



Just the

Naughty

Bits

Galaxy Gladiators Book 2: Dakon and Shadow

A. Khan

USA TODAY Bestselling Author

*Just the Naughty Bits: Book 2 Terminus
and Shadow*

A. Khan

Just the Naughty Bits Book 2: Dakon and Shadow

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Welcome to Naughty Bits, Book Two!

Hi,
I'm USA TODAY Bestselling, Pinnacle Award-winning Sci-Fi and Monster author Alana Khan, publishing this *Naughty* Series as A. Khan.

I've written over 50 books and recently was looking for a specific sex scene to make sure the mating habits were consistent with a character of the same species in another book.

Yum! Reading that was a nice, juicy moment in the middle of my workday. (Don't even get me started on the agonies of being an author—ha ha!)

This made me wonder if it might be fun to just pull all the naughty bits into one book. After all, sometimes you want a good read with three-dimensional characters and awesome world-building (which I handily deliver in my novels) and sometimes you just want a one-handed read.

So, I've pulled all the sexy bits out, have curated them for you, and am presenting them here.

Just to ensure you can enjoy the naughty bits, I've enclosed the blurb and written a few explanations (in italics). Otherwise, all you'll get are the juiciest parts.

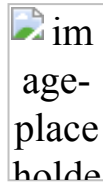
Cheers!

Alana

*Terminus: Shadow's Prequel (Book 1.5 in the
Galaxy Gladiators Series)*

Burb:

Born into privilege, groomed to be a playboy—it's Dakon's last day as a free male. A naive young stud is no match for the Galaxy's premier criminal. When his parents cheat the psychopathic boss of the MarZan cartel, Dakon has to pay—possibly with his life. This novelette explains how Dakon transformed from a carefree player to become Shadow, a disfigured alpha gladiator full of anger and angst.



Dakon is an alien male in his early twenties who was raised by his parents, two grifters who groomed him to be a playboy. He's been told to "service" the rich and eager Armena, who went to great lengths to strongarm his parents to garner an afternoon with the stud. He has been with her before.

Dakon

I review my mental notes, remembering exactly what Armena liked the last time we were together.

She opens the door wearing only panties and a smile. It's nearly impossible to guess a female's age on Bellumar. These are the richest people in the galaxy. If there is a potion or a surgery available, proven or unproven, most of these females have tried it at least once. I know she has a son my age. She's at least as old as my mother. It doesn't matter. Her face and body are nearly perfect. A pang of lust contracts my balls.

"Armena, you're beautiful as always." Our eyes lock. Her pert, brown nipples harden under my gaze. The smell of her arousal

perfumes the air. My cock kicks beneath my slacks.

Reaching behind her neck, I pull her toward me and kiss her lightly on her lips. She lifts on her toes and grabs my shoulders. Deepening the kiss, I press inside her mouth and stroke her tongue with mine.

“You taste amazing, Mena.” I know this is my job, but when I’m doing it, I’m fully in the moment. With Armena it’s no hardship.

I nip my way to her ear, then invade it with the tip of my tongue. I feel her shiver, hear her low moan.

“So responsive, Sweet.” I breathe deeply in the shell of her ear, then suck my breath in.

“Dakon.” Her voice is throaty. She presses her breasts against my chest.

“This isn’t the room you share with your husband?”

She shakes her head. Good, all I need is for her ancient husband to interrupt us and posture his outrage. I have no desire to get into a fistfight to protect anyone’s honor.

“Foreplay on the couch? In the shower? Up against the window for half of Bellona to see? Name it, Mena. You went to a lot of trouble for this.”

“I know I was naughty, Dakon. I shouldn’t have tried to blackmail you just for a few hours in bed. But I haven’t stopped thinking about you... and that delicious cock of yours... since last we met.”

“Yes, you’ve been very naughty. Perhaps by the time we’re done you’ll be tired of this cock.” I press my hips against her taut belly.

Her hands paw at the waistband of my slacks, trying to undo the clasp. She finally gives up and slides her fingers against my skin until I’m sheathed in her grasp.

“*Fuck!*” I moan against her neck, my knees sagging. Her hand surrounds me and she works me firm and slow. I pull away from her, toe off my shoes, and pull off my pants. “Slow down, Sweet, or we’ll get to the good parts too soon.”

She swiftly unbuttons my shirt, then tosses it over her shoulder and onto the floor. “There’s no such thing as too soon, Dakon. Besides, if I remember correctly, you can go all day and all night. We’ll just get to the second course that much sooner.” She sends me a sly, sexy smile.

I slip my hand down her panties and massage her mons with the heel of my hand. She sucks air in through her teeth, opens her stance, and presses into me.

“Looks like Mena’s ready to come,” I hiss into her ear and nip her lobe. “But Dakon wants to tease.” I pull back to watch her expression in time to see her lids lower and the corners of her mouth curve upward.

My finger slides along her damp folds, then circles her core. “Dripping wet for me, Mena. I haven’t forgotten what you taste like,” I whisper as I sweep some of her juices toward her clit. Her hips swivel as she tries to encourage my fingers toward her nub.

I pull away slightly and wait to catch her gaze before I slip my fingers in my mouth and make a show of sucking her taste off them. My cock bobs upward, liking the taste as much as I do.

“Dakon.” She reaches for my cock, her expression heavy-lidded and full of passion, but I pivot out of her reach. “I need you,” she pouts.

“I’m going to make you need me more.” My smile is full of promise. I lift her and sit her on the gold couch in the living area of the lavish suite. I kneel between her legs, reach forward to kiss her, and pluck her nipples until a low moan escapes her lips. A moment more of this and she’s writhing against the seat, panting. Her husband looks a lot older than her. I wonder how long it’s been since a male’s been balls deep pounding into her. That’s okay. It won’t be much longer.

I pull off her panties and lift her heels onto the edge of the couch. “Spread wide for me, Mena. Let me see all that pretty pink between your thighs.” Leaning forward, I cup her sex in my hand and let her needy flesh press hard against me.

One hand thumbing her nipple, the other working her sex, I keep assaulting her senses and ramping her up. She lifts onto the soles of her feet, which are still on the couch and is riding me. Her hands are on my shoulders, she’s panting in passion. I slip one finger into her and feel her muscles contract around me. “Oh, Dakon, why are you teasing me so?” Her voice is husky with lust.

She’s a beautiful woman, flushed with passion, not afraid to ask for what she wants. Her breasts are bouncing as she rides

me. Her sex is dripping wet. I set her onto the couch, lean down and lap at her bud, it's plump with arousal.

"Ummm," she sits back, her heels on the edge, and scoots forward to give me better access. With my mouth working her clit and my fingers hammering into her, she finds her release in a minute of coming with a series of long, deep moans, her head thrown back in pleasure.

My cock is bobbing in both appreciation and anticipation. He's ready for action, but I give Mena a moment to catch her breath while I carry her to the bed in the other room and gently toss her onto the middle of it.

"Let me suck that beautiful cock of yours," she says as she crawls on all fours to the edge of the bed and reaches for me. When I walk to her, giving her free access, she slides onto her knees on the floor, grabs my ass cheeks, and pulls me right into her mouth.

"Holy Hells, Mena," I curse as I feel her warm lips surrounding me. I feel the points of her polished nails pressing into the flesh of my ass as I try to hold back my initial urge to release into that willing, talented mouth. One of her hands slips between my legs and cups my balls. "So good, Sweet." I'm trying to let her control the speed and depth of the thrusting—it's all I can do not to plunge all the way to the hilt.

She's moaning in the back of her throat, adding vibration to the already heady mix. She grabs the root of my shaft with one hand, fisting the part of me that won't fit in her mouth. Her

hand and mouth working in unison push me over the edge and I release into her mouth with a moan.

I pull her up and ease her onto the bed, then almost fall onto it. She straddles me and is pelting me with kisses on my chest, my abdomen, my navel, and below. “I know you think I can go all night and all day, Sweet, but I’ll need a minute to recover.

Her answer is to use the flat of her tongue to lick me like a child’s candy from root to tip, then flick the little hole with the point of her tongue. “We taste so good together, though, Dakon.” The sunny expression on her face makes her look young.

Her one little lick was effective. I feel my cock begin to rise to the occasion. “Ready for the second course, Sweet?” She nods, full of smiles. “Name it, Mena.”

Her eyes widen, obviously unsure, then, “What’s on the menu?” Her voice is low, aroused. “Never mind. I’ve decided.” I have no idea what that old husband of hers is capable of, but I’m going to give her something I know he can’t.

Rolling out from under her, I stand at the foot of the bed and grab her slim ankle. I pull her until her bottom is about to fall off the foot of the bed. In a swift move, I open her knees wide and pounce, pulling her bud into my mouth. As I suck and tease, I finger fuck her slow and deep.

I wanted to make sure she was primed for what I have in mind. I also wanted to give my cock time to fully rebound. It doesn’t take long for both of us to be more than ready. Before I realize

how aroused she is, she comes hard, writhing on my thrusting fingers, almost screaming in pleasure.

I forgot how sexual this female is, how capable of multiple orgasms. I don't need to give her any time to recover, so I rise slightly and plunge into her all the way to the hilt.

“Dakon!” she groans on a gasp.

I easily lift her off the bed and carry her to the wall at the foot of the bed. Pressing her back against the wall, I take a quick look to make sure she's comfortable, then begin slamming into her. My thrusts are deep, quick, and so vigorous our bodies make a slapping sound as I launch into her over and over.

“Fuck. Fuck. Oh Gods, so good Dakon.”

I slam harder, pressing my pelvis against her every time I hit bottom, making sure her clit gets the right amount of pressure. Her knees are bent over my flexed elbows as my hands pull her thighs toward me with each thrust.

I feel her channel squeeze in pleasure as she screams with her orgasm. Her release triggers mine, though I keep pistoning into her until I can't feel any aftershocks pulsing in her greedy core.

Without withdrawing, I walk us back to the bed and we both wind up in a panting, sweaty heap on the spread.

“Mercy, Dakon. Give me mercy. I need a moment to recover.” She's still gasping, covered in a sheen of perspiration. I lever out from under her, and slip her under the covers, then join her there.

“Gods, that was amazing,” is all she can say as she strokes my arm. “Can you stay, Dakon? Nap with me for a moment?”

I know we’re not lovers. Males like me are supposed to fuck and leave. “I’ll stay a short while, Sweet. I have to be at the festivities tonight, though.” I don’t want to mention that her husband is probably going to be looking for her soon.

Neither of us sleeps, but she nestles against me and pets me as we smile lazily at each other.

Want to read the full story? Or buy the 10+ book series for only \$9.99 here.

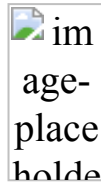
*Shadow: An Angsty Dominant Alien
Hero Romance, Book 2 in the Galaxy
Gladiators Alien Abduction Romance
Series*

Burb

Can two broken people release their demons, open their hearts, and find lasting love?

Petra's strong, take-no-prisoners attitude is severely challenged when she's abducted by aliens, destined to be sold as a sex slave. To escape, she needs the help of the most irritating, hunky alien male this side of the Milky Way. Their chemistry is off the charts despite the fact that Shadow can be an annoying dick.

Sold into the gladiator arena by his own parents, the only emotion this alien knows is anger. Until he meets Petra, whose grit, as well as her delightful body, sets him on fire. She isn't interested in anything more than a physical relationship, until she realizes there might be something worth fighting for beneath his cocky exterior.



Dakon from Terminus, above, had a hard night after you last met him. He was sold into slavery and then spent over a decade as a gladiator fighting under his new name, Shadow. You can tell by his picture on Shadow's cover he's been whittled down a bit. He's not the carefree playboy he used to be. He's an angsty ass.

He's free now, and just rescued Petra from a dangerous situation. They've only known each other a few hours, but the sparks have been flying, especially after Petra ran barefoot on glass in her escape and he had to carry her. There's incendiary chemistry, but he's still a jerk.

Shadow was injured as he rescued Petra, and the medbot is working on him now.

Petra

My feet are still numb, so I can't walk from where I'm sitting to the exam table. I scoot over until my chair is inches from Shadow's hip.

I waste no time beginning my attack. The medbot is doing intricate work around his eye. He's going to have to lie very still. Seems like the perfect time to do some exploring.

I reach over and grab both of his knees, my thumbs on the tender meat of his inner thighs. His reaction is a quick intake of breath. Great! I'm off to a good start.

Without further ado, my thumbs perform lazy circles higher and higher up his inner thighs.

"Petra! I have to keep perfectly still so the bot can work on me," he hisses through clenched teeth.

"Then I'd suggest you grab hold of the table with both hands and shut up."

My hands are near the top of his thighs now. If his junk wasn't bound up in that scrap of cloth my thumbs would be grazing his balls.

His muscles are rigid as he clutches the table. "This isn't fair."

"Yeah, life isn't fair big boy. If it was, neither of us would be on this ship with no way home."

Whoops, my thumbs *are* grazing his balls. He sucks breath through clenched teeth. Good to know... he likes this. After an "accidental" touch to whatever huge hard thing is lurking beneath that loincloth, my hands begin their leisurely descent toward his knees again.

Now that I've got him warmed up and totally focused on my touch, I lean over and scrape the meat of his outer thigh with my teeth. There's still absolutely no feeling in my feet, so I'm

afraid to put any weight on them at all. I can't lean forward to get my teeth where I really want them, which is on his inner thigh. So I'll have to settle for arousing the parts I can reach.

I heard him washing up in the bathroom while I was being prepped, so I grab his hand, make sure it's nice and clean and draw his index finger all the way into my mouth while I moan.

"Petra! Seriously, no fair." His voice is deep, gruff, and sensuous.

I suck up and down his finger, making no secret of what part of his anatomy I'd like to be sucking right now. All the way down, and then up. All the way down and up again, only this time I give a delicate swirl to the tip.

He's panting now, his cheeks flaring with every exhalation. My own arousal is building, my inner muscles clenching with desire. I stop my explorations for a moment, fascinated by all the distinct muscles in his chest and how they move with each breath. Sexy man.

I trace those interesting muscles with my fingers. I don't believe I've ever touched anyone with muscles this hard. Soft, warm flesh pulled tightly over granite-hard muscle. Then I reach one finger up to flick his flat brown nipple.

Not only does he moan, but his butt and thighs lift slightly off the table. He doesn't even scold me at this point. The bot must be performing a particularly delicate maneuver near his eye.

I'm tweaking his nipple now and he's grinding his hips. I know I should show him some mercy, but I'm having too

much fun to stop. My breasts ache to be held, my core is dripping with need, and he hasn't even touched me yet.

I hear the bot pause a moment and wait for him to reproach me.

“Petra, for the love of the Gods, you've got to stop.”

I tweak his nipple to punctuate his request.

“There will be retribution!” his voice has morphed from almost pleading to deep and commanding.

“Okay, I'll stop,” I say contritely and watch his gorgeous muscles relax.

My attention is caught by all the scars crisscrossing his body from face to knees. His skin is bronze, the scars are white, some thick and raised, some thin and almost lacey. Instead of being a turnoff, my fingers itch to trace them. The pad of my index finger follows the length of one of the smooth, thick ones on his abdomen, down over his hip bone, then diverts lower. My teeth are clenched in desire, so is my pussy. I don't know if I've ever been this aroused just looking at and touching a man.

My hand doesn't want to take directions from my brain. With a will of its own, it brushes his cock. Softly at first, then I grasp as much of him as the binding loincloth will allow. His cock is warm, hard steel. I can't control my own swift, lust-filled intake of breath.

Luckily I hear the bot begin to move again so he can't retaliate in any way. Saved by the bot!

“When this procedure is over, you will not escape my wrath,” he warns through clenched teeth, afraid to make more than the smallest of movements.

“Wrath, huh? I was hoping for lots of things I couldn’t escape, Shadow, but wrath was not one of them.”

My hand has reverted to trailing from inner knee to upper thigh. First with the fleshy pads of my fingers, then with my nails. Up and back. I have a hunch the bot is almost done, and the tables will be instantly turned. Can’t wait.

Sure enough, the bot goes silent and retracts on its arm up against the wall as its female voice announces, “Procedure complete.”

I’m waiting—the calm before the storm and all that. He’s still lying there. Did he pass out or is he planning his attack?

He sits up in one quick motion and snatches both my wrists in one smooth move. His eye looks great except for some slight bruising, and his gaze is firmly focused on me. His jaw is hard. He looks so mad he could hurt me. Fear bolts through me for a moment, then he’s off the table and crouching in front of my chair.

And he’s kissing me. Those lips, those hard lips are plundering mine. There is nothing slow or soft or tentative here. No quarter given. He’s invading my mouth. His hands have moved to my upper arms—the better to keep me right where he wants me. His tongue is exploring everywhere—pressing my tongue, scraping my teeth, tracing the roof of my mouth.

There's something almost feral about him. No talking, no words, no sweet nothings, just invasion and exploration, and control. My breath comes in soft gasps; my arms reach to his shoulders and pull him even closer. His skin is warm beneath my fingertips. My body craves more. More of him. Everywhere.

He stands up to begin a series of twists and turns to free himself of the knotted loincloth. His impressive cock juts out toward me. "Imposing" is the only word that comes to mind. Well, except for "huge."

He removes my blanket and lifts me into his arms. He steps with me into the bathroom and sets me on the toilet.

"Take your clothes off," he orders while he turns on the shower. The romantic part of my brain that likes to fantasize about a man treating me like a queen has relinquished control to the part that is crazy-in-lust over this gorgeous alpha male ordering me around. No wonder men complain they can't understand women.

He scoops me up, steps into the shower with me, and gets right down to business. The business of washing up, that is. He sets me on the little shower stool—we're in the medbay after all. Handing me a soapy washcloth, he begins washing himself.

"You've got one minute," he commands.

Yeah? Well, I'm in a hurry, too.

I don't think one minute has even passed, but I've taken care of the important bits when he grabs my washcloth and throws

it into the corner with his own. He kneels in front of me and kisses me. This is hard and fast and claiming control. His tongue penetrates my mouth with one mission and one mission only, that is to ratchet up my libido.

Frankly, after my little stunt with him on the exam table, I'm surprised he's even being this patient.

His hands fondle my breasts, even as his mouth continues to do incredible things to mine. He thumbs my nipples, then plucks them. Now incapable of all cogent thought, my muscles slacken and I lean against the cool metal wall. I'm totally focused on my taut nipples and the raw need vibrating between my legs. After only a moment of this, his mouth abandons mine and begins suckling at my breast. Each pull of suction zings straight to my clit. A tiny moan escapes my mouth.

His teeth gently scrape the tip of my nipple and I begin to thrust my hips at nothing in particular since I'm still sitting on the hard little bench. My hands press on his solid, muscled back, then his head. The words "I want" are chanting in my head, I just don't have enough brainpower to finish the sentence.

My nipples are urgent with need. Energy pools in my pelvis. I'm already paying attention to too many sensations at once. I don't know how I find the presence of mind, but my hand finds his thick, engorged cock and explores.

"Mmmm," no words can describe the feel of his long, thick cock, hard as steel, covered by velvet skin, slick with water. I

have never wanted anything as much as I want that inside me right this minute.

“Fuck me!” I demand. Right now there isn’t a shy bone in my body.

“I don’t want to be accused of insufficient foreplay,” his voice is husky.

“Fuck me,” I try to pull his cock toward me.

He laughs and pulls his hips back. “I’m in charge, little Petra. We wait... unless you beg.”

Oh shit. No man makes me beg. The last thing I will do is beg. I won’t even ask again. If this is a battle of wills, I know who will win.

I slip back into the delicious haze of pleasure I’m swimming in. He’s sucking, then biting the tip of one nipple, his hand is plucking the other, the warm water is pelting my shoulders, my hands are roaming his back and ass. I’m moaning, the noise echoing in the small room. I can wait.

His hand moves between my legs and his thumb circles my clit. Not fair! So not fair. My hips are pumping forward. I’m regaining some feeling in my feet because I’m able to scoot back on the bench and get my heels up on its edge, my knees splayed to each side. I’m so open for him. So ready.

He slips one finger inside me. I’ve been waiting for this, but it’s not enough. Even though I’m aching for more, I can’t contain the moan that escapes my lips. I lean my face against his powerful shoulder and pay attention to the overwhelming

pleasure swamping my body. The rhythm is slow and deliberate and coordinated with his circling thumb. Yes! He slips a second finger inside me and I moan even louder as my pelvis continues to thrust toward him.

“So wet. You’re so wet for me, Petra.” His voice is strained, almost hoarse.

I’m almost there. I pull him near me and clamp my legs around his waist. With just a tiny bit more pressure I’ll be able to come.

Instead of more pressure, he stops circling my clit. I’m on the brink. So close.

“Shadow, don’t stop.” I move my hips, trying to get pressure from the heel of his hand, but the position isn’t right. I desperately desire release.

His thumb returns, but with barely any pressure. Just enough to keep me riding the edge. I’m so close. I’m aching for it.

“Beg me, Petra,” his voice is husky, inviting. His warm breath fans the column of my neck. “Beg for it.”

My mind is in a complete cloud of lust. There is no thinking, no deciding, no analyzing.

“Please.”

“Beg, Petra.”

“Please, Shadow.” I thrust my pelvis toward him once more, but he’s still in complete control of the pressure.

I'll make him pay tomorrow. But right now I'll do whatever he asks.

"I'm begging, Shadow. I'm begging you to make me come."

He makes a tiny adjustment to the angle of his hand, increases his pressure, and I fall right over the edge, my vaginal muscles spasming around his fingers. My head is tucked into his shoulder and I bite the flesh there as I moan so long and so loudly it scratches the back of my throat.

My inner walls are still clamping in aftershocks, his fingers still penetrating deep inside me, when he grasps me with his other arm, stands, and lifts me in one fluid movement. He looks deep in my eyes as he presses me up against the metal wall of the shower. My legs instinctively circle his waist.

He claims my mouth with a hard kiss. His fingers abandon my pussy, then he presses the head of his cock right where I've been wanting it. He lifts me up and pulls me down in little pulses as his penis penetrates me in increments. He's huge, but we're both slick with my juices and he goes deeper with every thrust.

"Yes, yes," I keep chanting, totally focused on the pleasure of being possessed, penetrated, completely stretched, filled with his cock.

Now fully seated, he changes angles and begins to move. I'm pressed against the wall, holding onto his shoulders and enjoying the motion as he pumps inside me. The water is sluicing over us. He is so handsome and intense; his eye is closed, his facial muscles clenched in ecstasy.

He pumps faster and harder. I reposition slightly, using my upper body for leverage, so his pelvis hits just the right spot and my orgasm begins. It's one of those long ramping orgasms that begins small and keeps building to harder and harder spasms until I can focus on nothing but the pleasure spiraling through me. Deep guttural moans escape my lips as the intense, full-body orgasm rolls through me. His hot release jets deep inside me.

If his orgasm was even half the intensity of mine, I don't know how he has the strength to even stand, much less keep holding me up.

I look at him, not sure I'll see any emotion. His face, usually held so tightly in anger, looks soft, almost gentle, as he basks in the aftermath.

He pulls me away from the wall and positions me so the water hits right where it needs to wash away any remnants of what just happened. Then he turns off the spigot and steps us out of the shower.

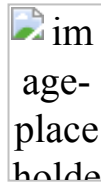
He sets me back on the toilet and dries me with a utilitarian white towel. No words. No eye contact. The only way I can intuit what's going on with him is the gentle way he pats me with the towel. He kneels in front of me and tenderly inspects my feet.

“How are you feeling?”

Is he asking how I'm feeling about the sex we just had, or does he want to know how my feet are feeling? I hate to give him

the satisfaction of an A+ on his report card, but after a performance like that, I've got to say something.

“Shit, Shadow, you're amazing. That was... amazing.” I realize it was totally worth begging for, but I'll never admit that.



Days have passed. This pair is still at odds, but they still have no problem expressing their mutual interest in the bedroom. After a day of flirting with each other, they have just run to Shadow's room to have sex.

Petra

The run from the other end of the ship is all the foreplay I needed. I'm ready to hit the sheets. He reaches out and grabs me before I can start shucking my clothes. Running his fingers through my hair, he gives me a lingering look.

“Sorry I fell asleep on you earlier. You said you had your menu already planned. I'm starving. What's the appetizer?”

“The appetizer was hours ago, it was a back scratch. The warm-up course is done.” I try to undo his loincloth and am mystified. “How complicated is this freaking thing?”

“Many twists and turns, little Pet. Want some help?”

“Hell yes. While you work on that I’ll start on the next course.” I don’t know how I ramped up so fast, but I’m rubbing my palms up and down his flanks, then gliding them over his pecs. My fingers and thumbs tweak his nipples as I wait impatiently for him to free himself.

“That is one magnificent cock,” I tell him as soon as it’s standing tall and proud. My knees hit the floor. I can’t wait to taste him.

“You were so insistent about adequate foreplay the other day,” he chides.

“Just having you in the same room turns me on.” Crap, I should really learn not to hand out compliments like candy. They go to his head.

I hear him chuckling above me. Then I hear his quick intake of breath when I lick the head of his shaft. It already has a bead of precum, which is slightly sweet. “Mmmm,” I tell him in appreciation, then I return to the task at hand.

I don’t exactly need a strategy playbook, but this thing is big; way too big to ‘get to the bottom of things’, so to speak. I lick the crown, swirl my tongue along the ridge, then suck. I know I’ve found his happy spot when he moans quietly in the back of his throat. Oh, I can do better than that.

Suction and an occasional swirl around the rim, more suction. I still haven't moved any farther down his shaft. I can sense his impatience when his hands rest gently on my shoulders—no pressure, but I suspect he wants to press my mouth down to envelop him.

I reach around and grab his butt. He has the greatest ass, rounded granite-hard cheeks, with muscular hollows in just the right place. When I've got him in a tight hold, my mouth moves lower. A millimeter at a time, until I've reached my limit.

His hips are thrusting now in shallow, almost imperceptible surges. I move one hand and grab him at the root of his shaft, giving me an extra several inches of coverage, then begin to pump in earnest. I synchronize my head bobbing and my fist moving and increase the speed until his moans are louder.

“Petra.” His hands sift through my hair; his breathing is ragged. My core is slick with desire. Having my mouth on him, working him, makes me feel so powerful—in control. I love having the ability to pull those deep, sexy growls from the back of his throat. I feel empty. I want him to fill me.

Abruptly, he reaches under my armpits and lifts me to my feet. His eyes are focused, his gaze intense. “Bed,” is all he says as he pulls me to my feet. He yanks my top off as I wriggle out of my bottoms, then he sets me down on the middle of the bed.

He stands there for a moment as if formulating an action plan. That blow job turned me on as much as it did him. My nipples are hard throbbing points; need is clenched in my belly. My

clit is pulsing. I reach out to him. “Shadow, come fuck me,” my voice is breathy with desire.

He’s still standing, just staring at me in obvious appreciation. I wonder if he’s so aroused he’s pausing to calm down to prolong both our pleasure. I hope so.

“Touch yourself. I’ll watch.” The corners of his mouth turn up slightly, as if this idea pleases him greatly.

I pause a moment, deciding if I want to comply. Hell yeah.

I lay back, pull my heels up to my bottom, then let my knees slowly drop open, almost all the way to the covers. The big unveiling. I’m splayed open completely for him to see. I glance up, feeling self-conscious; his facial expression is a haze of lust. His eyes are slitted, his teeth are clenched, the muscle in his jaw is leaping. I don’t even think he knows I’m looking at him, he’s so focused on what I’ve just exposed to him.

“Beautiful, Pet.” His eyes are taking me in with obvious appreciation.

“Spread yourself open for me,” his voice is so deep and rough it barely sounds like him.

I’ve never been good at taking orders, not from teachers, not from parents, and definitely not from boyfriends. But this? Oh yeah. Him telling me what to do is so sexy my juices are flowing from my clenching core.

I spread my lips open, dropping my knees all the way to the sheets. His lids get heavy, half closed. His eyes are laden with

pure lust. His nostrils flare. I know he's smelling my arousal, which causes his cock to kick. His tongue peeks out to lick his parched lips. The fact that I'm having this effect on him makes my clit flutter in yearning.

I use two fingers to slide my slickness from my channel up to my clit. I do this slowly, several times. I've never had an audience for this before. I'm still not sure I like it, I'm feeling a little shy, but the mesmerized look on his face emboldens me.

I don't know what possesses me, but I bring one finger up to my mouth and lick my juices with the tip of my tongue. This earns just the reaction I was hoping for—that low, sexy, strangled sound that erupts from deep in the back of his throat.

I do it again, almost in slow motion. His response is louder now, more like a growl. He's not moving, I think he doesn't want to pounce on me. But every muscle is tightly coiled, like he's holding himself back from leaping on the bed and burying his cock in me all the way to the hilt.

I lean my head back and close my eyes. If I'm going to explore myself any further, I can't watch him anymore, it's way too intimate.

Before I can get to work on myself, I feel his weight on the bed. When I open my eyes, he's crouched in front of me, his mouth inches from my pussy. I slide backward until my head rests on the pillows, the better to see what he's doing down there.

“You’re lovely, Pet.” His breath is hot on my clit. I watch as his tongue licks me from my core to the bundle of nerves that’s already needy for pressure. That’s enough watching! I lay my head back and sink into a haze of pleasure. He strokes my clit, changing pressure from the stiff tip of his tongue to the flat expanse of it. Like he’s testing me, seeing exactly what I prefer.

When he’s satisfied with the pressure, he moves incrementally until he finds the spot that propels my hips into action. Then he starts moving, which elicits low, deep moans that seem to emanate from my chest.

He’s got the motion and the pressure and the rhythm just right. I’m in a misty fog of bliss. This feeling is too compelling, I could swim in it forever. Except I can’t. I want release. The longer he attends me like this, the more urgent my need. I’m panting, moaning, thrusting against him—desperate.

“Please, Shadow.”

This must be what he was waiting for. The instant I ask, he moves his hands from where they were grasping my thighs and dips one long finger slowly into my core.

“Yes, Shadow, yes.” My inner walls clench around his finger. It’s not enough to make me come, but it takes a slight edge off the need spiraling inside me.

He slips in a second finger, keeping his mouth right where it needs to be—the fingers joining in perfect rhythm. His mouth increases pressure, and I easily fly over the edge, my inner

muscles clamping, and my hands tugging his hair. I push against his mouth demanding and receiving more pressure.

I moan, louder than I think I ever have, for the entire length of this mind-blowing orgasm. Every muscle in my body tightens and releases in endless spasms of ecstasy.

Even after my release is over, he just stays there, his fingers still in me. His mouth no longer working me, but still clamped on my clit, ready to wring another burst of pleasure from me if I ramp up again. And I do, several times.

When I'm thoroughly sated, I coax him up until he's lying on his side next to me. I kiss him, hard, desperate, telling him with my actions how fabulous that was. I taste myself on him. This feels profoundly personal, which causes my chest to tighten in anxiety. I push those emotions away, reach down and find his rock-hard cock. He's had no release. I bend my knee and rest it on his hip.

"Petra, I want you. I'm desperate for you. I want to be inside you," he rasps.

"Take me." I've recovered enough from the last orgasm to be ready again.

I'm so slick, he slips his magnificent member into me easily in a few deep, hard thrusts, then turns me on my back as he moves with me.

He's on top of me, his weight on his knees and hands. He's not shy, gazing into my eyes while he sets a rhythm. I shut my lids and dive into my protective bubble of pleasure. His hands slip

behind my ass, anchoring me so he stimulates my clit with every deep, hard movement.

I went from fully sated to desperate with need in a matter of a few minutes. My desire ramps up; with every penetration I want more.

My hips press up with each of his downward thrusts. I pull his ass toward me on every stroke, adding more pressure. How can I be so desperate for release when I just came?

I can feel his skin slicken. Between the physicality of the act and the effort of holding back for so long, he's sweating, still delaying until I come again. I realize he's more than ready, as am I. Then I allow myself delicious release, letting go and falling into the sheer delight of an orgasm that seems to start from the inside and roll outward. Every muscle in my body clenches in spasms of exquisite climax.

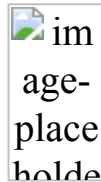
My orgasm triggers his own. His muscles contract, his breathing increases, his teeth clench even as his rhythm accelerates. He lets out a sound of pleasure, a soft, sated grunt. High praise, indeed.

Long moments later, he rolls us onto our sides, both of our chests heaving in exertion. I reach up to touch his hair, it's damp with sweat. "Sexy man. Worked hard," I say, recognizing that I'm incapable of speaking in complete sentences.

He strokes my hair, smiling. "You, too."

"I like your smile, Shadow. It looks good on you."

“Mmmm,” is all he can respond. I guess men all over the galaxy do the same thing after marathon sex. All they want to do is fall asleep.



Petra is a woman of many talents, one of which is the acrobatic dancing she performs on a rope hung from the ceiling of the gym on the ship.

Shadow

As I watch, the rope has gone from stationary to moving in slow, tight circles. She begins her routine, which seems dizzyingly difficult and complicated because the rope is moving.

I'm right underneath her, watching her muscles work smoothly under her skin. From time to time she makes a soft guttural sound when she strains to move positions. My cock is hard as steel. This is so sexy I don't want to take my eyes off her. I can't refrain from reaching out to touch her.

I pull the rope to a stop and reach up to grab her in one swift movement. I catch her by her hips and tug her down, making sure I don't scare her or make her lose her balance. She doesn't resist me, just goes with it and in a quick moment she's in my arms, her legs wrapped around my waist.

I kiss her mouth, gently at first, then more insistently. Our tongues spar; her hands grip my back, pressing me against her even harder. I'm certain she feels my cock against her core. I can smell her arousal. She responded to me so quickly—absorbed by her routine one minute, ready to mate with me the next.

I pull her shirt over her head, while she contorts to accommodate this. “The door, Shadow.”

I'm confused, too consumed with touching her to understand her meaning.

“Someone could barge in on us. Can we lock the door?”

I come out of my lust-induced haze to set her on the floor. I can't let her out of my reach, so I pull her with me to the entry, then lock it.

She stretches up and puts her arms around my neck and insistently presses her lips to mine. Snaking her leg behind mine, she levers herself against me so she can feel my length between her legs.

“I want you inside me. It's almost a demand as she tugs off her leggings.

“Red, Petra?” My breath escapes in a huff. I’m ogling her shiny red bra and panties. “Those are so sexy.”

“I was hoping one day I’d wear them for an audience of one, Shadow. You.”

An unfamiliar noise escapes my throat. I think it’s a growl. I’m unwrapping my loincloth as I follow her to the large wrestling mat on the floor. Before she lies down, I stop her.

“The rope, Petra.” I grab her hand and pull her toward it. We’re both nude. She’s beautiful, compact with sleek muscles under her pale skin. I’m hard as metal. I bend down to kiss her. My tongue slicks against her lips until she opens to me. I want to make sure she’s ready for me, ready to open for me in other ways.

I pull away and order, “Feet on the floor, hold the rope above your head.” She complies, so eager to do what I ask that it emboldens me. She’s standing in front of me, facing away, her arms grasping the rope, stretched above her head. My hands reach from behind her, and I hold the weight of her breasts in my palms.

“Mmmm.” She presses her ass back toward me, trying to connect with my length. I jackknife back, teasing her, keeping my cock from making contact with her. I want her focused on my hands right now. My thumbs are strumming her hard nipples. Back and forth, pressing firmly on her pebbled buds.

Then I roll them between thumb and forefinger. She makes a mewling noise of pleasure and again tries to press up against me with her bottom.

“Not yet! And don’t remove your hands from the rope.” My palms are rubbing her nipples. I lick first one palm and then the other and slide against the hardened nipples with circular, slick pressure.

“Oh, crap, Shadow. That feels so good.”

I can smell her sex. She’s so aroused. I love having her opened to me like this, so exposed, her hands above her head. My palms move up to caress her throat, then down over her breasts again, then around the swell of her hips. She’s still facing the rope, away from me. I reach around her hip and slip one finger past her clit and through her folds toward her core. I don’t touch her sensitive nub or dip into her wet channel. I love driving her wild.

“Don’t tease me,” she orders in a groan, but I think that’s a lie. I think my touch sends her to heaven. She widens her stance, a silent invitation. I step closer and slip my cock between her legs from behind. I thrust against her slit in a slow, lazy rhythm. She gasps a swift intake of breath.

She’s so wet my cock is almost immediately drenched in her nectar. I slick back and forth between her lips, my tip grazing her clit. We’re both spiraling higher in intense desire. I’m so aroused I could spill my release right now.

“Fuck me, Shadow.” She’s panting, pressing her bottom against my pelvis so my length has better access to all of her. I scrape my teeth against the sensitive place on her neck below her ear. “Please!”

“I love it when you beg, Pet.” My breath is so low and breathy I hardly recognize my own voice.

I grasp her waist with both hands and move her against my cock, hitting just the right spot for her. She moans. “Now! Please.” She’s so ready for me, my cock is about to explode.

I lift her higher on the rope, her feet off the ground. She has to reposition her hands and bear her own weight.

I move in behind her and spear the tip of my cock to the edge of her slick opening. Then I wait, allowing her to take over. I wonder if she will plunge down on my length all at once or ease herself down in increments. I’ll remember what she likes for next time.

As soon as she realizes she’s now in control, she pulls herself up and then down, just the smallest amount. Up and then down again, a bit deeper, in little pulses. She lifts up, then comes down deeper and deeper until she’s fully seated on my cock.

“Shadow, you are so big. My God, I feel so full.”

I take over now, putting her feet on the ground and pushing her forward so her bottom is thrust back at me. I piston into her from behind in a rhythm that gains in speed. With my hands on her shoulders, her body offers no resistance and with every pounding stroke, the force reverberates through us both.

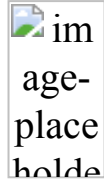
I reach in front of her and press my finger to the side of her clit, right where she likes it. This is all she needs to reach orgasm. Her inner muscles clench me powerfully, rhythmically. She moans, then screams in pleasure, the noise

reverberating throughout the *ludus*. I hear her shout my name, which pushes me over into an intense climax of my own, jetting into her for long moments.

We stand like that a minute, as her aftershocks continue to milk my cock. I step back, to get us over to the mat to lie down. Although I'm still inside her, I've broken the moist seal between us. This makes a suction sound where my pelvis and her ass were connected.

We fall on the mat, laughing, panting, still glowing in the aftereffects of lusty sex. We're both sweaty, but I don't want to break the connection. I sling my arm over her waist and pull her closer.

She's facing me now, we're looking deeply into each other's eyes. There's no more laughter. This seems serious. I don't want her to bolt. She's in this moment with me. I can feel it. For the first time since I met her, I can tell she wants to lie with me, she wants to talk to me. She might do the "pillow talk" she once told me she'd never want. I could drown in this feeling. This is what my soul has been yearning for.



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*Sneak Peek of Tyree: A Friends to Lovers
Sci-Fi Alien Romance*

Blurb:

Abduction and a slave revolt were the least of their worries. Now they must combine forces to survive the wrath of an evil Emperor.

Grace

After surviving a horrifying alien abduction and slave revolt, I thought I was safe. I never expected this ship full of protective alien gladiators would need me to face my biggest fear—playing music in front of thousands. The public performances turn out to be the easy part. Now I must escape the clutches of the powerful Emperor who wants to enslave me. Can Tyree, the sexy male who has become my best friend, use his strength and psychic powers to save my life?

Tyree

I want so much more than the friendship Grace offers me. I vow to save her life. Maybe in the process, she'll discover an attraction to me that's as incendiary as my desire for her. As I

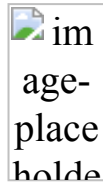
stay by her side and protect her, she'll see just how much she means to me as I risk my life to save hers.



Grace grows a lot in this book, but you're getting introduced to her before she comes into her own. She struggles with anxiety and is a virgin. A virgin who is very attracted to alien Tyree.

Tyree has his own issues. He recently morphed from his species' version of childhood, which is a small genderless person, into a strapping six-plus-foot gorgeous guy with a dick (big, of course). You missed the part where he learns how to walk with a cock and balls between his legs—very funny.

Now, down to business.



Grace

I think I might be the only woman I've ever met who would give this more than a cursory thought. No one else would agonize over this decision; they'd already be shucking their clothes and turning on the shower. But I'm still Grace. I need to think this through. I'd be stepping past another doorway through which I could never retreat. No going back after this.

I thought I'd go to my grave a virgin. I had no desire to lose myself to a man, to give up my autonomy like my mother did. But I'm not her. I have choices. I choose to follow my desires. I choose to march into the shower with Tyree.

"Let me help you with that, big guy." Grabbing his hand on the top of his zipper, I keep my voice light and breezy as we've been for the past hour, but it's a little strained.

His hand closes over mine, holding it in place as he spears me with a serious look. "You sure? We have all the time in the galaxy, Grace."

“I want to take a shower with you, Tyree. No guarantees implied or intended about anything that might or might not happen after that.”

He smiles so slowly it seems to take a full minute from when the corners of his lips begin to lift to when his mouth is stretched into a full smile, happiness reaching his eyes.

“No pressure, Grace. We’ll take this as slow as we want.”

I remove my hands from his and move them to his shoulders, stepping closer, between his feet. I kiss him once, soft as a butterfly’s wing. “Computer, dim lights.”

My body’s flat against his. I can feel his erection pressing against my abdomen. I can feel it pulse even through both sets of clothes. His breath hitches and he tilts his head back. I’m not just in the arms of a male. I’m in the arms of the most masculine male in the galaxy. I feel his muscular pecs under my fingers, his cock throbbing against me. I observe his head as it tips back, noticing the virile planes of his face, the hollows beneath his cheekbones.

My body is thrumming with desire, too. My clit is pulsing with need, my breath has quickened. I can’t wait to touch his naked, bronze flesh.

“Let’s waltz into the shower.” I smile and give my best attempt at a wink.

No waltzing for us. Hercules just bends down and lifts me in the bride-over-the-threshold grip like I weigh no more than a kitten. He walks us into the bathroom, turns on the water, then

comes full stop. He looks at me, his gaze so fierce, so blazingly hot, I clutch his shoulders tighter, afraid I'll melt.

His eyes are kind and warm as he looks at me. I studiously avoid the mirror. I don't want to see the usual Grace: slightly awkward, no fashion sense, currently painted in peanut butter from our food fight in the kitchen. I'd rather see myself through his eyes. And if the expression on his face is any indication, the view from Tyree's blazing green eyes is pretty spectacular.

Still in his arms, I accidentally catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror and can hardly recognize myself. My smile is loose and genuine, my eyes are glowing, happy. Uptight Grace has left the building and in her place is a new, calmer, happier version.

He gently sets me down, lifts the t-shirt over my head, and sucks in a quick intake of breath. "Grace, you are so beautiful. I've dreamed of this day. I've fantasized about you. I've imagined every inch of your skin. The reality of you is so much better than my daydreams could do justice."

He'll never figure out the clasp of my bra; I don't want to interrupt this moment. I undo it. As it slides to the floor I hear his muffled moan, which is answered by an echo of my own.

I never want to forget the look of hunger, of raw appreciation on his face. His hands are fisted at his sides. He's obviously using all his self-control not to attack me. My breathing is ragged from both fear and excitement, but I know one thing—I want to be naked in the shower with him—and soon.

His hands skim my leggings to the floor and I step out of them.

“A present,” he breathes. “I’m unwrapping the best present of my life, Grace. You.”

Wow. I never imagined a moment like this. But if I had, my fantasies could never have come close to this reality. At no time in my past did I believe I’d be precious to someone. My chest feels so full it could burst.

He strips off his jumpsuit and loincloth. In a hurry, I guess, to get in the shower. I drink in the sight of him. Struck again by the absolute beauty of his body. Perfection. His cock is huge, thick. It juts away from his body—proud and hard.

He moves us into the shower. It’s a tight fit, maybe five feet by three feet. “Computer, lights out,” he commands.

It’s pitch black in here. Like being in a cave, deep underground. For a split second, I mourn the loss of my sight. I won’t be able to see the water slide over him, won’t be able to see the play of his muscles under his tan skin. Then I realize I can focus completely on my other senses. My clit pulses in anticipation.

He turns me toward the back of the shower, him standing between me and the spray of the water. He lifts my arms and places my palms on the wall

Pulling the shower head off its holder, he sprays me from the top of the head to my feet. The water is warm and would be soothing if I weren’t already so ramped up with excitement.

“Face me,” his voice is deep and commanding, brooking no argument. I have no intention to disobey.

I do as he says, and he sprays my hair so the water sluices down my back. I smell the peanut butter for a moment, then don't smell it anymore. It must all be washed down the drain. The warm water showers my shoulders and collarbones, then my breasts, midriff, thighs, and shins.

“Turn around, hands on the back wall again.” He pauses, then, “Spread your legs.” His voice is less than an inch from my ear. His warm breath fans my skin. That sexy command made my insides quake in anticipation.

His arm snakes around me, pulling my hips back toward him until my ass is presented to him. His foot nudges first my right foot, then my left farther apart. Even though the lights are off, I feel open, exposed. With my ass in this position, my balance is a little off, I feel slightly vulnerable, which ratchets up my desire. Although the tepid water's pounding down on me, it feels like hot tongues of fire are licking along my veins. I hear raspy breathing and realize it's mine. My mouth is open, I'm panting.

Tyree sprays my feet, my heels, and slowly the water moves up my inner thighs and finally onto my open slit.

I realize he hasn't touched me yet. He's simply given orders and sprayed water. Just with this, though, my arousal is off the charts.

I hear him place the showerhead in its holster, then search for something. Must have been looking for the shampoo because I

hear the bottle being shaken, and the little gasp it makes when it releases product.

Now both his hands gently apply the shampoo to my shoulder-length hair. His fingers are slow and methodical, tenderly washing with care. The pads of his fingers are massaging my scalp. Part of me wants to melt into this relaxation, the other part is aware the pulsebeat of my heart is echoed in my clit. I want to be touched there by more than water.

We both simultaneously suck in a gasp of breath when his erect cock accidentally brushes my ass.

“Grace,” he hisses.

He stills for a moment, then goes back to his ministrations with my hair. The juxtaposition of incongruity strikes me—his soft touch on my scalp, and what must be going on in his mind—because his cock is hard enough to hammer nails.

I can’t bear it a minute more. I reach around to grab his erection. My hand just grazes it when I feel him jackknife back, out of my reach.

“Hands on the wall, Grace,” his tone is commanding.

He sprays my hair; I can no longer smell the floral shampoo. Okay, Tyree. I certainly must be clean enough now. But no. He’s found the soap and his hands are slippery with it when he lays them on my neck, then rubs. Strong fingers instinctively find the muscles near my shoulder blades that always carry my tension. Then his hands smooth the lather over my shoulders,

down my arms; they slide to the incline of my waist, and then they still.

I'm totally focused on my senses right now. The splash of the water, the sound of his ragged breathing—and my own. But mostly, I'm aware of his hands on my hips. Touch me! I command in the silence of my mind. I press my ass back an inch. An invitation? Or an order to explore.

But instead, his deep voice commands, “Turn around.” I comply.

Soaping his hands again, he starts at my collarbones, they slope to my shoulders, then down my arms, hips, and outer legs. I'm clean now, Tyree. Definitely clean enough!

“You've missed some spots,” I chide. I'm dying. I want him to touch my breasts and nipples so badly I want to tug his hands there. But I wait. Obedient.

Finally, his hands move. I remember this is new to him, too. His voice sounded so confident, but are his hands trembling? They hold the weight of my breasts and he moans with pleasure. “I can picture these, Grace. Lovely, so full.”

His thumbs flick the tips and I tilt my head back in pure pleasure. Catching the nubs between thumbs and forefingers, he presses and twists. A deep noise escapes the back of my throat as my hips press toward him. He continues for long moments until I'm moaning loudly and thrusting at empty air. I move toward him and hook one leg behind his thigh, trying to press my bundle of nerves against him, to feel some pressure.

His hands leave my breasts and he hoists me up and closer to him. Yes, I'm riding his hip; I can feel his bone beneath my clit. The pressure is divine. His mouth is on my nipple now. He explores, first with the flat of his tongue, then the stiff tip, then the gentle scrape of his teeth.

Between the pressure on my clit and the attention to my nipples, I wonder if I could orgasm from this.

My breathing ramps faster. I snake one hand around his waist, then search for and find his cock with the other.

"Oh my God, Tyree." My voice is so low and breathy it sounds nothing like me. I'm on overload. Sensations coming at me from so many different directions, I'm glad there's nothing to look at. I have his cock in my fist, my fingers unable to meet. I can feel his blood pulsing under his skin.

"I want to taste you," we both say at the same time.

"Bed!" he commands. "Computer, dim lights." He turns off the water, slides me to the floor, opens the shower door, and grabs a white towel. He spears me with his molten gaze as he dries me with quick efficiency.

"I'm going to have my mouth on you in less than two minutes, Grace. If you don't want that, you have to tell me now. I'm on fire for you. I want to taste your cream. I want to hear you come."

"Yes. Yes. I've never been so ready." I explore my thoughts and feelings once more, searching for any part of me that isn't

ready. Nope, I think all my multiple personalities are on board for whatever comes next—gee, I hope it's me!

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Acknowledgments

Thanks so much to my assistant, Stephanie, who works tirelessly to make me look good. Also thanks to Georgina S. who waded through every book in the series to find the most deliciously naughty bits. Hugs!

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Brek Taliz Azari Verik

Monster on Board

Xurek Arckon Darthan

Mastered by the Zinn Alien Abduction Romance Series

Voxx 1 Voxx 2 Voxx 3

Treasured by the Zinn Alien Abduction Romance Series

Arzz Trev Sinn

Cosmic Kissed (Earthbound Alien Romance Series)

Love On Impact Love Uncaged

Billionaire Doms of Blackstone (written as Deja Blue)

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Boxed Sets

Galaxy Gladiators Alien Abduction Romance Series Books 1

to 4

Galaxy Gladiators Alien Abduction Romance Series Books 1

to 10 plus bonus

Galaxy Gladiators Alien Abduction Romance Series Books 11
to 19

Galaxy Pirates Alien Abduction Romance Series

Galaxy Sanctuary Alien Abduction Romance Series

Galaxy Games Hostile Planet Alien Romance Series

Galaxy Warriors Alien Abduction Romance Series

First In Series : Zar / Sextus / Arzz

First In Series : Zar / Sextus / Arzz / Thran

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