

I'M STUCK WITH  
MY ALIEN  
BOUNTY HUNTER



MATED TO THE XIRASHI 2  
LATREXANOVA  
KYRA KEYS

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To everyone else who loves it when two people are totally down to bang but also for *reasons* decide they can't until the day they have electrifying sex.

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This book contains intergalactic texting, pining over the person who wants to fuck you six ways to sunday, so much voyeurism, electroplay, public play, themes of human trafficking by aliens, and brief moments of sexual assault. Oh, and a wee bit of sweet, sweet vengeance.

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## CHAPTER ONE

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### LUCY

“You all strapped in?” I ask Shruti.

“Yes. I can’t wait to get out of here,” she says, pulling at the tiny white dress-like thing the smugglers put on us when we asked for clothes.

Hers doesn’t fit any better than mine—it’s like they thought humans were all the same tiny size but I’m too tall and Shruti’s too curvy for the tiny scraps of cloth to do their job properly. Where mine basically shows off my ass and nearly exposes my crotch, her breasts look trapped and the fabric keeps riding up on her hips because of her thighs.

“This day has been so weird,” I say to her, laughing. “It’s crazy to think after everything we’re finally free.”

“What a way to escape, too,” she giggles.

Neither one of us can stop thinking about our saviors, fellow human Kit and her pink alien husband Vorkul fucking in their own cell to supercharge his weird electricity-laden body. Apparently his species, the Xirashi, have the ability to turn into EMPs if properly satisfied. I shift in my seat, rubbing my thighs together to try and dissipate some of the arousal that’s completely unwanted at a time like this.

“Fuck, why was it so hot?!” I mutter.

“I mean, you saw his cock.”



“Are they all like that? Is it weird we’re fetishizing this alien after getting abducted?”

“I like to think it’s healing,” she says. “Like you said in the cell, it’s kind of sweet that we’re able to witness a pure act of love in the middle of all this. Well, not pure, I guess. Dirty as all fuck in the best way.”

We both burst into giggles.

“Stars, they don’t make porn as good as what we saw,” I sigh. “What I’d give to watch them all over again—yeesh, I’m such a pervert.”

“Girl, you’re preaching to the choir,” Shruti says. “I bet they’re screwing each other sideways all over again right this minute.”

Something occurs to me then.

“Shruti, do you know that Vorkul gave me full access to the ship?”

“Full access, huh?” she repeats mischievously.

“So I’m thinking maybe we’d be able to watch—I mean this is so wrong. But they obviously don’t care if we watch considering what they did in front of us, right?”

“Right?”

“Right,” I confirm. “Maybe we just see what they’re up to.”

“Lucy, you’re a sneaky one.”

I blush. “Like you said, just trying to help us heal from the whole nearly becoming sex slaves thing.”

“Exposure therapy.”

“Goal-setting.”

We laugh again and I feel nervous commanding the computer to show us the cockpit.

“Arrow,” I call out.

The computer chimes back, “Yes, Lucy?”

A thrill runs through me. It's *really* nice to be in command of something.

"Show us the cockpit," I say. I can't help but snigger at the word, because of where my head is at.

"I hear cockpit is Vorkul's pet name for Kit," Shruti jokes.

"SHRUTI!" I burst out laughing.

We both fall silent as the view screen in front of us fills with the image of Vorkul's huge pink body crackling with electricity while his head is buried between Kit's thighs as she clings onto him to stay standing. She's so much smaller than him, it doesn't seem like it should work. Kit's panties are a shredded mess on the floor next to them.

"Holy fuck," I breathe.

Heat and want surge between my legs. My head is a big messy ball of desire and anxiety. It would be amazing to have what they have, but I can't imagine trusting anyone after what's happened to us. Kit looks utterly happy, her dark skin glowing with sweat.

"Come for me, my mate," Vorkul whispers against her crotch as his fingers thrust in and out of her.

Kit cries out and bucks against him. Just when she's calming down, his hand slides up her stomach, past her full breasts, up her neck, leaving a glistening trail of her arousal. His fingers push into her lips and she moans as she tastes herself on his fingers.

"All passengers locked in," the ship's computer chimes in, jarring both Shruti and I out of our voyeuristic reverie.

"Fuck," I mutter.

"Fuck," she says.

"And that was just a quickie for them," I laugh.

I feel hot. My fingers pull at the neckline of my too-small dress and try to fan air through my torso.

"Do you think we'll ever find something like that?" Shruti asks. Her voice is quiet. Thoughtful.

“I don’t know. It’s hard to imagine it’s even possible.”

“Lots of impossible things have happened to us so far, though. I mean, despite the Interplanetary Unity Council’s protections, there’s the whole fact that we got abducted in the first place—“

“Let’s not use examples of bad impossible things,” I interrupt.

“But then we get rescued by a human bounty hunter and her mate. And the way they break us out of lock-up is by some mind-blowing sex. So I’m thinking we’ve got pretty good odds. Being this close to it has to mean good stuff for us, too, right?”

“I sure hope so, Shruti. ‘Cause I’m kind of ruined for anything less after what we saw today.”

“Definitely an improvement on being ruined for sex altogether, at least.”

“Well, shit. There’s still that, I guess,” I groan.

We both yelp as the ship jostles from being thrown into hyperspeed.

“Healing takes baby steps,” Shruti soothes. “We’ll figure it out.”

“Sure would be nice to figure out with an eight-foot tall alien hunk who treats your pussy like a pudding cup, though.”



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## CHAPTER TWO

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### LUCY

The Xiren bounty hunter station is bustling with activity. We dropped off the rest of the girls at the Tube station outside Earth, but I'm not going home. I didn't even want to see what Earth is like now. Whatever it is, it's not going to be the same. And that tears me apart more than anything.

Trying to focus on anything else, my eyes fall to the vid screens playing some sort of dating... cooking show? I can't figure out how I feel about the aliens. I mean, they're kind of hot but it's hard to watch stuff like this now. Marrying a guy you just met? Not for me. Especially because of the whole being abducted thing. And I can't help but worry that it's all just a set up for some sort of trafficking ring. Even if I know that's not necessarily true, that not everything has something awful hidden behind it.

Shruti seems to be adjusting way better than I am. She went off with one of Vorkul's buddies—some grumpy, quiet Xirashi with a huge scar running from his eye down his neck. He seems like a bore, but she's having the time of her life trying to get him to crack. I can tell she's trying to get her own pink alien husband and can't help but admire her audacity.

Vorkul assigned a few of his friends to help those of us who decided not to return to Earth placements. Mine is busy trying to offload me to the furthest possible reaches of the galaxy, I swear.

“This tour is going to Bolan,” the Xirashi with the glowing skin and celestial tattoos says, holding out a pamphlet for me. “Or this one to Chuqax IV. I hear the forests there are something else.”

He’s utterly captivating. Kravan, that’s his name. It’s so unfair. He completely stands out from the others—and I’m not the only one who can’t take my eyes off of him. That’s fine. I’m not expecting anything to happen. I know his kind have biological mates and I am clearly not his, or I’d see the same sort of uncontrollable lust as my friend Kit and her mate Vorkul. Plus, I don’t even know if I’m ready for a relationship after everything we’ve been through.

No, he’s so cautious around me. Like he can’t wait for me to be gone. Everyone else left has chosen where to go instead of Earth, but not me. All of these tours bore me. I know just the sort of bullshit they’ll pull—especially if the guides are human. I don’t want to be babied by any sort of rose-colored view of the universe. How am I supposed to get excited about the Great Galaxy Slinger on Parquex 9 when I have to wonder if there’s a secret society running a human trafficking ring on the down low.

“I don’t really want to go on a tour,” I sigh, pushing the pamphlets back towards Kravan. My fingers graze the back of his hand and I pull back from the *literal* shock that comes with it.

*Damn, is that what Kit felt on her pussy?* I think idly. Now was probably a bad time to think about getting railed by the sweet alien bounty hunter just trying to get away from me. The pink of his skin darkens for just a moment before he turns away exasperated, in search of another tour to throw my way.

I walk over to the viewing window. You can see the dark expanse of space—as well as the strange sight of Xiren from just above. It has three moons just above us, with the star of this solar system on the other side of the base. Nothing makes Earth seem quite so pointless as seeing a view like this. I have no idea where the smugglers took us. I feel like I could study the universe my whole life and never get a full understanding of how big it is.

A body slides up behind mine, breaking my quiet little meditation. It shocks me so badly that I lash out—blindly throw hands and feet to get it away. Side effect of that whole threat of sexual violence thing I really wish I could move past.

“Lucy,” Kravan says, grabbing my wrists to stop the blows for just a moment. He pulls his hands back quickly. My skin tingles with the electricity running through him. My breath catches.

Oh.

“Sorry, sorry. Being kidnapped really fucks with you.”

He smiles and steps back. “It is nothing. Your little hits can hardly hurt me”.

My stomach twists. Right. I’m weak. That’s why I got kidnapped in the first place. I think about all the years my dad tried to get me in self defense classes and how much I hated it. It’s all I could think about as I tried to prep my head for a lifetime of sexual servitude. Should have listened.

“Did I say something wrong?” He asks, staying back.

“No. I just—I can’t do these tours. You know? Led along like a sheep and smiling and nodding as if everything is amazing. And you can’t tell me that’s not what it is—I used to sell these tour packages. I know exactly how inane they are. I need to see the stars, yes, but I need to help. To do something with my life, because otherwise I’m just—“

I’m spilling my heart out to this hot pink alien and he doesn’t give a shit. I shake my head.

“You don’t understand, and that’s fine. You can just go. I can figure this out on my own.”

He sighs and something softens in him.

“I am honorbound to find you safe travels. Vorkul’s mate will have my hide if I do not.”

It’s killing me, how sweet he’s being. But I am fooling myself. He is just doing it because his kind are so focused on honor

“Perhaps...” he sounds a bit strained, like he doesn’t really want to say what he’s thinking. “There are missionaries—they are by virtue of their religion unlikely to be focused on you for any other reason except to make you see their Gods, but part of what they do is go to planets where they have seen recent tragedy and help rebuild. It may be an option for you, to be able to do something more than just watch from behind a window. It will be difficult work, though.”

My heart flips. It is something I would prefer to what he has offered before, but the more he tells me about these other options, the more I just want to stay with him.

“Where are you going after you get us all settled?” I ask him. Mostly as idle chatter. Because he’s a dangerous bounty hunter and it would be absolutely crazy to go with him. He wouldn’t dare let me.

His gaze slides over me and looks out the window. I feel the heat emanating from his body as we stand next to each other, gazing out at the stars. It feels so nice, to stand this close to someone without worrying they’ll do something else.

Except... Well. I wouldn’t mind. Not with him, for some reason. He just puts me at ease so easily. Maybe I’m just desperate for my own pink alien husband, too.

I imagine what it would be like for our hands to brush. Is it crazy of me to try and make it happen again? I wonder if he is always so electric. If it is like that when other people touch him, too.

Or if, by some impossibility, I am special. I don’t want answers. No point having my hopes dashed.

“I have another bounty.”

*Come on, Pink Hulk, we can get a little more communicative.*

“Which is?”

I see him turn to me out of the corner of my eye before looking back at the stars.

“Helping Vorkul and Kit track down...”

He goes quiet. Even without saying the name, a shiver runs through me. That fucking monster. Captain Hewqais—or Captain Hijacks, as he's more commonly referred to. One-half of a human trafficking empire. There used to be a third, this senator or something that went missing, but now it's him and this mysterious partner people only ever refer to as the Reaper.

You hear a lot of gossip sitting in a cell waiting to be sold off. I know more about inter-galactic politics than I ever thought possible. I don't know that all of the girls were paying as much attention as I did, but I guess one of my survival instincts is to listen—to know—as much as possible.

“You don't have to beat around the bush,” I tell Kravan, even if the name of our captor does scare the shit out of me. “I don't want to be lied to, to forget what happened to us or to brush it under the rug.”

He turns to me, his bright eyes dazzling and his smile broad.

“Very well, then, Lucy. I am going to help Vorkul and Kit track down Captain Hijacks, torture him until he tells everything there is to learn about his disgusting empire, and then find every last human he and his kind have abducted.”

No, no no. Not fair. Not fair that he gets to be so ungodly attractive, and considerate, and sweet, and a good listener and so fucking HOT and about to embark on a super incredibly dangerous mission. What a waste. My heartbeat quickens as I think about what sort of dangers he'll get into, but also of all the possibilities—if he felt anything like what I'm starting to feel for him. Maybe in another time, in another place we could develop enough time together for me to feel safe in his arms and then I could lick him from head to toe.

Because if I wasn't just a bit too traumatized to proposition an alien I only met earlier today, I absolutely would. Fuck. He'd be like the perfect in-between, too, to like getting over all the shit in my head and moving on past everything.

I bite my lip to try and ground myself back to the present. His eyes flick to my mouth and he lingers there for just a little too long. Maybe even without their fated mates or whatever

the Xirashi still fuck. I mean, I bet they do. I don't know how all this biological mating urges things works in other species.

“Where will you go first?” I ask him.

“My first destination is the Merax system, a system of dead planets that we think might act as a hideout. There's a thriving black market not too far away, one we know Captain Hijacks likes to dip his disgusting little fingers into and puppet the strings of his sales.”

“What will you do once you're there?”

“Keep my eyes peeled. Ask around. I'll probably have to feign interest in a sale or two.”

My mind keeps trying to fit me into his plans. Both of us on opposite sides of a tavern, me luring them in with my body while he keeps an eye out until the sight between us gets so hot and heavy we have to put off investigations for the night to —

*What the hell.* I definitely used to sleep around a lot, but sex has been the farthest thing from my mind ever since it was almost forced on me. Now I keep thinking of ways to seduce Kravan, and I'm barely put off by the idea of it.

In my defense, I'm still all sorts of twisted up about seeing Kit and Vorkul fuck each other's brains out. Maybe seeing that—seeing a human so much smaller than these giant aliens being worshipped and adored by one—was enough to work past my psyche and reorient whatever part of me saw them as these big scary monsters. It also helped me to imagine what Kravan looked like under all the armor.

“Fine, I'll do the stupid missionary position,” I say.

*Oh my god. I didn't just say that.* He's an alien. He probably doesn't know human sex position names. Cause that would be weird. And—whatever. He knows what I meant.

Because in that moment, something is very clear to me: this is the kind of alien I could really fall for. And not only is he not into me, he's also about to risk his life to murder my former captor, and every second we stand here I'm just getting more and more morose.



“Really?” he asks. “You are not just saying that to get rid of me?”

I laugh and it digs the knife deeper into my poor little heart.

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## CHAPTER THREE

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### KRAVAN

I wish she would go one of those “inane little tours” she rolls her eyes at. My skin dances with electricity around her. When we touch, I know I’m not imagining it: she’s my *mirak*.

But my job is dangerous and it would kill me to see her perish because of my own selfishness at wanting her close. No, as much as I want her—every part of her—I know I have to send her somewhere safe where she will be looked after by good people. The Starseekers are from a planet near to Xiren, some of the people who came to help us rebuild after the Last and Final War.

Now all I can think of is her in this “missionary position.” Because I have always had a thing for Earth women—of course I know the term. I can tell she doesn’t think I do. But I want to drive my *shikur* between her soft thighs and watch her face as she moans.

“So that’s it, no goodbye or anything?” she asks as the shuttle arrives with the Starseekers.

“Goodbye?” I say to her, curious. “I will not leave until I see you safely in their hands.”

Nothing in me wants to see her leave. There is a pull between us, tight and irresistible, and it is the biggest reason why she must go. But I have been with humans before. I know they do not have the biological imperative that we do. Yes,

they have mates, but humans are not naturally bound to couple with just one mate their entire lives.

They are, however, great fun in bed.

The air shifts and I keep getting whiffs of her scent, just barely laced with arousal. It is enough to drive me insane. Vorkul would not forgive me if I fucked her in the middle of the Xirentash station, and I am not sure she would appreciate being accosted by a horny “alien” after escaping what she did. That, and I cannot give in to my urges when it would put her in danger to lose my head like that.

“Fine, goodbye,” she grumbles and spins on her heels.

There is nowhere for her to go. The missionaries are not here yet. She is acting like a petulant child in order to annoy me, but turning away from me gives me an all-too delicious view of her backside. She is taller than any human woman I have seen, which only delights me more. If I walked forward, she would be at the perfect height to grind my *shikur* against her ass.

“A friend of mine once worked with the Starseekers. They said after the first night, they had to sleep for three days to recover from the hard work.”

“Are you trying to scare me off of this?” she turns quickly to face me.

“Simply warning you the level of work ahead of you, when you could be relaxing on the waters of Wypesh and basking in the suns of their binary system.”

An image of her stretched out on the pink sands of Wypesh in the little scraps of cloth I have seen humans wear in ads for their Pacific Ocean resorts flashes in my mind. If I could lie next to her, it wouldn’t take much to move the cloth out of the way to stroke along her cunt. That cloth does so little to cover, I could probably suck her nipples through the fabric.

I adjust my pants and try to hide the unfortunate hardness in my pants. I need to keep my thoughts in line, or I will scare her off. We will never be able to mate because of my line of

work, but I do not want her hating me or terrified of me because I cannot keep a hold on my desires.

The clunky shuttle of the Starseeker pulls up next to us. My stomach twists with anxiety. I do not want to say goodbye to her. To see her leave me forever.

Not everyone meets their *mirak*. If the others knew she was my mate, they would not let me do what I am. It is almost a crime amongst the Xirashi to forsake such a stroke of Echovyr. To see her go is to let a part of myself leave as well. And she has no idea.

“Have fun playing in the dirt,” I say to her as the doors open to the shuttle.

The Starseekers step out, a small furry purple Hugin with big yellow eyes and a tall, lanky grey Gretinz. Lucy purses her lips, as if to hide a smile and her eye flick to me as she raises her brows. Like she is sharing an inside joke with me. The familiarity squeezes my heart, even if I do not know what the joke is.

“Greetings,” the grey says. “I am Ffigts and this is Ybpa. We received your communication that you are a devout follower of the Seekers and wish to aid our mission.”

“Oh, so devout,” she says with a straight face, her eyes back on me. “Praise be.”

I smirk, trying not to laugh. It was not necessary to tell them she is a follower, they would have taken her anyway. But this seemed more fun.

I am about to say something, but my brother, Hargex, comes running up to me and pulls me aside.

“I have news, brother,” he says in a rush. “Of your slaver ring. Captain Hijacks has been sighted in the black market hidden near the Merax. They say he is more irate than usual. Much talk of him swearing vengeance against Vorkul.”

“Then it is a good thing Vorkul and Kit are likely to be too distracted with each other to put themselves in his line of sight. Their desire may save them—yet again.”

Hargex chuckles, as word of what happened in their face-off with Captain Hijacks—recharge sex included—has spread like wildfire across the Xirentash.

I urge Hargex to move further away from Lucy and the others. She would want to hear this, and for that reason I cannot let her. It may distract her from her plans to become a missionary, just when I have found her somewhere safe to go. I will send her a communication later to check in and make sure she has settled, but this news is urgent.

“Any word on his ship?”

“He has a new one, a cloaker. Not a surprise it’s been hard to hear word on him til now.”

“Does this mean he already has a new group of captives?”

“We can only assume. He seems to be asking around not just for buyers and sellers, but also for information on Xirashi.”

“That may work to my advantage or to my great detriment. Either I can twist his vengeful mind to work against itself, or he will have my head.”

“It is worth it, though, to potentially see his flesh torn apart.”

“Truly, yes. Thank you, brother. If you hear anything else, send word.”

“May the waters of Echovyr fill your blood and bring you luck.”

We tap our foreheads together in goodbye and I glance back to the shuttle as it takes off. There goes my *mirak*. Unease and calm war in my heart to see her go. But there are few places I’d feel safer with her going.

*Except by my side.*

But I know that is mere selfishness. That she will be far safer with the Starseekers than she ever would with me.

My heart may be breaking to part from her now, but it would break worse to know she was in any danger.

Now to make the asshole who endangered her most pay.  
Though perhaps I will thank him before I kill him, for without  
his savagery, I never would have met her.

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## CHAPTER FOUR

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### LUCY

The tall one looks just like the old sci-fi movie greys. When I start sniggering in Kravan's direction, I realize he has no idea why it's so funny. And the little one? It's like two feet all and could have had a side gig as a living squishmallow. These are the aliens he wants me to stay with? Who he thinks will be able to protect me from danger? I have a million questions, and I'm about to say something to Kravan when another Xirashi runs over and pulls him aside. He looks much like Kravan, without the celestial tattoos and much broader. Kravan is lithe in comparison, though still insanely ripped.

"Brother," the larger alien calls Kravan. I wonder if it's his actual brother or if they're just close like that.

It's impossible to miss "Captan Hijacks" from his mouth next. Whatever the missionary aliens were saying goes in one ear and out the other as I try to eavesdrop on Kravan and his supposed brother.

He already has another group of slaves. The blood drains from my body as I imagine their future. Those poor people. There's no way I can leave to some random planet when I could maybe do something to help others escape the same fate I was nearly destined to.

Kravan isn't paying attention to us anymore, so if I'm going to leave, this is my chance.

“I’m so sorry,” I tell the missionaries. “I’ve actually had a sudden crisis of faith. I won’t be able to join you in your mission after all. Give my best to the big guys upstairs, or wherever you think they live. My apologies.”

Then I dodge behind a group of drunk Xirashi and try to make myself small—no easy feat with my height, but made way easier by the fact that they’re all at least a foot taller than me.

*What the fuck am I doing?* I ask myself. I mean, this is insane. Right in this moment, there’s no one looking out for me, no one expecting me to go anywhere. And do I even know where I want to go?

*With Kravan.*

I can’t shake it. Every thought brings me back to him, not just as a possible solution to heal my sexual trauma but also as a pillar of stability. I like how protective he is, how sweet he is. No one, human or alien, has ever treated me like he has and I am addicted to it. I didn’t know they made cinnamon roll aliens.

So that’s why I make sure he’s still distracted talking to his brother as I make my way to his ship. It’s one of the smaller ones, closer in size to Kit’s little clunker than Vorkul’s. That sends a thrill through me more than it should—maybe sense memory or something, being in that little ship while we went into hyperspeed after Shruti and I just witnessed Vorkul going down on Kit.

The thing is, I didn’t think about how I’d get in. I circle around the ship looking for a way in as I realize how dumb my plan is. Kravan is going to walk up on me and yell at me any minute. I look up to see him turning towards his ship as he says goodbye to his brother and jump behind to the other side. I’m not ready to get yelled at.

Kravan turns momentarily to look at the shuttle I was supposed to be on. He looks up to the sky, shakes his head, and moves closer to his ship. He looks almost sad until he starts running. *Shit, did he see me?* He slows down once he gets close, but he doesn’t seem to spot me. I don’t know why

he started running, maybe he's just excited to leave or something.

Who does spot me, though, is Shruti who is walking with her future pink alien husband right past me.

*What are you doing?* she mouths.

*Trying to get on his ship without him knowing,* I mouth back, complete with hand gestures—my fingers acting like legs walking aboard.

*“You better message me what is going on,”* she whispers.

My eyes go wide as I urge her to shut the fuck up or else I'm gonna get found out.

The boarding gear rolls out and Kravan is about to step on.

Shruti is perhaps the best friend a girl could make in captivity, because she pulls her Xirashi along and accosts Kravan. The Xirashi she has is so quiet, so grumpy I'm not even worried he's going to rat me out. I am in awe of Shruti, though. What a freakin' pal.

“Kravan! Did Lucy leave already?” she asks

“Yes, she is safe amongst the Starseekers,” he says gruffly. “Excuse me, I must leave right away.”

I've got one foot ready to go to run aboard before he catches me, but he's going to ruin everything if he turns right now.

“Just—before you go—Inkesh here is impossible to crack. Surely he's smiled at some point in his life?”

There's a pause and I walk as quietly as I can up the boarding ramp, peeking back constantly to make sure Kravan isn't looking my way.

“There's been speculation Inkesh will smile when the three moons leave Xiren's orbit.”

“Uh... when's that?” Shruti asks.

“Not for billions of years, if our calculations are correct.”

“Maybe the reason he hasn’t laughed is you guys need better jokes. That one’s a real thinker.”

I hear a grunt or a snort from Inkes and finally I’m inside. I don’t take a moment to settle in, just run for the closest hiding spot I can. There’s lots of storage pods in the next room over about my height. I look through them, opt against hiding out amongst food or clothes or anything that looks like he might need too quickly.

Footsteps clatter on the boarding ramp—time is running out. I hop into the first pod that doesn’t have food and tap it closed. Better hope there’s oxygen in here or I’ve just sealed my death, whoops. Didn’t really think about that first.

Once the footsteps move past and I feel the ship move, I pull out the communicator Kit gave me. She and Vorkul made sure we all had a way to stay in touch.

*Thanks for playing decoy, I message Shruti.*

It’s a little bit longer before I get her reply. Service can be dodgy in transit.

*So why are you sneaking aboard your assigned alien boyfriend’s ship?* it says.

I laugh. *That’s definitely not going to happen. He tried to send me away almost as soon as he met me.*

*Then why did you sneak on?*

I sigh. It’s weird to explain something I didn’t fully understand myself.

*I don’t know.*

Because if I say anything else, it might confirm things I don’t want to admit yet. I almost jump when I get the next communication, because it’s not from Shruti. It’s from Kravan.

*No goodbyes?*

I bite my lip to hide my smile. He’s stupid cute, and it’s not fair.

*Thought you wanted to get rid of me,* I message back.

*I did. But tell me as soon as you get to your first mission.*

*I'll show you mine if you show me yours, I message back before I can think too hard on it.*

There's no reason to flirt with him. Except—I think he is flirting with me. Why is he flirting with me now that I'm nowhere to be seen? Great, he's one of those people who wants what they can't have.

Well. Maybe I can mess with him until I figure out what I'm doing here. Because I know I can't stay hidden forever, though when I do reveal myself I want it to be when he has no choice but to keep me around.

I bang my head on the door of the pod when I get his next message back. It's just a picture of his lower half, his bare legs resting on the part of the console without buttons with the view of space outside. But he's got legs I want to scratch my nails down and run my fingers over the curves of his muscles. The worst part is what I can't see. I don't know what he's wearing, so I just imagine him naked, as if he's sitting there observing space while jacking himself off as he messages me.

Cause that's obviously what's going on, right?

I'm so desperate I make myself cringe.

But I leave him on read because there's no way I can take a picture to send back to him.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

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### KRAVAN

Making Lucy join the Starseekers was the best idea I could have had. I know that now, because even without her here, I am nearly in heat for her. It is nearly impossible to keep my concentration. There must be something on my clothes that caught her scent, because I keep getting whiffs of her that get me all tangled up again.

My *shikur* has nearly been rubbed raw from all the fantasies I've created trying to imagine her close. And it does not help that in our communications with each other she is flirting with me. It makes me doubt sending her away until I remember that I am an obsessed monster. There's a part of me that wants her to be as desperate for me as I am for her, and that is why I keep sending her pictures—in the hopes that it will drive her to lust in the same way her messages unravel me.

*How is the dirt-worshipping going?* I message her.

Our communications, at the very least, are providing enough distraction to make me forget that travel to the Merax system takes forever. It has been nearly a week since I last saw Lucy. I wish she would send me photos of herself, but it seems creepy to push her for that when she has made no effort to on her own.

*We're making mud pies,* she sends back.



*Is that all you get to eat?* I ask.

*Oh yeah, mud pies are like a delicacy here.*

She is joking, but I do not quite get this joke. I do not know if mud pies means something different on Earth.

I trace the outline of the stars on my arm as I think of something else to say to her. Not many Xirashi have tattoos, since it means cutting into the skin and exposing the more vulnerable parts of our nebulae. But I have always admired tattoos—especially those of Earth. Though my work requires seeing all the seedy underbellies of the universe, I am always drawn to tourism flyers. It was part of my frustration with finding Lucy somewhere to go. She had the opportunity to enjoy any number of places I could never take a break and visit.

*Are they good to you?* I ask. I know the answer, just as much as I want the answer to be no so I can believe I'd stop everything to turn around and rescue her. She doesn't respond, though. Not for a while.

The Merax system finally comes into view and I let out a sigh of relief. This has already taken too long, but in situations like this, time is of the essence. If I'm lucky, Captain Hijacks won't have gone far—or he'll still be hanging around with no intention to leave.

I set course for the black market and get up to prep for landing. My mind goes through a checklist of supplies to pull from the storage bay when I get a message from Lucy.

*I have something I need to tell you.*

My brow furrows. I sit back down.

*You can tell me anything.*

A million different scenarios run through my head. If she is in trouble, I will never forgive myself for letting her out of my sight. Maybe she has found a lover. Maybe she is truly joining the missionaries in their religious endeavors. Maybe she—

Maybe she wants me as much as I want her. If she says so... At least she is far away and I cannot bring her into harm.

She doesn't answer right away and it drives me crazy to sit there, so I get up and start collecting what I'll need for my trip to the black market. It's made harder by the fact that I keep checking my communicator every few minutes to see if she's responded. It's possible that I'm just too far to get service—there isn't really a connection out this far. Truthfully, it's amazing I've been able to communicate with her as much as I have. Making my way down the hall, I open the door to the storage bay with my head completely lost in what Lucy is going to say.

I reach into the supply pod and rustle around blindly. Or, at least, I was expecting to struggle a bit before my hands found the familiar shapes of the clothes within.

Except there was a distinctly unfamiliar shape there. Well, not too unfamiliar. It is a shape I knew by sight, one that I knew by feel only tangentially. And skin. My skin crackles with electricity. The gasp confirms my suspicions.

I pull my hand out of the pod.

“Explain yourself,” I demand.

Lucy looks back from the small gap in the opening of the pod. Her eyes are wide and the light catches the green of her iris in a way that makes them sparkle. Through the opening, I can see her shoulders are hunched together to fit into the small space, which causes her breasts to squish together. My *shikur* twitches at the sight. There is a primal part of me that wants to teach her a lesson about hiding away on hunter ships by thrusting my *shikur* between her heavy breasts.

“I really was going to go with the missionaries,” she starts, shifting uncomfortably in the tight space, “but I overheard you and your brother—is he really your brother or is that like a camaraderie thing? Anyway, I just... There's no way I could just waste away helping build some houses when there's real, immediate, serious danger for the other humans that asshole captain has captured. And there's no safer place for me to go

than with you, I think, because you... I don't know. I just feel really safe with you."

It is a good thing she is in this tiny pod, because I would throw myself against her in a heartbeat after the look she is giving me. After what she says. But she is recovering from being abducted, she is not looking for a mate.

It is unfortunate, then, that she is my *mirak*, because now we are stuck on this ship together and I cannot touch her.

"I should tell you that you are foolish to trust me," I say through gritted teeth. I force memories of battle, memories of fights to temper the blood pulsing through my *shikur*.

"But you are a Xirashi. Honorbound."

She worries her lip after she says it, as if she is suddenly unsure. It's as if fear flashes across her face for a moment—something I am disgusted with myself to have instilled in her.

"And either way, you lied to me," I say to her. "I should leave you at the nearest outpost."

"But you would never. You know I'm right. I'm safe with you."

I grit my teeth. There is no chance I would leave her anywhere else. At least this explains why I have been driven wild with need. She has been here the whole time. Her scent has infected my ship and I cannot get it out because the source has been here the whole time.

I hit the button to free her and she wriggles out of the pod. Her scent is extra strong. A few wrappers fall out from behind her—from food, I guess. Most of the time, I use the replicator to get food, but I do not ever want to be left without supplies in the case of a tech error, so I keep backup rations in the pods. At least she was eating.

"You need to shower," I scowl at her. This scent will undo me. I want to bury my face between her legs and suffocate myself on her cunt.

"Geez, okay, Mr. Grumpy Face," she says.

"The shower is this way," I tell her, leading the way.

“I know,” she says.

“You know?” I repeat, turning to her.

She blushes. “Well, I had to go to the bathroom somehow. So I would sneak out when you were asleep.”

“But you opted not to shower.”

“Showering takes time, I was worried you’d catch me.”

“Fine. Find it yourself and make sure you’re clean before you talk to me again,” I grumble.

Because I need to get away from her as soon as possible. My mind is filled with the image of her naked beneath the water as it runs down her curves. If I walked in on her, would she blush or invite me in? I nearly trip over myself trying to get to my sleep pod.

Not to sleep—but it is the only place I can think of where she will not be able to walk in on me while I relieve myself. I fall onto the soft cushion and slam the button to close it out. It is spacious enough to move around in, thankfully. I pull down my pants and pull out my *shikur*, which is practically bursting with heat and arousal. The piercings make me more sensitive and I stroke a finger along the ladder-like piercings with a shudder. All the nights of flirting through messages, of being unable to escape her scent, to now knowing she was here the whole time and that she is naked in my shower means that I am almost ready to come. My hips thrust up into my hand as I stroke myself. I want to run my lips along her wet skin, to slide my hand through her slick thighs and press my fingers between the wellspring of arousal there. To war with our mouths before impaling her center with my *shikur* as she cries out my name in desire.

I come in almost painful spurts. My *shikur* is only slightly less hard and the cum drips back onto my stomach.

I lay there for a few moments, willing my errant appendage to calm down. Perhaps I will have to give in. If Lucy is flirting with me, it means this torture cannot last forever. She *will* be my *mirak*. Eventually.

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## CHAPTER SIX

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### LUCY

“Harder,” Kravan commands as I swing a punch at his ridiculously hard abs.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” I say.

“You can’t,” he laughs.

I glare at him and hit him again. Stars, they don’t show you how bad punching hurts in the movies.

After he discovered my hiding spot and stepped out for his first scouting mission in the black market, he came back in a tizzy, nearly barking at me that I need to learn how to defend myself. So all in all, this has gone better than I thought it would.

My hands are sweating through the gloves. He insisted I wear them, because of his electricity or whatever, saying that when attacked he’s like a taser. I tried not to think too hard about how having a sentient taser would feel mid-coitus.

“Again,” he commands and I hit him a few more times. My arms are screaming from exhaustion.

On the plus side, this is way preferable to those self-defense classes my dad put me in as a kid. Maybe if I wanted to bone my instructor, I would have kept at it, but I was way too interested in learning about the world around me to want to fight.

Now, though, now the fighting is actually kind of helping how fucking aroused I am all the time. Having somewhere for the energy to go is dampening my overactive imagination. Now, only half the time Kravan and I touch do I spiral into erotic fantasies.

“Next I want to show you how to take down your opponent,” he says.

“But you’re like twice as dense and a whole foot taller than me,” I scoff.

“I have heard Kit call Vorkul dense and I do not think it is a compliment.”

Damn it, he’s making me laugh again. “No, you are not dense like Vorkul.”

“Perhaps I should be dense like Vorkul,” he mutters under his breath.

*Am I overthinking it or does he want me to tease him?*

He’s also wearing gloves and a skintight rubber suit and it is so hard to take him seriously and not think he’s wearing fetish wear, especially when he grabs my hand and spins me into him so that his arms wrap around me. His elbow catches under my neck and he presses lightly against my throat. *Fuck. Fuck this is hot.*

“How would you disarm me?” he asks, his breath hot on my ear.

“Aren’t you supposed to be teaching me?” I retort, trying to keep my breathing steady.

“It’s easier to teach if I know where your instincts lie.”

“Oh,” I huff.

I try pulling at his arm, but he’s so strong. Ducking my head doesn’t work, and I can’t bite his arm either. I hold onto his arm and try dropping my weight and quickly regret it. His hand lashes out to wrap around my waist.

“Bad mistake.” His deep voice resonates against my ear, sending a tickle of arousal down my neck. “Do that and you

might end up choking yourself if your opponent doesn't want you alive."

"Aw, you want me alive," I joke.

He grunts and says, "If you can't pull the arm down to relieve pressure—"

I try that to no avail.

"—then aim for vital areas."

Vital areas. Stomach? I try that and hurt my elbow in the process. He's made of armor or something. Stomping on his feet doesn't do anything either. It might be my growing crush, but I don't really want to hit him in the dick.

"C'mon, Lucy, I know you're scrappy. I heard what you and the other humans did on Vorkul's ship."

*Is he talking about our very lewd voyeurism?*

Shit, no, he's talking about taking down the guards... right?

Fuck it. He's basically asking me to kick him in the dick. I swing my foot up between his legs and have my hand ready to go too, just in case it takes a little extra finesse. I am not expecting the girth of him when my foot makes contact. Is he hard or just huge? I spin to take a look, but he angles his hips so I can't see, moves his arms and hands to stretch out and distract me. Even through the rubber I can see his muscles. It *is* distracting.

"Don't be afraid to go for cheap shots, because these guys out here, they aren't either."

"I don't have a dick. Not a lot of cheap shots you could go for."

"Naive of you to say after everything you've been through."

I blush despite myself. "Try me."

This is really going to test how much I've been able to process what's happened to me, I know. And also test if he could ever find me attractive. He's so good at taking my

flirtations without pushing too far, and it's making me feel way too safe with him. Maybe this will teach me.

“If you say stop, I'm stopping,” he says after a pause.

“Fine,” I say. Great, going over safe words. This isn't erotic at all.

He gets down into a fighting stance and so do I. He feigns right, then left. He reaches forward and swipes at my breast with a laugh. Flames fill my cheeks. Right. These kind of cheap shots. The ones that degrade you. Should have realized this is what he meant.

Fine, whatever. I'm not an innocent. I'm not weak. That person got left on Earth. No. I'm a badass like Kit. I can do anything.

Next time he reaches for me, I dodge to the side and kick out towards his leg.

“Good girl,” he says through gritted teeth. No no no, why is this foreplay? Praise kink in the middle of fight training?

Next time I lash out, he overtakes me and pulls me close. His hands are all over me. His hands slide under my shirt and twist and squeeze at my nipples. Heat pulses through my core as his fingers slide down my stomach and into my pants. My skin prickles with need. Finally, after all the build-up, he's giving in.

“Fight back,” he pants. “You'd let them touch you like this?”

Oh. I guess he's only doing this to teach me a lesson. My chest heaves as his fingers slide over my clit, now too sensitive and engorged from arousal. He could have bent me over and fucked me right there and I would have come in moments.

Could have.

Instead I'm fighting back tears. I'm not sure how to fight like this, pent up, confused, and still processing the whole abduction thing. I am weak. Fuck it.

“Stop.”



His hands are off me in less than a second and he stands several feet away from me, his own chest puffing and falling to breathe slower.

“Are you okay?” he asks. “I’m sorry if I hurt you or triggered anything.”

“I asked for it.”

“But that doesn’t mean you expected how it would feel.”

Right now, in this moment, all I want is for him to hug me, but I feel like he won’t if I ask.

“Yeah. Maybe I’m just tired, I don’t know. We should get some sleep.”

“There’s only one sleep pod. You can take it.”

“Where will you sleep?”

“In the cockpit.”

I bark out a laugh, because I’m so immature I can’t help but remember Shruti’s joke. But also it’s absurd he’s going to sleep in a chair when I snuck aboard.

“No, I can take the cockpit. You’re bigger than me,” I say.

“It is dishonorable to take the most comfortable space when you have a guest.”

“I’m not a guest, I’m a stowaway.”

“I haven’t kicked you out, so you’re a guest.”

“I can’t take the sleep pod.”

“Then neither of us will.”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

He pulls out some blankets from storage as we settle into our respective seats. At the very least, the captain and co-captain chairs have been designed for comfort since space travel often means sitting for very long periods of time. The downside, though, is every second that passes I just imagine closing the distance and plopping myself right on top of him.

As it is, I had to resist the urge to offer we share the sleep pod. Only because I couldn't bear the shame if he said no.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

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### KRAVAN

Having Lucy on board is a torture I wouldn't trade for the universe, the longer she worms her way into my heart. It is a dangerous torture.

This is my second day of trying to gain information from people who don't want to tell anything without incentive. I thought I was getting somewhere with this group of idiotic Guantas, but things are turning sour fast.

"Wasn't it a Xirashi that Captain Hijacks was after?" one of them asks.

"Said he'd pay a pretty credit to anyone who brought him in."

"What's your name?" the third asks.

I roll my eyes. This is something I should have anticipated, but I have lost my head to Lucy nearly entirely.

"Kravantirax," I say, standing tall. "I know of the one you speak. He's a thorn in everyone's side. He just mated and is easy to take advantage of in his current heat."

The whisper amongst themselves.

"How do we know you're not just working on his behalf?"

I laugh, but the sound is quickly stopped when I catch sight of Lucy hiding behind one of the stalls. She's not even

hiding well.

“Got awful quiet there,” one says.

My eyes flick back to them and I can smell the fight boiling in their blood. Truthfully, this was a bad group to interrogate. They are irritable and quick to judgement without thinking. And from what Vorkul and his brother have said, this particular species is some of Captain Hijacks’s favorite fodder.

I just hope they don’t notice Lucy. My fists open and close to get my hands ready. I have a gun on me, but shooting it in these kinds of places is a recipe for chaos. Maybe I’d take the chance if I was on my own, but not with Lucy nearby.

I look up to see if she’s still there, but she disappeared. Perhaps she saw the fight building and made the smart choice to go back on the ship. I’d like to believe that, but this is the girl who snuck aboard my ship with no care for danger. What is she up to?

Just as the Guantas pull out their guns, Lucy comes barreling towards me to land at my feet gracelessly. She’s in her bra and underwear, and I want to murder everyone looking at her.

“Please forgive me for running away,” she sobs, clutching at my ankle. “I’ll never do it again.”

Her hands are in handcuffs. So much of this is right out of a sex dream, except for the disgusting yellow aliens and the onlookers crowding around us.

“A runaway?” one asks.

I grunt in response. “She is just one of many I have. I did not even realize she’d escaped. Worthless.”

“We’d be happy to take her off your hands.”

I bend down and bury my hand in the hair at the nape of her neck, pulling her to her feet.

“Would you like that, human? To be sold off?”

There’s anger in my voice I need her to hear. Fury at her for running out here and risking her life. She’s crying, and I try

not to soften at the sight of it.

“No! Please, I’ll do anything to stay. You’re a good master. The best master. I am lucky to call you my overlord,” she says too quickly.

I try not to shudder at realizing these are words she might have had to say to her captors before in an attempt to mollify them.

“How should I believe you?” I ask gruffly. It truly is hard to control my anger.

She kisses me then, and I hiss at the tender feelings rushing through me. This won’t do, not in front of these scoundrels. They will think it laughable to share sweet kisses with a human. I growl and pull her face away with mine. Her eyes are wide, mixed with lust and confusion.

My heart hammers in my chest as I tear down her bra and expose her breasts to our audience. The straps trap her arms at her sides and her cuffed hands dangle uselessly in front of her, pushing up her breasts. The others whoop as I close my mouth around her nipple. I hate every second of this, of sharing her like this.

Until I hear her moan. The sound sends arousal straight to my *shikur*. The need to mate with her stirs to life, something I have done so well at keeping at bay. I shove her to the ground and she presses up against my legs, nuzzling my crotch.

“I can please you so well, master,” she coos.

“One last chance,” I tell her through gritted teeth.

She is playing a highly dangerous game. If these imbeciles decide that taking me out will reward them with such a willing and nubile human, then she will suffer a fate worse than she could have ever known with her previous captor. Scoundrels like these care more for pleasure than profit. They’ll do nearly anything for instant gratification. It is the only thing keeping me from rutting into her in full view of the entire base.

Quite the accomplishment, I must say. Her face is still nuzzling my groin and I am fully hard. I thread my hands into

her hair once more and pull hard to stop her. She lets out a sound too close to pleasure for comfort.

“If you do not have the information I need, I’ll seek it elsewhere,” I grunt out to the Guantas.

They watch Lucy with great interest and jealousy.

“As you can see, I have a human to punish for her misbehaviors,” I add. She’s looking up at me, I know, but if I meet her gaze, it’s all over. There’s no way these idiots won’t see the adoration, the concern in my eyes if I look at her. Better to treat her like nothing.

“Quite the slavemaster,” one of them approves.

“This cannot be the Xirashi the captain is after. His human was dark and small. This one is light and tall.”

“If you cannot be trusted, it is your own demise,” the one who I think is in charge says. “But here are the coordinates to meet who you’re looking for. If you aren’t there at exactly the time listed, it’s your loss. He has his own supply and plenty of buyers, so you’ll need to offer him something really good.”

They all stare down at Lucy when he says the last line. Like I’d ever let him touch her.

“Master, let me suck your cock for forgiveness,” she begs.

“Yes, be sure to bring your pet, he’d love her,” another adds.

Lucy pulls at the clasp holding my pants together with her teeth. It takes everything in me to stay calm as I reach my hand out for the information chip from the leader. The second he does, I grab Lucy by the hair and drag her off.

“Aw, no sharing? We want a show!”

“C’mon, show us how good your little slave sucks alien cock.”

When we are out of earshot, I pull her close and hiss in her ear. “If you ever try anything like that again, try and stop me from letting them do what they threaten.”

“You wouldn’t dare.” She glares back at me, still cuffed and bare-breasted.

“No, but I might just fuck your face while they watch. Do you really want that?”

She says nothing. There’s a slight scent of arousal in the air and I want to punch something. She is not getting off on this. Or if she is, it’s biological, not connected to her feelings. What I just said was *kut* and I know it.

“I felt bad enough exposing you,” I whisper, losing the vitriol the more I think about it. I can’t believe I just threatened a survivor like her with sexual violence. More reason to make sure she never puts herself in danger like that again.

“Where are your clothes?” I sigh.

“I thought it would be more convincing if I wore practically nothing.”

“Nothing at all would have been the most convincing.”

She blushes and turns away, still letting me lead her by her hair.

“Well, I got a little nervous about running on completely naked.”

“And you just took a shower,” huff. “You’re a mess now.”

Once we’re on board and out of sight of the market, I finally let go of her hair. She pauses, almost like she forgot what freedom feels like. I turn her towards me and try to ignore her heavy breasts squeezing together thanks to her cuffed hands. I run the release key over the cuffs and hold them as they release her hands.

“Never do anything like that again,” I make her promise.

“Don’t get into fights with idiots for no reason, then,” she grumbles. “What were you even doing? You didn’t have a plan.”

“I was distracted.”

“With what?”

“Go shower and put some clothes on,” I growl at her. It must have scared her, because she pulls up the straps of her bra and rushes off to get clean.

I don't know what I'm going to do with a distraction like Lucy. I feel like I will snap at any moment and rut her against the walls until we both expire of exhaustion.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

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### LUCY

“You really should sleep in your stupid sleep pod at this point,” I say, frustrated that Kraven is once again insisting I take the sleep pod when he is so much bigger and would have much more trouble sleeping in such a weird position. “You’ll wake up with your limbs twisted up in knots if you try it.”

He huffs. “I am a warrior, strange sleeping arrangements come second nature to me.”

“What if we share?” I say before I can overthink it. It’s *his* sleep pod, *his* ship. There’s no reason he should be uncomfortable when I am the stowaway.

His eyes flash like lightning. “No.”

My stomach flip flops—I don’t know if I’m upset or pleased that he won’t sleep next to me. Some desperate part of me wants it to be because he won’t be able to keep his hands off me. But if that were true, then after everything he would have snapped already. He must not want me at all, even if he is willing to flirt with me. I hate this argument—I wish he would just take the bed already.

“I have honor too, you stubborn ass. I’m not going to take over your sleeping arrangements when having me on board was never part of your plan.”

“And I cannot take the bed while you sleep in discomfort.”

“Fine,” I grumble and cozy into the copilot chair in the cockpit. Honestly, we were lucky enough to have that.

“Fine,” he grumbles back and shifts to make himself comfortable in the cockpit. This resolution is all too familiar.

I’m not a small woman. But the fact that his seats are designed for eight foot tall aliens means I can curl up my legs and spin in the chair to rest my head against the back. I raise an eyebrow at him as I fold my arms under my boobs to get everything comfortable, daring him to find better comfort than I have. Not that it’s comfortable.

He just grins back at me, shifts to turn on his side so now our eyes are locked.

“Will your arms not lose circulation like that?” he asks. His voice is almost hoarse.

“Your neck is going to be permanently at an angle.”

“Perhaps whichever one of us falls asleep first can stay here, and the other will go use the sleep pod.”

“Fine,” I say.

“Fine,” he confirms with a smile that makes my heart melt and the space between my legs grow warm. His eyes close and he looks so peaceful I want to run my fingers along the strong shape of his jaw, pet down his neck and run my hands all over that broad chest.

Shit. Right. If I don’t close my eyes, he’ll fall asleep first. I am not sleeping in his sleep pod without him. I mean—if he’s not going to sleep—in—UGH.

I shut my eyes tight and try to slow my breathing. I need to stop thinking about sexualizing the nice pink alien whose ship I’ve stowed away on, and who has very kindly not dropped me through an escape hatch or left me stranded on the closest friendly planet. The one who could probably fuck me to another galaxy if only I could convince him to take pity on me, but who I will probably have a breakdown or something with—and that’s not on him.

Closing my eyes though isn't helping. I can't help but imagine him getting up from his chair, stepping over to run his hands through my hair before kissing me and carrying me to the bed. There, I imagine him practically ripping my clothes off and running his huge hands over every curve, making me feel small even though I'm taller than most human women. I always wondered what it was like to feel dainty—watching Kit and Vorkul on the other ship, I couldn't help but imagine what it was like to be Kit's size—to be lifted and carried and thrown around like she is nothing.

It's safe in my head to keep imagining, especially with the recent evidence of its feel—for Kraven's mouth to kiss and bite down my neck as his huge body covers mine. I like to imagine it will feel more comforting than threatening, even with everything that's happened. And he keeps going lower until his head is between my legs. When his tongue licks at my sex, I let out a moan from the electricity that crackles between us.

I've got it so fucking bad. He asked earlier if I would want him to fuck my mouth while the others watched, and I almost said yes. Truthfully, I'd be willing to do a lot for him. He's already proven that he can be trusted like no one else against some pretty extreme odds. It has to be because he's not into me.

But my fantasies don't care. And I can't help the little sounds that escape my throat as I imagine his huge pink cock hammering into my mouth. There's some dark, desperate part of me that wants to be used—just with care.

Kraven clears his throat and I look up to see him nearly falling over the chair to get out of it. My breathing is faster than I'd like, but I try to even it out so I can appear cool and confident and snarky. Like Kit. She was so cool. I just want to be a badass like her, I guess.

“Giving up?” I ask smoothly. *Yes. Doing it.*

“Need the toilet,” he answers gruffly, not even looking at me. *Damn.*

I almost feel caught, like he could read my mind and didn't want anything to do with what I was imagining. If I understand Xirashi correctly, they have heightened senses and—oh stars. He probably smelled my arousal from my stupid fantasy and got uncomfortable. I bury my face in my arm as my cheek heats. *Stupid*. Shit. I should have realized.

Should I apologize? Now, thanks to my anxiety I'm probably as dry as the sahara. Sometimes I get off on the idea of getting caught masturbating, but it's not fun to have someone involved who wouldn't find that exciting.

I'm honestly a little devastated he isn't into it. I'm—I think I need to come clean with him. He's been so sweet with me and maybe if I'm just honest about the whole anxiety thing and the PTSD thing and the finding him wildly irresistible, we can figure something out. I don't know what, but he's a smart guy. A friendly guy. It has to go at least okay if I say something. My body relaxes now that I've decided to stop hiding how I feel.

Except he doesn't come back from the toilet. I wait a little longer just in case, but the longer I wait, the more I worry he's purposefully avoiding me. The idea of that destroys me even further. I refuse to play cold shoulder when we're the only two people on this ship. My skin cools as I stand up from the copilot chair and a chill runs through me. Shoot. Maybe I'm more tired than I thought, because I always get so cold when I sleep.

I'm a little groggy as I walk down to the toilet—kindly labeled “evacuation chamber,” but he's not in there. Great. I really scared him off. My anxiety wakes me up a little as I walk to the sleep pod.

There's a low, irregular, deep noise through the door. My hair stands on end and my stomach twists. Is that Kraven, or has something snuck aboard? I pull the phaser he forced me to carry—even on the ship—from my belt and ready it as I slam the button to open the sleep pod. If he gave in I also want to mock him for it and claim victory.

I nearly drop the little gun at the sight of Kraven stroking himself. Heat floods my center as I take in his strange pink flesh glowing along his tattoos, the sheer size of his cock enough to make me squirm—not to mention the piercings running down his shaft like a ladder.

So that's something I haven't seen before.

"Lucy, oh *kut!*" he groans, stuck partway between finishing himself off and covering up.

As he rises with one arm, his other squeezes his cock, and suddenly he's coming in thick threads of white. His cum flies in the air as his hand battles with the rest of him as he bucks his orgasm. "*Kut!* I'm sorry—I'm sorry."

Some of his cum flies right into my face, warm and silky. I wipe it off with a nervous laugh as I am unable to move from my spot.

Finally he gets himself under control and his release dissipates. He huffs and runs his hands across his face. He mutters under his breath, swears in his native language that don't translate properly to English.

"I am so sorry, after everything you've been through and I..."

I bite my lip and taste his cum. Something about his sweetness, his genuine horror at having cum on my face without asking first does it for me. It's fucked up and doesn't make any sense for me to feel so aroused after something so degrading, or that his groveling only intensifies it.

I see it in his eyes as he shifts in the pod. How his nostrils flare and he fights himself to keep his eyes on mine as they sneak glances lower and lower with every failure.

"What were you masturbating to?" I ask him.

Maybe a normal person would figure they had their answer. But it's still possible that smelling my arousal just got him all hot and bothered on a biological level, nothing to do with me being me. And I don't know how I'll feel if he's just getting out some base urge. Maybe it's hypocritical, but I want to be so attractive he can barely control himself.

“You are much more direct than most human women I have met.”

“I’ve told you before, I don’t want to be babied. So tell me.”

I see his hands grip tight to the sides of the pod. His eyes fall closed.

“You. I apologize for—“

“Don’t.”

His head turns so rapidly to look at me, I stumble back from the intensity of his stare. But he’s not looking me in the eyes now. His eyes rake me up and down shamelessly, pausing at my breasts and hips. I squirm under his gaze.

“Why?” he asks, his voice so thin I think he’s afraid he’ll break something.

“I came in here to confess something to you.”

That gets his eyes to mine. I sort of miss being aggressively eyefucked, because this feels horribly intimate all of a sudden.

“Ever since we met... Maybe it’s just that I’ve felt safe...”

His eyes soften and his body relaxes just slightly. He looks... proud.

“But I’ve been—feelings have stirred to the surface I haven’t felt since Earth. The whole abduction thing really fucked up my ability to think sex was at all fun. But—I don’t know if it’s you or if I’m just in the right place mentally, but I think it’s you. Fuck, Kraven. I really like you and I think if you want to have sex with me, I want to have sex with you.”

He nearly falls over—again—but this time to get to me. He pushes me up against the wall and smashes his lips against mine. I twitch against him as the electricity sparks between us. Tiny strands of lightning shock my nipples and I cry out. His tongue dives into my mouth and swirls with mine. He buries both hands in my hair and pulls in just the right way to pull out a moan from deep within my chest. His recently spent cock presses hard and bulging against my legs.

“Kraven,” I gasp.

He pulls back quickly and presses his forehead to mine, panting.

“*Kut*, my *mirak*, I will die if you tell me to stop, but I will happily perish for your comfort.”

My thumbs stroke along his jaw.

“If I want you to stop, I’ll say Kentucky.”

His brows furrow.

“What is Kentucky? It is not a synonym for stop in the words I have in my translator.”

“It’s a safe word. What to say if I don’t want to go on.”

“Why not no or stop?”

I blush and squirm under him.

“Because I might get off on asking you to stop and having you ignore my pleas.”

He growls and takes my mouth in a kiss but pulls back before it gets too heated.

“Kentucky,” he says, logging it in his brain. His eyes darken and a wicked smile spreads across his face. “And what if you can’t speak?”

I’m gonna melt just establishing consent. Holy fuck.

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## CHAPTER NINE

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### KRAVAN

“I’ll tap a few times like this,” she says, demonstrating the rhythm on my chest.

It is my new heartbeat. I cannot resist her any longer. My *shikur* throbs, aching to plunge between her legs. My lips glide down her neck, lapping at the salty, sweet taste of her skin. I nibble at her ear and press my naked cock against her belly when she cries out.

Nuzzling against her ear, I begin to worry that I am too much for her. That I will be so wrapped up in my own pleasure-seeking that I forget hers. I have already come from just the thought of fucking her. Now that she is in my arms, I want to drive her to desperation, have her begging for my *shikur* and wanton with lust.

“How do you like to be pleased, little stowaway?” I whisper against her ear. Her skin twitches underneath my breath and a throaty groan escapes her throat.

“Normally, I’d say use and abuse me but—“

She pushes gently at my chest. I know she said she might get off on me forcing things a bit, but this does not feel like the time. I let her.

“I actually don’t know if I can do sex...”

“We don’t have to—“



“I want to. But we—fuck. We might have to take it slow. I’m a little damaged.”

I look her up and down. The whole of her is beautiful, but perhaps there are marks from her captors I cannot see.

“If you take off your jumpsuit, I can see the damage and make sure I don’t hurt you.”

She shakes her head and bites her lip again. I want to squeeze her jaw and force my tongue between her lips, to warn her that if she does it again I will stick my *shikur* between those bruised lips. But she seems fragile in this moment.

“You’re just trying to get my clothes off,” she jokes. Or maybe she’s not joking.

“Do you want me to take your clothes off?” I ask her.

She nods gently. My hand teases at the clasp at the top of her suit.

“What else do you want?” I ask, pulling the suit open little by little. She takes in these tiny breaths with each move that lift her breasts closer to my mouth.

“I think... because of everything... I want to be on top.”

I try not to drag her down with me in that moment and drop her on my *shikur*.

“Is there anything I shouldn’t do?” I am so worried about hurting her without intention. Of traumatizing her worse than she already is.

“You can call me a slut but not a slave. And I don’t think I can call you master or anything like that. And...”

“Yes?”

“Well, I don’t know. There might be other stuff but I’ll let you know.”

“Good girl,” I say. She shivers under my touch.

I pull slowly at her jumpsuit and let her kiss at my neck and chest. Each little touch seals my fate to her. Finally, the jumpsuit is open enough for me to slide it over her shoulders.

“You are not wearing your underthings,” I hiss.

“No,” she laughs nervously. “It’s more comfortable to sleep without.”

My eyes lift and I pull her face back to catch her gaze.

“If you did not have to sleep awkwardly on a chair would you be sleeping naked?”

Color fills her face. “Yes.”

“Then we will share the sleeping pod tonight so that you may be more comfortable.”

She rolls her eyes. “No offense, but I kind of figured at this point.”

My hands roam over her curves, delighting in the feel of her. Her breasts are bigger than her hips, but I love the shape of her. My hands roam over her ass and squeeze her to me tightly. She gasps and writhes against my *shikur* as it presses against her.

“Lie down,” she commands and I bend under her to lie on the floor.

From down here, her scent is so potent, so thrilling I almost feel drunk off of it.

“May I taste you?” I ask, nearly begging.

“I don’t want to suffocate you,” she says.

With a grunt I pull her over my mouth and urge her to relax on my face. The second my lips touch her cunt, I am in Echovyr. She tastes divine. She gasps and moans as I slide my tongue across her slit and suck the little nub at its peak.

“Oh, Kravan,” she groans, grinding her hips against my mouth.

So much for not wanting to suffocate me. But I am living for every reaction she gives me. My hips thrust against the empty air, but it’s not my turn yet. I want her wailing from the pleasure my mouth gives her before I even touch my *shikur* to her skin.

I add a little electricity and she nearly vibrates from the intensity. Just a little bit at the end of my tongue and I tap it to her clit. She flies forward onto her hands—I can feel the movement, and in the next moment, her hands weave through my hair, twisting and tugging at the strands.

“I’m going to—fuck—fuck—oh stars—fuck, Kravan,” she pants. I smile at her desperation and moan against her sex as she rides my mouth to orgasm.

She tries to lift away from me, but I want to taste every last bit of her climax. The pressure of my tongue, my electricity, and her own movement triggers another wave of arousal and she nearly sobs with it.

She scoots backwards onto my chest, leaving a trail of wetness down my neck and chest. I swing my arms under her legs to pull her face down to mine.

“Thank you,” she says, her voice quivering. Her lip shakes and there are tears in her eyes. These are not bad tears, though.

“May I kiss you?” I ask. I am not sure if she wants her own arousal on her lips.

She presses her mouth to mine in answer and groans as our tongues stroke each other. I slide her ass down towards my crotch and flatten her out as we kiss. Her cunt dragging across my torso has me buck each time she crosses the too-tender lines of my nebulae.

“You’re so sensitive,” she breathes, pulling away from the kiss to watch my hips buck. “Because of these?”

She draws her fingers across the small cracks in my armor-like skin.

“Yes,” I say.

She slides back until her cunt rests against my *shikur*. I groan at the softness as it presses against me. Her fingers trace along my nebulae and I buck hard upward from the combined sensation.

She leans down and slides her tongue across some of the nebulae and the feeling is so new, so erotic I dig my hands into

her hips and slide my *shikur* to align with her entrance.

“Oh,” she giggles. “Quite the reaction.”

“Lick my nebulae again, and I won’t be able to resist fucking you until you scream with pleasure.”

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## CHAPTER TEN

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### LUCY

The Xirashi already made me come on his mouth, it seems silly to be hesitant about riding his cock to nirvana. I am, though. I trail my finger along the beautiful, glowing cracks in his hard skin, delighting in the way his face twists in pleasure. I roll my hips and groan at the feel of him teasing my labia. I am soaking wet down there, so it should be smooth sailing on the way in. I just can't overthink this.

Like I definitely shouldn't worry about the Jacob's Ladder piercings under his cock and if it'll be too much for me to take. Or—

I do it. I lick, starting from his abs and following the nebulae to his nipple. He gasps softly and its when I get to his neck that he digs his fingers into my hips and pulls me up like I weigh nothing before hovering my body right over the tip of his cock.

“You can stop at any time,” he says, in one last effort at control before lowering my body gently down until the head of his cock presses into my aching pussy. My eyes roll into the back of my head as I squirm to accommodate his immense size. And that's just his girth alone—I haven't even hit the piercings yet. I've never been with someone with piercings before and I'm getting wetter just anticipating the sensations. He's so gentle—too gentle.

I place my hands atop his chest for leverage and then push down faster than the pace he's set. His nails dig into my ass and the bite of pain helps distract from the slight pain of the piercings. I adjust my angle and swear at how the piercings bring both pain and pleasure. It's impossible to find a comfortable way forward, but that's also what adds to the deliciousness of the sensation. On top of the piercings are his natural attributes—the ridges along his penis that I've been dying to feel.

"You're killing me," Kravan groans, fighting the desire to just impale me and fuck me with abandon.

"Likewise," I say with a stilted laugh. His hands finally release from my ass—one diving between my legs to tease my clit into submission and the other playing with my breasts, switching between massaging gently and twisting and teasing the nipple. I cry out as he pinches my clit and nipple simultaneously and press down on his cock instinctively.

"Oh fuuuck," I keen. His cock fills every inch of me, stretches me wide, and still manages to tease places that have never been tormented before. Now that I've made it all the way down, I grind against him

"You take my *shikur* so well," Kravan hisses.

I pull him up so I can kiss his stupid face and he smiles against me. He hasn't stopped grinning this whole time, like I've brought him his favorite thing in the entire world. My stomach twists. It's not possible I'm his favorite thing. We only met a few days ago.

But this is definitely my favorite thing right now. I lift my hands above my head and stroke through my long hair, enjoying the exposed feeling of my arms high up and my torso stretched to an arch. Kravan sucks hard at my nipple as a drench finger finds me and circles the puckered muscles of my ass.

"I don't know," I say, sucking at his neck. "I've never before..."

“Maybe just some teasing then,” he suggests and I let out another wave of pleasure as his finger trails over my hole.

I buck hard, guiding my clit against his crotch with each thrust.

“Please,” I beg, feeling another orgasm coming on.

“May I switch it up?” Kravan asks so sweetly I slow our rhythm and press another kiss to his mouth.

“Okay,” I say and he pulls me off of him. I nearly cry for the loss of his fullness inside me, except that he spins me onto my hands and knees. When I look back at him, he’s fondling his cock and aiming it straight for my opening. When he makes contact, I wriggle against him. This new position, however, is—

The design of his piercings have to have been made for doggy style. Each rung puts pressure on my clit, driving me more and more wild with every centimeter.

“I’m going to—“ I don’t know why I’m announcing it. My orgasm starts before I even say anything and my head rests against the floor as I take the pounding of Kravan’s relentless cock between my legs. My muscles convulse over his cock and pump it, trying to break him. His thumb strokes along my ass again and draws my release out even further.

I twist around to bite at his neck and he groans his release, his hips pumping hard into my still quivering cunt.

“My *mirak*,” he breathes, pulling my mouth from his neck to reciprocate. Except his bite is harsher, bolder and accompanied by the electrifying zaps of his biology. I scream as another wave of pleasure rolls over me. Deep in my core, I feel my muscles twitch from the electricity spiking through his piercings.

I collapse on the floor and his giant hands stroke my back to soothe me. His body lies down carefully on top of mine and I breathe in deep at the feeling of safety his weight gives me.

“I don’t think either of us are making it to the sleep pod tonight, either,” I joke.

My limbs are squiggles of exhausted and loosened muscles. Kravan kisses sweetly along my shoulder and wraps me up in his arms.

“I can carry you there in a moment. I am just...”

“Yeah. Wow.”

“You are everything I could have ever imagined, my *mirak*.”

“Did you always know?” I ask.

“Yes, from the moment I met you. That’s why I wanted you far away from me. I had no desire to put you in danger.”

My heart melts at his admission. It explains all the unbearable moments of sexual tension between us, why he didn’t just push me to the floor and fuck my brains out sooner.

“I’ll survive any danger to be with you,” I say.

I turn in his arms and look him in the eyes. “There’s no safety place for me in the whole universe than with you.”

He kisses me again but his face falls.

“If only that were true.”

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

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### KRAVAN

“Again,” Lucy begs, settling into a fighting stance.

This training session is impossible after the night we just had. I am trying my hardest to guide her fighting, but I made the mistake of not wearing my anti conductivity suit and each time she hits me, it drives me more wild.

“If you can take me down, I’ll bring you with me, but that’s your final chance.”

“Awful cocky for a guy who’s too distracted thinking about fucking me to fight properly,” she scoffs.

I harden my jaw and settle into a fighting stance. She’s full of energy today, and headstrong as ever. She flies against my chest and immediately knees me in the crotch. I grunt and wrestle her to the ground until I have her wrists in one hand and her ankles in another. She moans quietly and I lose track of what we’re doing, which gives her the opportunity to sneak out of my grip and launch herself at my shoulders, knocking me to the ground.

*Kut.*

She isn’t too heavy and I thrust my hips up to buck her off of me. She holds my own wrists over my head and starts laughing when I am unable to get her off my hips. I suppose she is stronger than I give her credit for, something that both makes me feel better and worse about what I’ve agreed to.

“I win! I win!” she giggles, as if we’re playing a game. I twist my neck to the side and bite at her forearm which causes her to shriek and pull back. As soon as she does, I reach up to cradle her neck and twist us so that she’s on her back.

“Claimed victory too early,” I grunt, too aware of the growing erection pressing against her crotch. She’s in tiny shorts and something she calls a sports bra. The fabric pushes her breasts together and shows off her cleavage. The tiny shorts tormented me while fighting her, showing off the bottom curve of her ass and reminding me of what it was like to pound into her from behind.

“I don’t know, this feels pretty celebratory,” she says, her voice suddenly thick with arousal.

I dip my head to bite her nipple through her bra. She gasps and arches her back towards me. I slide my fingers through the leg of her tiny shorts and find her already wet for me.

“Fuck, you are my undoing,” I hiss against her skin as I work my way up to her neck. I love the softness of her skin here.

Knowing we’re running out of time, I pull down her tiny shorts just enough have access to her cunt and lift up her legs over one shoulder. She yelps at the sudden motion.

“I’m sorry, we have to leave soon,” I grunt out as I align my cock with her entrance.

“I need it just as much,” she hisses, squirming as I fill her with my *shikur*.

It’s not pretty, certainly not as sweet as the night before, but I rut against her as I’ve wanted to for what feels like a million nights before. She gasps and writhes, never quite getting used to the combined sensations of my size and piercings.

“You feel so fucking good,” she moans.

I feel like I’m using her, but I think she likes it. “You love my *shikur* splitting you open, don’t you, little slut.”

Her eyes pop open at the words and I feel like I did something wrong, but I wouldn't have said it if she didn't give me permission last night. Her eyelids flutter as she gives into the sensation.

“Fuck, do I. I'm such a slut for your huge cock,” she says back.

The words are crude and lewd, and only make me drive into her harder until she is screaming from the force of it and quivering over my cock. I unleash inside her and feel some of my anxieties slip away. Each time I come in her, it feels like home. Feels like everything in the world is right.

We clean up in the shower and put our clothes on as the ship lands on the quiet little planet the yellow Guantas gave us coordinates to.

“Please stay behind,” I beg her, pressing my forehead to hers. I will not control her, restrict her choice after all that she's been through.

She shakes her head and presses a kiss to my lips.

“Thank you for not stopping me, but you only got this lead because of me. I have a purpose here with you, I know it. And I'd rather die trying to help the others than sit by chewing on my nails waiting for things to work out.”

I pull her in for one last kiss before putting the cuffs on her, sliding the key between her lips, and leading her outside.

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## CHAPTER TWELVE

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### LUCY

“Look what we have here,” one of the scrawny yellow ones says when he sees me. I feel gross with them looking at me, but at least Kravan has a hand securely on my restraints. And the key in my mouth means I can escape at any time.

“Don’t touch,” Kravan growls. “She’s not free.”

I step closer to him, thankful he caught the movement before I did. My stomach twists thinking about their grimy hands all over me. There’s only one alien I ever want to touch me.

“Just checking the merchandise, standard procedure,” the alien says, holding his hands up in defense.

“This one’s special. Untouched,” Kravan says. “And I won’t have you ruin that.”

The aliens around us look at him in surprise and glance over me, trying to determine if it’s true. I try to look as virginal as possible, something that almost makes me gag because the concept of virginity overall is so gross. But I know what he means about it upping my wow factor. And it’s a great way to keep them off of me. So fine, I’ll go along with it.

“We’ll escort you. Captain’s real fidgety around your kind after that last one.”

“I assure you, I want nothing to do with that fool. He’s an idiot, raised by the dumbest of the Xirashi and just the muscle for anyone who chooses to control him.”

Everything Kravan says is so disgusting, I can only imagine he’s paraphrasing things he’s heard his targets spout to sound believable. It’s scary how good he is at playing this part, but I suppose he has to pretend like this a lot to get anywhere.

I debated on bringing up with Kravan whether or not I should disguise myself, but as “property” it’s unlikely that Captain Hewqais remembers what I look like at all. I only saw him a few times, so it was unlikely he really remembers me. To him, I’m nothing. I’m sure of it.

But the wave of sickness that washes over me at the sight of him is not what I was prepared for. It’s a good thing I’m supposed to be subservient, because I don’t want to look at him.

“Quite the chattel you’ve brought here. They say you have more like her?”

Kravan grunts. “Not sure if I’m buying or selling. I hear you have quite the collection as well.”

“May I?” the captain asks, motioning towards me. I step reflexively behind Kravan.

The captain laughs.

“Fascinating. I hear she ran away and she’s already so obedient. You must be quite the master.”

“There are ways to control humans you wouldn’t believe,” Kravan says with a dark laugh that scares the shit out of me.

“Come! Let me show you the goods. There’s some here I think you’ll like, if the redheads are your type.”

I watch the aliens around us out of the corners of my eyes, keeping my head down low. We pass through a complicated series of doors until one opens up to a room with a few huge cages. The people in them seem to be sorted by either size or coloring—it doesn’t make full sense to me, but I suppose if

you think of humans as collectibles, it makes sense in a sick way. I wonder if these are his favorites. I can't wait to bust them out and put a huge damper on his day.

One of the squat yellow ones runs in and whispers something to Captain Hijacks. The captain turns to Kravan and says he needs to take care of something real quick, to feel free to look around. My heart starts racing. Maybe this is going to be easy. Can it be? After everything?

Hijacks leaves with a few of his henchmen, though we still have a couple guarding over the other humans.

“What a beautiful collection,” Kravan admires. “And the cages, it is secure to keep them all together like this?”

The guards roll their eyes at him. “They're just chattel. They don't fight much after you beat them down enough.”

The both of them chuckle. I can almost *feel* the way Kravan's blood boils along with mine.

“Besides, not like they can steal the key from us.”

“You keep it on you?”

The guard shrugs.

“What if you get close to them?”

“Why are you asking so many questions?”

I make eyes at one of them to distract him and the idiot falls for it. My hands cover my face so I can spit out the key and as soon as it touches the metal, my chains fall apart. I launch at him before he can see what's going on.

“Little warning next time, Luce,” Kravan growls, barreling towards the other one before throwing him against the wall.

I don't take mine down as easily, but the point is I manage. I search his pockets as soon as he's knocked out and don't find the key.

“Shit, that was a bit presumptive of us,” Kravan groans.

The humans in the cells all look at us wide-eyed.

“It's an electronic lock,” one says. “No key.”

“An electronic lock, you say?” I repeat with a grin. “Well, come on, big boy, what were you made for?”

Kravan grins back at me and puts his hands on the bars.

“Stay back,” he urges to all of us.

And just as the charge goes through the bars, he knocks out cold.

“Really, you think it would be that easy?” Captain Hijacks laughs from the doorway. “I already had one of these idiots break through my security with an EMP. Fool me once...”

I turn to see him reclining against it with ease. His guards on either side file in and pull me towards the cage.

“If you wanted to open the cage so badly, all you had to do was ask.”

The gate flies open but none of the humans dare try to escape. Instead, the guards throw me in with them.

“Shame. I bet you’re not even a virgin,” he says, turning his back on the room and walking away.

“I bet you’re—“ Shit. I was trying to think of a witty comeback, but no dice.

They take Kravan and lock him up nearby with some crazy heavy-duty shackles made of some dark, void-like substance.

Well, this is familiar.

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## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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### LUCY

“So, what have been the escape attempts?” I ask the group.

They look to me, fairly dejected.

“What were you even trying to accomplish?” one of them asks.

“Breaking you all out, obviously.”

“Great job.”

“Thanks. Okay, so this is crazy, but last time I was in this situation—“

“You were already locked up and abducted by aliens once and you decided to put yourself in harm’s way all over again?”

I look at them seriously. “Absolutely. I know what it’s like to be in your position. I had to help.”

They all look at me with a mix of pity and wonder. Great. This is going to go well.

“Well, has anyone tried seducing the guards?”

“And then what? We’re still stuck here. No way out.”

“Okay, maybe before. So that’s a no for seducing the guards. Cool. When they come back, I’ll try first. But I might need backup, who knows what their type is, you know?”

“Oh, I know what their type is,” grumbles one.



“Yeah?”

“Yep.”

“So?”

“Short, blonde hair, big blue eyes,” she says, staring at me with her big blue eyes.

I frown. “I’m so sorry.”

She rolls her eyes.

“I’m not going to pressure you into it, but what I was saying is the last time I was in this situation, the girl who saved us supercharged her pink alien boyfriend and used him as an EMP.”

“Didn’t you guys just try to blast open the cage and it knocked him out?”

“Well. Yeah. But at the very least, if I get to him I can help him recover from the blackout and then he can get us out of here.”

A bunch of them shake their heads.

“This is insane,” one says.

“How did she supercharge him?”

“Uh, by fucking him.”

The entire cage bursts with laughter and the guards nearly run in to see what the commotion is. They look at us all skeptically.

“Was it hot?” one asks.

“Fuck yeah,” I say with a grin. My face falls when my eyes land on Kravan. I need to get him out of here, as soon as possible.

“Please?” I beg them. “We have a way out of here. Even if some of you escape it’s better than leaving everyone here. And we can get help, backup to come get the rest of you.”

I wish my communicator worked this far out. The most we were able to do was send messages to Kit, Vorkul, and Kravan’s brother before we embarked on this particular

mission to confirm what we found. If we were real lucky, they'd be making their way here though it probably wouldn't be for a few days. That meant hoping Captain Hijacks really liked this hideout and wouldn't go anywhere.

The blonde girl sighs and pulls her shirt sleeve down enough to show off a nipple. I'm honestly impressed. But maybe she's decided what I decided in my own cell—trying was better than suffering.

The guard closest to her catches sight and comes over to harass her.

“Your clothes falling off, sweetheart?” he asks. “Let me help get that back on.”

He licks his lips and grins wide as his stubby hand reaches out to grab at her dress.

“Oops,” he says, pulling it down even further so it shows off both of her breasts.

He's distracted enough by her, he doesn't catch on when I sneak next to him and grab his throat through the bars before reaching for his weapon.

“Fucking idiot,” I hiss. “Memory of a goldfish.”

“Actually, goldfish have a pretty good—“ one of the girls pipes up.

“You really think this is the time?!”

“No, you're right.”

The other guard runs over to help his buddy but I shoot him in the knee as soon as he's close enough to mess with. He screams out as his purple blood oozes from his leg. I wince. Not really a fan of violence, but also not a fan of human traffickers.

“Tell me how to disable the cage, or you're both dead,” I hiss, still not letting go of the alien I have by the throat. The people next to me were smart enough to grab his hands and feet. Couldn't have been more thankful in this moment as he struggles against us.

“Why should I? You shot Davi!” he cries out.

I look over at Davi, who is angry sobbing on the ground as he crawls towards the cage. It’s pretty pathetic and I’m grateful for the moment of absurdity in all this.

“Didn’t hear me? I already *shot Davi* as you noticed, what makes you think I won’t aim for your heads this time?”

The guard sputters, his yellow face turning a sickly green as he deliberates.

“Just promise you’ll leave us alive,” he begs. “And leave the door open on your way out our Hewqais will kill us instead.”

“Yeah, sure, totally,” I agree. No honor among thieves—whatever gets us out of here.

He fidgets, trying to get to something on his belt.

“You need a button pressed, buddy?” I ask.

He nods. “It’s this one right here.”

“But it’s like actually that one right there, right? You’re not pulling a bait and switch on me?”

He turns greener.

“Whatever button you need pressed, you tell me the color and the spot, and if it brings back your big bad daddy, I’ll shoot you fucking dead.”

“Fine! It’s the red one closest to the inside bottom.”

I feel pretty powerful and let go of his throat to inspect the buttons at his belt. He takes in a deep breath to fill his lungs. There—I spot the button pretty quickly and press it, figuring we’re either fucked or super fucked, worst case scenarios.

But the cage swings open. I let out a yelp and run to Kravan. The rest of the humans gather around the guards and pummel the shit out of them. Can’t blame them. Know exactly what that feels like.

“Kravan,” I cry out and sit down next to him. “Hey, lovebird, wake up. We’ve got people to save.”

When he doesn't wake up, I feel pretty awkward about it, but it's all I know what might work, so I lean forward and kiss him. It gets a little movement out of him, but not a lot. I look behind me at all the humans who are curious if this will work and then try to ignore it all. I pull open Kravan's pants and palm his cock, watching his face for movement. I feel the faintest tickle of electricity, which I can only take as a good sign.

"C'mon, big boy, wake up," I beg, stroking him with what's probably a little too much intensity.

His eyes fly open and I grin wide. Yes! Score one for me!

"Lucy," he groans, pumping his hips up into my hand. "What are you doing?"

"Well, see, last time I saw a knocked out Xirashi, my friend fucked the daylights out of him and caused an electric surge which saved us all."

"That'll do it," he murmurs, closing his eyes to enjoy the feel of my hand teasing along his piercings.

"So what's the fastest way to get that out of you?" I ask. "No offense, we'll have time for something better later."

"I've wanted to fuck your mouth ever since you threatened it on your knees with your breasts bared," he admits, his eyes opening to see my reaction.

Yeah, okay, no problem there. I pull his pants down a little further and lick along his shaft.

"What the fuck, she's actually doing it," I hear behind me.

"No, she's right, this is kind of hot."

"Damn, you know, I used to read a whole bunch of those alien romances on earth," another says.

Kravan groans and I can tell he wishes he could hold me to fuck my mouth harder, but it's all up to me. I tease the crown of his penis and take my time sliding down the ladder, massage his balls in my hands and moan as his hips drive it in and out of my mouth. I whimper trying to keep up the pace I think he wants and he helps too, thrusting as much as he can.

I remember how teasing my asshole drove me just slightly over and sneak my free hand between his legs, drawing along the perineum to circle his hole.

“*Kut*, too soon,” he grunts and unleashes in my mouth. Electricity surges through me, alighting every nerve with arousal and the lights flicker around us. When I pull my mouth off his cock, I yelp and fly back as a bolt of lightning shoots from the piercings to the walls and plunges us into darkness.

“Okay, so he might have been ready for a Xirashi, but not one with dick piercings,” I summarize.

The rest of the humans yelp with victory. Kravan’s restraints fall open and he helps me up before running to the front of the group.

“Charge!” I cry out and we storm the halls in search of the captain.

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## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

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### KRAVAN

There are few circumstances I'd allow such recent victims to help hunt down their captor, but with around thirty of them the numbers alone should work in our favor. The ones at the front cannibalized the guards for weapons—even if the things they took weren't originally weapons. The rest of them scour the walls and pull of anything they can use to fight, getting creative with different odds and ends—pipes and control boards and all sorts of things I'm not able to catch.

Whatever does it.

We make it to the escape pods, the only working part of this ship after Lucy helped me come and surge the power grid. They're on a separate power line, I imagine. I catch a flash of pink just before one of the pods closes and flies off.

What in the name of Echovyr?

The humans rush in and surround Hijacks, pulling him out of the pod he's trying to escape into.

“Where the fuck do you think you're going?” Lucy barks out. “Not so fucking fast, asshole!”

The humans are already beating him up, hammering him to a pulp with all their makeshift weapons.

“Wait!” I call out. “I know you have many other bases like this.”

The humans pause their war cries and battery. Hijacks rolls his eyes.

“Like I’ll tell you,” he says.

The humans resume hitting him.

“You’re dead either way.”

“You’re right,” he cackles, his voice breaking from the hits. “You think this ends with me? This goes way deeper. Fucking hell, just shoot me already!”

The ship bucks and groans and then I realize we’re plummeting and the heat from the planet’s atmosphere is compressing the ship.

“You may just get your wish. Everyone find an escape pod! This ship is going down!”

The humans help each other into the pods and are surprisingly calm trying to get out. The ship is big enough there are escape pods for all of them, which is a relief because I didn’t want to have to see any of them lose their lives today.

“Please shoot me, I’d rather die quickly than burn to death,” Hijacks begs as Lucy and I pile into our pod.

Lucy spits at him and hits the button closed. We soar off, watching with wonder as the ship plummets towards the planet, burning like a firework.

“So... great. There’s more out there besides Hijacks,” Lucy mutters, hugging close to my chest.

“We always knew that.”

“I know,” she says. “I just... I know stuff like this is hard to put out. They’re fucking cockroaches. It’s so evil. I just wish—“

I pull her close and let her cry into my chest as the pod finds safe harbor.

“We’ll save as many of them as we can, *mirak*, I promise you that.”

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## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

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### LUCY

Eventually, the pod got in range of Kravan's ship, which meant it could beam us aboard. Selfishly, I spent the first ten minutes making out with Kravan and hugging the crap out of him. I held back on the having sex thing, though. I'm not a monster.

We collected all the pods as best as we could, though because of the size of his ship it meant keeping everyone in their pods for now—just tethered to his ship. Eventually, his brother got the communication and showed up a few days later with a bigger ship which meant those poor people could finally stretch their legs.

He promised he'd get them to safety—take as many of them back to Earth as wanted it and do the whole bringing the rest to the hunter station outside Xiren to pair them up with a watchdog like they did for me and Shruti.

Speaking of, I sent her a message.

*Guess you were right about my hot pink alien husband.*

“We don't marry,” Kravan grunts over my shoulder. I thought he was asleep, especially after our last round. The stamina of these aliens is mind boggling.

“Okay, *mirak*,” I say, rolling my eyes. Like mating for life wasn't way better.



“There is a difference,” he growls, turning me onto my back. He’s smiling down at me, his nebulae and tattoos giving off a light glow.

“Sure,” I tease. I don’t disagree, he’s just fun to rile up.

“You are my *mirak*, which means you can’t get rid of me,” he growls while pinning my wrists with one hand. His other hand leaves little sparks across my inner thigh, tormenting me with his special biology.

His mouth covers my nipple and I gasp as he sends a shock there too. The worst is when he’s finished with my thighs, his hands slide through the wetness pooling at my center.

“Can’t get rid of me, no matter how much I tease you.”

He brings me to orgasm and I cry out, unable to touch him back.

“That the best you can do?” I mumble when he doesn’t release me. I squirm when I feel the next surge of electricity against my thighs.

“I was being nice letting you come,” he pouts. “So ungrateful.”

I scream with delight as he tortures me, lighting up every nerve in my body except for directly on my sex until I beg for release.

“Say it,” he urges, holding my orgasm hostage.

“My *mirak*,” I say. “My pink alien *mirak*. Not husband.”

He nips at my thigh lightly but let’s me go.

“I have seen Earth movies. I think I know what you look for in a husband and I can offer what really matters.”

“Oh?” I say, giggling and cuddling against him, expecting a physical description or something ridiculous.

“Love,” he says. “Isn’t that what humans are all after? Because I think that’s what we have.”

His chest is wet because I’m crying. I wasn’t expecting this, and my emotions are all out of sorts because I’m kind of

cum drunk.

“Not fair,” I say in the middle of my sobs.

“Did I say something wrong?”

“No it was perfectly right. I just don’t know how to handle you. You’re more than I could have ever imagined. I love you so much, Kravan. Beyond the stars and through every danger.”

“I love you too, *mirak*. Even if you make me tear my skin apart from worry.”

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## KEEP READING

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*THIS SERIES IS part of a joint collaboration with some of my very talented friends, all to give you weekly delicious alien reads. To read more stories from the universe we're creating together, check out <https://books2read.com/ap/nB2A2A/Kyra-Keys>*

*[Pre-order Book 3 of Mated to the Xirashi: I Hate Working With My Alien Bounty Hunter](#) featuring the story of Shruti and Inkesh.*

*Disclaimer: The Interplanetary Unity Council takes no responsibility for any of the alien smut found in this multi-author short novella collaboration. Not recommended for youth who have not reached legal adulthood on their home planet.*

*Missed out on Kit & Vorkul?*

*Here's a snippet of Book 1:*

***Kit***

When I bust into the alien tavern on Urkos-8, I expect a little attention. I'm not gonna lie. I get it. I'm five feet even, and not

a lot of aliens have the kind of curly hair I do. They're not even used to seeing my species this far out—at least not this far out of *captivity*.

What I didn't expect was for the whole place to go silent because some pink alien macho man decides to practically flip a table when I walk in. *Down, boy.*

“Okay, look, I'm gonna cut to the chase because the big guy over here is scaring me,” I say to the crowd. Not even a snigger.

It's a tough gig having just the right DNA and genitalia to be one of the hottest commodities this side of the Interplanetary Unity Council. To be clear, that's the really fucked up bad side that they can't even patrol. That's why I'm here. It pains me to say, but I need a big ol' baddie that no one will mess with so I can get to the *real* work done that I came here for—saving human lives.

All sorts of eyes stare back at me—some with more prey-like eyes on the side of their faces, some eyes at the end of stalks, some entire clusters.

And then there's his eyes. Electric blue. Literally electric—it's like they spark.

I try to concentrate, try to shake off the shiver of unease he gives me.

“I'm gonna need a bodyguard. And because of the backwoods nonsense going on in the particular sector of the Fringe we'll be traveling, I'm gonna need us to fake a marriage.”

Then, of course, because my luck is shit, every eye in the place turns to face that big pink hulk.

He doesn't even move for a moment, then it's like a light goes off and a smile clicks into place.

“Vorkulptex Vash Xirashi,” he says. “Trixnal vri worak.”

I whack my ear, trying to get this translator working. I don't know if he's introducing himself or threatening me.

When I don't say anything back, he repeats himself.

“I am Vorkulptex of the Xirashi. I am your mate.”

My face sours. I don't know if it's a good thing or a bad thing that he's already playing along. Or maybe it's just a translation error. The aliens around him laugh and their gazes turn to me curiously.

“Great, of course the big scary one volunteers,” I mutter to myself. “On the plus side, you'll be big and scary to everyone else, too. C'mon. We don't have a lot of time—there's a group of pirates I've been tailing and I don't want to lose them.”

He just nods and walks to me. The way he watches me makes me feel uneasy. I mean, yeah, I'm absolutely risking my life just pulling in this random alien, but I'd rather go up against one frisky alien than ten.

Besides, he's Xirashi. It takes me a moment to remember—especially fighting the translator—but their species is known for honor.

Actually, this is turning out better than I'd hoped. Of all the nasty aliens in this world, his is one of the better alien species to end up with.

When he walks over, I try not to show my reticence. I mean, he's huge. Really, *really* fucking huge. Not the biggest I've been around, but definitely enough to make me feel like I should have drunk more milk growing up. Not to mention he's got these shoulder plates covering his biceps and absolutely nothing covering his chest and abs. At least I don't have to fake attraction, I guess. I mean, he's really something to look at. Even if he scares the shit out of me. Definitely an oasis in an alien himbo desert.

As we leave the bar, all the aliens chitter and jeer in too many languages for my translator to process. I catch a few words that leave my cheeks burning. I won't show them my reaction. They don't deserve it, and it will only get me in worse trouble. I'm just grateful to get away from the smell. It's like tar, sulfur, and clove all decided to make a putrid little potion.

The second we get outside, I spin around and poke him back into the wall, jabbing my finger into his rock-hard abs. And suffering a series of shocks immediately through the tip of my finger. *Holy shit, that's some crazy defense mechanism.* Let's ignore the fact that my skin tingles... and that I like it. We're here to focus. We've got a job to do.

“Okay, look here, I'm—I know you alien men are all macho and chauvinistic and shit. But I've been busting victims out of trafficking rings for three years now, so I know what I'm doing. Which means I mostly just need you there to look pretty and scare off anyone trying to throw me into the hell I've been getting everyone else out of. Capisce?”

He just stares at me. This lumbering idiot must have a processing issue or something, or maybe his translator is as faulty as mine, because he takes a few moments before he smiles and nods.

“And this *feyk-mari* you mentioned?”

The blush I'd managed to ignore before was back. And this time I was having a lot more trouble ignoring it because when I originally conceived of fake marrying an alien, I figured he wasn't going to be this ho...

Yeah, I'm not admitting what I think he is.

“You know, just pretend like we're married.”

“We do not marry in my culture.”

Fucking great.

“But you are *mirak*. I think that is similar.”

His hand reaches towards my cheek. Why, *why* is my vagina waking up after the years-long shutdown? For this? Nuh-uh. I am not getting wet just from a cheek touch from a pink alien who is going to fake a relationship with me.

“Yeah, great job,” I huff, ducking my head out of the way because I'm afraid to touch him again. “Just like that.”

My comm beeps, which means the pirates have docked.

“Alright, pretty boy. Time to go,” I say and march off towards my cruiser.

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“I have a ship,” Vorkul says, like my cruiser isn’t sitting right in front of us, doors open and everything.

“Yeah, buddy, so do I,” I answer, eyes rolling.

I am not about to get into a dick-swinging contest with this asshole. I don’t want to think about his dick at all, because he’s eight feet tall and I’m already trying to distract myself from his exposed abs.

Why couldn’t he have been an ugly alien?

When I hop inside the cockpit, he doesn’t join me. I can see him through the window, arms crossed over that expansive, ripped chest with a smug expression on his face. I throw my hands up in frustration and shout “get the fuck in.”

He mouths something that gives the impression of “no, you” which leaves me utterly confused.

Then darkness shadows the window as something engulfs my ship. I peer up through the window to see the loading bay of another ship.

Fuck. Fuck! *Am I being kidnapped?*

I jump out of the cockpit and trip on the ramp as it slides under my ship, reaching for my phaser. When I get to my knees, Vorkul is looming over me.

I aim my phaser right for his crotch.

“The fuck are you on?” I ask him.

“If this is a trick, you can say goodbye to your little friend there,” I say, motioning to the very dick I can’t seem to distract myself from.

His breathing hitches as his jaw loosens. It just doesn’t seem like the kind of reaction you’d give to someone who

threatened to blast your cock off.

“No trick,” he says, his voice a little lower than before. Strained.

My eyes bulge when I catch sight of *his* bulge.

*Is this motherfucker turned on by this?*

The phaser goes limp in my hand. My heart beats faster. *Am I the motherfucker turned on by this?*

No. No, no. We’re not doing this.

He reaches his hand out to help me up. I ignore it, standing as gracefully as I can while never taking my eyes off him.

“My ship is bigger,” he says simply.

“Yeah it’s not the only thing,” I grumble. Meaning his ego.

But the bastard smiles. “This is true.”

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## NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

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*I HAVE WAY too much fun with aliens, I think. I've got a few more alien stories coming out this year, and a whole novel-length series out next year.*

*Thank you to Remy Cavilich for your speedy help, forever and always.*

*While I have you here, just a reminder that leaving reviews really helps out all authors, but especially those like me with a tiny following. I love reading honest reviews—yes, even my one-stars.*

*Feel free to email me at [she@latrexanova.com](mailto:she@latrexanova.com) or tag me on insta or tiktok (@latrexanova) with your thoughts. Feed my service kink and tell me what kinds of stories you're dying to read. It's a win-win situation.*

*Thank you so very much for reading.*

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