back to the club last night.

The club Addison most often frequented was a place called The Torture Palace. It was a place devoted to the BDSM lifestyle located in Ybor City—the historic part of downtown Tampa.

It wasn’t especially safe to go there by herself...but Addison didn’t have a Dom to protect her. She wouldn’t have risked it but she had *needs*—needs she could only ignore for so long. Also, she couldn’t help hoping that she might meet just the right guy—someone who wanted a long-term relationship rather than just to “play” for a single night.

Unfortunately, she only seemed to meet jerks—all the good Doms already had as many subs as they wanted. Some of them might have been willing to take Addison on as another one of their many conquests, but she didn’t like to share. She

wanted to find a man who was devoted only to her...though that was beginning to feel impossible.

Last night had been an especially dismal episode, she admitted to herself as she stood in her boss's office, trying to look innocent and apologizing for spelling "there" as "their." She'd hooked up with a Dom who seemed nice at first...but he had turned out to be a CHUDWA—a Clueless Het Dom Wannabe—the kind of man who has no idea what the Lifestyle is all about and just wants to posture and preen and order women around and hit them.

He had tied Addison to the St. Andrew's Cross and then proceeded to cane her bare ass, *way* too hard. She'd gasped and cried her safe word, which was "lavender" but he completely ignored her. At last one of the Club Moderators had come over and stopped the scene—but by that time Addison's ass was the color of a sunset and she had red marks she was sure were going to turn into bruises.

And sure enough, she'd been right—her ass was covered in red welts and purple bruises today. Which meant that sitting down was *extremely* painful. In fact, she'd had to put one of her fluffiest plushies—her bunny rabbit, Mr. Whiskers—on the car seat to even drive herself to work that day. Sitting on Mr. Whiskers wasn't very dignified, however, so she had decided not to bring him into the office with her. She'd just been standing and leaning all day and keeping her bruised bottom as far from a chair as possible.

"...and retype it correctly."

"Excuse me?" Addison realized that her mind had wandered and she'd missed what Commander Courick was telling her.

"I *said*, you're going to sit down and retype this letter correctly so we can send it out with today's mail," he repeated, frowning down at her.

"Oh—of course!" Addison nodded. "I'll just take this back to my desk." She started to take the letter with its many typos out of his office but Commander Courick stopped her and took the letter back.

“No. I want you to type it *here*, so I can correct you if I see any more mistakes.”

“What? *Here*? In...in your office?” Addison squeaked.

“Right *here*.” He stabbed one long finger at his desk. “Go on—I have the program pulled up for you. I’ll stand right over your shoulder and watch you type.”

At any other time, Addison would have *loved* this kind of intense attention from her boss. But today was *extremely* bad timing. Her ass was still stinging and bruised from the clueless Dom the night before and sitting in Commander Courick’s office chair—which had hardly any padding—was going to *hurt*.

“Please, Sir—I promise I can do it with no mistakes at my own desk,” she pleaded.

Commander Courick’s dark eyebrows pulled low and his voice dropped to a growl.

“What did I say, Addison? I want you behind my desk *now*. You’re going to type out the letter and then we’re going to go over a list of commonly misused homophones so we don’t have this problem again.”

Addison wanted to bristle. He must think she was stupid! The fact was, she had a degree in English—she’d been planning to teach but then the job at the HKR building had opened up and the pay was so much better, she’d decided to switch careers midstream. The Kindred really took care of their people—there were even benefits, including dental.

She opened her mouth to protest that she knew what homophones were and how to use them correctly...and then closed it again. If she told on herself, her boss would demand to know why she’d made deliberate mistakes on the letter he’d asked her to type and *then* what would she say?

No, it was best to let him think she was ditzy enough to confuse “their and there” and “two and too” and whatever else he came up with, she decided reluctantly. Though sitting on his chair while she typed was going to hurt like hell, she really had no choice in the matter.

“Fine,” she said shortly. Snatching the paper from Commander Courick’s hand, she marched around behind his desk and sat herself down in his chair...

Only to hop up again with a gasp as the rough surface hurt her tender ass.

Her boss gave her a confused look.

“What’s wrong? Did you sit on something sharp?”

He came around behind the desk himself and bent down to look at the seat of his tall office chair.

“No, it’s fine! I’m fine!” Addison assured him, trying hastily to pull down her dress, which had ridden up considerably.

But she wasn’t fast enough. Courick’s sharp gaze caught sight of the marks on the back of her thighs. Addison saw his golden eyes widen and then he looked up at her, his scowl turning into something fierce and frightening.

“Addison,” he said in a low voice that was nearly a growl. “What is this? Who marked you like this?”

“Marked me? I...I don’t know what you mean.” Nervously, she tugged at her dress, covering the marks. But to her surprise, her boss grabbed the dark green fabric and pulled it back up, baring her ass.

“Oh yes you do,” he growled. “Just *look* at you!”

“Hey!” Addison grabbed at her dress, trying to pull it out of the big Kindred’s hands, but it was no use—Courick wasn’t letting go. The white silk panties she was wearing were practically see-through and the marks the cane had left on her the night before were clearly visible. He was staring at them with murder in his golden eyes.

“Addison, I’m only going to ask you one more time...” His voice was a low, menacing growl. “*Who did this to you? And where can I find him?*”

“What? No!” She exclaimed. “No, you...you have the wrong idea, Commander!”



“These are marks of torture—of a severe and brutal beating,” he growled, glaring at her. “What other idea can I have? I know you have no male in your life to protect and avenge you, Addison—I’ll seek out the one who hurt you and make him pay. Just give me his name.”

“His name is nothing—I mean, I didn’t really get it,” Addison said quickly. “He was just some guy I met in a club. I don’t know who he is or where he lives and I got away from him as soon as I could. Now will you *please* let me pull down my dress?”

Courick released her dress at last, but he remained looming over her, glaring.

“What else did he do to you? Did he *force* you?” He demanded. “I know human males have no honor. Did he take what you weren’t willing to give?”

Addison bit her lip—she didn’t want him to think she’d been raped, which she hadn’t—but she also didn’t want him to think she slept around with any old rando she happened to meet at the club. In fact, hardly any of her encounters ended in sex. She didn’t feel safe enough to leave the club with anyone and besides, what she needed, even more than sex, was just to *submit*. Commander Courick was so naturally dominant he probably didn’t have a submissive bone in his body. He wouldn’t understand her need at all—she was *sure* he wouldn’t.

“Look, it started out consensual and then things got...kind of out of hand,” she admitted. “But he didn’t, uh, force me. He just...he just whipped me too hard. That’s all.”

The big Kindred’s eyes went wide again.

“Why was he whipping you at all in the first place?” He demanded. “What kind of a club was this place you met him at?”

“That’s none of your business!” Addison snapped, glaring up at him. “And neither are the marks on my ass! What I do once I leave the office is *private*.”

Commander Courick took a step back, his eyes going cold.

“You’re right, of course,” he said stiffly. “Forgive me for overstepping. I was just...worried about you. You’re so small...no bigger than a child.”

“I am *too* bigger than a child!” Addison exclaimed—although to be honest, she *did* still have to shop in the juniors department in most stores.

“Forgive me,” he said again and handed her the letter. “You can retype this at your own desk. Bring it to me to sign when you’re done.”

And with that, Addison realized she was abruptly dismissed. Taking the paper from his hand, she turned and marched back out of his office. But inside, she was writhing with shame. Who knew what the big Kindred thought of her now?

Sure, she’d always fantasized that he would notice her and then want to become her Dom, but she knew the Kindred weren’t well suited to the BDSM lifestyle—they didn’t like the idea of hitting or hurting women at all. If her boss found out that she went to a club and willingly allowed herself to be whipped and hurt, what would he think?

*He’d think I was sick*, she told herself and she knew it was true. Even worse, what if he found out that what she actually wanted wasn’t just a Dom but a *Daddy Dom*? A lot of people didn’t understand Daddy play—they thought it was sick and twisted. He would probably be disgusted if he knew what she really wanted from him.

*Well, you’re never going to get it now*, she told herself as she bent over her keyboard and began to retype the letter. *Because now he thinks you’re some kind of weirdo and any interest he ever had in you is long gone.*

She had no idea that she was completely wrong.



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## COURICK

Courick frowned as he watched his tiny assistant leave the office with a flounce, her long silky hair flying over one shoulder. Addison Davis was driving him *crazy* and though he'd been trying hard to put her out of his mind, now he had a new mystery to unravel with her in the center of it.

He sighed and sank down behind his desk. What in the Seven Hells was going on with his petite assistant and who had hurt her like that?

He didn't believe the welts and bruises he'd seen on her tender bottom were consensual—how could they be? They were the result of a vicious beating—Courick was sure of it. And the idea of anyone hitting or hurting the curvy little redhead made his blood boil!

Right from the start, Addison had gotten under his skin, as the humans said. She was just too beautiful not to. With her full, curvy figure and her long, silky red hair and those big, green eyes she was completely bewitching. He never should have hired her as his assistant in the first place, but he hadn't been able to help himself—she drew him like a magnet drew a lump of iron ore.

Still, Courick had tried his best to ignore her. She was at least ten years younger than him—if not more. And even if she hadn't been, he had sworn an oath long ago never to call another bride. His first Joining had ended in disaster and death—he had vowed before the Goddess that he would never put himself through that again. He hadn't been able to keep his

first mate safe—he didn't deserve another, especially not one as beautiful and curvy as Addison.

His vow had been easy to keep...until his new assistant came into his life. He usually never even noticed females at all, but she was impossible *not* to notice. Maybe it was because she was so small and yet so fiery. She had a generally sunny disposition but she could have flashes of temper and stubbornness that made him want to punish her somehow. Though of course, that was completely outside his jurisdiction—he was her superior at work, not her Master or her mate.

Not that the Kindred believed in corporal punishment—a warrior might give his mate a light spanking if their relationship dynamic went in that direction—but anything else went against their nature. They worshipped the Goddess and believed that all females had a spark of divinity in them—they should be protected and cared for, not punished or hurt.

Which brought him back to the mystery of the welts on his assistant's plump and luscious behind. They looked painful—so painful that he'd had the urge to take out the med kit and treat them. He had some soothing salve in there that would take down the swelling, at least.

But that would involve rubbing his assistant's bare ass—a thought which came with equal parts guilt and lust. He shouldn't be touching *any* female like that—not even to heal her. Not after the vow he had taken, Courick reminded himself. He shouldn't even be imagining it—holding her across his lap and rubbing the soothing salve into her soft little bottom to take the sting away while she moaned and sighed and her pussy got wet for him...

*There you go again—stop it!* he lectured himself. *She's off limits for so many reasons. She works for you, she's too young for you, and you'd be breaking your vow! So just forget about her!*

But he couldn't forget the welts and bruises. Was Addison in some kind of abusive relationship? He'd been under the impression she was single—she wore no wedding band and no engagement ring and she never talked about having a male in

her life. But maybe she was dating a human who was hurting her. Unless she really *had* met a male in a club...but what kind of club would allow such conduct?

Courick didn't know, but he intended to find out. It might be outside his jurisdiction, but he was going to follow Addison home, he decided. If the abuser was a boyfriend that lived with her, Courick would give the bastard a lesson in respecting females. But if it turned out that she really *had* gone to a club where she was beaten, well—he'd make whoever was responsible pay.

*You shouldn't do this—it's a bad idea to get mixed up in a subordinate's personal life, a little voice whispered at the back of his head. You already think about her way too much. Seven Hells—you even fucking **dream** about her. And now you're going to be stalking her—how is that going to make anything better?*

But it wouldn't really be stalking—he just wanted to protect her, Courick told himself. And as for the dreams, well...he couldn't help those. They just...happened.

He'd had an especially vivid one the night before about the time she'd gone under his desk to pick up the paperwork she'd dropped. Only in his dream, she hadn't just been picking up paperwork—she'd unfastened the magno tabs that held his uniform trousers together and had peeled them open. Then she'd reached in and encircled his aching cock with her soft little hand. Pulling it out, she lifted her head and looked him right in the eye as she put out her soft pink tongue and began to swirl it around the broad head of his shaft...

*Stop it—stop thinking that way!* Courick ordered himself. He couldn't help having the dream in the first place, but he could certainly keep from dwelling on it in loving detail—right?

He tried to bring his mind back to the subject at hand—finding out who had hurt his assistant and making sure it never happened again. It would take a little finesse, but luckily his Kindred shuttle which transformed to look like an Earth car, had stealth tech, so he should be able to follow her undetected.

*I'll make him pay! Courick swore to himself. Whoever it is that did this to her, I'll fucking make him pay!*





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## ADDISON

Addison sighed as she stepped out of her car with her garment bag and headed across the street to The Torture Palace. She'd given herself a week to heal up and though her ass was still sore, it was no longer quite as tender as it had been. Still, maybe she would just watch tonight, she told herself. After her last experience, she was shy of letting anyone tie her up and whip her again.

*I'll only submit if I find a gentle Dom who agrees to nothing more than light hand-spanking, she decided. No hairbrushes or paddles—and **definitely** no caning!*

She knew lots of subs who loved the pain of being beaten—it gave them an endorphin rush like no other, they claimed. But Addison wasn't a pain slut. For her, it was the act of submission that got her motor running—giving her body to a man she knew she could trust and letting him punish or please her as he wanted.

*Too bad it's so hard to find anyone I can trust, she thought ruefully as she stepped into the club. Or anyone who wants to hang around for aftercare once the scene is finished.*

And it was *really* too bad she couldn't find someone who wanted to hang around even longer—someone who wanted to take care of her and protect her and make her the *little* to his Big—the baby girl to his Daddy.

But it seemed she was never going to find that. After all, it was hard enough to find a man who wanted to make a regular, vanilla commitment—let alone one who was willing to let her

pretend to be younger than she was and call him “Daddy.” She sighed with longing at the thought.

The Torture Palace had a small lobby with a changing area at the front, for which Addison was grateful. She couldn’t exactly wear her *little* clothes to work—that would have caused all kinds of questions. She took her garment bag into one of the changing rooms and locked the door behind her.

Unzipping her bag, she considered her choices. Lots of *littles* played more than one age and Addison had two favorites that she dressed for regularly.

She had one outfit that looked like a little girl’s party dress—something she might have worn when she was nine or ten. It was pale green with lace around the short sleeves and a demurely cut, rounded neckline that didn’t show even a hint of cleavage. The hem came down to her knees and it had lacy white ankle socks and black Mary Jane shoes to go with it. When Addison played this age, she mostly wanted a sweet, kind Daddy to hold her and cuddle her and praise her for being a “good girl.”

The shoes and socks also worked for her other Age Play outfit—the bratty, defiant teenager. It was a slutty schoolgirl uniform with a short, pleated plaid skirt and a see-through white blouse that showed her nipples clearly. When Addison played *this* age, she was looking for a stern Daddy Dom who would discipline her. It was this outfit she’d been wearing when the CHUDWA Dom had tied her up and caned her so hard.

Addison shivered and chose the pale green party dress. She wasn’t ready for more discipline tonight. She wished she could find a Dom who would want to hold her and cuddle her, but she knew that wasn’t likely. Most people who came to The Torture Palace wanted to play—not snuggle. So she would probably just watch a few scenes and then go home to masturbate. Watching the submission of others wasn’t as satisfying as submitting herself, but it was all she was up for right now.

The dress fit her perfectly and Addison decided to wear it without a bra. She had big breasts and prominent nipples—they stood out under the pale green fabric and made her feel sexy. She liked feeling that way, even though she was dressed as a younger *little* tonight.

She was usually more up for rough punishment sex when she was being a bratty teen and gentle, tender sex when she played younger. Of course—and this was the point that was so hard to explain to people who weren't into Age Play or Daddy Play—what she was doing had nothing to do with any kind of pedophilia. It was about Dominance and Submission—about letting herself regress to a time when she'd felt safe and loved and cared for. That feeling of being loved and protected and dominated was what allowed her to open herself sexually.

Not that she'd ever really *had* a time when she felt all those things, Addison thought ruefully. She'd been raised by a single mother for most of her life with no father in the picture at all. But she could *pretend* she'd had that time—could let her inner child out to play and try to find what she'd been missing for so many years...if only she could find the right man who would play along with her.

Of course it felt like a total stereotype—a girl with no father in her life has Daddy issues. But it was the truth for Addison. She hadn't gotten what she needed growing up and so she was looking for it now. That certainly wasn't the case for all *littles*, but it was the case for her.

She hung her work clothes in the garment bag and then locked it in a locker and slipped the key into the small pocket at the side of her dress. Now she was ready to play—or at least to watch others play. And who knew, she might get lucky. Tonight might be the night she met the Daddy Dom of her dreams. A girl could hope, after all.

Addison walked into the main part of the club, with no idea that she was being watched and followed.



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## ADDISON

The Torture Palace was basically a huge sex dungeon divided into different rooms. The main area was two stories high and built like a dance club. There was a long, sleek, brushed steel bar at one end, and an open area for dancing and mingling in the middle. Neon lights provided most of the illumination, making the club a dark cave lit with flashes of blue and pink, purple and green.

Around the main area were the separate rooms for different kinks. Addison normally headed right for the spanking room, but tonight she decided to get a drink at the bar first.

“Shirley Temple, extra maraschino cherries,” she told the bartender, when he raised his pierced eyebrows at her. It was her usual drink when she was playing this age—a sweet, non-alcoholic drink that a little girl would order when she was pretending to be grown up. It got her in the mood to be her *little* self and gave her time to observe the room and see if there was anyone she might want to play with.

Down at the end of the bar, she saw a Dom she knew dressed in a black leather vest. He was nice enough, but he already had two female subs hanging off his arms. Both of them were so skinny she could see their hipbones poking out of the torn lace body stockings they wore.

Addison sighed. That was another one of her problems—a lot of people seemed to think that a *little* ought to be, well, little. And though Addison was petite, she was also extra curvy. Some Daddy Doms didn’t like that—they wanted a

pocket princess they could lift easily and carry around. Addison didn't really fall into that category.

*Commander Courick didn't have any problem lifting you and holding you—remember how he caught you when you fell?* whispered a little voice in her head. *He's so strong he could probably hold you all day.*

Addison pushed the thought away and sipped her bright pink drink. The bartender had added extra cherries, just as she requested, and she took her time biting them off their long stems and letting their sugary syrup run down her throat. It didn't matter how much she wanted her big Kindred boss to be her Daddy Dom—it was never going to happen, she reminded herself. So it was probably best to stop fantasizing about it.

After finishing the drink, she left the empty glass on the bar and wandered over to the far back of the club. She passed the DJ station, pumping out loud, thumping music and the Leather Lounge area, which was mostly for gay men—Tops and their twinks.

There was a couple in there now—a big, hairy man in his forties with a beard down to his chest and fur on his shoulders and broad back. He had a thin, pale man who looked to be no older than twenty, bent over a padded leather bench. The twink had his leather shorts around his ankles and the Bear was fondling his balls while the twink made high-pitched moaning sounds.

Addison passed them by and poked her head into the room on the far right. This was an area the club had only recently created and it was one reason she had joined. The Age Play room was made up like a little girl's bedroom—in fact, it didn't look that different from Addison's bedroom in her apartment.

There was a twin bed with pink sheets and a lacy coverlet. There were even a few bedtime stories scattered around that a Daddy could read to his *little*. Opposite the bed was the punishment corner—a broad leather chair without arms was set up next to a rack of instruments including hairbrushes, paddles, and riding crops. Here a stern but loving Daddy Dom

could take his *little* over his knee and spank her to make her behave if she was acting bratty.

Addison stood there for a long moment, looking at the Age Play room with longing. There was no one in there at the moment—there rarely was. She wished she could find a Daddy who would be willing to tuck her into bed and read to her and also to spank her when she was naughty. But since there was no one here, she might as well move on.

With a longing sigh, she left the empty room and made her way across the club to the spanking and punishment area, which was much bigger. There were several St. Andrew's crosses set up on either end as well as some leather padded spanking benches. There were rows of implements hanging all over the walls from riding crops to floggers to canes.

Addison shivered when she saw a slight blonde sub being caned at one of the crosses—that was exactly what she *didn't* want to go through again!

*Never should have allowed that asshole to tie me up in the first place!* she told herself. But she'd been so needy that night—almost *desperate* to submit. And it had all happened so *fast*. He—

“Hey, I know you.”

Addison turned to find a tall man with black and blue tattoos running up both arms staring down at her. He was wearing tight leather trousers and a predatory grin and he had long, tangled brown hair that looked like it needed to be washed.

Her eyes widened as she recognized the CHUDWA Dom who had beaten her so badly.

“Sure—you're the fat little bitch who ran away from me just when things were heating up last time,” he exclaimed and frowned at her. “But why are you dressed like that? Where's your hot schoolgirl outfit? Gotta tell you, this thing here...” He made a gesture at her lacy green dress. “Isn't really doing it for me. Can't see your tits.”

Addison stepped back from him.

“Get away from me,” she said tightly.

“What? Hey, why are you being like that?” He frowned. “I thought we had fun last time.”

“*You* might have had fun—I didn’t.” Addison took another step away. “You hit me *way* too hard and you completely ignored my safe word!”

“Ah, who needs a safe word?” He shrugged, his tattooed shoulders rolling. “Takes all the fun out of it if you can stop at any time. Besides, you *wanted* to get your ass beat—that’s what you came here for, right? And I *gave* you what you wanted. So what’s the problem?”

“The problem is you don’t know what the hell you’re doing,” Addison said furiously. “You’re just some clueless asshole who’s *pretending* to be a Dom. A *real* Dom knows that every scene needs to be safe, sane and consensual. You don’t get that, so I won’t be playing with you ever again.”

She turned to go—only to feel his hand curl around her arm.

“Oh, so I’m just *pretending*, huh?” He snarled, glaring down at her. “Well, let’s see if we can’t make it *real*. What do you say?”

And he dragged her over to a nearby spanking bench and pushed her across it.

“Oof!” Addison gasped as the padded bench connected with her midsection, knocking the wind out of her. She started to struggle, but the asshole was holding her down—one big hand fisted around the nape of her neck as he pushed her down over the bench.

“Just hold still so I can teach you a lesson, you little bitch!” she heard him snarl. Cutting her eyes to one side, she saw he was holding a long, wooden switch in his other hand.

Her eyes widened as she took in the implement. It didn’t look like anything he’d gotten from the club—it looked like an actual switch he had cut from a tree or a bush outside. It was long and flexible and there were still a few leaves clinging to



it. Worse, there were sharp looking thorns poking out from all sides.

*What did he do—go cut a branch off a rose bush? That thing is going to hurt!*

She redoubled her struggles as he pulled up the back of her dress and yanked down her panties.

“Let me go! I do *not* consent to this!”

“Well, it wouldn’t be much fun if you did, would it?” The asshole Dom gave her a toothy grin which revealed a dead, gray tooth at the top of his mouth. Then he hauled back and switched her, as hard as he could.

“Ow!” Addison gasped as the switch connected with her ass. The welts and bruises he’d put on her last time were barely healed and her flesh was still extremely tender. So when the sharp thorns ripped into her skin, it *really* hurt.

It wasn’t a good pain either—the kind she felt when she knew she was safe with the Dom who was punishing her. This was sharp and jagged and completely unwanted. She didn’t trust this guy—didn’t even like him! He had no right to hurt her this way—she hadn’t given him permission, hadn’t laid any ground rules for the scene—he had just grabbed her and started hitting!

“Help!” she gasped as the thorny switch hit her again, ripping into the skin of her delicate inner thighs. “That hurts! Help me!”

“It’s *supposed* to hurt, you little bitch!” the asshole Dom snarled and when Addison caught a glimpse of his face, she saw that his eyes were narrowed in fury and a hungry, angry grin was stretched from ear to ear. This guy hated women, she realized—which was probably why he came here. He just wanted an excuse to beat them—to beat *her*.

“Stop it! Lavender! *Lavender!*” she gasped, reverting to her safe word, though it hadn’t stopped him last time. But she was hoping that some of the people who were playing around them might realize she was shouting a safe word and he was

ignoring her. Otherwise they might just think that what he was doing was part of a pre-arranged scene.

The thorn switch fell again and again as she shouted herself hoarse but still no one came to help her.

“Shut up, you fat little bitch!” the asshole snarled, his fingers digging into her neck so hard she was sure they were going to leave bruises. “Shut up and fucking take it! You know you want it! You know you *deserve* it! You—”

His voice cut off abruptly and the hand holding her down was yanked away.

“You fucking scum!” a low, angry voice growled. “How dare you hit her like that? How dare you hurt her—I should *kill* you!”

Trembling, Addison pushed off the bench and turned around. There, holding the asshole Dom by the throat, was Commander Courick and he was clearly enraged. In fact, she had never seen the big Kindred look so angry in her life.

His eyes were no longer golden—they were red—*blood* red and they were almost glowing with anger. He was holding the other man up in the air with one hand, his long fingers locked around the asshole Dom’s throat. The asshole’s booted feet were kicking two feet off the ground and he was scrabbling at the Kindred’s hand but to no avail.

“I’ll fucking *kill* you!” Courick growled and his voice had gone so deep and animalistic, Addison could almost feel it vibrating her bones. “How *dare* you hurt a female—especially such a small, defenseless one? You’re broken—twisted! Ridding the Earth of scum like you would be doing everyone on the planet a favor!”

“She...she wanted it!” the asshole Dom choked out. “Let me down! I only...only gave her what she wanted!”

“That’s a lie!” Addison glared up at him. There were tears on her cheeks and her bottom stung painfully, but she was in complete control of herself. “You’re a lying bastard! I didn’t want you to use a fucking rose bush switch on me!” She

pressed her hand to her bottom and it came away smeared with red. “I’m *bleeding*, you asshole!”

“What? You *drew* her *blood*?” The fury in the big Kindred’s face grew even darker. Addison had never seen him look so angry—not even when she’d done everything she could think of to provoke him at work.

She wondered uneasily if he was going into the state she’d heard of called “Rage.” It was a kind of berserker fury that Kindred went into when their mate was hurt or threatened. She’d heard of it from some friends who were mated to Kindred warriors, but she’d never actually expected to *see* it.

But Commander Courick *couldn’t* be going into Rage for her, could he? He wasn’t her mate—he was her boss. Still, the fury she saw in his blood red eyes and the choked gurgles she heard coming from the struggling asshole Dom made her uneasy. Would the big Kindred actually *kill* him?

Luckily, she didn’t get a chance to find out.

“Hey, what’s this? What the fuck is going on here?”

It was one of the club’s moderators—the same one who had saved her last time, Addison saw. He was a big man with a handlebar mustache wearing a brown cowboy hat and leather chaps to go with it. His eyes widened as he took in the scene with Commander Courick holding the CHUDWA Dom two feet off the floor by his throat.

“What the hell, man?” he demanded. “Put him down!”

“He was *hurting* my female.” The Kindred’s voice was a low, menacing growl and his eyes never left the asshole’s face, which was now turning a dark purple. “He whipped her until he drew blood!”

“She...wanted...it!” the asshole wheezed, sticking to his story even though he was getting the life choked out of him. “De...deserved it!”

The moderator turned to Addison.

“Did you agree to play a scene with him?” he demanded, frowning.

“No—absolutely not!” Addison said firmly. “He just grabbed me and pushed me over the bench and started whipping me with a thorny branch!”

“Wait a minute, I know you—I know both of you!” The moderator frowned, his large, handlebar mustache quivering. “You were both in here last weekend, playing a scene that went wrong.”

“That’s because he wouldn’t listen to my safe word!” Addison exclaimed. “He just tied me to the cross and started caning me! I still have some bruises.”

“So...you two *aren’t* together?” The Moderator frowned.

“Of course not! I don’t even know his name!” Addison exclaimed. “And I *don’t* understand why you keep letting him come in here when he’s clearly not a real Dom—he’s an asshole who just wants to beat women!”

“He’s about to be a dead asshole if your boyfriend there doesn’t let him down,” the Moderator remarked. He tugged on the sleeve of Courick’s red uniform shirt. “Hey, buddy—come on! I really don’t want to have to call the police in here!”

“Too late.” Suddenly they were joined by two police officers in uniform. One of them was an older, burly male and his partner was a woman who looked to be in her thirties.

“Got a call there was a disturbance in here,” the burly officer remarked. “Excuse me, Sir—I’m going to have to ask you to release him,” he added, talking to Courick.

The big Kindred glared down at him.

“Only if you promise he will be punished. As you know, the World Council has ruled that any Kindred warrior is within his rights to kill a male he catches hurting his female and this *scum...*” He gave the asshole Dom a shake, like he was no more than a rag doll. “Hurt my female and drew her blood!”

Addison couldn’t help it—despite the situation her heart fluttered. It was the third time that Commander Courick had referred to her as *his* female! But the police were clearly more interested in keeping a killing from taking place.

“Okay, you have my word we’ll book him,” the officer said. “But please—we don’t need a Rage Killing here tonight! You wouldn’t *believe* the paperwork it causes.”

Reluctantly, Courick lowered the asshole Dom and then released him. The man fell to the floor, choking and gasping. His skin—which had turned nearly gray—began to recover a more normal color.

“All right—so what happened here?” The female police officer asked. “Start at the beginning, please.”



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## COURICK

It took nearly an hour to get out of the club because the police insisted on taking statements then and there. The bastard who had been hitting Addison—whose name turned out to be Cam Derson—kept claiming that she had “asked for it.”

Addison refuted this firmly and explained how she had met him at the club the weekend before and about the scene gone wrong, where he had hit her and refused to stop when she shouted her safe word.

Courick frowned as he listened to this. Apparently a safe word was a word that someone could shout when they were being beaten or hit that would make the one who was doing the beating stop at once. Only the male who he’d caught hitting Addison had refused to stop.

That thought—and the image of her bent over the bench with her rounded bottom bruised and bloody from the bastard’s ruthless whipping—still brought the Rage to the forefront of his mind. He’d wanted to kill the other male when he saw her in such pain! The red curtain of fury had dropped over his eyes and he would have had no problem choking the asshole to death if the police hadn’t stopped him.

To his relief, Addison said nothing about Courick’s sudden appearance at the club. She pretended that he had been with her all along and had been in a different part of The Torture Palace when the man who had attacked her approached.

This was more or less the truth. In fact, Courick had lost her—probably because she had stopped to change into the outfit she was wearing. He had been wandering around the club looking for her when he'd heard her panicked cries over the loud bass thump of the music.

He was just glad that he'd gotten to her before things had gotten worse—though he was still trying to absorb the strange surroundings. Why would she come to a place like this? He had seen many people submitting to torture here tonight—and others torturing them. Why would she want this for herself? Did she bear some kind of guilt she wanted to work off?

Courick could understand that—at least a little. After his mate had died, he would have been happy if someone had chained him up and beat him. The guilt he felt was intense—it might have been good to have an outlet for it. The pain would have felt good...it would have felt like *atonement*.

But what pain or guilt did his tiny, curvy assistant bear? Why did she want to come to this club? And why was she wearing the lacy, light green dress which looked like something a female much younger would wear? He glanced at her from time to time, but there were no answers forthcoming.

His eyes kept returning to the back of her dress, which was now splotted with blood. He would have to see to her wounds, he decided. He would use the med kit in his ship.

In the end, they led the human male away in cuffs—*after* the female cop had lectured the moderator about being more careful about the people The Torture Palace let into their club. The moderator apologized to Addison and promised that her abuser would be blacklisted from now on and never allowed to come back. Then he left as well, which meant that the two of them were alone.

“All right—not that I'm not grateful but what the hell are you doing here?” Addison demanded, looking up at him.

“Following you,” Courick admitted—there was no sense denying the obvious. “I wanted to find and punish the one who hurt you,” he added. “Although...now I see this is a place



where people come to get hurt on purpose.” He frowned. “Why do *you* come here, Addison?”

“That’s none of your business!” she snapped, immediately on the defensive. “And it’s not your business to follow me or defend me, either. You’re my boss, not my boyfriend!”

Courick frowned down at her.

“Maybe you *need* a male defender if you’re going to come to a place like this! At any rate, you’re leaving it now.”

“What? What are you talking about?” she demanded. “I never said I was leaving.”

“Addison, you’re *wounded*.” He nodded at the bloody splotches on the back of her light green dress. “You need to come with me so I can tend your wounds.”

“*Tend my wounds?*” She looked up at him uncertainly. “No, really—you don’t have to do that.”

“Yes, I do—and I’m *going* to,” Courick informed her. “Now are you going to come with me or should I throw you over my shoulder and take you out of this place that way?”

He could see the uncertainty and indecision in her lovely green eyes. She was nibbling her lush lower lip as though considering if he would really carry out his threat.

“You’re wondering if I’ll really do it,” he said. “Please believe me, Addison—I *will*.”

He stooped as though to grab her by the waist and she held up a hand, her eyes going wide.

“All right, all right—I’ll go with you! Just let me get my things out of the locker.”

Courick followed her to the changing room—she must have been in there when he lost her—and then out into the humid Tampa night. She started heading for her car, but he stopped her with a hand on her shoulder.

“No—I’m parked that way.” He nodded down the street.

“What? But I brought my own car—I can drive!” she protested.

“You can but you won’t. I’m going to take you home and treat your wounds,” Courick informed her.

She put her hands on her hips.

“You can’t do this to me! You can’t just decide where I go and what I do!”

“I think you *need* someone to decide for you,” Courick told her. “You need a protector—someone who will keep you from going to dangerous places like this on your own.”

“But you’re *not* my protector—you’re my boss!” she protested. “And this is like...like some kind of *harassment!*”

“No, it’s not.” Courick bent down to put his face closer to hers. “Listen Addison—yes, I *am* your boss. And as your boss, I have an obligation to take care of you—to make sure you’re well and safe.”

“What? No, you don’t!” she protested. “That’s not in the contract I signed when I came to work for you...is it?” Her angry expression changed to one of uncertainty.

“Yes, it is,” Courick said calmly. “There is a clause near the end of the contract that states that I’m responsible for your wellbeing as long as you work for me. So you can either come with me now...or quit your job. Which is it?”

He could see the emotions warring on her face. Her fierce independence was fighting with something else...a need for *something*. For what, Courick wondered? What need did she have that drove her to this place? He wished he knew—but maybe he would find out.

“All right,” she said at last. “But I didn’t know that having an overprotective boss came along with the medical and dental insurance when I signed up to work with the Kindred.”

“It does, though,” Courick said. He held out a hand to her. “Come with me, Addison. Let me take care of you—at least for tonight.”

“Take...take care of me?” Something shifted in her face and a look of longing came into her eyes.

“Yes.” Courick made his voice gentle. “Let me take care of you.” He knew he couldn’t have her—there were far too many barriers in the way and even if there weren’t, his vow stood between them. But he wanted to care for her—to treat her wounds and be certain she was safe. And he thought, from the way that she was looking at him, that Addison might want that too.

His hunch turned out to be right. She let out a long breath and slipped her small hand into his.

“All right,” she said at last. “I’ll come with you.”

“Good girl.” Courick smiled at her and squeezed her hand encouragingly. “Come on—this way.”



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## ADDISON

Addison followed the tall Kindred in a daze. She couldn't believe that her gruff and grumpy boss had tailed her to the club and then nearly choked her attacker to death. And now, to cap it off, he actually wanted to take care of her! He'd even called her a "good girl" which made her heart sing and her panties wet at the same time.

She told herself it was nothing—that he just felt responsible for her because of that weird clause in her contract. She really should have read it more thoroughly before she signed! But it was pure, protective Daddy Dom behavior and she couldn't help feeling like she might have stepped into a fairytale by mistake somehow as she held his big hand and followed him to his car—which was actually a Kindred ship that converted to drive on the Earth roads.

When they got to what appeared to be an empty parking space, Courick reached into the pocket of his uniform trousers and pulled out what looked like an alien key fob. He pressed a button and the air in the empty space shimmered, revealing a sleek silver vehicle that looked like a race car.

"Come on, let's get you settled."

He went around to the passenger side and opened the door. Addison started to get in, but he stopped her with a frown.

"Wait—I know you must be in pain from the beating you took. Let me see if I can find anything you can sit on."

"Oh, that's really not necessary," Addison protested. She could feel her cheeks heating with embarrassment. "I mean,

you don't really need to—”

“Yes, I do,” he said firmly. “Now, let me see...”

He looked around in the back of the car but finally he shook his head.

“I'm sorry—there's no room to expand the ship in this space and I don't have anything else at hand, so I'll have to use this.”

As Addison watched, he began unbuttoning the deep crimson, long-sleeved uniform shirt he was wearing.

“No, wait!” she exclaimed. “You don't have to...to do that...” Her last words trailed off to a murmur because he had already stripped off the shirt, baring his muscular chest. Damn it—why did he have to look so good shirtless? Just looking at him made her feel nervous and shy and hot all at once. It reminded her of the time she'd seen him naked in the shower!

*Now why did you have to go and think of that?* She asked herself in exasperation as Courick folded the shirt carefully and placed it on the passenger side seat. *Like you weren't already flustered enough!*

“There—hopefully that will help at least *some* until I can get your wounds tended to,” he said, nodding at the shirt.

Addison felt she had no choice but to sit. She perched carefully on the seat and had to admit that the uniform shirt did make it softer. The shirt was made of some heavy, thick, satiny material which cushioned her wounded ass nicely.

“All right?” Courick asked, raising his eyebrows once she got settled.

“Yes. Thank you.” Addison nodded. “Er, I'd better get buckled up. But...how do you work this seatbelt?”

There was a bewildering array of straps—two at her shoulders, two and her hips and one that appeared to come up between her legs.

“It's a five-point harness. Here—let me.”

Courick leaned over her and quickly adjusted the straps, clicking them into place and then testing to make sure they were secure. Addison bit her lip when he reached for the strap between her legs but to her mingled regret and relief, he only pulled it up tight and made sure it was secure.

At last, he seemed satisfied. Getting into the driver's side, he turned to her.

“All right—let's take you home.”

“Do you need the address?” Addison asked.

He shook his head.

“I've been following you home all week—I know where you live.”

The way he just came out and admitted he'd been following her made her jaw drop.

“Seriously? *All week?*”

“Ever since I saw those marks on your ass.” His voice dipped down to a growl as he pulled out into traffic. “I wanted to be sure the one who gave them to you wasn't hurting you anymore.”

“Uh...” Addison wasn't sure what to say to that. “Well, you got him tonight,” she said at last, weakly.

“I only wish I'd finished him.” His fingers tightened on the steering yoke. “Scum like that doesn't deserve to live.”

“Wow...” Addison shook her head. “You're *really* protective, considering I'm just your assistant,” she pointed out.

“You're not just my assistant—you're a female without any other male protection,” he shot back. “And you're living in a society where males often prey on females. It's *sickening*.”

“Yes, it is,” Addison admitted. She had friends who loved true crime podcasts, but she couldn't listen to them herself. They were almost all about hapless women who had gotten killed by men who treated them like prey—just like Courick

said. “I guess it’s different for the Kindred?” she asked, looking over at him.

“Very different.” The muscles in his long arms flexed as he moved the steering yoke. “We believe that all female life is sacred. To hit or hurt a female is anathema to us. And any male who likes to do such things is considered twisted or broken.” He glanced in her direction. “A male like the one who was hurting you tonight wouldn’t be allowed to live in Kindred society. He would be tried for his crimes and executed at once so that he couldn’t spread his twisted seed and make more like himself.”

“Wow,” Addison murmured again. She had known that the Kindred revered females, but she hadn’t quite realized how much they cared for them or how seriously they took the matter of abuse.

The apartment she lived in wasn’t far from the club so it was only a few minutes later that the sleek silver vehicle pulled into the parking area.

“All right.” Courick leaned across and helped her get out of the seat belt harness thing without asking. Then he looked at her appraisingly. “Can you walk all right or would you rather I carried you?”

“What?” Addison stared up at him in surprise. “Oh, I can walk,” she said quickly.

“All right.” He nodded. “Let me get my med kit and we’ll go up to your domicile.”

Addison got out of the vehicle, wincing as she did so. Her ass really *did* sting—she hoped he had some kind of Kindred medicine in his kit that would help it feel better and heal up quickly. She’d never been into any kind of blood play or blood letting—that *definitely* wasn’t her kink. So this was an unfamiliar situation for her.

She led the way up to her second story apartment and opened the door, glad that she’d recently cleaned. Her living room was pretty standard—couch, TV, chair and it led into a small kitchen and a tiny breakfast nook which served as her



dining room. On the opposite side of the apartment and down a short hallway were the bathroom and her bedroom.

It was the bedroom Addison headed for now. She intended to change into something that didn't have blood stains on it. But to her surprise, though she hadn't asked him to come with her, Courick followed along.

"Uh, excuse me," she said uncertainly as she opened the door. "This is my bedroom, so it's kind of—you know—*private*."

"Is it?" He pushed the door wider and stared inside, just as though he had every right to do it.

"Hey!" Addison exclaimed. She wanted to slam the door closed again, but it was too late—her stern boss had already gotten a look.

More than any other room in her apartment, the bedroom reflected the way she saw herself—or *wished* to see herself.

There was a pink princess canopy bed with unicorns and fairies on the lacy coverlet that would make any *little's* heart happy. Beside it was a rocking chair where a Daddy Dom might sit and cuddle his *little* while he read her a bedtime story. There were plenty to choose from—in a white bookcase beside the chair was a whole collection of the books Addison had loved best when she was younger.

In the far corner was a huge, overstuffed teddy bear with pink and purple fur. There was a mountain of other plushies surrounding him of all types and sizes. Addison knew she spent more than she should on them, but she couldn't help herself—she just loved them so much! It made her *little* heart happy to get a new one—even if she was just buying them for herself.

To her intense discomfort, Courick walked right in and began looking around.

"This is your bedchamber?" he asked, frowning at the unicorns on the bedspread.

"Um...yes," Addison admitted. What else could she say?

“It seems...it seems to be decorated for a much younger female,” he remarked. There was no judgment in his voice—just curiosity, but Addison still felt put on the defensive.

“That’s my business!” she snapped, crossing her arms over her chest. “I never asked you to come in here and start criticizing my decorating!”

“I’m not criticizing—I’m trying to *understand*,” Courick corrected her.

“There’s *nothing* to understand except the fact that I came in here to change clothes. So you’ll have to leave,” she said, putting a hand on her hip.

He frowned.

“Not until I tend your wounds.” He went and sat on the side of her princess bed. It looked tiny next to his big body and the bed frame creaked ominously but held when he sat on it. Courick patted his lap and looked up at her expectantly. “Well? Come here.”

“What?” Against her will, Addison found herself moving closer to the big Kindred. “What are you expecting to do?”

“First I’ll disinfect your wounds and then I’ll apply a healing ointment that should make them close up almost at once,” Courick promised. “Now come here and lay across my lap so I can treat you.”

“What? No way!” Addison exclaimed, feeling a blush heating her cheeks. Again, he was acting just like a Daddy Dom, but she couldn’t help being embarrassed at the idea of lying across her boss’s lap and letting him rub ointment into her ass!

Commander Courick’s golden eyes darkened.

“Addison,” he said sternly. “You promised to let me take care of you tonight. So come here and let me do it.”

“But...but it’s so *embarrassing*. Can’t you just give me the ointment and let me go in the bathroom and rub it in myself?” she begged.

Courick shook his head.

“You might miss a spot. You’re wounded in a very delicate area that’s difficult to treat yourself. So I’m going to treat it for you. Now *come here*. No more arguments!”

Still, Addison hung back.

“I...I don’t know if it’s, uh, right to let you touch me there,” she protested, her heart pounding.

*What are you **talking** about?* a little voice in her head demanded. *You’ve been doing nothing but fantasizing about having him touch you all over from the moment you first came to work for him! Why are you so shy all of a sudden?*

Addison didn’t know. She only knew that the sight of her big, muscular, bare-chested Kindred boss sitting on the edge of her pink princess bed, demanding that she lay across his lap and let him touch and heal her had her heart pounding with a mixture of desire and anxiety.

Her turbulent emotions must have shown on her face because the expression in Courick’s golden eyes changed from stern to sympathetic.

“I see the problem—you’re afraid I’ll take advantage of you sexually. I promise you, Addison, that’s not the Kindred way. I won’t take anything you’re not willing to give. Now be a good girl and come here—let me take care of you.”

There they were again—the magic words. He wanted to *take care* of her. Addison realized what he was offering her wasn’t just healing—this was a chance to submit. To give up control of her body to a male she trusted. She knew the Kindred were good guys—they never hurt or raped women, unlike human men.

The need inside her rose up and overwhelmed her embarrassment and uncertainty. Taking a deep breath, she walked over to her boss.

“All right,” she said in a voice that came out barely above a whisper. “How...how do you want me?”

“Like this.” Courick reached for her. Lifting her as though she weighed nothing at all, he arranged her over his lap. Then he opened the small medical kit he’d been carrying and put it

on the bed beside him. “Let’s see what we’re working with,” Addison heard him murmur and then she felt a cool breeze on her bottom as the hem of her dress was drawn up to the small of her back.

She was hoping the big Kindred would leave her panties alone, but she had no such luck. He pulled the white silk panties—now red in places from her blood—down to her knees, baring her ass completely.

“Seven Hells, he really beat you!” His voice was low and hoarse with anger and dismay. “I should have reached you sooner—I’m so sorry, Addison.”

“It...it’s not your fault. The guy was just an asshole.”

Addison bit her lip and stiffened in his lap as she felt his big, warm hand gently exploring her behind. Could this situation be more awkward? And yet there was a part of her—the *little* part—that wanted to just relax and let him take care of her. She wished she could give in to that part, but she was afraid to—afraid to slip into the special head space called “*little space*” where she could really let herself feel and act younger.

*He’s not my Daddy Dom—not really, she reminded herself. He’s just taking care of me because I got hurt—that’s all.*

“I’m going to disinfect these wounds now,” she heard Courick say. “It might sting a little bit, but I promise I’ll go as fast as I can. All right?”

“All...all right,” Addison somehow managed to get out. She bit her lip harder as she felt a cold cloth begin dabbing at the small wounds the thorns had left. A sharp, medicinal scent like rubbing alcohol stung her nose and she couldn’t help whimpering because Courick hadn’t been lying—the disinfectant *really* stung!

“I’m sorry, little one—I know it stings,” Courick rumbled, rubbing her lower back soothingly with one big, warm hand. “Almost done now. Just spread your legs a little—he got your inner thighs too, I’m afraid.”

Feeling shy all over, Addison did as he said. There were a few more dabs which stung more than all the others, due to how sensitive her thighs were, and then her boss said,

“All right—all done with the hard part. Now I just have to rub in the ointment. I want you to know you’re being a very good girl, Addison—I’m proud of you for holding still while I heal you.”

God! Addison closed her eyes for a moment, feeling like she might explode! It seemed impossible that her stern, gruff boss could be so gentle and kind...and that he somehow knew exactly what to say to her, even though he didn’t know about her secret kink. Calling her a “good girl” and praising her for holding still...he really was a natural Daddy Dom. She wished he knew it.

“Now, this ointment should heal up these wounds almost immediately, but it needs to be rubbed in to activate it,” Courick told her. “I promise, it won’t hurt like the disinfectant, though it *might* feel a little warm.”

And with that, his big warm hands began rubbing something warm and soothing into her ass, caressing and stroking her everywhere in a way that made Addison want to purr like a cat being petted. She couldn’t help squirming a little bit—his big hands on her bare ass just felt so *good!* She could feel the moisture gathering between her thighs as her pussy got hot and wet and swollen. It felt so good to submit to the big Kindred and let him do what he wanted with her—his touch was so gentle and yet so firm.

“Good girl,” Courick murmured again after some time. “Hmm, you like that, do you?”

“It...it feels really *good*,” Addison panted. “I...I mean, it feels good not to hurt anymore,” she added quickly. “You know?”

“I know,” he rumbled. “All right, spread your legs again and let me rub the ointment into your inner thighs. In fact, I think I need you on your hands and knees this time—I have to rub it all over, not just dab like I did with the disinfectant.”

Addison bit her lip. She felt reluctant to obey this time because she could feel how hot and wet she was. Right now she was lying flat across the big Kindred's lap. If she rose up on her hands and knees and spread her thighs, he might see how wet her pussy was and realize that she'd gotten turned on when he was touching her. How embarrassing!

But Courick clearly wasn't going to take "no" for an answer.

"Addison?" His deep voice turned stern. "Get on your hands and knees for me *now*. Let me finish healing you."

"I...but I... Are you sure I couldn't just do it myself?" Addison asked weakly.

"No. I need to be sure the ointment's working. Now get on your hands and knees and spread your legs for me," he growled, clearly beginning to lose patience.

Addison couldn't resist the commanding tone of his voice—the submissive inside her felt a need to obey she could neither deny nor ignore.

"All right," she whispered. Taking a deep breath, she wiggled into a kneeling position with her hands on one side of his legs and her knees planted on the mattress on the other side. Then, biting her lip, she spread her thighs for him. She even tilted her ass up, giving him free access to her inner thighs and subsequently to her pussy. Her panties had slid far down her ankles by this time so they didn't get in the way, even though she sort of wished they would.

She waited for Courick to say something, but for a long time he was silent, just looking at her. Addison hung her head, feeling humiliated. She could feel how wet and hot her pussy was—some of her juices were sliding down her inner thighs and she could only imagine how swollen she must be by now. He would know how turned on she was—there was no way he couldn't.

Finally, Courick spoke.

"Your soft little pussy is all puffy and wet with your honey, Addison. Is this why you didn't want to open for me? Because

you got aroused when I touched you?”

Tears of embarrassment squeezed from Addison’s eyes and she nodded.

“I...I’m sorry,” she whispered, hanging her head even lower. “It’s just...your hands on me felt really *good*. Nobody’s touched me like you did just now in a really, *really* long time.”

In fact, she couldn’t ever remember having a man be so gentle with her—or being with one who wanted nothing but to heal her and wasn’t just trying to get into her pants.

But it wasn’t just the way he touched her and healed her—it was the fact that it felt so good to submit to her stern boss—so good to do as he told her and give him control of her body knowing she could trust him not to hurt her.

*Now he’ll be disgusted with me and say I’m being inappropriate,* she thought miserably. *After all, he’s my boss—not my Daddy or my Master. I shouldn’t get so turned on when he touches me. It’s not right.*

“Hey, hey...” Suddenly one big warm hand cupped her chin and tilted her head so that she was looking up at him.

Courick was leaning down, a concerned look on his dark face.

“What is it, little one?” He rumbled. “Are you upset because I saw how hot and wet you are?”

Sniffing, Addison nodded.

“I...I’m really sorry,” she whispered. “I know I shouldn’t—I know you’re my boss and it’s not right. But the way you touched me felt so *good*. And the way you made me submit to you...”

But she couldn’t go on...couldn’t explain that somehow he was pressing all her emotional buttons even though he didn’t know he was doing it.

“There’s no need to feel ashamed,” Courick murmured. He cupped her flushed cheek and swiped away her tears with his thumb. “It’s just your body’s natural reaction to being touched. You don’t have to fear I’ll be angry with you.”

“You...you won’t?” Addison sniffed again, looking up at him hopefully.

“No, of course not.” He carded his long fingers through her hair and a soft expression came over his stern features. “You’re so little and delicate—so precious. How could I be angry with you?”

“You get upset with me at the office sometimes,” Addison pointed out.

“Only when you make foolish mistakes. But I’m never really *angry* with you—I just want to help you do better,” he murmured. “I want to train you because I won’t be at the Tampa HKR building forever.”

“You...you won’t?” Addison looked up at him fearfully. “Are you leaving?”

“Not right away, but this is a temporary assignment,” he told her. “I’m actually assigned to the Diplomatic Corps. You don’t have to worry about that right now, though,” he added. “Are you ready to let me finish healing your inner thighs?”

“I...I guess so,” Addison whispered. She looked up at him uncertainly. “But I think they might be...might be wet.”

“With your honey, yes.” He nodded. “That’s all right—it shouldn’t interfere with the ointment. But you have to hold still while I rub it in. Can you do that?”

“Yes.” Addison nodded, her long auburn hair sliding over her shoulder with the movement. “I can hold still.”

“Good girl,” he murmured. “All right—let me get a little more ointment...”

A moment later his big, warm hand was back, rubbing and squeezing first one inner thigh and then the other. And though Addison didn’t think he meant to do it, she could feel his long fingers brushing against her swollen outer pussy lips from time to time as he worked. Once or twice she even felt a fingertip slip over the tight bud of her clit, which was so swollen with need it was poking out from between her lips.



Each soft brush sent sparks of pleasure shooting through her, making her moan softly and wiggle her hips, though she tried not to. She was very aware of her braless breasts hanging down, her sensitive nipples rubbing against the silky fabric of the dress she was still wearing. And though she didn't mean to do it, she could feel her back arching like a cat's and her thighs spreading even wider, almost as though she was begging the big Kindred to touch her more intimately.

Courick seemed to take a long, *long* time to rub the ointment into her inner thighs—Addison was nearly panting with need when he finally stopped. But he didn't move his hand, which was firmly planted on one thigh.

“Addison,” he murmured and she looked up to see that he was staring down at her, his golden eyes half-lidded.

“Y-yes?” she whispered, having a hard time getting the word out because her throat was suddenly dry.

“You seem to be...in need.” Courick's deep voice was hesitant. “I don't want to touch you directly—that would be wrong. But I can offer you my fingers. If you want to rub against them until you achieve a release...”

“Yes!” Addison said quickly. “Oh God, *yes please!*” She knew she probably shouldn't do this—it was definitely going to change their professional relationship. But by this time she was so hot and needy she couldn't help herself—she *needed* to come!

“Very well...” His voice dipped to a soft growl. “Then I'm going to slide my fingers into your soft little pussy and let you rub against them. If you want me to stop at any time, just let me know—all right?”

“All right,” Addison agreed, nodding. “Just please, Sir—I mean, Commander—please touch me!”

She couldn't believe she was begging so shamelessly but the next minute she forgot her embarrassment because two long, strong fingers were slipping between her swollen pussy lips to bracket her aching clit.

Addison moaned and began rocking her hips back and forth, bucking against his big hand instinctively as she reached for the orgasm hovering just out of reach.

“Gods, little one,” she heard Courick murmur and when she turned her head, she saw him watching her with that half-lidded gaze, his golden eyes burning. “You’re really in need, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes,” Addison admitted, panting. “I...I *really* need to... to come!”

Oh God, she was getting so close! So *close*. But rubbing against his fingers wasn’t quite enough—she needed more stimulation.

“Please, Commander,” she moaned, looking up at him. “Please, if you could just...just rub me...just a *little*.”

“Mmm, do you need me to rub your sweet pussy, little one?” he rumbled. “Want me to caress that hot little clit?”

“Yes, *please!*” Addison moaned. “Please touch me!”

“All right then. Hold still for a moment.” He put his other hand on the small of her back to still her frantic movements. And then Addison felt his fingers begin to slide around and around her swollen clit, stroking the little bundle of nerves gently but firmly in the same way she would have touched herself.

It was *exactly* what she needed—how could the big Kindred know just how to touch her? She had no idea, but she could feel her pleasure building as her orgasm raced towards her like a freight train.

“Oh! *Ohhh!*” she moaned—she couldn’t help herself. She’d always been extremely vocal when she was coming. In fact, back in college she’d had to put a pillow over her face whenever she touched herself to keep from waking her roommates.

But there was no pillow now—there was nothing but Courick’s long fingers teasing her so expertly she thought she would die. She couldn’t believe she was in this position, on her hands and knees with her stern Kindred boss fingering her

pussy and making her come. It seemed so wrong and yet so right at the same time...

“That’s right, little one,” she heard Courick growl softly. “That’s right—just let it happen. Let yourself go and come on my fingers...come while I stroke your hot little pussy...while I make your honey flow.”

His dirty words spoken in that low, growling voice added to the feeling of his long fingers sliding over her aching clit were too much. With a gasp, Addison felt her pleasure peak.

“Oh, yes!” She moaned, arching her back as her toes curled and her breath came out in short, hot pants. “Oh yes, please! Touch me! Make me come!”

“Come for me,” she heard him growl. “Come *hard*, sweetheart. Let it all go and come for me.”

“Yes, Sir!” Addison moaned. “Coming for you—coming while you rub my little pussy! Fuck me—fuck me with your fingers!”

“Mmm, if you like, little one,” he rumbled. And then the two thick fingers slid lower and entered her pussy.

Addison gasped and bucked again as they began to thrust in and out of her—Courick’s fingers were extremely long and he was hitting the end of her channel with every thrust. They were thick too—even thicker than some of her toys. She could feel her inner walls stretching to take him and somehow the sensation brought on yet another orgasm.

“Gods, little one—I can feel your sweet little pussy clenching all around me,” he growled. “You’re so tight and wet inside! Are you being a good girl and coming on my fingers?”

“Yes, Daddy!” Addison moaned. She didn’t even know what she was saying anymore—the pleasure rushing through her body had erased all her filters. “Fuck me! Fuck me *hard!*”

It was one of the most intense orgasms she’d ever had and when the pleasure finally ebbed, she collapsed across his lap, panting and moaning softly with his long fingers still buried deep in her trembling pussy.

“Oh...oh, that felt so *good*,” she whispered. Then she realized that Courick was staring at her with a frown on his face. “Um, is everything okay?” she asked uncertainly.

“Daddy? Is *that* what you called me?”

Addison bit her lip. *Had* she called him that in the heat of passion? It seemed entirely too likely. Blushing with shame, she turned her head to look up at him.

“Commander...I can explain...” she began.

But Courick only shook his head.

“No explanation needed,” he said, withdrawing his fingers—which were absolutely drenched in her juices, Addison saw with mortification.

“Look, if you’ll just let me explain—” she began again.

“Not now. Excuse me—I have to go.”

Courick pushed her gently but firmly off his lap and onto the bed. Then he rose without a word and left the room.



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## ADDISON

Addison lay there, feeling sick. Oh God, what had she done? Had she actually called her stern Kindred boss “Daddy” as he made her come? God, what must he think of her now? How could she ever live this down?

She knew lots of people found Daddy Play or Age Play disgusting—apparently her boss was one of them. Clearly he was *so* disgusted with her that he’d left then and there. He probably wouldn’t even *look* at her when he saw her in the office on Monday! That was *if* he let her keep her job.

Feeling miserable, she got up and changed into a pair of soft yoga pants and an oversized t-shirt. She dumped her soiled little girl dress in the hamper. She knew she ought to use some hydrogen peroxide on it to get the blood out before it set in, but she didn’t even care at this point. She just wanted to curl up in her bed and be miserable.

But just as she was about to climb under the covers and put her pillow over her head, the door to her bedroom opened and Commander Courick came back in.

“Oh, hi...” Addison said listlessly. “You must have forgotten something, huh?”

“Forgotten something? No—I just had to use your fresher.”

The fresher was what the Kindred called the bathroom, Addison knew. She looked up at him uncertainly. Had he really had to pee...or had he been doing something else in there? Was it possible he might have been as turned on as she was and had gone to jerk off? Surely not. That was impossible

because he was disgusted with her for calling him “Daddy”  
Right?

Addison didn’t know.

“Er...okay,” she said at last. “Um, are you going now?”

“Going? No, I don’t think so.” He settled in the rocking chair across from her bed and patted his lap. “No, we’re not nearly finished yet. Come here so we can talk.”

“You...you want me to sit on your lap?” Addison took a hesitant step towards him. “Really? I mean, do you think that’s okay?”

He lifted an eyebrow at her.

“After what we just did, I don’t think having you sit on my lap is a big deal, do you?”

“I, um, *guess* not.” Addison was still dragging her feet. “But...why? I mean, what do you want to talk about?”

“Many things.” He patted his lap again. “Come here.”

“Feeling like she was in a dream, Addison went to him at last and perched carefully on his knee.

“Not like that.” Courick pulled her back until her ass was firmly planted on his thigh and she was leaning against his side. He was so much bigger than her that Addison really did feel like a little girl sitting in her Daddy’s lap...

*No, don’t start that again!* she warned herself. *You’re already in enough trouble as it is!*

But still, she couldn’t help noticing again how good he smelled—that warm cedar and musk smell that drew her to him. And his broad, bare chest felt so hard and so warm against her skin.

“So...what do you want to talk about?” she asked again, looking up at him. “I mean, are you mad I called you ‘Daddy’? Because I didn’t mean to—I’m really sorry,” she went on, the words tumbling out faster and faster. “I don’t know what came over me—I never meant to—”

She was stopped abruptly by his finger against her mouth.

“Don’t get so upset, Addison—I’m not mad at you.” His deep voice was a soft rumble. “I’m not upset at all—I just want to know *why* you called me that. And I’d also like to know if it has anything to do with the reason you seem to feel the need to go to that dangerous club I found you at tonight.”

Addison bit her lip, feeling suddenly put on the spot. Was she really going to have to explain not only the whole concept of BDSM but also her own Age Play kink as it related to the Lifestyle? God, that was going to take a while. And it was going to be embarrassing.

*More embarrassing than begging your boss to finger you and make you come and then calling him “Daddy” when he gave you a screaming orgasm?* Demanded a little voice in her head.

Well...maybe not. Taking a deep breath, she looked up at the big Kindred again.

“All right,” she said. “Let’s start at the beginning...”





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## COURICK

Courick listened attentively as his assistant explained. He was surprised to learn that there were many humans who actually *liked* getting pain inflicted on them. And Addison admitted to being one of these...at least, to an extent.

“I don’t really *want* to be beaten with a cane or hit with a whip or a freaking rose branch,” she said, frowning. “For me it’s less about the pain and more about the submission.”

“Submission?” Courick asked, frowning. “Meaning...you feel the need to submit to someone?”

A blush stained her pale cheeks but she nodded firmly.

“Yes, it’s...just the way I’m wired. I need to be able to give myself—to give my body—to a man I know I can trust. Someone who’ll take care of me and protect me and give me...give me everything I never got growing up.” She shook her head and looked down at her fingers, which were twisting in her lap. “I know what a cliché that is—the girl who didn’t have a father growing up has Daddy issues as an adult. But I can’t help that I’m like this—I need what I need.”

Courick frowned.

“I notice you don’t say ‘want’—you say ‘*need*.’ Is this need to submit a necessary emotional and sexual outlet you feel you can’t meet in any other way? Is that why you were at that club?”

Her blush got deeper.

“Yes, but it’s not like I sleep around!” she said quickly. “I mean, I don’t have anyone I can trust right now to be my Dom. To be...to be my *Daddy*,” she added in a low voice. “Sometimes I go there to get paddled or spanked but a lot of times—like tonight—I just like to watch other people submit. It’s not as satisfying but it does help me with my...my cravings. My *needs*.”

“With your needs,” Courick repeated thoughtfully. “But I still don’t understand why you need to have a ‘Daddy’ as you put it, to submit to.”

“That’s a whole different part of BDSM—it’s called Age Play or Daddy Play,” she explained. “I know a lot of people get turned off by it, but it doesn’t have anything to do with child abuse or anything awful like that. It’s about...about finding a man I can be *little* with.”

“Little?” Courick arched an eyebrow at her. “I don’t understand—you’re already tiny.”

“No, I’m not talking about my size—I mean my *age*,” she explained earnestly. “Letting myself feel like a little girl again, with a Daddy who I know will take care of me and protect me. Someone who’ll hold me and cuddle me...*you* know.”

“You mean the way we’re cuddling now?” Courick murmured, wrapping an arm around her and pulling her closer to his chest. He couldn’t deny the sensuous pleasure of her soft, curvy body resting against his own much larger frame. It had been over ten years since he’d held a female and Addison was so sweet and delicate—he knew he shouldn’t, but he really loved holding her. And he’d loved making her come, too. The way she lost control at the end and moaned for him has been so fucking *hot*...

“Yes...the way we’re cuddling now,” Addison admitted. She looked up at him uncertainly. “But I know you’re not my Daddy.”

“No—I’m not,” Courick said sternly. “And we really shouldn’t be doing this.”

“Because you’re my boss, right?” she asked, looking sad.

“That’s one reason. There’s also the fact that I’m much too old for you. But mostly it’s because I made a vow to never call another female as a bride after my first mate died,” he said, feeling like he ought to get everything out into the open.

Her eyes widened.

“You had a mate? A wife?”

“I did,” Courick said and left it at that. He still couldn’t talk about his past mate without pain and he wanted to focus on Addison right now.

“She...died?” Addison guessed. “Or left you?”

“She died,” Courick said. “And I vowed to the Goddess never to take another mate. So I shouldn’t be holding you like this.”

“Then why are you?” she demanded, frowning up at him.

“Maybe...because I want to know more about you. I’m still trying to understand why you went to that club. Especially since you’ve been going for a while and you don’t seem to have found what you were looking for there,” Courick told her.

She lifted her chin defiantly.

“But I *might*. I might find the right guy—the one who wants to be my... my Daddy. I just haven’t found him yet.”

“It’s more likely you’ll find another human male who wants to beat and abuse you.” Courick felt a low growl rising in his throat at the thought. “I don’t think you ought to go there anymore, Addison. It’s not safe.”

She straightened her back, pulling away from him and put a hand on her hip.

“Look, just because you’re my boss, doesn’t mean you get to tell me what to do or where to go. The Torture Palace is actually the nicest and safest BDSM club in the Tampa Bay area. And it’s the only place I’m going to meet someone who has the same kinks I do! I’m sure as hell not going to meet anybody who wants to be my Daddy Dom outside a club like that—most people are so *vanilla*.” She made a face.

“Vanilla?” Courick frowned.

“Not interested in BDSM. Like...they don’t want to play. They just want to have straight sex without any kind of bondage or power exchange or role playing or *anything*.” She made a frustrated gesture. “I *need* to submit—I need a man who’ll treat me like I want to be treated. A man who’ll let me be *little* and not be disgusted or offended when I call him ‘Daddy.’”

“I wasn’t disgusted,” Courick said honestly. “Just confused. But I think I understand now—when you called me that, you weren’t referencing your own biological father in any way, right?”

“God, no!” Addison made a face. “No, a Daddy is just a Dom who takes things one step further. He doesn’t just punish his sub, he takes care of her...protects her...cuddles her and gives her what she needs—whether that’s punishment or pleasure. And in the case of Age Play, he lets her be any age she wants—any age she needs to feel safe and loved. That’s all.”

“I take it *you* like to be fairly young?” Courick asked, looking around the bedroom with its mountain of stuffed animals and fanciful decorations. It looked like the bed chamber of a much younger female.

“Most of the time,” she admitted candidly. “But I like to be a little older sometimes, too. My other favorite age to play is a bratty teenager—one who misbehaves and gets spankings from her Daddy.”

She gave him a naughty look as she spoke and Courick was surprised to feel his cock surge at her words. He had never even considered hitting a female before—and he still wouldn’t want to actually beat one as he had seen several females being beaten at the club that night. But the idea of putting Addison over his knee and spanking her lush bottom *definitely* got him hot.

“So you do things on purpose to get punished?” he asked, trying to understand.

“Yes—but it’s more about getting my Daddy’s attention than about the spanking—although that can be nice too. Especially if the Dom I’m with is good at aftercare,” she admitted.

Courick wanted to ask what “aftercare” was but then he had a sudden thought.

“Wait a minute—the letter you mistyped the other day—did you do that on purpose to get my attention?”

Addison hung her head, looking ashamed.

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered and then risked a glance at him, from behind the curtain of her long, silky hair. “I, er, know all about homophones,” she admitted. “I have a degree in English, you know.”

Courick frowned at her.

“I *knew* you were too intelligent to make such simple mistakes. I don’t mind telling you, Addison—I don’t appreciate being manipulated.”

“I know it was wrong.” She twisted her fingers in her lap. “I just...I wanted your attention. And even negative attention is better than no attention at all. You know?”

Courick thought of how hard he’d been trying to ignore his assistant—mainly because she drew him so strongly.

“So all the little stunts you’ve been pulling...dropping things you have to pick up and when you fell from the stepladder—”

“*That* was an accident!” she said quickly. “I really was trying to reach that rule book. It’s not easy being so short in a world built for tall people,” she added.

Courick couldn’t help laughing a little.

“Actually, I find I have the opposite problem since humans are so much shorter and smaller than Kindred. Down here on Earth I feel like I’m living in a world made for a majority of people who aren’t like me at all.”

“That’s how I feel every day,” Addison said, looking up at him, and he realized they were no longer talking about size differences.

“Is it that hard, having the needs that you have?” he asked gently, stroking a strand of hair out of her face.

She nodded.

“Lots of people are okay with BDSM—there have been plenty of popular movies and books that kind of brought it out into the light in the past ten years or so. But Age Play is still a really polarizing kink. Calling your Dom or partner ‘Daddy’ and letting him treat you like a little girl...I mean, it either turns you on so much you squirm in your seat, or it turns you off and offends you.” She shrugged. “There’s hardly any middle ground.”

“I see,” Courick murmured thoughtfully. He looked down at Addison. “And how long have you known you were a—what did you call it? A *little*?”

“It took me a while to figure it out,” she admitted. “I only knew I was always attracted to older men and I always longed to be treated like I was younger. Taken care of and protected.” She looked up at him and the vulnerability in her eyes twisted Courick’s heart. “I know it doesn’t sound feminist to admit that, but I can’t help it. My whole life, growing up, I longed for a Daddy who would tuck me into bed and read me a bedtime story. Someone to check the closet and under the bed for monsters and kiss me on the forehead and call me sweet nicknames and just *take care* of me.”

“I don’t think that’s too much to ask of a male who loves you,” Courick murmured. He wished for a moment that *he* could do all those things for her...but he had already gone much farther with his assistant that night than was wise.

Addison made a face.

“Yeah, right. Try telling that to the guys I’ve dated. It’s hard enough to find one who’ll make a commitment to a relationship at all—let alone taking on a needy *little* who wants to be petted and cuddled and held all the time.” She

sighed. “Most guys just don’t have the emotional bandwidth for the kind of relationship I’m looking for.”

“But you keep trying to find one, anyway,” Courick pointed out.

“I have to keep hoping.” Addison gave him that vulnerable look again. “I can’t give up. That would mean...giving up on myself, you know? I’m not ready to do that.”

“No, you shouldn’t give up on getting your needs met,” Courick agreed. “But would you please promise me not to go back to that club?”

She got a stubborn expression on her face and he knew she was going to refuse him.

“For the rest of the weekend, at least,” he said quickly. “And then we’ll talk more on Monday. All right?”

Addison sighed.

“All right,” she said reluctantly. “I’m not really up to any more ‘playing’ this weekend anyway—not after what happened with that CHUDWA asshole.”

“That *what?*” Courick frowned.

Briefly, she explained the idea of the “clueless, heterosexual, Dom want-to-be”—the type of male who had no idea how to Dom correctly and who only wanted to get into the BDSM Lifestyle to order female subs around and hand out beatings.

“So it’s someone who just wants to shout orders and beat females without considering what his sub needs?” Courick asked, making sure he understood.

“That’s right.” Addison nodded and shivered. “I *never* want to be with that kind of Dom again. A *good* Dom thinks about what his sub needs and takes care of her all the way through the scene—and then he gives her plenty of aftercare.”

“Aftercare?” Courick asked.

“You know—like if he gave his sub a spanking, a good Dom will also give her cuddles afterwards. He might even rub



some kind of lotion or ointment into her bottom to make her feel better.”

She bit her lip and looked up at him, squirming in his lap and Courick smelled the scent of her feminine arousal, which made his own cock surge again. Clearly the idea of aftercare turned his assistant on as much or more than the spanking itself. Or maybe she was thinking of how he had rubbed the healing ointment into her soft little ass and then had fingered her pussy until she came for him.

Gods! He had to stop thinking about it, he told himself. He'd already had to use her fresher once to jerk off and ease the sexual tension he felt—he couldn't do it again. He needed to at least wait until he got back to his own domicile.

“I see,” he murmured, trying to keep his tone neutral. “Thank you for explaining all that to me.”

“Well, you asked.” She shrugged and then bit her lip. “Look, I'm sorry if you feel like I was...was trying to manipulate you at the office. I know I shouldn't have been, uh, projecting my Daddy fantasies onto you. It's just...you're so big and strong and stern most of the time. You just...you have a *really* strong Daddy Dom Energy around you.”

Courick was amused.

“Daddy Dom Energy?” he rumbled, trying to suppress a laugh.

“Yes—you do!” Addison insisted. “I mean, the way you're always so masterful and the way you look in your dress uniform—so strict and precise and...and...” She trailed off, her face going red. “Anyway, I'm sorry,” she said again, sounding embarrassed. “I promise to be more professional from now on.”

It was on the tip of Courick's tongue to say he didn't *want* her to be more professional...but he stopped himself. What was wrong with him tonight? There was no way he ought to be encouraging his assistant's feelings for him. He had a vow to keep, after all.

“All right,” he said instead. “You’re forgiven. I know you’ll do better in the future.”

“Yes, Sir.” Addison nodded earnestly. “I’ll be good—I promise.”

“Good girl,” Courick said automatically and saw a shiver go through her. Inwardly, he frowned. He’d noticed a similar reaction when he had called her a “good girl” before—did those words hold special significance to her?

If they did, Addison didn’t say anything. She just looked at him with uncertainty in her wide green eyes.

“Well...I should probably get going.” Courick sighed regretfully. He didn’t want to leave her, but he knew he couldn’t stay.

Clearly Addison didn’t want him to leave either.

“Oh...do you *have* to go?” she asked in a small voice.

Courick gave her a stern look.

“Addison, if I stayed the night with you, I would be in very great danger of breaking my vow—which I do *not* intend to do,” he told her. “You’re far too tempting for your own good.”

“I...I am?” she asked softly.

“You *know* you are.” Courick cupped her cheek. “You’re *beautiful*, little one,” he murmured, looking into her eyes. “And any male would be blessed by the Goddess to have you.”

“Any male but *you*, you mean,” she said sadly.

Courick sighed.

“I’ve already told you all the reasons we can’t be together. The reasons I can’t Bond you to me.”

“I know.” She looked down at her hands again. “I’m sorry. It’s just...you seem like you would be the perfect Daddy Dom.”

“Nobody’s perfect,” Courick told her, though he couldn’t help being secretly pleased that she saw him as the kind of male who would be patient and protective. “In time you’ll find

a human male who'll be willing to give you what you need," he added. Though he found he didn't like the idea of the curvy little redhead with another male—not *at all*.

*Mine—she should be mine!* whispered a little voice in the back of his head. But Courick shoved it away. Addison could never be his, he reminded himself. There were so many barriers standing between them—not least of which was the vow he had made to the Goddess.

"I need to go," he said again. "But before I do, would you like me to, er, tuck you into bed?"

Addison's eyes shone.

"You'd do that for me?"

"Of course. Why not?" Courick rose with her in his arms and crossed the small bed chamber in two strides. Leaning down, he deposited her in the canopy bed with its coverlet of fanciful creatures. He pulled it and the sheets back and then brought them up to her chin.

Addison looked up at him with wide eyes.

"Would...would you check under the bed for monsters?" she asked in a small voice that sounded younger than her age.

Courick thought he should have felt ridiculous doing such a thing. After all, they were both adults and both of them knew there were no such things as monsters under the bed.

But the only emotion he felt when he looked down at Addison, with the covers drawn up to her cute little chin, was a surge of affection and tenderness. She looked so tiny and vulnerable, curled up in the little girl's canopy bed. Suddenly all he wanted to do was protect her and reassure her that everything was all right.

"Of course I'll look," he said and made a show of kneeling down to look under the bed. Of course there was nothing there but shadows and he smiled reassuringly at Addison as he came back up. "Nothing there," he told her. "No monsters at all."

"Do you promise?" she asked, sounding so young and vulnerable again that it twisted his heart.

“I *promise*. No monsters, little one.” Impulsively, Courick leaned over her. Brushing her long hair aside, he placed a soft kiss on her forehead before drawing back. “Good night,” he told her. “I’ll lock the door on my way out. You have sweet dreams, all right?”

Addison’s eyes were shining as she looked up at him.

“Okay, Da...I mean, Sir,” she said. “Thank you—for everything,” she added, in her normal tone.

“You’re welcome.” Courick brushed the back of his fingers gently along her flushed cheek. She looked so tiny and beautiful lying there in bed. He wished suddenly and fiercely that he could crawl in beside her and hold her the rest of the night. He wanted to protect her and care for her and keep her safe...the way he hadn’t been able to keep his mate, Yasha, safe so many years ago.

Only knowing that he wouldn’t fit in the little bed beside her and remembering his vow, kept him from holding her. Instead he rose reluctantly and left, closing her door behind him.

But as he left her apartment, he couldn’t stop thinking of her big green eyes and remembering how good it felt to hold her against him.



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## ADDISON

Addison sighed as she snuggled down in bed and tried to get to sleep. But there was too much to think about and sleep wouldn't come. She kept replaying the whole night over and over in her head, analyzing it from every angle.

She still couldn't believe that her stern Kindred boss had been so sweet and protective with her—and that he hadn't gotten upset about her calling him “Daddy.” Although apparently, she wasn't supposed to call him that ever again, she reminded herself. But *not* because it disgusted him—just because he'd made a vow not to take another bride after his wife had died.

Addison wondered what had happened to her. Did Courick blame himself for her death? Those were questions she would probably never get answered. Although she *did* have access to the Kindred personnel database...but no—it would be wrong to go digging there, no matter *how* curious she was. It was better to concentrate on the present and remember all the incredible details of her time with Courick that night.

She couldn't forget the way he'd touched her so masterfully—he seemed to know just how to stroke her to make her come—which was not something she could say about any other man she'd ever been with. Most of them couldn't find her clit with a map and a flashlight but Courick had known exactly where it was and how to stroke it. His light, teasing touch and his masterful finger-fucking afterwards had given her the most intense orgasms of her life and Addison couldn't help wanting more.

*You're not going to **get** anymore, though, she reminded herself. Because he made that vow. And Commander Courick is NOT the kind of guy who breaks his vows.*

But he had been willing to *bend* it a little, she thought, feeling marginally more hopeful. Maybe he'd be willing to bend it again at a later time.

It wasn't just the way he'd played her pussy like a violin that kept her up, daydreaming about the big Kindred though. She was also remembering sitting in his lap and cuddling against his broad, bare chest. He smelled so good and then, when he'd tucked her into bed and kissed her forehead...

The memory brought all kinds of warm, gooey feelings and Addison felt like she was melting inside remembering the sweet, tender kiss. The short, bristly hairs of his beard and mustache had tickled and scratched, but his lips had been soft and he had lingered there, leaning over her and cupping her cheek...

"Oh, damn," she sighed, rolling over on her side and readjusting her pillow. Before tonight, she'd only had a crush on her Kindred boss. Now she feared she was close to actually falling in love with him, which wasn't right because it couldn't lead anywhere...could it?

Addison didn't know, but she couldn't stop wishing that she could have Commander Courick as more than a boss. She wanted him as a lover and a friend...but most of all, as a Daddy.

But she was afraid that was a wish that could never come true.





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## COURICK

Courick didn't even try to sleep when he got home. Instead, he got onto the human Internet and began scanning it for articles about BDSM—specifically about Age Play. Addison had given him a good idea of what it involved, but he wanted more information and perspective.

He found more than he was looking for because after reading numerous articles, he happened to click on some Age Play “scenes” that were sexual in nature.

One in particular held his attention. It was a human male and female in a bed chamber together. The male was dressed in a suit but the female was topless and wearing nothing but a lacy little skirt that came down to her mid thighs.

The video he was watching didn't show the players' faces, which had been blurred out, but Courick could hear their voices with no problem.

“Come here!” The male was sitting in a chair and he pointed at the female who came to him at once.

“Yes, Sir?” Her voice was high and vulnerable—it reminded Courick of the tone Addison had used when she asked him to check under her bed for monsters. “Is something wrong?” she asked.

“Yes, something's wrong! You've been a naughty girl—a very *bad* girl. And it's time you were punished for your naughtiness,” the male exclaimed. “Which means I'm going to have to take you over my knee and spank you.”

“Oh, Daddy—do you really *have* to spank me?” The woman didn’t sound upset at all at the prospect of a spanking, Courick thought. Her voice was high and breathless with anticipation and desire.

“I’m afraid so. Now take off your panties and bend over my knee,” the human male demanded.

The woman complied with no delay. Shimmying out of a pair of lacy white panties, she kicked them aside and lay submissively over one of the male’s knees with her generous ass in the air for him.

*Gods!* Courick shifted uneasily. His cock was hard again. Why was this affecting him so much? Was it the woman’s willing submission? The way she gave herself without question and trusted the male she was with to either please or punish her at will? Why should the idea of a female submitting be so arousing? He tried to push the question away and just watch the scene playing out on his laptop.

“All right now—I’m going to give your ass a hard spanking and if you’re not good, I’ll have to spank your pussy too,” the human male warned. “It’s the only way to make you a good girl again.”

“Yes, Sir,” the woman murmured. She made no attempt to shield herself as the male raised her lacy skirt.

Once the spanking began, however, she began twisting and moaning.

“Ow, that hurts! Please, Daddy—please! I’m sorry! I’ll be a good girl from now on!”

“It’s too late for that!” The male holding her growled. “In fact, spread your legs for Daddy—I need to spank your pussy too.”

“Oh, but *Daddy!*” The woman wailed. But when he reached down between her thighs, she spread her legs for him as he had commanded. This showed her puffy pink cunt lips which were wet with her juices.

*Just like Addison got so wet tonight,* Courick couldn’t help thinking. Gods, her pussy honey had been coating her inner

thighs and her hot little pussy had been all swollen and needy...

*Stop thinking about it*, he ordered himself and went back to watching the video. The human male was now spanking his female's pussy—though Courick noted that he was using light, quick slaps rather than the harsher blows he'd used on her ass. Clearly he knew this was a sensitive area that couldn't take as much abuse as her rounded bottom.

But it seemed to Courick that rather than causing pain, this spanking was causing pleasure—at least if the female sub's reaction was any indication.

“Oh! Oh, *Daddy!*” she moaned, her hips twitching as she writhed across his knee. “You're making my little pussy so hot and wet!”

*“Coming for you—coming on your fingers while you rub my little pussy!”* moaned Addison's voice in his head.

Courick tried to push the memory away—but he couldn't help remembering how Addison had bucked her hips and begged him to make her come...how she had writhed against his fingers as he stroked her hot little cunt and then fucked deeply into her wet depths...

*No, stop it—I have to stop this!*

Courick slapped his laptop closed and clenched his hands into fists. He mustn't let his mind go in that direction with Addison—he'd already done more than he should with her tonight. He couldn't go down that road with her...and yet, he *wanted* to meet her needs so she never had to go back to that dangerous club again!

Of course, he couldn't meet her *sexual* needs—he'd nearly broken his vow already and he didn't intend to go any further in that direction, he told himself sternly. But maybe he could meet her *emotional* needs—at least for a while—until she could find a human male who was right for her.

He tried not to picture her with another male though—the thought was upsetting. It made him feel angry and possessive to even consider it. So instead he concentrated on the present

—on the here and now. What could he do to help her—to keep her safe and meet her needs?

He considered the problem and all the things he'd learned and as he did, an idea began to form in his mind...



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## ADDISON

Addison didn't know what to expect on Monday morning. She'd been hoping to see Courick again sometime during the weekend, but there had been no evidence of her stern and growly boss other than the note he'd left in her car, which had mysteriously appeared in her regular parking spot the morning after their encounter. It had simply read,

“Stay away from the club. I'll see you Monday.”

It hadn't been signed but she would have known Courick's meticulously neat printing anywhere. Other than that, the weekend had been disappointingly quiet and now, as she walked into the office at the back of the Tampa HKR building, she wasn't sure what she'd find. She'd taken extra care with her hair and makeup and she was wearing a dress that hugged her curves, but would her boss even notice? Or would it be business as usual?

“Addison?” His deep voice made her jump. Putting a hand to her heart, she turned to see Courick looming over her. To be fair, he really couldn't help it, since he was so tall. Looking up at him, she tried to read his expression but it was impossible.

“Er, yes, Sir?” she asked, wondering what he would say next.

“Come into my office. I need to talk to you.”

The stern words made her heart sink. She was sure Courick was going to tell her that they had to forget anything had ever happened between them. He might even reassign her to some other place—or maybe even fire her!

*But he was so sweet to me! He tucked me in and kissed my forehead—he even checked under the bed for monsters. Surely he wouldn't do that...would he?*

Addison just didn't know. Slowly, she followed her boss into his office and shut the door behind her. Courick was already seated behind his desk so she came to stand across from him with her hand clasped in front of her.

“Yes, Sir?” she said meekly. “What did you want to talk about?”

Courick gave her a stern look.

“You know what I want to talk about. Come here—come around the desk.”

Addison obeyed and came around behind the desk to get closer to the big Kindred. Courick turned his chair to face her and though he was sitting and she was standing, they were still nearly eye-to-eye.

“Yes, Sir?” she asked again. “Did...did you want to talk about what happened at the club the other night? Or...or what happened afterwards?”

“Yes, I do.” Reaching out, he took one of her hands in his. The warmth of his skin sent a shiver of pure longing through Addison as he entwined their fingers. “I want to talk about your needs,” he said in a low voice.

“My...my needs?” Her throat was suddenly dry and Addison found she could barely get the words out. “Er...what about them?”

“I want to try and meet them for you...at least, *some* of them.” Courick looked at her earnestly. “I'll tell you up front, I can't meet your sexual needs. I went much farther than I should have the other night—I came much too close to breaking my vow. But I can try to meet your other need—your need for a, er, ‘Daddy.’”

“You can?” Addison asked uncertainly. “But...why would you want to do that?”

“It’s wrong that you had to grow up without a father—without a male to love you and shelter you and care for you.” He pulled her a little closer and reached out with his other hand to cup her cheek. “I want to give you that, Addison. I want to give you a safe space to be *little*, just like you said. Will you let me do that for you?”

Addison’s heart was thundering in her chest.

*He cares!* a little voice was singing inside her. *He cares! He cares so much he wants to give me exactly what I need!*

Well, except for the sex. That was kind of a bummer because sex was definitely a big part of her submission. But she was so thrilled that her stern boss wanted to meet her needs, she was willing to go along with anything he said.

“Yes,” she breathed, nuzzling her cheek into his big palm. “Yes, I would *love* that, er...” She wasn’t quite sure what to call him now.

“Daddy,” he finished for her. “You can call me ‘Daddy’ if you want. Or ‘Sir’ is fine too. But not at the office,” he added, giving her a stern look. “We’ll need to keep our relationship strictly professional while we’re here. Understood?”

“Okay.” Addison nodded eagerly. “So then...when do we play?”

“After we get off work, of course,” Courick said. “At my domicile.”

“At your place?” Addison raised her eyebrows. “Are we going to go there every night after work?”

“Of course.” He nodded. “Because you’re going to move in with me.”

Addison stared at him.

“I *am*?” She didn’t know what to say.

“Yes, you are. Of course, this is a strictly temporary arrangement,” he added. “Just to help meet your needs and keep you safe until you...until you find a human male who’s willing to be your, er, Daddy.” He seemed to have trouble



getting the words out. “But until then, I’ll fill that role for you.”

“Well...thank you, Sir.” Addison looked at him uncertainly. “But are you sure you want me to move in with you?”

“Of course I’m sure.” He frowned. “How else can I take care of you properly? Today after work, you’ll go to your own domicile and pack up your things. Then you’ll come to stay with me. Understood?”

Addison bit her lip. This all felt like it was moving extremely fast. Would the big Kindred get tired of letting her be *little* all the time? Did he really understand what kind of relationship he was proposing to her? And then there was the fact that he seemed to think all this was temporary—as though she would ever want to find anyone else to be her Daddy Dom if he was already filling that role!

It was a big risk, and she knew it.

*But nothing ventured, nothing gained*, she told herself. She would have to take a chance on the big Kindred and hope that things went well. And maybe...just *maybe* he’d change his mind about that vow he had taken and decide he wanted to make things permanent between them. There was only one way to find out.

“Understood,” she said at last. “I’ll pack my things and bring them to your place...Daddy.”

An expression of tenderness passed over his stern features and he pulled her towards him. For a breathless moment, Addison thought he was going to kiss her. And he did...but on the forehead, not the lips as she had been hoping. Still, it was very sweet and feeling his affection for her sent a shiver of pure joy through her body.

When he pulled back, he looked into her eyes.

“Little one,” he murmured, “I’m going to take such *good* care of you. You’ll see—I’ll meet your needs and you’ll never have to go to that dangerous club again.”

“I don’t want to go,” Addison told him. “Not as long as you’ll be my Daddy Dom. I won’t *need* to go.”

“Good. That’s what I want to hear.” Courick released her and straightened up in his chair. “Now go back to your desk—it’s time we got the workday started.”

“Yes, Sir.” Addison nodded and straightened up as well, putting on her most professional face. But inside her heart was singing. Her stern Kindred boss wanted her! He wanted to meet her needs—she was even going to move in with him!

She couldn’t have been happier but she had no idea what trouble their new relationship would cause...



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## ADDISON

It started out smoothly enough. That evening, right after work, Addison went home and packed. She didn't take everything—just her work clothes, her comfy lounging clothes, and all her *little* outfits as well as a few of her favorite plushies. She packed her makeup and her toothbrush and her other self-care items and then there was only one thing left to consider...her toys.

Just because Addison rarely went home with guys, didn't mean she didn't have an active sex drive. Her toys were her outlet and she used them often and well...except for one. It was the latest toy she'd added to her collection—she'd bought it right after seeing Courick in the shower.

The advertisement for it had said that it was “Kindred Sized!” and it hadn't lied a bit. The enormous flesh-toned and realistically cock-shaped dildo was almost as big as her stern Kindred boss's equipment. It had a broad, flaring head and veins running down its sides. Even better, it had a motor inside that turned it into a vibrator when she flipped the switch.

Addison had used the vibrating function often since she'd bought it—she liked to rub its thick length up and down her pussy, pretending it was Courick getting ready to fuck her. But though she had tried over and over, she couldn't fit it inside herself. It was simply too long and too thick. Still, she liked playing with it and since Courick had specifically said he wouldn't be doing anything sexual with her, she had to have *some* outlet, right?

“Right,” Addison muttered to herself. She packed the massive dildo away in the plastic box she’d dubbed her “toy chest” and snapped it shut. She would play with it later. For now, it was time to get to Courick house and see what the big Kindred had planned for her...



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## COURICK

Courick lived in a single-story bungalow in central Tampa in a neighborhood called Seminole Heights. It had a neat front lawn edged with tropical ferns and a swimming pool in the back. He liked to swim laps at night and in the hot and humid Florida climate, it was rarely too cold to swim.

The bungalow had two bedrooms, one of which had been his home office. However, he had converted it over the weekend and made it into a place for Addison.

Part of him—mainly the part below the belt—had wanted to have her sleep with him, in the large king-sized bed in his own bedroom. But he had reminded himself sternly that he *wasn't* going to be doing anything sexual with her. So she was getting her own bedroom—he just hoped she liked it.

She came to the door with two large suitcases and a few smaller bags and boxes as well. Courick was glad to see that she'd taken him seriously when he told her he wanted her to move in with him. But he could tell by the look in her lovely green eyes that she wasn't sure what kind of reception she was going to get.

“Er, hi there,” she said uncertainly, hovering in the doorway. “I’m here.”

“Good—you’re just in time for Last Meal,” Courick said firmly. “Let’s bring your things inside.”

“I have kind of a lot of stuff,” she said apologetically. “I, uh, hope that’s okay.”

“More than okay,” Courick assured her. “Here—let me help.”

He carried her suitcases over the threshold and Addison followed, still looking uncertain. Courick had wanted to feed her at once and save the room he’d prepared as a surprise, but he could tell she wasn’t sure if she belonged. Maybe it was time to show her how serious he was about having her live with him.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s put these in your room.”

“In *my* room?” Addison asked.

“It’s right through here.” Courick brought her through the main living area of the bungalow and down a short hallway. “That’s my room,” he said, pointing to the door on the left. “That’s the fresher...” Pointing to the door in the middle. “And this is your room.” With a flourish, he threw open the door on the right and stepped aside to let her see.

“*Ohhhh...*” Addison’s eyes went wide as she surveyed what he had done.

As much as possible, Courick had tried to copy her bedchamber in her own domicile with one exception—all the furniture was built to Kindred scale, *not* human scale. Which meant that Addison really did look little compared to it.

She would have to climb up to get into the pink princess canopy bed and her feet would dangle if she sat in the rocker. There was a window seat filled with a variety of stuffed animals which Courick had read that *littles* called either “stuffies” or “plushies” and a bookcase filled with children’s books. There was even a white dresser with an oval vanity mirror attached and a white chair with a puffy pink cushion to sit on while she brushed her hair and attended to her personal grooming.

Courick hoped she liked it—he’d had to call in several favors to get it all together on such short notice. He looked anxiously at Addison, who was staring around her with wide eyes.



“Wow,” she said at last, and went over to climb up on the bed. She looked up at the canopy—which was decorated with delicate pink hearts and climbing roses—and shook her head, looking stunned.

“Do you like it?” Courick came to stand beside her. “I thought that by making the furniture oversized, you’d be more able to feel *little*.”

“I *do* feel *little*.” Addison looked at him with shining eyes. “This is incredible! I love it! Thank you! Thank you so much, Daddy!” And she threw her arms around his waist and hugged him tight.

Courick felt a surge of emotion he couldn’t name rush through him. Wrapping his arms around her, he hugged her back. The look in her eyes and the excitement in her eyes made all the trouble he’d gone to worth it. Being able to provide for the curvy little female—being able to meet her needs and make her dreams come true—melted his heart.

It also stirred something in his trousers. The feeling of her soft, full breasts pressed against him made his cock twitch. For a moment, all he could think of was pulling off her clothes and taking her right then and there in the pretty pink bed. But first he would taste her. He would spread her hot little pussy with his tongue and lick her little clit until she came all over his mouth...

*No, that’s not why she’s here! Those aren’t the needs you’re trying to meet for her. And remember your vow!* he lectured himself. But still he could feel his cock stiffening in his trousers.

He ignored it and contented himself with stroking her long, silky auburn hair. Still, it was a relief when she pulled away from him and looked up.

“This is so far from what I was expecting...I just can’t *believe* you did all this for me!”

There were actually *tears* in her eyes, which made Courick’s heart fist in his chest.

“You’re worth it,” he told her firmly. “Are you hungry? Do you want Last Meal now?”

Addison nodded and sniffed.

“All right, Daddy,” she said simply. “Let’s eat.”



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## ADDISON

Addison couldn't believe all the trouble the big Kindred had gone to for her. Making his spare bedroom into a *little's* room was one thing—but the idea of making all the furniture oversized so that she truly felt smaller and younger was a stroke of genius!

She loved every bit of her new room—from the canopy princess bed to the big rocking chair to the delicate vanity mirror and the bookcase full of fairy tales. She hadn't been sure what to expect—or if Courick even really wanted her there. She'd thought that maybe he was just having her move in with him so she would stay away from the club.

But all her doubts dissolved when she saw how much trouble he'd gone to for her. It was the mark of a true Dom to set the scene so thoroughly and thoughtfully. She'd never had a man treat her like this before and consider her needs and wants in such detail.

It seemed like a very good start and things only got better from there.

Courick led her into his kitchen or “food prep area” as the Kindred called it and seated her at a table which was built for someone his height. Which meant, of course, that it was much too big for Addison. When she sat in one of the dining chairs, the table came up past her breasts and almost to her collar bones.

But again, Courick had thought of everything. He had a large, firm cushion for her to sit on which raised her up so that

the table was at her waist instead of her chest. Then he asked her what she wanted for dinner.

“I have pepperoni pizza or a roasted chicken dinner with mashed potatoes and green beans,” he said, displaying two little white cubes in the palm of his hand.

Addison had heard about these, though she had never seen any before. They were Kindred rations—fully dehydrated and miniaturized meals which would expand when placed in a machine called a rehydrator that looked a little like a microwave.

“Oh, meal cubes!” she exclaimed, clapping her hands excitedly. “Oh, I’ve always wanted to try these!”

“I wanted to cook for you, but I’m not very good at Earth recipes yet,” Courick rumbled. “So for now, choose whichever one you want.”

Addison hesitated, her hand hovering over the pizza cube. She *really* loved pepperoni pizza, but she’d been thinking that she needed to go on a diet lately. Her curves were kind of getting out of control. Reluctantly, she pointed at the chicken and veggies cube.

“That one.”

Courick frowned at her.

“Why did you choose that one when you clearly want to eat the other? The pizza?”

“Well...” Addison twisted her fingers together. “It’s just that lately I’ve been thinking I should go on a diet...”

“What? You’re trying to lose your curves?” Courick looked upset. “Why would you do that?”

“Well, because my curves are getting a little too, er, *curvy*.” Addison shrugged.

“There’s no such thing,” Courick said firmly. “You’ll have the pizza tonight—it’s clearly what you really want.”

“Oh...okay.” Addison nodded but he frowned at her.

“Okay, *what?* You may call me ‘Daddy’ or ‘Sir,’ remember?”

“Okay, Sir,” Addison said quickly. “Thank you,” she added. “I really *do* like pizza.”

“Then that’s what you’re eating for Last Meal.” He smiled at her indulgently and popped a cube into the microwave-like appliance mounted above his stove. “Pizza coming up in just a minute...”

After supper it was too early for bed, so Courick suggested that they watch a movie together. Or an “Earth entertainment” as he put it. He let Addison choose the movie and she picked a Disney classic—Sleeping Beauty. It had always been one of her favorites, though she was a little worried that the big Kindred might get bored.

However, Courick seemed fascinated. He informed Addison that he was making a thorough study of Earth Culture and this was part of it he’d never seen before.

“Well, if you like Disney movies I have news for you—there are a *lot* of them,” Addison told him. “In fact, we could watch one a night for a couple of years and never watch the same one twice!”

Courick smiled down at her.

“Maybe we will, then. Now come closer—let’s cuddle.”

Addison snuggled up to him, pressing against his warm, muscular side and sighed with contentment as he wrapped one long arm around her. In that moment, she thought that she had never been happier—never felt more loved and cared for. It was absolutely *wonderful*.

It got even better when the movie was over and Courick declared that it was bedtime. He had Addison change into her nightgown and brush her teeth and then he sat in the Kindred sized rocker and put her in his lap. He read to her from a book of fairytales until Addison’s eyelids grew heavy and then he tucked her into bed.

After checking under the bed for monsters, he kissed her on the forehead and left, closing the door gently behind him.

As she drifted off to sleep, Addison couldn't help thinking it was the perfect end to a perfect day. She finally had the Daddy Dom of her dreams...well, except that he refused to be sexual with her. But really, when he was trying so hard to meet her other needs, sex really didn't matter—did it?

She told herself it didn't and drifted off to sleep.





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## ADDISON

In the days that followed, they fell into a kind of routine. Courick woke her with a kiss on the forehead and fixed her breakfast while she got ready for work. He packed her a lunch as well and drove the two of them to work in his silver shuttle car.

At work, their relationship was strictly professional. Though Addison itched to be naughty sometimes, she did her best to control her impulses. After work, Courick drove them back to his place and made her dinner or “Last Meal” as the Kindred called it. He refused to let her cook anything for herself—though she was allowed to get a snack from the kitchen anytime she wanted one. It was clear he was taking his role as her “Big” or Daddy Dom extremely seriously.

After dinner, they would cuddle while watching a Disney movie. Sometimes Courick would do some work while she colored in the coloring books he had gotten for her. Addison found this extremely relaxing—she could let her mind wander and not worry about adult problems while she filled in the drawings. Courick even hung some of the best ones on his refrigerator with magnets.

Every night, he would sit in the big rocking chair and hold Addison in his lap while he read her bedtime stories until she got sleepy. Then he tucked her into bed, checked for monsters, and kissed her forehead sweetly before turning out the light and closing the door.

It was a magical time for Addison. She was sure that most vanilla people wouldn’t understand their new relationship at

all. They would think it was weird or strange for her to want to be taken care of this way...or for Courick to want to take care of her. But the way he played the perfect Daddy meant she never had to worry about grown-up problems. She could stay in her *little* head space as long as she wanted and depend on him for everything. It was blissfully peaceful...except for one thing.

Being so near her hot Daddy Dom boss so often, was stirring up other needs and desires—*sexual* needs. He smelled so good with his cedar and spice scent and his big, hard body felt amazing when she cuddled against him. Addison tried to repress that part of herself, since he clearly didn't feel like he could take care of her sexual needs, but the urges got stronger and stronger the longer she was near him.

She wanted to use the toys in her box, but she was afraid he might hear her. So instead, after lights out, she would often use her fingers to try and ease the sexual ache being close to the big Kindred gave her. Her fingers weren't very satisfying, however. The orgasms she gave herself were hollow—they left her feeling empty inside and wishing that it was Courick's fingers or cock stroking inside her pussy instead of her own.

For days Addison fought her needs. But it didn't help that she could tell Courick felt the same way she did. Every time she cuddled with him, he got hard—she could see the bulge in his tight black trousers. And she could feel it when he held her in the rocking chair too—his cock was getting hard for her and Addison was getting wet for him. She wished he hadn't taken that stupid vow! Because of it, they wanted each other but they could never have each other.

It became clear to her that she needed to do something to change the big Kindred's mind about keeping things non-sexual between them. But what?

The answer presented itself on Friday after they had been living together almost two weeks. Their time had been perfect—well, *nearly* perfect, Addison told herself. Courick had taken her to a fair over the weekend and won her some prizes and let her ride on all the rides. Then they had made cookies together and blown giant bubbles from a special kit he had

gotten just to play with her. And then on Monday, they went back to their usual weekday routine, which was just as nice. She ought to be perfectly happy...but something was missing and she knew what it was.

Addison had *tried* to tempt her Daddy Dom into giving into what she knew they both wanted. The night before last she had told him that she needed a bath and asked him to help her. Obliging, Courick had taken her into the bathroom and drawn a bubble bath. He had undressed her and put her in the tub and even scrubbed her all over with a big, puffy sponge that made its own pale purple, sweet smelling bubbles when he squeezed it.

But though he had handled her naked body and Addison could see the thick ridge of his hard-on tenting his trousers, he hadn't made a single sexual move on her. He had simply dried her off, put on her nightgown, and then rocked her in the chair the same way he did every night. His cock had been a thick ridge against her ass, but still he had done nothing.

Last night, Addison had gotten even bolder. She had come into his room in the middle of the night, claiming she'd had a nightmare.

“Can I sleep with you?” she'd begged. “Please? What if the nightmare comes back?”

“All right—come here, little one.” Courick had held open the covers for her and she had climbed into bed with him and pressed against his side. She had been wearing her thinnest nightgown and smallest panties. But though she rubbed her full breasts and pussy against him, he didn't make any move to reciprocate. He *did* get up and use the fresher, however. Addison was almost *certain* he'd been jerking off because when he came back to bed, he went right to sleep with his back turned to her.

This kind of rejection hurt—especially since she knew he wanted her as much as she wanted him. But the vow he had taken kept him from admitting it. If only she could find a way past the barrier the big Kindred had put between them...

That was what was on her mind on Friday as she came into Courick's office. He was just starting a video call on the viewscreen mounted on the wall opposite his desk as she stepped in, holding a sheaf of papers for him to sign.

He was talking to Commander Sylvan—the Head of the Kindred High Council which made rules for the entire Mother Ship. Addison was about to slip out again when one of the papers she was holding—an important document she needed Courick's signature on—slipped out of her fingers and fluttered right under his desk.

Addison bit her lip—she didn't want the paper to get crumpled under her boss's big boots. It was an official document that would be difficult to replace. Without thinking, she ducked her head and scurried under the desk, making sure she was out of the line of sight of Commander Sylvan on the viewscreen.

“...so the Veritans are a possibly ally and trading partners, but we have to be sure they're a good fit for an alliance,” she could hear the Kindred Leader saying.

“I see. Yes, that makes sense,” Courick answered, shifting in his seat. This put his big boots dangerously close to the official document, which Addison snatched up quickly and put it back into its folder.

She was about to crawl back out from under the desk and get away as quickly and quietly as possible...but then she saw that Courick was hard. Even in the dim, confined space under the desk, the lump in his tight black trousers was evident.

Suddenly, Addison's naughty side—the bratty teenager that was the other half of her *little* persona—came out full force. She'd been trying so hard to get Courick to acknowledge the attraction and desire between them and he'd been ignoring her! Well, she wasn't going to let him ignore her anymore...

Putting the folder of papers to one side, she crawled between his spread thighs. Leaning forward, she opened her mouth and breathed a long, hot breath against the ridge of his cock.

The effect on Courick was immediate. He shifted in his chair but Addison noticed he *didn't* try to close his legs. In fact, if anything he spread them a little wider.

It was all the invitation she needed. Reaching up, she found the magno tabs that held his trousers together and unfastened them. Again, Courick didn't try to stop her, though he shifted in his seat once more.

Encouraged by her stern boss's inaction, Addison reached into his trousers and pulled out his semi-hard cock...which instantly came to full mast in her hands as she stroked him.

God, he was so *big!* She marveled at his size—he was so long and thick! She tried to fit her fingers all the way around him and found she couldn't do it. His skin was hot and his cock was achingly hard, but the skin was soft.

Experimentally, she rubbed her cheek against it, noting that his dark, intoxicating male musk was stronger here. His hot, spicy scent was irresistible and she couldn't help putting out her tongue to lap at the broad, flaring crown and taste the small bead of precum that had appeared at the tip.

*Mmm—tastes like salted caramel!* Addison licked her lips in delight and rubbed her cheek against the shaft again. She *loved* how hot and hard he was.

Courick shifted in his seat again but again, made no move to stop her. He was still carrying on a conversation with Commander Sylvan about some aliens in a distant galaxy that the Kindred wanted as allies, but Addison barely heard what they were saying. She was much too interested in seeing how much of the big Kindred's massive cock she could get into her mouth at once.

It wasn't very much—he was simply too thick. But she managed to at least get the head in her mouth so she could swirl her tongue around and around it, collecting more of his delicious salty-sweet precum.

She'd heard some of the other girls in the office giggling and talking about how Kindred cum was actually tasty—unlike the human variety. But she'd never expected to find it

out for herself. She wondered if she could make Courick come so that she could find out for herself if his cum was as tasty as his precum.

Sucking his head even deeper into her mouth, she began to pump the thick shaft, stroking it up and down and even reaching lower to cup the heavy balls that hung below it. *Mmm*—this was what she'd been wanting to do almost from the moment Courick had hired her! She loved sucking him under his desk—feeling so naughty as she gave him hidden pleasure while he was on an important phone call.

“I’m sorry, Commander Sylvan—could you repeat that? I...I didn’t quite catch it.” Courick’s voice was hoarse as he continued the meeting.

“Is there a problem with our connection?” Sylvan sounded like he was frowning, though Addison couldn’t see the viewscreen so she couldn’t tell for sure. “Are you not hearing me? That’s the third time you’ve asked me to repeat myself.”

“Yes, er...the connection. It...it seems to be...to be bad on this end,” Courick said as Addison continued to suck him.

She was sure he was going to come soon—his precum was flowing freely and she was sucking it eagerly. It really was delicious and she wanted more. Also, she could feel the thick shaft in her hands getting even thicker as she stroked him. She couldn’t wait to feel the salty spurts at the back of her throat when he finally let go...

“Maybe we’d better continue this meeting at another time,” she heard Commander Sylvan say. “We might get a better connection later.”

“Yes, I...I think that would be wise.” Courick was nearly panting now. “Goodbye, Commander Sylvan. I’ll speak to you later.”

He hit the switch on his desk and the viewscreen went dark abruptly. Then he glared under the desk, looking down between his legs to where Addison was still sucking him.

“What in the Seven Hells do you think you’re doing?” His voice was a low, frustrated growl.

Addison stopped only for a moment.

“Sucking you, Sir,” she said innocently.

“Yes, I can see that!” Courick exclaimed. “But *why* are you sucking me? You know you’re not supposed to be doing this!”

Addison made her eyes wide as she looked up at him.

“You told me I could have a snack whenever I wanted it and it just so happens that I was thirsty for your cream, Sir,” she said, still stroking him. “Please, won’t you give me some?”

“Addison, you know we can’t—” he began but she had already gone back to licking him. Holding his gaze with her own, she ran her little pink tongue around and around the broad crown of his cock before taking it deep in her mouth again and sucking as she stroked him up and down.

She could tell that the big Kindred wanted to hold back, but apparently the sight of her licking and sucking him, added to the physical stimulation was simply too much.

“Addison, we should stop!” he protested, though he made no move to pull her off him. “You *know* this is wrong. I’m your boss! And besides, you don’t really want me to come in your mouth—do you?”

Addison gave him a naughty look and pulled back once more.

“That’s *exactly* what I want, Sir,” she purred. “Come in my mouth—shoot your hot cream down my throat. I want to swallow every...last...*drop*.”

Then she went back to sucking and stroking him. She slipped one hand down to cradle his heavy sac and rolled his balls gently in her palm.

It was too much for Courick. She felt his cock get even thicker and he fisted one big hand in her hair, pulling her even closer. Then—with a low groan—he began to come.

Addison almost got more than she’d bargained for. As the first spurt hit the back of her throat, she barely had time to acknowledge that his actual cum really *was* as delicious as his

precum and then there was another spurt, and another and *another*.

She swallowed as fast as she could, loving the feel of his big hand in her hair and his cock pumping in her mouth. She felt sexy and naughty and hot and she had *finally* gotten her stern Daddy Dom to admit the sexual attraction between them.

But the minute he finished coming, Courick pulled abruptly away. He glared down at her and his golden eyes were *not* happy.

“Addison,” he said, breathing hard as he stuffed his cock back in his trousers. “You *shouldn’t* have done that!”

Addison pulled back. Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, she frowned up at him.

“I only did what we’ve both been wanting for the past two weeks!” She was still feeling naughty and bratty and she was tired of being a “good little girl.”

“It doesn’t matter what we want—I have a vow to keep!” he exclaimed. “I told you I couldn’t meet your sexual needs, didn’t I?”

“Yes, but you didn’t say anything about *me* meeting *your* sexual needs—did you?” Addison pointed out sweetly.

His frown became a scowl.

“You *know* what I mean! I only promised to try and be the father figure you lacked—to meet your needs to be *little*. I never agreed to...to anything else.”

“You mean you never agreed to let me suck you?” Addison asked recklessly. “I guess I was pretty naughty, wasn’t I?” She turned to the side, showing him her bottom. “Would you like to spank me, Daddy?”

“*No*, I wouldn’t like to spank you!” Courick exclaimed, sounding frustrated and annoyed. “This isn’t some kind of a game, Addison! You can’t just—”

Just then, there was a knock on his office door.



Addison gasped and scrambled out from under the desk as Courick hastened to fasten the magno tabs on his trousers.

“Come in,” he called as the two of them finished straightening themselves. Addison hoped she didn’t look as disheveled as she felt. Of all times for someone to interrupt them! They needed to get this issue out on the table and deal with it once and for all. They—

The door opened and everything she’d been thinking was wiped from her mind. She knew the man standing in the doorway.

Talk about bad timing—this was the worst timing in the whole damn world! But there was nothing she could do about it. It was like a train wreck and she was about to be caught in the middle of it—she could tell.



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## COURICK

“Hello?”

Courick looked at the human male standing in the doorway. He was still flustered from the illicit sexual release Addison had given him. His heart was pounding and he felt all sweaty. Worse, his cock was still hard! Kindred males could have multiple orgasms and it was clear that his body wanted to continue what his assistant had started. Not that he was going to—it was wrong!

“Can I help you?” he said, since the human male hadn’t said anything to his previous greeting. He was an older male with gray hair and he was wearing an expensive looking suit.

“I’m just looking for Addison—the girl at the front desk said I could find her here,” he said. “Oh—*there* she is.”

He started towards Addison, who looked like the picture of guilt. Her cheeks were flushed and her long, auburn hair was disheveled—probably from where Courick had been gripping it to pull her onto his cock as he came down her throat, he thought, feeling a mixture of shame and desire. Gods, how could he have allowed himself to do that?

But despite how angry he was, Courick didn’t like another male approaching his female. He was up from his desk in an instant and inserting himself between the two of them.

“Excuse me, but who are you?” he demanded, looking down at the human.

“Me? Oh, I’m Addison’s father,” the other male said casually.

“You’re her *what?*” Courick was certain he had misunderstood. Addison had told him that she *had* no father. That was the reason she needed so badly to be *little*. Had she been lying to him this whole time?

“I’m her *father,*” the human male repeated, frowning at Courick as though he might be mentally slow. “I have an invitation for her, for her sister’s wedding.”

Courick stepped back, stunned, and watched as Addison accepted a creamy white envelope from the older human male.

“Thanks, Dad,” she said tightly.

“I know you already have the address, but Lacy wanted me to bring you an invitation anyway,” her father said. “The ceremony is at two sharp. And you’re welcome to bring a, uh, plus one,” he added, casting a sidelong look at Courick. “I mean, if you want to.”

“Thank you,” Addison said again, nodding.

“All right, well—I have to get going.” Her father gave her a swift and rather stiff peck on the cheek, nodded at Courick, and then left the office quickly, shutting the door behind him.

For a moment there was complete silence. Then Courick rounded on his assistant. He could feel the frustration and fury filling him, like cloudy, polluted water...the absolute devastation of knowing he had been lied to and manipulated.

“Your *father?*” He finally managed to get out. “That was your *father?* You told me you didn’t *have* a father!”

“I never said that...not exactly!” Addison was suddenly pale. “Please, Sir...Daddy—if you’d just let me explain...”

“Don’t call me that!” Courick snapped. “Don’t call me that *ever again*. You *lied* to me, Addison. Not only that, you’ve been trying to get me to break my vow!”

“Because it’s a *stupid* vow!” she exclaimed, her face turning suddenly red. “And this is a stupid misunderstanding! If you’d just let me explain—”

“No—enough,” Courick growled. “I don’t want to hear another word!” Going back to his desk, he got out the keys to

his ship.

“Where are you going?” Addison sounded both angry and desperate. “Are we leaving the office early?”

“*We* aren’t going anywhere,” Courick said stiffly. He was still so angry he could barely speak. “*I* am going up to the Mother Ship. During the call with Commander Sylvan which you did your best to interrupt, he offered me a position as the new diplomatic liaison to the Veritans in the Driflight Galaxy. I was going to turn it down, but now I think I’ll take it.”

“*What?* You’re going to leave me and go to a whole other *galaxy?*” Addison exclaimed.

The pain in her big green eyes was so intense that for a moment Courick almost felt sorry for her. Almost. But then he remembered how she had lied to him and used him—manipulated him into playing a part for her. Hell, he’d even moved her into his home! What in the Seven Hells was wrong with him, being so gullible?

“I would take any position that would get me away from *you,*” he growled. “You lying, duplicitous little *ferrath!*” (A *ferrath* was an animal on his home planet of Rageron, known for its sly and devious behavior and its poisonous bite.)

He stepped towards the office door, but Addison threw herself in front of it. She was crying now—tears rolling down her flushed cheeks.

“Courick, *please* wait! Can’t we just talk?”

“There’s nothing more to talk about. I’m leaving.” Courick pushed past her, even though part of him longed to sweep her up and kiss her tears away. But he told himself he wasn’t going to fall for her act a second time.

He left the office and kept on going, trying to block out the sound of her sobs.

He never intended to see his assistant again.



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## ADDISON

After he left, Addison collapsed on the floor, crying. Gone—he was gone! He had walked right out of her life and it was all her fault. She was never going to see him again and she was getting exactly what she deserved.

For a few minutes she was utterly inconsolable. Only knowing that one of the other girls who worked in the HKR building might find her in this undignified and embarrassing position finally got her off the floor. Somehow she managed to get herself to the bathroom and fix her makeup. Then she had to decide what to do and where to go.

In the end, she decided to go back to Courick's home. She wanted to go back to her apartment instead, but all her clothes and things were at his bungalow. As painful as it was, she would have to start packing everything up for the move back to her own place.

Telling her coworkers she felt sick, she called a ride which drove her to the big Kindred's house. But once she was inside the neat little bungalow, she started crying again and couldn't seem to stop. She knew she ought to pack, but she couldn't help hoping that Courick might change his mind and come back and let her explain.

But the hours ticked by, and there was no sound at the door. Clearly, the big Kindred wasn't coming back.

At last, Addison curled up in the middle of the big king-sized bed. Pressing her face to his pillow, she breathed in Courick's scent and cried herself to sleep.





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## COURICK

“Are you sure you want to take the assignment?” Commander Sylvan frowned uncertainly. “You didn’t sound at all like yourself during our call—I thought you might be upset I’d even offered it to you.”

“Not at all—and I apologize if you got that impression,” Courick said firmly. “I’d like to accept the position and go at once. I, er, trust you can find someone else to run the Tampa HKR building?” he added.

“Well, yes—I’m sure we can find someone,” Sylvan said. “But you don’t have to leave for the Veritans’ home world immediately, you know.”

“I know, but I’d prefer to go at once,” Courick said. “If you’ll give me the briefing file I can read it during the journey.” He held out a hand and Sylvan started to drop the small chip file into his palm...but then he drew back.

“Commander Courick, I hope you won’t take this the wrong way, but you almost seem like a male who’s running from some kind of trouble or problem,” he said.

“What?” Courick felt his face getting red. “Of course not! I’m just...eager to get back to diplomacy. I’ve been a bureaucrat long enough—I’m ready to follow my true calling again. That’s all.”

“Nevertheless, let me urge you to go to the Sacred Grove and say a prayer to the Goddess—seek her wisdom before you accept this assignment,” Sylvan told him. “If she gives you peace, then come back to me and I’ll give you the file.”

Courick wanted to grit his teeth with frustration, but Sylvan was his direct superior and the Head of the High Council—his word was law.

“Of course, Commander,” he said stiffly. “I will seek the wisdom of the Goddess and return within the hour.”

“Actually, it’s getting late and I’m going back to my suite to my family,” Sylvan said mildly. “Sophia is making my favorite Last Meal tonight and I want to spend time with my twins. Why don’t you visit the Sacred Grove tomorrow and then come back to talk to me? The Veritans can wait an extra day.”

Again, Courick wanted to shout with irritation. He just wanted to get away! But again, he knew he couldn’t do anything but comply.

“Of course,” he said stiffly. “I will see you tomorrow morning.”

“Afternoon,” Sylvan corrected him. “I’m afraid the High Council is meeting tomorrow morning.”

“Right.” Courick nodded. It seemed he had no choice but to wait. Well, at least he was up here in the Mother Ship and not down on Earth, he told himself. Not in close proximity to Addison.

He wondered what she was doing right now. Had she gone back to his domicile to collect her things? Was she tucked into the pink princess canopy bed, curled up in a little ball the way she always did when she was sleeping?

*What are you doing? Stop thinking of her like that! She lied to you—betrayed you! Tried to get you to break your vow!* Courick scolded himself.

He did his best to push the curvy little female out of his mind as he left Sylvan’s office...but somehow she wouldn’t quite leave...



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## ADDISON

Addison sighed as she finished getting ready. She'd cried all night and had woken up with red, puffy eyes and a swollen nose—it took a lot of makeup to cover the marks of such a miserable night.

But by now she was resigned. Courick had left and he wasn't coming back. Well, fine—let him go. It had been nice while it lasted—being able to be in *little* space for so long and to feel protected and loved, but clearly it had all been an illusion. She'd been on her own before and she could handle herself.

“He seemed like the perfect Daddy Dom, though,” she murmured as she sat at the white vanity table and patted more concealer under her eyes, which had dark circles from her fitful night without much sleep.

But though the big Kindred had *seemed* perfect, he had been unwilling or unable to meet one of her most basic needs—the need for sex. Addison had a very high sex drive and she admitted to herself now that she never should have agreed to enter into a sexless relationship with him. It had been stupid on her part, but she had been so hungry for the love and affection he seemed to offer that she'd let her desperation cloud her judgment.

No more, though, she told herself firmly. She wasn't going to have a relationship with any man ever again unless she could trust him to meet *all* her needs—not just the ones that were convenient for him.

And if that meant she was probably going to be single the rest of her life, well—so be it.

Of course, it wasn't all Courick's fault—she should have been more upfront about her situation. But then again, if he would have stayed to listen, she was sure they could have cleared things up. Instead, he'd acted like she was some kind of evil temptress, trying to lure him into sin. She'd just been trying to take their relationship to the next level—that was all.

Now it was clear to her that their relationship had been nothing but an illusion—a big, fat nothing burger, Addison thought resentfully. Though her heart ached, she promised herself that she would put the big Kindred out of her mind. He wasn't the first man to leave her when she was vulnerable but he was going to be the last.

Addison was never going to herself fall in love again.



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## COURICK

“Good day to you, Warrior. How may I help you?”

The priestess who addressed him was an older one. Her hair was streaked with green and she had the green-within-green eyes which meant that she had communed with the Goddess directly for many years.

For some reason, Courick felt uncomfortable when she turned those strange and holy eyes on him. He'd spent a restless night, tossing and turning and trying to rehearse what to say during this meeting. But somehow, now that he was here in the Sacred Grove, he felt guilty—as though he was trying to get away with something that was wrong. However, there was nothing to do but answer the priestess and try to get one with things.

“Er, hello, your Holiness,” he said formally, bowing his head. “I have come to seek the Goddess’s blessing. I’m about to take a new assignment as a diplomat to an ally on a distant world and I would like her good will to go with me.”

“Mm-hmm, I see.” The priestess nodded but didn’t move and her eyes still looked hard.

“Can I get her blessing?” Courick asked, feeling impatient and also uncomfortable under her scrutiny.

“Not until you’re honest with both me and yourself—what are you running from, Warrior?” The priestess raised her eyebrows.

“Running from? What are you talking about?” he demanded. “I didn’t come to the Sacred Grove to be

interrogated!”

“No, but you didn’t really come for the will of the Goddess, either, did you?” The priestess appeared unruffled by his angry words. “You came for justification of your actions—but I can’t condone your flight until I know more about it. Kneel—I will Look Into you.”

“What? No—that’s not necessary.” Courick took a step back, the green and purple grass whispering against his bare feet. He had removed his boots to enter the Sacred Grove, filled with rustling trees, but now he wished he hadn’t. He just wanted to get out of here!

But the priestess only shrugged her shoulders, which made her long white robe ripple.

“Very well. But if you will not submit, I cannot give you the blessing of the Goddess.”

Courick had been about to turn and leave but now he paused. He couldn’t go without the Goddess’s blessing—he couldn’t lie about such a sacred thing and he knew that Sylvan would ask him before allowing him to take the new position.

“Well...all right,” he said at last, coming back to the priestess. “But please, make it quick. Allowing another into one’s mind is not a comfortable experience.”

“Believe me, Warrior, it isn’t comfortable for me either,” the priestess assured him. “Whatever pain I find in you, I will have to experience myself. But sometimes it is necessary to know the will of the Goddess. Now kneel that I may reach you.”

Unwillingly, Courick got to his knees. He closed his eyes as he felt the priestess’s cool fingertips press against his temples. And then there was the sensation he had dreaded—the feeling of an outside presence rummaging through his mind, looking at his memories.

To give the priestess credit, her mental touch was light. But he could still feel her looking at events in his past that he had locked away and tried his best to forget.



“I see...I see...” she murmured as she searched. “A young and lovely mate...the hopes you had for a bright future...a pleasure trip to a distant planet that you thought was safe...”

“I left her there—locked in the ship. I thought it was secure. I don’t know...don’t know how they got in.” Courick heard the pain in his own voice but he couldn’t seem to help it.

“You came back to find the ship’s door hanging open...you heard her dying screams...you ran to her but—”

“But it was too late,” Courick finished in a low voice. “They had defiled her and stabbed her over and over—she’d lost too much blood. By the time I killed them, she was gone. Oh, Yasha...”

“Too late...you reached her too late...*ahhh*, the pain! The anguish and the guilt—the burden you have carried all these years...”

The priestess withdrew her fingers abruptly. When Courick looked up, he saw tears in her green-within-green eyes.

“Forgive me,” he said roughly. “I didn’t mean to make my pain yours.”

“No...it is part of what we deal with as liaisons for the Goddess.” The priestess took a deep breath and dabbed her eyes with the long sleeve of her white robe. “I grieve for you, Warrior—truly, it was a terrible way to lose your mate.”

“It was long ago,” Courick said, looking away. “But every day I live with the fact that I failed her.”

“You should not be so hard on yourself,” the priestess said gently. “You left her in an area you thought was safe and you secured your ship before you left—the death of your mate *wasn’t* your fault.”

“And yet I still bear the guilt,” he growled. “But now that you have unearthed my pain, may I have the blessing of the Goddess?”

“No—for I cannot give you a blessing to run from your problems.” The priestess shook her head. “But I *can* give you what you really need—absolution from your vow.”

“What?” Courick frowned. “What are you talking about? What do you know about the vow I took?”

“I saw more than just your pain—I saw the aftermath as well,” the priestess told him. “You took a vow never to take another mate, but now the Goddess has offered you a second chance. She expects you to take it and so I absolve you of the vow. It no longer binds you.”

“But...but the female I was with lied to me and deceived me!” Courick exclaimed. “She manipulated me—made me act in ways I never would have if she hadn’t lied!”

The priestess gave him a level look.

“Warrior—be honest with yourself. You enjoyed the things you did with this female—she let you care for her in ways no one else ever had. You are—at your core—a giver. She let you be open to that part of yourself and you loved it—every minute of it.”

“But she *lied* to me!” Courick repeated.

“Did she?” The priestess arched an eyebrow at him. “Or did you simply not give her the chance to explain?”

“I don’t see how she can explain away what I saw with my own two eyes,” Courick growled, frowning.

“Your pride is hurt but even more than that, you fear to risk your heart again,” the priestess told him. “You must release that fear, Warrior. The Goddess wouldn’t give you a second chance at love only to snatch it away again.”

“She snatched away my first mate, as you saw,” Courick said bitterly. “How can I trust her a second time?”

“Pain comes to us all—some pain is so devastating we feel like it might break us,” the priestess said quietly. “But the Goddess will never give you more than you can bear. She loves her children, though sometimes it is hard to see that.”

“*Extremely* hard to see,” Courick admitted. He sighed deeply and ran a hand through his hair. “Very well—what must I do?”

“You must go back to Earth—to this new mate, this second chance the Goddess had given you,” the priestess said sternly. “Even now you are in grave danger of losing her, Warrior.”

“What?” Courick’s heart began to pound. “What do you mean? Is she in danger? Is someone threatening her?”

His mind flew back to the scene he’d witnessed at the club—the human male holding Addison down and beating her until she was bloody. Surely she wouldn’t go back to that place, not after such a bad experience—would she?

But even if she didn’t go back to the Torture Palace, what if that lowlife scum of a human male had somehow followed her? What if he was stalking her right now, about to attack?

Awful images of his last mate, Yasha, filled his head. Her piercing screams for help and the way he had found her—bloody and beaten with one of the Sythian raiders on top of her...

He couldn’t bear to lose Addison the same way. It didn’t matter that she’d lied to him—he cared for her!

*If you care so much, why did you leave her all alone?* whispered a scathing voice in his head. *Just like you left Yasha alone! What in the Seven Hells is wrong with you?*

“I have to go,” he said hoarsely. “I have to get back to her, right now!”

“I understand,” the priestess nodded serenely. “Go. You will find your female where the two of you were closest and the most happy.”

*My domicile—she must be at my domicile,* Courick thought. The question was, who was with her and what had they done to her?

Turning, he left the Sacred Grove at a run, barely stopping to grab his boots. He just hoped he got to Addison before it was too late!



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## ADDISON

Addison was nearly ready to go when she heard a rattling at the front door of Courick's bungalow. Frowning, she cast a last glance at herself in the mirror. The floor-length, emerald green gown she wore looked perfect—it had a long slit up one thigh that showed her legs nicely and the satiny fabric hugged her curves lovingly. Her hair was a long, sleek auburn-red curtain down her back and the swelling under her eyes had finally gone down.

All in all, she thought she looked perfectly presentable for the wedding. There was nothing *little* about her outfit, but that was okay. Maybe it was time to pack away that part of her personality for a while—it only made her vulnerable to getting hurt...

A moment later, Courick burst into the room.

“Addison?” He was panting, his golden eyes wide and wild. “Are you all right? Did someone hurt you?” he demanded. “Did that human male who beat you come after you again?”

“What? No! What are you talking about?”

Addison stared up at him, her heart pounding. It seemed that he was back and actually worried about her. But she pushed the excitement and hope she was tempted to feel away. He had abandoned her once and he would do it again. She wasn't going to let herself get all worked up just because the big Kindred had returned.

“I was told by one who seemed to know that you were in danger!” He looked wildly around. “Are you sure there’s no one else here?”

“Oh, so now you’re accusing me of *cheating* on you as well as lying to you?” Addison put a hand on her hip. “I don’t think so. I spent the entire night here *alone*, crying into my pillow because—like an idiot—I let myself *care* about you. Well, don’t worry—I won’t make that mistake again.”

She brushed past him, headed for the door, but he grabbed her arm to stop her.

“If you’re not being menaced by an attacker then what did the priestess mean when she said I was in danger of losing you?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but you’ve *already* lost me,” Addison snapped. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m on my way to my half-sister’s wedding.”

“The wedding?” He looked her up and down and seemed to register her appearance for the first time. “Is that where you’re going? I was afraid you wanted to visit that dangerous club again.”

“Listen, where I go is no longer your concern,” Addison said coldly. “You’re not my Dom and you’re not my Daddy—you made that *very* clear. You’re not my boss either—I’m going to give my two weeks notice Monday morning bright and early. And don’t worry—I’ll be moving my stuff out of your place as soon as I get back from the wedding reception. After this weekend, you’ll never have to see me again.”

Courick stared down at her, a look of understanding and upset filling his face.

“Addison,” he began. “It’s possible that I might have been... somewhat *hasty* in my judgment yesterday.”

“Oh, do you *think* so? You think it might have been ‘hasty’ to accuse me of lying to you and manipulating you and then deciding to move to a whole other *galaxy* to get away from me?” she demanded, balling her hands into fists at her sides. “I

don't know if 'hasty' is the word I'd use. Maybe *asshole* might fit better."

Courick's face went dark but he kept his temper.

"All right, it's possible I deserve that," he growled. "But how can you blame me? You told me you have no father, which was why you needed to be *little* and then the father you supposedly didn't have suddenly showed up at my office to offer you a wedding invitation."

"A wedding I'm going to be late to if I stay and explain myself to you. Though believe me, I *do* have a perfectly good explanation!" Addison snapped. To be honest, she was so angry she didn't feel like the big Kindred asshole deserved an explanation. She looked down to where he was still holding her arm. "Now let...me...go."

But it was clear Courick wasn't willing to give up so quickly.

"I don't think so," he growled, frowning sternly. "I understand you don't want to be late to your sister's wedding, but I deserve an explanation. Therefore, I'm going with you."

"What? To my half sister's wedding?" Addison demanded. "You can't just invite yourself to a family event!"

"I remember your father saying you could bring a plus-one," he snapped. "That is the role that I'll be playing. Now come on—I'll drive."





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## COURICK

Courick could tell that Addison was angry—her posture made it clear. She was sitting beside him in the passenger seat with her arms crossed over her breasts and her face turned away. But despite the fact that she was clearly *furios* with him, he still felt he was owed an explanation.

“All right,” he said, as he followed the directions on his nav-com, which was set to the venue where Addison’s sister was getting married. “Explain. You said you had a good explanation for why your supposedly non-existent father showed up at my office yesterday, so let me hear it.”

“Fine.” She kept her head turned away as she spoke, not looking at him. “I told you I didn’t have a father growing up and that was *true*. When I was only four or five, my father left me and my mother for his mistress—the woman he’d been cheating with for most of their marriage. At least, that was what my mom found out later. He started a whole new family and a whole new life and it was like...like he just forgot all about us...forgot all about *me*.”

Courick could hear the choked sob in her voice, but she was still staring fixedly out the window, so he couldn’t see her face. But as her words sank in, he felt like the worst kind of fool. It wasn’t that Addison had never had a father—it was that the one she’d had, had abandoned her at an early age. No *wonder* she had the needs that she did!

“Addison,” he began. “I’m so sor—”

“Don’t say you’re sorry—that kind of thing happens all the time. At least with humans. I know you Kindred Bond for life, like some kind of freaking migratory birds, but we’re not like that,” she said tersely. “Anyway, my dad moved out and moved on. I never heard a word from him—or from his other family—until about a year ago.”

“Did he finally regret his decision to leave and get in touch with you?” Courick asked in a low voice.

She shook her head.

“No—my half sister, Lacy, did one of those *Twenty-three and Me* tests—the DNA things that are so popular now. She made my father admit everything and then *she* got in contact with me. Apparently she thought she was an only child and she was *thrilled* to find out she had a sister.”

“And how did you feel?” Courick asked.

“I didn’t want to meet her at first,” Addison said candidly. “But she was persistent and I finally agreed to have coffee with her. And you know what? She’s a sweet girl—she’s only a year younger than me and we really hit it off.”

She was crying now—Courick could hear the tears in her voice, though she continued to talk.

“We’ve become good friends, so of course she invited me to her wedding,” she went on. “She wanted me to be one of her bridesmaids, but I just...I *couldn’t*. It’s going to be hard enough to watch my father—*her* father, I mean—walk her down the aisle while I’m sitting in the audience. I couldn’t stand up there in front of everyone and watch it—I might start crying and I don’t want to ruin her wedding. I genuinely *like* her. Even though...even though she got everything I never had...everything I wanted so badly when I was little,” she ended in a choked whisper.

Again Courick felt like a fool. He had been so quick to accuse her of lying and manipulating and then he hadn’t given her even a chance to explain.

“Addison,” he said. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“Because I didn’t feel ready to tell you yet!” She turned to face him and he saw tear tracks down both her flushed cheeks. “I would have eventually, if you’d given me the time! I opened up to you, Courick—I let myself be *vulnerable* with you. I let myself be *little*. Well, that’s a mistake I’m not making again.”

Courick wanted to say something—to plead for another chance. But just then they reached their destination. As soon as he pulled into a parking place, Addison swiped at her eyes and jumped out of the vehicle. It seemed she couldn’t get away from him fast enough.

Too late, Courick finally understood what the priestess had meant when she’d told him he was in danger of losing her—she hadn’t meant that the curvy little female was in physical danger—she’d been referring to Addison’s state of mind and her unwillingness to forgive what must seem like a terrible betrayal.

*First her father deserted her and then I did the same, he thought, feeling sick inside. She showed me her truest, most vulnerable self and I stomped all over her and told her I wanted nothing to do with her. No wonder she hates me now!*

And only now, after speaking to the priestess and hearing Addison, did he realize how much he would be losing if she left him.

*What do you mean ‘if’—she’s already gone,* muttered a little voice in his head.

But no—that couldn’t be right, could it? Somehow he had to get her back, Courick told himself. The Goddess had given him another chance at love—he couldn’t lose it—couldn’t lose Addison.

Or if he had lost her, maybe he could find a way to win her back. If he could just stay close to her, his Bonding Scent would do at least some of the work for him. It should draw her to him, even if she didn’t really want to be drawn. And hopefully, he could bridge the rest of the distance between them by showing her how much he cared for her and how sorry he was for acting the way he had.

Praying that it might be so, he slid out of his ship and hurried to catch up with her.



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## ADDISON

The ceremony was beautiful but Addison's heart ached as she watched her father walk Lacy down the aisle. As a little girl she had dreamed of her wedding day, but the spot where her father should have been was empty—always empty.

And even now that she was back in touch with her dad, it remained empty. You couldn't make up for a lifetime of neglect with a few awkward meetings at the local Starbucks. Meetings Addison was sure Lacy had forced their father to attend, the same way she'd ordered him to drop off the wedding invitation in person.

Still, she was able to keep a stiff upper lip and only let a few tears escape as she watched. It was easier after her father sat back down and she couldn't see him anymore. Lacy made a beautiful bride and her groom was handsome. Their eyes were shining as they took their vows to love each other for the rest of their lives.

*That's what I was hoping to find with Courick*, she thought, casting a sideways glance at the big Kindred sitting in the pew beside her. Despite the way she'd tried to brush him off, he had insisted on accompanying her to the wedding. So there he sat, looking infuriatingly handsome in his Kindred uniform of black trousers and boots and the long-sleeved crimson uniform shirt which looked spectacular with his black hair and golden eyes. Damn it, he was such a jerk—he had no right to look that good, she thought resentfully.

She had no idea why the big Kindred wouldn't just *leave*. As far as she was concerned, things were over between them.

If he couldn't understand that, it was just too bad. Addison had used up all her emotions for him the night before when she'd wept for hours into his pillow—there was nothing that would make her care for him again.

Or so she told herself. But damn it, why did he have to smell so good, too? His rich, cedar and spice scent seemed to draw her even though she shouldn't have been close enough to smell it. Trying to be unobtrusive, she scooted a few inches further from him on the pew. Courick shot her a look but said nothing. Addison couldn't wait until the ceremony was over so she could get away from him!

At last the "I dos" were over and the happy couple walked down the aisle arm-in-arm. Addison cheered along with everyone else but then she hurried out of her pew into the adjoining reception hall.

She fully intended to stay at the reception just long enough for Lacy to see her so her half-sister's feelings weren't hurt, but to her horror, an usher standing at the door led her up to a round table at the very front. It was right in the line of sight of the long head table so everyone would see if she left. Even worse, Courick followed right behind her and sat beside her as though he had every right to do so!

Addison hopped up again and he rose as well.

"Where are you going?" he rumbled, frowning.

"To the reception line to wish the bride and groom good luck," she hissed back. "And then I'm *leaving*. And no, I don't need a ride—I can call an Uber!"

Then she marched over to the far end of the hall and joined the long line of wedding guests waiting to hug and kiss Lacy and her new husband.

Once again, infuriatingly, Courick was right behind her. Addison wanted to shout at him to leave, but she couldn't make a scene. So she swallowed her annoyance and smiled sweetly at Lacy when she finally got to the head of the line.

"Oh, Addison! I'm so glad you came!" Lacy had hair just a shade lighter than Addison's own and big brown eyes. She

hugged Addison tightly, careless if she crushed her poofy white wedding gown.

Addison felt herself melting as she always did around her younger half-sister. Lacy was such a sweet, genuine person. Despite their circumstances she didn't wish her anything but the best.

"Of course, I came!" she said, hugging Lacy back. "The ceremony was beautiful! You make a gorgeous bride."

Lacy laughed modestly.

"You're going to give me a big head! But speaking of becoming a gorgeous bride, who is this big handsome guy I see with you?"

She nodded up at Courick, who was standing right behind Addison.

"Hello, I am Addison's—"

"Boss," Addison finished for him quickly. "*Ex*-boss, actually since I'm giving in my notice on Monday."

"Oh my God—this is *Courick*?" Lacy squealed and Addison suddenly remembered gushing to her half-sister about her stern Kindred boss and how sexy he was—which she now *deeply* regretted.

"Yes, I am Courick." He nodded as he took Lacy's hand in his much larger one. "I am more than Addison's boss—I am also her paramour."

"Her what?" Lacy asked, looking confused.

Courick frowned.

"I'm trying to think of the right term...her lover?"

"You are *not*—" Addison began indignantly, but she was drowned out by Lacy's excited gasp.

"Oh my God, I'm so happy the two of you finally got together! I know Addison has been crushing on you *forever!*"

"Lacy, *please!*" Addison couldn't stop the mortified blush that rose to her cheeks.



“Well, you know it’s true! He’s *all* you ever talk about when we get together.” Lacy gave her a wink. “Listen, I have to talk to the rest of the guests, but I want you to hang around. Maybe we can grab a minute to talk and you can give me the dirty details.”

Addison felt her cheeks go even hotter.

“Really, I’m not sure I can stay for the whole reception—” she began.

“Oh, you *have* to stay!” Lacy exclaimed. “Promise you’ll at least stay until I throw the bouquet. I swear I’ll try to toss it in your direction.” She winked at Addison knowingly. “That way, you can be next.”

“Next for what?” Courick rumbled, looking confused.

“Oh, next to get married of course!” Lacy told him, before Addison could answer. “It’s a tradition—or maybe more of a superstition—that whichever unmarried girl catches the bride’s bouquet is the next one to get married. So wouldn’t it be something if Addison caught mine?”

“Yes.” Courick nodded thoughtfully. “It would indeed be something.”

“Great! Well then, I’ll see you at the toss.” Lacy leaned forward and gave Addison another hug and a kiss on the cheek. “I can’t wait to see you catch it!”

Then they were moving on down so the next guests could wish Lacy and her new husband well and Addison realized she was stuck at the reception with her annoying Kindred shadow...at least until after the bouquet toss.



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## COURICK

Courick wisely didn't say much as they settled in their seats at one of the many round tables set up around the large room. He could tell that Addison was still angry with him—and rightfully so. He intended to win her back, if he could, but he would have to pick the right time and place.

It was gratifying to hear, however, that Addison had talked about him to her half-sister. He was also interested in the custom of the bride tossing her bouquet of flowers to the unmated females in the crowd. It didn't seem like Addison was very eager to catch this particular bouquet, but maybe she would change her mind.

The human wedding reception was as interesting to him as the human Joining ceremony or “wedding” as they called it had been. As a trained diplomat, Courick was fascinated by the norms and customs of other people—he found Addison's species interesting in the extreme.

Everyone got settled and then a custom called “the toasts” began, where various humans related to the bride and groom rose and spoke about them and wished them well as a couple. The best man and the maid of honor went first. Then the bride's father—who was also Addison's father—rose and spoke.

“I'm so proud of my little girl and I can't believe she's all grown up,” he began. He went on in the same frame, talking about teaching Lacy to ride a bike and then to drive a car... watching her attend her first Prom and then sending her off to college. Honestly, it seemed to Courick that the male was

speaking about every milestone in his second daughter's life that he *should* have been there for in Addison's life as well.

Through it all, he could see that Addison's lush mouth was set in a thin line and her eyes were bright. Clearly this was hard for her to hear but she kept her head high and endured what had to be a special kind of torment for her because she loved her half-sister and didn't want to ruin her important celebration.

Things got a little easier after the bride's father finally finished speaking and sat down. There was another custom to get through which had to do with cutting an immense, many-tiered pastry called the "wedding cake." The bride and groom cut slices of it and fed them to each other, laughing as they did so when the frosting got on their mouths and noses.

After that, everyone ate cake and small foods called "canapés" which were mostly delicious, though Courick did have one he disliked that had many tiny black balls on it.

"What is this?" he asked, after taking a bite.

Addison looked up at him grudgingly and nearly laughed—at least the corners of her mouth twitched a little.

"The *face* you're making! That's caviar—fish eggs," she explained.

"*Fish* eggs?" Courick swallowed the bite with difficulty. "Disgusting! I'll never understand the human fascination with eating the ovums of other creatures! It's truly a barbaric practice."

"Take a drink of champagne and eat something else to get rid of the taste." She motioned to the dish of many little canapés that was in front of them.

"I will."

Courick took a long drink of the fizzy wine that filled the delicate flute in front of him and reached for one of the other canapés—a kind that he had enjoyed.

"Much better," he remarked as he popped one into his mouth. "Now these—what do you call them?"

“Mini-quiches.” For some reason Addison was smiling again—or almost smiling.

“Yes, these mini-keeches are delicious,” Courick said, eating another. Then he frowned at her. “Why are you laughing? Did I say something amusing?”

Addison was grinning openly now.

“No—it’s just that *they’re* made from eggs too. Chicken eggs, though—not fish eggs.”

“What?” Courick looked at the tiny savory pastry in outrage. “Do humans put animal ovums in *everything?*”

“Well, I mean, eggs *are* an ingredient in lots of foods—” she began.

“And now it’s time for the first dance—the father-daughter dance!” The booming voice of the Master of Ceremonies at the front of the room declared. There was a space in the center of all the round tables which must be for dancing, Courick thought.

Lacy and her father stepped out into this space and from the corner of his eye he saw Addison’s face fall. He cursed the timing. Seven Hells—she’d just begun to respond to him again! And now this...

The DJ began playing a syrupy sweet song about little girls growing up and Lacy and her father danced, smiling at each other with tears in their eyes.

“Excuse me.” Addison rose from her seat and hurried out of the reception hall.

No one seemed to notice but Courick, who rose as well and left the hall quietly but quickly, following the curvy little female.

He caught her just outside in the hallway with her face buried in her hands.

“Addison?” He asked, leaning down to get closer. She was so short, even in the ridiculously high shoes that human women insisted on strapping to their feet.

She looked up for a moment and he saw that her eyes were streaming.

“Please,” she whispered in a choked voice. “Can’t...can’t you just...just leave me alone?”

“No, I won’t,” Courick said. “Not when you’re in pain. Oh, little one...” And he gathered her into his arms.

At first she was stiff against him. But then she melted all at once and clung to him, her arms around his waist. Courick didn’t like hunching over. He sat on the floor, his back against the wall, and gathered her into his lap.

Addison didn’t make any protest, she just buried her face in his shoulder and wept, her whole body shaking with the force of her sobs.

“I’m so sorry, little one. So sorry.” Courick stroked her trembling back gently, his heart fisting in his chest at her pain. Doubtless the father-daughter dance was a custom she had once dreamed of experiencing at her own wedding. As much as she loved her half-sister, it must be difficult to see her getting so much special treatment from their father, who had neglected Addison her entire life.

At last Addison looked up. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were red but she had mostly stopped crying.

“I’m sorry,” she said stiffly, trying to get off his lap. “I shouldn’t have broken down like that.”

“Sometimes the pain is so great you have to let it out,” Courick said simply. “Stay here a while longer.” He kept his arms around her, not letting her get up.

“I shouldn’t,” she protested. “We’re not together anymore. If we ever really *were* together in the first place.”

“We *can* be together,” Courick told her. “If you’ll only come back to me, Addison, I swear I’ll never leave you again.” He paused, weighing if he ought to continue or not. “I have...a pain I haven’t shared with you as well,” he said. “The reason I took my vow in the first place.”

“You do?” She looked up at him uncertainly. “I wondered but I didn’t want to pry. Can you tell me?”

“If you wish to hear it.”

“Please.” She nodded.

Courick took a deep breath and closed his eyes. He told her, as briefly as he could, about Yasha and the trip they had taken together. The way he had made certain to lock the ship but the raiders had broken in anyway...how he had found her later, ravaged and fatally wounded...

“I can still hear the sound of her screams,” he finished hoarsely, his throat thick with emotion. “I’ve hated and blamed myself ever since. I didn’t think I deserved another mate when I couldn’t protect the first one...and so I took my vow never to call another bride.”

“Oh, Courick—that’s awful!” Addison’s eyes were filled with tears all over again but this time, he realized, they were for him. “I’m so, *so* sorry—but it wasn’t your fault,” she told him.

He shook his head.

“That’s not how I see it. I never should have left Yasha alone in the first place. But we were out of fuel and I thought...I thought she was safe.”

“No wonder you got so mad at me for trying to get you to break your vow. I’m so sorry!” Addison threw her arms around his neck and hugged him. “I shouldn’t have done what I did. I should have respected your boundaries.”

“And I should have given you time to explain after your father came into my office,” Courick told her, hugging her back. Gods, she felt so good in his arms! “But I’ve been released of my vow now, by a priestess in the Sacred Grove. We really *can* be together...if you’ll give me another chance.”

Addison pulled back and for a moment he thought he saw hope shining in her eyes, but then she shook her head and looked away.

“I’m sorry, but I need time to think about it. Right now, I don’t feel like I can let myself be completely vulnerable with you again. Not after the way you left. It was like being abandoned by my father all over again, in a way.”

Courick felt a growl of pure frustration rise in his throat and swallowed it down with difficulty. He would have to be patient, he told himself. He had wounded Addison—she needed time to heal.

“All right, I understand your reasoning,” he said calmly. “But I’m not giving up—I’m going to stay with you. So what do you want to do now? Go home or stay at the wedding?”

Addison sighed and swiped at her eyes.

“I’ll stay—at least until Lacy throws her bouquet. I promised her and I don’t like to break a promise. I have to fix my make-up first, though. I must look like a mess.”

“You look beautiful,” Courick said with perfect honesty.

“Yeah, *right*.” She tried to get off his lap again and this time he helped her up and rose himself. “Thank you,” she said a bit stiffly, when they were both standing.

“You’re very welcome,” Courick told her. “Come on—let’s go back to the reception.”

Addison hung back.

“I know I need to but...it’s *hard*.”

“I know it is.” Courick held out a hand. “But I promise to be by your side for every minute of it. I’ll help you bear the pain, little one. Come on.”

For a moment he wasn’t sure if she would take his hand. But then, biting her lip, she slipped her small, cool fingers into his. Courick’s heart thumped almost painfully as he entwined their fingers and smiled down at her. Every little bit brought her a little closer to coming back to him...at least he hoped.

Together, they walked back into the reception.





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## ADDISON

Thankfully the father-daughter dance was over by the time they got back inside the reception hall and everyone else was on the dance floor. Having a good cry had helped Addison get over some of the turmoil inside her and she found she was able to go out and dance with Courick.

The big Kindred had never been to a human wedding before, so he didn't know any of the moves. Addison taught him the electric slide and the funky chicken among other classics that the DJ called out. He was surprisingly graceful, for such a big guy and Addison found herself laughing as she showed him the motions for some of the sillier dances. To her surprise, she found she was able to relax and even have fun, though she never would have believed it would be possible earlier when she'd been crying her heart out in Courick's lap.

She couldn't help feeling closer to the big Kindred. He had opened up to her about the pain in his past—it couldn't have been easy for him. And though she told herself firmly she was *not* getting back together with him, she couldn't deny the comfort he'd given her when he held her as she cried.

Being so close to him and breathing in his warm, spicy, masculine scent seemed to do things to her. Was it crazy that she was actually kind of turned on and wanting him, despite all the emotional turmoil she'd been going through?

Addison told herself it *was* crazy and that she ought to ignore it. After the wedding was over, she was going to go back to his place and pack up her things and move out. She needed to put some space between them and consider if she

could trust him again before jumping right back into the relationship.

But in the meantime, it was kind of fun teaching him to dance. And then the DJ started playing a slow, romantic song. Courick took her in his arms and pulled her close. Despite her high heels, the top of Addison's head still didn't reach his shoulder, so her face was pressed against his broad chest. It still felt nice, though and he smelled so good she just wanted to breathe him in forever.

It wasn't until she realized that her nipples were getting hard and her pussy was getting wet that she pulled away. She couldn't let herself get horny—it would definitely cloud her judgment!

“Addison? Are you all right?” Courick looked down at her uncertainly.

“I...I'm fine. Just a little overheated.” She fanned herself with one hand. “I think I need a drink of water.”

She hurried back to her table and Courick went with her, turning down one of Lacy's very pretty bridesmaids who asked him to dance. It was clear all his attention was on Addison, which was flattering, if also somewhat disconcerting.

After sipping some ice water, Addison felt more in control of herself. She was glad when the dancing finally ended and the throwing of the bouquet was announced.

“All you unmarried ladies get up here!” the DJ bellowed. “I want to see you all fighting over that bouquet!”

Addison didn't really want to catch the bouquet, but she left the table and went to the dance floor anyway...only to realize that Courick was again, right behind her.

“Hey, you can't come up here!” she hissed at him. “This is a girls *only* event!”

But the big Kindred wouldn't go back to the table.

“I'll stand away from you,” he promised. “But I want to witness this custom—it's fascinating.”

Addison sighed and gave up.

“All right, whatever,” she muttered and hurried to find her place in the pack of bridesmaids and other unmarried women. Lacy either had a lot of friends or a lot of cousins, because there were at least twenty of them, all eager to catch the bride’s bouquet. Addison made sure to stand at the edge of the crowd—she had no wish to be crushed.

“Are you girls ready?” Lacy looked over her shoulder. Her bouquet was made up of white roses and yellow daisies and she looked excited to throw it.

A cheer went up from the group of women. Lacy’s eyes caught Addison’s and she gave her a wink. Then she turned and tossed the yellow and white bouquet over her shoulder.

The flowery missile flew end over end in a high arc. Addison saw at once that it was going to go over everyone’s heads and probably land somewhere in the crowd of tables—Lacy had gotten a little too enthusiastic with her throw.

But suddenly, a long arm shot up and caught the bouquet. There was a gasp from the audience as Courick came forward, holding it out.

“Forgive me,” he rumbled. “But the toss was too high for any of the females to reach.”

“Oh my!” Lacy laughed when she turned around and saw what had happened. “Well, since a gentleman caught the bouquet instead of one of the ladies, I guess *he* should decide who gets it.”

Courick nodded gravely.

“Very well.”

“Oh, me—me! Give it to me!” A dozen voices called and many hands reached for it. But Courick ignored them all.

Addison bit her lip as the big Kindred walked over to her and dropped to one knee before handing her the bouquet.

His romantic gesture caused a sigh from both the assembled unmarried women and the audience alike.

“Addison,” he rumbled, looking into her eyes. “Will you do me the honor of taking this bouquet and being the next

female to Join with her mate?”

Addison’s heart was pounding as she accepted the flowers.

“I...I don’t have a mate, though,” she pointed out, wishing her voice sounded more steady.

“You could...if you wished to.” Courick took her free hand—the one not clutching the bouquet—and pressed a hot kiss into her palm. “Think about it,” he murmured and then rose to tower over her again.

Addison couldn’t *help* thinking about it—not just for the rest of the wedding but all the way home. Had the big Kindred been offering to marry her—to Bond with her? Surely not.

And even if he *had* been asking her to marry him, in a round-about way, it didn’t matter because she was leaving, Addison reminded herself. She needed time to think about if she was going to let herself fall for him again—especially after the way he’d treated her when her father had showed up.

But no matter what she told herself, her body was talking a different language. Her nipples were tight little points of desire and her pussy was so wet and swollen she had to keep crossing and uncrossing her legs to try and ease the ache she was feeling. Damn it, why did the big Kindred have to smell so *good*? It felt like she’d been wanting him ever since he’d held her in his arms during that slow dance. Or maybe even before that.

Whenever it had started, her body was in overdrive now and being cooped up in his car with his warm, cedar and spice aroma surrounding her wasn’t helping any.

Addison tried not to think about it, but by the time they got back to Courick’s bungalow, she knew she had to do *something* to ease her desire or she was going to go crazy!

Luckily, she had just the tool to help her...



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## COURICK

Adison couldn't get out of the vehicle fast enough. The moment Courick parked in the driveway, she was rushing to the front door, eager to get inside.

Courick frowned as he watched her go. What was happening with her? He'd been able to smell her feminine arousal on the drive back home. She might not trust him, but he knew she desired him. The question was, could he turn that desire into a deeper feeling and get her to stay with him...to Bond with him?

He was determined to find a way.





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## ADDISON

Addison dug her toy chest out from under the pretty pink princess bed and got out the Kindred-sized cock. She knew she ought to use something else—something that didn't remind her of Courick so much. But she couldn't help herself—she wanted him so *badly* and this was the only toy she had that came anywhere near his size and girth.

Climbing on the bed, she pulled up her dress, pushed her panties to one side, and started rubbing the huge toy against her swollen pussy. Normally she would have gotten some lube out too, but she didn't need it this time. She felt so hot she was sure she could finally fit the massive toy inside her—which was exactly what she wanted. She needed to feel opened—to feel completely stretched out on the enormous cock.

After rubbing the veiny length of the Kindred dildo against her aching clit, she angled it down so that the broad, flaring crown kissed the open mouth of her pussy. Then she pushed, trying to get it inside her.

To her dismay and irritation, the extra-large toy wouldn't go in. It wasn't that she was super tight—it was the fact that the Kindred dildo was so *big*.

*But I want it big—I want it **inside** me!*

Moaning in frustration, Addison tried again, pushing with all her might, but still the flaring crown of the realistic dildo refused to slip inside her.

“You're going to hurt yourself if you keep on like that, little one.”

The deep voice from the doorway made Addison gasp and jerk her head up. Courick was standing in the doorway, his golden eyes half-lidded as he watched her trying to work the enormous dildo into her pussy.

“Hey, you...you shouldn’t be in here!” Addison panted, clapping her legs closed. She could feel her cheeks getting hot with embarrassment. “Haven’t you ever heard of knocking?”

“Why are you trying to fit such a large instrument inside your soft little pussy in the first place?” he asked, ignoring her question. He shut the door and came to sit beside her on the side of the bed.

“I...I bought it after I saw you in the shower—at the office one morning,” Addison admitted. Though she knew she ought to demand that he leave, she couldn’t bring herself to do it. “It...the package said it was Kindred sized.”

“Let me see.” Courick held out one big hand and somehow Addison found that she was handing him the dildo. “Hmm...” he examined it from every angle. “Well, it’s *almost* as large as my own shaft, though it has no Mating Fist at the base,” he remarked.

“If this thing is smaller than real Kindred equipment, I don’t see how any of you, uh, mate with human women in the first place,” Addison remarked, frowning in irritation. “I mean, I don’t see how you could *fit*.”

“Ah—well in the case of Beast Kindred, like myself, we have special chemical compounds in our saliva and precum that help a female open for us,” he rumbled, giving her a half-lidded look. “Would you like me to show you?”

“Show me?” Addison repeated, her heart racing. “How... how would you do that?”

“It’s easy, little one—all you have to do is lay back and let me lick you.” His golden eyes flashed with hunger. “Now would you like me to help you open, so you can fit this thing inside you? I’m assuming you feel the need to be filled, or you wouldn’t be trying so hard.”

“Well...” Addison bit her lip, unsure what to say.

“It’s true, isn’t it?” Courick murmured. “Your soft little pussy feels empty and you need to be filled, don’t you?”

Addison couldn’t deny it.

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered, the words just slipping out. “But filled with the *toy*,” she added, trying to regain at least some control. “Not...not anything else.”

“All right—I can help you with that.” Courick nodded. “Just lay back and spread your legs for me, little one. Let me taste you.”

Still, Addison hesitated.

“I...I don’t know if that’s a good idea. Sir,” she added.

Courick gave her a stern look.

“It’s a perfectly good idea,” he rumbled. “If you’re going to try to shove this thing up inside your tight little pussy, you need some help—I *don’t* want you to hurt yourself. Now be a good girl and spread your legs for Daddy.”

Addison’s breath left her in a little moan. God, she couldn’t resist him when he talked to her like that! Unable to help herself, she found that she was spreading her thighs. Her black lace panties were pushed to one side, letting him see how wet and swollen her pussy was.

Courick’s golden eyes were lazy with lust.

“Gods, such a sweet little pussy,” he growled softly. “Been wanting to taste your pussy from the moment you came to work for me.”

“You...you have?” Addison asked uncertainly. “But you never said—”

“Of course I didn’t—how could I?” He moved between her legs and began rubbing her inner thighs up and down with his big, warm hands. “I had my vow to consider—and besides, it wouldn’t have been right or professional. But things are... different between us now.”

“I...I guess so. Oh!” Addison moaned, because he had leaned down and kissed her—a hot, open-mouthed kiss that

covered her whole pussy.

Courick pulled back for a moment, licking his lips.

“Fucking *delicious*,” he growled. “Lay back, little one. Let me take care of you—let me lick you open so I can fill you up.”

Addison couldn't help moaning again as she lay back against the pillows. Oh God, she couldn't believe she was doing this! She really shouldn't—shouldn't let him—shouldn't allow herself to be this vulnerable with the man who had already broken her heart once. But somehow she felt helpless to stop him.

“Good girl,” Courick murmured, and then he dived in again.

Spreading her outer pussy lips with his thumbs, he began to lick her. Starting at the mouth of her pussy, he dragged his hot tongue up over her inner folds and her aching clit. Then he did it again and again and again, building the pleasure higher and higher until Addison was trembling all over.

Finally, he leaned down and paid special attention to her entrance. Running his tongue around and around it, he slipped inside as though he wanted to tongue-fuck her as deeply as he could.

He spent so much time licking inside her, that Addison thought she was going to go crazy! If only he would move back up and pay some more attention to her clit, she knew she would come—she'd probably go off like a rocket if he would just lick her there, just a little bit...

Just as she was thinking of grabbing his head and trying to redirect him to the spot where she needed him the most, Courick looked up.

“There,” he growled softly. “Now I think you're ready to be filled, little one. Should we try it?” And he picked up the Kindred-sized cock and pressed the head of it to the mouth of her pussy.

“God, yes!” Addison moaned, arching her back.

Courick gave her a stern frown.

“Yes, *what?*” He asked pointedly.

“Yes, please put it inside me, Sir!” Addison begged, not even caring that she sounded desperate now. “Fill me up with your big, hard cock!”

“Good girl—that’s what I like to hear. Just spread your legs wide and let me fill you,” he rumbled. Then, holding her gaze with his own, he began pushing the massive dildo inside her.

“Oh...*ohhhh!*” Addison moaned. Throwing back her head, she bucked her hips, trying to get more of the massive Kindred dildo inside her pussy. And to her surprised pleasure, it was sliding in with no problem. Courick hadn’t been kidding when he said his body made chemicals that would help her to open up.

Before she hadn’t even been able to get the head of the dildo inside her—now it was filling her up, slowly but surely opening her, as she gasped and writhed. The thick girth was stretching her inner walls, but it didn’t hurt—it just felt *good* to be so open and so filled.

“There you go,” Courick growled softly, when she at last felt the head of the dildo hit the end of her channel. “All filled up like a good girl. Should I fuck you some now—just to make sure you’re open enough?”

Before Addison could answer, he pulled the huge Kindred cock nearly all the way out of her and then thrust it in again, deeply into her pussy.

“Oh!” Addison gasped as she felt her inner walls contract around the thick invader. “Oh, Sir! Please...*please!*”

“Does it feel good, little one?” he growled, thrusting a little faster. “Do you want me to make you come this way?”

“Yes, please!” Addison begged shamelessly. “Please, make me come, Sir! I need to come!”

“Gods, love how vocal you are.” His golden eyes flashed as he leaned over her. “Kiss me while I fuck you, little one.”

Addison obeyed eagerly. Winding her arms around his neck, she kissed him eagerly as he pumped the huge toy deep in her pussy. She could taste her own secret flavor on his lips and it made her even hotter than before. In just a moment, she was sure she was going to come...

But suddenly Courick pulled the thick dildo out and laid it aside. At the same time, he pulled back from their passionate kiss.

“What...where...?” Addison gasped, opening her eyes to look up at him. She was panting with need and nearly ready to cry from frustration. “Why did you stop? I was so *close!*”

“Because I thought you might like to try the real thing.” He raised an eyebrow at her. “Are you curious to see how it feels to have a real Kindred shaft—*my* shaft—deep in your hot little pussy?”

Addison bit her lip. She shouldn't do this...shouldn't go so far, she told herself. But she was so hot she couldn't help herself! And she couldn't deny she wanted him inside her.

“All right,” she panted. “But we'll have to be careful not... not to go too far.”

“Of course not,” Courick murmured. “Here—let's go someplace more comfortable.”

He rose and swept her into his arms. Before Addison could protest, he had carried her out of the pretty pink princess room and into his own bedroom.

Placing her down on the bed, he got on beside her and went to sit against the headboard.

“Come here, little one,” he murmured, motioning for Addison. “Unfasten my trousers—I want to feel your soft little hands on my cock.”

Feeling like she had somehow entered one of her own fantasies, Addison crawled over to him and reached for the magno tabs that held his black uniform trousers closed. With a tug, she opened them all and bit her lip as his massive cock sprang free.

“Oh Sir, I don’t know—you’re even bigger than I remembered. Bigger than the dildo,” she whispered, even as she stroked him up and down.

“Remember I told you that I have the same chemical compounds in my precum and cum that will help you open?” he rumbled, raising an eyebrow at her. “Just straddle me and rub your soft little pussy against the head of my shaft—that should help you open for me, little one.”

“All right.” Addison did as he ordered. Hiking her dress up to her waist, she threw a leg across him and straddled his hips. Then, taking the thick, pulsing shaft in one hand, she began to rub the head of it against her inner folds.

Right away she could tell a difference. Courick was longer and thicker than the dildo, and he felt better too. Instead of cold plastic and rubber, she had hot, hard, living flesh stroking against her and it felt *amazing*. Addison moaned as she rubbed the broad, flaring crown over her aching clit and around the mouth of her pussy. She swore she could feel a tingle as his precum drenched her sensitive inner pussy—it must be the opening compounds taking effect.

At last, she felt ready to take him.

“Please, Sir...” She looked up at Courick who had been watching, his golden eyes lazy with lust, as she rubbed herself against him. “I...I think I’m ready now. Ready to take you.”

“Good girl,” Courick growled, stroking her hair. “Then just lower yourself down onto my shaft. Let me feel you stretching to take me—want to feel that hot little pussy wrapped around my cock.”

“Yes, Sir,” Addison moaned. Fitting the head of his massive shaft to her pussy mouth, she let herself come down on him.

Had she thought she was open before, when he fucked her with the huge dildo? Well, it was nothing to what she was feeling now! She cried in mingled pain and pleasure as the enormous girth spread her open. Yet somehow she was stretching to take it—to take *him* inside her.

“Good girl—that’s a good girl,” Courick murmured, stroking up and down her sides and back with his big, warm hands. “Such a good girl to take my cock so deep inside your hot little pussy, Addison.”

“I...I’m *trying* to be a good girl, Sir,” Addison panted. “You’re just so *big*.”

“Yes, but you can take me,” he growled softly. “Now hold still and let me fuck you.”

Then Addison felt his long fingers wrapping around her hips and waist and he pulled almost all the way out of her before pushing in again—*deep*.

She threw back her head and moaned.

“Oh, *Sir!* That feels so *good!* You’re so *deep* inside me!”

“Going to get even deeper in a minute,” Courick growled, his eyes flashing. “When I put my Mating Fist inside you and Bond you to me forever.”

Addison’s eyes flew wide.

“You...you don’t mean that!” she gasped. “You said...said you’d never Bond another woman to you!”

“I told you, I’m free of my vow now,” he reminded her. He stopped moving for a moment and looked at her seriously. “Tell me right now if you don’t want me to Bond you to me, Addison. I’ll pull out and stop this right now if that’s what you want. But I don’t think it is—is it?”

Addison shook her head.

“No,” she whispered. “I...I’d like to be Bonded to you, Sir. But I can’t...I’m afraid you might want to leave me again.”

“Oh, little one...” He cupped her cheek and his golden eyes, which had been blazing, were abruptly soft. “I know you’ve been abandoned by the male in your life that meant the most,” he murmured. “And I know that I made you feel abandoned too. But if you give me another chance, I swear I’ll never leave you again. Once we form a Soul Bond, we’ll be together forever.”



“For...forever?” Addison whispered. “And...you’ll never leave me again?”

“I swear I won’t,” he growled. Pulling her forward, he took her mouth in a hot, tender kiss. When it broke, he whispered in her ear, “Just let me Bond you to me, little one and I swear we’ll be together forever, to the end of our days.”

Addison felt the last of her resistance melt away.

“All right,” she whispered. “Bond me to you, Courick. I *want* you to.”

“Good girl,” he growled. “In that case, I need to get my Bonding Knot inside you. Can you open a little more for me, little one? Can you open your pussy for my Mating Fist?”

“I...I *think* so,” Addison moaned softly. “At least, I’ll try.”

“Good girl,” he rumbled again. “Come down on me, sweetheart. Come down and let my knot swell inside you to tie us together.”

Addison did her best to obey him. With a little moan, she lowered herself even further until she felt the enormous knot of flesh slowly inching its way inside her. Again, she had a kind of stretching pain but it felt good—it felt *right* to open herself for the man she cared for—the man she loved.

“That’s right—almost there,” Courick encouraged her. As he spoke, the broad pad of one thumb had found her aching clit and he was circling the throbbing little button slowly and gently.

Addison moaned as she felt the pleasure building inside her at the same time the enormous Mating Fist filled her pussy. At last it slipped all the way inside her and began to swell.

“Oh! I can feel it getting bigger inside me!” she gasped, looking at Courick with wide eyes.

“That’s because it’s tying us together,” he assured her. “And as soon as I come in you, we’ll be Bonded. But I want to feel you coming first. Can you do that, Addison? Can you be a good girl and come all over my cock?”

As he spoke, his thumb was still stroking around and around her clit, making her moan and rock her hips as she felt the head of his cock pressing hard against the mouth of her womb.

“Yes...Sir!” she managed to get out. “If...if you keep touching me like that I think I can come for you.”

“Good girl.” With his other hand he reached up and cupped one breast, thumbing the tight nipple and sending sparks of pleasure through her already over stimulated body. “Such a good girl to take my cock so deep in your pussy and let me fill you with my Bonding Knot. Such a good girl to come for me...”

His hot, dirty words and the way he was touching her and filling her was too much for Addison. Suddenly she felt her pleasure cresting, washing over her like a warm tidal wave, drenching her in sensation.

Her toes curled and her back arched as her pussy clenched around the thick invader.

“Coming!” she cried, unable to help herself. “Coming so hard for you, Sir! Coming on your cock!”

“Gods, yes you are, little one. And I’m right behind you,” Courick growled.

Addison felt his cock grow even thicker inside her and then, with a low groan, he began to come. Spurt after spurt of hot cream bathed her inner pussy and the mouth of her womb and it occurred to her that he might be getting her pregnant right now but she didn’t even care because it felt so good...so good to be open for him, open for her Master...for her Daddy Dom...

*“That’s right, little one. You’re being such a good girl, opening yourself for me and letting me come inside you, letting me Bond you.”*

The deep, growling voice came from inside her head this time and Addison knew what that meant—she and Courick really were Bonded now—Bonded for life. He couldn’t leave her like a human husband could leave his wife—the way her

father had left her mother. The Bond between them would keep them together no matter what.

*“I would never want to leave you, little one, Courick assured her through their new Bond. The Goddess sent you to me—I’m going to treasure you always and never let you go!”*

*“That’s what I want—that’s what I’ve always wanted,”* Addison sent back. Leaning forward, she kissed the big Kindred. Courick might have started as her stern, unyielding boss but he was more than that now—*so* much more. He was more than her mate or her Daddy Dom too—he was the one male who would never leave or abandon her—the one who would be with her forever.

Addison snuggled in his arms and sighed contentedly. She knew that her whole life had changed and she would always be grateful that she had found what she needed and wanted most in the world...that she had found *Her Kindred Dom*.

**THE END**

THE END?

OF COURSE NOT!

There are always more Kindred books to come. I'm also thinking of starting a new fantasy series this year so look for book one soon, if my muse cooperates. In the meantime, if you've enjoyed this book, please take a moment to leave a review or a rating [HERE](#). Good reviews are like gold for an author in this crazy-crowded ebook market. Especially now that AI books are flooding the market, a good review lets other readers know it's safe to take a chance on a new author who is a real person, not a cold and soulless machine. Good word of mouth works too, so please spread the word to your friends who read if you enjoy my books. Remember that book one of my Kindred series, *[Claimed](#)*, is a free download so point them in my direction! Thanks for being such an awesome reader.

Hugs and Happy New Year!

Evangeline, January 2024

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[TWISTED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

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[COMMITTED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

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Contains *Switched, Uncharted* and *Unbound*

[BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME SEVEN](#)

Contains *Surrendered, Vanished,* and *Imprisoned*

[BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME EIGHT](#)

Contains *Twisted, Deceived,* and *Stolen*

*All Kindred novels are now available in PRINT.*

*Also, all Kindred novels are on their way to Audio, [join my Audiobook Newsletter](#) to be notified when they come out.*

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### **Kindred Tales**

*The Kindred Tales are side stories in the Brides of the Kindred series which stand alone outside the main story arc.*

**These can be read as STAND ALONE novels.**

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[BONDING WITH THE BEAST](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SEEING WITH THE HEART](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[FREEING THE PRISONER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[HEALING THE BROKEN](#) (*a Kindred Christmas novel*) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[TAMING THE GIANT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[BRIDGING THE DISTANCE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[LOVING A STRANGER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[FINDING THE JEWEL](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[BONDED BY ACCIDENT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[RELEASING THE DRAGON](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[SHARING A MATE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[INSTRUCTING THE NOVICE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[AWAKENED BY THE GIANT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[HITTING THE TARGET](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[HANDLING THE HYBRID](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[TRAPPED IN TIME](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[TIME TO HEAL](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[PAIRING WITH THE PROTECTOR](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[FALLING FOR KINDRED CLAUS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[GUARDING THE GODDESS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[STEALING HER HEART](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[TAMING TWO WARRIORS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[THE KINDRED WARRIOR'S CAPTIVE BRIDE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[DARK AND LIGHT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[PROTECTING HIS MISTRESS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[UNLEASHED BY THE DEFENDER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[SUBMITTING TO THE SHADOW](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[SECRET SANTA SURPRISE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[THE PRIESTESS AND THE THIEF](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[PLAYING THEIR PARTS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[RAISED TO KILL](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[HEALING HER PATIENT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[DELIVERED BY THE DEFENDER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[ACCIDENTAL ACQUISITION](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[BURNING FOR LOVE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[HIDDEN RAGE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[ENTICED BY THE SATYR](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[SAVED BY THE BEAST](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[LOVED BY THE LION](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[BONDED BY TWO](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[TAMING THE TIGER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[DRAGON IN THE DARK](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[GUARDED BY THE HYBRID](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))  
[QUEEN OF THEIR COLONY](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[FINDING HIS GODDESS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))  
[FAKING IT WITH THE HYBRID](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[TIED TO THE WULVEN](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SHARED BY THE MONSTRUM](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[LOST ON OBLIVION](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[WICKED AND WILD](#)

[DAE'MONS AND DOMS](#)

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Contains *Mastering the Mistress*, *Bonding with the Beast* and *Seeing with the Heart*

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Contains *Freeing the Prisoner*, *Healing the Broken* and *Taming the Giant*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 3](#)

Contains *Bridging the Distance*, *Loving a Stranger* and *Finding the Jewel*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 4](#)

Contains *Bonded by Accident*, *Releasing the Dragon*, and *Sharing a Mate*

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Contains *Instructing the Novice*, *Awakened by the Giant*, and *Hitting the Target*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 6](#)

Contains *Handling the Hybrid*, *Trapped in Time*, and *Time to Heal*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 7](#)

Contains *Pairing with the Protector*, *Falling for Kindred Claus*, and *Guarding the Goddess*

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### **Kindle Birthright series**

**(Sci-Fi / Action-Adventure Romance)**

The Children of the Kindred series

[UNBONDABLE](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))

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### **Born to Darkness series**

**(Paranormal / Action-Adventure Romance)**

[CRIMSON DEBT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SCARLET HEAT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[RUBY SHADOWS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

CARDINAL SINS (coming soon)

[DESSERT](#) (short novella following *Scarlet Heat*)

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**BORN TO DARKNESS BOX SET**

Contains *Crimson Debt*, *Scarlet Heat*, and *Ruby Shadows* all in one volume

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**DESCENDED** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

**SEVERED** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

**THE OVERLORD'S PET** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

**THE BARON'S BRIDE** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

**ALIEN MATE INDEX VOLUME ONE**

Contains *Abducted*, *Protected*, *Descended* and *Severed* all in one volume

*All Alien Mate novels are now available in PRINT.*

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**The Cougarville series**

**(Paranormal / Action-Adventure Romance)**

**(Older Woman / Younger Man)**

**BUCK NAKED** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

**COUGAR BAIT** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

**STONE COLD FOX** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

**BIG, BAD WOLF** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

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**The CyBRG Files with Mina Carter**

**(Sci-Fi / Action-Adventure Romance)**

**UNIT 77: BROKEN** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

**UNIT 78: RESCUED** (Also Available in [Audio](#))

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**The Institute series**

**(Daddy-Dom / Age Play Romance)**

[THE INSTITUTE: DADDY ISSUES](#)

(Also Available in [Audio](#))

[THE INSTITUTE: MISHKA'S SPANKING](#)

(Also Available in [Audio](#))

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**The Swann Sister Chronicles**

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[BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))

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**Nocturne Academy**

**(Young Adult Paranormal/Action-Adventure/Romance)**

[LOCK AND KEY](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

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**Detectives Valenti and O'Brian**

**(1980s M/M Romance)**

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[I'LL BE HOT FOR CHRISTMAS](#)

[FIREWORKS](#)

[THE ASSIGNMENT: HEART AND SOUL](#)

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**Forbidden Omegaverse Series**

**(Paranormal Romance**

**Step-Brother / Foster Brother Romance)**

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**The Shadow Fae**  
**(Dark Fantasy Romance)**  
[THE THRONE OF SHADOWS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

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**Compendiums and Box Sets**

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Contains *Abducted*, *Protected*, *Descended* and *Severed* all in one volume

[BORN TO DARKNESS BOX SET](#)

Contains *Crimson Debt*, *Scarlet Heat*, and *Ruby Shadows* all in one volume

[BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME ONE](#)

Contains *Claimed*, *Hunted*, *Sought* and *Found*

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Contains *Enslaved*, *Targeted* and *Forgotten*

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Contains *Switched*, *Uncharted* and *Unbound*

[BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME SEVEN](#)

Contains *Surrendered*, *Vanished*, and *Imprisoned*

[BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME EIGHT](#)

Contains *Twisted*, *Deceived*, and *Stolen*

[HAVE YOURSELF A SEXY LITTLE CHRISTMAS](#)

Contains *Kidnapped for Christmas*, *Cougar Christmas* and *Season's Spankings*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 1](#)

Contains *Mastering the Mistress*, *Bonding with the Beast* and *Seeing with the Heart*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 2

Contains *Freeing the Prisoner, Healing the Broken* and *Taming the Giant*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 3

Contains *Bridging the Distance, Loving a Stranger* and *Finding the Jewel*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 4

Contains *Bonded by Accident, Releasing the Dragon,* and *Sharing a Mate*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 5

Contains *Instructing the Novice, Awakened by the Giant,* and *Hitting the Target*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 6

Contains *Handling the Hybrid, Trapped in Time,* and *Time to Heal*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 7

Contains *Pairing with the Protector, Falling for Kindred Claus,* and *Guarding the Goddess*

NAUGHTY TALES: THE COLLECTION— Volume One

Contains *Putting on a Show, Willing Submission, The Institute: Daddy Issues, The Institute: Mishka's Spanking, Confessions of a Lingerie Model, Sin Eater, Speeding Ticket, Stress Relief* and *When Mr. Black Comes Home.*

ONE HOT HALLOWEEN

Contains *Red and the Wolf, Gypsy Moon* and *Taming the Beast*

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[WILLING SUBMISSION](#)  
[NAUGHTY TALES: THE COLLECTION— Volume One](#)

*Contains [Putting on a Show](#), [Willing Submission](#), [The Institute: Daddy Issues](#), [The Institute: Mishka's Spanking](#), [Confessions of a Lingerie Model](#), [Sin Eater](#), [Speeding Ticket](#), [Stress Relief](#) and [When Mr. Black Comes Home](#).*

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### **YA Novels**

[THE ACADEMY](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Evangeline Anderson is the *New York Times* and *USA Today* bestselling author of the *Brides of the Kindred*, *Alien Mate Index*, *Cougarville* and *Born to Darkness* series. She is forty-something and lives in Florida with a husband, a son, and two cats. She had been writing erotic fiction for her own gratification for a number of years before it occurred to her to try and get paid for it. To her delight, she found that it was actually possible to get money for having a dirty mind and she has been writing paranormal and sci-fi erotica steadily ever since.

You can find her online at her website [www.evangelineanderson.com](http://www.evangelineanderson.com)

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