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HUMAN SEXUALITY

PART ONE: EDUCATING
THE AUNGA'RI

HUMAN SEXUALITY PART 1: EDUCATING THE ΔUNGA'RI

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book was previously published as Episodes 1-15 of Human Sexuality on Kindle Vella.

There are four parts total, and though our characters find love in every part, there are some cliffhangers to do with the alien/human conflict, so be warned!

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To Be Continued

That Alien is Mine



CHAPTER 1

Mia

“I’m sorry, what now?” I stared blankly at the woman who was interviewing me for a job. She rolled her eyes and gave a long-suffering sigh, as if she had not just said the most insane thing I could imagine.

She had introduced herself as Ms. Davis, and didn’t seem at all thrilled to be there. In looks, she reminded me a bit of my high school calculus teacher — a woman who was at some unidentifiable point of middle age, serious and stern, dressed in a white button-down shirt, a pencil skirt, and sensible pumps.

“The Aunga’ri are our benevolent protectors now.” She spoke as if I was trying her patience. “That is what this program is all about.”

Ms. Davis could call the Aunga’ri whatever she wanted, but I knew the truth, that the alien species were essentially conquerors. Their technology and weaponry so outpaced humanity that the fight for our planet had lasted only days

before a ceasefire had been called. They had let us live, explaining that they had never intended to fight us.

We'd been the ones to attack them, but I couldn't tell how true that was. Perhaps a show of strength was necessary to their plan. Or perhaps they really were benevolent. Now, a year later, they were preparing to integrate into humanity, for reasons that were not explained to the general population of Earth. Some speculated that their home planet wasn't viable anymore. The more paranoid humans were convinced that the Aunga'ri did this on every planet they conquered, adding to the vastness of their empire.

"This sex program?" I asked when Ms. Davis didn't provide any further information. She took my forthright manner with a straight face.

"They're interested in learning about human culture. Sexual pleasure is not a part of their culture anymore. They are advanced far past such primitive methods of procreation." Ms. Davis' voice held the monotone irritation of someone who had needed to explain a simple concept more times than any person could tolerate. Again, she reminded me of my math teacher long ago.

"Right. But then why would they need to fuck us?"

"It's about understanding how humans interact with each other," she said stiffly. "There are many aspects of human culture they're being trained in. This is just one of them." This didn't seem like the real answer, but I got the feeling that she wouldn't share that with me even if she knew it.

“I feel like the employment ad could have been a little clearer on the fact that this job was going to involve sex,” I muttered.

Ms. Davis blinked, then coughed. “Yes, it’s becoming increasingly apparent that our pool of applicants was unaware of the... specific tasks that might be required of them.”

“Is it not illegal to pay me to fuck?”

Ms. Davis shrugged. “Technically, he is only paying you to teach him. You’ll be like a sex therapist. But it’s a bit of a gray area. Their laws now overrule ours, of course, and their laws do not have any mention of sex work because, as I’ve said, they are evolved beyond sexual reproduction.” The scientist in me wanted to correct her — there was no evolution involved. They had simply developed the scientific capability to reproduce without sex. Their sex organs probably still worked exactly the same, even if they chose not to use them.

“How many people am I up against for this position?”

“You’re actually his top female applicant, because of your experience in sex work and your intelligence. The pay is \$200,000 a month with a \$300,000-per-month bonus if you last the full three months. If he likes you, he may choose to keep you.”

Holy shit. I forced my mouth to close, but Ms. Davis must have known she had me. I had been hoping for access to the Aunga’ri’s cancer drug for my brother’s treatment, but this kind of money would solve all of our problems. And I only had to last for three months. How hard could it be?

“How did you find out about the sex work? No one knows about it.”

Ms. Davis shot me a look that made me want to go search myself on the internet and find out if people did, in fact, know how I'd paid my way through undergrad. “They also liked that you are an intellectual. You should meet the Aunga'ri you will be... working with.”

You mean fucking,” I said.

She ignored me and stood. “Most of our top candidates decline after meeting him. He is waiting in the next room over. You may address him as Thrikteols Bhusl'ai An'T'ukka. Have you met one in person yet?” It was as if the woman had just said a series of random vowels and consonants, and I wondered if I could get fired for butchering the man's name.

I shook my head. “No. I've only seen them on the news.”

“Be prepared. He is a high-ranking, high-caste Aunga'ri; the closest human comparison would be a prince. Because of this his personality is quite forceful, but he is just and fair. It might startle you once you see him in person. He is also of their warrior clan and is tall even for an Aunga'ri. I believe he's about seven-foot-six. You may not have seen one like him, even on the news.”

“Um, aren't I too short to be his sexual partner, then?” I was over two feet shorter than this guy, which seemed insane. I supposed we wouldn't be making out much, because my lips would be at the right height to kiss his chest, maybe.

“That’s for you to decide, dear,” Ms. Davis said with a shrug, and she opened the door. I squared my shoulders and tried to channel whatever inner strength I had used when I was younger, as a dominatrix for hire. I found it strange that sex work would interest a giant warrior, maybe a little intriguing. But then they’d called this training, and I knew a thing or two about sexual training.

As she led me back through the building, my imagination spun a picture of a massive muscled warrior, tied up and begging for me to give him release, his gigantic cock leaking ample pre-cum, twitching and writhing. I loved making men beg, loved huge cocks; loved sex, really. Would he taste the same as a human man?

We passed a sentry of some sort, and even he had a big bulge in his pants. I tried not to squirm as I started to get wet. The fear and anticipation warring inside me were a heady combination, and it was becoming difficult to steady my breathing. Sex work had been a good choice for me because I’d always been hypersexual, but being a dominatrix had fueled my addiction to power and control.

I’d weaned myself of those desires and returned to a more normal sex life, but this was bringing it all right back and I felt the heady rush of need surge through my body as Ms. Davis opened the door.



CHAPTER 2

Mia

THE ALIEN WAS STANDING by a window that overlooked the Montana mountain valley where the Aunga'ri palace was located. The view was beautiful from his rooms. I loved the mountains in my home state, and seeing them from this perspective took my breath away for a moment.

Then the alien himself truly stole my breath. He was startling to look at, beautiful and otherworldly. Where most Aunga'ri that I had seen on news broadcasts were shades of purple and gray, his skin was such a dark purple that it was almost black, with only a gleam of color where light hit it at the right angle. There were silvery geometric shapes decorating his shoulders, tattoos maybe, or some other body art that accentuated his heavy musculature. The beauty of his body was undeniable, and the rush of heat that I had felt earlier at the thought of having him returned.

I wasn't sure if it was rude to stare, but there was no stopping me. Leathery-looking armor covered his chest and stomach,

but his shoulders were bare and muscular. His arms were thicker than my thighs, and my thighs weren't skinny.

The pants he wore were black, and tight around his broad legs, and his muscles strained at the seams of the fabric. The outfit was decorated with a series of straps and buckles across his hips that I knew held weapons and ammunition during battle. I'd seen what his people looked like when armed, and it was a ferocious sight. But his holsters were currently empty. Without the weapons, the pants showed the distinctive bulge of his massive cock rather prominently.

I shuddered, imagining controlling that big cock. Taking it into my mouth and making him beg. Lowering myself on top of him and feeling the intense stretch of something that big inside me. All right, so maybe I had an unexplored size kink.

"Eyes up here, human," he said, his tone cross. When I met his eyes — which were startling, a light lavender color — I could have sworn there was humor in them. I didn't know the Aunga'ri understood humor, so maybe that sparkle was something else. Everything I had seen about the Aunga'ri had made them seem stern and too serious, completely lacking in fun.

Then again they were hiring people to have sex with them, so maybe they were more interesting than it seemed.

Finally I tore my eyes away from the alien, although I really wanted another look at that bulge in his pants. Instead, I looked around the room. It was beautifully furnished with a mix of human and alien items. A human man stood at the side

of the room. He was dressed in military fatigues and boots with a United Nations emblem on them, and was standing in a square-shouldered, military posture, his feet spread apart a little, his arms behind his back. For a human, he was quite tall and muscular, probably well over six feet tall, but compared to the alien he seemed small.

“My security,” the Aunga’ri said, nodding towards the man. “Ignore him.” The human man let a brief smirk slide across his face before returning to his stone-faced military expression. His eyes definitely had a sparkle of humor in them. He nodded to me.

I returned my attention to the big alien, studying him carefully.

“You’re not frightened of me,” he stated softly.

“You picked me based on my videos, from when I was younger?”

“Yes.”

Channeling the inner boldness that was part of my *domme* persona, I smiled slowly. “Then no. I think you’d be beautiful bound and at my mercy. Your cock certainly looks like it would be fun to toy with.”

He was quiet as he studied me, and I studied him right back. He glanced at the human man, who nodded. “My associate believes, upon a review of your file, that you may be unusually suited to this position.”

“May I ask why?”

“Is it correct that you’re considering this position because your brother is ill, and you’re hoping one of our medical team will help him?”

I glanced back over at the human man, who showed no sign of interest. “Yes, my brother has Hodgkins Lymphoma, sir.” I had no idea how to pronounce his name, so I left it at that.

The alien nodded. “It’s fortuitous.” The human man coughed, and I wouldn’t have thought it was a signal, but the alien paused and seemed to rethink what he was going to say. “Of course, I do not mean I am glad your brother is ill.”

“No, of course not,” I said, studying the soldier out of the corner of my eye.

“I merely believe it is fortuitous that we should be able to help him. And that your desire for our help puts us in a position where someone like you would be interested in this role.”

“Someone like me?” I asked.

“I would prefer a human woman who is my intellectual equal, and that has been challenging with the types of humans willing to agree to this. But I’ve been told you’re an academic.”

“Yes, I’m a professor at the university. Particle physics.”

“Very good.” He glanced at the human man again, as if seeking reassurance. I wondered if they were friends, though the prince didn’t seem like the type who would stoop to such low relationships as friendship. “I think you will suit our needs well.”

I felt my shoulders sag with relief, then quickly tried to square them again to maintain the bold posture. “Okay,” I said.

“You’ll agree to the contract?”

“Yes.” And there it was. I was going to fuck some aliens. Not at all horrifying. At least my body was on board with it. My panties were wetter than they had ever been. I glanced back at the human soldier, who was studying me with interest in his eyes.



CHAPTER 3

Axel

“SO, NOW YOU’RE GOING to learn to fuck,” I said, grinning at T’ukka, who looked a little like he was going to throw up. I shouldn’t have let this make me laugh, but it was difficult not to.

He rolled his eyes at me. “Humans are unduly obsessed with sexual relations.”

“We’re not the ones hiring prostitutes.” I realized that wasn’t the right way to put it when he smirked at me. “Right, obviously some of us are hiring prostitutes, otherwise prostitutes wouldn’t exist. But not me. Okay, I’ll shut up now.”

T’ukka chuckled, a sound I’d rarely heard from him until recently. “I’m not thrilled with this, but I’m satisfied with the results.”

“You like her.”

He glanced at me and nodded, and I agreed. Mia had been brave enough to face off against him. She was interested in the job, and her brother’s health made it unlikely that she’d do

anything to jeopardize that. And she was beautiful, though I wasn't sure how much of human beauty T'ukka would recognize. The poor girl had looked terrified but she had been ballsy as hell, hiding it well.

I could admit that I was a little turned on by the thought of watching that big alien dick stuffed inside her pretty little body. She would come so hard for him. Maybe I had a bit of a kink for that.

"I'm just glad that went better," T'ukka said. The last human to make it this far in the interview process had run from the room screaming before they even talked. So that this Mia woman stayed in the room and spoke somewhat coherently was a vast improvement. I didn't know why they were shocked to see T'ukka in person. The aliens had been all over the news, though none looked quite like the prince, whose royal bloodline was reflected in the coloring of his skin. His fierce warrior heritage was obvious from his size.

Although I had never considered myself bisexual before, the big alien was a source of sexual curiosity for me. I wanted to touch him, suck him, maybe jam my own cock down his throat and make him taste my cum. So maybe my sexuality was more fluid than I had thought. Or maybe humans were just horny and couldn't resist a chance to fuck an alien.

For me, though, it was only this alien in particular. I wanted to taste him, to touch him, to feel his mouth on me. His body against mine. And, as a straight man who had only ever fucked human women, I had to wonder if it was some kind of

Stockholm syndrome that made my dick harden in his presence. I had spent months mostly in his company alone. I wasn't a prisoner, but quarantine protocols called for us to keep our distance from anyone who had not been medically cleared.

"Did she make your dick hard? She was definitely into it."

"You will speak to your commanding officer with more respect, Peacekeeper," T'ukka growled, stepping forward.

"Whatever," I said, shaking my head. I knew by now that he wouldn't do anything, that he valued my friendship.

"Don't test me, Axel," he growled.

"Come, you need to decontaminate. They tested for pathogens, but still..."

"Still, you worry," T'ukka stated. He wasn't wrong, though I wasn't precisely sure why I worried. Two Aunga'ri had been struck down by a human flu virus, and since then I was protective of my friend. He beckoned me towards the decontamination rooms, moving through a hidden doorway towards the showers and his private rooms.

I grinned and shrugged out of the shirt I was wearing, preparing to be blasted with the fun quarantine chemical stuff. It wasn't a sexy scenario at all, and yet I couldn't help but feel a stirring of something as we stood across from each other naked and were forcibly disinfected. I wondered if I was a masochist, because it kind of hurt and yet my dick was getting harder.

His cock was massive, impressive, hanging halfway down his thick thigh when flaccid. I'd never seen it hard, but I wanted to. I reached down and tugged on my own cock a little, catching his eye, taunting him. The Aunga'ri culture had eliminated sex in favor of more scientific approaches to reproduction. For them, sex was taboo, but that didn't mean their parts didn't work. And I knew some of them had begun responding to humanity's more outward displays of sexuality.

When we finished T'ukka abruptly slammed me up against the wall, holding me by the throat, and I growled, finding that pressure point under T'ukka's thumb and taking him down. I was pretty sure he did this when he wanted to fuck me, but no one could know for sure. We fought for dominance for a few minutes more before I wound up with a knee on the big alien's throat. My dick was close enough to his mouth that I could have face-fucked him, and I hardened a little more at that thought. I wanted to touch myself. I wanted him to touch me.

Grappling with him was fun. I was smaller and weaker than T'ukka, but I was wily and quick and I had learned all the dirty fighting secrets to defeating the Aunga'ri by brawling with the big prince. We never did it naked, though, so that was adding another level of intensity — his slick, hot skin against mine, my cock hardening, leaking pre-cum for him.

I really hoped the decontamination attendant wasn't watching.

“Does your penis get erect every time we wrestle?” T'ukka asked. His breath brushed against my cock and I hardened even more.

“Sometimes. I mean, nudity adds a new dimension to things.” I stood and gave my cock a few strokes, not worried about his judgement. Then I realized something else. “You’re hard, too.” And fuck, he was huge and beautiful and I wanted to taste him. I caught myself licking my lips and quickly stopped.

He blinked down at his dick like it was a disobedient child and frowned. “I’m Aunga’ri. I’m not controlled by my sexuality the way humans are.”

“Right,” I winked at him. And then I ran my palm down the length of his cock and listened to him groan. He throbbed in my hand, leaking a creamy pre-cum that I rubbed around the head of his massive erection. How was tiny Mia going to fuck this thing? I didn’t know. But my urge to taste him wasn’t going away.

I explored him with my hand. The shape of his cock was roughly like a human’s, covered in a slicker foreskin that I played with, pushing it back to reveal the mushroom-shaped cock head. He was breathing hard, and his eyes darted from my hand to my mouth to my own erection.

“What’s this?” I asked, brushing my finger against a smaller member near the base of his cock. This was not human — it was almost like a tentacle — and he smirked as he flared the tip of the tentacle thing and latched onto my finger. Fuck, I wanted that thing on my dick. Or on Mia’s clit as he fucked her. So many possibilities.

But before I could explore more he took a slow breath and stepped away, pulling on the clothes that had been laid out for

him. He didn't seem upset with me, just like he was trying to get himself under control.

I wasn't sure why I had touched him, why I wanted to touch him more, but that was the kind of relationship we had. I had asked other soldiers on the U.N. Peacekeeper force if they had bonded with their aliens, and all but one had acted like I was insane for calling T'ukka my alien. But he was. Mine. I watch him trying to lash the ties around the waist of his pants, and fought the urge to provide him some relief with my mouth. He glanced at me.

"Stop. Think of anything but that," he muttered.

I blinked, wondering if he was asking me to get control of my raging erection. I tried to get my thoughts back to a professional place. Back to military stuff, though at the moment I couldn't exactly think what that might entail. I glanced back at him, hope in my eyes, my cock aching, and he shook his head, handing me my clothes.

We were ostensibly in the palace to assist the Aunga'ri with integration into the human culture. And covertly, we were also tasked with some more secretive duties, because the human military was openly compliant but still suspicious. But T'ukka was no idiot, and was well aware of what I had been sent to Montana to do, of why they would place someone with my expertise in a position like this.

"Did you jump me because you wanted to touch me? I'm up for snuggles, you know." I winked at him, wincing as I thought about putting clothes over my aching cock.

The big alien groaned, coming as close to grinning as I had ever seen, then stretched, his big muscles rippling under his dark skin. It was a little hard to tell what the Aunga'ri were thinking, but I had been around T'ukka long enough to recognize a vaguely pleased expression on him specifically. I got a sense of warmth and pleasure, as though it was emanating from deep inside him.

“You are impertinent, human.”

“I'm pretty sure you like me anyway, though.” I met the other man's purple eyes. At first, the aliens' appearance had been jarring, but I was more than a little used to being around the Aunga'ri by now, and I could admit that I found T'ukka beautiful. There was a genetic connection between humans and the Aunga'ri, something no one could explain, and our musculoskeletal structure was almost identical.

T'ukka's musculature in particular was a thing of male beauty. I continued to run my hand up and down my length, not exactly sure why I was taunting him in such an overtly sexual manner. Clothed, I wouldn't have been this bold. At most, I'd have grabbed my dick through my pants. Now, I was tempted to jerk off for him, and I stroked faster, letting him watch.

“Do you want me to come?” I asked, meeting his eyes, rubbing my hand over the tip of my cock, collecting the ample pre-cum there, then down my shaft. I spit on my hand, adding lubricant, and stroked faster.

He blinked slowly, clearly aroused. “Yes.” His answer was almost inaudible, but it echoed through my mind, fueled by

intense desire.

I met his eyes, staring at the thick muscles of his chest, imagined covering those with cum, imagined coming on his lips, his face. And I stepped closer as I jerked harder, losing control. I couldn't have stopped if I needed to, and his intense focus on me was only fueling my body to want more. I felt the pressure of my orgasm, the intense pleasure building until I threw my head back with a shout, letting out a long rope of cum. And apparently I could shoot it at his chest, because as my cock erupted he was close enough that it hit him there.

He frowned down at it for a moment, and I started to wonder if it had been one of those times when I allowed my dick to make terrible decisions for me. But then he smirked at me and dragged his finger through it, bringing it to his mouth and tasting me.

“Fuck,” I muttered.

He shook his head. “Humans. You are barely above animals.”

“Your caste has special abilities, right?” T'ukka's caste had developed into a ruling caste because of a few physical differences, including their massive size. But they were thought to have had a special sway over the people who followed them. In ancient times on A'ung, princes like T'ukka had kept several females and a whole harem of males in their palaces.

T'ukka blinked at me. “I don't know what you're talking about.” He raked a hand through his black hair and glanced at me as he yanked on a leather vest thing, leaving my cum on

his chest. I raised an eyebrow at him, and he shrugged. “I don’t mind your mark on me, Peacekeeper.”

Groaning, I grabbed my own clothing from the pile that was laid out by the door. “Why is that so fucking hot?”

“Because humans are horny idiots?” He shot me a look, and I laughed. He wasn’t wrong, and we wandered in silence back through the halls that led to his chambers. As he pushed open the door, he turned to me. “You will be Mia’s personal guard, understood? She is to keep to the complex for the duration of her employment. For safety.”

I grinned and flopped back on T’ukka’s amazingly comfortable alien couch thing. “You say that like you’re the boss of me.”

“You say that like you have any choice but to obey me.” He smirked his cocky fucking smirk that made me want to punch him. Or suck his dick. Damn sexy alien overlords.

“So am I watching her for her safety, or because she’s gorgeous and you want to fucking own her?”

T’ukka eyed me. “I want to fucking own you, so be careful what you suggest, human.”

“Well, that didn’t help my erection,” I muttered.

“I thought you just took care of that. How can it be back?”

“It hasn’t had much attention lately.”

I “also thought you weren’t attracted to males.”

I shrugged. “Apparently I’m attracted to you. I don’t know what changed, but burying myself inside a person has never sounded so appealing.”

He frowned. “Is human anatomy somehow different? That wouldn’t work.”

I stopped. “What? I meant your ass. That’s pretty normal for humans. Or your throat?”

He had such a look of horror on his face that I had to laugh.



CHAPTER 4

Mia

“ARE YOU SURE ABOUT this?” My brother Logan was worried, I knew. And rightfully so, but what else was I going to do? This was the chance of a lifetime to save the life of the only family I had.

“There’s one more interview today, with a human who works with the alien,” I said. “You can see what you think of him. He’s going to advise me and answer questions, supposedly with brutal human honesty.”

“So, you’re not allowed to leave once you’re in there? That sounds dangerous.” Logan’s voice was quiet and lacking its usual forcefulness. He didn’t look his normal self at all. He had always been larger than life — a big, robust, athletic man — and now he looked fragile and sickly. His tan skin was pale and had a grayish tint that worried me.

“They’re worried about how communicable diseases might impact them, since the Aunga’ri and humans are thought to have common ancestors. But I’ll be in touch with you via

video chat every day. And your treatment will start next week. So exciting.”

I tried to look upbeat and cheerful, but I was so nervous that I could barely control my hands. I covered it by preparing for the meeting, moving my suitcases close to the door, making sure the living room of our home was neat and clean. Logan was all I had for family, and I was going to miss him like crazy. Worry about him like crazy.

Logan sighed. “All right. I think this is completely nuts, but I know you. I know when you can’t be talked out of things.”

“It’ll be fine, Logan. The man I’m helping seemed nice.” Nice was not a description I should have used to describe the massive Aunga’ri warrior, but it was better not to be completely honest with my brother. Finally, when I couldn’t possibly fluff the pillows any more without drawing suspicion, I heard a car door slam outside. I pushed the curtain aside and peeked out, spotting a big electric truck in the driveway. Straightening the skirt I was wearing, I took a deep breath and swung open the door, spotting the same man who had been in the prince’s office the other day.

He was tall, a white man with dark hair, bright green eyes and the build of someone who was career military, along with a stiff military bearing. He was dressed like he was in the human military, but not in a formal dress uniform, which surprised me. His outfit was more combat gear, down to the boots and fatigues and the gun strapped to his belt.

Alone, he was almost as intimidating as the alien had been. He was wearing a high-tech- looking transparent mask that covered the lower half of his face. Some kind of quarantine protocol, I assumed. The Aunga'ri were wary of human germs.

“Hi, Mia Chang? I’m Axel Mason. We weren’t formally introduced the other day.” He held out his hand and I shook it. His big hand engulfed mine, his handshake firm and confident.

“Yes, I remember you.”

“Great. I’ll be your human interpreter and liaison, I suppose. I’m here for your protection, including in matters of health and consent.”

“You’re British.” And that was an embarrassing thing to say.

He smirked, and his smile had a wicked edge to it. “Clever girl. I hear you study particle physics.” Behind me Logan snickered, which was a good sign. “Can you step outside? I need to maintain quarantine as best as possible. For the prince’s safety.”

“Do you not interact with humans?” Logan asked.

Axel shook his head. “Not other than the other military personnel who are also maintaining quarantine. We will try to avoid it until the Aunga'ri are prepared to integrate. There have been a few serious illnesses and deaths.”

Eyes widening, I followed Axel outside, squinting at the bright sun. I gestured towards Logan, who had stood and followed us. “This is my brother, Logan. Sort of the reason I’m doing this.”

“Her brother who does not approve,” Logan said. “Is that hard? Never seeing your family?”

Axel laughed, his eyes sparkling. “It’s not exactly my dream job, but I don’t have much family, and I follow orders. It’s not so bad there with the Aunga’ri. I like T’ukka, the alien your sister will be assigned to.”

I watched Logan’s shoulders relax a little. “That’s good to hear.”

“The Aunga’ri doctor who will treat you sent along some paperwork and information on the treatment. She’s quite brilliant, but be aware that she has no sense of humor. Believe me, I’ve tried to activate it.” He set the papers down on the table on our porch and stepped back, maintaining an intentional distance from us as we talked.

“Do any of them have a sense of humor?” Logan asked. “I’ve heard they’re pretty uptight.” He sat at the table with a sigh and began flipping through the papers, frowning.

The corner of Axel’s mouth ticked up again. “That remains to be seen. They’re fun to fuck with, though.” That Axel seemed so easygoing about the aliens helped me more than he could have known. I remembered the sparkle in his eyes in that room, and I saw now that he seemed full of humor.

“Can you tell us more about why this program is being put into place? Ms. Davis was not very forthcoming. She seemed to think I should ignore all questions in the face of such a large sum of money.”

Axel tucked his hands behind his back. “The official story is that they want to understand how their people will integrate into a sexually active culture. Their culture hasn’t been sexually active for over a century, at least not openly. I’m pretty sure some of them still fuck for fun, but it is taboo.”

“Why not?”

“They believe it’s a baser instinct, one that leads to negative consequences, so they pursued scientific methods of reproduction.”

“Ah.” I frowned, wondering if the aliens didn’t experience desire the way humans did.

Axel grinned. “But if you want my guess, I think their commander wants to fuck a gorgeous human woman who works closely with him. He ranks higher than T’ukka, so he volunteered the prince to give it a trial run.”

I nodded. “That’s a little insane.”

“They’re an interesting people. And T’ukka isn’t super thrilled about being volunteered, so you’re aware.”

“So they’re not interested in sex, but they want to try it anyway?”

“As far as I can tell, humans are pushing buttons they didn’t know they had,” Axel said, shrugging. I had a feeling there was more to the story than he was revealing, but I didn’t want to push matters. “Did you have more questions?”

I took a deep breath and glanced at Logan, and he sighed and nodded. And then I met Axel’s bold green eyes. “You’ll keep

me safe?”

“I promise that,” he said, his voice firm.

“Okay. I think I’m ready then.” I glanced at his truck and shivered, a strange mix of fear and anticipation racing through my veins.

I turned and hugged Logan tightly, promising that I’d see him as soon as they brought him in for treatment. My heart thumped hard as I imagined the treatment not happening soon enough, and I felt sick to my stomach over leaving my brother behind as I followed Axel into the car. He had me sit in the back, a glass partition between us as he headed for the palace.

There was an intercom button, and I pressed it. “Why did you come get me?” I asked. “Instead of sending someone else. A lower ranked soldier.”

He hesitated, then met my eyes in the rearview mirror at a stoplight. “I need to protect him. It’s a weird impulse I can’t control.”

“So coming to get me protects him how?”

“By controlling the situation, I guess?” The light turned green, and we started winding up the mountain valley that led to the remote area the Aunga’ri palace was located. “I’ll send for your brother as soon as we get back.”

“I thought they said it would be a few weeks for paperwork.”

He shrugged. “That was the commander’s orders, intended to keep you compliant. But we’re going to override that and send for him, okay?”

“You have that kind of power?”

“T’ukka has that kind of power, and T’ukka listens to my advice.”

I sagged back against the seat, relief flooding my mind. “Thank you. I know what a big deal this is. I know their medical technology will take forever to be widely available to humans, and I was afraid...” I trailed off, unable to complete that thought.

Axel met my eyes in the mirror. “I get it. We’ll save him, okay? No matter what happens, T’ukka will throw his weight around. And I’ll keep you safe. I promise.”

“Thank you,” I whispered.

“I don’t want you to feel forced into this. He decided to help your brother the moment you spoke, and your actions from here on out will have no bearing on that decision.”

I nodded, tears of relief pricking at my eyes as I sat back in my seat and watched the familiar buildings of Boseman zip by.



CHAPTER 5

Mia

Axel led me back through the palace, which was much more intimidating now that I'd be living there. Everything seemed very controlled, restricted. As if I was moving into a prison. My bags were deposited in a clean room for decontamination, and I assumed I was about to be decontaminated as well, but I tried to stay calm about it. How bad could it be?

“How long have you been with the Aunga’ri?” I asked as Axel pushed through a door and led me back to a suite of rooms that appeared medical, though the technology was unlike anything I had ever seen.

“I’ve been with the United Nations observation team since the beginning, and with T’ukka for almost two years,” Axel said. “He has decided that makes me an errand boy of sorts.” He pronounced the prince’s informal name with a perfect accent, but it wasn’t a name humans were permitted to use. Not according to the cultural documents I’d been given, anyway. In the Aunga’ri culture, the informal name was one that would be reserved for immediate family only.

“Why can you call him that? Isn’t that improper?”

Axel shrugged. “His actual title is obnoxious. I refuse to say all of that every single fucking time I address him.”

“And he allows that?” I had thought the intimidating alien would be strict and by the book. I could not imagine him allowing such a thing.

“I think he likes me.” Axel’s grin was easy and relaxed, just like it had been when he picked me up at my house. I wondered if that was part of his nature, that easygoing attitude. His British accent made everything he said a little more charming.

“How do you know he likes you?”

Axel’s eyes were wide and twinkling as he glanced back over his shoulder. He pulled open a door and led me down a long hallway. “He keeps growling at me and slamming me against the wall by my throat.”

“Wait, what?” I yelped, and Axel laughed.

“You’d have to see it to understand. I can’t believe he picked such a tiny person for this, though. You’re like a tiny little fairy, and his dick is fucking huge.”

I studied him for a moment, ignoring the short jokes. “What will happen if I call him by his informal name?”

Axel shrugged and pushed open the door to a little room; an exam room, I supposed. He paused by the door, always a few yards away from me. “Just ask him how he wants to be addressed. You’ll be fine.”

“That’s what you did?”

“No, but I’m impertinent.” He winked, and it was the sexiest fucking wink I had ever seen. I found my eyes trailing down to the bulge in his fatigue pants, wondering how Axel’s cock compared to T’ukka’s.

The door opened, and a female alien with lavender-colored skin and silver hair walked in. She was wearing the same type of transparent medical face mask Axel had on.

“Why do they look so much like humans?” I murmured, studying the female doctor. Her face really had the same structure as a human woman’s, except for her coloring and her more defined cheekbones.

“This is Doctor Vralziks Yes’niet An’Ra’odah,” Axel said. I had to wonder how the hell he remembered that name. His pronunciation was impeccable. “Maybe she can explain it.”

The doctor smiled. “We’ve found a lot of commonalities between human and Aunga’ri genetic structure. We think we share some common ancestors, though no one knows why. It must have happened quite a long time ago. It’s fascinating, really...” Axel cleared his throat, and the doctor glanced at him. “Oh, is this one of those times humans don’t find something fascinating?”

Axel shook his head, his eyes warm. “No, but we’re on a schedule, and I know how you get. Mia, this is also the doctor who will treat your brother. I’m sure she’ll want to talk to you more. But right now we need to prepare to meet with the prince.”

“I would love to talk to you again,” I agreed. The doctor seemed pleased, though it was a little difficult to tell from her facial expressions. Things switched rapidly to all business as the doctor began a series of tests and gave me instructions for maintaining quarantine for three days before beginning a second series of tests.

The tests were followed by an extremely unpleasant decontamination that involved crazy jets of some sort of chemical substance. Afterwards, I slipped into some sweats that were folded up for me, which obviously belonged to a woman of normal height. I was rolling the ankles up on the sweatpants when Axel walked in and snickered a little.

“Not short, huh?”

“I never said I wasn’t short. I’m Asian. It’s genetics,” I said, grinning.

He shook his head and led me down another hall to a suite of apartments, opening the door with a key card. He bolted it behind him, using an old-fashioned hotel-style security bolt that someone had screwed onto the door. I wasn’t entirely sure why. It wouldn’t prevent me from escaping. It would only prevent others from coming in.

“T’ukka is in the room with the ridiculous gold door. He’s in, but you’ll need to maintain quarantine before you can interact with him. To the left is you, to the right is me.”

“How do you know he’s home?”

Axel hesitated for just a moment, but it was long enough for me to notice. “I can sense him.”

“Really? Like since you met him? Do they have some sort of psychic abilities?” I had heard nothing about psychic abilities, but it was interesting to hear. My research brain kicked into gear and Axel gave me a look.

“I don’t know. More recently, I think. Or maybe I’m just imagining it.” I got the feeling that Axel wasn’t telling me the whole story, but I didn’t press the issue. Instead I looked around my little apartment while Axel leaned against my doorframe, watching me as I poked through the drawers and tested the bed.

“Bounciness to your satisfaction?” he asked, smirking.

“It’ll do. Is it just the three of us here? Shouldn’t he have a guard or servants?”

Axel shoved his hands into his pockets. “There are servants and guards, but they are not allowed into the inner sanctum. It’s a security protocol that only his trusted inner circle can sleep near him, if anyone at all.”

“And you’re his trusted inner circle?”

“Yep.”

“Weird.”

Axel chuckled, shaking his head. “I know, but I can’t argue it. It’s like the sensing him. I’m not even sure if he’s aware of what he’s doing. He just acts like it’s all perfectly natural.”

“And me? How am I his trusted inner circle?”

“I told him he needs to establish that trust stat if he’s expecting you to let him stick his dick in you.”

“So you always talk like this?”

“Yep.” He grinned, crossing his arms over his chest and relaxing against the doorframe. “You like it, though.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure about that.”

“It’s charming you. That and my dimples.” He flashed his dimples and I rolled my eyes.

“I think you need to work on your definition of charming.” I threw a pillow at him and he caught it, then flung it back at me, laughing. And for the first time since this insanity had started, I thought maybe it wouldn’t be so bad after all.



CHAPTER 6

T'ukka

“SO, WHEN DO YOU fuck her?” Axel said, barging into my private sanctuary like he owned the place. He looked around for a minute then settled for lounging on the sofa, interrupting my meditative movements, the Ka’ail Mot. I ignored Axel and moved through a slow balance series.

Axel had no patience, and even waiting a moment for me to answer his question had him all twitchy. I liked him all twitchy. He grabbed some candy from the bowl on the table and munched on it while he watched. I glared at him.

“I thought humans had a custom of knocking before entering someone’s private quarters.”

“Do we?” Axel tapped his fingers on his chin and grinned, eyes twinkling. He hadn’t been happy with his assignment as my personal observer, though I wasn’t sure why. I would have considered it an honor for a lowly soldier like him to be positioned with a prince, but human social hierarchies differed from ours.

At first, the handsome soldier had decided that the best way to get reassigned was to irritate the hell out of me. I knew that, because he had stupidly told me that was his plan. So naturally I had taken great pleasure in extending Axel's assignment and torturing him back. Though it was unusual for me to take pleasure in anything, this man got under my skin more quickly than people I had known for years.

Over time, our dynamic had morphed into a kind of bond that I had never experienced before. We pissed each other off, but really, deep down, there was more trust than I had ever had with another person of any species. Perhaps even the emotion that humans would call love. He was like a brother to me, or maybe something more, something intimate and close. I often wondered if Axel felt the same.

Recently, things had intensified, shifted into unknown territory. And tipped over the edge the other day, when he had touched me intimately. He had shown me the beauty of the human male orgasm, spraying his release across my chest. I had tasted him, but I had wanted to swallow him down, to take his body inside mine.

Within my own species, and especially within my caste, friendships like the one I had with Axel did not exist, even without this new sexual tension. Aunga'ri were individuals and maintained a strict independence, aside from any chosen reproductive partners, and even that was nothing even close to how humans treated their reproductive partners. Humans seemed to enjoy socializing, regardless of rank or social status.

I had grown accustomed to Axel's idiosyncrasies. Hell, I enjoyed them. I craved his company, and I wanted him around me. Even if he was intentionally irritating me by loudly eating candy.

Axel cleared his throat. "You didn't answer my question. How are you going to fuck Mia? Or did daydreaming about that luscious ass make you zone out?"

"How do I know if her ass is luscious?" I asked, giving up on my meditation and sprawling on the sofa next to Axel. That was another thing I liked about the man. The way he took up space, focused on comfort over formal upright posture. It made me feel equally relaxed. Relaxation was not something that had ever been part of my life, and I found I enjoyed it. My desire to touch him physically had been increasing over the days. At first, I had been masking that need with mild violence. Sparring was something he perversely seemed to enjoy.

Axel shook his head, smiling. "I'm not really that picky. I like all the shapes, but hers has a nice curve to it." He made a shape with his hands that didn't accurately reflect Mia's buttocks at all.

I scrubbed my hands over his face and sighed. "I don't even know why I've been assigned to this stupid role," I muttered. "If they want to figure out what fucking feels like, shouldn't they just do it?" Or they should just let me fuck Axel. Except no one knew how close Axel and I had become, and I wasn't sure I wanted to share that information. I was too afraid that

they'd take him away from me. He reached over and rubbed a hand over my thigh, his touch soothing and intimate.

And when he spoke his voice had quieted, gotten more serious. "You were there at the meeting. They need to know if your people can integrate further into human society without turning into psychotic sex monsters, or whatever it is you're afraid of." He moved closer to me and I was aware of every single touch from him, but he seemed to do it without noticing his impact on me. He enjoyed physical touch of all kinds, and this time he wrapped his arm around my waist and gave me a gentle squeeze. "Stop freaking out. It'll be fine."

"I'm not freaking out. Actually, I don't even know what that means. But why me?"

"Dra'os said you were known for your impeccable control."

I snorted. "That's not true. He just wanted to pull rank without looking like a coward to the others."

"Wait, are you scared that it will turn you into a psychopath?"

I glared at Axel. "No."

"So since you're scared that it will turn you into a psychopath, do I really want to be around for your first orgasm?" How could Axel know so readily when I was lying? Could he sense me the way I could sense him? I shifted slightly closer to him, letting our thighs press together, settling into his hug, and he did nothing. "Are you trying to cuddle me?" he asked.

I shifted back away. "No."

Axel studied me. “Come on. I jerked off all over you three days ago. We can cuddle. We could go into your bed and spoon.”

“I was not trying to cuddle,” I lied. “And I do not know what spooning even is.”

“We stack together like a big spoon and a little spoon. I guess you’d be the big spoon, which I’ve never experienced before. Usually I’m the big spoon.” He frowned at me for a moment then straddled my lap, grinning with his eyes inches from mine.

“Axel,” I muttered. “Stop being an idiot human driven entirely by your sexual needs.”

He barked a laugh, his eyes crinkling around the corners in a way that I found adorable. I hadn’t particularly liked his pinkish-tan skin and boring-colored hair when we’d first met, though he had a few markings that he called tattoos, artwork that was quite beautiful. But the more I’d been around him the more I’d grown accustomed to his appearance, even beginning to understand how humans could be seen as lovely, in a way.

More cute than beautiful. Like little pets. I ran my hand down his back, like I’d stroked a pet, and he moaned, arching against me. Fuck. Fine, he was beautiful.

“I’ve never wanted dick before, but I want yours so much.” His lips were only inches from mine. “Explain it.”

“I can’t explain it.” There was ancient folklore, bullshit really, about a mythical bond that occurred between lovers. It was

called the Bhesai Ker'el, but I didn't believe in that any more than I believed in the human myths of unicorns and Batman. Axel had yet to explain Batman effectively to me. Apparently, humans loved ridiculous costumes. Axel was studying me.

"I think you can explain it, and you're just not sharing." Axel was undeniably perceptive, and surely he was just picking up on cues that I was giving off. Surely, the way I could sense his thoughts was some sort of trick of the brain.

I shoved him off of my lap and this time he was so sidetracked by his desires that I caught him off guard, and he went flying, landing flat on his back. He lay there and laughed for a moment before leaping to his feet, a mischievous smile on his face. There would be hell to pay for that later.

"Focus, soldier. I trust you to keep Mia safe. That is precisely why I want you to be around." I tried to steer the matter back to the subject at hand before things got any further outside my comfort zone. "Not because I want to fuck you."

Axel frowned. "Does she need to be kept safe? She'll be with you and me in the fortress."

"I don't know."

"Fuck, you're that afraid of the rumors? That explains the interest in bondage as well," Axel muttered, shaking his head.

"I am not afraid of the rumors. I just want to take every precaution available to us."

He rolled his eyes. "Right. So I have to watch you fuck her?"

“Is that a thing humans enjoy?” Moreover, was that a thing that humans who were lovers, or who wanted to be lovers, enjoyed?

“Watching your massive dick inside her? Yeah, I suppose it’d be entertaining.” He was being sarcastic now, and I wasn’t precisely sure why.

“It’s unclear if I will be aroused by her.” I stood and walked to the window and looked out. I enjoyed the colors of the landscape of Earth. A pristine lake in a sparkling blue stretched out before the compound, and beyond that, mountains faded into the distance, covered in green vegetation that reminded me of another planet I had spent a lot of time on. I shuddered at the thought of Theros and crossed my arms over my chest and glanced back at Axel. Earth would be different.

Axel came to stand next to me. “We know some things arouse you,” he murmured. “I can help.” His hand traced down over my ass, squeezing the muscle there, then trailing further, between my legs. This touch I very much liked.

“I’m not sure. I believe there is a connection that is required that takes time.”

Axel was quiet for a moment, his hand still there, close to where I really wanted him. “Is that the connection that makes it so I can sense when you’re in the area?”

This caught me off guard, because I had the same sense of Axel’s presence. I wondered if Axel felt the same draw to be near me, the same urges. “I don’t know, maybe. The

connection between us grew before I felt aroused by you. We do not arouse as easily as humans. You seem to be aroused by a passing breeze.”

Axel burst out laughing and I felt a strange stirring inside me, a strange desire to be closer to my friend physically. I ignored it and folded my arms over my chest as if I could prevent the stirring from happening. Hold it in. Axel and I shouldn't be friends. He was sent here to spy on me. I was part of a forced occupation of his home world. We were enemies. And yet...

“And yet,” Axel murmured, and I looked at him, startled. His eyes met mine and widened. “You didn't say that out loud.”

“You're just very intuitive, and mistaking guessing what I'm thinking for actually hearing me.”

“Fuck that. I clearly heard you think about how much I should hate you. What is going on? It's never been words before, just emotions. Your general cranky unrest.”

“Axel,” I murmured, lowering my voice. “Drop it. If something is happening between us, I need to understand it. We may need to keep it secret.”

“But you understand?”

I tried to think the words of the old Bhesai Ker'el story at him, and his eyes widened. He shot back a quick string of human profanity that felt both excited and afraid. And then, like the fucker he was, he somehow pushed visual imagery into my mind, a fantasy of his. Mia between us, both of us inside her, brushing together as we both fucked her.

“It’s not a passing breeze that makes me hard,” he murmured.

“But that makes me hard. You make me hard.”

And fuck if my cock didn’t respond in the same way.



CHAPTER 7

Axel

I LOOKED FROM MIA to T'ukka, grinning. They had spent the last three meals in sullen, awkward silence. Meanwhile, I was basking in the hilarity of the awkwardness between them. How these two were ever going to have sex was beyond me. Right now, they could barely communicate.

T'ukka was responding nicely to my prodding. Once I had discovered that I could transmit sexy fantasies directly into his brain, I may have gotten a little carried away. Fine, a lot carried away. I probably shouldn't have had an explicit fantasy about sucking his cock while he was talking to the Aunga'ri commander.

But I had to get my comedy somewhere. I was living in an alien fortress in Montana, and these aliens did not value entertainment in the slightest.

Mia stared down at her food, and T'ukka looked irritated by her depressed expression. It was weird as hell that I could feel his irritation, but I was getting used to the accurate read on every one of his emotions. For someone so solemn on the

outside, he had a lot of emotions. I couldn't do anything but silently laugh.

Well, maybe I could have tried to rescue them from their misery. But right then it was more fun to make it worse.

“So, Mia, maybe we can show T'ukka how you use the bondage gear?” I asked. T'ukka shot me a look that could only be described as sheer panic, and I could feel the way his heart constricted at the thought. He was more afraid than he had been during combat.

Mia swallowed and glanced at me. “Just jump right in?”

Her nerves made me more curious about her. “Isn't that what you did when you did this kind of thing professionally?”

She tugged on her hair, then sighed. “I guess so, but it was a long time ago. Usually, there was a conversation about kink, about what turned the man on. T'ukka doesn't even know what he's in to.”

T'ukka growled at the use of his informal name, and she flushed then took a deep breath.

She didn't back down. Instead, she frowned at him, her voice strengthening. “And usually, as the *domme*, I can call my submissive whatever the fuck I want to call him. His body is mine to play with, his dick is mine. I name him how I like. You're lucky I'm using your name, and not just calling you my slave.”

“Now *that's* what we're looking for,” I said, grinning. I glanced at T'ukka, who was studying her intently but saying

nothing. A wave of intense curiosity that could only have come from him flooded my mind, and I couldn't help but allow my mind to wander back to my new favorite fantasy. What would it be like fucking her with him? Both of us acting as one, our bodies and minds connected and attuned. Would I feel everything he felt? It sounded intense, but not unpleasant.

"Come, let's get this over with," T'ukka said with a very dramatic and long-suffering sigh. I could feel the tension emanating off of him, and beneath that the worry. He didn't know if he could please her, didn't know if he could become aroused by her, and I could sense that with a strange intensity.

I wondered if, in the same way I shared fantasies with him, I could somehow share my own attraction to her. Because I was in to her. A gorgeous, slightly geeky scientist who used to be a dominatrix and probably had a secret kinky side a mile wide? Yes, please.

"You don't want to do it?" Mia asked.

"Of course not; I was volunteered for this role." T'ukka stood and stalked off. I wondered if Mia's question had bothered him, or if my wild thoughts were putting him on edge.

Mia glanced at me wide-eyed. "Do I follow him?"

I closed my eyes and reached for T'ukka, feeling his aggravation, his unrest, and something new. Arousal. "Maybe give him a minute." Searching mentally for T'ukka had become more and more second nature to me, but I realized how it must have looked to her. Still, I couldn't exactly explain that I had a psychic connection with an alien, could I? His

thoughts filtered through my head more and more, often coming in his harsh alien language but easy for me to understand.

They had used a computer chip to learn our language, and it was technology I didn't understand, but they had a lot of technology I didn't understand. Essentially, they all had something installed in their brains somehow that allowed them to translate language from other species that they interacted with on the fly. In the beginning, the chip had sometimes gotten things a little wrong, and there would be an almost imperceptible pause in speech for a moment while they processed language through it, trying to find the words they wanted to say. Now, it was fluid and seamless and T'ukka was speaking English mostly on his own. He had learned the language well enough that he only relied on the chip occasionally, for a difficult word.

But he still struggled with concepts that his people just couldn't understand. It also meant that I had spent far less time than I was supposed to learning the Aunga'ri language. But hearing it in T'ukka's booming voice, as it appeared in my head, was different. Their language was harsh and guttural, but I could feel T'ukka's pride in it, and it felt... It was difficult to describe how it felt to hear him as his true self.

"What did you just do right there?" she asked. I realized I had likely gone silent for a moment too long while being aroused by how the big alien felt in my head, and Mia was staring at me, a million questions in her eyes.

“Not sure what you mean,” I lied easily. Her curious expression didn’t disappear. Fortunately, a knock on the door saved me from her intense scrutiny, and I stood and stalked over, peeking through the peephole to find the doctor standing there, looking a little unsettled, which was strange for her. I unlatched the big bolt that blocked entry into the rooms and watched as the doctor composed herself.

“Dr. Vralziks Yes’niet, how is your day?”

“Mia’s brother is here,” she said. “I thought maybe Mia would like to see him. You will have to decontaminate afterwards, of course.”

T’ukka reappeared in the room, his eyes scanning over the doctor. “I will come. To make sure that Mia is safe.”

He looked startled by his words, which were the words I had been about to say. Thankfully, I had caught myself before we creepily said the same thing at the same time. We needed to figure this the fuck out before someone other than Mia noticed us behaving oddly.

But T’ukka couldn’t take back what he’d said without the doctor questioning him. I raised an eyebrow at him and he rolled his eyes slightly, darting a gaze towards Mia, who was looking at both of us. “I take my role and hers in this research project seriously,” he said firmly.

“Of course,” Dr. Vralziks Yes’niet murmured.

“We will be with you in a few minutes, Doctor. I just want to talk to these two idiots and find out why they feel like they

need to escort me everywhere,” Mia said. “Can we come to the medical rooms?” The doctor glanced at the prince then politely nodded and turned away, closing the door behind her.

Mia turned back around. “There’s something weird happening with you two.” She settled her hands on her hips and glared at both of us.

“No there’s not,” T’ukka and I both said at the same time. Fuck. “That was a coincidence,” I added. I wanted to reach for T’ukka’s hand and touch him so badly that it felt like an itch building under my skin, like I had been touching poison ivy and the oil was sinking in, doing its business. Except it was him sinking deep into my mind, and it felt like he belonged there. I glanced at Mia, who was watching us intently.

In my head T’ukka’s voice was quiet, calm. *“I don’t know if I trust her, but things have escalated with her presence.”* I glanced at him and tried to give him a subtle nod, shooting him the question that was echoing in both of our minds. *“Why?”* But I already knew that neither of us had any answers. His knowledge of what was happening to us was buried behind centuries of myth and legend. I wondered if there was a way to research it.

“Do you need anything before we go meet your brother?” T’ukka asked Mia, distracting me from my worries. “Let’s focus on that.”

Mia stared at us for a moment, then must have decided to let it drop for now. “No, I think I’m good. Let me just grab some shoes.” She turned and headed towards her room, and the

moment she was through that door I gave in to that insane itch and touched him, instantly soothed by the contact of his skin. He had been reaching for my hand as I had been reaching for his, and I knew he felt the same, that it was escalating and amplifying between us as we both experienced it.

“Could it be her? She’s causing this shift in how we are?” I asked quietly. “I mean, you can’t deny it now.”

“Or it could have started the other day, when we touched. More than touched,” he said. “I’m not sure what’s causing it, and I don’t know how to stop it.”

“Or if you want to stop it.”

He sighed. “Or that. I do not have experience with intimacy. But I might find I enjoy it.”

We heard Mia’s door click and dropped our hands. She was still studying us, and I knew she was brilliant and curious and she’d want to understand more than anything. She was going to push the issue as hard as T’ukka and I tried to avoid it.



CHAPTER 8

Mia

I RUSHED FORWARD AND hugged Logan, even though maybe I shouldn't have. I was lonely here and worried about my brother. Axel and T'ukka lingered by the door, and Logan looked a little startled to see them both. I glanced back at them, and that odd sense that something was happening between them returned. They looked as they should have looked, like big muscly brutes — one human and a little smaller, the other alien and massive.

“That’s the guy you’re here to...” Logan’s voice trailed off, and he darted his eyes to the side, towards the doctor, who again looked flustered. Was the doctor flustered by my brother? Weird.

“Yep. The big guy looks mean but he’s a gentleman, and a softie on the inside,” I said.

“I am none of that,” T'ukka muttered.

“We’re trying to reassure her brother, jackass,” Axel said, bumping T'ukka with his shoulder. Only he didn't un-bump

T'ukka. He stayed there, slightly touching the big man. When I had come out of my bedroom, I could have sworn that they had been holding hands. I wondered if they were romantically involved. Whatever was happening, they seemed unsettled by it. They'd been defensive and clearly lying when I'd question them, but maybe I didn't have the right to know.

“Sorry. Brother of Mia, we are here to protect her and keep her safe. We will do her no harm other than harm that may come to her during sex.” T'ukka turned slightly and grinned at Axel, his brows up, and Axel rolled his eyes.

“He's an idiot. Ignore him,” Axel said to Logan.

“How about both you idiots leave the room, and I'll talk to my brother.”

Logan was staring at me as the two big guys shuffled out, a little smile playing around his lips. “I think I like them. Is that weird? They're like a strange comedy duo.”

“Right?” I asked, sighing. “They're irritating as hell but I kind of like them, too. It's only been three days but they've given me time to adjust, and I've started to get to know them, especially Axel. He seems to speak for the prince when he gets all awkward and Aunga'ri.”

“Super awkward,” Logan said, chuckling. “The doctor is super awkward, too.”

“Right? Cultural differences, I suppose. Anyway, I like them both more than I ever would have guessed going into this.” This wasn't a lie to reassure my brother. It was the truth, and it

felt a little startling to speak the words out loud. “How is the doctor? Axel says she’s brilliant.”

He grinned a little wryly. “She seems nervous. I’m not sure why, but a nervous doctor is not exactly a good ego boost when you’re in my situation.”

Tears sprang to my eyes, and I blinked them back. “What if they can’t help you?”

He held out his arms and I settled into the embrace, trying to remember what it would have felt like to hug my brother just six months ago before all of this happened. “Accept that I might not be okay, Mia,” he murmured. “You did your best and got me this insane opportunity. It’s all you can do.”

“What if it’s for nothing?”

He sighed. “That’s what I was worried about from the start, big sister. But I knew it would kill you more to not have tried. But remember, Axel said the doctor is brilliant, right?”

“You have to fight for it, Logan,” I whispered. “You’re all I have left.”

“I’m fighting as hard as I can. And I have a feeling the doctor is going to do the same.”

I smiled a little. “I have that feeling about her, too. She doesn’t seem like the type to leave things unsolved.”

He chuckled, and then we both looked up as the doctor herself stepped into the room. She shifted nervously, looking at both of us. “I’m sorry. I overheard your conversation, and I want to

clarify that I'm not nervous about your diagnosis, Logan Tsung. It's a personal matter that has me on edge."

"Thank you, Doctor..." Logan rubbed a hand over his eyes.

"Can you pronounce your name again? I'm sorry."

"Dr. Vralziks Yes'niet An'Ra'odah," she said. "You can simply call me Dr. Vralziks. Or..." I could have sworn she blushed like a human, her light purple skin turning a little pinker. "Ra'odah, if that's easier for you to remember. In your current state."

"I thought it was unacceptable for a human to use your third name," Logan said.

"I do not mind. I know it's common in human culture, and since we're on Earth I can attempt to see it as humans see it. But for now I suggest you get some rest. The treatment is intense, and it begins tomorrow."

Logan was studying her quietly. "Right. Thanks for everything, Doctor. Can I have a few last words with my sister?"

"Yes, of course. Remember what we discussed? I think you should talk to her about that. The treatment involves an infusion of alien DNA, which may impact your appearance or other qualities." She flushed again and rushed out of the room, making me wonder what other qualities she was talking about.

"Feel better?" Logan asked.

"Does the doctor have a crush on you? I could have sworn she was blushing."

Logan rolled his eyes, lying back on the examination table and rubbing his hands over his eyes. “That would be insane.”

I fluttered my eyelashes like a simpering maiden. “Oh Logan, you can call me Ra’odah.”

“Don’t say her name. I think it’s bad luck. Or a curse.” He frowned. “Something like that.”

“That is all fantasy hogwash for those Aunga’ri who believe in magic. It is simply disrespectful,” T’ukka’s voice boomed from behind me and I startled. “But I’ve learned that humans are impudent.” He had appeared at the door, Axel again beside him, and again they were standing a little too close, though it may not even have been a conscious act.

“He’s trying to say he hopes your brother makes a full recovery,” Axel said.

“I do not need you to interpret my English, human.” T’ukka tensed, but Axel put a hand on his back, somewhere that I couldn’t see, and the alien immediately relaxed. “But yes, I have the utmost confidence in our doctor.”

“What did she mean about changes?” I asked.

“Apparently, I might turn purple?”

T’ukka explained, “We have treated five other humans in this facility with our methods over the past year. Two came out normal, two gained some Aunga’ri qualities.”

“Big dick,” Axel said this through a cough, like we were in middle school.

T'ukka shot him a look. "The patients reported an increased member size."

Logan's eyes widened, and he laughed. "I mean, I wouldn't complain about that."

"Shut up, jackass. What about the fifth?"

Axel hesitated. "The fifth had a bad reaction to something in the treatment. The doctor had a difficult time with it, and it may be why she's feeling nervous about treating Logan. She has not treated another human since," he said. When I gasped softly he continued, his eyes steady on mine. "You have to understand that it's risky, what we're signing him up for, but Logan has accepted the risk and decided it's worth a shot."

"Otherwise, I only had three months to live, Mia," Logan said. "Eighty percent odds sound good, right? Compared to that?"

"Why did the doctor agree to treat him, then?"

T'ukka spoke up. "The commander issued an order, and she will have to overcome her hesitancy. It is not a choice. But she has been developing a testing process. She'll want to start that on him first, so there will be some time to spend with your brother as he prepares."

I nodded up at the big alien, then impulsively hugged him. "Thank you for this chance," I whispered. He was still for a moment, then his arms looped around my waist and settled on my back.

"Now I will have to decontaminate for sure," he muttered, stepping back. Axel barked a laugh. I gave Logan one last hug,

handed him his book and a water, and headed back out of the patient rooms, towards the decontamination rooms.

“Hugging was worth it, though, wasn’t it?” Axel said.

“Shut up,” T’ukka muttered, giving him a hard glare. The two men made eye contact and that strange thing passed between them again, like they were communicating silently.

“Females in the left stall, males in the right,” T’ukka muttered as we came to the decontamination rooms. The operator nodded through the window and left to set out our clothes.

“Why do we have to do this every time? Logan is in the building. He’s been tested.”

“The commander is paranoid,” Axel said. “He won’t see anyone who hasn’t been through decontamination, and won’t allow them to touch anything within the residential quarters.”

“The doctor will not have decontaminated Logan because of his weakened state. She is supposed to speak to him mostly through the glass partition in his room.” T’ukka hesitated and shrugged. “Otherwise she will need to be decontaminated as well.”

“But she didn’t. She came inside.”

“She will do that when she feels the patient needs her direct touch or more comfort,” T’ukka said. I frowned at Axel and he shrugged.

“She must have her reasons. Because these spray jets hurt like a bitch.” He pulled off his shirt, his muscles rippling in a way that made me unconsciously lick my lips. I pulled my tongue

back into my mouth before either of the men noticed, then glanced at T'ukka and found he was also licking his lips.

“I like your tattoo,” I murmured, reaching out and touching a big bird on his shoulder. The detail was intricate and beautiful, with finely drawn feathers that blended down into geometric shapes. I wondered about the meaning behind it, but he just stood still and allowed me to touch him.



CHAPTER 9

Axel

“BACK TO BEING NAKED in front of each other,” I said, smirking. Mia had been touching me, obviously interested, before we had been guided into the separate decontamination rooms. I was completely turned on. And it wasn’t helping my situation to walk into a room with T’ukka and strip. His cock, his body, again looked so fucking tempting.

T’ukka’s intense purple eyes were on me, and I could feel what he wanted. I could see the evidence of it in his thickening cock, and my body’s response to it. I was painfully hard, leaking pre-cum. Ready for him in a way I never thought I could be for a man.

His sexuality was aggressive and a little wild, edgy in a way that I could understand might stoke fear in his people. But it did nothing but turn me on. I wanted to slam each other into things while we were fucking. I wanted to be rough and raw with him. “If you want to wrestle naked again, I’d be into it.”

“Shut up,” he growled, pulling off his clothing and depositing it into the decontamination bin with his communicator. He

stepped through the door and I followed him, ready to be sprayed by the blast of intense water, and whatever else they were doing to us. I had no comprehension of the process, and wondered if the commander really was that paranoid about germs or if he just had fun torturing us. Hell, maybe he got off on it — if the Aunga'ri got off on anything.

This time in the decontamination room, instead of standing across from each other T'ukka abruptly yanked me close, his big hand gripping the back of my neck, pulling me to face him. I didn't fight him because I knew what he wanted, and I wanted it, too. I could feel his every thought and desire. There was no point in worrying about sexuality, about the fact that he was male. He was inside my mind, and the connection that produced was intense and sensual, made me want to be inside him in other ways.

He leaned down and slammed his mouth against mine as the jets fired all around us, and he didn't know what he was doing but we were finally joined. T'ukka tasted fucking delicious, and I needed more. I sealed my lips against his, shutting out the chemical spray, and it was hot and wild. We wouldn't be able to stop kissing until the spray ended, because we couldn't let any of that into our mouths.

My cock was so damn hard, and even though his body seemed less responsive than mine I felt him thicken against my stomach as his tongue pushed into my mouth. I didn't care about anything at the moment but touching him as intimately as possible, and I gripped his face and held him close to me, stroking his tongue with mine, finding out what made him

groan. I loved the feel of his erection against mine, hot and pulsing and leaking sticky fluid all over me.

“Turn 180 degrees,” the cheerful, helpful computer said, repeating the command in Aunga’ri. T’ukka pulled away, breathing hard. We both closed our mouths again as the spray started up, and he reached for my hand and gripped it. I felt his curiosity about his arousal above all else. T’ukka didn’t break the skin to skin contact even as the jets hit us everywhere, and what was painful on a flaccid cock only made me harder. Or perhaps the rough treatment was arousing him, and I was connecting with that emotionally. I tried to tune into him and, sure enough, he felt closer and closer to orgasm as the spray intensified. I grinned a little, thinking about the ways we could torture his dick.

“I think I’m jerking myself hard before every decon from now on. That feels so much better,” I groaned as the jets finished their cycle and we were instructed to move to the dressing rooms.

Uncharacteristically, T’ukka let out a sharp laugh. Then he looked at my hard cock and licked his lips. I shoved him down on the floor, and I wasn’t gentle. We were both warriors, and I was going to take what I fucking wanted. I used a move that was a combination of Aunga’ri martial arts and good old-fashioned jujitsu.

On the floor I kissed him again, our mouths wild against each other, our cocks rubbing together. He spread his legs, wrapping his long, muscular limbs around me, and I moaned

as we pressed together, feeling the pulsing heat of his arousal as his cock touched mine. I was also feeling his mind, wild and full of need. He shifted as the kiss deepened, and my hips rocked in a natural rhythm. And fuck, I had forgotten about the tentacle thing until it wrapped around the head of my cock and applied suction. I shuddered hard.

He pulled away and grinned. “You like that.”

“I like that,” I groaned, pressing my body into his hard muscles. I grabbed his cock, slick with his ample pre-cum, and pressed it against mine. “Can you fit us both?” He groaned and adjusted the position, and we both completely lost it then, fucking my hand together. The slick slide of our cocks against each other was something I’d never expected to be sexy, but he pulsed, throbbed, and the sensitive head of my erection was being milked by his alien appendage right alongside his own.

His pleasure was intense and full of wonder, and I could feel it all, compounding my own until we both exploded together in a mess of cum. And fuck, he came a lot, shooting loads all over my chest and his own as his body shuddered hard and I held tight to him, kissing him fiercely.

It wasn’t enough, and I could sense that from him so I crawled around, straddling his face and offering him my cock as I kissed his massive throbbing dick. My cock was still sensitive from my orgasm, but I wasn’t sure I cared as I tasted him for the first time. He was sweet and sticky, like a delicious treat, and when he wrapped his soft lips around me I almost lost it once again. I knew I could go again quickly after an orgasm

but this was a little ridiculous, fueled by our psychic connection, hot and wild.

I wrapped my mouth around his cock and sucked hard, desperate to get him deep, wanting to stuff him down my throat, take all of him. Or maybe he was desperate to push fully into my mouth and I was just that connected to his desperation that I opened wide, angled my jaw, and took as much of him as I could, rubbing the rest of his shaft roughly while he bucked under me. His hands were buried deep in my hair, holding me close. It didn't take him long for him to come again, and with our connection I came with him, making a mess of his face as I licked up his cum like it was a delicious treat.

What had come over me? "Holy shit," I laughed, trying to dispel the worry that had come into his eyes, pouring out of his veins like sweat. "Well, whatever that is, it makes us both come like crazy."

After a moment he sat up and moved away from me again, and I could tell he was trying to gather himself, so I let him be—as much as I wanted to touch him, to explore the differences between his body and mine. I had a sudden mental image of him under us, Mia sitting on his cock while I pushed inside his ass. Or her ass, or pleased myself with his special suction toy.

"It's called an iek'el. The tentacle," he said. "Only those in my caste are likely to have one so large. In ancient times, the times of legend, the males of my caste came into power by having a

group of lovers, of fierce warriors and strong females who all bonded with him intensely. It was likely just a genetic anomaly, but some ancestor of mine took advantage.”

“The Bhesai Ker’el,” I breathed. He glanced at me and smirked. “What? I can read. And once you mentioned it once, I did my research.”

“Right, so it’s said that the princes held their power by being loved so fiercely by their Iek Ker’el that those men and women would do anything for the prince, even die for him. It’s hard to tell what is reality now, though. Surely some myths are just overblown stories.” He leaned back against the wall and I ran a hand down his cock, which was still semi-hard.

“She’ll like the shape of you,” I said, fingering his cock. “Mia, I mean.”

He sighed and stood, grabbing the clothes that had been laid out for us. I could feel the conflicting emotions in his mind and I let him be, wondering what he was afraid of.

“I’m afraid of controlling you,” he said, as if I had asked aloud. “I don’t have any desire to own a person, to have them make that large a sacrifice against their will. The violence of the outcomes during that time...” He shuddered and shook his head. “I would not wish it upon you.”

“Because you like me?” I asked as I slipped on my pants and pulled my belt closed, then reached for a towel and tried to clean up some of the cum on my chest before putting on my shirt.

“I don’t know. I don’t understand what I’m feeling.” He was putting on the weapon harness he often wore, buckling buckles and adjusting things, and frankly I wanted to leave it on while I fucked him. The way the supple, dark synthetic animal skin hugged his muscles was sexy as fuck, providing ample places for me to grip him as I slammed into him roughly. I shook my head and tried to clear my mind, and he glared at me. “Can you stop thinking about fucking?”

“I’m trying. It just keeps happening. Something about our connection, maybe. The idea of being able to feel everything you felt as we try every damn thing, including with Mia? That’s the definition of temptation.” I grinned at him. He groaned and turned away from me, grabbing his boots from the box on the floor. “Sorry, sorry, I’ll stop. I’m thinking about all the boring things. High tea with my grandmother.”

“Thank you,” he gritted out.

I put a hand on his shoulder, feeling the tense muscle there, the warmth of him, the smoothness of his skin, and I tried to rub a little of that tension away. “It’s okay to need time. With me and with her.”

“What was that feeling you just felt for me?” he asked, meeting my eyes.

I hesitated then took a deep breath, figuring there was no reason to keep it quiet. “Love. It’s part of our friendship. Good friends love one another. And our friendship is intensified by the emotional connection, and now obviously by the sex.”

“Why did you hesitate?”

I shrugged. “With human culture, with my culture specifically, we avoid talking about emotions. There will always be hesitancy. I’m British.” I smiled. “But I love you, and you can feel it so I see no point in hiding it.”

He studied me and nodded, and I felt a warm emotion I often felt from him, his own love for me. “Thank you for overcoming that and explaining. Let’s go get our woman.” He stopped and stared at me, and I laughed.

“Our woman it is.” I winked, and he rolled his eyes.



CHAPTER 10

T'ukka

I WATCHED AXEL AS he settled down at the table across from me, passing me some of the breakfast food. He was buzzing with energy, the kind of energy that usually led to us brawling just for something to do to pass the time. But now that I'd had him in my mouth, made him come with my ie'kel, I wondered if that would be our new thing.

There was a lot of waiting involved in our mission on Earth, perhaps more than one would expect. The Aunga'ri were adapting to food that was readily available on this planet, because it was nutritionally adequate and it made little sense to grow our own crops here. And anything was better than the rations we had during interstellar travel.

I found some Earth dishes disgusting and others palatable or even enjoyable, and Axel seemed to enjoy my reactions to Earth food either way. This dish was yellow, rubbery stuff made from the unfertilized eggs of a species with wings. The chicken, Axel called it. It was tiny and seemed harmless, but became terrifying if you looked too closely at it. I stayed far

away from anything with a sharp beak and talons. Why anyone had ever decided to cultivate the unfertilized eggs of a random animal was beyond me.

“So, Mia, I’m not sure we need bondage gear. Can you get off without it?” Axel was radiating a wicked glee as he watched me poke at my food. He was clearly enjoying my pain. I glared at him, mentally trying to convince him that this awkward situation wasn’t for his entertainment. All I got back from him was laughter. I knew he found it amusing when I was uncomfortable, and I tried to hide that.

Then I smirked, meeting his eyes, because I knew exactly how to shut him up now, sending him a vivid mental image of my dick down his throat, his mouth spilling over with my cum as he sucked on me eagerly. He groaned and sat back, his eyes dilating, his breathing changing. Mission accomplished.

Mia swallowed hard and glanced at me, then at the now-lusty Axel, her eyes darting nervously. “Why the change?” She looked as panicked as I felt about fucking her. Why had it been okay with Axel, but not with her? Axel and I hadn’t had another sexual encounter, but I wanted it with him.

He hadn’t questioned me when I told him I needed space after the intensity of what had happened in the decontamination room, and he hadn’t pressed for anything more sexual though he continued to touch me. That craving was one we couldn’t deny. Even sleeping apart felt like too much, and he’d snuck into my rooms late at night so that we could sleep skin-to-skin, with as much of our bodies touching as possible.

Axel coughed. “I believe T’ukka will be fine when he orgasms, but if it turns you on to tie him down and make him squirm, that works, too.” He met my eyes and shot me his vision of her in a sexy black outfit, our cum running down her thighs. And I felt a lot more like fucking her.

She tugged on her hair, unaware of our ridiculous battle of wills. “I guess so. Whatever you guys think.” She flushed. “Sorry, I shouldn’t feel nervous. I used to do this professionally.”

“We don’t mind. Take your time. There’s no pressure.” Axel’s voice had gentled, and he passed her a tray of a bread product called muffins. Now *those* I liked. He smirked and handed me two, and I reached across the table and grabbed a third, because thinking about sex made me hungry.

“We? Why do you both speak as if you’re one person? Shouldn’t the prince speak for himself? Or is he too incompetent?”

Axel’s eyes darted to mine, and then he met hers. “He is definitely not incompetent.” He bit his lips and his eyes traced down my body. “I think I’d go with incredible. But he worries about saying the wrong thing in front of you. So I’ve been helping him with communication.” The lie flowed smoothly, and I knew he’d been thinking about it for a bit.

Mia gave him a narrow-eyed look, then dug into her food again. There was a time when I would have threatened to kill someone like her for her insolence, but my friendship with Axel had changed me, softened me. He liked this fierce little

woman just how she was. He wanted to have intercourse with her, and I knew he wanted to do it with me there. I could feel his sensual awareness of her like it was inside my own mind, but I wasn't sure if Axel's arousal, pleasant as it was, was enough to make my penis erect. Axel looked at me, surprise registering in his raised eyebrows and wide-eyed gaze.

“You don't think you can do it?”

“I don't know if I will get aroused. Not like I do with...” I trailed off, rubbing my hands over my face. Fuck Shurkuls Bru'ugo An'Mu'ol and his ridiculous insistence on this plan. Axel's mind wrapped around mine like a warm hug, and then his thoughts turned sensual. He wanted to coax the arousal out of me, to make me hard, make me fuck her. He was turned on by the concept of controlling my arousal, but the damn man was turned on by just about anything.

“Your dick got hard just fine yesterday.” This time, Axel's voice was inside my head. I glared at him, which only made the irritating man laugh. His laughter was something I enjoyed. The warm, joyful sensation of human humor pushed into my mind and forced a smile out of me. I shook myself and focused back on the woman. How had I become so enmeshed with Axel? In comparison, the feeling I got when I looked at her was cold and distant, with no pleasantness. It wasn't dislike, exactly. I just felt nothing at all for her. Axel seemed to connect with people in a different sort of way, and could quickly empathize and respond to the emotions of those he didn't know or care for.

“Perhaps I need more time with Mia,” I said. “If you think she has good qualities, I believe you.”

Mia barked a laugh. “You can’t decide if I have good qualities on your own?”

“It’s different for Aunga’ri. We do not learn people on a personal level. It doesn’t come naturally to me.”

“And apparently T’ukka likes to get to know his lovers first,” Axel said, grinning. “Fine. No bondage gear yet. At least not until the commander nags you to make it happen faster.” I knew Axel thought the commander was in a rush because he wanted to fuck a human woman of his own, but I was sure there must be some other reason. But Shurkuls Bru’ugo An’Mu’ol had gleefully pulled rank. Those in his social class were known for taking pleasure in commanding someone of my lineage.

I leaned back in my chair, looking out the window. We were in a place most humans thought was remote, and that was strategic, intentional. But it was also beautiful, with a landscape to rival any on our home planet. “I can’t force it to work if it doesn’t.”

“You’re not actually interested at all?” Mia sounded surprised and a little curious.

“Of course not; I was volunteered for this role,” I muttered. “It’s not a role I desire. I do not desire sexual relations.” My eyes darted to Axel, and he snorted.

Mia continued to study me for a moment and then she stood, walking closer, laying a warm hand on my cheek, feeling my skin with her thumb. “Do you think you’re not attracted to women?”

I frowned. “What does that mean?”

“You’re obviously attracted to Axel, so perhaps you’re only attracted to males.”

Axel shook his head. “The Aunga’ri are polyamorous and pansexual. The historical records show no evidence of them relating attraction to gender.”

“You’ve been reading the histories?” I asked. “But they’re not in English.”

He shrugged. “I’m good with languages.”

“You are but a soldier.”

Axel hesitated, and I felt his hesitation to my core. “You know I’m not a soldier,” he said quietly. And he was right. “They didn’t send infantry to you. They sent the best. My typical role is in counterintelligence. I’m good with languages, codes. Decoding your language was easy.” And then he switched to my language, and I was startled at his accurate pronunciation. “I’m in your mind, T’ukka, the language is there. And it’s a skill I already had.” And for the first time, I began to feel that humans may be more formidable than we had anticipated.

He blinked at me, smirking. “That gave you confidence instead of worrying you?” he asked in Aunga’ri. “Interesting.”

I didn't know how to explain in front of Mia our reasons for connecting with humans, so I shot him a memory of a battle with the Vul. One where we had fought alongside another race to save their planet. His jaw hardened, and he nodded.

Mia studied both of us, her eyes taking in our exchange. "How have you bonded with Axel? What has allowed you to be attracted to him?"

"We became friends first. Over time, I started to feel him more. Understand what he was thinking." I hesitated and Axel reached out and touched my forearm, his reassuring presence like a force inside me.

Axel leaned forward. "This goes nowhere, understood? We don't know the risk for T'ukka. And T'ukka is wielding his power to keep your brother here for treatment."

Mia widened her eyes and nodded. "Of course."

Axel lowered his voice. "T'ukka and I have developed a psychic link. It's called the Bhesai Ker'el. It used to be common with their people. Since they stopped having sexual and emotional relationships, the link has disappeared."

"And it's very irritating that it's with Axel," I muttered.

"But I'm amazing," Axel said, winking. "We've spent a lot of time together, and we're compatible. He likes my sense of humor. I like his intelligence and stubbornness, and the adorable way he's confused by humans. So the bond grew."

"I'm not adorable," I grumped.

“We didn’t intend to develop a link, but the more time we spent together, enjoying each other’s company, the more the connection grew. And then it became more. Something physical that’s difficult to deny. I know you’ve noticed the way we touch each other.”

“And more than that,” T’ukka murmured.

Mia’s eyes widened. “I knew you two fucked,” she muttered. “In that decontamination room yesterday?”

Axel laughed and nodded. “And I’ve never felt an urge to suck a man off before. But right now, I want my mouth around his dick more than I want to breathe.”

And just when things were going a direction I could get behind, a knock on the door startled us out of our conversation and Axel got up to answer it. My heart pounded as I worried they’d figured us out, that they were here to arrest us.

Commander Shurkuls Bru’ugo An’Mu’ol followed Axel into my public rooms, with his Aunga’ri guards and an American soldier, Nora Wilder, who usually accompanied him. I wondered what kind of soldier she was, what her special skill was, now that I knew Axel’s was codes and languages. Was hers similar, or had they sent people with a variety of specific, useful skills to dig into our occupation and find out our weaknesses?

At that thought Axel glanced at me and shook his head, but I wasn’t sure why. When he was focused, I could read him clearly. When he was like this, his agile mind skipping from thought to thought, I couldn’t make sense of his jumble of

emotions. It had irritated me at first, the way I felt emotions and thoughts bounce off of him, but now I craved the familiarity of his mind. How could I cram two years' worth of emotional growth into a shortened time period?

“Commander,” I said, bowing in the customary way. Axel bowed as well then straightened into a military pose, his hands behind his back, his face a stern mask. Internally, he was analyzing each person in the room as if they were a potential threat.

“I’m here to evaluate the progress of your new mission,” the commander said, walking regally around the room like he was the fucking king.

“We’ve made progress,” I muttered.

“Oh! Excellent. So you have results.”

“Not that much progress,” Axel muttered. His sharp eyes were roaming over the commander’s face, then he frowned and stared at the commander’s human companion. I could feel his mind calculating, assessing, but I didn’t understand the direction of his thoughts.

“I’m expecting results, Thrikteols Bhusl’ai An’T’ukka.” He bit out my full name, his body tense with irritation. Some prince of my tribe long ago had forced everyone to pronounce his full name, starting a tradition that lasted still, even though lower castes were no longer executed for failing to do so. I was accustomed to it but Axel found it irritating, the length of my name, and apparently, so did the commander. I wondered if the

irritation was new, or if my newfound knowledge of his irritation was coming from Axel.

“I’m sure they’re trying their best, sir,” the human soldier said. She had a slow, relaxed way of speaking that differed from the quicker cadence of Axel’s speech, but human accents all sounded similar to me, so I wasn’t sure if it was her personality or some regional difference. I couldn’t imagine a soldier being more relaxed than Axel and still being effective as a soldier.

“If their best won’t work, we’ll have to revisit allowing Ms. Tsung’s brother inside our treatment facilities.” Mia gasped softly and glanced at me, her eyes wide. Axel reached a hand towards hers, his focus shifting to her comfort. And it must have been the right thing to do because she took it, her small hand enveloped in his big one.

I crossed my arms over my chest, assuming a more dominant stance to stare down the commander. “Why the sudden rush? We’ve been around the humans for over two years now. Surely we can wait a short time to do this research.”

Axel grinned. “Yes, tell us the reason for the stressful timeline, Commander. Please.” I glanced at him and got a smug awareness of secret knowledge that was flowing around his words.

“Could they be demisexual?” Mia blurted the question, frowning. “Either the prince, or perhaps all the race? Most humans don’t struggle with sex just for pleasure, but some only feel attraction to someone they’re emotionally close to.”

“Huh,” Axel said. “That would explain a lot. A lot.” He widened his eyes at me, and my pants began to feel a little tight. I shot him a look and mentally told him to stop thinking about fucking. Again.

“If that is the case, how long would it take for this bond to form?”

“About six months,” Axel answered. “With this kind of proximity.”

“Unacceptable.” The commander’s stance tightened, and he glared at all of us. “You have two weeks, or Ms. Tsung’s brother will be removed from our facilities. Figure it out.”

“Six months? That was surprisingly specific,” Mia said as the commander stomped out of the room.

Axel shrugged. “It was how long it took for T’ukka and me to bond more closely.”

“You mean that psychic link thing you two do? The Bhesai Ker’el?”

Axel laughed good-naturedly. “Yep. It has built over time, but that’s about when I started to get weird feelings from him. Good call on the demisexual thing, though. I wonder if there’s anything we can do to speed things along.”

“Well, the problem, if he’s demisexual, is that there’s no guarantee that he’ll be attracted to me ever,” she said with a sigh.

“Oh, he’ll be attracted to you,” Axel said, grinning.

“How can you know that?” I asked, frowning at both of them.

“She may be correct.”

He turned to me, smiling. “You’ll be attracted to her because I’m attracted to her, and we’re... I don’t know. We fit. We agree.”

Mia studied us both, her eyes widening. “Can you use the Bhesai Ker’el to share that attraction now?”

And that was definitely a thought.



CHAPTER 11

Mia

T'UKKA TOOK OFF TO brood after the exchange with the commander, but the thought kept popping back up that we could use their psychic connection somehow to expedite the process, to make sure my brother got his treatment.

So I searched for Axel, hoping to come up with a plan. I needed to figure out how to save my brother, which meant I needed to figure out how to fuck a surly, giant alien. And I was completely certain that Axel was the only person who knew how to make any of that happen. I found him outside on the balcony of our suite, looking at the scenery. He glanced at me, his face serious for once, his mouth firm and unyielding when he was usually smiling. Something had passed between the two men that morning, something which had nothing to do with sex.

“America the beautiful, isn’t it? Did you grow up here?” I could tell he was trying to make his tone light, but it wasn’t exactly working.

“Yep, I love it here. I know it’s the middle of nowhere, but Montana is my home. I love the mountains.”

“I like it, I think. Haven’t explored much, though.” He grinned a little. “I’d love to check out some of the wilderness areas one day. Maybe you can show me around?”

“Of course.” I nodded, looking out over the scenery and wondering what this was like for him. Was this likely to be the rest of his life, or would he eventually return to humanity and forget about the aliens? “They picked a beautiful spot. This used to be a big ranch when I was growing up. Imagine my surprise when I moved back to take care of my brother and discovered it was the secret Aunga’ri compound.”

He frowned, turning to me, his blue eyes sharp and intense. “I won’t let them finish this without fulfilling their promise to you. Your brother will be fine, regardless of whether the sex stuff happens.”

“Assuming the procedures work.”

“Oh, they’ll work, not to worry. I have every confidence in our good doctor.”

I took a deep breath and turned towards him. He was intimidating to look at, big and brawny and handsome, but I liked him a hell of a lot. So this wouldn’t be so bad, right? His wild, nimble mind and laughter made him approachable, and I could imagine pressing up against his beautiful body, those big hands clasping me.

“We need to figure the sex thing out. I don’t want to take any chances with my brother.”

Axel tilted his head, his gaze roaming over my face. “Why do you look like you’re preparing to go to battle? It’s just sex.”

“I want to show him how good sex can be. With you, if you’ll have me. You and me together.”

“Huh.” His blue eyes slowly roamed over my body, and he bit his bottom lip.

“I’m serious, Axel. You guys have some kind of connection, right? I think he’ll understand how good it feels if you and I do it with him present. Maybe he’ll even participate.”

He glanced back out over the wilderness, folding his arms over his chest, quiet for a moment. “I’m not sure if it’ll work like that or not, to be honest.”

“But it’s worth a try. And you want to fuck me anyway, right?”

Instead of smiling at this, like I would have expected, he frowned and pulled me close, wrapping his thick arms around my waist. I settled my cheek against the hard muscles of his chest, feeling the thudding of his heart. And I wrapped my arms around his waist, pulling him close. When he spoke, his voice was quiet and fierce. “If you want to do this, I’ll do this, but I want you to understand that you don’t have to. We’ll figure something out, with your brother, with the way T’ukka and I have already bonded.”

“Why don’t you just tell them about that?”

“He fears they’ll force us to separate. Reassign me, and it would kill us to be apart.”

“I like this noble side of you,” I said, smiling.

“Well, the noble side of me is very distressed that you feel forced into sex before you’re ready.”

“I knew what this was from the start, though.”

“Of course, but this was not what I was signing up for when I agreed to be part of the UN attaché to the Aunga’ri.” The heat of his exhalation tickled my neck and I hugged him back, feeling the strong muscles around his spine.

“You’re lovely, Axel, and I’ve fucked guys for way less than lovely,” I whispered. “So I’m good with this. I want you, but only if you want me.” He chuckled and tilted my chin up with the knuckle of his index finger, tracing his thumb over my full bottom lip. And then he leaned forward and kissed me, wrapping his big hand into my hair and using the other to lift me to a more comfortable height for him. I wrapped my legs around his waist and held on.

Axel was delicious, an incredible kisser, forceful and raw, and yet still testing and responding to the way I responded. He groaned against my mouth and I yanked him closer. I had been expecting sexy fun from Axel, but not whatever kind of intense chemistry was happening between us. A quiet noise alerted us to T’ukka’s presence and Axel lifted his head, his eyes boring into the big alien’s.

“This feels good,” T’ukka said. “You enjoying her feels good.” I studied them, trying to understand the strange bond between them, and then the moment ended and Axel gripped me firmly and carried me inside, setting me in the middle of an empty spot on the floor. He reached for something I hadn’t noticed before.

“Strip, T’ukka,” he said, possibly communicating more to T’ukka that I couldn’t hear in an intense moment of eye contact. “I want you to understand.”

The big alien nodded, and pulled off the harness thing he always wore, carefully setting it aside then pulling at the belt and ties that held his leather-like pants in place. Axel walked over to him and kissed him roughly, and the two of them spent a long moment locked together like that. All muscle and sinew and raw, beautiful sex.

But then he grabbed the alien’s wrists and hooked them to manacles that dangled from the ceiling, spreading him out for us. T’ukka’s violet eyes were curious as he studied both of us.

“Should we have him tied up like this, though? You didn’t discuss consent.”

“Oh.” Axel chuckled and looked at T’ukka.

“We are of one mind,” T’ukka said. “He will know if I do not consent. Right now, I am intrigued.”

“We will not fuck him today, though he’s tempting. I just want him to know,” Axel said, glancing at me. “To feel what I feel.”

I looked between the two of them. “He can feel what you feel?”

Axel hesitated. “It’s weird to explain.”

“We are of one mind,” T’ukka repeated. “It’s not that weird to explain. If he feels pleasure, I feel pleasure. Continue.”

Axel met my eyes, his sparkling, but instead of moving towards me he moved towards the big purple alien, nodding his head. “He’s our little toy right now,” Axel said, slipping a hand between T’ukka’s legs and cupping his balls. His cock was long and close to a human’s in shape and started to grow at Axel’s touch. Fuck, he was big.

“You’re beautiful, T’ukka,” I said, running my hands down over his muscles. He didn’t flinch away, but he also didn’t respond.

“Physical appearance is not valued in my culture,” T’ukka muttered. Then he groaned as Axel’s hand slipped down his cock. His foreskin was a little different, thicker maybe, but as he became more erect I gasped softly. The thick mushroom head of his cock was already leaking pre-cum, and I really wanted to taste it.

“Our girl is into your dick,” Axel said, grinning. “Does that feel good?”

T’ukka groaned as I started to lick and kiss at his stomach, falling to my knees in front of him. I found cocks beautiful, my very favorite part of a man, and I loved how they felt in my mouth, the throbbing reactions of a man inside me, the

way my tongue and lips could sense so much. He gasped as I licked his slit. He tasted good, sweet and salty, and I wanted more, coaxing more from him.

Axel moved behind me as I teased T'ukka, slowly undressing me and kissing every inch of skin as it was bared, then gently spreading my legs with his big hands and nipping at the soft skin of my inner thighs. I whimpered, and he lifted my hips and licked hungrily at my clit. Axel was good at this, and his big hands roaming over my ass and thighs as he explored and tasted me sent an intense wave of lust through my body.

I glanced up at the big alien as I pressed into Axel's touch, and something flashed between us, a strange awareness. We were of one mind. The thought echoed around in my head, the way the two men seemed to communicate. The way Axel groaned in pleasure as I wrapped my lips around T'ukka and sucked. I couldn't imagine feeling either man's pleasure, but there was something a little... more. When I met T'ukka's eyes as I sucked him, it seemed as though his gaze had warmed. I lifted my head and looked back at Axel, gasping as his fingers teased me.

"You enjoy her pleasure even though you can't feel it," T'ukka murmured, his eyes on Axel more than on what I was doing.

"Yes," Axel said. "I love a woman all quivery and needy." And as if to prove his point, he slipped two fingers inside me and latched onto my clit with his mouth, thrashing his tongue against the sensitive bud until I couldn't focus on T'ukka anymore. I bucked against him as he got more intense, driving

me closer and closer to orgasm. I buried my face against T'ukka's hip and rode out the pleasure Axel was bringing me, whimpering and shuddering as a hot pressure built inside me and then exploded against Axel's mouth.

"Fuck me," I whispered.

Axel groaned and moved into position, wrapping his hand into my hair. "Feel his cock respond, feel how much pleasure your pussy is giving me." He shoved me forward, and I took T'ukka eagerly into my mouth. I was a vessel, giving them both pleasure that they could feel together. They were fucking each other as well as me, and I was so damn turned on by that.

I was wet and ready as Axel raked the head of his big cock through my slit, and I returned my attention to the alien, tasting him, feeling the way he pulsed every time Axel moved. I loved how alive a man felt in my mouth, how every movement brought about a reaction, pleasure. But it was almost impossible to focus once Axel started to push inside me. He was big, and he stretched me so full.

"Oh god," I whimpered, pulling back. I glanced up at T'ukka, who wasn't watching my mouth anymore. He was watching Axel's dick as it pushed deeper into me.

"That is..." T'ukka blinked. I gripped his hips, then his ass, and tried to swallow his huge erection as Axel pushed forward and stretched me more than I'd ever been stretched before. I whimpered. This wasn't me being their domme or T'ukka being my toy. This was me, pinned between two massive men, used at both ends and loving it. I hadn't expected to enjoy

something so close to submission, but maybe I was more of a switch than I knew. Or maybe this just felt so damn good.

Axel started to move, pulling back and slamming in deep, and every pulse of his cock, every jolt of his hips, every groan of pleasure, was mirrored in the big alien. He reached around my stomach, slipping his fingers lower until he found my clit, adding a delicious pressure as he fucked me harder and harder, and soon I felt my orgasm explode, rocking my body with an intense, shuddering sort of pleasure.

“Don’t let him come,” Axel growled as he slammed his hips forward and let go inside me, filling me with the warmth of his release, and I pulled back, pinching the head of T’ukka’s cock and stopping the orgasm the way I would with a submissive. T’ukka roared. But Axel lifted me away and kissed me roughly. Grinning wickedly, he pulled a chair over in front of T’ukka.

T’ukka was writhing with unfulfilled need, his big, muscled body fighting against the cuffs that held him still. And Axel winked at me as he moved behind T’ukka and bit his ass, spreading and massaging his cheeks.

“Fuck,” T’ukka growled as Axel started to rim him. His cock was dripping with pre-cum now, painfully hard, and I smiled, aroused as Axel did something wild to T’ukka’s ass, something that made him squirm and writhe.

“Now you,” Axel murmured, his eyes darting to the chair. And I moved, bending forward and bracing myself on the chair as I reached between my legs to pull T’ukka’s massive cock

against my slit. Axel knocked T'ukka's stance wider, coaxing his body to a more comfortable height for me, and looked back at the big alien.

"Do you want to fuck me?" I asked, grinning.

"Yes," he growled. "Now. Stop dilly-dallying."

Axel burst out laughing, tugging T'ukka's balls. "For that, we make you squirm a little more." I tugged the monstrous head of his cock against my entrance, teasing it but not letting him in. But he had something I didn't expect, a small tentacle that lashed out and sucked my clit. I screamed, shuddering hard.

"How did you... fuck!" I had no idea how he had known how to pleasure my clit, but his alien appendage was my new favorite thing, and I pushed back, impaling myself on the big cock. And T'ukka was so fucking big that I had to force myself back on him, my whole body shaking as I struggled to take his massive girth. I whimpered just as Axel grunted. I glanced to the side, and in a reflection across the room I saw Axel had thrust inside our lover.



CHAPTER 12

Axel

I COULDN'T STOP MYSELF from moving towards T'ukka after arranging Mia in front of him. The emotions coming off of him were too strong. He wanted me there, buried inside him while Mia fucked his cock, and there was no point in denying it. I could feel his mind, feel his yearning for it, and it was making me hard again. And I loved the way his body writhed, shuddering with an intense need for me.

I kneeled between his legs and thrust my tongue deep inside him, eager to prepare him for what I was about to do. I'd never fucked a man before, but I figured rimming a man was about the same as rimming a woman. The same preparation. But the way his body responded to my tongue, the shuddering pleasure I felt inside him, that was new. I helped Mia impale herself on his big cock, feeling the pleasure he now got from her slick pussy as I slicked lube over my growing erection.

But I needed to fuck his ass to make this happen. I needed to be inside him for him to be able to come, and I would make that sacrifice. Okay, it wasn't a sacrifice at all. The round,

muscled globes of his ass welcomed me, invited me inside, and he was so fucking tight, slick from my preparation, ready for me. He convulsed as I pushed in deep, and the muscles of my ass tightened as I felt what he felt, a pleasurable stretch, a place somewhere deep that needed to be touched.

“Oh fuck,” I whispered, unable to comprehend how good the big alien felt. His muscles shuddered around me, massaging my cock and bringing me impossible pleasure. Mia had felt warm and welcoming, like coming home. T’ukka felt like entering a fucking sex toy that was designed just for my pleasure. I wrapped my arms around him, grabbing her ass, spreading her for him. It felt like I was fucking both of them. I could feel his pleasure layered with my own, and I was losing my mind.

Mia was whimpering, moving against him with wild abandon, and she gasped as she saw what I was doing.

“Oh god, fuck him hard. Rough,” she breathed, and her words echoed T’ukka’s thoughts so distinctly that it was jarring. They might have been forming their connection, though it seemed impossible. Maybe sex intensified it.

He didn’t hold on for long, his pleasure too intense, and whatever he was doing to her clit made her scream, jolting back into him, her pussy quivering around his cock in a way that I could feel. And I could feel the dam break as his orgasm wracked his body with hard shudders, sending waves of pleasure through me as he filled Mia until his cum was leaking down her legs. She collapsed onto the chair, shuddering and

breathing hard, then watched us as I fucked him for a while, his slick ass opening massaging my cock in the most delicious way.

It was the weirdest fucking sex of my life; me buried inside a man's ass as we both worked towards another hard orgasm, the pressure building inside me more quickly than it ever did the second time around. Mia was still watching, her eyes hooded, when he exploded for a second time, shooting streams of cum across her breasts as his ass milked me dry. I couldn't have stopped my orgasm if I had wanted to. His muscles pulled every last drop of cum out of my balls. I shuddered against him, breathing hard.

After a moment I reached up and released our lover from his shackles, and he all but collapsed into my arms. I wasn't much better off. My legs felt like noodles as we made our way to T'ukka's big bed, lying in a mess of sweat and cum while we all tried to recover. I reached over and sucked one of Mia's nipples into my mouth, licking T'ukka's cum off of her. Fuck, did I love the taste of him.

"Can I do that to you?" he asked.

"I'm going to have to think about that. You're huge," I said. But it was a lie, and he knew it. I wanted him inside me. I wanted to fuck Mia with him in every way. There was nothing I wouldn't do to get them off.

"That was unwise. This is the part where I become obsessed and possibly violent," T'ukka murmured, a shade of worry interfering with his satisfaction. He ran a slow hand down

Mia's back, calming her shudders. "I cannot comprehend allowing either of you to leave, and yet I know that by the rules of your world you do not belong to me."

"What did you do to her?" I asked, chuckling.

"He has some way of sucking my clit while he's inside me. And his cock, your cock. Fuck, Axel, having you both is like... You know what? I'm really okay with you owning me. I will be your little pet and my addiction to your dicks will grow until I'll do anything for a load of cum." Her voice was soft and slightly drugged-sounding.

T'ukka chuckled. "I thought you were dominant, woman."

"Fine. I will tie you down and force you to submit to me. Let me ride that cock until I'm too sore to walk. Better?" She leaned up on her elbows, apparently regaining some of her ability to speak, and grinned down at the big alien.

"And where is Axel in all of this?" T'ukka asked.

She snuggled on his chest and turned towards me, her eyes warm as she reached for my hand. "What do you mean? Axel is part of us, right? He's ours." I sighed and held her hand. "Also, he stretched me out so that I could take you."

"Oh good, glad I have a role as the pre-stretcher," I said, shaking my head and laughing.

She moved in closer, settling between the two of us and brushing her lips against mine. "Axel is our heart," she whispered against my lips before kissing me. I couldn't resist pulling her sticky body against mine and kissing her back with

wild abandon until she pulled away and grinned. “We can’t survive without our heart.”

“If I’m our heart, what are you?”

“Obviously the brains of this operation. I’m a scientist, for fuck’s sake. And that one’s a warrior.” She pointed back at T’ukka, and I shook my head.

“Warriors can be smart,” T’ukka muttered. “But that is how the tribes worked back in the day. The fierce warrior would gather people around him, and their abilities and strengths would combine to make them unstoppable.”

“So how did things get out of hand?” Mia asked. “Out of hand enough that sex was banned, I mean.”

T’ukka thought about it. “Not all the history is available to the public, but the princes got greedy, formed larger and larger tribes, all of whom were sexually involved. And that eventually led to catastrophe. Jealousy and wars and violence, until we were again united by a common enemy. The Vul.”

“The one that threatens Earth,” I murmured.

T’ukka nodded. “The princes were given new roles as warriors. The intellectuals, the ones who had stayed out of the drama, formed the rule of law. Your people might call them asexual, like our doctor. They are not driven by sexual urges, and convinced the rest of my people that we could move past that as well and find a better way.”

Mia traced a tattoo on his skin, frowning. “So why change things now?” she asked. “If it’s a better way for your people.”

“The commander is having sexual urges of his own,” I muttered. T’ukka laughed and shook his head. “Even though he isn’t of your caste? So there are some holes in that story.”

“That may be the case, but you were at that meeting, Axel. You know there’s more to it. The council was very interested in the human concept of love and how it might improve our culture, and it was brought up that human sexuality has close ties to human love.”

“And the commander wants to fuck Nora.”

T’ukka rolled his eyes. “Fine. And that. And for me, the bond of the Bhesai Ker’el, and the loving sensations I feel from you, have made me more curious. As you were inside me, I felt...” He shrugged, confusion clouding his thoughts, but I knew, because I had felt it too, and I wasn’t sure if it had come from him or me, or if it even mattered anymore. I loved him. I reached over Mia, who was now in a content little ball between us, and I kissed him, trying to convey what I was feeling as best as I could, without going so far as saying that.

“If you two are in love, where does that put me?” Mia asked.

I blinked at her. “Neither of us said anything.”

“No, you just clearly told each other you loved each other,” she said, rolling her eyes. And fuck, apparently she had the Bhesai Ker’el bond as well. “What’s the Bhesai Ker’el?”

T’ukka smirked at me and laughed. “It’s how Axel and I communicate. No more keeping secrets from our woman, though, is there?”



CHAPTER 13

Mia

T'UKKA AND AXEL WERE inside my mind, and both of them were a little irritating and a little difficult to differentiate from my own thoughts. From what I could tell Axel seemed to have a sarcastic inner monologue that was running at all times, although maybe some of the sarcasm was coming from me. He also was often on alert, his mind calculating possibilities of different threat scenarios in a way I found fascinating, but also a little exhausting.

T'ukka wasn't just grumpy on the surface. It was like there was a cranky old man muttering things inside my head. I couldn't seem to shut them out, and I couldn't stop thinking about the ridiculous sex, either.

They'd had time to get used to the strange bond, but I wasn't allowed that luxury. It had hit me all at once, riding on the back of the most intense series of orgasms of my life.

I didn't mind hearing them while we were connected sexually, but some peace afterwards would have been nice. Instead, it felt like my mind never went quiet even when it should. And I

knew I would likely struggle to leave this place. It was no longer just because of my brother. I was addicted to them, addicted to knowing what Axel thought about every little thing, addicted to T'ukka's gruff sort of love. To the way they were madly in love with each other and yet still welcomed me between them, pulled me into their warm little space. And most of all, I was addicted to the things T'ukka could do with his cock and his ie'kel, a strange tentacle thing with suction powers.

Axel passed me in the hall, headed for a meeting, according to his overactive mind, and he stopped, cupping my cheek and kissing my forehead. "I know you're needy. We'll fuck you tonight, okay?"

"I said nothing," I muttered, and he paused, his eyes searching mine. He reached out for my hands, smiling a little.

"You okay otherwise?" he asked as he brushed a hand over my cheek.

I paused for a moment and his eyes widened, which made me realize he could hear my thoughts, even as I was collecting them to share with him. Still, it didn't feel right to communicate it without saying it out loud. "Having you guys inside my head is freaking me out."

He nodded. "It must be jarring. It happened much slower with me, when T'ukka and I linked. Gave me time to adjust, to learn to love him."

"Or maybe your personality is just more suited to it."

“Either way, I hadn’t realized that it would slam you hard like that just because you had sex with him. Meditation helps. You can clear us out and focus on the present and yourself.” He stroked his thumb over my cheek and I felt his concern and his want. His need for me was intense and fueled similar feelings within me, though it was strange not knowing the true source of what I felt. “Search your mind,” he said. “Find your voice. The one that sounds like you, thinks the things you’d think.”

I closed my eyes and tried to still my mind, trying to differentiate them. “So, your voice is the constantly horny one?”

Axel burst out laughing, leaning forward to kiss my forehead. “That’d be me, baby girl. And I think in a different sort of pattern... I’m not a linear thinker, if that helps? My mind darts around a lot. I have mild ADHD.”

I nodded, understanding now more of what was coming from him. “You have ADHD but somehow it works for you. Because you’re brilliant.”

He shook his head. “I don’t know if I’d say brilliant, but yes, I’ve figured out how to make it work for me. T’ukka is easy. He sounds like a grumpy old man.” And T’ukka’s voice echoed through my mind, letting us know that he’d heard Axel’s comment and that it had made him even grumpier. This time both of us laughed. Axel smiled. “But there’s something loveable about him, isn’t there? Like you just want to give him hugs and tease him until he smiles.”

That made me smile. “What’s the range?” I asked.

“Apparently a few rooms over,” Axel said, rolling his eyes. “I can feel him in a general sense when he’s further from me, when I leave the fortress, for example. I have a feeling I’d know it in my soul if either of you was in danger.” There was a sense of the affirmative from the voice I had identified as T’ukka, and a sense also that he would protect both of us with his life. I smiled a little at that thought.

“It’s really weird,” I muttered. “But it helps, what you just told me. Can you block it? Focus on your thoughts?”

Axel nodded. “I can’t fully turn you guys off, but I can push you to the background at least, though that’s sort of what it’s like to be me already, with the ADHD. A million thoughts firing at once sometimes. But if I focus, I can put you in a place where you’re more background noise. It just takes some practice. Visualization might help.”

I nodded and closed my eyes again, seeking T’ukka mentally and sending him a little greeting. His mind touched mine, giving me a buzz of gruff comfort that matched the big alien, and for a moment it was almost like I was standing where he was, talking to the commander, seeing what he saw. Then I pulled back, glancing back up at Axel and finding his mind still basically full of lust, which made me smile.

“You can fuck me, if you like,” I said, boldly reaching forward and cupping his cock, tracing over the ridge I could see straining against his combat pants. He groaned, pushing his hips forward, clearly in urgent need of more. More of my touch, more of my attention, more everything.

I turned, facing the wall, and slipped my jeans down over my hips, arching my back and offering him what he needed. I was as drenched as he was hard. One advantage of a psychic link. He groaned, pushing against me and pulling my lips around to his for a kiss. It was so easy to know exactly what would satisfy these men, because I was in their heads.

I felt T'ukka's impatience with what we were doing from across the building. He was in a meeting, and the thought of teasing him mentally, of fucking until he couldn't take it anymore and had to join us, made me squirm.

"I like that idea a lot," Axel said, and I heard the rasp of his zipper then felt the glide of his bare cock as it settled between my ass cheeks. I whimpered and rose onto my tiptoes, trying to get him where I suddenly, desperately needed him, and our thoughts mixed as he found my clit and groaned. "It's lovely to know what it feels like to you when I touch your clit."

"Yes," I whimpered, reaching behind me to cup his cock, stroking it and trying to guide it to where I needed it. I was a little too short, and he bent his knees and spread his legs before impaling me on it, finally giving me a taste of why men always wanted to fuck. His mind was warm and fuzzy, driven by pleasure, and I got the strange sense that he felt like he had arrived, that he was where he belonged. He gripped my ass and pulled back, then rammed in deep, and that sensation intensified. He was meant to be inside me, and he held me tight as he fucked me wildly, the pleasure compounded by our shared awareness of the sensations.

“What the fuck are you two doing?” T’ukka roared as he slammed in through the door. Axel paused and laughed a little against my shoulder.

“Teasing you was her idea,” he said, completely throwing me under the bus.

“I know what ideas both of you had that entire time, you idiots. That was an important meeting about the coming invasion, and all I could think about was how hard my dick was.” I glanced down at his customary leather pants and gasped. He came up behind Axel and slapped his ass hard, gripping him and shoving him in deeper. Axel’s pleasure at the rough treatment surprised me, but not really. I had been a dominatrix, and I knew plenty about masochism.

“Spank him again. He likes that. I can feel exactly how much,” I murmured, and Axel groaned as T’ukka slapped him hard, continuing the torment. Axel’s mind was hot with lust, and he pushed back into every rough touch from T’ukka before thrusting deep into me. I whimpered, loving his pleasure, feeling the rapidly building pressure of his orgasm. And it didn’t take much more for either one of us to come, because once Axel let go I couldn’t help but tumble over the edge with him.

Looking a little cocky T’ukka turned me to face him, yanked my jeans the rest of the way off, lifted me against the wall, and slammed his cock into me. He was too big, and I scrabbled for purchase on his broad shoulders, my whole body shaking with the impact of his hard fucking. His ie’kel established suction

on my clit, driving me over the edge into a second intense orgasm that had both men shuddering. I glanced at Axel as T'ukka fucked me roughly, and he smirked at me.

T'ukka moved fast, echoing what Axel had been doing, sliding into me in rough strokes that left me quivering and wild. He grunted and I felt Axel's mischief, realized that Axel had slipped two fingers inside T'ukka's ass and was pleasuring him while he fucked me.

"This is ridiculous," T'ukka muttered, still a little cranky as he exploded in an intense orgasm that filled me with another load of cum. It was a mess, fucking these two men, and I could never do it without a long shower afterwards. But this time, as T'ukka let me down off the wall, Axel kneeled between my legs and started lapping at my pussy, hungry and wild. He loved T'ukka's taste, and he spent hours sucking our lover's dick.

I moaned as an aftershock of an orgasm pushed me over the edge again, burying my hands in Axel's hair as I met our alien lover's strange purple eyes. T'ukka shook his head, frowning at both of us like we were idiots, then buttoned up his pants and stalked out of the room. Except that we were inside his head, and we knew that the sex had made him clearer, more satisfied, more grounded, and he was grateful for it. T'ukka's communicator pinged, and he looked down at it, frowning.

"You two clean up. I'll be right in," he said.

"Well, that was interesting," Axel said, standing and leading me towards the bathroom. "Alien sex is messy as hell."

As we both stepped under the water Axel pulled me close and kissed me, tasting of T'ukka, and a wave of happiness rushed over me, the source of which I couldn't pin down. T'ukka never returned, but I let Axel massage shampoo through my hair, luxuriating in steamy warmth of the shower and the sensual touch of my human lover. I was more relaxed than I'd ever felt in my life, when the intense wave of fear and anger hit, shattering our peace. It was intense enough that it made my heart stop.

"You felt that, right?" Axel asked, already moving out of the shower, grabbing a towel and tossing it at me. The sparkle of humor was gone from his eyes, and his mouth was straight. It was as if his military training had flipped a switch inside him, and he even moved differently.

"I felt it," I whispered, and I followed him out into T'ukka's bedroom, pulling my jeans and t-shirt on. The feeling coming from T'ukka, wherever he was, didn't die down, and Axel didn't even get fully dressed before he took off at a run. When I pushed out into the hall I could see Axel, sprinting in front of me, shirtless and barefoot, headed to the conference room we knew T'ukka was in. The urgency built in my chest as we moved, guiding us towards the danger when we should have been running away. When T'ukka's voice in my head was urging me to run away.



CHAPTER 14

T'ukka

WATCHING AXEL ATTACK THE Vul spy, his fierce warrior spirit clear in his skilled movements, was a thing of beauty, even though I had told the idiot to run the other way, to take Mia to safety. Mia fell to her knees beside me as the commander and Axel did battle with the big green alien.

“Fuck, he’s delicious, isn’t he?” Mia muttered. She shook her head. “I need to be thinking about safety, not sex.”

“Sorry, that was me,” I said. She glanced at me and laughed, pressing a hard kiss to my forehead just as Axel drove a big blade he had yanked off of an ornamental weapons display on the wall through the Vul’s eye socket.

“Well, that was gross,” Mia muttered as green guts splattered over Axel’s bare chest. Yet somehow he still looked magnificent, breathing hard, searching the room for us. She was holding pressure on my wound as the doctor rushed in, and Axel skidded to his knees by my side.

“The Vul are here,” I whispered to the doctor and she nodded, sealing my wound with her tool, which stung like a bitch but healed rapidly. Mia held my hand, watching closely. Axel dropped his lips to my forehead, his surge of relief making my chest warm.

“You will need to report on your sexual interactions with humans,” the commander barked.

Dr. Vralziks hissed at him. “He needs to heal. Your stupid quest to fuck is ridiculous. Go fuck your woman if you want to.” She waved her hand at Nora, who was standing to the side of the room, wide-eyed. The commander growled, but stomped off. He could not override the orders of a doctor.

But later, once I had been given a few hours to heal, I went in for a long meeting with the commander, confirming that there seemed to be no negative consequences of sex with the humans.

Over the next few days, I felt a strange sense of unrest. They were close; they knew where we were, but there was no way to strike back until they appeared. I wandered through the apartments aimlessly. Axel left for some sort of meeting with his commanders outside of the palace, presumably to tell them about the Vul.

I was used to having him inside my head. Now he was too far away to hear his snarky thoughts on ridiculous things, and I was surprised to miss that. And I couldn't stop thinking about sex. I wanted more of the pleasure we had experienced, the three of us together. A few times wasn't enough, and I wasn't

sure a hundred times would be enough. I ran a hand over my own cock.

I knew Axel pleased himself, and Mia might even do that as well, and I had to wonder if it'd be worth it to try that myself. I closed my eyes and thought about the two of them, about how Axel had touched me, how Mia had sat on my cock and taken me deep inside her. My hand felt pleasant, I supposed, but not nearly as good as either of them. I wondered what it would be like to be inside Axel, to be buried deep inside his ass.

A movement caught my eye, and through the window I glimpsed Mia standing out on the balcony, the wind whipping through her glossy dark hair. She was looking out at the mountains, smiling just a little, and she was so lovely like that. Serene. I couldn't help but go outside to see her.

"Mind if I join you?" I asked. She tilted her head a little, raising an eyebrow. Her eyes trailed to between my legs, where my cock was still swollen with evidence of my attempts at self-pleasure.

"You miss him when he's gone," she said. There was a smirk dancing around her lips as she looked at me. "He came inside me before he left. If you want a little Axel to tide you over."

I growled at that, my cock hardening faster than I thought possible at the thought of tasting him and her together. "You fucked? Why did you not call me?"

"He was horny, and you were meeting with the commander to share the results of our scientific study when he got the call." She reached up and stroked a hand over my cheek. "He'll be

back soon. Calm, T'ukka.” Her words and actions pushed more of a calm than I had felt in a long time into my mind, and I stood there like that for a little while, relishing her ability to settle me. This might become important later on, if the fighting began. I imagined, for a moment, having the two of them by my side always.

“So in the meantime, I can lick your pussy and sort of have him, too,” I muttered. She laughed but turned away from me, bending forward to show me her treat for me. Her pussy was wet and swollen from the recent fucking, and she moaned in pleasure as I ran a hand over the round, muscled curve of her ass and down between her legs. I gave her a light slap there, testing what it would feel like, watching her ass vibrate under my hand. I'd love to see a permanent mark on her skin, something proclaiming my ownership of her, perhaps my name on her. Gently, I traced the symbols that would make my mark on her skin with my nail. She liked the attention on her ass and moaned happily.

I kneeled between her legs, and she arched for me. “This type of clothing is very convenient.” I pushed the short little thing she had been wearing to cover her intimate parts out of the way and gave her a long lick, tasting Axel's salty cum and her sweetness. I liked the way their flavors mixed, their arousal apparent. She whimpered and reached behind her, rubbing her hands through my hair.

“It's called a miniskirt.” She glanced down at me and laughed, but her laugh was cut short by a gasp as I slipped my tongue inside her, gripping her ass and lapping hungrily at their cum.

This I couldn't get enough of. And that warmth around her sank into my mind as she pressed back, reaching behind herself to wrap her fingers into my hair.

"Wear miniskirts always," I murmured, pulling back and nipping at her ass. Then I went back to my attentions to her pussy, focused on doing whatever it took to get her to make those sweet little whimpering noises. I loved those noises.

"Oh fuck, T'ukka, you're..." She didn't finish her sentence as her whole body shuddered. I enjoyed doing this, enjoyed pleasing her. The warm, happy sensation that I felt after she came was like a drug, and it was so easy to make her come. She spread her ass wider and I could sense her release building, felt when her knees buckled and I had to help support her. "Fuck me," she whimpered, turning and falling to her knees in front of me, yanking at the straps on my pants until my cock was exposed, hard and ready for her.

She dove on me, sucking me hungrily into her mouth, though she could only really take the big tip. Her lips stretched wide, and she looked pretty like that, with my cock in her mouth. I smiled down at her and brushed my fingers through her hair, relishing the swirling pleasure brought out by her tongue. Her fingers cupped my balls then dipped lower, to the place where Axel fucked me, my ass, and I groaned. I lifted her and impaled her a bit roughly on my lap. Mia shuddered hard, leaning back against my chest, her body arched to take my length.

“Fuck, T’ukka,” she groaned as I guided her hips to ride me. She was wild on top of me, her hips swaying in a beautiful, sensual rhythm, her pussy contracting around my big cock. And I did the thing she liked with my ie’kel, sucking her clitoris in a way that made her completely lose it. I pushed her forward onto her hands and knees and rutted her hard, chasing only my pleasure as she buckled beneath me, making these sweet gasping moans I could live off of. And almost too soon I felt my the heat of my orgasm rise inside my cock, the aching need for release.

I fucked her harder, slamming forward into her again and again as I rode that pressure over the edge to the ultimate pleasure. She shuddered beneath me as I held her hips in place for a moment. “Holy shit,” she groaned.

“Was I too rough?” I suddenly felt concerned, and I pulled out of her and gathered her close.

“No,” she said, shaking her head and nuzzling her lips against my chest. “You were fucking perfect.”

We were quiet like that for a moment, sitting cuddled together on the balcony, both lost in our own thoughts, I supposed. “There is danger coming to Earth. I will protect you,” I murmured against her hair. “And your brother.”

She nodded, sighing sadly, her eyes a little distant. “Did you miss having him with us just now?”

I thought about that. “No, it seemed like a bonding moment for you and me, though I don’t think I could ever deny Axel. He has my heart. Though you may chip away your own little

place there as well.” I rubbed her back, feeling her shudder with the aftershocks of the rough sex, and she wrapped her arms around my waist. We were still there when Axel got home, and he grinned and licked my cum out of her pussy with wild abandon that started her lust all over again.



CHAPTER 15

Axel

NORA PULLED ME ASIDE as we got ready to head into the meeting at the Pentagon, shoving me into a small office of some sort and looking around. She pulled out a small device, and I frowned at it. “What’s that?” Kitten “A signal scrambler,” she said. “Not that I want to sound paranoid, but...” She shrugged. A scrambler would block signals from bugs, but she efficiently checked the room as though someone could be listening anyway, like she was paranoid. Which I supposed a lot of us in the intelligence community were. I didn’t exactly know what Nora was, just that she was US military intelligence, and that I got the idea that she was perhaps a little older than she looked, maybe in her late thirties or early forties. Perhaps a higher rank than the military would normally send into this kind of situation. She checked the scrambler one more time then, finally satisfied, she turned to face me, crossing her arms over her chest. “Can I trust you, Mason?” she asked.

I chuckled. “Can I trust you, Wilder?”

She rolled her eyes, then lowered her voice. “I know you love the prince, and I know you’re emotionally enmeshed in that weird threesome thing you have going with that woman. But do you trust the Aunga’ri are here with good intentions?”

I hesitated, then met her curious eyes. “I do. He’s shown me.”

“Shown you?” She frowned, backing up.

I kept my voice quiet, glancing around, because I didn’t want to sound crazy. Or to be removed from my post. “Battles he’s been in. I’ve seen his memories of a planet they tried to help before that was destroyed. Memories from when he was very young of their own planet as it was destroyed.”

“How?” she whispered, but somehow I knew she knew. I had seen her with the commander, seen the way they seemed to communicate on a different level.

“You see it with the commander, don’t you?”

“I don’t know what I can trust.” She hesitated. “How do we know they’re not fucking with our heads? If they can get inside our minds, they can tell us whatever they want.”

I laughed. “I don’t know what the commander’s mind is like, but T’ukka is without artifice. He shows me things that he doesn’t mean to show me as well as those he does. I trust him.” She still looked skeptical. “I can control him as much, if not more, than he can control me. And Mia seems to have a firm grip on us both. It’s an emotional connection, deep and unbreakable.”

She hesitated. “Are you sure?”

“Is that not what you feel with the commander?”

“Sometimes. I don’t know what to trust anymore, don’t know what’s coming from me and what’s coming from him.” And I realized that the same bond that made me feel grounded and whole was throwing her into a tailspin.

“It’s real. The commander loves you and would do anything to protect you, even summon the wrath of a prince.” I met her eyes and widened mine, and something clicked for her. She frowned up at me, studying me with golden brown eyes that were really lovely. I knew she was smart and a fierce fighter, capable and beautiful. “I see why he loves you. Let him love you, if you care about him the same way. He’s a good man.”

“I don’t know about that,” she murmured. “But if we are to believe that the Aunga’ri are here for the greater good, we need to sell that to the higher-ups without sounding brainwashed.”

I hesitated. “Why would they think we’re brainwashed?”

“I believe the Vul have been plantings seeds of dissent with their spies. They have taken the time to learn about the humans, perhaps better than the Aunga’ri. The Aunga’ri come in as bold, benevolent helpers. The Vul seek to understand before they destroy.”

“So they’re on Twitter,” I said.

She snorted a laugh. “Pretty much. They’re invading human media channels, leaking a conspiracy theory that probably can’t be reeled back in at this point. You know how it is with

conspiracies. If they disappear, they gain more strength. People have their screen shots, people see the government stepping in to stop their rants and they flip out even more.”

“Fuck.”

“Right. But seeing that Vul the other day, the one you fought with Mu’ol, the way he blended in. It has me in a tailspin, and I’m not sure how much to share with the higher-ups.”

“Just how high up are you?” I asked. “What’s your real rank?”

She hesitated then sighed, running a hand through her curly hair. “High up enough that I haven’t been in the field like this in quite a while. They’ll listen to my advice but we need to tread lightly, to approach it with clear minds and no emotion. Am I clear?”

I nodded. “You take the lead, Nora. I trust you to do it correctly.” Saying this sent a shudder of tension through me, because while I trusted T’ukka and Mia implicitly, those were really the only two people in my life that I’d ever trusted. There was no choice but to place my trust in this woman, who seemed capable and competent, but how could I know that she wouldn’t go to the council and say the exact opposite of what she was telling me?

“In this case, I think less will be more. But they need to know that what’s coming is insidious, that it’s unlikely to be a bunch of space ships that appear in the sky and shoot at us like a Hollywood movie.” She pushed the button on her scrambler and stood, straightening her uniform. I followed her out, eyeing the other members of the attaché who had joined us for this

meeting. Why had she singled me out? Were there others we couldn't trust?

Trust no one. And when we walked into the meeting to give our report, I watched Nora's eyes widen. Up on the stands was a man I recognized, a young American soldier named Rob McCarthy. Nora pulled me behind a group of soldiers who were watching the proceedings, nodding in time with Rob's vehement speech. We hadn't heard the beginning of it, but the end was enough. "We need to understand that we're being attacked on two fronts here. The Aunga'ri and the Vul both seek to destroy Earth. These armies leave a path of destruction in their wake, and now they've made our planet their next battleground."

"Fuck," Nora whispered, her eyes wide. "We need to get the fuck out of here and get back to Montana."

We both turned, quietly slipping back out of the room, and ran headfirst into a group of soldiers. "Sir. Ma'am. We've been instructed to detain you as possible spies."

TO BE CONTINUED

Hi Readers! I just wanted to drop a quick note to thank you for reading. Book two of this series is currently being edited into ebook format, and will release in early April 2023. The full series is available to US audiences in serial format on Kindle Vella here: <https://www.amazon.com/kindle-vella/story/B09CZ939L6> and the rest of the series will be coming to ebook through April/May 2023

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