



ALIEN
STEP-BROTHER

RAVEN FLANAGAN

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Thank you to my Patrons who voted on what our hot alien looked like! This story was possible thanks to all of you!

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Content Warnings

This book contains explicit contents including: *Dubious consent, somnophilia, knotting, and a relationship that can be considered taboo.*

Alien Stepbrother

Chapter 1



I followed the crowd down the shuttle's sky bridge to the ship, eyes wide and holding my breath at the sight above me. The intergalactic cruiser was as large as any city I'd ever seen. With smooth, curved edges, a clean chrome exterior, and looming terraces with glass domes, the ship held a beauty that I found hard to comprehend as someone who'd spent her entire life on Earth.

If not for my father's new marriage I might have spent the rest of my days on my home planet. Whoever this mysterious new wife was, she had the funds to secure multiple tickets for an interstellar luxury cruise—no easy feat.

New stepmother or not, it was the opportunity of a lifetime. I wouldn't miss out on the chance to break away from my ordinary life and go on an indulgent vacation through the stars.

Once I exited the enclosed passageway extending from the shuttle to the cruiser's landing terminal, I exhaled my last breath of fresh air from Earth.

Crisp manufactured oxygen filled my lungs and electric nerves bristled under my skin. Humans and aliens of all kinds wove together under the luminescent lights of the landing terminal, herding me toward the deck. My feet got carried away in the tide of multi-colored furred, scaled, finned, and fleshy bodies rushing forward.

Cruise hosts, neatly dressed in sleek white and shimmering blue suits, twisted through the incoming passengers. They shoved chrome trays lined with tall red and blue drinks into faces so abruptly passengers had no choice but to grab a proffered drink.

Before I knew it, I had a red beverage clenched between my fingers. The little yellow umbrella swayed, and the oddly shaped ice cubes clinked on the glass as I stumbled my way onto the upper deck.

The passengers dispersed over the main deck as they flooded out of the terminal. Many first timers like me moved slowly to absorb the otherworldly

sights of the intergalactic cruise ship. Its overall shape mimicked that of the vacation ships that sailed the oceans down on Earth.

Although I didn't think any boat on my home planet had massive thrusters underneath them like the ones I'd seen approaching in the shuttle.

Overhead, domed ceilings protected the passengers from the ravages of space and kept breathable air within. As I wandered the deck, my head craned back to take in the awe-inspiring view of Earth and the stars.

No pictures or videos of Earth from space would ever do justice to the sight firsthand. As the ship hovered above the atmosphere, taking on new passengers, it provided a view that planet-bound beings would never experience.

Bright wonderment flooded through my limbs and swirled in my chest. If I didn't pick my jaw off the floor, someone might trip over it.

Hundreds of beings already walked about the ship since Earth was the second boarding port for this trip. Somewhere on the vessel, my father and his new wife waited for my arrival.

I was sure that my wrist-com would ping with a message any minute now. Then I'd have to find Dad and meet this fancy alien woman who seized his attention in such a short amount of time that they barely had a wedding.

Though most races didn't have weddings. Not like the ones on Earth, anyway.

To avoid my spiraling train of thought, I tipped back my glass and took a sip of the red concoction in my hand. Vibrant fruit and sharp citrus flavors swept over my tongue. Only when it hit the back of my throat did I feel the familiar punch of alcohol.

The drink was so fruity and strong that I continued sipping while mindlessly exploring the polished decks and everything the ship offered. I passed massive swimming pools, luxuriant lounge decks, sports enclosures, spas, and more restaurants than I cared to count.

All at once, the drink was gone, and clouds filled my head. The alcohol snuck up behind me and kicked me square in the ass. Whatever they put in that glass was stronger than anything I'd ever had before.

Shit, I'm already buzzed. I can't meet my dad and his new wife like this. Okay, just pretend you aren't nearly drunk and find someone with water. That'll work.

Famous last words of everyone who drank more than they expected to. Even my inner monologue sounded slurred.

In passing, a host swiped the empty glass from my hand. I pivoted on my foot to follow them and request water, but they disappeared into the crowd before I got my mouth open.

A soft bell chimed through the ship's speakers, diverting the attention of all passengers. I closed my eyes against the slight increase in the radiant lights and leaned on the exterior glass.

What the fuck was in that drink?

The speakers chimed once more before a suave, practiced voice filled the air. "Good evening crew and incoming passengers. You can call me Captain Hux'lon, and I have the pleasure of taking you on a cruise through the galaxies. Now here in about five minutes we'll be jumping into hyperwarp. You might feel some slight turbulence as the gravity shifts but hang on tight and you'll be just fine. Welcome to the Imperial Executor, and thanks for joining us."

I'd never been through hyperwarp before, so I didn't know what to expect. I believed I'd be fine if I stayed in place and braced my arm on the glass shield over the deck. From my current position on the ship, distant stars across the galaxy winked at me from outside.

Eventually, I'd need to check my wrist-com and call my dad. They had the room keys, and after that red drink I needed to lie down.

A low humming from beneath the ship vibrated through the flooring. The hairs on the back of my neck rose on end and my stomach plummeted to my feet. When the world outside the ship exploded with streaks of sparkling white and blue lights, my heart lurched to the back of my throat. The alcohol in my stomach churned as the ship's momentum sent my body reeling away from the wall.

I stumbled back, arms flailing and eyes wide. The ground rushed up to meet my face, and I moved too slowly to brace myself against the incoming crash.

Unyielding, warm arms encircled my frame, and my face smooshed into the firm chest of a stranger. A powerful, intoxicating male scent flew into my nose, and the heat of that body melted the panic in my bones.

My body yielded to the calm strength of the man who'd caught me. Even through the black fabric wrapped around him, I felt his undeniable height and sculpted planes of muscle.

Oh stars, I'm too buzzed to be in the arms of a hot guy right now.

"Are you alright?" Concern threaded through the deep voice rumbling

through him as his hands smoothed up my sides to grasp my shoulders.

A charged bolt zipped through my body, and every coincidental touch on my skin was pure bliss. My heartbeat echoed between my legs from the immediate physical reaction I experienced. And I hadn't even looked up yet.

I tipped my head back as the stranger who'd been kind enough to catch me peeled my face away from his chest.

And the first words that popped into my head flung themselves off my tongue upon my first glance at him. "Oh, fuck me."

Ravenous eyes flicked over my body, moving too quickly for me to gauge the color. The corner of his sensual mouth kicked up, and his corresponding chuckle made my stomach dip. "Hm, maybe that can be arranged. It's a long trip, after all."

Chapter 2



He stood a head taller than me, with two silver horns curving up from his forehead. They perfectly matched his smooth, silver scales and accentuated the white hair that fell in gentle waves to his shoulders. Red eyes gleamed as they stared down at me.

Then I noted the long tail behind him, swishing easily.

I pushed out of his arms as some semblance of my sanity returned. “I am so sorry. I didn’t expect hyperwarp to throw me like that.”

His blue eyes raked over my flushed cheeks, and his nostrils flared as he scented the air. “I didn’t mind having my next meal throw herself into my arms,” he shrugged out, effortlessly.

“Oh, stars.” I pressed my icy fingers into my overheated cheeks, blinking rapidly at the stranger. A sharp and heavy surge twisted through the lowest pit of my stomach.

I shoved my knees together as if that might ease the quickly growing ache.

Of course, his deep crimson eyes noted the action. His smirk widened, as if victorious over my little reactions.

I’d never seen a Dragaken alien before. As far as I knew, they rarely left their home planet. This man wore the black finery of an intergalactic noble. And his wide shoulders and toned frame wore it well.

“I can’t be distracted by an attractive Dragaken man right now. I’m not here for a fling.” My hand slapped over my mouth.

I hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

“It’s a pleasure cruise, starlight. What else are you here for?” His eyes closed when he laughed. The sound of it was deep and gravelly, like boulders rolling down the side of a cliff. When his lids opened and his gaze ensnared me again, I fell into two pools of molten gold.

“I’m here for family, actually.” I swallowed over the lump forming in

my throat.

If he kept flirting with me, I'd wind up in his bed before I did anything else on the ship.

He blinked, and his eyes stayed gold for several seconds.

I wasn't crazy. They *were* changing colors.

"Gold," I blurted.

The Dragaken man straightened up. In the next blink, his eyes were glimmering with rich red. "What did you say?"

"Your eyes. They were gold." I inhaled and stole a step back. "How are you doing that?"

"Gold? That's impossible." An edge threaded through his voice. His hand rose over his cheek, and he spread his fingers over an eye, bringing my attention to the sharp dark gray claws at the tips.

I shook my head and swiped a hand over my face. "Again, I'm sorry. I had one of those drinks when I got on the ship, and I think it was too much for me. I must be seeing things because they're red now."

His hand dropped from his face, and his shoulders pulled back as he straightened up. "It's alright. My eyes change colors to match my mood. Red makes sense given the circumstances."

"Circumstances?" I squeaked, shrinking nervously into myself.

"A tasty little morsel of human sweetmeat just landed in my lap, and I was hoping to invite her for a drink." Amusement and arousal glimmered in his eyes as they shifted between green and red.

I dug deep and forced a reply off my dry tongue. "I think I've had enough to drink, honestly." Venting a sharp exhale, I tugged my hand through the long black tresses of my hair.

"Fair enough." The tip of his tail flicked, almost agitated, like a rejected cat.

I cleared my throat, hoping that the heat in my cheeks would dissipate. "Besides, I don't even know your name. Perhaps I should buy you a drink since you saved me from falling flat on my face."

"How about a rain check on that favor, and I'll cash it in for something a little more pleasurable at a later date?"

Stars, he was laying it on thick. But I hadn't been intimate with anyone in months and maybe a good fuck was what I needed. It didn't help that my body was flaring up like the sun in his presence.

Despite the horns and claws, the thought of jumping into bed with the

alien appealed to me. Maybe it was the booze already flooding my system, or maybe it was the attractive sharp angles of his face reeling me in.

He was right. This was a pleasure cruise.

And I'd told myself I would enjoy everything this interstellar vacation had to offer.

My lashes fluttered, and a breathy sigh breached my lips. "And who am I going to owe this favor to, stranger?"

His full lips split into a wide grin, revealing his straight teeth and slightly too long canines. They looked like fangs, sharp, glistening, and full of venomous promise.

He leaned closer, shifting eyes dropping to my lips. His finger caught a stray strand of my hair, and the tip of his claw grazed my cheek when he wound it around his digit.

"You can call me Alek, starlight." The salacious notes in his voice swept through me.

My breath hitched and my heart thumped painfully within the cage of my ribs as his head dipped and the gap between our faces decreased. The warmth of his breath skimmed over my lips, causing mine to quiver.

Is he going to kiss me right now? Am I going to let him?

"And I'm Nova... Nova Ramos." A warm shudder rolled down my spine and pooled in my belly as liquid heat.

Alek's sharp exhale breached his lips. In the next second, he pulled back and dropped his hand from my hair, visibly recoiling.

My mouth nearly followed him when he withdrew from my personal space. A small, buzzed voice in the back of my mind whispered that it wasn't fair of him to lure me in like that without following through.

Shades of black and brown converged on his eyes, but the red undertone remained. His dark brows arched into his forehead and the corner of his lips fell in something akin to a grimace.

I subtly sniffed the air between us, worried that I smelled bad.

Alek's hand splayed over his chest as he stepped back. The quickly flashing emotions on his face matched the unsteady, roiling colors in his eyes. His throat bobbed when he swallowed nervously.

"I'm sorry, did you say Ramos?"

"Yes?" My features scrunched, and some of the alcohol in my head cleared away.

"And you said you're here for family?" Alek clarified, putting more

distance between us.

“Yeah, my dad got remarried and I’m going to meet his new wife. Why does that matter?”

I didn’t stink, so what was his problem?

Alek swiped his dangerously clawed hand over his mouth, and his eyes darted to the vast expanse of warping space outside the ship. The ethereal light from hyperwarp reflected in his tumultuous stare.

“Is your father Hector Ramos by any chance?”

The blood under my skin turned into shards of ice, and goosebumps pricked my flesh. “He is. Why?”

Alek’s nose flared with his inhale, and his lips pressed into a thin line. Slowly, he glanced at me from the corner of his eye. “Then I suppose I should be the first to welcome you to the family, Ms. Ramos.”

A wave of shock punched me in the gut, and an audible gasp flew from my lips. “Excuse me?”

He locked his hands behind his back, pulling down a severe, emotionless mask. When he faced me again, his eyes were vacant and void of all color. “Your father was recently bound to my mother, Ms. Ramos. I’m your new stepbrother, Alekkon Velorum.”

Chapter 3



A silvery, appealing female voice cleaved through the erotically charged tension in the next breath. “Ah, there you are, Alek. I’ve been looking all over for you.”

At the sound, Alek visibly tensed, more so than he already was. He inclined his head to the side when a tall, elegant Dragaken woman placed a hand on his shoulder.

She wore a fashionably refined black dress with tasteful gold accents that stood out in contrast against her silvery scale-skin. Pearly blue hair trailed in a complicated yet sophisticated braid down her back. Her horns curved out like a rams, larger and longer than Alek’s, with gold rings drilled into the bottom. They clinked like wind chimes with every subtle move she made.

At first, I thought she might be another intergalactic noble like Alek. Until I noticed the golden pin on her dress, depicting the symbol of the Intergalactic Senate; a radiant star rising between two wings that curved around it like a shield.

This woman was a Dragaken senator. One of the highest titles an individual can have from any planet.

“And who is your new friend?” Her smooth, crooning voice gave me the impression her speeches at the senate always held the crowd’s attention.

I could have listened to her speak all day.

When I realized she was talking about me, all the color drained from my face.

If this slightly older woman was talking to Alek, then this must be his mother. And if this was his mother, then that meant—

“Nova!” My father’s voice reverberated off the walls, ricocheting off the inside of my skull like a wayward bullet.

In the next instant, Hector Ramos exploded out from behind the

Dragaken senator. I saw a blur of black hair recently peppered with gray, and golden-brown skin before his arms enveloped me, crushing the remaining air from my lungs.

With his face squished against mine, Dad rambled on. “Where have you been? I’ve been calling your com for half an hour! I thought you missed the shuttle, or the boarding, or got lost in the terminal.”

Forgetting about the brittle pressure from seconds ago, I relaxed into my dad’s embrace. After two years apart, I needed this hug to drown the ache of his absence.

“I’m fine, Dad,” I breathed out. When I pulled back, I added, “I got distracted taking in the ship when I boarded. I’m sorry.”

“Ah, that’s alright. It’s a lot to take in.” He vigorously shook his head and waved off my apology.

I glanced over his appearance, from the neat all black suit to the new sparkle in his rich brown eyes that mirrored mine. He hadn’t had a light in his eyes since my mother left.

“Where are my manners?” He smacked his forehead, then looked at everyone in attendance.

My face flushed when I remembered my indecent first encounter with Alek. That’s the worst way I’ve ever met a new family member, and a tide of guilt washed over me.

“Khalla, Alek, this is my daughter, Nova!” The pride in his voice embarrassed me further as he presented me to the patiently waiting Dragaken nobility.

“Nova and I have already had the pleasure of meeting,” Alek commented.

Dad kept one hand on my shoulder as he faced Alek. “Is that so?” he boomed with unbridled excitement.

Unable to read Alek’s blank eyes, I jumped in. “Yes. I tripped when we went into hyperwarp, and he caught me from smashing my face.”

“How delightful,” Khalla demurred, maintaining an elegant poise I’d never accomplish. Her eyes turned blue when she glanced at her son. “Good job catching her. Perhaps you two will get along.”

Dad sucked a breath through his teeth, capturing everyone’s attention. He swiped a hand over his neck and waved the other hand in the air.

“What is it, darling?” Khalla pressed, voice cool and reserved.

“I just got back from the desk since I wanted to get Nova’s room key for

her, and there was a problem with the rooms.”

Nerves roiled in my gut, twisting like an active volcano. I gritted my teeth against the feeling of my skin tightening and my bones going stiff.

“A problem?” A trickle of crimson invaded Khalla’s eyes, bleeding into the blue.

“Our rooms were already set since we onboarded yesterday, but it turns out they overbooked tickets incoming from Earth.” Dad’s fingers dug into my shoulder as he shook me. “I’m sorry, Nova.”

Khalla’s composed mask slipped a fraction. Her long snake-like tail swished aggressively. She hissed through her teeth, and her fangs flashed with her low snarl. “How dare those bastards mess up the rooms of an Intergalactic Senator? I’ll have their heads!”

Several beings on deck noted the outburst, peering in our direction. When they noticed Khalla’s senate pin, they quickly averted their gaze.

“Don’t worry, my rose blossom. We can figure this out.” Dad angled toward Khalla, grabbing her arm as he soothed her instinctive anger.

For the first time, I noticed their height difference. The senator towered over my father, and he had to crane his head back slightly to meet her eyes. But he looked at her so adoringly I didn’t think he minded.

When was the last time I’d seen him look so happy?

Alek cleared his throat. The sudden sound caused my heart to skip erratically.

“If it’s not too presumptuous of me to put forth a solution, and there are no complaints on the matter, I don’t mind sharing my room with Ms. Ramos. It’s a sizable suite, and we’re family now, after all.”

Our eyes met, and the charged tension connecting me to Alek reignited. The tingling warmth returned between my legs as my body betrayed me. Improper thoughts wiggled like hookworms into my brain and latched on tight.

“I wouldn’t want to be a burden,” I blurted.

Cool blue swept into Khalla’s eyes as she regained her composure, inhaling steadily and clasped her hands together. “Nonsense. Alek is right, we’re all family now. Perhaps this could serve as a good bonding experience. It might only be temporary as I’ll be taking this matter up with Captain Hux’lon before dinner. They will pay for this flagrant insult against the Intergalactic Senate.”

“That’s right, you get ‘em, honey,” Dad encouraged.

A cold sheen of perspiration tickled my skin while dread clawed down the length of my spine. If not for the superficial gravity keeping my feet glued to the floor, I might have crumbled into little pieces.

How could Alekkon make that suggestion after what transpired between us? The idea of being trapped and alone with him didn't elicit any pure thoughts in my mind.

"That's mighty gentlemanly of you to offer your room to share with my little girl, Alek. I really appreciate that."

You wouldn't say that if you'd seen us tangled together ten minutes ago.

"I'm not a little girl, Dad. I'm twenty-eight. Did you forget that while you were out saving space?" I teased.

He twisted around, blinking at me. "Hey, don't remind me I'm getting old, alright? If any of the young cadets in my squad heard you say that they'd have a field day."

Khalla chuckled politely at Dad's joke and placed a palm with manicured claws on his shoulder. She shared a brief glance with Alek before turning her attention to me.

"Nova, I'm sure you're tired from the shuttle ride and your first time entering hyperwarp. Dinner is in a few hours if you'd like to freshen up. Alek, will you show her to the room?" she asked.

"Certainly." He stepped forward without meeting my eye.

Before allowing us to leave, Khalla left Dad's side, golden rings chiming on her horns. She gently touched my upper arm. "It was wonderful meeting you, Nova. Your father speaks highly of you, and I look forward to learning more about you at dinner."

"Likewise," I stuttered.

Stars, I don't know how to talk to a senator. I must be embarrassing myself.

"See you at dinner." Dad nodded as he walked past on his new wife's arm. He leaned in, whispering, "And don't be late. It's one of those fancy ones."

"Alright, Dad. See you later." I remained frozen in place as Dad and Senator Velorum vanished among the crowded deck. Part of me wished I was going with them instead.

"If you'll follow me, I'd be glad to take you to the luggage pickup and show you to the room." Alek's voice drifted through my ears, sending a lewd shiver through me.

This was going to be the longest trip of my life, and not even the stars could save me.

Chapter 4



Alekkon and I maintained our distance on the otherwise silent march through the ship. I kept my eyes on the curved white walls shot through with sleek blue and purple fluorescent lights. Every so often we passed various potted plants, rich green ferns and ivy, or purple, orange, and red monstrous plants not found on Earth.

At the baggage claim, Alek was kind enough to collect and carry my bag for me, though we hardly said anything to one another. I didn't have the words after the initial shock of our first meeting.

One second, I was ready to bend over and let him rail me, and in the next, we were family. I couldn't think of anything on Earth more taboo than that.

We stopped at a glossy white door on one of the upper floors. Alek removed a key card from his pocket and swiped it against the chrome handle. The door slid open with a hiss of air.

"Make yourself comfortable. Rest, wash, or explore to your heart's content. I'll be meeting with some Myorian on Mother's account. But I'll return to fetch you for dinner."

Alek remained in the hallway as I stepped through the door.

I spoke over my shoulder. "Oh, okay. Uh, thanks for this, by the way."

"Don't thank me yet, starlight." His tone dipped wickedly low. "Our first night together has barely begun."

I stumbled around, but the door whisked shut in my face.

Oh stars, did Alekkon have ulterior motives when offering to share his room with me?

My heart pumped, and my stomach twisted. Electric blood hummed under the surface of my skin.

Why did that question excite me?

As a distraction, I forced my focus on the bedroom we were confined to.

The interior matched the smooth, rounded curves of the rest of the ship, but the low light bordering the ceiling made the walls appear shiny and blue instead of white.

To the right, I found the door to a luxurious bathroom sporting a massive glass walled shower and neat gray tiles. A holo-screen built into the wall-to-wall mirror flicked through images of events and restaurants available tonight.

Alek's neatly organized toiletries were in the corner near the sink, but I left them alone. I had no interest in snooping through his stuff.

Not yet at least.

The interior suite boasted a massive window wall showing off the view of hyperwarp. Undulating lights outside reflected like ripples of water on the glossy walls and furniture.

At the center of the room, I stopped to admire the white leather circular couch fitted into a pit in the floor. Those were popular on Earth a couple hundred years ago, I believed.

Purple and green holographic flowers blinked on the small center table. An unbidden breath of laughter breezed through my lips.

Perhaps I'd sleep on the couch tonight to make life easier.

Through another door on the right, I found the bedroom. The walls and furniture matched the rest of the suite, and even the bed was circular. But I also noted it was large and would accommodate multiple people comfortably if needed.

Light from hyperwarp flashed over the pristine white sheets. In between the shuddering luminescence, I saw utterly impure visions of Alek dancing behind my eyes.

I reeled away from the bedroom, letting the door slide shut in my face.

Plopping onto the couch, I dropped my head into my hands and emitted a drawn-out groan.

Oh, my stars, I want to fuck my stepbrother.

I stopped that train of thought in its tracks.

It was Alek's fault I had these feelings. He'd flirted with me too aggressively when my head had buzzed with alcohol, and that wasn't fair. Plus, he'd literally swept me off my feet, saving me like some interstellar knight in cosmic armor.

A shower would help me finish sobering up. After that, I'd enjoy a nice dinner with my dad and learn more about Khalla. If Alek and I maintained

distance, and I avoided another drink, we'd make it through this misadventure without further misstep.

In the enclosed bathroom, I stripped out of my leggings and sweater from my trip on the shuttle. I figured out the intricate controls for the shower and stepped through the glass door. The warm water cascaded from the ceiling, flowing down like rain over my skin.

It felt amazing to wash away the layer of stress from travel.

I dressed in a cold shoulder black halter dress that fit to my curves and stopped above the knee. It was simple, yet elegant enough to fit the theme of a nice dinner. And maybe the senator would appreciate it if I matched the rest of the family.

I pulled my long black hair into a stylish knot and applied a light foundation of makeup. Then I finished the look with ballet flats and the teardrop diamond earrings that my dad gave me on my eighteenth birthday.

A whoosh from the door alerted me to a visitor.

"Ms. Ramos, I've come to collect you for dinner," Alek called from the door.

I exited the bathroom, flicking the light off behind me. A choked noise directed my attention to the Dragaken man standing stock still in the doorway.

Alek's eyes flared wide, and they glowed golden like the sun. His lips parted as he assessed me from head to toe. Warmth followed the path of his eyes as they raked over my modest curves in the dress.

"Are you okay?" I broke the brittle tension.

He pressed a fist to his lips, closing his eyes as he cleared his throat. "Forgive me. You've stunned me into silence." When his eyes opened, they were red once more. "Your beauty rivals the most dazzling stars in all the galaxies."

My hand shot up, pointing a finger at him in a warning. "Okay, you've got to stop doing that."

"I've no idea what you mean, starlight. Can't I pay my new sister a compliment?" Alek gaped at me, feigning innocence. Yet he took a step forward, forcing me back.

My backside met the cool surface of the bathroom door, and I realized how cramped the space by the suite door was. Without meaning to, Alek and I were breathing each other's air.

"Not when your compliments make it sound like you want to fuck me,"

I sputtered, visibly shivering.

Alek stole another step, and his arm shot out, bracing his hand on the door beside my head. The short distance between our bodies crackled with palpable energy, and the pressure dipped between my legs.

He towered over me, forcing me to arch my head back to meet his darkened crimson gaze. His horns gleamed menacingly under the low fluorescent lights, and his tail flicked back and forth, curling at the end like a wild cat about to pounce on their prey.

Alek's other hand lifted, and his finger curled under my chin, barely touching me but guiding my face closer. His warm breath caressed my lips with his reply. "I do, and I can smell that sweet pussy soaking your underwear right now, starlight. Sooner than later, I'm going to split you in two."

Chapter 5



Alek pretended he hadn't said a thing on our way to the dining room, walking at a distance with his hands clasped behind his back. He held his head high, and his horns adorned his brow like a fiendish crown.

The wicked smirk at the corner of his sensual mouth was the only sign he was aware of my presence, or my eyes glaring into his side profile.

Other guests loitering in the lobby outside of the dining room diverted my attention. I kept Alek in the corner of my eye as I absorbed a dozen finely dressed humans and aliens mingling outside the doors. Judging by the state pins on their collars and their fine attire, I'd be dining with intergalactic aristocrats tonight.

Nerves skittered over my skin, and anxiety gripped me by the back of the throat.

I didn't fit in with nobles and galactic statesmen. This felt too luxurious for me. I should have been dining on the lower decks with the common people.

I didn't notice when my step faltered, slowing as we neared the arched glossy double doors, not until a warm, claw tipped hand pressed into my lower back.

Alek's palm was firm as he guided me, gentle, but with an underlying sense of control. He hadn't hesitated to place his hand on me and steer my body in the direction he desired.

The chatting guests nodded respectfully at Alek as he passed, and the doors whisked open at our approach. Heat flushed over my cheeks as I stepped through the threshold and under the dim fluorescent lights of the high-class dining room.

I almost forgot about Alek's hand on my back while taking in the grand room. Overhead, five enormous lights swished up and down, moving one after another. They flared wide open when they reached the bottom of the line

and clinched shut when they returned to the ceiling with the fluidity of a jellyfish.

I'd never seen a light installation like that before, and only Alek's guidance kept my feet moving.

We passed dozens of tables with white tablecloths of finer quality than my bedsheets back home. Elegant holographic centerpieces lit up the tables, and additional low lighting emanated from the rippling waves of hyperwarp outside the massive round windows along the far wall.

A hand waving in the back corner of the circular room snagged my attention. When I glanced up to find my dad and Khalla already seated, Alek removed his searing touch from my spine.

He walked ahead of me toward the oval-shaped table, tail flicking behind him.

For a split second, I grimaced at the back of his head. Not at him, but because of the only remaining chairs side-by-side opposite from our parents, forcing us to sit closer than I wanted.

Khalla rose from her seat, and Dad followed suit. She nodded at her son, then to me. "I'm so glad you could join us."

"Thanks. I'm sorry if we're late," I stuttered.

"Not at all," she waved off my worry, and smiled kindly. "I'm always early."

"Always," Dad affirmed with a chuckle.

I released the breath I'd been holding. Until Alek inserted himself between me and the table on my last step, and I sharply inhaled through my nostrils.

"Allow me." His tone dipped when he reached for the back of my chair. He locked eyes with me, holding that stare while pulling the seat out for me.

"Oh, thank you." Pink crept up my neck and infiltrated my cheeks. I swallowed hard, trying not to inhale his scent.

Alek pushed the chair in as I sat down, and his fingers brushed the back of my neck. A shiver raced down my spine, and my jaw clenched. I stayed stiff until he seated himself beside me.

Dad and Khalla returned to their seats. The senator spoke first, providing a welcome distraction from the smirking Dragaken at my side.

"How is the room situation?" she asked.

"Fine, so far. I figure I'll sleep on the couch since it's so big," I replied, hoping that the answer might sway Alek away from any devious plans.

“I must insist you take the bed, Ms. Ramos. I’d prefer to take the couch,” Alek contended.

“What a gentleman,” Dad proclaimed, gesturing at Alek.

“I’d expect no less,” Khalla said with an affirming nod.

I stomped down the urge to roll my eyes at Alek’s false, innocent smile.

“So, Nova, tell me more about yourself. What do you do for work?” Khalla dove into polite conversation.

“I do web design—” Something swished over my ankle, cutting me off. My eyes flared and my breath caught in my throat when that warmth smoothed up the inside of my calf.

Dad jumped in without noticing my expression. “My daughter is a certified genius. She graduated high school early, got a full scholarship to MIT, and got her master’s degree in the blink of an eye.”

The cloth obstructed what was happening under the table, but I knew with certainty that Alek’s tail moved along the inside of my leg.

“Impressive, Ms. Ramos,” Alek stated, voice far too gruff.

I restrained myself from flinching when the tip of his tail snaked over my knee and slipped under the hem of my dress.

“She is!” Then Dad sighed, “I only wished I hadn’t been on rotation during her graduation.”

“It’s alright that you weren’t there in person, Dad. You attended through video, and that’s what mattered,” I reassured through a stiff jaw. Under the table, my fingers clutched my chair armrests as if my life depended on it.

“How brilliant,” Khalla nodded, seemingly in approval.

I supposed it was a good thing to please the Senator, at least.

Alekkon’s tail whisked over my knee, inching higher inside of my thigh. The sensation aroused a wanton pulse in my core that echoed hot and heavy in the pit of my stomach.

A server wove through the room, making their way to our table. Their arrival ended the trailing conversation while they took our dinner and drink orders.

Alek’s tail flicked between my thighs, teasing my skin with a delicate touch. All the while, he maintained a casual conversation with our parents, as if he wasn’t nearing my soaked underwear.

What was he doing? And why wasn’t I stopping him?

I should have squeezed my thighs together and hindered him from going any further. But electric tension spread over my skin and desire cascaded

through me.

Drinks and food arrived, and the course of conversation switched to politics. But Alek maintained contact under the table, persistently caressing the sensitive skin of my inner thighs.

“And then I submitted the appeal to the Chancellor to repeal the new taxes he tried implementing. If you’re going to install new taxes, it should be over those in power who can afford it. I don’t mind paying more each cycle if it helps those in need with food, medicine, and housing,” Alek stated when I zoned back into the conversation.

Oh, stars. He was hot and passionate. My willpower didn’t stand a chance against him.

I mindlessly nudged at the tortellini on my plate, unable to enjoy the lavish meal or polite conversation around the table. Alek’s tail slid deliciously over my heated flesh, and my sex quivered with increasing need.

“Ah, excuse me,” Khalla interrupted, rising from the table. The rings on her horns chimed gently. “The senator from Nabaan is here and I must discuss the vote with her.”

Dad rose to follow. “I’ll join you, darling.” He straightened his tie before shooting me a wink.

A thin sheen of sweat formed on my brow as I watched Dad and Khalla vanish in the dark ambient lighting of the dining room. Their departure left me completely alone with the salacious Dragaken man teasing me under the tablecloth.

And he stole the opportunity to caress his tail against my underwear. My breath hitched when the tip traced along my damp slit.

“Alek,” I whispered, voice ragged and thin.

“Starlight,” he purred back, finally glancing in my direction. His hand dropped beneath the table, reaching for mine, and his silvery scales glimmered like moonlight under the luminous, moving chandeliers.

Alekkon’s warm hand curled over mine, and he interlaced our fingers. He squeezed gently and swiped his thumb over my skin, careful of his claws.

My thin lace panties gave way too easily when his tail shoved inside the fabric. I gasped, lurching forward in the seat. My first clenched around Alek’s hand as his tail slipped through my dripping folds.

“You’re so wet,” he hissed through his fangs. I didn’t miss him shifting in his seat and readjusting the front of his pants with his opposite hand.

The scale-skin on his tail reminded me of the python I’d pet at the zoo as

a kid. It was warm and smooth apart from the slight scale pattern, and the tip moved expertly.

When the head of his tail circled over my buzzing clit, my back arched, and my head fell back. “Ah, fuck!”

“Hush, starlight,” he whispered, gripping my hand almost reassuringly. “You don’t want anyone to look over here, do you? Do you want someone to realize what I’m doing to you?”

I subtly shook my head, clenching my eyes.

Stars. His pliant tail rubbed my swollen clit perfectly.

I hadn’t been physical in a long time, and Alek felt too good slipping through my pussy. My entire frame trembled in my chair, and my thigh muscles tensed. Yet my pelvis tipped forward, meeting the precise strokes from his tail.

“We shouldn’t be doing this here. We shouldn’t be doing this at all,” I huffed in a feeble complaint. “You’re my brother now, Alek.”

“And yet you’re dripping for me, Nova.” The tip flicked over my clit rapidly, and the cord in my belly went taut.

A violent shudder wracked my limbs as the bliss in my core rose higher. I gripped his hand as if it were my only tether to the real world while he secretly pleased me under the table.

“Look at me,” Alek softly encouraged. “Look at me, starlight. Let me see those pretty eyes when you come.”

My eyes snapped open at his gentle command, and the dark crimson of his gaze sent me reeling.

He looked dangerous and hungry, like a rabid beast on the hunt. But something in that primal stare spoke to a secret part of me—something biological and responsive to the indecent man and his wicked actions.

The cord within me snapped, unleashing a wave of bliss through my blood and bones. My muscles clenched at the peak of my climax, then melted in the afterglow.

Post orgasmic clarity slammed over me, pulling me out of the erotic haze fogging my mind. All at once, I remembered we were in a luxury dining room filled with important people, and our parents were out there somewhere.

His tail slipped out of my underwear, leaving a wet trail of my arousal on my inner thigh.

Chest heaving, heart racing, I jerked away from the table. The legs of

my chair scraped gratingly over the floor as I rushed to my feet.

Alek leaned back, one brow arched, inquisitive and mildly concerned. “Are you alright?”

“Please give our parents my regards when they return. I’m going to bed.” Knowing I had a spare key tucked away, I whirled away from the table with my face burning and head bowed low. I needed to get as far away as possible and assess what the fuck had just happened.

Chapter 6

ALEKKON

Our parents missed Nova when they returned, leaving me to finish the night with Mother and Hector. And the starlight plaguing my thoughts was all they spoke of through the end of that excruciatingly long dinner. They spoke her name repeatedly as Hector regaled us with tales of his genius daughter and her accomplishments.

Her scent lingered, worsened by her cum on the tip of my tail. With each passing minute, the aroma provoked some beastly instinct in the back of my mind. And that monster of hormones and fury raged with gnashing teeth to have her.

A delicate gift of gold-brown skin as soft as flower petals and rich brown eyes that shone like amber in the light. Since the moment her soft flesh had fallen into my arms, I couldn't stop wanting her.

Right when we were about to succumb to the palpable desire straining the surrounding air, she'd told me her name and the world came crashing down around me. And not a moment later, I'd sensed my mother coming around the corner, forcing me to withdraw from the morsel of flesh I craved.

For the sake of civility, I'd wear a mask of polite distance in public. As the son of a galactic senator with universal acclaim, I couldn't risk the reputation of our new family. More so when my career with the senate was rapidly progressing.

But in all my twenty-nine rotations, I'd never had such an immediate and visceral reaction to a female before.

It was a human taboo for me to want Nova. Among the Dragaken people, there was no such shame when consenting adults with no shared blood formed a life-bond.

But it wasn't a bond I wanted to form with her. Nova and I shared nothing more than physical chemistry. Anything more than that was impossible.

Even after dinner, Mother sent me on errands to meet with dignitaries on her behalf. Hours after Nova retired to my—*our*—room, I finally peeled myself from my duties on the ship. By the time I reached the suite, an annoyed ache throbbed incessantly against my skull.

The door whisked shut behind me, and with the shades drawn over the windows, near darkness greeted me. In my bedraggled exhaustion, I missed the presence in the room in favor of a shower. I turned into the bathroom, only to pause when the contents on the counter caught my notice.

Female items were tucked into the corner of the counter. A teal hairbrush, a pink toothbrush, and a black and gold bag of items I wasn't familiar with.

But next to that was a partially opened bottle of purple sleep aid tablets. I picked up the bottle and the artificial fruit scent reached my nose.

I remembered with a waking clarity that Nova was sharing my room, and my tired eyes must have missed her. And I looked twice at the sleep aid, wondering if she'd taken them.

This was Nova's first time on a cruise ship, and in space. After what I'd done to her at the table, she must have needed it to find sleep.

I dropped the bottle and bolted through the door. My eyes darted over the suite, and the faint glow of the holographic flowers on the table illuminated a form on the semi-circle couch in the conversation pit.

On silent steps I approached, padding over the floor, crouched and poised as if I were back on my home world stalking prey for the seasonal hunt. My tail whipped back and forth, coiling with anticipation.

Nova slept soundly, tucked deep in the couch with a spare blanket wrapped around her legs. The soft light of the hologram highlighted her in luminescent blue. Her long black hair framed her head like the ebony wings of a drake bird.

I should have left her alone, but a sickness grabbed hold of me. Something instinctive and monstrous wrapped around my senses and lured me toward the sleeping beauty.

She seemed so peaceful with her eyes closed and her dark lashes fanning her cheeks. In sleep, her lips were slightly parted, appearing so soft and inviting. Her silk nightdress and the white bedsheet barely hid the curves of her body.

Nova bowed to my command of her body earlier. Would she submit to me now?

I could touch her, take her, fill her. The way she came for me at dinner, I knew she'd permit it. The arousal in her scent when she looked at me was undeniable.

But she was asleep. Touching her now would be wrong.

"*She's mine,*" a madness in the back of my mind snarled at me, goading me forward until I kneeled by the couch with my hand reaching out.

It'd be inappropriate of me to grasp the silken nightdress and lift it over her body. It'd be shameful if I peeled the sheet away from her long legs.

Yet that was what I found myself doing, and she didn't stir as I revealed her body to my greedy eyes.

Nova's breasts were the most enticing I'd ever seen. Perfectly round and pillowy, with mauve nipples pebbled from the slight chill in the air, practically begging me to bite them. Her smooth stomach was taut, and I followed the plane of her body to her hip bones that almost pointed me toward her panties.

A thin slip of fabric blocked me from the most appetizing aroma in the entire galaxy. Unwittingly, my hand smoothed over Nova's thigh and nudged her legs further apart. Her blue cotton thong barely hid the plush twin lips of her pussy.

I'd be an indecent bastard if I acted on my impulses, yet they were stronger than my will. Some internal urge guided my shaking hand toward her hip.

With ease, I hooked my claws into her panties. She remained motionless as I worked the blue fabric down her hips, slowly revealing the prize between her legs. And my mouth watered for a taste of her nectar when the small patch of dark hair over her mound and her delicate folds came into view.

I clutched her panties in my fist. Eyes closed, I pressed the fabric to my nose, deeply inhaling her mild honey and musk scent. Sweet and wholly feminine.

Nova's pheromones spoke to my biology, informing me she was fertile and luscious—ripe for the taking.

The straining in my pants pained me. If I didn't at least loosen the front button of my pants, my stiff cock would turn to stone and fall off.

I only meant to find some relief, but my legs carried me onto the couch, kneeling between Nova's parted thighs. The end of my tail curled around her ankle, spreading them further to make room for me.

In one hand, I held her damp panties to my nose, and the other traveled

down the plane of my stomach and unfastened my belt.

Nova sighed and shifted slightly on the couch. The movement only spread her folds further, showing me the delicious slit I yearned to bury myself in.

I froze, heart pounding and holding my breath until Nova stilled again. When my disarming new stepsister remained asleep, I freed my cock from the front of my pants. The scent of her panties and the sight of her pliant body on display worsened my condition. It almost hurt to touch myself, my cock was so hard, straining with need.

Gradually, without meaning to, just following natural impulses, I stroked the length of my cock, already weeping at the tip with precum. Then my fingers met the swollen base of my cock and I glanced down.

Rutting stars. It wasn't a mating cycle. I shouldn't have a knot.

I lifted the hem of my shirt and clamped it out of my way between my teeth. Hopefully, the rich black fabric would stifle the grunts of pleasure rising from the back of my throat as I thrust into my hand. The slick precum allowed my erection to slide through my fingers, but it was the woman shining beneath me that sent bliss through my cock.

Would my stepsister hate me if she awoke and saw me kneeling between her legs and pleasuring myself? What if I bowed over her and rubbed the tip of my cock through her glistening sex?

No. This would be enough for the moment—it had to be.

My tail clung to Nova's ankle, stroking over her delicate skin. I had the most appetizing view of my new sister with her legs spread apart and her enticing body laid out on display.

Each pass of my hand over my cock stoked the fire in my loins further, and every time I vowed to myself that Nova would be mine. I would have her, feel her, taste her, without a care for the consequences.

Electric tension sparked along the base of my spine and coursed through me. Golden rapture tightened my balls and my knot. I had a split second to cover my cock with Nova's panties before my cum exploded into the fabric, ensuring I didn't mark her with my scent just yet.

Despite climaxing, my erection and stiff knot remained.

Stars, what is this woman doing to me?

After tucking my stiff cock back into my pants and stuffing Nova's panties into my pocket, I pulled her nightgown into place, then tucked the blanket over her legs. She continued breathing steadily, but I paused when I

caught a new sound.

The hairs rose on the back of my neck.

If Nova was sleeping so soundly, why was her heart beating so rapidly?

I jerked away from the couch, reeling from my snoozing stepsister. In a blur of movement, I lurched up the step of the conversation pit and barreled out the suite door.

Chapter 7



When my friend Sahara recommended that I bring sleeping pills with me, I thought it was a brilliant suggestion. I often struggled with sleeping, and I knew this trip would rob me of my ability to rest. But there was always a side effect to the pills; they gave me the weirdest dreams possible.

And last night I had a truly strange dream.

The hazy image of Alek between my legs pleasuring himself stuck with me all day. I couldn't shake that mental image or the thrilling heat in my belly that accompanied it. Even as I meandered through the ship, trying to distract myself with endless food and luxuries, nothing erased the tantalizing image of that dream.

Because I'd woken up without my underwear, giving me the winding, coiling, sneaking suspicion that maybe it wasn't a dream at all. And I didn't know if that thrilled or frightened me. Maybe both, as wrong as it was.

I'd tucked myself into the couch, convinced that I'd speak to him about what happened at dinner. But I hadn't seen him since, and the longer I sat on that dream and the memory of his tail on my clit, I wasn't sure I wanted to let go of those illicit feelings.

I'd nibbled breakfast in the dining hall, enjoying the hyperwarp lights outside the windows. I went to the spa after lunch and enjoyed the most luxurious treatment of my life. Then I'd explored some more and hunted for any ounce of distracting entertainment available.

Despite all the options, my mind endlessly wandered back to color-changing eyes, silver scales, and daunting horns. He wasn't in the room when I woke up. He wasn't at breakfast, and when I met my dad for lunch, there was no sign of him.

I supposed I should have been relieved, but there was something buried deep in my heart and stomach that craved to see him again. And I wanted that dream to be real.

I'd had trysts in my life. Fleeting boyfriends who came and went. None of them ever lasted, not for very long. Not one of them had ever shown the bold control of Alek at dinner or a blatant, unashamed desire for me as he had.

My new stepbrother wanted me, and he wasn't shy about it. If not for our parents, I suspect we would have spent the night together, entangled in wanton bliss.

The naughtiest thoughts in my mind whispered it was still possible.

It wasn't as if we'd see each other after the space cruise. Dad would go back with Khalla and Alekkon on whatever diplomatic assignments were designated to them. I'd return to Earth and my monotonous job behind a screen, as lonely as ever. We wouldn't be spending holidays and weekends together like the average family back home.

Stars, I might never see him again. Did it matter if he was my stepbrother now? We weren't related, and the physical strain between us might ease if we got a good fuck out of our system.

When I returned to the suite to dress for dinner, he wasn't there, although there was evidence the shower was recently used. I tried not to think about him naked in here, but if my foggy dream was accurate, then he had an impressive piece.

Oh, who was I kidding? There was no way I wouldn't think about his cock. I would until I had the chance to wrap my lips around it. My mouth watered at the idea.

I showered and dressed for another elegant dinner. This time I wore a navy-blue silk dress with long sleeves that adhered to the planes of my body like a second skin. I left my black hair long and straight down my back.

My dad sat at the table in the dining hall by himself, contently sipping away at a glass of whisky and reading the news holographically projected from his wrist-com. His rich brown eyes lit up with joy at the sight of me, and he set his drink down. Before I reached my chair, he bolted upright and swept me into a hug.

"I'm so glad you're here. It's been too long," he sighed, patting my back like he did when I was a little girl.

"I saw you for lunch." He squeezed the breath out of me before releasing me.

"I know, I know," he waved off, settling into his seat again. "But it's been years since I saw you last. Before this trip. I wished you could have

attended the bonding ceremony with Khalla. Speaking of, she'll be late for dinner. She had a meeting, and I was too antsy to wait."

I took the seat next to him, and reached for my dad's warm, calloused hand. "You're an important man, Dad. You have a big role with the Intergalactic Star Force. I understand that, and I always have."

Although it had stung when he wasn't there for important milestones in my life. Or when Mom left.

But I understood his role was greater than me, regardless of the sting.

"Anyway, tell me how you and Khalla met. How did that happen?" I changed the subject to something he seemed more than glad to tell.

"Oh, well, funny story that. I was at a summit with about fifty outer quadrant senators and a handful of Earth representatives. The commanding general stationed me with the Dragaken envoy as a guide and guard. Wouldn't you know, Khalla got one look at me and said right on the spot, in front of her envoy and the general, that I was hers and I wasn't to leave her side?"

Khalla was a woman who knew what she wanted and went for it. I could take a lesson from her.

"Oh, that is funny." I smiled, encouraging Dad to continue.

"Yeah, stars, I was shocked at first. You know, it hurt when your mother left." I cringed at the topic, and Dad nodded, moving on. "But the Dragaken are a very instinctive people, in tune with their base needs and emotions. Her eyes turned gold when she saw me, and she knew that we were supposed to be together."

A cold knife trailed along my spine, and chills danced along my arms.

"Her eyes turned gold?" I swallowed over a suddenly dry tongue.

Dad shrugged while sipping at his drink. "Yeah, it's biology for them, you know? I never really thought much of the whole soulmate thing, but it's kind of like that, only with physiology. The Dragaken call it their *stellarum*, like a life-mate."

"So, you're Khalla's *stellarum* because her eyes turned gold?" My stomach lurched, and the thought of eating dinner suddenly made me nauseous.

"Basically. It's their people's way of finding their life-mate. Since her first husband died when Alekkon was a baby, she's had time for her body to cycle through and select another suitable partner. Again, it's all a biological thing they can't control. But I don't mind, I like her. A lot."

Choking down my odd sense of dread, I nodded. “Yeah, you seem happy with her. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen you happy.”

“I am happy. But are you alright with this? I should have asked you first,” Dad replied, squeezing my hand.

“I’m happy if you’re happy, Dad. That’s what matters.” He settled with that answer.

When the waiter came, I ordered a drink of my own—something strong that might ease the bristling nerves writhing under my skin. There was an unsettling memory from my buzzed first moments with Alek I was struggling to recall, and perhaps another drink would bring it glowing back to life.

Chapter 8



Khalla eventually joined us for dinner, but there was no sign of Alek. His mother didn't mention his absence. Instead, she plunged into a topical conversation about her meetings throughout the day. Once she was done sharing, she asked my father about what he'd done in her absence.

I noted the way her tail curled around his leg, sweeping over the black fabric covering his calf, and the way her manicured claws delicately traced patterns on the back of his hand. The senator gave my dad her full attention when he spoke, and it wasn't something I'd ever expected to see.

And I loved it. I was glad that my dad finally had someone to look at him the way he deserved. After Mom left us, I didn't think he would.

During dessert, Khalla turned the focus on me. She asked questions about my life and my interests. It truly seemed like the senator cared about me—to know me.

It made a thin sheen of perspiration rise on my brow, and my heart palpitated each time her cool, shifting eyes swept over me. Khalla was an important person, and she was paying way too much attention to me.

"So, where's Alek?" The words leapt off my tongue when I had a moment to sway the topic. Not only did I need to get the questions away from myself, but I had a private interest in his whereabouts.

We needed to talk.

Khalla dipped her head, swirling the pale violet wine in her glass. The golden rings on her horns swayed with the motion. "He shadowed me during my conference today, but I haven't seen him since." She vented a soft breath and set her glass down. "Honestly, I'm a bit worried about him."

"What's wrong?" Dad instantly locked his fingers with hers, leaning in as a physical guard against her worries.

She met his eyes, and a hint of her concern slipped through her poised mask. The colors of her eyes wavered through several shades as she looked

about the dining hall, and whispered, “Alekkon’s mood was a bit sour. He seemed tired and slightly aggressive. It’s not the season for it, but Alek seems as if he’s in the early stages of a rut cycle.” Then she placed her hand over her lips. “I’m sorry, it’s not polite conversation at the dinner table.”

“Rut cycle?” My eyes flared open as the words tumbled off my tongue.

Khalla’s head tipped up as she peered across the table at me. “Unlike humans, Dragakens go through breeding seasons. Heat is the term for females and rut is the term for males. Males become increasingly aggressive as their hormones ramp up, and their scent will change as they woo their female.”

Dad cleared his throat nervously, and red stained his face. “It can be triggered by running into your *stellarum*. Maybe he found someone on the ship,” he suggested.

Khalla shared a secret, seductive smile with my dad as if they were recalling memories with one another. I averted my gaze and a flush of embarrassed heat stung my cheeks.

“That could explain where he’s been and why he seemed so frustrated and frantic. He’s an adult, and it’s about time he found his *stellarum*, so I’ll try not to worry about him.” Khalla angled her head to the side, turning her gaze back to me. A mischievous light glinted in her eyes, shifting from brown to amber with hints of green. “Nova, I know it’s a lot of me to ask, but since Alek is your brother now, would you mind helping me keep an eye on him? Ensure that he’s alright?”

That word—*brother*—it choked me. Khalla wanted me to help look after her son, my new family member. Suddenly, all my lecherous thoughts repulsed me, as if I was a sick, perverted individual for having them.

A tremulous, weak smile lifted the corner of my lips. “Of course, Senator.”

She reached across the table and caught my fingers in her larger, warm scaled hand. Shades of swirling blue and purple swept through her eyes, grateful yet excited. “Thank you, and please, you may refer to me as Khalla. I know I am not your mother, but we are a family in many ways.”

My hand twitched in her palm with the urge to pull away. She’d be disgusted if she knew what happened at the table or about the maybe-dream. Would the Intergalactic Senator punish me for my body’s reaction to Alek and our actions?

A human mother would. And my father wouldn’t react well if he learned of the indecent incidents. Perhaps it’d be best for me to keep a wary eye on

Alek, while also maintaining distance.

But that thought agonized me. It filled me with a deep, gnawing ache in my belly that threaded through my blood and blackened my insides. I didn't want to keep my distance from Alekkon. I wanted to explore the pleasure he seemed willing to offer.

After she released my hand, I finished the night with Khalla and Dad. Alek never joined us, and my thoughts ran rampant, wondering where he might be.

Avoiding me if he regretted his actions, maybe.

He wasn't in the suite when I returned for the night. With free time, an empty room, and endless curiosity, I connected my wrist-com to the glass panel in the living room. A few moments later, I had an informational program on the Dragaken playing on the screen.

It was a brief video explaining the basic facts I already knew and didn't go into all the details I wanted. I needed to know more about the golden eyes and the rut cycle.

An hour passed, and I disconnected my wrist-com from the living room screen. In the bathroom, I requested my wrist-com to search for the data I sought. An automated female voice chirped from my wrist as I washed my face, sharing similar information about what Dad and Khalla said.

Dragaken eyes turned gold for their *stellarum*, their life-mate. Males would go into an early rut cycle if they met that person, same with Dragaken females and their heat. In males, the rut spurned aggressive, controlling, and possessive behavior over their new mate as they engaged in breeding activities for days, sometimes weeks.

My face burned despite the cold water I rinsed off my facial soap with. I enjoyed being controlled and completely possessed in bed. The idea of Alekkon dominating me, and breeding me, multiple times a day for several days, sent a salacious pulse through my quivering slit.

Regardless of my buzzed state when we first met, I'd recognized the color changing nature of Alek's eyes. And by the time I'd dressed for bed, I remembered the golden glow when he first held me in his arms.

Chapter 9



I didn't think it was a dream. The longer I sat on the memory, the more I was convinced of it.

Alekkon disrobed me while I slept, pulled off my blanket, shoved up my nightdress, and permitted himself to my body. He could have taken me, slipped inside of me so easily, and used my body for his pleasure.

Every inch of Alek screamed with alluring, commanding power. His stance, his stare, the sensual curve of his lips when he smirked. And his horns and claws made him appear deliciously dangerous.

I was helpless against him, even awake. In my half-asleep state, he could have done whatever he wanted to me—used me as he saw fit.

Stars, the thought alone aroused a delicious heat in my core.

If I were asleep in the same bed as Alek, I'd be defenseless against his imposing, wide body. He might climb over me, force his legs between mine and shove them apart. Then he'd show me what it meant to be in rut and take me over and over.

I fanned my face and squirmed against the growing heat under my skin. Ignoring the growing wetness between my thighs, I dressed for bed. This time I wore a black lace nightgown, barely more than a slip of silk that covered my breasts and ass. No panties, because I had the sense that I'd wind up losing another pair.

Then I glimpsed myself in the bathroom mirror. My face was flushed, and the nightdress didn't leave much to the imagination. Would it be too much, even after what Alek did?

Second guessing myself, I tugged the complimentary white robe out from the narrow bathroom closet and shrugged it over my shoulders. It wasn't like Alek would even return to the suite. More so if he truly was avoiding me, and I wouldn't blame him for it.

If I had any sense, I'd do the same.

I stepped into the suite and the bathroom door whisked shut behind me. At once, I was slammed with the heated pressure of another presence in the room. No matter how spacious the lavish suite was, it wasn't large enough to hide the roiling, wild waves coming from the indomitable alien leaning on the window glass.

The pale streaks from hyperwarp rippled over the silver angular, attractive planes of his face. His eyes were dark and broody, yet they sparkled in the interstellar light. His jaw was as sharp as a blade and clenched tight enough to fracture his teeth.

A vicious, deep blast of heat shuddered through my body.

Alek heard the door, and I thought he sensed me as viscerally as I did him. A slight tension rolled through his shoulders as he turned to face me. His next breath of air punched through his lips when he gazed at me.

Across the distance, I caught a pale sliver of gold threading through his widening eyes. His sinful lips parted as if he wanted to say something, but the charged silence stretched further. Both of us were trapped there in that brittle moment, teetering on the edge of something great, and maybe a little wicked.

"I didn't see you today," I breached first.

"I was busy," he vented back, then cleared his throat. He took a step forward, hands clasped behind his back as if he needed to restrain them. "But I wanted to apologize—"

I tossed my hand up, silencing his words. "No need. I think I liked it a lot more than I should have."

The orgasm he gave me at the table and the dreamy vision of himself stroking his cock above my sleeping body. I enjoyed both, and I wanted more.

Something flashed in his eyes too quick for me to notice, but I saw crimson seeping through the gold. His jaw ticked with tension and his brows pinched together.

"Stars, Nova, I—" he cut himself off, casting his eyes to the floor. Panic flicked through his eyes, and his body flexed, preparing for something.

A soft bell rang through the speaker in the room, and it was the only warning I had.

In the next second, the gravity beneath my feet shifted, throwing off my balance. Outside, the hyperwarp lights vanished as the cold, black void of space invaded the windows. Shadows invaded the unlit suite, blanketing me in swift darkness.

Unused to the sudden shift of hyperwarp, my body pitched forward. I stumbled through the pitch-dark room, ready to collapse on the floor. But two familiar, hard and powerful arms snatched me out of the air before I fell.

In the dark, I couldn't see Alek's face, but the masculine citrus and woody scent of him blasted into my nose. His body warmth penetrated my robe and seeped into my skin, sending my heart skittering along the bottom of my ribcage. A fast, hitched breath rolled across my parted lips.

"You keep catching me when I fall," I whispered carefully, trying not to break the vulnerable air wavering around us like a cocoon.

Alek pressed his forehead to mine. And it was too intimate, too caring for strangers with nothing more than physical chemistry. A soft, ardent promise breached his lips, so low I almost missed it. "Always."

A spark of passion zipped through my insides, coiling low in the soaked, quivering folds between my thighs. I tipped my head back, and the distance between our faces almost closed.

"What else am I supposed to do when my clumsy new stepsister keeps tumbling over her own feet?" He bit out, trying to sound harder than he meant, but his fingers dug into my sides where he was holding me as if he didn't want to let go.

I became overly aware of our bodies pressed together. Despite the thick robe and his black finery, in the utter, solid darkness, I was crystallized by the feeling of his body melded so perfectly against mine. And I was bodily aware of a pitched hardness when it twitched against my stomach.

A wanton, sultry voice that I didn't recognize as my own passed my lips. "You aren't going to do anything to me, are you, *stepbrother*?" My lashes fluttered, and I shivered against him. Gold flared in his eyes again. "I'm trapped here in this room with you, with nowhere to go."

He trembled against me, and that time I heard the grinding of his teeth. I took my hand and slipped it between our bodies. In one quick motion, I smoothed my hand over the front of his pants and the straining erection there. My core glowed, burning for him to stretch me with what I felt.

Thanks to the dimly glowing hologram on the low table, my eyes finally adjusted to the unlit room. Alek's face was above mine, and so close he became the center of my vision.

A gruff, male groan of need vibrated through his chest from the friction of my palm. I rubbed him again, and he hissed through his teeth. His hands flew to my shoulders, and he leaned away from me.

“I think I’m a bit too big for your little cunt, starlight. My cock would hurt you if I tried stretching you open,” Alek scoffed, but it was distressed and yearning. “Yet I get the feeling you’d still spread your legs for me.”

“I mean, it wouldn’t count if I was asleep.” Slowly, ensuring his eyes were on my movements, I slipped the robe from my shoulders and let it pool around my feet in a mountain of forgotten white fluff. “Anything could happen, and we could pretend it didn’t. Don’t you forget your dreams in the morning, anyway? I know I do. This wouldn’t be any different.”

Alek’s fist clenched at his side, and I became acutely aware of his whipping tail and his horns in the low light. They made me want him more.

His faintly glowing eyes cast up to me, and a feral noise rumbled through him, something too close to a growl. “Then go get in the bed, starlight. Close those pretty eyes and go to sleep. You’ll be dreaming of me tonight.”

Chapter 10

ALEKKON

Nova took another sleep aid before climbing into the oversized circular bed. I left her alone there, snuggled among pillows and blankets that bore my scent for over half an hour as I showered. Plenty of time to cleanse myself and allow the medicine to lull her into a pliable, drowsy state.

It quaked my heart to see her in the suite when I returned, even though I suspected she'd be there. Her sly admission that she'd been awake the night before and that she wanted more had tilted the gravity beneath my feet.

I'd spent the day fighting the gnawing urge to run through the ship and hunt her down—to chase her through the glossy corridors and claim her once I'd found her. And I'd wrestled with my guilt over my actions. She was my sister now, and in human eyes, I shouldn't have desires for her.

The moment I'd had her in my arms again, my instincts won over, squashing those concerns. After all, I'd vowed to have Nova, and she wanted me to take her.

Rutting stars, Nova wanted me to take her while she slept, to use her and fill her to my heart's content. It almost hurt that she wanted to be asleep, or to pretend she was. That would make it easier for her to forget our coupling. Maybe she was ashamed to have that desire for me, and it was her only way to indulge in the craven lust we shared.

As driven by feral instinct as I was, I couldn't miss this opportunity to stretch her sweet heat and feel her clenching around my cock. Stars, I wondered if she'd spread open enough to take my knot...

In the absence of the hyperwarp lights, the bedroom was pitch black. The distant twinkling stars and galaxies didn't reach us in the brittle space, tense with erotic apprehension.

Nova laid out in the center of the bed. The cadence of her slow breath and the rise and fall of her chest led me to believe she was asleep. Her dark lashes hugged her cheeks, and her lush lips were slightly parted. Ebony

strands of her hair fanned out on the white pillow like the spread wings of a bird in flight.

When I carefully set my weight on the edge of the mattress, I heard the slight thump of her increasing heartbeat. A soft sound breached her lips, half asleep and half aware of my presence.

In nothing more than my black sleep shorts, I slipped into the bed behind Nova until her back flushed with my chest. I held my breath as I peeled the blanket away from her body.

She wasn't wearing any underwear.

Perhaps unconsciously, Nova's hips shifted back. Her perfectly round ass settled against the strained tent in my shorts. The soft mounds of her backside hugged the length of my erection, causing my dick to pulsate with need. Subtly, she adjusted on the bed as if getting more comfortable, but the effect ground her soft flesh against my hardened length.

A ragged exhale wavered past my lips. Eager to feel her skin in my palms, I lowered my trembling hand to her hip. Her breath hitched quietly at the contact, and I took that as a sign to continue, smoothing my palm under her bunched-up nightdress and over her side. She wiggled her hips again when my hand met the pillowy flesh of her breast.

Nova's body tensed and shivered when I pinched and rolled a pert nipple between my fingers. My tail crept forward, curling around her ankle and dancing over her skin. As I palmed her breasts, savoring the soft delicacy of her flesh, I watched her body writhe in the darkness.

A harsh whisper grated through my chest and breezed over her sensitive skin just behind her ear. "You're going to be such a good sleepy little toy for me, starlight."

Nova vented a quiet whimper, and the heady, sweet scent of her arousal flooded my nose. I nuzzled my face against her neck, hungry for more of her skin's natural perfume.

The sluggish, slow-moving rhythm of her ass grinding on my dick made me leak for her. Precum soaked through the front of my shorts as my cock ramped up to claim her. I pressed my lips to her neck and continued over her shoulder with kisses and gentle bites, wary of my sharp teeth on her delicate human skin. One wrong scrape of my claws or fangs would slice her open.

A thrill rolled through me from my head to the tip of my tail at the thought of how fragile and vulnerable Nova was against me. More so when she was heavy-lidded and half-lost to sleep. I had her completely at my

mercy.

Withdrawing my hand from her chest, I dipped my hand between our bodies and shoved down the front of my shorts. I wriggled out of them and kicked them onto the floor. When I returned to Nova, I slid one arm under her head and hooked my opposite hand under her thigh. My knee eased forward, keeping her legs spread while I sealed my body to hers.

I cuddled against her backside and pressed my face into her profile. My lips whispered over her cheek, holding back from kissing too close to her lips. If we intended to pretend this was a dream and forget it in the morning, then I couldn't kiss her lips as I yearned to.

My cock throbbed against Nova, and a breathy sigh breached her lips. The rate of her heart spiked, matching the erratic drum of mine.

Restless, carnal energy spiked through me, and I rocked my hips forward. My cock nudged through her slit, finding her sex slippery and hot. She lost control of her volume, venting a sudden moan at the delicious friction.

An animalistic frenzy seized hold of me the instant her sticky arousal coated my cock. My eyes flared dangerously dark and red, and a growl vibrated through my chest into her back.

Nova shuddered, almost frightened by the sound. A hint of fear wove through her pheromones, but I was too far over the edge to second guess our actions or slow down. I couldn't stop when her pussy was gliding over my shaft with each lazy rock of our hips.

One tilt of my pelvis was all it took, and I slid home into the hot, wet center of Nova. A guttural groan ruptured through my lips as her pussy clenched on me, effectively sucking me deeper into the welcoming warmth of her body.

My tail whipped around her ankle and pulled her leg back over mine, keeping her legs parted. I traced my hand over her leg to her hip, where I gripped her, preparing to rut into her like the beast that I was.

Noisy little mewls of delight flew free from Nova with each inch that I buried deeper and deeper into her quivering center. Yet her eyes remained shut tight against the dark and our actions.

I'd simply have to fuck her so good she wouldn't be able to forget this night or the things I made her feel. She'd wake up in the morning sore and leaking my seed, unable to ignore my mark within her.

The only thing keeping me from going further was the swollen knot at

the base of my cock. Her pussy was too tight and dainty to accept me. It surprised me her cunt had taken as much as it had. Almost my entire length was stretching her, and her walls fluttered on my cock from the strain of my entrance.

But she was huffing and wiggling her hips, languidly demanding more. And I needed to fulfill that unspoken command. My body demanded that I didn't stop until we were both sweating, shaking, and exhausted from release.

So, I pulled out and thrust back in. Her body pulled me back with each thrust, as if her sex longed to always be filled by me. Each time I pulled out, her hips drifted back, seeking me out, and whimpers of complaint eased from her pretty lips.

The wet grip of her working along my cock sent waves of bliss through my length until I pumped faster and faster. Eventually a madness took hold of me, and I rolled over onto Nova, forcing her face down into the pillow.

A yelp of surprise escaped her as my clawed hands latched onto her hips. I braced my knees on the mattress on either side of her legs, keeping her caged, trapped and helpless beneath my weight. My tail swished behind me as I held onto her, driven by primal impulses to pound into her like my life depended on it.

The pillow muffled Nova's broken moans, but I heard each one and cherished the sounds. Her body trembled and tensed beneath me as an abrupt orgasm rocked through her insides, and liquid gushed around my driving cock.

Hundreds of dazzling stars twinkled in my vision. Then my balls tightened, and ecstasy raced along the length of my dick. My stepsister's tight, human pussy milked me of every drop of my release, and it was the best orgasm of my entire life.

Nova melted into the mattress, sinking deeper into sleep as the afterglow of sex settled into her gorgeous frame. I rolled off her, flopping onto the mattress at her side. Seconds later, she snored gently with my cum leaking from her swollen, well-fucked slit.

She faced away from me, and I reached out, threading my fingers through the long strands of her raven black hair. A dark contrast against the silvery hue of my skin—delicate against my claws. But she felt like silk, and I wanted to stroke her all night until sleep finally took me as well.

A long, tired exhale made my body deflate as I stared at Nova, my starlight, my stepsister. "I want you so much more than I'm allowed."

Chapter 11



In the morning, the bed was void of Alek's presence, but the soreness in my center remained. The lasting sensation of his cock slamming into me throbbled through my core with each step I took all morning. As much as I'd hoped that one time would be enough, and we could forget about our desire, the feelings in my body proved that wouldn't happen.

When I showered, I carefully washed my tender folds. Each soapy touch zipped through my core and brought back recent memories of being stuffed and stretched deliciously. My clit buzzed with renewed desire as I recalled Alek shoving me into the mattress with his full weight on my backside, pounding into me with an animalistic frenzy.

If I wasn't aching, I'd have touched myself under the steaming, cleansing water.

Too bad the shower couldn't wash the memories and those provocative thoughts from my brain. I didn't know how I'd continue the space cruise, trapped in proximity with Alek. Captain Hux'lon couldn't conjure up a spare room for me when Khalla confronted him, leaving me sharing a bed with my stepbrother for the duration of the trip.

The stepbrother whose cum was dried on the inside of my thighs when I woke up. Stars, that wasn't supposed to happen.

I skipped breakfast and lunch with my dad and Khalla, knowing I wouldn't have the strength to look them in the eyes. I'd always been a piss-poor liar and that wouldn't change now. Better that I spend my day exploring and enjoying the luxuries offered on the ship, hoping to clear my head.

By late afternoon, I was passing a poolside bar on one of the upper decks when a holo-sign snagged my attention. I read over the flickering words before another sign flashed in its place. There was a nightclub on the mid-decks boasting half priced drinks for the night, and I loved to dance.

During college, I'd gone to every party I learned of and danced my

nights away. That was all before graduating and throwing myself into endless hours of work. With indecent thoughts straining my mind, a nightclub and dancing seemed like a great opportunity to lose myself in flowing music.

I hadn't packed anything to wear for a nightclub, so I visited the various shops onboard. At one of them I found a deep wine-red backless dress that tied behind the neck. The hem reached a few inches below my ass, and I enjoyed how the silken fabric felt whispering over my skin.

The suite was empty as I readied myself for the night. I sent my dad a message through my wrist-com letting him know I'd miss dinner in favor of onboard entertainment, and his reply seemed enthusiastic about me enjoying the trip.

I tried not to think about where Alek was when I returned to the room. After slipping on the new dress, I pulled my hair back into a tight, sleek ponytail. Once I had a dark eyeshadow and crimson stain on my lips, I tucked a room key into my bra and exited the suite.

Several floors down, I found the adult entertainment district of the intergalactic cruise ship. Clubs, bars, and illicit shops lined the winding corridors and flashing lights pulsed through the darkness.

Two massive, furred aliens acted as guards at the doors of each establishment. They looked like humanoid versions of bigfoot from Earth if he wore a black suit. I bit down a grin at the thought when the bouncer at the nightclub permitted my entry.

It took several brief seconds for my eyes to adjust to the darkness as low, thumping music beat against my eardrums. The sensual beat carried me forward into the throng of moving bodies, writhing and swaying under dim, blue circular lights hanging overhead. Fluorescent purple lights in the corners reflected on the black surfaces, from the glossy tiles to the lounges and tables.

Instead of windows, the walls were massive screens with flashing, moving images and clips with neon blues and greens like an odd art exhibit. The entrancing vaporwave style art and music made me feel like I was walking through a fever dream.

A server with green hued skin, large black eyes and wavy blue hair passed by me. She offered a tray sporting dozens of colorful shots when our eyes met. I snatched two of them and tossed them back, feeling the smooth burn at the back of my throat.

As the alcohol quickly flooded into my blood and my brain, I proceeded to the dance floor. I relented my control and my consciousness over to the

arousing pulse of the music. My body swayed in time with the other dancers and various partners who came and went song after song.

Faces blurred together under the flaring lights, and I grabbed more shots when they passed. It didn't matter who I danced with or how long. I simply matched the flow and allowed myself the freedom to float with the melodic haze of grinding bodies.

A gravelly, strained voice infiltrated my ears, and froze my bones. "What do you think you're doing, starlight?"

My eyes shot open, and I peeled myself away from the lanky Sirlacan alien I was dancing with. He narrowed his eyes before registering the imposing, wide frame of the seething Dragaken over my shoulder. In the next beat of the song, he'd turned and vanished into the surging crowd, leaving me utterly alone with the dark presence against my back.

Swallowing down the knot of nerves in my throat, I spun with the high tempo, swaying my hips as if Alek wasn't staring down at me with daggers in his eyes. I didn't think a senator's son would come to a nightclub like this and hadn't expected to find him here—or for him to find me.

Had Alekkon come looking for me?

I tried to ignore the wanton thrill in my belly that the thought provoked. But with his body heat sweeping over my skin and his intoxicating scent filling my nose, I couldn't ignore the fire growing in my blood.

"Just dancing. You should try it sometime," I replied, peering up at him from beneath low lashes.

"I dance plenty," he ground out, fists clenched at his sides. I noted the swirling shades of covetous green and hungry red warring for dominance in his eyes. His tail flicked like the end of a whip.

Intentionally, slowly, I curved one hand over Alek's waist. I swayed forward, encouraged by drinks and erotic music. My lips parted and his eyes greedily consumed the sight of my tongue darting out over my bottom lip.

"Then you should dance with me," I purred.

Alekkon's features twisted, and his gaze darted over the horde of dancers. His lips curled back, showing off the dangerous points of his long canine teeth.

"I can't." His voice was so low and thin I almost didn't hear him over the blasting music. But I did, and I felt his rejection slide between my ribs and twist into my heart.

I huffed from the punch of his dismissal. Maybe it was the multi-colored

shots clouding my judgment, or maybe it was something else, but I snatched my hand away from his side and stumbled back. “Sorry, I forgot you only like me when I’m sleeping,” I snapped.

Chapter 12



Without looking at Alek's face again, I angled around on the dancefloor and grabbed the first man within arm's reach for the next song. My new partner gladly placed his hands on my hips and sealed his body with mine. I didn't need my alien stepbrother for a night of fun when there were plenty of eligible bachelors aboard the ship.

I shared a sultry smile with my new dance partner, not able to fully focus on his features in the darkness and the brief flashes of light. But it didn't matter what he looked like as long as he wasn't the Dragaken my traitorous body craved. Anyone but him.

Clawed hands hooked around my arm and bodily yanked me out of the man's grasp. A soft yelp vented from me as he spun me around, causing my head to spin and my stomach to churn. I smacked into a hard, unmoving chest, but my core reacted instantly, pulsing with need.

Alek's hands locked on my upper arms, holding me in place with a nearly painful, possessive grip. A growl vibrated through his chest into mine, heating my bones. "Have you forgotten about me already?"

I tipped my head back, meeting his wild, manic stare. "Wasn't that the deal, Alek? We were asleep, and it was just a dream."

"A dream," he groaned with anguish. Then his blood-red eyes cast to the man he'd just pulled me from, turning vicious. "If I smell another man on you, I'll track him down and sever his hands from his body."

A gasp burst free from my lips, and my heart stuttered. "You'd get in trouble for that," I admonished, as if his beastly jealousy didn't excite a forbidden part of me.

A bewitching, feral grin split his silver lips. "I have diplomatic immunity out here, starlight. Even more so when it involves something of mine."

Ten times more sober than I was a moment ago, I shakily exhaled, "I

don't belong to you."

Alek's head dipped, and he pulled in a deep breath against my neck. "Your scent says otherwise." Then he wrapped his arms around me, melding the curves of my body with every hard plane of his. His face remained nuzzled against my neck, and he splayed a hand against my lower back, easing me into the next dance.

He straightened up and curled his free hand over the back of my neck. With ease, he guided me forward until we fitted together like two perfectly matched puzzle pieces. I yielded to his control, allowing him to lead the dance through the sensual, buzzing beat.

Tucked in Alek's arms, with my face pressed to his chest, all I heard was the frantic racing of his heart. The drumbeat echoing behind his ribs drowned out the music as I melted into his embrace.

His hold was tender at first, reverent and needy as he kept me pressed tight against his frame. Even his tail curled around my calf, flicking at the end and caressing my skin.

The dance progressed, and Alek spun me around. With my ass against his groin, I became suddenly aware of the hardness in his pants grinding against my backside. And I took advantage of the knowledge, rolling and gyrating my hips to the beat of the music.

Alek grabbed my hips, hands shaking with some innate restraint as I rubbed over his hidden erection again and again. Then his fingers dug into my sides, and one of his claws caught in the silky fabric of my dress. The scrap of a claw shredding a thin line in the dress and grazing over my skin was enough to light me up from head to toes.

His touch inflamed my body and mind. Heat zipped down the length of my spine, and fire coiled low in the pit of my stomach. I wanted to sneak my hand into the front of his pants, glide my hand over his cock, then impale myself on him right there on the dance floor.

As if he heard those wanton thoughts, Alek's lips skimmed the shell of my ear. "Come with me."

In a blur, his hand enveloped mine, and he pulled me from the crowd. A wave of excitement skated over my nerves as he led me from the hazy nightclub and its entrancing music.

Alekkon pulled me along dimly lit corridors until I swore we were weaving through a sleek, curved white maze. At the end of a hallway, he tossed us into a circular elevator. Once the doors whisked shut, he pressed the

button for our floor.

And as soon as the lift shot upward, he slammed a fist into the emergency stop. The elevator lurched to a halt, and I stumbled over my feet.

Strong hands caught my shoulders, then shoved me back into the wall. I had a second to grab the railing for balance before Alek dropped to his knees before me.

“What are you doing?” I whispered.

Alek moved frantically, lifting the edge of my dress and slipping his fingers into my panties. He yanked them down my legs and tossed the slip of black away. Then he grabbed the back of my legs and tossed them over his shoulders as if I weighed nothing.

When his heated breath fanned over my slick folds, a tremulous gasp leapt from my throat.

Alek was quickly becoming a dangerous, addictive habit that I didn't need in my life. As lonely as I was, our relationship brought forth complications that made my skin prickle.

With my back to the wall and my legs over his shoulders, I was practically straddling his face. My slit hovered inches from his mouth, and as he gazed hungrily at my dripping pussy, he licked his bottom lip.

“Wait. We shouldn't do this here,” I whimpered.

His inflamed red and gold eyes flicked up to me and darkened with the savagery of his desire. “If you don't let me taste you, I'll die right here and now on the floor at your feet. Your choice, starlight.”

Well, I couldn't let him die...

I bit my bottom lip before nodding my consent. Then I tipped my pelvis forward, giving him a better view of my swollen, needy clit and the arousal that he caused leaking from my slit.

Alek sealed his mouth over my pussy, and a sharp inhale breached my lips. He licked between my glossy folds, exploring the plush lips of my sex. His tongue was long and pliable, with a mind of its own as he tasted the inner parts of me.

He tipped his head back and closed his lips over my clit, sucking and gently biting the sensitive bead of pleasure. His tongue danced over the buzzing nub, and a pathetic whine breezed out of me. My hands flew to his head, curling around his ridged, silver horns for additional support. Although it helped to keep him locked in place, buried between my thighs, squeezing his cheeks.

Alek's massive palms splayed over my ass, holding me up as he devoured my pussy. I rocked against his face, seeking the bliss his mouth offered. Each stroke from his tongue and nibble from his teeth pushed me closer to the edge of the precipice I needed.

His face nuzzled deeper, tongue slipping into my center as his nose nudged my clit. The combined sensations of his rapid movement pulled thin, shrill moans and spastic jerks from my body.

As though he didn't need to breathe, Alek continued until my breath shortened into sharp, broken gasps. I pushed my hips forward and tugged his horns, eliciting a deep rumbling growl from his mouth into my quivering center.

"Oh, stars, Alek!" My body seized up, and my legs clamped around his head, holding him against me as a gush of fluid cascaded over his tongue. A flaring spasm of heat erupted through my core. He lapped up every ounce of my orgasm, drinking me in and savoring the taste.

Alek didn't stop licking me until the random twitches in my body ceased. Shaking and glowing, he set me back on my feet. I leaned against the wall, half-heartedly tugging my dress back into place.

But when I peered up into his keen, golden eyes, I realized what we'd done. This time, we couldn't pretend we were asleep or dreaming.

I'd just let my stepbrother tongue-fuck me, and I'd loved every exquisite moment of it.

Chapter 13



Back in the suite, I sat on the couch with my legs crossed, watching the vast expanse of space through the window as the ship cruised past a vibrant orange and green galaxy. Alek was in the corner at the counter, making a drink from the bar. I followed his movements from the corner of my eye.

“Would you like something to drink?” he offered.

“Oh, no thanks.” I’d had enough of those colorful shots at the nightclub, and my stomach couldn’t stand another drop of liquor. Plus, I needed to keep some of my senses.

Alek dropped an ice cube in a glass of amber liquid. The sharp clink made me sit up straighter, almost holding my breath when he approached. I exhaled when he sat outside of arm’s reach, giving me just enough space to keep my cool.

He crossed his leg over his knee and draped an arm over the back of the couch, commanding my attention. His all-black galactic finery stood out against the white cushions, and he emitted the energy of a king on a throne—compelling and powerful.

Yet all I could think about was straddling his lap and running my fingers through the soft strands of his platinum white hair that shone like moonlight in the dimly lit suite. I wanted to feel his erection rubbing against me while I kissed his pale lips and tugged his horns back, exposing his throat for my teeth...

“We can’t keep pretending.” His words cracked through my thoughts, shattering them to pieces. After a long pull of his drink, he set his glass on the center table.

“But what else are we supposed to do, Alek? My dad and your mom are together. What we’re doing is wrong—”

“It’s not wrong,” he interrupted, bristling. The tip of his tail jerked, giving away his deep agitation. Then he swiped a hand over his face and

swallowed down a rising groan.

“Of course it is. You’re my stepbrother now. It doesn’t matter how badly I want you.” *Or that I feel as though I’d known you my entire life.* But I couldn’t say that part aloud.

Alek leaned forward, face terse and severe. “You think I don’t know about the human taboo? It’s rutting ridiculous. On my planet, I’d have every right to claim you.”

“You can’t claim a person.” It was the only feeble reply I could think of.

Alek’s lips peeled back as he hissed. He stood off the couch, shoulders tensed and clenching his fists. His shadow blanketed me, casting me in his comforting darkness.

“Actually, I have every right to claim you,” he countered. We locked eyes, and I swallowed hard. “You are mine, and I am yours.”

His words made me feel like I was coming home after a lifetime away. It felt right. But I squeezed my hands in my lap as my heart fluttered like a panicked bird in a cage.

“We hardly know each other. We just met.”

“Knowing one another comes later.” Alek dropped to his knee and snatched my fiddling hands off my lap.

“What?” My breath lurched, and I clamped to my lips to halt a gasp. Sparks skittered over my skin where his warm palms enveloped mine, and the delicate scrape of his nails made my heart skip beats.

“I know at the center of my being that you are mine. You saw it for yourself in my eyes the moment you landed in my arms. Human rules and senseless taboos cannot compare to the bond we have, starlight.”

Oh stars, I knew what he was leading up to. After what Khalla said and what I’d researched, all the pieces were falling into place. It frightened and exhilarated me at the same time. I shouldn’t want him to continue, but I longed for it more than I needed air to breathe.

“Now that I’ve had you, I cannot let you get away from me. You are mine, Nova. My *stellarum*, my life-mate.” Alek’s voice was thin, vulnerable, yet resolved. His eyes churned through blue, red, and gold with hints of black.

My body coiled tight and trembled with prickly nerves scratching under the surface of my skin, but there was a soft glow spreading within my chest as well. A ribbon of delight spiraled through my lower stomach and tickled my core—right where I needed him.

“But our parents, Alek... I know my dad won’t like this.”

“And my mother won’t care,” he shrugged. “It doesn’t matter what they think. I cannot go the rest of my life without you. You were my starlight from the moment I first caught you and you will be mine until my final breath. We are bound forever.”

I earnestly gripped Alek’s hand. “No, you don’t understand. You haven’t known my dad for long. He’s a great man, but he’s very protective. More so since my mother left us.”

“I would not leave you,” Alek ground out. The promise of those words thrilled me.

A timid smile twitched at my lips. “That’s not exactly what he’d be worried about. Maybe you’re not familiar with human fathers who have daughters, but my dad is like that. Times ten worse, or maybe a hundred. I only ever dated when he was off world.”

Alek rose from his knees and sank onto the cushion beside me, with his thigh pressed into mine. “Your father should understand the bond since my mother claimed him. This isn’t some tryst, Nova. This is a profound connection based on instinct and biology. You are my life-mate because you are the one whom I am the most compatible with in the entire universe.”

“He might still try to shoot you,” I joked to combat the rising maelstrom of my feelings.

The corner of Alek’s lips turned up, and his eyes glittered. “In the time I’ve gotten to know Hector Ramos, I’d expect nothing less.”

Because he needed to feel me, as if the absence of my body drove him wild, Alek reached out and pulled me into his side. His tail curled around my leg and heat crept up my neck and into my cheeks.

Something about the gentle, yet powerful embrace of his arms, his clean, masculine scent and the beating of his heart made me feel more at ease than I’d been in years. It had to be a biological reaction, because I’d never wanted someone so quickly and so viscerally in all my life.

“I can come to terms with us being together because it feels like you’re who I’ve always been waiting for. But I have a job on Earth, and you’re set up to become one of the next Dragaken senators when your mom retires.” I arched my head back to meet his dark eyes. “What about our lives, Alek? If our parents come to terms with us, what do we do?”

His finger curled under my chin, and he vented a brief sigh. Then his thumb passed over my bottom lip, and a yearning heat glinted in his eyes. “I

cannot abandon the work I'm doing. There are too many corrupt imperials trying to take advantage of the less fortunate. But I can't give you up either."

My fingers curled on the lapels of his suit. I pulled him, urging our faces closer until his breath whispered over my lips. Partially joking and half-serious, I asked, "Do you need a web developer for your future senatorial campaign?"

His silver-white brows arched into his hairline. "You would leave Earth for me?"

"Maybe. I mean, we have time to figure this out, don't we? We're still strangers now, but we won't always be." My eyes riveted on his sensual mouth, and I licked my bottom lip.

His gaze followed my line of sight and noted the decreasing distance between us. A slow breath shuddered out of him as an intrinsic magnetism forced us together.

"We can figure it out, starlight, as long as it's more than a dream." Then his mouth crashed into mine.

Chapter 14



Alek's mouth sealed to mine, soft, unyielding, and wonderfully wicked. The weight of his body bowing over mine forced me back onto the couch, and he followed me down, settling between my thighs. The protruding hardness in his pants rubbed over my pussy and a thrill skated through my stomach from the deliberate friction.

His tail wrapped around my ankle and forced my legs further apart. I locked them around his hips, trapping his groin against the softest part of me. I arched up, rolling my body along the sculpted planes of him, and he inhaled the mewl of delight from my lips.

As the kiss deepened, I curved my arms behind his neck and tangled my fingers in the back of his luxurious white hair. He groaned at the back of his throat from the scrape of my nails over his scalp and the tension when I lightly pulled his hair.

Alek's breathing became heavier, fast-paced panting. His chest heaved against mine, and his weight nearly crushed me into oblivion. As his tongue darted out and probed my mouth for entry, I sensed the trembling tension in his body unraveling.

Whatever control he'd had before was slowly slipping from his grasp, and I wanted to push him over the edge. I opened my mouth and sucked his tongue between my lips. Simultaneously, I rocked my hips upward, grinding myself over the straining tent in his pants.

A ragged, male groan vibrated through Alek, and his tongue lashed against mine. His large, feverish hands smoothed over my body, squeezing and massaging from my breasts to my hips until he reached the hem of my dress. Without notice, he rocked back onto his knees, and in a frenzy of insatiable movement, he yanked the dress from my body. He'd freed me of my panties earlier, and now there was nothing hiding my body from his gaze.

I barely had a moment to breathe or steady my drumming heart before

Alek fell on me again with eager, animalistic fervor. This time I gasped and whined as he slid his wide, wet tongue over my breasts, causing my nipples to pebble in the cool breeze of the suite. He gently sucked, licked and nibbled the pillowy mounds, aware of his sharp teeth on my fragile skin.

I was still writhing beneath him when Alek dug his hands into my hips and lifted. On instinct, I flung my arms over his shoulders as he propelled us off the couch. My legs went around his waist, and I kissed him hard when he strode toward the bedroom door, carrying me effortlessly.

The rocking motion of his steps caused my dripping center to rub over his hardness, and I whined into his mouth for more. I needed him to free his cock and sheathe it in the silken depths of my body. But this time wasn't a dream, and we weren't pretending. I had to see every inch of him.

Alek tossed me onto the round bed, and I bounced up to the pillows. A monstrous snarl ripped from his lips as he impressed the sight of me, naked, spread open, and flushed with arousal into his memory. His tail whipped back and forth, and his features twisted with carnal savagery.

"Take your clothes off, Alek. I want to see you as you see me," I said, already out of breath from lip bruising kisses.

As if he'd lost the ability to speak at my request, a low growl erupted from his chest. But he complied with my wishes, stripping the layers of his black nobility robes and dropping them on the floor. Threads of gold and crimson tangled in his eyes, glowing with inner light.

From his curved, silver horns, his shoulder length white hair, and the silvery-gray scaled skin stretched taut over the muscled mountains and grooves of his body, Alek was both threatening and menacing, alluring and beautiful—and utterly mine.

The chiseled V of his hips pointed my eyes to his proudly jutting erection. It twitched as I assessed the gray length, the bead of precum at the tip, and the swollen part at the base. When I licked my lips, he grabbed his cock, slowly stroking it for me.

"Ever since you fell into my arms, I've been restless, restraining myself from hunting after you, and exhausted. Like a caged beast on the verge of losing its mind, and your intoxicating pheromones worsened my condition each time I came across your scent. It was like being teased, and I couldn't sleep because of my need for you." Alek's voice was frayed, wretched and half a growl.

"You're in rut, aren't you?" I whispered.

His lips peeled back, flashing his fangs in a feral grin. “I am, and I’m finally going to take what’s mine.”

Alek knelt on the edge of the bed, and the mattress dipped as he prowled up between my legs. He lowered his face at the apex of my thighs and skimmed his nose over the inside of my thigh, inhaling a deep breath and soaking in the perfume of my arousal. Heat spiraled through my center as he climbed over me.

Unthinking, I reached between us and wrapped my fingers around the rigid warmth of his cock. A brief grunt of pleasure rocked through him as I stroked along his shaft. I stopped when I reached the base.

“What is this?” I bit down on my tongue, embarrassed at asking.

I’d felt it at my entrance when he filled me the night before, but seeing it in the low light of the bedroom and hovering over my pussy was a different matter.

“My knot. You’ve never taken one?” he rasped as I traced my finger over it.

“No, I never have,” I answered thinly. His erection jerked as I explored his knot before reaching lower to fondle his balls.

“Then I’ll have to ease you into it, because you’re going to take my knot, starlight,” he huffed, thrusting into my hand.

“Yes, please. I need you now.” I gripped his cock, and Alek gritted his teeth. Then I pulled him closer, guiding his length to my slippery slit. Broken breaths escaped us both as I rubbed the head of his erection over my dripping folds in anticipation of joining.

But Alek couldn’t wait, and neither could I.

He shoved through my hand, and his tip stretched my pulsing cunt. My head dropped onto the pillow and a moan wrenched from my lips as he sunk another few inches deeper and my walls fluttered around him. Electric bliss erupted over my nerves as he rocked forward, slamming home in the sensitive, wet depth of my body.

“Rutting stars, you feel so good for me, Nova.” Alek flattened his body over mine until I couldn’t tell whose heart was beating so fast and hard between us. Then he nuzzled his face into my neck, breathing rapidly. “And you smell so good, sweet morsel of human flesh. I could devour you whole. You smell like you’re *mine*.”

“Stars, yes!” Liquid gushed around his cock from the wave of desire spiraling through my core. The slapping sounds of his cock pounding into me

drove me into a wanton frenzy. Only his knot kept him from sinking every inch of his length into me, but not for long.

Alek sank deep into my pussy, and his knot teased my entrance, threatening to push its way inside of me. Unexpectedly, he grabbed my face, forcing me to meet his crimson, wild stare. “Tell me when you think you’re going to split in half and then beg for more, anyway.”

“Kiss me,” I mumbled through my squished cheeks.

Alek released my face, lowering his hand to my throat as his lips dipped to meet mine. The tantalizing taste of his mouth and the flick of his tongue almost distracted me from his knot, easing me open and filling me more than I thought possible.

I squirmed beneath him, adjusting to the intense stretching of his swollen knot. It was too big, too much. I was going to break—

“Breathe, just breathe, starlight. Don’t push me out. You can take it,” Alek encouraged in a vibrating purr. The soothing tone allowed me to inhale steadily and chase out the tension in my muscles.

The moment I relaxed, melting under his weight and into his heat, his entire knot locked inside me, and shock erupted through my pussy. He stilled, holding himself in place as my body accepted him. A primal growl of delight rumbled through him and reverberated through my bones.

Something about our combined pheromones and the exquisite bliss of our joining triggered a reflex within my pussy. My walls tightened and clenched around his knot, stopping him from pulling out.

Slowly, gradually, Alek shifted, grinding into my pussy. He rocked over me, and I lifted my hips to meet his motion. With our lips melded together and bodies connected, we fell into a delirious rhythm.

Alek’s brows furrowed, and his kisses became demanding. He bit my lips and sucked my tongue while rutting so deep into me I could hardly draw breath. I broke the kiss, losing control of my volume as heat coiled low and tight in the pit of my belly.

Pleasure cascaded so viciously through my body that my moans escaped me as broken, glorious wails of delight. My entire body shook, and my inner walls compressed Alek’s cock reaching some sensitive place inside of me. And he came hard, exploding with his climax and a groan that sounded like a roar.

Mild waves of bliss rolled through me, even after Alek collapsed on top of me. We laid there, locked together and entangled, until my heart returned

to a normal rhythm.

Dazed and glowing, I traced one hand over his back. I wiggled my hips and felt his still hard cock throbbing inside my cunt. I hummed, “How long is that going to last?”

“A while.” A low chuckle breached his lips. “Get some sleep, starlight. You’ll need some rest before the next round.”

I didn’t think I could, but my eyelids were heavy, and my limbs weighed a ton. Crushed by Alek’s comforting presence, and satisfied down to my blood and my bones, I drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 15



The next round came in the middle of the night. Although I couldn't gauge the time with the endless sea of stars and solar systems racing past the windows. All I knew was the feeling of Alek and his knot locked tight inside of me and his cum leaking out each time we climaxed. Over and over, we drifted between lazy, tired thrusts and frantic beastly pounding until we were coated with sweat and the sheets were soaked.

And I couldn't get enough despite the ache in my pussy from being used so thoroughly and the wobble in my legs from my tired muscles. Alek tossed me around like a toy for his pleasure and fucked me until my eyes rolled back in my head.

When his knot decreased enough for us to separate, Alek ordered room service to bring breakfast. We lounged on the couch where he fed me grapes and bites of sweet melon. In between food and stolen kisses, he told me of his life, and I shared details of mine. Minute by minute, the bond between us strengthened, forging into something unbreakable.

Under the water of the shower, cascading over our bodies like a cleansing rain, Alek kneeled and kissed the tender, almost bruised folds between my thighs. He licked and sucked at my clit until I was shaking and gasping on the tile. In return, I fell to my knees, hallowing my cheeks on his cock until he released his load into the back of my throat.

After a mid-morning nap, we snuck out of the room for lunch at the intergalactic cruise buffet. Alek glared at any male who looked my way, even going so far as to growl and snap at two of them. I kept my hand on his to calm further aggressive traits from his rut.

While eating, his tail curled around my leg, tickling my skin, and he teased my slit under the table. We shared secret, salacious glances. He had his hands on me again in the hallway before we reached the suite.

In those deliriously sweet moments, it didn't matter that we were

stepsiblings or that we'd have to tell our parents eventually. All that mattered was Alek's rut and his manic drive to take me over and over, and my erotic need to let him.

Alek seized me again on the couch, hidden in the conversation pit with nothing more than the glow of the stars on our bodies. He maneuvered me onto my hands and knees and curled his large hands over my hips. His heavy, thick cock slid over my entrance, once, twice, before he slipped into my slick folds with astounding, heart stopping ease.

"That's it, Nova. Take your stepbrother's knot like a good little star." He growled praise as he knotted me, forcing a scream from my lips.

I rocked back onto his length, seeking more, more, more...

With his powerful hands, Alek spread my ass apart, massaging and groping the twin mounds of my backside. My face flushed with an ounce of embarrassment, but it dashed from my mind as the tip of his tail probed my entrance. The tip wriggled into my asshole and my breath hitched from the pleasurable intrusion.

"Oh, you like that, starlight? You like my knot in your pussy and my tail in your ass?" Alek stressed his words by pounding harder, causing my exhausted arms to crumble. I fell face down onto the couch cushion as he rutted me from behind.

"Yes! Yes! Alek, that feels so good," I whimpered between stolen gasps for air. No man had ever fucked me with such animalistic, wild abandon before. As if he worshiped me, craved me, and needed me with every fiber of his being.

The tandem movement of his tail and cock ignited flames in my belly. They flared out, spiraling in a tight inferno in my core before spreading out through my limbs. That luscious heat swept me into yet another bone shattering, fluttering, mind quaking orgasm.

My tight wet pussy gripping his cock sent Alek falling over the edge of release with me. Even as I slumped into the cushion, breathing slow and ragged, he roared, filling me with load after load of cum.

Alek withdrew his tail, smoothing his hands up and down my back, and his throbbing knot remained locked inside me.

He settled on the couch behind me and wrapped an arm around my waist. With my back to his chest and our bodies connected, I dozed on and off as his erection remained buried in my depths. His cock continued pulsing, jetting more of his seed inside of me.

Alek held me, fucking me and coming inside of me as I slept, and I dreamt of the best orgasm of my life.

Hours later, by the end of my nap, he remained locked tight in my cunt with his knot, refusing to fade. He lazily fucked me, holding me, cuddling me until a gradual golden orgasm swept through my body. Careful of his claws, his fingers played with my buzzing clit, making me come again before he erupted and painted my inner walls once more.

I came until I wept from the glorious pleasure tearing through me. Alek licked my tears off my cheeks, growling like an insatiable beast preparing to devour his prey anew. Though our bond was charged, brittle, and fresh, I knew I'd never have cause to doubt his stamina or his ability to please me.

Even with his knot stuck deep within me, Alek remembered to make me drink water. Otherwise, I might have passed out from the exertion of his lovemaking and the toll it was taking on my body. As a Dragaken in rut with his newfound life-mate, this would be enough to sustain him for days. But I was human, and I still needed food and rest.

Carefully, Alek turned me around until we were face to face again. His knot throbbed at the entrance of my pussy, and my clit pulsed from all the friction. He kissed me sweetly, tangling his tongue with mine and sharing one reverent breath to the next.

"I'm so tired, Alek," I complained some hours later. "I need to sleep."

"I know." He peppered kisses along my jaw. "I'm sorry. My knot won't subside. We're stuck together here until it goes down. If I try to take it out, I might hurt you."

"I understand." I peered up at him from under heavy lids and blurry eyes.

"Let me try to carry you to the bed. I think housekeeping changed the sheets while we were at lunch." Alek gingerly rose from the couch, holding me tight to his body. I wrapped my legs around his hips and curled my arms over his shoulder, sniffing the heady scent of him with my face at the base of his throat.

But the new angle felt so good. My breast rubbed his chest, and he held me so tight. With each step he took, I bounced slightly on his cock and the friction snatched me from the hands of exhaustion.

"Alek," I whined, rocking my hips against him.

"Rutting stars, Nova. If you don't stop, I'll have to make you come again," he warned.

Instead of replying, I clenched around his cock and wiggled my hips. In response, my back slammed into the wall, and his weight squished me. Alek hooked his arms under my knees and braced his hands on my ass.

He tossed my legs effortlessly over his shoulders, and they bounced when he began drilling me against the wall. I tangled my fingers in the back of his hair, moaning as he fucked me roughly.

His muscles flexed against my skin with each movement he made, and I loved the feeling of his hard, toned body claiming me in different ways. I never wanted it to end, regardless of how hungry and tired my body was.

“Oh, Alek,” I cried out, toes curling and core going taut as I sailed toward another orgasm.

Too lost in the crystallized, gleaming moment of impending release, we didn’t hear the door to the suite when it whisked open.

“That’s it, starlight, scream my name when you come!” Alek snarled into the side of my neck, teeth scraping the fragile skin. His deep grunting filled the room, weaving with my shrill, quick breaths.

Then a dismaying, familiar voice called out. “Hey, you guys missed dinner. What’s going on—what the fuck? Get off my daughter!”

And my world shattered around me.

Chapter 16



It was too late to stop my climax at that point. All the wonderful building sensations crested through my body, sending me head over heels into a limb quaking, trembling world of dazzling relief.

Alek's head whipped over his shoulder, hissing through his teeth even as his cock pulsed inside of me. I gushed around his length as his seed filled me, full to bursting. A shudder rolled through his body as he angled himself, shielding me from view.

My hands scrambled over Alek's shoulders to hold myself upright when he dropped my legs. We remained awkwardly locked together thanks to his knot, and he braced his hands on the wall on either side of me, claws scraping against the glossy surface.

"Get the fuck off of my daughter, you bastard!" Hector Ramos barged further into the room, bellowing at the top of his lungs.

"Don't!" I shouted, tossing up my hand as if that might keep him at bay. "Just get out of here!"

The low rumbling in Alek's chest grew louder, rising into a body shaking growl. In rut, he was entirely feral and possessive, and Hector was a blazing threat to a newly claimed life-mate. The mortifying situation was seconds away from becoming a massive problem.

"What? You want me to leave you here with him?" Dad ran his hands through his hair, glancing up and down at Alek caging me against the wall. Distress lined his features more than his age did.

"Get out!" I shrieked again, hoping that he'd listen to the plea in my voice.

Dad did the unthinkable, as if he'd lost all his sense in his rage. He charged forward, fists raised. "I can't believe I trusted you with my baby girl!" His first hit slammed down, striking Alek in the shoulder. "Get off my daughter before I have you strung up on the bridge!"

“She’s mine!” Alek snapped back, baring his teeth. His tail thrashed like a cracking whip and murderous red infiltrated his eyes.

Dad pounded his fist on his chest. “You have no claim to her, you bastard. She is my daughter!”

“Dad, get out of here!”

He ignored me and charged again, sounding more brutish and enraged than I’d ever heard him before. Angrier than when he returned to Earth and found Mom’s things missing from the house. And more enraged than when he caught me kissing my first boyfriend in high school.

“She’s my *stellarum*,” Alek snarled seconds before Dad crashed into his back.

Dad’s weight knocked into Alek’s backside. A sound of pain cracked through Alek’s lips from the force hitting his shoulder. The momentum sent our entangled bodies sailing toward the floor, and the spaceship’s manufactured gravity was all too eager to pull us down.

Alek curled his arms protectively around me, guarding me from the brunt of the fall. A grunt escaped my lips as we hit the ground. The heated, heavy weight on my chest prevented me from drawing a lungful of air after being partially crushed.

“She’s supposed to be your sister, you bastard. I trusted you with her! How dare you betray me and befoul her like this, you disgusting prick!” My dad’s attack didn’t stop there. He lunged for Alek once more, this time latching onto his shoulders and jerking him as if to remove his body from mine—it worked.

Searing, sharp needles of pain lanced through me, centered between my thighs as Alek’s knot ripped from my body. A scream of agony burst through my lips at the tearing sensation in my oversensitive center.

Pure, primal, animal rage jolted through Alek, seizing control of his right mind. He popped up to his feet and spun around on his heel, perfectly balanced thanks to his steady tail. Under the low light, with his horns gleaming and fangs bared, he appeared ferocious and bestial, but utterly gorgeous.

“She is mine until I cease to draw breath or the last star fades from the universe. Nothing you say or do can keep us apart!”

In that moment my heart lurched, not because of the ache in my core, but because I knew that Alek would do anything for me—his *stellarum*. He’d go to the ends of the galaxy to have me, guide me, protect me. Although it

was his rut spurring on the fight, I didn't doubt he'd react the same regardless—he was Dragaken, and he was *mine*.

Without warning Alek coiled, every muscle in his toned body tensing and flexing, tail wildly sweeping along the floor. Then he sprung like a silver dart, and his aim was true. His tight fist met with dad's eye before Hector had a chance to even consider dodging.

Dad went reeling back, stumbling toward the couch. His hand shot up to cover his struck eye and a sound of suffering was dragged out of him. The back of his legs knocked into the couch, and he went flailing into the conversation pit, crash landing on the white cushions.

Alek stalked forward, naked, glorious, and ready to strike again if necessary. His fists unfurled and curled again until his knuckles were bone white, and his tail cracked through the air as he prowled forward on silent feet.

A gush escaped my lower lips; an uncomfortable sensation like a ketchup packet bursting when stepped on. I glanced down between my shaking legs and saw a river of pinkish-red staining the creamy white fluids leaking out of me, pooling on the floor. Another throb of pain rocked through me, and my hand shot down to cover my injured folds.

"Alek," I whimpered.

He whipped around at breakneck speed, eyes going wide and gold when they locked onto my pitiful state on the floor. His features melted, softening with worry.

"Nova," he vented my name, voice thin with his concern.

Alek kneeled between my legs, gently peeling my hand away. His nostrils flared and his eyes darkened when he noted the blood where he was torn from me.

"You're going to be okay, starlight. I'll make sure of it."

"What have you done to her?" Dad grumbled, thrashing on the couch, trying to right himself. His fists thumped into the cushions as he rolled and huffed.

Alek snarled at my dad, "This is your doing! She's hurt because of you!"

He tensed to pounce again, ready to exact revenge on behalf of his wounded mate. My hand shot out and caught his wrist before he made it more than an inch away.

"Don't. Please, don't. I need you, Alek. Stay with me," I begged, locked

onto his arm.

He seethed, exhaling hard through his nose. But he nodded, hair as pale as snow caressing his cheeks as he dipped his head. “I’m staying with you, starlight. I promise. Come, let’s get you to the doctor.”

Alek pulled his black trousers back on and fetched the robe from the bathroom door, returning at the same time dad rolled off the couch. He draped the fabric over my shoulder and helped me into it. By the time Dad found his balance, Alek had scooped me into his arms, then marched toward the door.

“I’m calling your mother!” Dad shouted after us as Alek carried me to the med bay.

Chapter 17



Explaining what happened to the medic in the med bay as delicately as possible was difficult. I didn't know where to begin when the tall, slender alien woman asked where I needed the healing ointment. But there was no judgment in her wide, black eyes when she assessed between my thighs where Alek had been ripped out of me. And she didn't ask why Alek's shoulder was injured or why my dad had a black eye.

Dad finding Alek and I entwined wasn't ideal. Stars, it was embarrassing and perpetually mortifying. Even after we were all treated, I couldn't quite look him in the eye.

Additionally, the medic gave Alek rut suppressants. When Dad ripped him off me, he'd retaliated with a possessive, animalistic frenzy. My cry of pain was the only thing that pulled him away from giving my dad another black eye. He was settled now, sitting beside my bedside in the med bay as I recovered, fiercely holding my hand.

Alek's tail whipping across the floor was the only sign of his internal conflict. If not for the suppressant, he wouldn't be able to sit in the same room as my dad without tearing him apart. His trained political mask was firmly in place as we waited for the senator to arrive.

Senator Khalla was in an after-dinner forum when the world shattered around me. Dad's message of her new husband, son, and stepdaughter being in the med bay must have reached her quickly, because the door whisked open only a few minutes after the medic treated me and ushered me into the infirmary bed.

Alek's fingers tightened around mine, and his throat bobbed roughly when he met his mother's flat, black eyes. Rut or not, he was responsible for how his actions reflected on his family and his mother. Now he was worried about the consequences of our actions. Not because of his connection to me, but because he'd walloped Dad in the eye.

I couldn't say Dad hadn't deserved it the way he'd run into the room, raging like a berserker and shoving Alek away from me, effectively ripping his knot out of me. It wasn't safe to get between a Dragaken in rut and his *stellarum*. Even worse was to injure them.

My ears would continue ringing for the rest of my life from all of Dad's bellowing. But he seemed properly ashamed now as Khalla breezed into the med bay. With each of her steady steps, Dad's ears reddened, and his lips thinned into a remorseful grimace.

"Would anyone like to tell me what's going on?" her voice rang clear and unphased, like this was another day on the senate floor.

Dad shot up first. "I am so sorry, my desert rose. I found Alek and Nova together, and my fatherly instincts got the best of me. I shouldn't have acted as I did."

"I acted on instinct as well," Alek stated, refusing to move from my side. That brought his mother's attention to our joined hands.

Khalla's eyes widened a fraction, almost imperceptibly. Hints of color phased through her gaze, too quick to gauge her mood. "Ah, I see."

Dad took a step toward her, hands clenching and flexing. He wanted to reach for her, but I didn't think their new relationship had faced a hurdle like this yet. Most didn't have to overcome familial entanglements such as ours.

Her commanding gaze landed on me. "And how are you feeling, Nova? Are you well?"

I fisted the blankets at my side and squeezed Alek's hand. My lips and tongue were too dry, but I managed an answer. "Much better now, thank you."

"It seems we have quite the predicament here." Khalla folded her hands, and the rings on her horns chimed as she cast her eyes around the room. "I cannot condone the actions that led us to this moment, and by that, I mean the fighting. However, I understand why it happened."

Alek leapt to his feet, fists tight at his sides. "Nova is mine. I will face any punishment for my actions as long as I don't lose her."

Dad scoffed, shaking his head. His features twisted with something akin to disgust or dismay. "The only thing she is, is my daughter and your sister! After this trip, Nova is returning to Earth—"

"That's enough," Khalla interrupted, firm yet gentle. She faced her husband, blinking slowly. "Alek and Nova are *stellarum*. There will be no separating them."

“But they’re siblings!” Dad argued, glancing furiously between me on the bed and Alek standing nearby. “It’s unconscionable and unheard of. I can’t stand for this.”

“Then you may sit,” Khalla bit out. Then her shoulders dropped with a long exhale. “They are not true siblings. They share no blood. Although rare, there is no taboo about this among our people. The bond of *stellarum* cannot be broken by anything other than death. Alek and Nova will be together,” she said, like her word was law. And in many instances, it was.

Alek faltered back a step, reaching blindly for my hand. I reached up and entwined my fingers with his, pulling him closer until he sat on the side of the infirmary bed. The stiff mattress dipped under his weight, and I used his nearness to wrap my arms around his bicep.

“Thank you, Mother.” Alek dipped his chin, a sign of respect and gratitude. The bright med bay lights reflected on his silvery horns as he bowed his head.

“Yes. Yes, thank you!” I agreed heartily, using Alek’s arm to pull myself into a sitting position. His touch, his claim, ran so deep in my bones, my blood, my soul, that I couldn’t imagine a future without him now that I’d had a taste of his devotion.

“Nova,” Dad’s voice broke as he faced me, “are you sure? Is this really what you want?”

I sat up straighter, fighting my unease at seeing my dad so out of sorts. But there was nothing I could do to make him comfortable with this. He’d just need time to acclimate as he had when his job sent him away into the stars and Mom left us. Dad was tough, and he understood there were strange things beyond human culture, like his new bond with Khalla.

“We may have only just met, but there’s a lifetime ahead of us to figure this out. This bond runs deeper than anything else I’ve ever felt, Dad. Alek is mine, and I am his.” It felt right to claim him.

“Well,” Dad hooked his thumbs in his belt and blew out a resigned breath, “I have enough strategy training to know when I’m outnumbered and beaten. And Nova, you’re smart enough to know what’s best for yourself. If this is what you want... I’ll try to give my blessing when I’ve settled down.” He acknowledged Alek then. “Until then, I’m sorry for what happened.”

“And I’m sorry for the—” Alek swirled his finger around his eye, nodding at Dad. Though a thread of male pride glinted in his shifting gold and blue iris. Enough for me to roll my eyes.

“Water under the bridge,” Dad waved off. His gaze flicked to me. “I seek your forgiveness too, Nova. I’m sorry for how I acted when I walked in.” The color drained from his face as he mentally relived the moment.

Red hot embarrassment scalded my cheeks. “Let’s just forget about that and move on, yeah?”

He made a gruff noise of assent in the back of his throat, then turned to Khalla. “I’m very sorry for my actions, Khalla. I don’t mean to disrespect you.”

She elegantly raised her hand to him. “You will make it up to me. Now come along, Hector. Alek’s suppressant won’t last for long, and he needs to get it out of his system or else this will be a very long, excruciating trip for all of us.” Then the senator bowed to me and Alek. “You both have my blessing. Goodnight.”

“I love you, Nova,” Dad said on his way out the door.

“Love you too, Dad.”

Alone with Alek, under the harsh med bay lights, I exhaled every ounce of the brittle air in my lungs. “Well, that’s not how I imagined that going.”

Alek leaned back on the bed with me, curling around me like a protective, oversized cat with his tail swishing over the blanket. “We’ve passed the danger. Now we can simply be together, starlight.”

“Good. I can’t wait to figure it all out with you. We’ll have hurdles to overcome. Our lives are very different, but I know we’ll find a balance.” I took his larger hand into my own and traced the pad of my thumb over the sharp point of his claws. “You’re mine.”

“That I am.” Alek kissed my temple. “And you are mine. My Nova, my *stellarum*, my starlight.”

Epilogue



7 years later

The sprawling planet of Endorn, the heart of our galaxy and home of the senators, featured gravity defying skyscrapers, streams of ships and speeders darting through the air, colossal gardens on balconies and rooftops with diverse plant life from hundreds of different planets, and massive windows that faced it all.

I'd left Earth six years ago after twelve excruciating months of figuring out long distance. Things improved when I moved into my first apartment with Alek on the Forest Moon of Endorn, but settling down in a new place always took time.

And Endorn had so much to see and do at all hours of the day compared to the forest moon we'd recently left behind. With a vast population of humanoids and aliens that numbered in the trillions, the city-planet never seemed to sleep, and the flashing lights never ceased.

Alek had won his senatorial campaign months ago, and we'd moved away from the Forest Moon and into a Senator Penthouse on Endor. Between the lights and Alek's voracious appetite, I was exhausted and physically spent. More so when we celebrated his win and broke in every surface of our new residence.

He was familiar with Endorn; the galactic hub of technology, culture, fine arts, education, and politics. It was where he'd learned and flourished, gaining an understanding of all he could from Khalla in between frequent trips to the Dragaken home world.

So, he was used to the lights of ships flashing by at all hours. To no surprise, it took me several months to get used to sleeping on the city-planet after the move. I needed darkness to sleep, or I became an unpleasant monster. I thought I'd have to buy a sleep mask to find rest.

My first few nights were miserable until Alek revealed that the dimmer switch by the curved window walls in the penthouse fully blocked out exterior lights when turned all the way down. I would have slept for a full day with the window blacked out if not for my mate returning from a conference in the middle of the day and waking me up—he couldn't help himself when he slipped into bed and found me naked under the blankets.

Since Khalla had retired, returning to the Dragaken home world with my dad, our days and nights were busier than ever. Between my job as Director of Holo-Communications and Alek's role as Intergalactic Senator, our time was stretched thin with conferences, summits, forums, votes, and elegant dinners with whispered political alignments.

That never stopped my *stellarum* from making time for me or inviting me along to every event just so he could hold my hand—or show me off as he liked to put it. In turn, Alek attended my work events, purposefully caressing my ankles with the tip of his tail until I was a dripping mess by the end of the night.

I hoped for that tonight. Alek and I had spent so little time together the past week as he fought the Chancellor's outlandish taxes. Now we had the entire weekend to spend entangled in one another's arms.

Knowing Alek's weakness for taking me whenever I was tired or asleep, and my enjoyment of being taken as if I were helpless against his desires, I slid under the covers completely nude with the windows darkened.

It was late already by the time I'd come home from work, easy to sink into the heavenly cloud-like mattress and whispering soft blankets. Even easier still to close my eyes in the pitch-dark and drift away with Alek's lingering scent on his pillow. Only ribbons of anticipation quivering through my belly kept me afloat.

I balanced on the edge of sleep and wakefulness until the allure of dreams won the battle. They were simple dreams at first, merely imaginations of warm, powerful hands tipped in claws smoothing over my legs and a tail hooking around my ankle to spread my knees apart.

Sensations joined the fantasy; the wet glide of a firm, wide tongue over my quivering pussy and lips nibbling at my clit. Half-asleep and lost to darkness, my back arched off the mattress, hands fisting the sheets and toes curling near to cramping. Drowsily, I rocked my pelvis forward, seeking more pleasure.

A resounding, primal, male growl vibrated through my dripping slit. The

sound of it cascaded through my muscles, my blood, and my bones, pulling me from my dreams into reality. Comfortably cool air whispered over my bare body and heated hands held my thighs with an almost ferocious grip.

Blind in the midnight darkness, I reached down, finding a head of silken moonlight hair and two solid horns. I curled my hands over those horns, holding on tight and encouraging him to devour me. A thick, roving tongue slipped inside my trembling inner walls with ease, and a sharp gasp breached my lips.

Slowly, rolling waves of ecstasy crested within my body and surged outward. My legs trembled against his face as the gentle, resplendent bliss of my orgasm washed through the strain in my muscles.

Wordlessly, Alekkon rose to his knees between my parted legs. The barest hint of light illuminated his outline, revealing the toned shape of his arm in movement as he stroked his cock. I didn't need a light to see the reflective glow of two golden eyes like twin suns in a void of space, staring down at me with rabid hunger.

"Alek," I vented his name; pitiful, wanting, begging. I needed him inside me like I needed air in my lungs to breathe, to survive.

"Starlight," he breathed like a carnal prayer, falling on top of me. His lips, glistening with my arousal, sealed to mine. I tasted my desire, my cum, my release for him on his tongue when it shoved into my mouth.

The weight and bulk of him settled onto my body, perfectly fitted between my thighs because he belonged there. Then he inhaled the hitched breath from my lungs when his cock effortlessly slid into the sensitive center of my being.

A satisfied groan rolled through him when he was buried to the hilt. The familiar shape of his knot rubbed at my entrance, threatening to split me open. "Oh, rutting stars, you feel so good."

I hooked my arms over his shoulders and twisted my fingers in the back of his hair. With my legs locked around his waist, I felt the motion of his tail whipping back and forth. A tremor rolled through him as my pussy quivered and clenched around his length.

"Give me your knot, Alek, please. I need you—all of you."

Alek pulled out of me with a shuddered sigh, then slid only the tip back in. A wicked chuckle punched through him as he rocked forward, fucking me with the head of his cock and teasing my entrance. "I fucking love when you beg for it."

He did, but there was also a hunter's instinct within Alek. An urge to claim his prey that addled the most rational of thoughts. I wouldn't need to beg much, not for long, and I didn't mind whimpering and mewling when it spurred on his baser impulses.

"Alek, please, I need you. I need your thick, heavy cock inside me. I want to feel your knot shoving into me and breaking me in half. I need you to fill me up so I can come on your dick—Ah!"

He slammed home with a vicious roar, and I was so aroused his knot breached my entrance. My heart flipped over backwards, somersaulting into the air from the force of our joining. The wet slapping sound of fucking filled the room, along with the intoxicating scent of our lovemaking.

"So fucking tight. You take my knot so well, starlight," he snarled before crashing his mouth into mine. His lips were delicious, a feast of sensual bliss and joy that satisfied a wanton craving within me.

Alek held my hip, pulling me to meet the fluid motion of his grinding thrusts. His body vibrated against mine with eagerness and desire. Warmth pooled in my core and excitement buzzed through my clit as his skilled rhythm sent my head into the stars.

The undeniable alien strength of his body delighted me. He crushed me into the mattress, hips rolling against mine, and electric ribbons of bliss circled through every nerve in my body.

"Come for me, Nova. Come for me, starlight." He shoved his girthy, throbbing cock so deep and rough that it knocked a sharp gasp from me.

"I... I'm so close. Alek, I'm going to—" I inhaled, breathless and dizzy from the whirlwind tearing up my insides.

"That's it, come on... Come for me..." he demanded, low and possessive against my lips.

"I... I... Oh, Stars!" A broken, defeated whimper flowed from me as my body relented to his command. A hoarse scream followed as a searing orgasm flayed through my insides.

"Yes, that's my girl."

"Alek... Alek, I love you." My nails scraped over his flesh as I flailed around him.

And my admission drove him over the edge. He followed my orgasm, coming hard, cock pulsing in my pussy with each stream of his release. He groaned, half-roaring with the relief coursing through him.

Alek collapsed on top of me, knot still locked securely within me. He

trailed soft yet firm kisses over my jaw, neck, and collarbones. Then he sighed, relieved and sated, into my fevered skin. “You did so good for me. You’ve made me the happiest Dragaken in the entire universe. I love you so much, *stellarum*.”

“And I love you,” I repeated. It didn’t matter if we said it a hundred times a day. Those words never grew old.

Entangled in sheets, skin coated in a fine layer of sweat, Alek held me tight. His heart thumped against my chest, echoing the beat of mine as if we shared one body.

Alek and I were perfectly matched souls, destined to find one another through the stars. I nuzzled deeper into his arms with a smile, knowing that the love in my chest burned brighter than all the lights in the galaxy and it always would.

THE END

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